

3-1978

The Cresset (Vol. XLI, No. 5)

Valparaiso University

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholar.valpo.edu/cresset_archive



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#), and the [Public Affairs, Public Policy and Public Administration Commons](#)

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by ValpoScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Cresset (archived issues) by an authorized administrator of ValpoScholar. For more information, please contact a ValpoScholar staff member at scholar@valpo.edu.



A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS
March, 1978

THE
CRESSET



The Cresset is listed in the Book Review Index and The American Humanities Index.

- 3 NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK
- 4 *J. T. Ledbetter* RELIGIOUS POETRY: PARADOX AND TOLERANCE
- 10 *John Calvin Rezmerski* THE TIME BEING
- 11 *Kathryn Christenson* THINGS VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE: THE SCULPTURE OF PAUL GRANLUND
- 17 *Walter Sorell* THREE PLAYS
- 19 BOOKS
- 29 *Paul W. Lange* PERSPECTIVES IN EDUCATION: III. ON THE VALIDITY OF BEHAVIORAL OBJECTIVES IN THE TEACHING PROCESS

ALBERT G. HUEGLI, *Publisher*
 KENNETH F. KORBY, *Editor*

Departmental Editors

Richard H. W. Brauer, *Visual Arts; Design Advisor*
 John C. Gienapp, *Science and Technology*
 Gail Eifrig, *General Books Reviews*
 Theodore Jungkuntz, *Religious Books Reviews*
 Joseph F. McCall, *Recordings*
 Jill Baumgaertner, *Poetry Consultant*
 Dorothy Czamanske, *Editorial Assistant*

Contributors

Walter Sorell, *Theater*
 Albert Trost, *Politics*
 James A. Nuechterlein, *Politics*

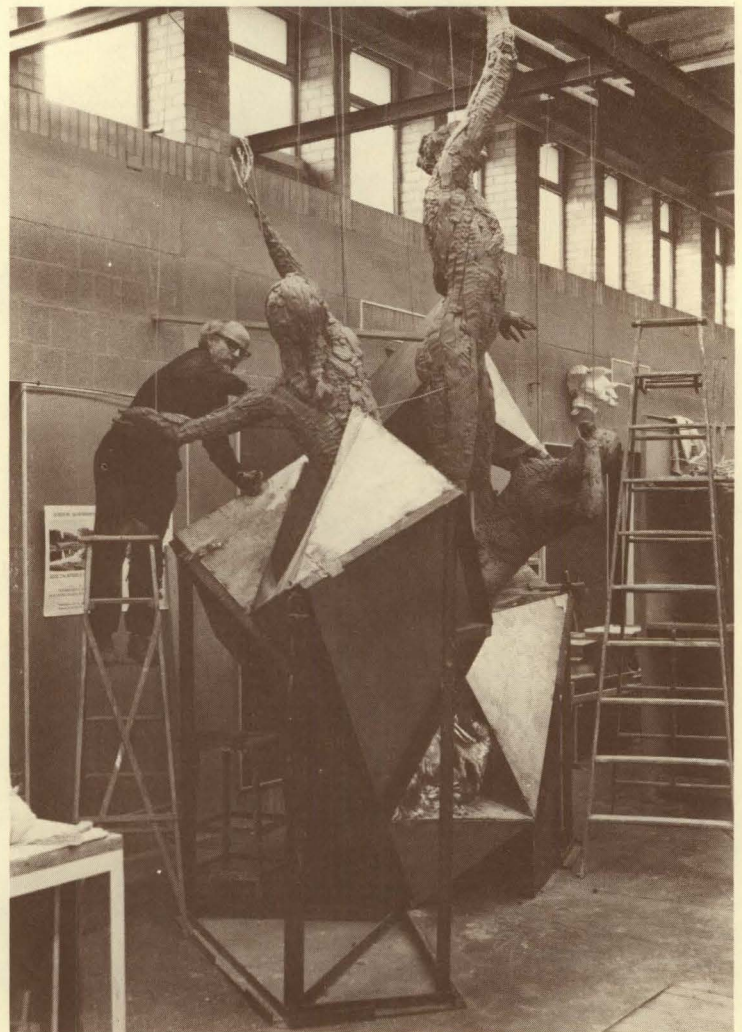
Editorial Board

Jack A. Hiller, Walter E. Keller, Carl H. Krekeler,
 Dale G. Lasky, Dolores Ruosch,
 John Strietelmeier, Sue Wienhorst

Business Managers

Wilbur H. Hutchins, *Finance*
 JoAnna Truemper, *Administration and Circulation*

THE CRESSET is published monthly except July and August by the Valparaiso University Press, Valparaiso, Indiana 46383, as a forum for scholarly writing and informed opinion. The views expressed herein are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the preponderance of opinion of Valparaiso University or within the editorial board. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor and accompanied by return postage. Letters to the editor for publication are subject to editing for brevity. The *Book Review Index* lists *Cresset* reviews. Second class postage paid at Valparaiso, Indiana. Subscription rates: one year—\$3.00; two years—\$5.50; single copy—35 cents. Student rates, per year—\$1.00; single copy—15 cents. Entire contents copyrighted 1978 by the Valparaiso University Press, without whose written permission reproduction in whole or in part for any purpose whatsoever is expressly forbidden.



Above: P. T. Granlund, *Birth of Freedom* 1977. Photograph showing sculpture being worked on by the artist in his studio. Photograph by Bean Wold.

Cover: P. T. Granlund, *The Time Being*, 1973. Bronze, 12' high. Federal Reserve Bank Plaza, Minneapolis. Photograph by Mark Bretheim.



NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

THE DEDICATION of the bust of O. P. Kretzmann, formerly President of Valparaiso University, gives *The Cresset* a felicitous opportunity to feature the work of Paul Granlund, the sculptor of that bust.

Standing in the narthex of the Chapel of the Resurrection, the bust conveys something of the spirit and vision of Kretzmann. The reader of *The Cresset* can study the photograph of Granlund's work to see how he has captured some of the spirit of audacity of the man represented. It is the audacity of faith, not folly. While there is suggestion of the plenitude in the man pictured, there is also a suggestion of the leanness that made him a practical churchman and administrator—as well as a dreamer of dreams and seer of visions.

We hope that this material on Granlund will lead the reader of *The Cresset* to get better acquainted with his work. You will note that some of his colleagues at Gustavus Adolphus College are preparing a book on his art. Such a work would be worth having in one's library.

HUBERT HUMPHREY may not have agreed with my sentiment—consistently and enthusiastically held—that it was as senator (and not as president) that he was a divine generosity to our country. Only rarely did I agree with his many proposals, and perhaps for this reason never supported him for the office of president. However, for diligence at working his craft, for fecundity of imagination, and for relentless advocacy of his position, Hubert Humphrey was to be admired and engaged with gratitude. The senate of the United States Congress seemed the perfect place for him. His space may be occupied but his place will be void.

That void reminds us again of the sense of emptiness that is such a gnawing reality in our daily lives. The juxtaposition of that void with the message of Easter can be put this way: empty lives are headed for only one point, to fill up the grave. And yet, Easter asserts that only the grave *must* be empty. Nothing else. The radical assertion about that Son of God who is our brother lies in the mystery that he fills himself with our death precisely in order to empty the grave and to fill our lives. Easter really means that nothing but the grave must be empty.



THE PASSION OF STUFFING ourselves with junk food seems to me to be destructive not only biologically but also socially. If eating and mealtime are anchored in Burger King and McDonald's, it is little wonder that we cannot use the meal as a fruitful illustration of what the Lord's Supper is like. We may have to reverse the illustration, teaching people about mealtime by what the Holy Supper is.

Nevertheless, I salute the inventiveness and social good will of the owners of McDonald's for the establishment of "The Ronald McDonald Home" near the Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago. With their nearly one-half million dollar gift of a mansion, they have made available to the parents and families of sick children a temporary residence that enables families to be near their sick children. And the cost is minimal to the family. To their generosity the McDonald company has linked the intelligence of having the local community participate in the home by laying on the community the burden of continuing financial support. Who will be able to calculate the full benefits of this gift to these families?

ANNOUNCING

AN INCREASE IN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Beginning with 1 September 1978, the subscription rates of *The Cresset* will be as follows: one year subscription, \$5.00; two year subscription, \$2.50; student rates, per year, \$2.00. While we of *The Cresset* have no pleasure in raising the price, we are confident that the reader is aware of how long the subscription rate has been held down. We trust also that the reader will concur with our opinion that *The Cresset* still represents a bargain.

RELIGIOUS POETRY TODAY CAN PERHAPS no longer be considered a particular type of poetry read by a particular type of person. Traditionally, religious poetry meant poetry pertaining to God or to theological issues; today the borders of secular and sacred have been crossed, the areas of interest blurred.

A religious poetic climate, it may be argued, has always existed and will always exist. Perhaps more voices would be heard supporting the notion that "spiritual poetry" is still being written. It is in this semantic thicket that we find ourselves today. And this thicket has polar extremes, make no mistake. It is easier today to antagonize by definition. Merely to suggest that "The Windhover" may be a religious poem is enough to disturb many who want their religious poetry from *A Christian's Treasury of Sacred Verse*. The fact that "The Windhover" might be included in such an anthology would, conceivably, elicit genuine surprise and perhaps a new feeling of curiosity for the poem due to its close proximity to other "known" religious favorites.

Again, it is quite possible to hear Allen Ginsberg cry out in support of writers such as Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs, John Wieners. If this list seems to be too much for some, we have only to consider Conrad Aiken's comments that ". . . all poetry is *au fond* (basically) religious, barring perhaps the satiric or comic: yet even these might come in."¹ Under this rather wide umbrella it is possible to admit anyone. What is your favorite poem? Is it religious? Is it spiritual? Again we are forced to quibble about words. The organized church has certainly not found itself immune from criticism of structure and establishment. Thousands of young and not so young are finding comfort and meaning in small "underground" religious movements, in individual communion on the beach, in planting trees along a freeway, and in listening to each other's problems in the privacy of home devotions. Is there any reason, then, to wonder about the terms "religious" and "spiritual"? To many, new grass is spiritual; church is religious. To others, the words imply the same thing. To others, both words are meaningless. I suppose we could scarcely expect it to be otherwise. We are living in fractured times, and the words we use are taking on more and more private meanings. And the poets and readers mirror these kinds of concerns.

A poem is religious, so one argument runs, if it

J. T. Ledbetter teaches English at California Lutheran College, Thousand Oaks, California. He has published regularly in The Cresset. A collection of his poems, Plumb Creek Odyssey, was published by The Cresset; California Lutheran College has recently published another volume of his poems, Voyages.

makes me feel good. Many readers feel good when they read Dylan Thomas' "Fern Hill." Is it a religious poem? Allen Ginsberg said: "'Fern Hill' describes a unitive religious moment" (p. 22). The modern poet Richard Eberhart said: "'Fern Hill' is more religious or spiritual as an immediate evocation of youthful feelings and beliefs than 'Altar Wise by Owl Light,' which was so intricately studied that critics write long essays to try to penetrate its meaning. It was written by reason, but 'Fern Hill' threw reason away and dwelt in the pure release of the spirit" (p. 22).

Notice Eberhart calls it "more religious or spiritual." Both? Does he think about the difference? Does he think there is a difference? And, speaking of differences, is there a difference between "sacred" and "secular"? Surely these words have served as divisionary forces for years. In a survey conducted in 1968 this question was put to several leading poets: "Do you believe in 'sacred' as opposed to things 'secular'?" W. D. Snodgrass answered "I don't know" (p. 22). The late Mark Van Doren said: "'Sacred' is out for me; so is 'secular.' I repudiate the distinction" (p. 22). English poet Thom Gunn said: "I don't use the words 'sacred' and 'secular.' They are not in the vocabulary I use seriously" (p. 22). Perhaps the most complex answer was that given by John Ciardi, who explained it this way: "The most accurate term is 'ethnic immortality,' that is, those ideas a culture accepts as being immortal and sometimes transmits as immortalities to another culture. An idea that has been going for a thousand or more years is bound to feel immortal to men who go for maybe 70 years, but what happens to it when the sun becomes a Nova and vaporizes all philosophers at once?" (p. 22)

Now we are in deeper waters. Words like religious, spiritual, sacred, and secular become missiles or shields or emblems of indifference or suffering or joy or a thousand other things. It is not so easy. It requires, among other things, patience and forbearance: in short, tolerance.

HISTORICALLY, RELIGIOUS POETRY WAS about God. The oldest of preserved English poems is "Caedmon's Hymn." Perhaps we may assume this poem was seen as religious for centuries. When the shy poet said:

Now we must praise heaven-kingdom's Guardian,
the creator's might and his mind-plans,²

he was saying exactly what he meant. Here is no jiggling with semantics, no hedging or countering. And we may reasonably expect the reader to admit this

¹ J. T. Ledbetter, "Poets, Society and Religion," *The Lutheran Witness*, LXXXVII: 11 (Nov., 1968), 21. Subsequent references to this edition will appear in the text.

