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The Cresset (Vol. XLIX, No. 1)

Valparaiso University

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the CRESSET

A review of Literature, the Arts, and Public Affairs

November, 1985

the CRESSET

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Contributors

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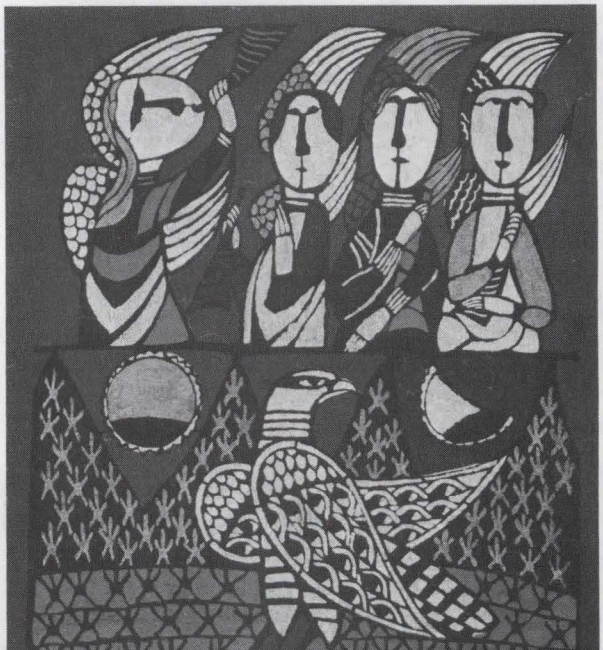

Above: Sadao Watanabe, Japanese, b. 1913.
Revelation of St. John: Angel Sounding Trumpet. 1980, Katazome stencil print on handmade paper, 30/80, 26 x 23 in. VU Art Galleries & Collections. University Fund. 85.10.3

Cover: Sadao Watanabe, Japanese, b. 1913.
Ten Virgins. 1979, Katazome stencil print on handmade paper, 29/80, 28 x 24 in. VU Art Galleries & Collections. University Fund. 85.10.1

Prints in a fall Watanabe exhibit at VU. RHWB

IN LUCE TUA

Comment on Contemporary Affairs by the Editor

Men, Women, & the Life of the Mind

Last spring, *The Cresset* ran a two-part essay by Mark Schwehn on "Academics as a Vocation." That essay aroused a good deal of discussion—at least among academics—and so we decided to extend the conversation by asking a number of distinguished commentators to respond to Mr. Schwehn's arguments. We featured those responses, and Schwehn's rejoinder, in our September issue. It seemed to us, in all humility, that the essay and the succeeding symposium had gone quite well and that *The Cresset* had made a useful, if modest, contribution to the on-going discussion concerning the proper nature of the academic enterprise.

But pride goeth before a remonstrance. We had expected a variety of responses to the series, but we had not anticipated the single most concentrated criticism we received. It seems that our series was guilty of male exclusivism: as one correspondent put it, "A man writes an article and you ask five more men to comment on it. Is that still the way things are done in Indiana?" Well, we're not sure that our Hoosier location has anything to do with it, but since a number of critics raised the same point about the absence of women in our symposium, perhaps the issue merits closer attention.

We understand, to begin with, women's sensitivity on this point. If women have made substantial gains in recent years, it is still the case that much of our culture proceeds on the assumption that men are the natural leaders and dominators of society and of social thought. That assumption is so deeply embedded that it calls for a certain degree of militance on the part of women (and sympathetic men) to withstand it. Universities are far from being the worst offenders in this matter, but neither are they immune from wider cultural influences. The call for "inclusiveness" has recently become something of a cultural cliché, but it still deserves a sympathetic response.

One could make the case, then, that in planning the series on the academic vocation we at *The Cresset* (in this case, the Editor and Mr. Schwehn) should have been more sensitive on this point and should accordingly have sought out the opinion of one or more women expert in the subject. That is a reasonable argument, and, so long as its adherents would not insist that gender-balancing take precedence over knowledge and insight in the selection of participants in this or other intellectual discussions, it is one we would be willing to concede. (The *we* here is the voice of the Editor. Mr. Schwehn should not be held accountable for the opinions expressed in this editorial comment.) Inclusiveness according to gender should not, we think, be an overriding consideration in such matters, but it is one factor among others that ought to be weighed. It was not considered in this case, and it probably should have been.

But our critics appeared to have more in mind than involvement of female as well as male experts in intellectual discourse on any given subject. They seemed to be suggesting rather that on this or (presumably) any other major social issue, there is a *distinctive* women's perspective that needs to be considered. It is this larger question of gender-specific considerations in intellectual life that calls for closer analysis. (The topic could be opened up further, of course. One corres-

Special Notice

With this issue, the VU alumni's free lunch of Cressets *comes to an end. This marks the fourth and final issue provided free of charge during 1985 to all University alumni by the VU Alumni Association as part of its fiftieth anniversary celebration.*

The Cresset *wishes to thank the Alumni Association and the University's Office of Public and Alumni Affairs for their generosity in this venture. (Particular thanks are due to Vice President Richard P. Koenig, who first suggested the project.) We hope that our alumni gained from these issues a renewed sense of the intellectual ferment that exists at the University.* The Cresset *aims to stimulate and provoke; we hope these four issues have succeeded in that aim.*

For those who have been so stimulated, we offer a special alumni subscription rate. By completing the enclosed card, alumni can receive all *issues of* The Cresset*—and at substantially reduced rates compared to the regular subscription rates. We urge interested alumni to take advantage of this one-time-only offer. We look forward to sending you this Lutheran Christian journal of ideas and opinion on a regular basis (nine issues per year).*

pondent, for example, noted the absence of non-white as well as female perspectives in our symposium. For purposes of convenience, the present discussion will focus on gender, but most of the arguments have more general application.)

We suspect that not even the most militant feminist would insist that *every* intellectual discipline or problem must make room for a separate women's perspective. It is hard to imagine what a feminist interpretation of differential calculus or quantum mechanics or binary theory might consist of. As soon as we move beyond abstract scientific or mathematical issues, of course, we enter more ambiguous territory. But even in the humanities and social sciences there surely exist hosts of issues that do not lend themselves to distinctive analysis by gender. Why should a woman think differently than a man about the problem of free will, or the causes of the French Revolution, or the aesthetic qualities of baroque music?

This is not to suggest that the life of the mind stands entirely neuter. There are many questions of value and sensibility where the biological, psychological, historical, and sociological differences between men and women do come into play. It may well be the case that women will *characteristically* think differently than men about issues as diverse as the definition of a successful life, the nature of love, sex, and marriage, or the proper reading of the novels of D. H. Lawrence and Norman Mailer. The problem, then, becomes one of evaluating when and to what extent gender differences need to be taken into account in social and intellectual analysis.