² *The Norton Anthology of English Literature, Vol. I*, ed. by M. H. Abrams (N.Y.: W. W. Norton, 1968), p. 26

hymn as religious. Can Dante be doubted? The intensity generated by his keen mind drills into the reader and leaves a conviction one cannot doubt. But there are other sensibilities involved in the writing of religious poems. As surely as Caedmon expressed himself in his own fervent way, John Donne expressed a fervent faith in words peculiar to his age and to himself. Speaking of the tempter, Donne says:

But our old subtle foe so tempteth me
That not one hour myself I can sustain.
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.³

These are tough-sounding words. Donne hammers at his vocabulary until he bends and shapes it according to the driving need inside himself to express a religious thought or idea. Is there a difference between "Caedmon's Hymn" and Donne's "Holy Sonnet"? Yes, perhaps a difference in intensity of expression. I wouldn't want to argue for a difference in feeling. In religion, as in most matters of art, it is good to go the long way. But religious feeling has always found expression in all ages according to the use of diction, symbol, metaphor of the day. A poet can no more exclude these considerations than he can when writing a poem about nature, politics, love, or any other subject. There do not seem to be any special problems related to the writing of religious poetry. Karl Shapiro, when asked if there were special problems in writing religious poetry, said: "The same as any other 'mythic' problems: embodiment of the myth" (p. 20). Conrad Aiken, responding to the same question, answered "No. Only the problems that are inherent in poetry itself; to see the truth and tell it beautifully or powerfully or both" (p.21).

In the seventeenth century George Herbert wrote of God's wisdom in giving man all that he needed to survive: God gave man all—save "rest"; it is this "rest" (repose or remainder?) that God withholds:

"For if I should," said he,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness.
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."⁴

Here the language is direct yet somehow clever. Does the complexity weaken or negate the religious message or tone? That, of course, is the question asked by many serious people, and it should not be avoided by assuming the questioner as philistine or unlearned. In

³ *Ibid.*, p. 908.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 958.

this regard I am reminded of an occurrence some years ago when, after a poem of my own depicting a very emaciated Christ on a slab of stone like a tomb, appeared beneath and in conjunction with a painting of Christ in the Tomb by Hans Holbein, a rather irate gentleman in Texas wrote the editor of the magazine in which the poem appeared, wanting to know what the poem had to do with Good Friday. The fact that the poem made use of desolate images, and was published on Good Friday, failed to convince this reader of any relevance. For him it was not a religious poem. I suspect it was not religious for him because there was little or no explicit reference to Jesus Christ on the cross. It doesn't matter (for the reader in Texas) that the poet thought his images almost too explicit: the fact is, Jesus is not shown on the cross. Therefore, so his argument ran, what is religious about the poem?

PERHAPS PART OF THE ANSWER IS TO BE found in the problem of poet vs. poem. Lee T. Lemon in his informative book, *The Partial Critics*, points out that:

At about the turn of the nineteenth century poets seemed to awaken to the seriousness of their calling. . . . The Prelude is both a symptom and a cause, at once part of the rise of a movement and an instrument of its creation. By directing attention to the poet as well as the poem, Wordsworth (despite his attention) emphasized the differences between the poet and the ordinary man. When, for example, George Herbert prays poetically the prayer keeps God in the foreground; the poet is simply a generalized humble sinner, as in "Discipline."

For my heart's desire
Unto thine is bent;
I aspire
To a full consent.

Wordsworth prays like this:

My heart leaps up when I behold
a rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth's poem is about neither God nor sinners, but about his own wonderful self.⁵

Are we to believe, then, that the major difficulty in religious poetry can be seen as the intrusion of the poet into the poem? Perhaps, but I am not sure the Texan

⁵ Lee T. Lemon, *The Partial Critics* (N.Y.: Oxford University Press, 1965), p. 26.

would care much about that. Poet in or out of the poem, you still have the overriding problem of individual interpretation; and there is a great gulf between a formalistic rendering of a poem for a possible religious message, and a sympathetic approach by a reader somewhere in America who expects to find a religious message. There is a paradox at work here and, because it is a paradox, it refuses to explain itself. According to Mark Van Doren, a poet is someone who writes poetry. This seemingly circular definition must surely apply to religious poetry: a poem is religious because the poet says it is. Once this has been said, there can be no attacking the poem as to its religiosity. The poet is the only one who knows if it is a religious poem or not; so it is no good saying this or that poem is or isn't religious on the basis of one's personal tastes.

Once something has been created, whether it be poetry, a painting, a sculpture, or a song, the thing created is a free agent. It has been created, and its creator has given of himself; the thing created cannot be otherwise than what it is. Explanations, graphs, charts will not—cannot—change it. It is. Here's the paradox. While the thing created belongs to and is the person who created it, it is also completely free to be another's private pleasure or displeasure. The poem once written or the rock once sculpted immediately enters into a unique relationship with whomsoever looks at it, feels it, hears it, or otherwise brings himself to it. The interpretation belongs to the interpreter—the looker, the toucher, the listener. And, paradoxically, while the reader is not free to make random "wild" interpretations of the work, at the same time he does have just that right.

Here, of course, we must part company with the scholasticism of the universities, the literati, the musetenders of the "little magazines." Many of them hold that any interpretation other than the one laid down by the author—and here they lean on "obvious internal evidence"—is patent heresy. Such a view widens the gap considerably between the author and the reader. It is this aura of mystery that brings with it the supposed need for official interpreters that has kept many a reader of poetry from voicing his opinion as to the worth of a poem.

Paradoxes, however, have a way of remaining so. This one of religious poetry is no exception. When Gerard Manley Hopkins says in his poem "The Windhover: To Christ, Our Lord"

I cannot this morning morning's min-
 ion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin,
 dapple-dawn-drawn falcon, in his
 riding
 of the rolling level underneath him
 steady air, and striding
 High there, how he rung upon the rein
 of a wimpling wing
 In his ecstasy . . .⁶

he is doing a great deal more than playing with words. And yet, that is all. The paradox remains: the words are the poem. Christ is the bird—the Windhover—yes, but the words are there with the meaning, just the way Hopkins meant them to be. There's no separating the meaning from the words.

A discussion of the paradox inherent in religious poetry is not really any different from a discussion of art in general. Any discussion is likely to lead to as many opinions as persons asked. For example, when several poets were asked questions concerning religious poetry the answers were, perhaps, predictably varied.

QUESTION: In your opinion why are there so few religious poets today?

W. D. Snodgrass: Because there are so few religious people among the better thinkers.

Mark Van Doren: There never were very many.

Karl Shapiro. Seriously, I thought there were many. Not only the Audens and Mertons but all those cruddy oriental-style mystics.

John Ciardi: I don't think any significant poetry is being written today in what I have defined as "religious" terms. I think much good poetry is being written out of the feelings that would have been religious in the less-doubting past.

Conrad Aiken: There are more than you may think: there always are. Eliot, Rilke, Yeats, St. John Perse—all religious poets.

Richard Eberhart: The reason most poets of my time do not write religious poems and are not known as religious poets is that they write from the brain rather than from the head and the heart. The brain-head intelligence rather easily disposes of religion. The rationalists have no imagination to see that 2 times 2 is 5, to use a little Cummings. It could not be that there is anything to life except that 2 times 2 makes 4 (p. 20).

The fact that these answers are so varied should provide us with some valuable clues as to the nature and relevance of the question of religious poetry. But what are these clues? It would seem to depend on who was doing the seeking. Some of today's poets argue very forcefully for a viable religious poetry climate. Richard Eberhart remarked:

Most contemporary poets are so intellectual that they deny religion as a source for poetry. They would rather write things as they are, not as they

⁶ *Chief Modern Poets of Britain and America*, selected and ed. by Gerald DeWitt Sanders, John Herbert Nelson, and M.L. Rosenthal (N.Y.: The Macmillan Co., 1970), p. 61.

may be. They would rather depict scenes of immediate religious feelings which are vague.

That everyone would appreciate this poem as a religious poem is not possible. Hopkins, a priest, did. For him the poem was an expression of the infinite grace and beauty that is Jesus. If it is read so, I believe it is. However, the poem must become so with the reader; there can be no demand made by the poet or the poem on the reader. The paradox continues. While the poet has every right to label any poem as religious, he must at the same time acknowledge the fact that his poem may not reach his intended audience at all. It may, in fact, repel the reader.

Here is the gamble. The poet has, like everyone else, the freedom and the responsibility to communicate if he so wishes.

If he wants to communicate an idea, vision, or truth, the poet will have to write within certain bounds. A poem may come to the poet in a form that is beautiful in its simplicity (or complexity), tone, and form. However, it may be such that would go unread by the majority of readers. The poet really has no choice in one sense: he cannot chuck the poem because he fears misunderstanding. To do so would be poetic suicide. Surely the poet must write what he must. On the other hand, he does have the freedom of selection.

Another poem might do as well or better. If he feels he must go with the "obscure" poem, then he knows he is running the risk of being misread or misunderstood. If he knows there is but one way to say a thing, then he will take the gamble. (An intelligent and patient reading of the poem is also a risk and worth the taking.)

When the American poet Karl Shapiro in his "The 151st Psalm" says,

**Immigrant God, you follow me;
You go with me, you are a distant tree;
You are the beast that lows in my
heart's gates;
You are the dog that follows at my
heel;
You are the table on which I lean;
You are the plate from what I eat . . .⁷**

he is describing the God of Israel, his God, the ever-present, persistent God, and, most importantly, the God he knows he needs.

The last lines read:

**Shepherd of the flocks of praise,
Youth of all youth, ancient of days,
Follow us.**

Surely he is gambling on the reader's understanding his sympathy. To liken God to such menial, homely

⁷ Karl Shapiro, *Poems of a Jew* (N.Y.: Random House, Inc., 1958), p. 6.

pictures is taking a risk. But the force of the poem lies in just these words. The gamble had to be taken.

The message, I think, is clear, whether it be the rush of alliterative emotion of Gerard Manley Hopkins' "The Windhover" or the earthy, human expression of constant closeness with God of Karl Shapiro's "The 151st Psalm." Poetry, by its very compactive emotional nature, uses every possible reference in its appeal to the mind, heart, and soul.

Consider these lines taken from the Song of Solomon, chapter 2:

I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of
the valleys.

.....
The voice of my beloved! Behold, he
cometh leaping upon the mountains,
skipping upon the hills.

My beloved is like a roe or a young
hart: behold, he standeth behind our
wall, he looketh forth at the windows,
showing himself through the
lattice.

.....
The flowers appear on the earth; the
time of the singing of birds is come, and
the voice of the turtle is heard in our
land;

.....
Until the day break, and the shadows
flee away, turn, my beloved, and be
thou like a roe or a young hart upon
the mountains of Bether.⁸

The metaphors are beautiful, the language musical, the message—clear? Yes. Calling on all the images familiar to him, Solomon likened Christ and His church to flowers, to a deer, as singing. The poet cannot but describe what he feels. The reader must interpret as he feels.

WHAT IS RELIGIOUS POETRY? WHO MAKES this interpretation? Who makes the connection between poet and reader? There's the paradox.

As Roualt in a skeptical time made great paintings from the theme of the stained-glass window, at any time a poet of deep religious nature may appear who will write great religious poetry. It is not beyond belief. Donne stands, Milton stands; there is no doubt about the possibility of religious poetry (p. 20).

In keeping with this attitude we could reasonably expect Eberhart to write some religious poetry with something like the fervor expressed in his prose comment. And any reading of his poetry will discover just such an emotional statement; in fact, in "The Soul

⁸ *The Bible*, "Song of Solomon," Ch. 2.

Longs to Return Whence It Came" Eberhart uses statement, prose statement, to deliver his character in the graveyard of the pent-up emotions inherent in the poem's title. In the poem, the man is in the cemetery which frightened him as a boy. After an agonizing look at a certain grave:

A pagan urge swept me.
Multitudes, O Multitudes in one.
The urge of the earth, the titan
Wild and primitive lust, fused
On the ground of her grave.
I was a being of feeling alone.
I flung myself down on the earth
Full length on the great earth, full length,
I wept out the dark load of human love.
In pagan adoration I adored her.
I felt the actual earth of her.
Victor and Victim of humility,
I closed in the wordless ecstasy
Of mystery: where there is no thought
But feeling lost in itself forever,
Profound, remote, immediate, and calm.⁹

Surely this section of the poem would bear out the premise contained in Mr. Eberhart's comment about the problems with intellectualizing religion. However, with the poetic response in mind, we must ask ourselves about another Eberhart poem, "In A Hard Intellectual Light":

In a hard intellectual light
I will kill all delight
And I will build a citadel
Too beautiful to tell
O too auster to tell
And far too beautiful to see,
Whose evident distance
I will call the best of me.
And this light of intellect
Will shine on all my desires
It will my flesh protect
And flare my bold constant fires,
For the hard intellectual light
Will lay the flesh with nails,
And it will keep the world bright
And closed the body's soft jails.
And from this fair edifice
I shall see, as my eyes blaze,
The moral grandeur of man
Animating all his days.
And peace will marry purpose,
And purity married to grace
Will make the human absolute
As sweet as the human face.
Until my hard vision blears,
And Poverty and Death return

In organ music like the years,
Making the spirit leap, and burn

For the hard intellectual light
That kills all delight
And brings the solemn, inward pain
Of truth into the heart again.¹⁰

Has the poet changed his mind? Is he now willing to forego the passion in favor of a keen Dantean vision? Is Eberhart exploring the intellectual possibilities of Yeat's "Sailing to Byzantium" where the poet can ask of the sages:

Consume my heart away; sick with desire
and fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.¹¹

These questions are quite natural after the fervent plea for less intellectualizing by contemporary poets. But, natural as these questions are, we should not feel bound to prove one thing or the other by the seeming contradictory quotes. After all, I suppose a case could be made for "In a Hard Intellectual Light" as the better of the two Eberhart poems from a religious point of view. Such a case may or may not prove anything to the reader in Texas, who very likely would reject both poems as non-religious. But did Eberhart write the poem for the reader in Texas? Who is to say?