Which brings us to the particular matter at issue. The *Cresset* symposium on the academic vocation focused on the question of what academics should see as central to their work and to the life of the mind. It was not concerned in the first instance with career patterns or with the practicalities of university life, though Mr. Schwehn made some references to such matters to illustrate his larger concerns. Had practical matters been central to the discussion, the argument for inclusion of a distinctive women's perspective would have been persuasive, since many women professors find their academic careers complicated and frustrated by competing demands of family life and child-rearing. As it was, however, it did not occur to us to seek out a particular women's view because we did not think we were dealing with a gender-specific question. (Though, again, we would concede that in the interests of inclusiveness it would have been appropriate to include in the discussion one or more women who are experts on the academic vocation.)

Whether or not *The Cresset* erred in this matter is not, in the end, all that important. But the larger question behind it is. We would argue that, in the absence of compelling particular considerations to the contrary, intellectuals should proceed on the assumption that the important questions of human life do not require separate analysis according to gender.

Our reasons for so arguing center on concern for the very integrity of intellectual discourse. One of the plagues of contemporary intellectual life is the prevalence of cultural reductionism and mindless relativism. Lazy undergraduates instinctively react to calls for intellectual or moral judgments with the response that "it all depends on your point of view." (What makes this all-purpose banality especially galling is that the student resorting to it typically thinks s/he has uttered a profundity.) Of course we are culturally-conditioned creatures and of course sexual identity is among the most important of the factors that condition us. But if we are culturally (and sexually) conditioned, we are not culturally (or sexually) determined.

Pushed to its limits, the logic of cultural determinism renders rational intellectual discourse impossible. If our ideas are simply the sum reflection of the myriad factors that have impinged on us—gender being one of them—then all we have to exchange with each other are subjective points of view. How then can we genuinely debate, much less resolve? Without a strong sense of a common universe of discourse, concepts of right and wrong, truth and error, are reduced to incoherence. All we can do is traffic in instincts and prejudices. And nothing stops conversation quicker these days than the presumably unanswerable challenge, "Of course you'd say that. You're a man (or woman)."

There is also a related, more sensitive, consideration. One consequence of the women's movement has been the creation of more awkward and uncomfortable relations between the sexes than used to be the case. That development was probably inevitable; the understandable desire among contemporary women that the terms of their relationships with men be renegotiated has led to a good deal of mutual uncertainty, suspicion, ambivalence, and downright incomprehension. What with all the potential pitfalls ("Is she a libber?" "Is he a chauvinist?" "What did s/he mean by that?"), we're not very good at talking to each other any more. In some cases, we don't even seem to like each other very much.

Time may or may not get us past the present awkwardness. For those who hope it will—and we assume that such people still constitute the vast majority among both sexes—one place to start might be with the assumption that men and women do at least have more common ground than not for comprehending the world.

Gail McGrew Eifrig

"BEHOLD, I TELL YOU A MYSTERY: WE SHALL NOT ALL SLEEP"

Lay Words for the Clergy on Sermons & Sermonizing

(Editor's Note: This essay originated as a presentation to the Institute of Liturgical Studies held at Valparaiso University, February 12-14, 1985.)

I am here today because I am a laywoman; in fact, I'm from one of those thoroughly lay families you sometimes hear about—there hasn't been a clergyman in my family since the Civil War, when a Rev. Theodore Horst in Amlin, Ohio bought his son's way out of the Grand Army of the Republic. Of course I did marry into one, which I thought was healthy for them, but I suppose it is still something of an essential in my character to be outside the inside which the clergy represent.

And yet, as the kind of bread-and-butter churchgoer congregations depend on, I've listened to clergy all my life with polite attention and interest. I've heard many more words from pastors than from my mother and father, a fact which may be true for a lot of your hearers. But until today I have never responded in any formal way to all those words, have never done much more than you probably expect of a layman, what we expect of ourselves—the occasional murmured "Fine sermon, Pastor," at the church door.

This is my opportunity to enter into the discourse, because you are here to listen with polite attention to me, to hear at least some version of lay concerns about the nature of talking in church. I am very far from wanting to preach a sermon—I have no call at all to do that—but I very much wish to be a part of a communication with you about this subject. I want to probe into some tender areas—I hope with a gentle touch—but still to probe places that may cause pain, in part because they are places where there are a lot of suspicions, distrusts, fears, and angers.

My second reason for being here is that I teach reading and writing, and thus I care a great deal about words and the communications they attempt. One of the first and hardest tasks of the writing teacher is to get the young writer to consider carefully the nature of the audience for her communication. The student's assumption is that the audience of any piece of writing is the teacher, and while there is an irreducible amount of truth in that perception, getting stuck there is disabling. Unless the audience is known and cared about, the essay will lie gasping on the page, flaccid, flimsy, useless—just so much wasted space. Sermons, like essays, may also succeed or fail because of their direction or lack of direction to an audience.

Now I know enough preachers to know that most of them know and care about their audience quite a bit. It does not bother me to hear a clergyman refer to his congregation as a flock—ever since I had the great pleasure of staying a couple of days with a shepherd in South Devon in England. He had about two hundred sheep, I suppose, and he knew them each as separate beings. I couldn't believe it—sheep!

So now I know that it really is true that to be part of a flock is to be known and cared about and fretted over—as an individual. And I believe that most clergy are like that about their people. But what happens to that knowledge when you get into the pulpit? So often as I sit there I think, "who did he write this for?" Why is it that when I am preached to, I so often feel belittled, ignorant, inexperienced, indifferent? What does he think of me, what am I to him that he should be up there shouting at me, scolding, blaming, lecturing?

I have an odd sense of a growing impatience with this kind of preaching, an impatience that is growing along with my age. It seemed more ordinary to me to be scolded, blamed, lecturered to when I was a child. It happened all the time and it is, for better or worse,

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the mode in which children get talked to. So that when I was talked to that way in church it did not surprise me very much. Now, however, most people treat me with some courtesy, especially people I know. Most people who talk with me expect me to know something. They recognize, as I recognize, that I am older and in some ways wiser than I used to be.

A preacher, like a writer, must take into account the nature of his audience and the relationship of his own knowledge to the knowledge of that audience. He must then consider carefully what it is that he wants his communication to achieve.

My friends and my colleagues take into account that some of my experiences have made me sad, and they know that on some subjects my judgment can't be trusted because I have quirks and foibles and just plain weird ideas. If I am rebuked, or set straight about something, it is with consideration for my feelings, and I am usually given a chance to respond, to explain, to counter, or to acknowledge a fault. But when I listen to a sermon, I must of necessity set this individuality aside. I must make up my mind to be a child again. But I am getting to be a very angry child. I ask myself whether you perceive that, and I'm not sure what answer to give. Have you got angry children in your audience?

Here is the next wound to uncover. Clergy are, as a group, an intelligent, thoughtful bunch. They are sensitive and articulate. They are also learned. You know a good deal about your subject, you have studied, prepared, and worked hard. You have something you want to talk *to* us about, which is presumably why you preach. But you don't seem to want to talk *with* us about it at all.

Perhaps I am making a distinction here that just shouldn't apply, but I feel it is true. You are willing to preach the word of God, but not to argue it out with a layman. I am not making an accusation of stand-offishness. You are willing to talk with us about our feelings, or our experiences, or our griefs and sorrows. We come to your offices, or you come to our hospital rooms, and you let us talk and talk. You hear our experiences, you receive our communications, you get our input—but when you preach, what has happened to it? Why is it that in sermons you so often sound as though you haven't listened?

Perhaps you do not believe the shape that the word of God takes in the experiences of everyday life. We are putting an understanding, a perception, a feeling, a question as a way of getting started on a conversation about God, but in the pulpit you seem to want to be the one who knows how it is. And so our intimations, our hesitant, half-doubting experiences of revelation seldom get authenticated by being included in the talking in church. Like the young preacher who spoke this winter in the chapel who began by saying, "You have heard the lessons; now I will expound them and you will then understand them," your pulpit pronouncements often seem to deny our individual spiritual life and thought. We do have such lives, and they go on, often despite the battering they take in church.

After the young writer has learned that she must take into account the nature of her audience, and the relationship of her own knowledge and the knowledge of that audience, she must consider what it is she wants her communication to achieve. What takes place on the page will depend on her expectations for the piece. What is its function, what is it to do? Any beginning seminarian could give appropriate answers: the sermon is to proclaim the word of God. Well, yes, but how, and to what end?

I asked some of my lay friends, sturdy churchgoers, about their expectations about sermons. One of them said, "I always begin in hope, and usually end in despair." Surely this is not the response expected by the preacher when he began to compose his communication. Did he merely wish to convey information? Does he want to change minds and hearts? What causes the hope at the outset of the curve? "I always hope," said my friend, "that this time the lessons will be connected to experience, to life. But often, I hear the words, but not the life. They seem empty; though they are familiar, they are not close. They seem said too easily." Why should this be?

I think it may at least have to do with the preacher's sense that he must have everything right, that he can't take any chances, so the safest thing to do is say the formulaic. But such an attitude, it seems to me, reflects a distrust of the hearers. It assumes that the purpose of the sermon is to tell people what they know, and that the result of their hearing is to be acquiesence. This is a point of view that fears engagement, that distrusts involvement, that will do everything it can to avoid disagreement.

Given the format of the sermon, nothing would cause more shock and amazement than a disagreement or even a genuine question interrupting the smooth flow from Section II to Section III of the well-planned homiletic exercise. Do engagement, involvement, disagreement, and question belong in the mode of discourse known as the sermon? I don't know. I imagine that many people would say they do not. But I know that when that engagement is not sought after and not valued by the preacher, the curve of hope to despair will continue to characterize the reception of the sermon by at least some of the listeners. Because unless you take the risk of possibly saying something that may be tentative, the right things you say will seldom have the life that we are asking for. What are your expectations for your sermons?

I suppose it is here that I have to try more pointedly to say what it is we laity want in a sermon. But it is very hard to say. We want the evidence of your suffering. I suppose that may sound unkind, but I wish I could convey to you how vital it is. Without the conviction that your words reflect the pain of knowing—really knowing—what you and we have been through in our various ways of the cross, then you aren't preaching. Your words will be only the palest of shadows, the reflection of a reflection of truth.

Again, I suppose this is why listening to very young preachers is so often an exercise of one's charity: they do not know whereof they speak. And have you ever heard the difference in a vicar's preaching after he has, for the first time, gone through a parishioner's crisis? That next sermon may almost paralyze him, because the words of promise are no longer easy, no longer facile, no longer formulaic. They will be wrung out of him; his experience of their reality will be so heavy that they will very nearly shatter him. If you are going to converse, you can talk in generalities and in platitudes and in formulae and in vanities, but if you are going to preach, then it has to have cost you something.

I asked some of my lay friends, sturdy churchgoers, about their expectations about sermons. One said, "I always begin in hope, and usually end in despair." Surely this is not the response the preacher intends.

This is the place for my friend Fred Niedner's favorite definition of preaching. It comes from Dr. Bruce Thielemann, who was, in 1981 at least, the dean of the chapel at Grove City College in Pennsylvania. "There is no special honor in being called to the preaching ministry. There is only special pain. The pulpit calls those anointed to it as the sea calls its sailors, and, like the sea, it batters and bruises, and does not rest. . . . To preach, to really preach is to die naked a little at a time, and to know each time you do it that you must do it again." What we want, what we need, is nothing less than that, I am afraid.

Well, that is a painful place to be put, especially if you have a sense that you can't do it. Or if you have an absolute, solid, tried and true, certified knowledge that you can't do it. What then? Are you sailing under false colors? Are you not God's man? Is your ministry in question? Certainly not. I want to use the rest of my time to put before you some suggestions about the necessity of preaching in the life and ministry of the church.

If you fear that your preaching is not what it could be, can you not let go of that fear and trust other things that you do? Would your people kill you if instead of a full-blown three-section monstrosity you read the lessons and then simply read them four sentences to think about? They needn't be cryptic; Zen and Lutheranism are strange bedfellows. But why are the young especially so enamored of the poster, and its sentences of wisdom or pseudo-wisdom? Surely you can do better than "Tomorrow is the first day of the rest of your life."

What if you sometimes read the lessons and left some silence? Please try harder to trust silence. Ask

yourself whether you believe in your heart that your people's worship and spiritual growth goes on only while you are talking. What if you took it as a serious part of your preparation for worship to find great sermons to read to your congregation? (Most of them are so long that they'd take editing, but that kind of careful work at your desk might be the best sermon preparing you've ever done.) What about using the resources of the laity in sermons? Is there a fear that if you don't get up and do it in the pulpit an absolutely impossible 50, 60, or 200 times a year that the Spirit will cease operation? If there were no sermon, but only the lessons, what would people talk about on the way home from church? The Eucharist? The prayers? The lessons?

Perhaps some of the rather desperate-looking hold you maintain on the pulpit is a kind of white-knuckled anxiety about your status. Will we still need you if you don't preach like Paul, or like John Donne, or like Martin Luther? Yes, of course. But most of the time it is not your talking that we value most highly, and it is not for your rhetorical style that you are loved. We ask you to give yourself in ministry, and to trust that we are eager to share that ministry with you, acknowledging your leadership as one who has come among us in His name.