And while arguments may rage as to what Eberhart may have meant by the two poems, perhaps we should look at that marvelous poem "For a Lamb":

I saw on the slant hill a putrid lamb,
Propped with daisies. The sleep looked deep,
The face nudged in the green pillow
But the guts were out for the crows to eat.
Where's the lamb? Whose tender plaint
Said all for the mute breezes.
Say he's in the wind somewhere,
Say, there's a lamb in the daisies.¹²

I suppose sides could be rather quickly drawn here too: Is the poem pantheistic? Is it depressing? Anti-religious? Blakean or Whitmanesque? The language rolls on and on without settling much of anything. Individual taste and sensibilities based on literally thousands of things will enter into any person's comments and evaluations of the poem. But surely Richard Eberhart is to be allowed the same courtesey as the Texan who one day prefers the King James Bible but who is not particularly offended when the same passage is read from the Revised Standard Version. Eberhart cannot be pigeonholed and programmed any more than can the reader. What presents itself as a

⁹ *Chief Modern Poets of Britain and America*, p. 362.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 360-361.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 124.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 359.

religious idea also presents several ways of saying the idea poetically. There is no one correct way to write or read a religious poem.

As a further example of the variety of opinion that exists on this subject, consider the following concise (but varied) replies to the question:

Can a religious poem be written accidentally, i.e., you write a poem and later decide that for you it's a religious poem?

- Snodgrass: I should certainly think so—that sounds like the sincerest sort.
Van Doren: Yes.
Shapiro: Don't know.
Thom Gunn: I doubt it.
Aiken: No. One knows what one is doing.
Ginsberg: Of course.

Is there any reason to wonder at the Texan's problem? Or should we expect poets to agree about religious poetry? It would seem, then, to focus on one or two points: first, the age—historical, social, literary. There can be little doubt that these factors were at work when Caedmon wrote his hymn, when Donne and Herbert expressed themselves, when Hopkins and Shapiro wrote. How could it be otherwise? A poet cannot, and must not, disassociate himself from the critical and organic milieu in which he lives. Second, there is the individual. After all the various factors pertaining to the age are discussed, examined, evaluated, the poet still writes out of a personal conviction. And it is time to say here that the reader is subject to the same dual considerations when reading and evaluating a poem. There never has been a substitute for the individual mind and soul at work; nor should we want such a substitute if one could be found; for then poetry would cease to be; and in its place, prescribed, selected, and uniform verse. And that is not the same thing as poetry.

It would appear that such diverse opinion will be the norm rather than the exception for, after all, the concept of eternity and an eternal deity staggers the mind of man. How could such a subject ever provoke anything but complex combinations of responses? The individual poet chooses images, symbols, words from his conscious memory, his subconscious, and perhaps some from corners of his racial memory so long dark that he uses symbols, images, words, quite without knowing why. Can we expect less from the reader? What we can expect is tolerance. We are supposed to be living in an age when heavy priorities are put on tolerance of morés, habits, dress, religion. Why not be tolerant of one's opinions concerning religious poetry?

Such tolerance would certainly be helpful when considering these answers to the question: "Who would you consider a religious poet today?"

- Snodgrass: No one I can think of offhand.
Van Doren: Elicit.

- Gunn: Ginsberg and Snyder come the closest.
Aiken: W. C. Williams, Stevens, Tate, myself, among others (p. 22).

It is in the reading that poems are or are not religious. Do you start with "The Red Wheelbarrow" by W. C. Williams? Do you consider the strategies Wallace Stevens used for doing without religious faith in, say, "Sunday Morning"? Do we read "The Four Quartets" because Eliot has told us he is an Anglican or because we understand the poems and appreciate them as religious?

The questions are infinite, and so are the answers. No doubt this is very frustrating; but when was it very different? Religious poetry? Yes. Where is it? It would appear that at least two roads are open to the reader. He can expect a poem to be religious if the poet and/or the great majority of critical and professional opinion says it is so; or he can say a poem is religious if it moves him in a way that seems in accord with his own private conception of religious. Either way religious poems are found and read. Each age has given us religious poetry. That differences of opinion exist as to the worth of such poems is, I suppose, to be expected and perhaps welcomed.

Hyatt Waggoner in *American Poets* has written: One of the lessons to be learned from American poetry as we have surveyed it, and equally from contemporary philosophy, is that since the eighteenth century at least, no final or religious meanings will emerge when experience is approached in purely intellectualistic terms.¹³

True, Very likely. The jury isn't coming in. But they have asked for tolerance. ■■

¹³ Hyatt H. Waggoner, *American Poets: From the Puritans to the Present* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1968), p. 436.

A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Chief Modern Poets of Britain and America*. Selected and edited by Gerald DeWitt Sanders, John Herbert Nelson, and M. L. Rosenthal. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1970.
- Ledbetter, J.T. "Poets, Society and Religion." *The Lutheran Witness*, LXXXVII, No. 11 (Nov., 1968), 20-22.
- Lemon, Lee T. *The Partial Critics*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1965.
- Shapiro, Karl. *Poems of a Jew*. New York: Random House, 1958.
- The Bible*. "Song of Solomon," Ch. 2.
- The Norton Anthology of English Literature, Vol. I*. Edited by M. H. Abrams. New York: W.W. Norton, 1968.
- Waggoner, Hyatt H. *American Poets: From the Puritans to the Present*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1968.

THE TIME BEING

*(after Paul Granlund's
sculpture for the Federal
Reserve Plaza in Minneapolis)*

A man coming forward
leaves a hole in time
he cannot see any more
than the hole in space
where he just was.
He can pivot, flex,
bend, reach, spin
chase himself in circles,
and never see it.
He leaves it all behind,
the print of the face,
the work of the hands,
the mark of the nerves,
like a trail of coins
dropped for someone else
to collect or spend.

He peels the past forward,
rips the future back.
He is a wedge in space,
his life a wedge in time.
He moves at angles
to everything,
splits time
into the geometry of dance.

His sweat
has the smell of forever.
Too much energy
to stay quiet
on any surface,
he reaches up, and out,
to eat the stars.
For him
the sun is gold,
the moon is silver,
the earth
is round
and worth saving.

JOHN CALVIN REZMERSKI



THINGS VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE: THE SCULPTURE OF PAUL GRANLUND

KATHRYN CHRISTENSON

"I WANT TO SAY TWO THINGS at once." These are the words with which Paul T. Granlund, sculptor-in-residence at Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minnesota, began his remarks at a dedication of one of his sculptures in bronze, sculptures which are increasingly enhancing campuses, public sites, and private homes across the midwest, now including Valparaiso University.

Paul Granlund was referring in these opening remarks to the dedicatory words he was about to speak, but he might just as well, have been talking about his art. For saying two things at once, if not three, four, or seven things, Granlund has over the past quarter of a century found that bronze sculpture is his inevitable medium.

The "two things at once" that Granlund presents in unified sculptural form can be equated with the "things visible and invisible" which the Nicene Creed calls upon the Christian to profess as encompassing God's creation. Granlund's dual messages also speak at once of things

suspended and things anchored, things organic and things geometric, things positive and things negative.

Even a nominally representational piece like Granlund's "Portrait of O. P. Kretzmann," dedicated earlier this year on the Valparaiso University campus, calls to a viewer's mind both visible and invisible facets of the late president's character. The Kretzmann portrait was modeled some nine years ago but was left uncast during the educator's lifetime because of his own modesty in not wishing to be an artistic subject. "Seeing the portrait again, in order to cast it," confesses Granlund, "I was pleased by how fresh the surface was, by that sketchy kind of modeling that speaks of clay as well as speaking of the man's stature and posture as leader."

Clay is the medium in which Granlund initially models his works, later casting them in bronze through the intricate and demanding lost wax process. In a textured surface such as that of the Kretzmann portrait, clay remains integral if not visible, suggesting Dr. Kretzmann's humanity and also his spirit. Although the portrait is not quite life-size, Granlund points out, "The man in his importance to the school was really over life-size in influence."

Granlund has created many figures, but not often has he done portraits as such: "One of my father, a couple of Greg and Tim [two of the four Granlund children], Father Flanagan of Boys Town, Nebraska, and a portrait of L. B. Benson," the late chief administrator of Bethesda Hospital in St. Paul. "In some portraits,"



O. P. Kretzmann

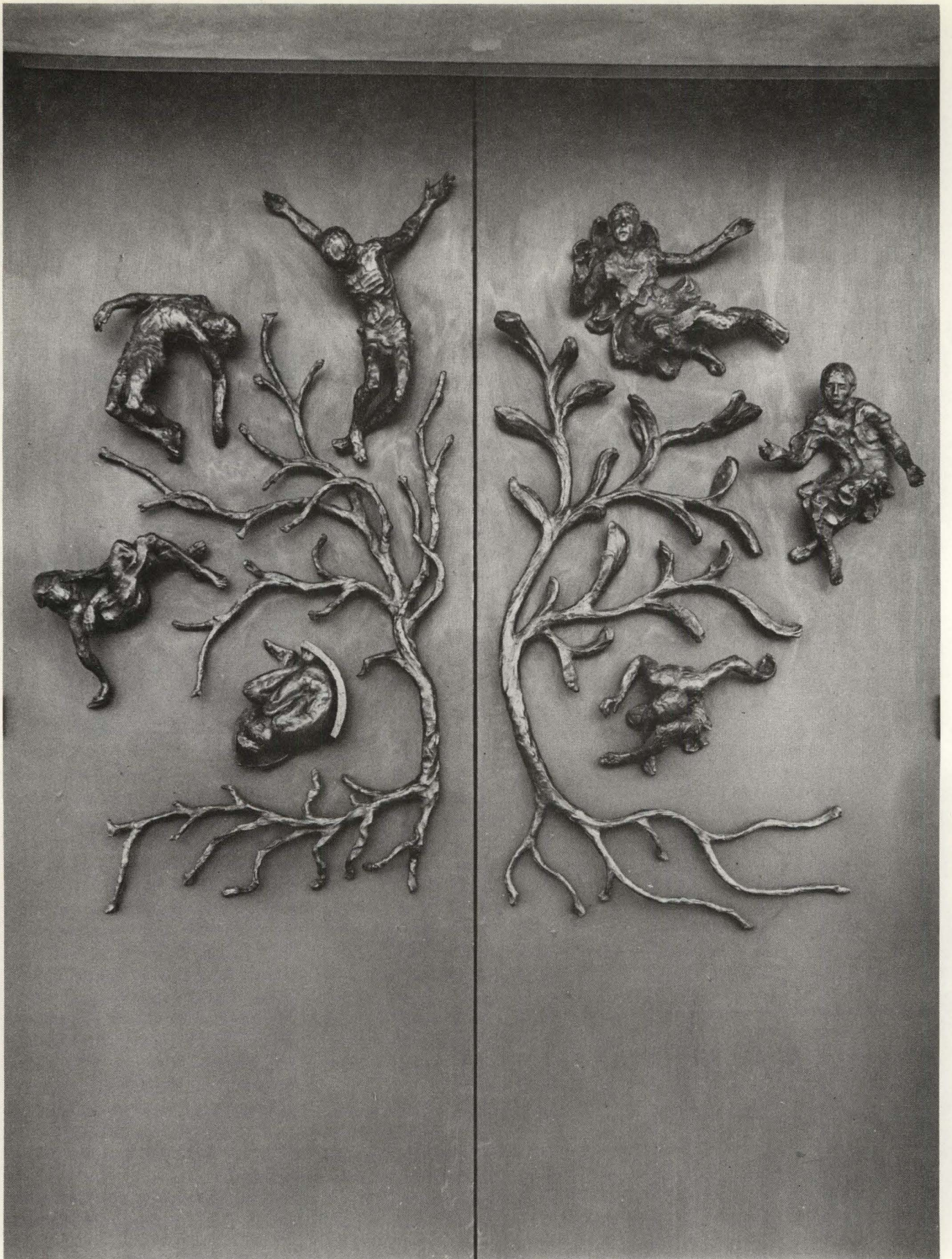
Granlund admits, "I've had to invent rather than copy, have had to use photos, catching what I think is the spirit of the person." One is reminded again of the things visible and invisible of God's creation.