It is almost obligatory to include a Garrison Keillor story in a talk these days, and I have one that is so appropriate I cannot do without it. It is about Arlene Buntsen's dream on New Year's Day, when she has lain down for a nap because of the long time she spent awake the night before, wondering whether or not to notice the arrival of the New Year. Asleep, she finds herself in the Lake Wobegone Lutheran Church where she is a faithful member. But oddly, though a service of some kind seems to be going on, Pastor Enquist is not there. She realizes gradually that he is down in the basement with the elders. They are keeping the nursery during the service, lullabying the little children by singing to them . . . Whoopie, ti-yi-yo-o, git along little dogies. . . . Arlene, for reasons absolutely mysterious to her, gets up from her seat and begins touching members of the congregation on the forehead, laying a gentle hand on the forehead of each one, who then turns to his neighbor and does the same. All through the church there is quiet and blessing and the touching of each other—all of these pretty strange in a Lutheran church, Keillor muses—until the dream fades away leaving her very peaceful and happy when she wakes up.

I was so taken with this story, that I almost forgot how it ended. I thought that the story was about the experience of grace, and I think I'm right, but its author knows that the experience does not stop in church, though it may be learned there. That night, as Arlene and Clarence are in bed upstairs, she is aware of his fretful sleep. He moans, and makes a noise, and moves restlessly. She—awake now, not dreaming—puts her hand on his forehead, and he sighs once more and drifts off into quiet sleep.

I do not mean to suggest that the end result of ministry—preaching or otherwise—is to put people to sleep. But surely, however it comes about, it is to set at rest in the love of God the fretful spirits of His anxious children. As a laywoman I commend you in your part of that ministry, and assure you of my support and encouragement. But I also want to remind you that my participation in it is not the result of your allowing me in. It is rather my own answer to God's call of both of us. When your preaching is more fully informed by that conviction, then the places hurt by suspicions, distrusts, fears, and angers will have a chance of being healed at last.

Shopping for Clothes with Linda, Who Is Blind

Her hands judge texture, jam into the depth
and slant of pockets; a fingertip appreciates
one crucial waistline button. She says
this one feels nice; she'll try it on.

She always asks the color, I always tell her.
It is blue, but sky is only air, nothing
she can touch. A skirt the color of air.
The sweater's gray, but clouds are

part of sky, only softer in the way
they drape across your shoulders.
How do I tell her stripes? When you run
your fingers down a wall, and the gaps between.

She likes a dress with tiny flowers—violets
have touched her—We understand the words
she wants to know. In the fitting room
I am mirror. Afterward, we lunch on soup

and sandwiches, her spoon minesweeping in the
bottom of the bowl. We both know how it feels
never to be sure you've gotten everything.

Lois Sulahian

R. Keith Schoppa

EXPLAINING JAPANESE SUCCESS

Social Values in Japan's Modernization

A little over a century ago Japan was a feudal agrarian society roughly at the same social and economic level as Tudor England (four centuries ago). By 1980 the Japanese economy was third in the world behind only the United States and the Soviet Union; its economy was nearly three times larger than England's. There has been much said as explanation for Japan's miraculous success; I want here to discuss what I believe were and are crucial elements in that success.

It is important to note that Japan's outstanding post-World War II record is not its first success story. Beginning in 1868, Japan had thrown itself into the modernization process with the overthrow of the feudal political structure of the shogun and his vassals. Within four decades of that event, Japan had defeated China in war (1894-1895), defeated Russia in war (1904-1905), and emerged as the strongest power in East Asia. Its assertion of national strength was accompanied by the rise of a modern industrialized economy and a constitution-based political system with a parliament (or Diet) and increasingly important political parties. It is clear that one reason for Japan's post-war success was its experience of seventy years of pre-war achievements in industrialization, national assertion, and democracy. Despite the destruction of World War II, Japan could and did build on those earlier successes. There are more fundamental explanations, however, for Japan's modern achievements. I want to focus on Japanese values, beliefs, and attitudes which grew out of Japan's historical experience.

In 1908 Nitobe Inazō, a Western-oriented Japanese scholar, wrote a book in English which he entitled *Bushidō, the Soul of Japan. Bushidō,* Japanese for "the way of the warrior," was the code of values of the feudal samurai class. When Nitobe chose this title, Japan's feudal warrior-based society had been dead for four decades; yet, according to Nitobe, the code of the warrior remained the soul of Japan. It is still today an integral part of the Japanese value system—and part of the secret of Japan's success.

These values can be seen clearly in one of the most famous episodes in Japanese history—the vendetta of the forty-seven rōnin. (A rōnin was a samurai who had lost his lord through death.) About the year 1700 a vassal named Asano was rehearsing for a ceremony in the shogun's palace. The instructor, a high official of the shogun named Kira, was angry that Asano's steward had not brought him a present reflective enough of his high social standing. Kira pointedly insulted Asano, who promptly drew his sword and wounded him. This was a double offense: to unsheathe a weapon in the shogun's palace was a grave offense; to attack an officer of the shogun was, of course, much worse. The shogun ordered Asano to commit suicide and confiscated his feudal domain. Asano had no choice but to obey: his lord's command had to be carried out.

With his death, his forty-seven principal vassals became rōnin; they pledged to avenge Asano's death. Knowing that Kira would be on guard, the rōnin separated in order to avoid observation. They bided their time more than two years, with some of them undergoing great personal hardship. Finally, Kira relaxed his caution and they seized the opportunity. On a snowy morning in February, 1703, they forced their

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R. Keith Schoppa, *author of* Chinese Elites and Political Change *(Harvard University Press, 1982), is Chairman of the Department of History at Valparaiso University. He will be on sabbatical leave in Spring, 1986, doing further research on Chinese elites at the East-West Center at the University of Hawaii, and he has been invited to do additional research in the Fall of 1986 at Hangzhou University in China.* *This essay was originally presented last March as part of a lecture series organized by Professor Marcus Riedel on the topic, "Understanding Japan: The Cultural Background of its Competitive Impact." The lectures were jointly sponsored by the League of Women Voters and Valparaiso University and were funded by the Indiana Committee for the Humanities and the University.*

way into Kira's mansion, killed him, and then surrendered.

They expected death because they had murdered in the direct domain of the shogun. But there was considerable debate about their proper treatment. Vendettas to avenge the death of one's lord had a strong traditional sanction. And yet because both Asano and his vassals, the rōnin, had broken the shogun's own regulations, the rōnin were ordered to commit suicide, an act which made them national legends. This episode has had great appeal for the Japanese ever since, and it has formed the material for innumerable stories, plays, movies, and television programs.

What values do we see here depicted? The ideal of sacrifice is obvious. In the years of waiting for their chance to kill Kira, and certainly in their deaths, the rōnin were symbols of personal sacrifice. They were each willing to give up comfort and even life to show their loyalty to their fallen lord. Loyalty is the cardinal value of the code of the warrior. One serves one's lord loyally in life and (here through the vendetta) after one's death. This sense of loyal duty (in Japanese, *giri*) was described by a thirteenth-century leader of Japan as "even at the cost of your life and your family, holding to the good, not yielding to the strong."

The warrior does not ask for favors from his lord. He counts upon the lord's leadership and protection but makes no conditions about rewards. The warrior does not question commands of the lord but obeys them regardless of his own life, his family, and all his private interests. In defeat he must be ready to die in the cause of the lord or in the cause of the group—family or clan (or nation)—of which he is a member.

Implicit in this value system is the submersion of the individual for the sake of others—both the lord and the group or collectivity. One element of the warrior's code not immediately apparent in this episode is pride in family. One of the important purposes of a samurai's upbringing was to instill in him a great pride of birth and a readiness to make sacrifices for the family group. Individuals did not have rights in the group; individuals had responsibilities to the group. Whether the group was family, village, work group, or nation, the goals and interests of the group took precedence over those of the individual and might necessitate individual sacrifices.

Also implicit here is the sense of social hierarchy: one's proper actions are determined by one's place in the society. A constant awareness of one's social niche is an absolute necessity. The episode began when Kira felt that the gift did not convey the proper respect for a man of his position. In their subordinate position to the shogun, Asano and eventually the rōnin had to kill themselves.

As Japan began modernizing in the late nineteenth century, the values of the samurai code—loyalty to the nation and the emperor (as lord), the ideals of personal sacrifice and social hierarchy, and pride in being Japanese—were crucial in motivating the populace to work together to achieve, in the popular slogan of the time, a "rich country and strong military." The Japanese saw the treaties that they had been forced to sign with Western countries as blotches on the national honor; the whole modernization effort aimed to build Japan's material strength and bring forth respect from foreign nations.

Modernizing countries the world over have been faced with the serious dilemma of working out the relationship between modern change and their traditional values. How much of one's traditions must be discarded or reshaped in order to move toward a modern society? For some countries—in the world of today Iran and Cambodia (in the 1970s), for example—the choice is to try to reject the modern. For some—China, for example—the choice became a tortured, tortuous process of struggle and revolution. For Japan this decision was made relatively quickly and easily: emphasize and utilize the old values in the making of the new.

Since the end of the twelfth century the effective ruler of Japan had been the shogun, a military man who received his title from the emperor. There was an emperor who reigned but did not rule. It is, however, incorrect to think of the emperor as only a figurehead, because in Japanese political thought, the emperor was the direct descendant of the Sun Goddess. He was due enormous reverence; and although the Japanese emperor never had actual political power or control, he always maintained great potential power.

In the 1860s those men who believed that the shogunal system was outmoded in the face of changes in Japanese society and the threat of the West did not have to go through tortured rationalizations about whether to change and how much to change, as China did. They simply called for honoring the emperor by *restoring* him to power; it was a rebellion for the new in the name of old values. The overthrow of the shogun in 1868 is generally seen as the beginning of Japan's modernization process. In fact, the emperor's actual power was not restored; the men who engineered the "Restoration" retained power. They were generally young (in their late twenties to early forties), ambitious, and determined to build Japan into a modern state. For this process the emperor remained a symbol of great importance. With no shogun, he was now the lord to whom loyalty was owed and for whom sacrifice was due; he was the national father-figure

whose word was law in the patriarchal state and to whom the high Confucian virtue of filial piety had to be shown. The Japanese did not reject their traditional values. They used them very effectively to create a new world, just as they do today.

One historian has said that to call the value system I've been describing "the way of the warrior" is misleading because it gives the impression that these are only the values of the elite military class. In actuality these ideals were generally held by all classes of Japanese society.

In the nineteenth century, there were two lecture-education movements (somewhat reminiscent of the nineteenth-century American Chautauqua movement) that were significant in spreading these ideals among the peasantry and the merchants. The first, the Hōtoku movement, stressed doing good deeds to repay the blessings coming from one's parents and the emperor; good deeds, according to the founder of the movement, included "working much, earning much, and spending little." "This," he went on, "is the secret of making a country wealthy." Hearing such lectures, peasants could be expected to conclude that their own individual diligence and economy could lead to national success.

The analogous Shingaku movement among merchants spread a similar word. The merchant class, audiences in cities around Japan were told, exists to be of assistance to the empire. Hard work is vital: "each exhausts himself for the sake of all." "Profit is a just reward for services performed." "The samurai ethic should serve as a model for the merchant class." It should be stressed that this latter movement began in the early eighteenth century. These important values had been diffused throughout Japanese culture for many years.

Robert Bellah has argued that the code of the warrior and the ideas prompted by the lecture-education movements played the same role for the Japanese as the Protestant or Puritan ethic did for Americans. He suggests that the emphasis upon diligence, hard work, profit, frugality, and saving was an important key to the transformation of Japan into an industrialized society. These values are primarily geared to goal attainment. In modernization this meant a stress on reaching specific goals and a selfless subordination of all members of the group (or nation) to these goals.

This contrasts greatly with, say, China, where the stress was on attaining a relatively static idea of harmony and where values that were emphasized were more system-maintenance values than those of goal attainment. To sum up at this point, the values which were prerequisite for Japan's modernization were found in Japan well before the coming of the West. Japan's rapid success (as compared to the traumas of many developing states) came in large measure because of the diffusion of these values and because those values so well fit the needs of modernizing.

Another secret of Japan's success in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been the value traditionally placed on education. Historians estimate that more than 40 per cent of all Japanese boys and 10 per cent of all Japanese girls were getting some kind of formal education outside their homes by the late eighteenth century. Education was occurring mainly in fief schools and in schools connected to Buddhist establishments. Most schools, in traditional East Asian fashion, provided training in the basic skills of reading, writing, and math as well as moral training in the ideas of Neo-Confucianism. It is certainly the case that the literacy rate in Japan in 1870 was higher than in most underdeveloped countries today. It probably compared favorably with some contemporary European countries. In 1837 a survey in England, for example, showed that in major industrial cities and towns only one child in four or five attended school.

Widespread literacy does several things for a developing country. At the least, it is a training in being trained. If as a child one has undertaken a disciplined educational effort, one is more likely to incline positively to additional training.

Widespread literacy does several things for a developing country. At the very least it is a training in being trained. If as a child one has undertaken some disciplined and conscious educational effort, one is more likely to incline positively to more training. Involvement in education suggests that large numbers of parents supported the experience voluntarily and often with considerable sacrifice. For peasant families, time in school was time when one or more children were taken away from farm labor.

Once parents supported education with a clear desire for improving the lives of their children, the first hurdle of the process of modernization was crossed. Since the desire for self-improvement was alive well before the coming of the West, during Japan's rush toward modernization people were ready to acquire new knowledge and attain new levels of self-improvement. Where ideas of individual self-improvement were widely diffused, the idea of national improvement

could also be more quickly understood and supported.