Granlund's sculptures are at home on a number of college campuses, but probably nowhere are they more numerous than at his home campus, Gustavus Adolphus College, where his works adorn the chapel, library, language hall, theater entrance, and concert hall foyer, as well as the hockey arena. It was from Gustavus Adolphus that he received his B. A. in 1952 and to that campus that he returned in 1971 as sculptor-in-residence.

In the intervening years Granlund took an M. F. A. degree at Cranbrook Academy of Art, and was awarded Fulbright and Guggenheim Fellowships to study sculpture in Italy. He

Kathryn Christenson is Grant Co-ordinator at Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minnesota, and co-editor of a forthcoming book on the sculpture of Paul Granlund.

John Calvin Rezmerski is Associate Professor of English at Gustavus Adolphus College, and author of three books of poetry, Held for Questioning, An American Gallery, and Dreams of Bela Lugosi.



returned from Europe to chair the sculpture department at the Minneapolis School of Art in his native city. He has had one-man shows in such locations as Minneapolis, New York, Rome, Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

One of the Granlund works that a visitor to Gustavus Adolphus College is likely to encounter is the series of sculptures that grace the doors of Christ Chapel. On the Christ Door, for example, the main double entrance to the Chapel, one finds seven posturing Christ figures toward which stretches an organic tree-form, the whole tableau representing Lent and Easter, death and resurrection, existence visible and invisible.

"Starting at eleven o'clock and reading counter-clockwise, the seven figures portray the statements of the Apostle's Creed—crucified, dead, buried, descended into Hell, rose again, ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God," Granlund explains. "I used the fetal form to indicate both death and resurrection. There is a kind of shroud or garb around the deposition figure that drapes it yet suspends it, winds yet can also unwind."

The gestures of these figurative elements of the sculpture, for example the heavy arm of the deposition figure and the emerging arms of the later figures, are repeated in the tree-forms that radiate toward them. These branches represent seasons in the life of a tree or a person, and, in keeping with this sense of organic wholeness, roots are included as well. The branches and roots at the left may look dead, but are dormant, life-containing. Those at the right are renewed, growing, seeking life.

"I thought it was important to create a total image for the front door that could be seen from a distance, but rather than create an image that was much oversized as one approached it, I wanted single elements that could be looked at more particularly and intimately at closer range as one passed through the doors," Granlund observes. Tactile

Christ Door, 1961. Bronze, Doors: 8' x 6'. Gustavus Adolphus Christ Chapel.

as well as visual intimacy with the sculpture is encouraged by the fact that one must touch it to enter the Chapel, since the door handles themselves are branches. Like the handles, the figures are not flattened, relief figures, but are full-figure images with space moving behind them.

Another campus which houses Granlund sculpture is Wisconsin State University, Eau Claire, where a second casting of his life-and-a-quarter-sized "Sprites" was dedicated in autumn 1977. This is clearly a work in which Granlund intended to say more than one thing at a time, to give, in this case, triple vision.

"Sprites," the first casting of which resides at Metropolitan Medical Center in Minneapolis, consists of three female figures in three various interconnected, floating positions. Although there are modifications in the torsos, arms, legs, and hair of the three figures, their heads are identical, and a viewer senses that their feeling and their spirit are also identical.

"The reason behind repeating similar figures three times relates to a fountain in Rome, the Fountain of the Tortoises, often attributed to Raphael, but probably the work of Taddeo Landini in the sixteenth century," says Granlund, making specific reference to the classical Italian influence reflected in much of his work.

"In the Fountain of the Tortoises," he continues, "Four figures—two each with opposite gestures—are the four corners of the fountain. Standing in any one spot one can see the front and back and the right and left mirrored images of the same figure. To have simultaneous visions transcends the space-time dimension normal to our lives. What I attempted was to do a similar thing with three figures."

Granlund feels that what he gained from this simultaneous presentation is, "Unity, which I could not satisfy in any other way, and balance, and certainly openings and windows through which you see other parts." He points out that at its original location, Metropolitan Medical Center, it is seen from at least three different levels, and from almost 360



Sprites, 1969. Bronze, 8'. University of Wisconsin. Eau Claire.

degrees on the ground, adding still other layers of multiple dimension.

"Sprites" is one of a growing number of Granlund sculptures located in public buildings. Among others are two pictured in these pages, "the Singers," at Lutheran Social Services Minnesota Headquarters, and "The Time Being," at Federal Reserve Plaza, both in Minneapolis.

"The Singers," commissioned by Lutheran Social Service and installed in the atrium of its state center in March 1977, portrays the community as family or the family in community. Its seven figures of different ages and sexes are all linked cross-armed, but one has the feeling that the circle could open up to admit a larger number of persons, including the viewers.

"Seven is a mythically magic number as well as a sacred number symbolizing completeness," states Granlund. "Seven is also a three-dimensional number implying a center point and six directions: up, down, right, left, forward and back." The family of singers are slightly more than half life-size, the adult figures being forty inches tall.

In "The Singers" Granlund presents at least seven visions or subplots at once. "I wanted to make one statement, but I wanted smaller plots within this totality, that would intrigue



Singers, 1977. Bronze, 40" high. Lutheran Social Service. Minneapolis.

viewers from different vantage points," Granlund declares. "Lovers see each other across the circle, a mother shows concern for her child, a boy tugs in boisterous play, a father seems particularly delighted by a young daughter, and, I hope, more," he elaborates.

Granlund recalls that his inspiration for "The Singers" originally came to him at a memorial service for Martin Luther King, Jr. at Loring Park in Minneapolis, when participants joined hands and voices in gesture and song. "Not all of these singers' songs are necessarily joyous," explains Granlund. "They could be love songs, but they might also be dirges or the blues."

"The Time Being," a work both figurative and geometric, depicts a man emerging from, yet contained and in negative relief described by, an encircling cubic form. In creating this work Granlund remembered a device da Vinci had used for defining human proportions, a man inscribed within a square and a circle. But Granlund finds in his work that "Man becomes alive beyond the limitations of these proportions, splits the pattern."

In a statement released at the 1973 dedication of "The Time Being," Granlund said: "Man, the measurer of time and space, who used the square to measure the globe and the

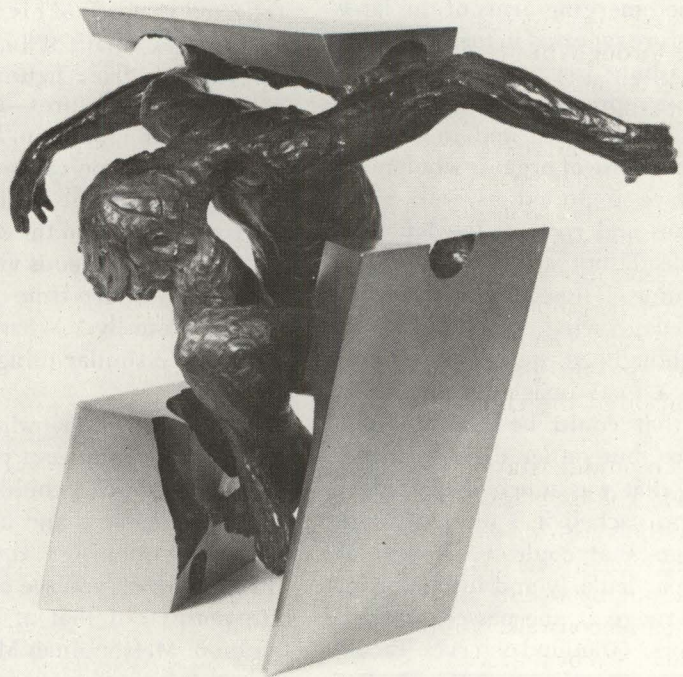
circle to measure the edge of the universe, also measures his own value. This sculpture celebrates man as the value maker whose reaching energy and imagination exceed the limits of his own self-imposed systems."

Besides combining figurative and geometric elements, "The Time Being" incorporates both positive and negative forms—the positive, emerging male figure and the negative imprints in the squared circle from

which he has sprung—a combination Granlund finds particularly satisfying for saying "two things at once," for expressing those facets of human experience which are visible and invisible, explicit and implied.

Several other recent Granlund works make use sculpturally of positive and negative images, for example "Resurrection II," commissioned for St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Minneapolis, and later cast also for Iliff Seminary in Denver, Colorado. Here Granlund presents a fetal form with arms outstretched, beginning to move out of that fetal position as if someone were lifting it by its arms. "The figure is connected to three forms which have mold impression surfaces of the figure itself," comments Granlund.

"The three forms are removed from the figure," he goes on to explain, "And the figure then begins to float between these three plinths or slabs in which it has been confined and which have been pressed upon it. These are in a kind of parallelogram shape rather than in a strictly architecturally stable form. They feel as though they are beginning to fall away from the figure so that those slabs have gesture in and of themselves, which I think is countered by the gesture of the figure."



Resurrection, 1973. Bronze, 18" high. St. Marks Episcopal Church, Minneapolis. Photograph: Jack Rendulich.

"Resurrection II," in other words, brings to the eye positive and negative gesture as well as positive and negative image. Another such work is "Birth of Freedom," installed in October 1977 at Westminster Presbyterian Church in Minneapolis.

In the massive "Birth of Freedom," according to Granlund, four figures "radiate from a changing cubic module directing and releasing the energy of the figures." The module is a cube, "which was divided diagonally on four sides, hinged on one of those sides, and opened until the two opposing points touched each other, forming an open cube." This open cube reverses the box form which Granlund admits had been a death symbol in other of his works.

Here the cube opens to reveal four figures. "A fetal figure is discovered at the base, sleeping," says Granlund. A second figure is beginning to awake, a third, ascending figure is much more alert, and "Finally the heroic figure on top achieves a sense of free flight, transcending the entire structure. I'm tracing with these figures, two female and two male, four states of being free, of being awakened to freedom," Granlund asserts.

Granlund believes that "Birth of Freedom" also relates to the edifice and facade of Westminster Church, where it resides. The space between figures, through the center of the sculpture, becomes a kind of window, "reflecting something of the church's rose window and its transparent center and radial members." Further, the sculptor states, "The double post pedestal invites comparison to the church's entrance as seen through and behind the sculpture. The conical cut of the cubic elements may even bring to mind the gothic structures which inspired the church's architecture."

Paul Granlund is a man of contrasts. He has been influenced not only by the classical sculpture and gothic architecture he has studied in Europe, but by events as contemporary as the moon walks of astronauts. He is fascinated by the fact that when the moon walkers experienced weightlessness, they experienced time-



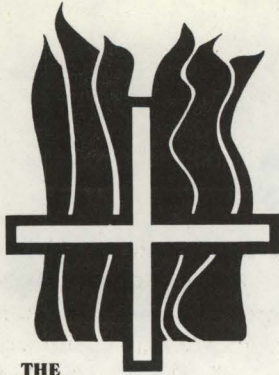
Birth of Freedom, 1977, Bronze, 17' 6" high. Westminster Presbyterian Cathedral, Minneapolis.

lessness as well. This fascination has obviously influenced the sense of balanced motion his work conveys.

Whether it is the positive-negative imagery of a work like "The Time Being," the triple vision of "Sprites," the four states of being free in "Birth of Freedom," or the seven postures of "The Christ Door" and "The Singers," Granlund proves that bronze sculpture is a medium in which he can shape more than one statement or suggestion at a time, in art that is

rooted yet soaring, stationary yet fluid.

While Paul Granlund eagerly wrestles with things visible and invisible, with clay and bronze, with multiple images and interpretations, he expects similar effort from his audience. "It seems to me," he concluded his remarks at the dedication of "Birth of Freedom," that, "As much imagination, insight and courage is required of receivers and viewers of sculpture as is required of givers or creators." ■



THE
CRESSET

OCCASIONAL PAPER: III

ANNOUNCING

OCCASIONAL PAPER: III

CONFESSION AND CONGREGATION

Edited by David G. Truemper

CONTENTS:

✦ The conference study papers investigate the *Formula of Concord* historically and theologically for its resources for pastoral and congregational life today.

Prepared in advance of the conference, as study guides to the participants, were the following papers:

a) David G. Truemper, "Confession and Congregation: An Approach to the Study of the *Formula of Concord*."

b) Kenneth F. Korby, "Naming and Healing the Disorders of Man: Therapy and Absolution" (FC:I, Original Sin).

c) Theodore R. Jungkuntz, "Ethics in a Relativizing Society: Between the Relativism of Moralism and Antinomianism" (FC:VI, The Third Function of the Law).

d) David G. Truemper, "Piety in a Secularized Society: A Faith-Full Life-Style, or The Piety of the Presence of Christ" (FC:VII, The Holy Supper; FC:VIII, The Person of Christ).

e) Walter E. Keller, "When Confession is Called For: Indifferent Things and the Case of Confession" (FC:X, The Ecclesiastical Rites that are Called *Adiaphora* or Things Indifferent).

✦ The essays presented at the conference for use in the workshops:

a) Roger D. Pittelko, the Keynote Address, "Confession and Congregation: Resources for Parish Life and Work";

b) Robert C. Schultz, "Therapy and Absolution: Issues of Healing and Redemption" (to study paper "b");

c) William H. Lazareth, "The Foundation for Ethics and the Question of the Third Use of the Law" (to study paper "c");

d) Walter R. Bouman, "Piety in a Secularized Society" (to study paper "d");

e) Robert W. Bertram, "Confessional Movements and the *Formula of Concord* Article Ten" (to study paper "e").

✦ Responses to the essays by the authors of the study papers.

✦ The concluding address by Michael Rogness, "The Confessions in the Congregation: Practical Suggestions for Parish Use."

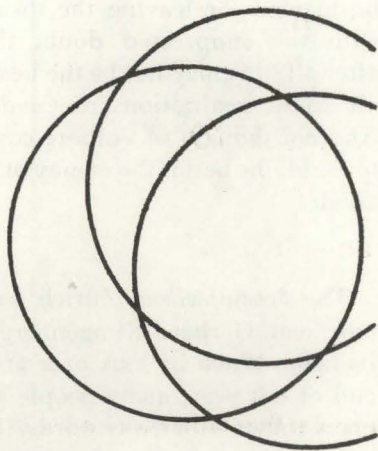
Estimated 75 pages, 8½ x 11—a meaty document indeed for congregational study groups, pastoral conferences, and college and seminary classrooms.

Price: \$2.00

Order from:

THE CRESSET
Valparaiso University
Valparaiso, Indiana 46383

20% discount given to bookstores; postage will be paid if payment accompanies the order.



THREE PLAYS

ONCE IN A WHILE ONE cannot help escape the feeling that one is in the presence of a poet of the theater. This does not happen frequently. I have to search my mind to come up with one name that has impressed me time and again and even stunned me with his dramatic skill when his work was disappointing in certain ways. I am thinking of Tom Stoppard, Czech-born British author, a cerebral magician and master of the English tongue. From his *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* to *Jumpers* and, with some reservations, *Dirty Linen*, he has lit up the dramatic sky with lingual fireworks. Another dramatist, the Czech writer Vaclav Havel, about the same age as Stoppard (close to forty), reminded

me of Stoppard with two one-act plays, *Private View* and *Audience*.

Havel also leans heavily on language, but in a Beckett-like manner—more so than Stoppard. Both think of Beckett as the master of the post-war theater, as the originator of the linguistic explosion of noncommunicativeness. I did not see but only read Havel's *The Memorandum* and *The Increased Difficulty of Concentration* that accentuate logical games in which Stoppard indulges (mainly in *Rosencrantz* and *Jumpers*), seasoned with verbal pyrotechnics. Stoppard, living in an atmosphere of individualistic freedom, can aim at more sophisticated targets than Havel, who exists between communistic freedom and prison, and whose major targets are authority in the widest sense of the word. If Havel's work belongs to the Theatre of the Absurd (as often claimed), then he gives his characters a very human face. He fights against the modern monster bureaucracy whose features in his native town, Prague, are beset by fear of the secret police.

Almost all good writing is autobiographical, to a certain extent at least, but Havel's two one-acters are flagrantly so. Disguised as Ferdinand Vanek, he is, in the first act, invited to dinner by a middle-class couple. Strange, that such people still exist in a communist country! The man goes to an office to make a living, a comfortable one as it seems; the wife makes the impression of an idle woman who, more or less, takes care of the household and her "unusual" child. Theirs seems to be a quite ordinary life, as in any other country. They also make trips, even to the United States, and from everywhere they bring home the strangest souvenirs,

such as a confessional and other most unlikely pieces of furniture, antique and modern, with which their apartment is cluttered. They show off their ridiculously re-decorated living quarters and they show off their happiness.

There's the rub. Havel not only wants to make us see the emptiness of such middle-class life, he also makes his rebellious point clear. The couple reproaches him for being a stubborn egotist, for insisting on harboring personal views, associating with people who criticize the régime. Why, he would have a wonderful position in a publishing house instead of working in a brewery pushing beer barrels back and forth—if he could only make a few small concessions and say yes to everything happening around him! Finally, the hostess breaks out into a screaming diatribe: "Disgusting, unfeeling, inhuman egotist! Ungrateful, stupid, bloody traitor!"

In fact, by sticking to his beliefs in freedom and decency in life he becomes a traitor to the easy collaborators. Havel's dramatic punch line unmistakably comes when the hostess calls him and his friends who turn against the régime dirty communists. We find a variation of this theme in the second play, *Audience*. Ferdinand Vanek is summoned to an "interview" by the head maltster of the brewery for apparently no reason until finally the horror of the party apparatus is revealed. Vanek is offered an easy desk job if he is willing to submit a weekly report on his private thoughts and activities, i.e., on those antagonists of the régime he is well-known to associate with—and, to please a whim of his boss, to bring a certain actress to a seclusive office party. When Vanek promises to invite the actress

but refuses to become an informer on himself, the head maltster breaks out into an alcoholic tirade against all intellectuals and their high principles, a dramatically charged speech punctuated by wild outbursts of self-pity. The point made, more frighteningly than in the first play: it is horrifying and far more degrading to play ball with an inhuman régime one despises than to be honest and strong enough to oppose it at the risk of losing one's livelihood and thereby gaining the freedom of prison.

Havel writes with bated brilliance which takes one's breath away. His dialogues, symphonically structured with phrases repeated as *leitmotif*, owe a great deal to Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. His language is realistic, yet it is a realism with built-in absurdity. These one-acters were seen at the *Schauspielhaus* Zürich in an exemplary production. Rolf Stahl seems to be one of those rare stage directors who does not mistrust his dramatists and does not mutilate their material with ravishing ideas. Peter Ehrlich as head maltster deserves international recognition.

WHILE Rolf Stahl achieved the utmost through precision in detail, Roberto Guicciardini, who staged his own dramatized version of Voltaire's *Candide*, inundated the stage with scenic ideas and visual effects. Brilliant? Yes, but also an endurance test of three hours of staged razzle-dazzle. Any adaptation of a novel must have an epic quality if not totally reconceived as a drama.

Guicciardini approached *Candide* from a *grand regisseur's* viewpoint. The word does not determine the flow of the dialogue, it is made to be subservient "to gesture, accoustics,

lighting and decoration." These are his words. It is not a mere transposition of Voltaire's famous text, it is a surrealistic fantasy on its theme. This stage realization of *Candide* has a touch of the *commedia dell'arte*, of the scenic splendor of the best of all possible Baroque productions, and of Brecht's epic dream in the way the philosophers cut through the action and accentuate the basic ideas of Voltaire's era. In doing so, they make us see realistically that not much has basically changed in this best of all possible worlds since Voltaire's satiric despair was dressed in a fable.

Many actors play many more roles and, I must admit, in the best of all possible disguises. This theatrical fare is a feast for the eyes. Masks and costumes almost overpower our intellectual faculties. At the end one does get a bit tired and, what is worse, resigned to the muchness of color, glitter, and foam rubber; resigned like *Candide* to withdraw to the cultivation of one's garden to stay off "boredom, vice, and worry." But in *Candide's* resignation lies the realization that little can be achieved through words of wisdom, that gardens bring about fences, that fences give us a feeling of security and with it a feeling of isolation. We become resigned not to care any more what happens beyond our fences.

Guicciardini said he avoided making this point too clear in his staging. He worked with metaphors and analogies, not with Brechtian means. His is a theater of allusion, he maintained. A dazzling theater of allusion, for sure. But at the end the spectator feels exhausted by so much splendor spent to prove how cruel and disappointing man's lot has remained. One should then not

be blamed for leaving the theater with the suppressed doubt that, after all, this may not be the best of all scenic realizations of *Candide*. Another thought of Voltaire comes to mind: the best is the enemy of the good.

The *Schauspielhaus* Zürich has a new man, Gerhard Klingenberg, at its helm. When he took over at the end of last year, many people said many things with many words. (Did not Voltaire write to a friend that he was sorry he had no time to write a short letter?) Klingenberg's speech was the shortest and most impressive: "For us theatre is life. Believe us that we want to make something of our life!"

He began his season with Friedrich Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*. For many reasons it was the most daring opening. *Tell* is Switzerland's national hero. Schiller, who never set foot in Switzerland, wrote a play crying out for freedom with words whose pathos sounds close to bathos in our ears today. The play has also lost some of its color by having been done in open-air productions for the tourists in two different mountain resorts over the decades. Max Frisch and younger writers have attacked this mythological figure, claiming he was not even Swiss, at best a composite figure and for sure of Scandinavian origin. Decapitating his mythological head has belonged to the pastime pleasure of the Swiss intelligentsia lately.

How does one speak lines which have become worldwide quotations or, even worse, belong to the household phrases of a nation? Shakespeare made it easier for the actor than Schiller because the Shakespearean words are far more

relevant beyond time, beyond linguistic and national borders. Their weight lies more heavily on the actor's tongue and mind. Werner Düggelin, the director, and his actors were as brave as Tell himself. They shot—like Tell in the famous apple scene—into nowhere and then turned smilingly to the audience with the arrow through the apple in the hand. One could not believe them because they did not believe in the histrionic power of Schiller's phrases. They underplayed, threw famous lines away, kept their voices incredibly low. Next to scenes which had the unpleasant flavor of a highschool performance were attempts at modernization. Hodler makes us think of Tell as the powerful middle-aged man with an impressive beard. The actor playing Tell was young, blond, with a light frame and hippie-like hair. Gessler was portrayed as a neurotic with tics. As a sign of protest and contempt the rebels pissed against the wall of a symbolic fortress of their suppressor. Too many incongruent things kept the spectator on edge.

Perhaps this play had to be performed with a new touch just to prove that it should no longer be done, and certainly not on the stage of a prominent Swiss theater. Undoubtedly, the new leadership had courage and courtesy to open with *Wilhel Tell*. I was impressed by a nice gesture and a try that failed. It was followed by two productions which certainly merit admiration. The Havel plays are two outcries, two protests of man's inhumanity to man over so many centuries. The very same ills that troubled and disgusted Voltaire are still plaguing and haunting Havel. The situations may have changed somewhat; man has not.



Books

NO MORE FOR THE ROAD. One Man's Journey from Chemical Dependency to Freedom.

By Duane Mehl. Drawings by Siegfried Reinhardt. Minneapolis: Augsburg Publishing House, 1976. Pp. 159. Paper: \$3.50.

"THE WAY HARRY/HARRIET DRINKS—it's a disgrace!"

Substitute any name—from Abe to Zeke, Abigail to Zarah—we all know *someone* like this. Harry/Harriet drinks too much, much too much, much too often. Everyone knows it (unless he is extraordinarily clever at sneaking drinks, in which case only half the world knows about it). Harry's/Harriet's life is approaching a shambles. Everyone is appalled or amused or outraged. Everyone within close living distance of Harry/Harriet is getting bent out of shape. And everyone, including Harry/Harriet, is convinced that the solution to this whole mess is for HARRY/HARRIET TO USE MORE WILL POWER. All that is needed is for each of them to

exercise a little restraint, show some common sense, when it comes to booze. "Harry," pleads the distraught spouse, "Do you have to get *drunk* every time you drink? For God's sake, why don't you drink like normal people?"

Even for God's sake, that is precisely what they cannot do! And that is the point, only one among many others, of this excellent book. Harry/Harriet is an alcoholic—he CANNOT NOT DRINK THE WAY HE DOES. It has nothing to do with will power; alcoholism is an illness—incurable, progressive, and, unless arrested by total abstinence, fatal. Harry/Harriet is seriously ill, and it is precisely the nature of his illness that he is totally powerless over alcohol. They want to control their drinking (for God's sake), but that is exactly what this illness makes impossible. Alcohol is to them what sugar is to a diabetic. Worse—alcoholism destroys not only bodies, but minds and souls and marriages and families and vocations and relationships and bank accounts and jobs, etc., etc., etc. The author of this excellent book and its present reviewer are both recovering alcoholics, and can vouch for how hellishly (I use the word deliberately) grim this disease really is. It is a "beast from the abyss" for the alcoholic himself and for everyone around him, and it cannot be tamed or caged simply by will power. But it can be arrested. Lives helplessly blasted and wasted by this disease of body, mind, and spirit can be restored to wholeness and satisfying sobriety, especially through participation in the program and fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous and Al Anon. That is the first message, thank God, which this splendid, perceptive, candid, thoughtful, profound-but-not-pompous, engaging, witty-yet-serious book is all about.