A literate populace could also grasp more quickly the political changes that swept over Japan in the 1870s and 1880s. The implementation of new laws and new governmental systems and policies was made much easier by the relatively high degree of literacy. Such literacy also reduced the possibility that wild rumors would grow out of fearful suspicion of political change: a large portion of Japanese society could read actual statements from the government.

In sum, it was important for modernization that "the Japanese populace was not simply a sack of potatoes," as Ronald Dore has said (*Education in Tokugawa Japan,* 1965). The building of modern Japan was not simply a matter of changes engineered, of plans made at the top.

> It was also a cumulation of a mass of small initiatives by large numbers of people who could appreciate new possibilities, make new choices, or at the very least allow themselves to be persuaded to do for the first time something they hadn't done before.

Japan's success at modernization, then, came largely, I would contend, because of a complex of values, attitudes, and traditions that were embedded in Japan's historical experiences. The alacrity with which Japan threw itself into modernizing came from the strong desire for self-improvement to bring Japan abreast of the West and was possible because the most important ways of looking at society and the political system had made Japan ready.

What can we say of Japan's modernization since World War II? Do we see those same values, attitudes, and beliefs about which I have spoken in the Japan of 1985? Certainly the emphasis upon the emperor as focal point of the nation and lord to whom loyalty is due no longer holds true: Hirohito renounced any claims to that after the war. The traditional values of loyalty, the importance of the group, individual sacrifice, and a sense of hierarchy are still, however, very much alive. Looking at them even briefly suggests their implications for the Japanese economy and politics.

There is still a marked emphasis on hierarchy, rank, and social deference to superiors. Whether speaking, sitting, or eating, Japanese are aware of the relative rank of people in the group. The Japanese language continues to reflect the cultural emphasis on rank by using completely different words for pronouns like "you" and "I" depending on the rank in the social hierarchy of the person being addressed. Deference to the authority of the leader enhances the likelihood that, except in unusual circumstances, Japanese workers will refrain from confrontational tactics with employers.

There is no longer the glorification of loyalty to the death, as in the story of the forty-seven rōnin. Loyalty to the group, especially the work group or the company, is still extraordinarily strong. Recent opinion polls have shown that 66 per cent of Japanese workers feel that the company is their central concern in life (as compared to 23 per cent of American workers). Of Japanese youths questioned, 45 per cent preferred fathers who put their jobs before home and family; only 8 per cent of American youths felt the same. A 1983 poll of Japanese college graduates showed that 51 per cent would maintain their loyalty to their company even if it involved doing something dishonorable or violating social justice. One writer has suggested that the Hitachi and Mitsubishi executives arrested and indicted in absentia in California in 1982 for buying IBM computer secrets probably did not perceive their actions as wrong: my company, right or wrong, often seems the attitude.

This loyalty is a commitment of the worker to the company; but this bond is strengthened because of commitments of the company to the worker. Just as the traditional lord in feudal Japan had responsibilities to see after the needs of his vassals, corporation superiors are still expected to play paternalistic roles, being concerned not only with the worker's productivity but also with personal needs. The common practice of Japanese companies providing more fringe benefits, leisure activities, and counseling services than United States companies comes from this long-term Japanese tradition.

Companies stress that an individual worker's fortunes rise and fall with the company (the group). Akio Morita, the founder of Sony, likes to say that "the company is a fate-sharing vessel." In this vessel, the individual sacrifices his autonomy for group identity. Society evaluates the individual on the basis of the group (e.g., the school or the company) of which he is a member. His sense of self-esteem rises if he is associated with more prestigious and powerful companies. It is generally agreed that Japanese would prefer middle-level positions with a lower salary at a large well-known company than to serve as head executive with a higher salary at a smaller one.

The context and contours of Japanese life today obviously bear little resemblance to life in Japan under the shogun. Yet the values deemed transcendent in feudal Japan are still very much alive, though, to be sure, they have diminished under the changed context. But just as they provided important keys in the transformation of Japan into the power it is today, so they continue to work to shape Japan's policies and approaches as we near the twenty-first century.

James Caristi
and Roy Enquist

THE TWO CULTURES REVISITED

Metaphor and Model in Literature and Logic

In liberal arts colleges, as elsewhere, the chasm between the two cultures described by C. P. Snow persists: scientists and humanists continue to inhabit alien worlds.[1] The alienation is not so much rooted in hostility as in a perceived irrelevance. The degree of specialization required of most scientists seems to preclude their ability to integrate their technical knowledge with the human condition as revealed by literature, philosophy, and the arts. Humanists, on the other hand, are confronted with an immense initial hurdle in the form of jargon, mathematics, and technical knowledge which must be overcome before they can attempt to address any interdisciplinary concerns. Of the relatively small number of scientists and humanists who are able or inclined to develop an understanding of the other's professional culture, few then go on to risk the disapprobation which is usually given to public seekers of synthesis.[2] The dominant attitude in both cultures seems to be that only someone who is either inept, lacking in new ideas, or past retirement age would abandon specialized work to undertake any interdisciplinary nonsense.

Nevertheless, there are times when the two cultures seem to assume complementary roles, as in, for example, the areas of biomedical ethics and artificial intelligence. In this paper our purpose is to call attention to similarities in the use of metaphoric imagination or reasoning in science and literature. It is not suggested that the methodologies are interchangeable, but only that scientists and humanists would benefit from a better understanding of model and metaphor. It should also become apparent that due to the common ground of analogical representations the popularly perceived conceptual antithesis between the cultures is not absolute.[3]

We will present examples of model and metaphor which are legitimate in the eyes of the culture in which they arose. We will make no attempt to survey or classify these methodologies, nor do we claim that our examples are in any sense "best." We do expect, however, that our examples will highlight the power in models and metaphors, and may suggest additional ways in which they may be effectively used.

Our observations with respect to the use of models and metaphors are derived from the work of Max Black.[4] In his work on metaphor, Black describes various ways in which metaphors are understood by writers and critics. The simple substitution view, for example, would claim that whenever a metaphorical expression is used, it is only in place of an equivalent literal expression. According to this view, to say "the chairman plowed through the discussion" is to say something about a chairman and his behavior during a meeting, namely that he dealt summarily with objec-

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[1] C. P. Snow, *The Two Cultures* (New York: Mentor Books, 1964).

[2] Note, for example, the caustic comments made by Nobel laureate James D. Watson: "In England, if not everywhere, most botanists and zoologists were a muddled lot. Not even the possession of University Chairs gave many the assurance to do clean science; some actually wasted their efforts on useless polemics about the origin of life or how we know that a scientific fact is really correct." *The Double Helix* (New York: Mentor Books, 1968), p. 53.

[3] For a detailed explanation of analogical representations, see Aaron Sloman, *The Computer Revolution in Philosophy: Philosophy, Science, and Models of Mind* (Atlantic Highlands, NJ: Humanities Press, 1978), chapter 7.