TO SAY THIS IS A BOOK about alcoholism is misleading. It is that, and so much more. It is a book for everyone, and it is that in more ways than one.

In ways that involve alcoholism directly, this book is one of the best and most helpful currently available. On that level it is *for* an alarmingly increasing number of people. Alcoholism is becoming epidemic in our society. The author cites the (conservative) figure of eleven million "suffering" or practicing alcoholics; many estimates peg the figure at between fourteen and fifteen. Studies show that among people who use alcohol at all, about one out of seven crosses the line into alcoholism. (Play this little numbers game at your next cocktail party: for every fifty people there, the odds are seven are into a liquid version of Russian Roulette, without blanks.) The author cites another figure that is also on the rise: five million barbituate addicts. Just to be fair, throw in a few other categories of chemical dependence. And we have just begun to keep score. An additional five to seven people are having their hearts and minds and lives bent out of shape, i.e. are being directly traumatized, by each alcoholic or addict's illness. These are Harry's/Harriet's children, spouse, close relatives and friends. Alcoholism is a family illness, absolutely devastating in its impact on those who share either bed or board with a practicing alcoholic; and a recent study indicates that one out of four-five homes today shelters just such a beast. Measured simply by the quantity of human anguish and destruction being generated, alcoholism (and other kinds of substance abuse) qualifies as our number one social problem.

While the disease is becoming epidemic, attitudes toward the Harrys and Harriets among us remain unchanged. This book is needed if for no other reason than to help dispel the vast amount of confusion, ignorance, misunderstanding, and wrong-headedness which prevail in this area. Several chapters in the book deal directly with a number of popular myths and misconceptions widely held not

only by the general public but at times by the healing professions as well. Many people, for example, still have an image of an alcoholic in a *seedy* Army surplus overcoat, lying in an alley off skid row, swilling cheap muscatel out of a brown-bagged bottle. Not so. As the author points out, only about half of the people who *are* living in the skid row areas of major cities are there because of alcoholism or drugs. And while far from everyone *on* skid row is an alcoholic, only a very, very small percentage (less than 5%) of practicing alcoholics can be found there. Where they can be found is everywhere or anywhere else—in corporate board rooms, in doctors' and lawyers' offices, in suburban kitchens, in highrise apartment living rooms, in pastors' studies and steel mill production lines and department stores. Alcoholism is quite catholic; it afflicts all sorts and conditions of men without regard for age, sex, race, class, creed, or color. Unfortunately, the persistence of this "alcoholic-skid row" myth keeps a lot of Harrys/Harriets and often those around them, from recognizing or admitting what they are up against.

IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE book, the author tells his own story—how he progressed imperceptibly from normal social drinking thru the use of physician-prescribed drugs for pain until (all of this over a period of years) he found himself on the merry-go-round of addiction, increasingly powerless over alcohol, unable not to drink compulsively, with his entire life rapidly becoming more and more unmanageable. He tells his own story honestly and soberly (in the best sense); by that I mean, he tells it like it was, and like it is now, straight out, with candor and considerable insight, and without self-indulgent exaggerations or self-protective omissions. And because this particular author happens to be a person who is articulate, reflective, theologically trained, and blessed with wit and humor, his story is

told in an absorbing, thoughtful, and engaging way. (Who but a theologian would invoke the image of Jacob with his head resting on the rock at Bethel to describe a night spent in stupor cuddled round a toilet bowl? Ah, yes, how we drunks get to know our toilet bowls!)

He tells his own story—like it was and like it is now. That is a most important dimension of this book. On the off-chance that a suffering alcoholic may read this review, and then this book, let me insert here a brief, specific word to him or her. Read this story, and believe it. But don't try to compare yourself to (or contrast yourself with its author). Every alcoholic is an individual, and that extends to the pattern of his alcoholism. Whether or not you are an alcoholic is a judgment only you can make; but that question has nothing to do with what you drink, when you drink, where you drink, with whom you drink, or even how much you drink. It has to do only with what drinking is doing to your life—if it is causing problems, then it is a problem, and something should be done about it. And if doing something about it is at all difficult, if you really can't leave it alone as easily as you can take it, you would be well-advised to seek the fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous. It's just that simple, friend. (Let me just tell you, friend, that once any person begins to lose control over his drinking, once he crosses over the line into the beginnings of dependency, it never gets any better. It only gets worse and worse, and worse!) So, don't evade facing *your* problem by favorable comparisons. I used to convince myself that I couldn't be an alcoholic because I never drank in the morning; at the same time, I could not really imagine my life as worth living without alcohol! Every suffering alcoholic gets deeper and deeper into a system of rationalizations and alibis, excuses to justify and defend, especially to himself, his reasons for drinking. So, don't compare.

On the other hand, friend, read this story, and believe it so that you can identify with it. The author has been where you are, and has come out on the other side, where real living begins. There is something about the experience of alcoholism that can only be understood "from the inside." One invariable, in some ways the most hellish, dimension of it is the increasing sense of total isolation and utter loneliness, fueled by self-pity, it engenders. When we're suffering, "Nobdody Knows the Trouble I See" is our song. And those who have never been through this meat grinder really don't, in some ways they can't, know and understand what it's like. For the same reasons, any ex-drunk can relate to another suffering or recovering alcoholic with an identification and empathy that is uncanny and profound. That was a major part of the healing insight and power for recovery vouchsafed to the co-founders of AA back in the thirties; it takes one (ex-drunk) to really help another one; and that remains an essential element in AA's unique and incredible effectiveness. So, alcoholic reader, I would invite you to believe this: you are *not* alone! The author and this reviewer (and every and each member of AA) have been where you are, have felt what you are feeling. *We know* what you are going through, every bit of it. And we know something more: defeat can be turned into victory, recovery is real, and genuine sobriety is a thousand times better than booze ever was! Get with the winners, and you'll find them around the tables of AA. (End of homily to the alcoholic; back, now, to you Earth-people.)

WHY DO HARRY/HARRIET drink the way they do? The answer to this question which everybody who knows Harry/Harriet is asking, including Harry/Harriet, is stunningly simple. It is also absolutely important in any consideration of treatment modalities for this addictive illness. Harry/Harriet

may have had any of a legion of reasons, all of them plausible enough, why they *began* using alcohol originally. Those reasons, any reasons, *now have absolutely nothing to do with it*. The simple fact is that alcohol itself has gotten its teeth into Harry/Harriet, and it won't let go. It is alcohol itself that makes them drink—excessively, inappropriately. No one really knows for sure why this happens to some people and not to others. Current research strongly suggests some kind of physiological allergy factor—something happens in the way the alcoholic's body metabolizes ethyl alcohol. But the point is that the only reason for the alcoholic's drinking is the compulsion itself, a compulsion that is cunning, baffling, and all-powerful. It is not a *lack* of will power, any more than a diabetic's inability to metabolize sugar the way other people do indicates that he is weak-willed. The compulsion is stronger than his own will; that is precisely the nature of his illness. The only answer is NO ALCOHOL!

As I said, stunningly simple! Unfortunately, this fact is often overlooked. Typically, the suffering alcoholic is aided and abetted by well-meaning loved ones, and by counsellors, pastors, psychiatrists, *et al.*, in an arduous search for less obvious "emotional-psychological" explanations. Massive probes are mounted into how he was toilet trained years ago or into what currently seems to be awry in his sex life or into whatever other psychic traumas can be discerned in the mess into which *alcohol itself* (a mind bending drug, mind you) has brought this sad biography. The premise for all of this is that if the reason (psychological-emotional) supposedly *behind* the drinking is uncovered, the drinking problem will be cured. The premise is wrong-headed. The real reason an alcoholic drinks is simply alcohol itself. But that is the last thing a suffering alcoholic is prepared to face, again because the alcohol has convinced him that he cannot

really live without it. So he continues to justify drinking by shifting responsibility from where it really belongs.

The bottom line in all of this is that any effective treatment needs to begin, as a *sine qua non*, by "putting the plug in the jug." Period. First, stop using alcohol. Then, only then, recovery can begin. Here, again, is where the program of AA has taken hold of the right end of the stick. It tells the suffering alcoholic, with stunningly simple but brilliant logic, "Don't take that *first* drink." In his case it is an iron-clad axiom: the battle of the bottle is won or lost with that first drink. His life-situation—and it is a life or death matter—can be summarized by the Parable of the Tiger. For him alcohol has become a man-eating tiger. As long as he continues to use alcohol (passionately and sincerely intending all the time to control it, to drink sanely and responsibly) this tiger is on the loose; it will always tear his good intentions to shreds, and, on the loose, will turn his whole life-space into a nightmarish jungle. AA says, "First, before you can do anything about putting your life back together, you have to get that tiger into a cage." AA gives the tools, and the strength, to cage that tiger—securely and safely.

THE ILLNESS OF ALCOHOLISM itself is incurable. The gods have ordained that this tiger will live as long as the alcoholic does. With the tiger securely caged, the alcoholic is free to live a completely normal life, and invariably as recovery progresses he discovers to his own amazement that living sober can be far more fulfilling and satisfying than the old life ever was. But the moment he takes that first drink (regardless of how long it has been since the last one) he has left the door of that cage wide open. The tiger may not spring out instantaneously, but it is only a matter of time—usually a rather short time—before the tiger is loose, madder than ever. "Don't

take that first drink" is a rule that will keep anyone from getting drunk; for the alcoholic it is the *only* way.

Something else usually has to happen, however, before the typical alcoholic is willing and ready to observe this simple rule. He has to "hit bottom." "Hitting Bottom" is a chapter title in the book, and a familiar phrase among recovering alcoholics. It refers to that decisive experience in which the suffering alcoholic endures his moment of truth, when reality crashes in, all excuses crumble, his elaborate alibi-systems collapse. He finally admits to total powerlessness over alcohol. In AA this is called "The First Step." It is the exceedingly narrow gate through which alone entrance into the kingdom of recovery can be gained. And this book makes clear with characteristic honesty that "hitting bottom" is never fun and games. It hurts. It's messy. Often medical care is indicated during the first few days or weeks.

The alcoholic will, understandably, connive, squirm, and fight to avoid it. But the grim truth is that there is no way on God's earth for getting away from it or around it. The only thing is to get *through* it. All of which points to an extremely important aspect of this whole subject which, I regret to say, might have been covered more adequately in this book: how the people who have to live and cope on an interpersonal level with the suffering alcoholic ought best to respond to his illness and the behavior it produces. I understand that the author has written a sequel on the subject, "So You're Living with a Drunk?" which presents the program of Al-Anon and Al-Ateen, parallel organizations to AA for the spouses, friends, and children of alcoholics. Such a book is desperately needed.

A BASIC RULE WHICH THIS present book does make clear is that the alcoholic needs to be *made to take responsibility for his drinking and all of its consequences!* The typical

alcoholic will never decide on his own to seek help. He needs to be helped to that decision. It is true that he will not be helped by any treatment until and unless he is ready to be helped; but he *can be helped to want help*. Above all, don't shield or protect him from the consequences of his drinking. The loving wife who calls the office and tells Harry's boss that he has the flu (when Harry is too drunk or hung-over to work) instead of making Harry take responsibility for getting himself out of the mess his drinking has caused; the loving husband who covers Harriet's bounced check at the liquor store; each is simply writing a permit for their *next* drunk. The sooner reality closes in, indeed crashes down around Harry's ears, the sooner he may reach the "moment of truth." Pain, the suffering which his drinking causes *him*, is the best friend the practicing alcoholic has; it's the only thing that will finally lead him to seek help. Don't try to protect him from it. That calls for what Al-Anon people refer to as "tough love," which is the only kind of love an alcoholic needs.

Above all else, the suffering alcoholic needs help. No condemnation, no coddling, but help. And the best help available is the program and fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous. Both the author and this reviewer found it necessary to undergo intensive, twenty-four-hour treatment in an institution for several weeks during that critical juncture of hitting bottom and entering the initial phase of recovery. Fortunately for both of us, each treatment center was thoroughly committed to the principles and program of AA. Many, in fact most, recovering alcoholics have been able to cage the tiger and rebuild their lives without going to an institution or hospital. They have done it by attending AA meetings and following its twelve Suggested Steps for Recovery. By either route, by whatever route, it is the author's and this reviewer's firm conviction that the most effective

path to genuine and lasting recovery is the one blazed by AA. There is an enormous amount of evidence to support the claim that AA is by far the most effective treatment modality currently available. There are many reasons, I'm convinced, why AA works where other modes of treatment do not, but the scope of this review prevents my launching into an elaborate discussion on this point. I would only cite here the fact that AA is based squarely on the lived experience of hundreds of thousands of recovering alcoholics. The insights and wisdom of its program have been proven by the most rigorous of all testing processes — life itself.

Fundamental to that wisdom is the conviction that genuine recovery involves much more than just not drinking. In AA an emphatic distinction is made between "getting dry" and "becoming sober." The first is obviously a necessary precondition for the second, but it is no more than that. Becoming *sober* involves finding and growing in a way of life that is genuinely fulfilling and satisfying; in a word, it means growth towards authentic *spiritual maturity*. Once the demon of alcoholic dependency has been cast out, the house needs to be furnished anew with attitudes and values through which living without booze will become intrinsically worth-while. *Sobriety* becomes an adventure in personal growth into a way of living far more enriching and inherently more fulfilling than the suffering alcoholic dared to imagine. The grateful testimony of over a million recovering alcoholics in this country alone today would be unanimous in affirming that the program of AA truly does fulfill nothing less than such a promise.

Which, finally, is why this is a book for everyone. The lessons learned, the insights gained through this author's experience with alcoholic dependency really do have application far beyond that experience itself, and the final merit and considerable strength of this book lies in the way he

develops these wider, even universal, applications. He has found, as has this reviewer, that this total experience has, by God's grace, functioned in profoundly redemptive ways. Its final outcome has been to bring deeper and truer insight into the meaning of the Christian Gospel, and into what really makes life worth living. These are insights which have to do with "sobriety" in the New Testament sense, and they are worth sharing with alcoholic and non-alcoholic alike. When the author describes his experience of total powerlessness by himself to achieve a life worth living, of the stripping away of all of his phony ego-armor and the shattering of his desperate, illusory impulse to trust his own self-sufficiency, only to discover *on the other side* of that deflation at depth the reality of a Presence and a Power for new and more authentic living, he is not speaking to alcoholics only. He is describing the pattern of death and resurrection which is at the center of all Christian experience and pinpointing the source of all real living. Because the author himself perceives that universal dimension in his own experience so clearly and manages to articulate *that* dimension of his experience as eloquently as he does, this is not just one of the best books (for pastors and their people who are beset with this problem) on alcoholism; it is a book for everyone.

ROBERT J. WEINHOLD

CRY OF THE HUMAN: Essays on Contemporary American Poetry.

By Ralph J. Mills, Jr. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1975. Pp. xvi + 275. Cloth: \$10.95.

THIS IS AN EXCELLENT, readable collection of essays which helps to make available to both lay reader and scholar much of what is

significant in contemporary American poetry. There are six chapters in Ralph Mills's book. In addition to an introductory chapter in which Mills discusses the importance of the autobiographical nature of contemporary poetry, there are five chapters which present suggested readings of the recent works of five contemporary American poets: Theodore Roethke, David Ignatow, Galway Kinnell, Donald Hall, and Philip Levine. There is also a selected bibliography of other contemporary poets, from A. R. Ammons to Louis Zukofsky, as well as chronological list of their works.

Ralph Mills describes his purpose in this collection of essays as that of the enthusiast-commentator. What he means by this descriptive phrase can perhaps best be understood by applying what he writes in the opening paragraphs of his essay on Donald Hall's poetry to Mills's work in this book. In that essay Mills writes of how Hall attempted and succeeded in escaping in his poetry from the demands of the New Criticism: that poetry be symmetrical, intellectual, ironic, and witty. This break with established critical expectations, though not made single-handedly by Hall, has served the purpose of delivering poetry back into the hands of the poet. Accordingly, the contemporary poet is now freer to explore the ways in which poetry can keep alive our sense of the specific and our awareness of the concrete. Thus, in turn, Ralph Mills, as an enthusiast-commentator, brings no invented principles to bear upon the poets and poems he examines in this collection of essays, but instead, guided by sympathetic, perceptive intelligence, leads a reader to a discovery of what is to be seen and heard in the recent works of these five important, contemporary American poets.

In the first chapter, "Creation's Very Self: On the Personal Element in Recent American Poetry," Mills marks the following characteristics

of contemporary poetry: concern with renewal, development of personality, attentiveness to the inner necessities of imaginative vision, and authentic statement. The reader of contemporary poetry according to Mills, enters into dialogue with the re-created personality of the poet encountered in the poem. Mills sees the intention of such poetry as that of ultimately increasing the imaginative vision of the reader through the apprehension of the poet who, through his poems, exposes "creation's very self" to us. We are thus invited to share with the poet in the quest for identity. The experiences of the self, the joys and sufferings of the individual, are presented directly to the reader who recognizes that they are not only those of the poet but also those of the reader. The poets accomplish this, Mills demonstrates, through reliance on the logic of the imagination with its intuitive associations, its elliptical and dream imagery. He illustrates these contentions through a convincing survey of poems and comments by a variety of contemporary poets such as James Dickey, who in a note to his *Drowning with Others* (1962) declared that "My subject matter is inevitably my own life, my own obsessions, possessions and renunciations," and Sylvia Plath, who is quoted in an interview as claiming that "one should be able to control and manipulate experiences even the most terrifying, like madness . . .," but that personal experience "should be relevant . . . to the larger things, the bigger things such as Hiroshima and Dachau and so on." In addition to the discussion of personal experience and the increased intimacy of contemporary poetry, Mills examines the emergence of the new political poem as written by Kenneth Patchen, Robert Bly, and others. Extremist art or "confessional poetry," Projectivist poets for whom a sense of place is important, and other topics receive lucid explanation in Mills's description of the essential nature of the contemporary American poetic landscape.

MILLS TREATS THE WORKS and accomplishments of each of the five poets at length, chronologically. In each essay the reader is confronted with a number of poems or parts of poems, judiciously chosen for range, manner, and technique, and shrewdly and perceptively introduced. Thus the reader is involved in reading a considerable amount of poetry while reading this book. There is little impression of reading about poetry; instead, there is a strong sense of having come to understand Theodore Roethke's major thematic concern in his last poems, the subject of Chapter 2. There is the experience of David Ignatow, in Chapter 3, facing himself squarely, presenting himself as a poet of the city, recognizing that understanding another human is a way to self-knowledge, as frightening as that self-knowledge may be. Galway Kinnell's poetry is the subject of Chapter 4. Here, perhaps, an example of Mills's method as an enthusiast-commentator is in order. Kinnell is shown as trying to wrest what significance he can from the actualities of his existence. Mills treats at length two early poems from Kinnell's first collection of poems, *What a Kingdom It Was* (1960). The two poems are "First Communion" and "To Christ Our Lord." It is Mills's presentation of the second of these poems upon which I would like to dwell.

Typically, Mills focuses on the continuity of the poem under discussion with those treated earlier, as well as the development in the poet's awareness of the complexities of quest. He notes that the speaker, a boy, in "To Christ Our Lord" is sharply aware of the discrepancy between what Jesus represents for the boy and the acts that existence appears to force upon the boy. The poem opens with a winter landscape which in its combination of loveliness and terror reflects the contrarities which make up life at any moment. The natural law of survival is reflected by wolves hunting elk

over the frozen ground; the picture is presented in three swift opening lines. This is followed by a rapid shift to a view of Christmas dinner preparations. Mills insists that bringing together the two scenes shows that both wolf and man follow the same law. Kinnell's image here is of a crucified figure, "A bird spread over coals by its wings and head." We learn that the boy has killed the bird, and as the boy listens to grace said before his Christmas meal, he wonders about his position as Christian and human. He remembers how he hunted the bird; he was filled with conflicts between conscience and hunger; instinct linked him to the wolves, Mills adds: "Kinnell captures the feeling of pursuit, the winter dawn, the agonized choice and its result as they are recalled with the swiftness of the events themselves." Mills goes on to suggest that even though the boy repudiates the deed in the poem and wishes to love rather than kill, he has learned that he strangely harbors both impulses. The boy is further disillusioned by the prayer which "praised his wicked act" which is opposed in his mind to everything Christ stands for. The boy's final recognition, though he submits to this with wonder, is to submit to the contradictions of life and to "kill and eat" as others do. The wonder of the boy, according to Mills, is the sense of puzzlement at the "tragic mixture of love and death inherent in creation." This wonder brings on the vision that concludes the poem. Thus, in the last stanza of the poem, the boy wanders the field drifted with snow at night. He is still puzzled and searching for answers to his questions. Suddenly he sees the constellation of the Swan which recalls the bird roasting outspread on the coals, and likewise recalls the figure of Christ crucified. Mills suggests that there can be little consolation in such an image, but that there may be understanding and the beginnings of acceptance for the boy. The crucified figure, bird, Swan, or Christ, in a darkened

universe is the proper image of the condition of the world. Mills finds and reveals throughout his reading of Kinnell's poems a poet of substance and accomplishment in what Mills describes as a generation of talented poets.

Donald Hall's poetry, the subject of the fifth chapter, is characterized by Mills as demonstrating an effort to "increase the depth and authenticity of his poetic experience." And, like the other poets discussed in these chapters, Hall's poetry taps the energies of the interior life which in turn serves its function of awakening the reader to dreams, or, as Mills suggests, turns the reader "away from the superficialities that consume his outward existence." What the reader can discover are the hidden resources within.

The last and shortest chapter deals with the poetry of Philip Levine. Mills makes a strong plea for a reader's attention, for he claims that Levine "stands out as one of the most solid and independent poets of his generation—one of the best poets, I think, anywhere at work in the language." And Mills's discussion of the various voices Levine assumes in such poems as "Silent in America" or "Clouds" convinces.

Ralph Mills as "enthusiast-commentator," will probably make many enthusiast-readers; at least he will make more attentive, careful, and tolerant readers of contemporary poetry because it is, after all, poetry that is presented in this book and not the ingenuity or learning of the critic. The essays are informed judicious assessments of poetic achievement. They are also a plea for readers to attend to the poets and share and explore the dilemmas of modern civilization with them in a country which, according to Robert Bly, "has no image of a poem as a poet."

WALTER SANDERS

CHRIST AND THE MEDIA.

By Malcolm Muggeridge. Grand Rapids, MI: William B. Eerdmans, 1977. Pp. 127. \$5.95.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE recently ripped out his TV antenna, and he urges other Christians to go and do likewise. In *Christ and the Media*, the former editor of *Punch* and columnist for *Esquire* concludes that television is a fantasy world utterly opposed to the reality of Christ and unredeemable in whole and in part.

Muggeridge throttles television for its nature (visual), means (camera), art (editing), preferred genres (dramatic fiction, hence biased toward evil), control (commercial capitalism or state bureaucracy), producers and performers (men and women without Christian faith and morals), values (hedonism, lust for power), and effects (exploitation and degradation of the audience). In sum, television is, to no seasoned Christian's surprise, part of God's world groaning under sin.

My TV antenna still stands, though my disagreement with Muggeridge is not with his analysis of TV which he coyly concedes is only "an impressionistic, idiosyncratic survey of a subject that requires more scholarship than I possess and more diligent concentration of purpose than my journalistic habits of thought have provided."

My disagreement with Brother Malcolm is theological. It is tactically misguided to preach "that the *only* antidote to the media's world of fantasy is the reality of Christ's Kingdom proclaimed in the New Testament." (Italics added.) To be sure, that reality is the *ultimate* antidote to every distortion of the world, including television, but Muggeridge's radical preaching confuses the communicating tasks and responsibilities appropriate to Christians and to television here and now.

I do not switch on my set to see "the reality of Christ's Kingdom

proclaimed in the New Testament." I do occasionally switch it on to see *the reality of this world* which I usually find there in no more distorted form than I find it in books, newspapers, magazines, and, for that matter, in conversations with my friends and neighbors. Indeed, in some TV fantasies I find a considerable part of what's really happening in this world.

Here and now the Christian is better exhorted to a more rigorous discipline than ripping out his antenna—namely to seek TV which shows the reality of this world lest a small world lead him into a small faith. Rather than plucking out his offending antenna because television does not communicate "the reality of Christ's Kingdom," he might try holding the vast electronic kingdom of television accountable for simply showing the reality of this world. A small part of TV, the on/off switch, works toward that end, and that end is the end appropriate to TV.

Muggeridge has always been a lovable eccentric. He is now also a convert to Christianity. In defense of the faith he writes with the same amiable acid he once brought to lesser causes, but he yet makes up with wit and charm what he lacks in close reasoning and care for facts. Worse, his new zeal tips him toward Manichaenism.

I look for another cranky Christian who can raise the right questions about the medium which now consumes eight calendar years of the average American's life and profoundly shapes the rest of it, even his fantasies. Meanwhile, holding TV up to "the reality of Christ's Kingdom" only invokes a standard of judgment by which much more than TV antennae must fall.

RICHARD LEE

THE CITY IN LATE IMPERIAL CHINA.

Edited by G. William Skinner. Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1977. Pp. 820. \$35.00.

THIS VOLUME'S TITLE

belies the scope of this monumentally important work. William Skinner, an anthropologist at Stanford University, first shook the world of Chinese studies in 1964 and 1965 with three articles on marketing networks and social structure published in the *Journal of Asian Studies*. Scholars have since reformulated many of their ideas about Chinese society, economy, and politics around Skinner's application of central place theory to the Chinese scene.