[4] Max Black, *Models and Metaphors* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1962).

tions or ruthlessly suppressed irrelevance. Black's own views, however, include one in which a metaphor is seen as interacting deeply and meaningfuly with the reader's collected common knowledge. Here the metaphor is seen to work by "applying to the principal subject a system of 'associated implications' characteristic of the subsidiary subject."[5] The metaphor causes the reader to emphasize, select, and suppress features of both subjects. Consequently, it becomes impossible to restate completely and accurately the meaning of an interaction-metaphor in literal language:

> Up to a point, we may succeed in stating a number of the relevant relations between the two subjects. . . . But the set of literal statements so obtained will not have the same power to inform and enlighten as the original. For one thing, the implications, previously left for a suitable reader to educe for himself, with a nice feeling for their relative priorities and degrees of importance, are now presented explicitly as though having equal weight. The literal paraphrase inevitably says too much—and with the wrong emphasis . . . the loss in such cases is a loss in cognitive content; the relevant weakness of the literal paraphrase is not that it may be tiresomely prolix or boringly explicit (or deficient in qualities of style); it fails to be a translation because it fails to give the insight that the metaphor did.[6]

We see, therefore, that metaphor can communicate meaning that literal language cannot duplicate exactly.

The literary imagination most characteristic of the New Testament gospels is loaded not with abstractions, but with models. The imagination of Jesus of Nazareth seems to have been preoccupied with images.

To move from metaphor to model involves only an increase in size and scope. Literary models can be viewed as sustained and systematic metaphors. In this context we can consider allegories, parables, fables, satires, and stories to be instances of the use of models.

Satires such as *Gulliver's Travels* communicate social issues and situations to a larger class of people than would learned sociological polemic. The criticisms of society which can be dealt out by satire are extremely difficult to replicate effectively by literal language. The often monstrous consequences of human actions and ideas are somehow more believable and stimulating when embodied in sugar-coated narrative. In *Candide,* Voltaire was particularly interested in discrediting Alexander Pope's ideas about a rational universe in which everything happens for the best. By means of an entertaining story we are presented with a persuasive philosophical argument against a kind of optimistic deism.

The literary imagination most characteristic of the New Testament gospels is loaded not with abstractions, but with models. The imagination of Jesus of Nazareth seems to have been preoccupied with images. And the form which that imagination took was typically that of a fictive model, what his Hebraic culture called a "mashal," and what we generally translate as a "parable." What is ordinary becomes a working model for that which is extraordinary and ultimate. Thus stories about farmers in fields, children at play, old women cleaning house, arrogant political officials, pleasure-loving improvident youths, and self-indulgent judges are models in their activity of the dynamics of the kingdom of God in relation to human existence.

Any number of additional literary examples may be submitted. It is evident that metaphors and models express a writer's message in ways that allow no equivalent articulation. Although this may not seem particularly surprising, it will be important to compare the literary powers of metaphor and model with analogous powers in the scientific realm.

It is difficult to speak of the use of models in science without being drawn into a long-standing debate over the nature of scientific facts. To some, the universe is seen to operate through the action of absolute physical laws. These may be exceedingly inscrutable, but are nevertheless discernible, at least in theory, by human beings. To others, the history of science seems to indicate that scientific laws are in a constant state of revision. Besides errors and oversights there are modifications forced by new discoveries. Thus, Newtonian physics, although responsible for reliably explaining and predicting natural phenomena for over two centuries, was found to be absolutely wrong in the light of additional knowledge. Is this the destiny of all scientific facts?

We prefer to think that Newtonian physics, the Bohr model of the atom, quantum mechanics, and Mendelian genetics are examples of theoretical models which more or less accurately describe an underlying massive and intricate reality. As models, they cannot be expected to be faithful in an absolute sense to the underlying reality. The tremendous value of theoretical models to science lies both in their ability to explain and predict phenomena and in their ability to suggest novel hypotheses and directions. We mention only in passing that there is a vast literature which is part of the philosophy of science and which deals with the problem of models and scientific facts.

[5]*Ibid.,* p. 44.
[6]*Ibid.,* p. 46.

Rather than becoming more involved in the debate over models in science, we choose to present as our major example the use of models in modern logic. We begin by discussing related issues in geometry which, we hope, will clarify the situation in logic.

Euclid (c. 300 B.C.) set down a list of five abstract axioms whose truth was not to be questioned and which gave meaning to the basic geometric terms "point," "line," and "plane." He insisted that the only permissible geometric statements were those which were demonstrable as consequences of these five axioms through the use of accepted rules for deduction. It may seem obvious that the diagonals of any square are perpendicular, but unless the truth of such a statement could be deduced clearly from the axioms, its validity could not be accepted by Euclid.

We note here that the words "axiom" and "postulate" are used interchangeably by most mathematicians. Nonetheless, we find it useful to observe the difference in meaning between the two. The word "axiom" is derived from the Greek "axioun": to think worthy. By this we understand an axiom to be a statement whose truth is either self-evident or which is, in some way, verifiable. "Postulate," on the other hand, comes from the Latin "postulare": to demand. A postulate is then a statement which is accepted more for the sake of argument than for its inherent truth value. Euclid himself seemed to think of his five statements more as postulates, although his contemporaries and successors until the end of the nineteenth century tended to think of them as axioms. This distinction in thought manifests itself in the controversy concerning the famous fifth postulate (axiom), the Parallel Postulate, which can be formulated as follows: in a plane, given any line and a point which is not on the line, then there exists one and only one line which is both parallel to the given line and passes through the given point.

In comparison to the first four, the fifth postulate stands out as being significantly more technical and involved. This led many mathematicians to believe that the Parallel Postulate could be demonstrated as a logical consequence of the first four. A small minority doubted the validity of the Parallel Postulate. It is important to keep in mind that most mathematicians believed Euclid's five statements to be axiomatic, that is, verified in nature. Although Euclid effected a divorce between the methodology of deduction in geometry and intuition based upon sensory perception, the acceptance of his geometry was due to its apparent immanence in nature.

The mathematical use of models began when, in 1868, the mathematician Beltrami succeeded in proving that nature would no longer serve as the justification for Euclidean geometry. Beltrami postulated a denial of the Parallel Postulate which, together with Euclid's first four, would form a geometry which was every bit as consistent as Euclid's geometry with the Parallel Postulate.[7] In other words, if Beltrami's non-Euclidean geometry would result in absurdity, then so would Euclidean geometry. This dealt a heavy blow to the theory that mathematical premises had metaphysical justifications. After all, if the Parallel Postulate, which, supposedly, is so obviously true in nature can be denied and a system obtained which is just as consistent as good old Euclidean geometry, how can one claim that the Parallel Postulate is true? For if it were true, then to deny it would yield a false statement which, incorporated into any logical system, would re-

[7]Exactly how this was done is described by Anita Tuller, *A Modern Introduction to Geometries* (Princeton: D. Van Nostrand Company, 1967), p. 27.