This volume, composed of a number of discrete essays on topics relating to Chinese cities in the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties (1368-1912), would be an important contribution to the field even in Skinner had not contributed to it. But Skinner, as editor, wrote substantial and insightful introductions to each of the volume's three sections and added three lengthy essays of his own: "Regional Urbanization in Nineteenth Century China," "Cities and the Hierarchy of Local Systems," and "Urban Social Structure in Ch'ing China." These essays both continue his earlier work in the role and function of central places (settlements performing significant central functions such as political-administrative, economic, social, and cultural for its hinterland as well as for its own population) in historical development and set forth the framework for a new analysis of Chinese society in terms of urban regionalization. This brief review alludes to only a few of Skinner's many contributions.

AN IMPORTANT CONCEPT concerning the Chinese revolution which has been bandied about in scholarly circles for many years is that of an urban-rural split: Chinese landholding elites had become increasingly absentee owners living their lives in urban areas while farming out the job of rent collection, for example, to hired collectors. This development, popular wisdom goes, contributed to a sharp break between the cultures of city and countryside and was ultimately a

stimulus for the rural revolution which has swept China in this century. Skinner argues against any such split. Instead, he speaks of an urban-rural continuum which is defined by and integrated into a framework of eight regional systems generally structured around important riverine systems. Skinner describes each regional system as composed of a hierarchy of central places (ranging from the standard market town of which there were 27-28,000 in China in the late nineteenth century, each serving between fifteen and thirty villages, to central metropolises of which there were six in 1900). Each region was composed of an urban core and its basically non-urban periphery. Skinner postulates that the scope of most political, social, and economic activity of a region was confined to that region's core and periphery. As part of one regional whole, there never developed a rural-urban split: the basic cultural cleavages in China were those of class, occupation, and region, not those between cities and their hinterlands (p. 269). His argument which cannot be reproduced here in detail is on the whole very persuasive in light of my own research.

ANOTHER OF SKINNER'S significant contributions is his delineation of the types of political and parapolitical systems and elites one would expect to find in a region's core and periphery. He discusses Ch'ing field administration primarily to explain the relative significance in core and periphery of the two crucial functions of local government—defense and revenue. He also surveys the structure of government in core and periphery to detail the functions of official and non-official elites in each. For example, he argues that administratively, there was an inverse relationship in regional space between revenue and defense functions of local government: in central areas of regional cores, taxation was the major preoccupation, while on regional peripheries

defense, not fiscal concerns, was of major importance. Since central core areas were the richest and the periphery was on a regional frontier, this postulate seems convincing. In terms of co-operation between official and non-official elites, Skinner on the basis of his hypothesis suggests that government burdens of social management were lighter in core areas where large numbers of degreed, landed, and merchant elites were able to shoulder functions of education, charity, public works, and juridical arbitration; in peripheral areas the official elite has a heavier burden as it was forced to carry out these types of functions. As a corollary, as for potential threats of local power rising against government, the chief threat in core areas lay in joint action by leading social elements (the very elite assisting in local administration), while in peripheral areas, so-called heterodox elements (non-elite types like peasants, vagabonds, the lumpenproletariat, bandits, and religious figures) formed the greatest danger to government control. Skinner tries to clinch his argument of the significance of regional core and periphery in government administration by an ingenious analysis of the post designations of magistrates, the chief local officials in each country, and by an analysis of the functions of various administrative units established by the Ch'ing government.

YET ANOTHER HIGHLY suggestive portion of Skinner's analysis is his description of local non-official elites and informal power structures in the hierarchy of central places within each region. He contends (with obvious reference to his concept of urban-rural continuum) that non-official elites were drawn from throughout relevant territorial systems, that town and hinterland were administered as undifferentiated units (p. 336). Local marketing areas were spatially the same as political arenas; thus, economic and political elites were often drawn together in

mutual interest. The much overworked image of gentry-merchant competition in traditional China thus becomes more myth than reality.

The quality of elite leadership had much to do with the day to day functioning of a locality and with secular trends in that locality. Skinner's model postulates a more enlightened (or at least more selective) leadership in central core areas and more questionable leadership in peripheries. In terms of the Chinese revolution, then, the important dichotomy seems to become the division between regional core and periphery.

To read Skinner is to marvel at the sophistication and brilliance of the Ch'ing administrative system: institutional arrangements to check the power of local elites, purposive drawing of administrative boundaries for dividing local elite interests, and establishment of official post-designations and a variety of functional administrative units for the rational functioning of administration. The Ch'ing recognized that the greatest potential threat to its stability was the swollen power of a disaffected local elite. Through various techniques, it was able to stave off this threat until near the end of the nineteenth century.

In sum, Skinner's book is must reading for those who want an understanding of the crucial dynamics of traditional Chinese society. Whether all of Skinner's hypotheses will ultimately be proven, his essays provide the direction for crucial research for Chinese scholars in years to come.

R. KEITH SCHOPPA

WOMEN AND THE AMERICAN ECONOMY: A Look to the 1980s.

Edited by Juanita Kreps. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1976. Pp. viii + 177. Cloth: \$8.95.

CURRENTLY SECRETARY OF Commerce, Kreps is a highly regarded economist best known for her college text on economic theory

and her many publications about labor and manpower (including *Sex, Age and Work* and *Sex in the Marketplace—American Women at Work*). Her latest book is a collection of eight essays by five sociologists, five economists, a lawyer, and an historian.

Neither feminists nor economists will find much new here. These essays, however, are informative and nearly devoid of jargon, so the book is good for a casual reading or as a text in a Women's Studies course.

William Chafe begins with a discussion of social attitudes toward women in the marketplace. Of particular interest is the post-World War II conflict between reality (substantial increase in work outside the home) and stereotype (the housewife of the 1950s first-grade readers).

Karl Taeuber and James Sweet take a life-cycle approach. Instead of looking at year-to-year increases in the female labor force participation rate, they compare different cohorts. (A cohort is all the women born in a particular year.) They find a "generational change" (each new cohort began adulthood with a higher rate) and a "career change" (newer cohorts show less rate reduction as they have children and greater rate recovery as their children grow). The rate, therefore, is rising for all categories of women—and this pattern began long before "Rosie the Riveter."

These changes intensify the problem, discussed by Kreps and R. J. Leaper, of allocating time among home work, market work, and leisure. (They unfortunately ignore volunteer work, a significant and valuable part of women's employment.) They speculate the growth of services relative to manufacturing jobs may lead to more flexible work schedules, and foresee worklives of men and women (both at home and in the market) more nearly the same.

Kristin Moore and Isabel Sawhill consider implications for the future of marriage and childraising. As

more women can afford to forego "empty shell" marriages, divorce rates will continue to increase and marriage rates to fall. After society adjusts, they say, this trend may reverse. Contrary to conventional wisdom, they note recent studies that indicate children of mothers with jobs do better in school than children whose mothers are exclusively at home. Husbands do not significantly increase their share of home work when their wives take jobs, and "the absolute increase in the number of children living in single-parent homes has exceeded the increase in the number living in two-parent homes over the decade of the sixties." If these patterns do not change, they foresee the possibility of socialized home services and a national child care fund.

Phyllis Wallace provides a good survey of Equal Opportunity laws, their implementation, and affirmative action vs. seniority cases.

"Job pools," a paradigm to explain the failure of law to eliminate discrimination, are advanced by Harris Schrank and John Riley, Jr. They see the separate pools of "men's jobs" and "women's jobs" analogous to a caste system. They observe competition among women similar to that among men—*within* the pool—and the reluctance of both men and women to cross caste barriers. Discrimination, they conclude, is less frequently invidious than due to misperception. (This may be small consolation to the victims, but it does offer hope for the future: ignorance is more easily remedied than malice.)

Former Congresswoman Martha Griffiths argues that the failure of the law should be remedied by more law. "It should be unnecessary, for example, for women to seek help for day care. This demand emphasizes the degree of inequality between the sexes. Equality is achieved when women earn salaries that permit them to buy their own day care, as men do when faced with the need for such help. In fact, this is frequently the reason given

for paying men more than women—they have children to support."

The future of women in the marketplace, argues Nancy Smith Barrett, depends on the health of the economy. According to Marx, without a mechanism to deal with the "reserve army of the unemployed," capitalism would face social revolution. That mechanism, says Barrett, was the "feminine mystique." Women were able to progress as the economy and job availability expanded. Now, however, we may face a long period of persistent high unemployment and a backlash against women. (Or, one might add, a real social revolution.)

GARSON SHER

Perspectives in Education

(continued from page 28)

in the sense of trust or commitment do not necessarily manifest themselves in prior designated behavioral responses. They might well express themselves in a constellation of responses that are unprogrammed because they are unique and highly individualistic.

A third caution is based on the assumption that teaching is a necessary condition of instruction and that teaching involves both the *art* and *science* of instruction. This precaution is needed because the kinds of evidences required to determine the consequences of the art and the science of teaching are not necessarily the same. Feelings, tastes, preferences, sensations are not uniformly reducible to physical descriptions.

Then there is the realization that much of our behavior is situational. If the situation is not clearly specified and controlled, the selected behavioral responses decided upon by the teacher or curriculum planner may be irrelevant or undesirable as a mode of operation for a particular individual. Prudence, choice, and freedom to choose are part of the warp and woof of the educated man. These cannot be programmed.

That is my opinion. What is yours?



Guest Opinion

PAUL W. LANGE

PERSPECTIVES IN EDUCATION

III. On the Validity of Behavioral Objectives in the Teaching Process

THE USE OF BEHAVIORAL objectives as a curricular approach to the improvement of instruction is not a new phenomenon. Aristotle, with his insistence on habituation, certainly gave modification of behavior a good billing. The Biblical admonition, "train up a child in the way he should go," called attention to the importance of behavior as an objective of instruction. In our lifetime such educational leaders as Dewey, Bobbit, Childs, Tyler, and Taba have emphasized the advantages of gearing instruction to behavioral objectives.

But this does not mean that these distinguished educators subscribe to the tenets of traditional or neo-behaviorism which abandons the concept of *mind* and *consciousness* and restricts both animal and human psychology to the study of behavior. They are not to be identified with the Watson, Hull, Guthrie, Maeger school of behaviorism which insists that instructional objectives are operationally meaningless if they are not stated in *action words* and if the key words in the statements of objectives are not operationally testable.

Radical behaviorists hold that such concepts as to appreciate, to understand, and to know can be meaningful only if they rest on observable behavioral responses. They also assert that sensations, awarenesses, images, and reasoning processes must be

reducible to physical descriptions, and they must be identifiable with bodily movements in order to give logical and positive direction to teaching.

It has been suggested that the current rage or rebirth of behavioral objectivism might be attributable to the pressures resulting from such movements as accountability, performance contracts, systems analysis, cybernetics, competency testing programs, and the influence of Skinner's writings on human behavior. In any event, rewriting the Program of Instruction in terms of overt behavior (action words) is hailed by many legislators, parents, and administrators—teachers are ambivalent—as the new panacea that will lead us to the promised land of instructional efficiency.

Merely rewriting instructional goals in action language and testing the results of instruction solely in terms of observable behavior (performance contracts) will not elevate the efficiency of teaching in most instances. What it might well do is routinize the mode of instruction to the point of boredom and destroy all incentive to cultivate the art of creative teaching. In such an educational environment the scientific aspects of instruction might prosper, but the ecstasy, imagery, inventiveness, freedom, and individuality—which distinguish a master teacher from a programmer—will fall on evil days.

Programming instruction in terms of operational conditions—the scientific approach to behavior modification—is a highly disciplined skill. To be successful in this venture, the instructor must be in a position to identify and analyze expectant behavior in such a way that the elemental requirements of scientific procedures are met. The instructor must also be able to establish the degree of learning readiness needed by the students to do what the instructional plan requires. Indispensable to the entire venture is the ability of the instructor to analyze

the designated behaviors into their components and to establish a plausible sequence of achievement that is demonstrated over an extended period of time.

It is obvious that the competencies required to meet these conditions are not readily available among most teachers. Commercially prepared programmed materials might be a way out but it leaves little room for creative teaching. Many teachers consider the price of operant conditioning too high.

WE HOLD THAT TEACHERS should be encouraged to familiarize themselves with the total process of operant conditioning and to apply it in instructional situations where it is judged to be apropos. However, several precautions should be kept in mind in our attempt to upgrade instruction through the behavioral approach.

First, we assume, and I believe correctly so, that there is an identifiable relationship between mental processes and behavioral responses. It is probably true that all behavioral responses—except simple reflex acts—involve some mental processes, but it does not follow that all mental processes terminate in observable behavioral responses. Learning and behavioral change are not necessarily synonymous.

The very process of instruction necessitates the procuring of evidence as to whether or not the purpose of instruction have been achieved. If purposes imply an observable change in behavior then the procedure for testing the outcome ought to be stated or implied in the statement of the objective. This is rational and defensible, particularly when the object of instruction involves the acquisition of a skill or the mastery of elementary thought processes basic to future learning. But such a position does not imply that instructional objectives are not valid unless they are stated in action words or behavioral terms. To appreciate, to understand, to know

(continued on page 27)