Another Foot of Water in the Basement

The fool with no sump pump
wants creatures to form
in his lake. He wants them
to breed and grow legs
like Darwin said. He wants
something from discomfort;
he wants the dinosaurs
to recover. He wants
the lost world to flourish
where an ice age is
unlikely. He wants to
live above that lake in
Kenya where man began,
pulling himself up
like a soldier, choosing
a mate with the straightest
forehead. He wants to
use his stairs like myth;
he wants his rooms to wrench
free and move upland
where water drains well,
where people forget
how things turn damp in
the flash-flood heart of summer.

Gary Fincke

sult in eventual self-contradiction and inconsistency and which, by Beltrami's work, would imply the self-contradiction and inconsistency of Euclidean geometry.

The important focal point of this discovery was the role of models in connection with an axiomatic system. Beltrami constructed a mathematical model, that is, a specific mathematical object whose nature was well understood, and he showed that the axioms of a non-Euclidean geometry were actually valid in that model. Instead of having non-Euclidean geometry serve as a model for nature, a mathematical model was given for the axiomatic non-Euclidean geometry. Once a mathematical model is exhibited for an axiomatic system, then any inconsistency inherent in the axiomatic system would cause an inconsistency in the model. Thus mathematicians were able to deduce something specific about an axiomatic system, namely the question of its internal consistency, by the examination of a model. Models settled unequivocally the question of whether the Parallel Postulate was a logical consequence of Euclid's first four postulates. Accepting the Parallel Postulate led to a system which had a model, as did denying the Parallel Postulate. Hence the Parallel Postulate was shown to be independent of, not determined by, the first four.

An abstract axiomatic system may be interpreted through models, and useful information about the abstract collection of axioms may be gleaned from the presence of models.

Here, then, arose a powerful tool which mathematicians could use to demonstrate that some mathematical propositions could never be determined from a particular axiomatic system. An abstract axiomatic system may be interpreted through models, and useful information about the abstract collection of axioms may be gleaned from the presence of models.

Twentieth-century mathematical logic is full of results proving the undecidability or transcendence of certain propositions in relation to accepted axiomatic systems. The method is always the same. Suppose P represents a proposition which is to be proved undecidable relative to a given axiomatic system. P is appended to the axioms, and an attempt is made to show that the resulting axiomatic system is consistent by exhibiting a model in which the axioms and P are both valid. If this can be done, then P cannot be inconsistent with the original axioms. Then a negation or denial of P is appended to the original axioms and a new model is sought in which the axioms and the negation of P are both valid. Finding such a model indicates that the negation of P cannot be inconsistent with the original axioms. Consequently, if neither P nor its negation results in an inconsistent system, then the validity of P cannot be deduced from the given axioms; P is then undecidable in that axiomatic system.

Undecidability, both in logic and in everyday experience, seems in some instances readily acceptable and in others surprising and incredible. No one is surprised when an axiomatic logical system consisting of only one axiom and one rule of inference is found to allow undecidable propositions. Similarly there is no surprise in learning that we cannot decide whether the next coin toss will land "heads." It is only when a logical system becomes sufficiently complex that we develop the expectation that meaningful propositions ought to be decidable one way or the other within the system.

For example, we might expect that a logical system which was capable of generating all of the mathematics done by mathematicians would also be capable, at least in theory, of resolving whether a mathematically meaningful object A is larger than object B. Thus we may be surprised when we learn that such questions cannot always be answered, even in theory. Furthermore, it may seem incredible that undecidable mathematical propositions are inherent in all interesting logical systems, yet this is the case.[8]

By way of analogy, a deontological ethical perspective that has survived for a few thousand years tends to engender our expectation that all moral dilemmas may be resolved by properly applying the principles. In such a situation, it may become impossible to believe that a controversial moral issue may, in fact, be undecidable. Perhaps through the use of models people may be convinced that differences in interpretation are not necessarily caused by moral perversity or intellectual muddle-headedness.

A fascinating example of metaphor and model arises when we consider computers. Indeed we have our choice of "brain as computer," or "mind as software system," or "machine as guy who does a job for us" (a popular expression among IBM employees), or "thought process as subroutine," or "computer as brain," or "software system as intelligent." The list goes on. Each metaphor or model brings out a certain

[8]More precisely, any axiomatic formal system which is large enough to encompass standard number theory will always possess propositions which, although true, cannot be proved within the system. This revolutionary fact was demonstrated by Kurt Gödel in "*Uber Formal Unentscheidbare Sätze der Principia Mathematica und Verwandter Systeme, I*," *Monatshefte für Mathematik und Physik 38* (1931): pp. 173-198.

understanding of ourselves or of our machines that is potentially useful. If we think of ourselves as rational animals, then any success in achieving artificial intelligence would cause a drastic change in our self-concept. On the other hand, as one of the harshest critics of artificial intelligence has stated, "if artificial intelligence should turn out to be impossible, then we will have to distinguish human from artificial reason, and this too will radically change our view of ourselves."[9]

From the perspective of the humanities, it seems immaterial whether or not true artificial intelligence is ever achieved. The attempt to produce machine intelligence is, in itself, of value. The computer can provide us with an arena in which we can study facets of humanity. This was recognized as early as 1965.[10] It can become for the humanities the equivalent of the scientific laboratory by enabling us to test hypotheses and generate additional speculations about our minds and personalities.

The power of analogical representations lies in clarification, verification, corroboration, and in their ability to suggest new ideas.

If one accepts that metaphor and model are valid and powerful tools common to both literature and logic, one must also be knowledgeable of the limitations and perils of these tools. For the scientist, perhaps the greatest danger is that of believing the model to be a kind of ethereal analogue model whose mathematical equations refer to and explain an invisible mechanism in nature.[11] For the administrator or social scientist, a model might become "a club that can be used to beat into submission those who are ill-equipped to deal with mathematical symbols and computers."[12] For the theologian who makes claims about transcendence, the potential danger lies in the identification of the transcendent with the model used to represent it. Metaphors and models are not equivalent to their referents; even if such were possible it would only duplicate a problem rather than clarify it.

A proper use of analogical representations should be limited in scope and should avoid becoming pretentious. Their greatest powers lie in clarification, verification, corroboration, and in their ability to suggest new ideas. Metaphor and model fail when they are interpreted as synonymous with their referent, or when they lead to a smug certainty that excludes pluralistic views and ends conversation.[13]

[9]Hubert Dreyfuss, *What Computers Can't Do: A Critique of Artificial Reason* (New York: Harper & Row, 1972), xxxvii.

[10]Derek J. DeSolla Price, "Gods in Black Boxes," in *Computers in Humanistic Research,* edited by Edmund A. Bowles (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice Hall, Inc., 1967).

[11]For an elaborate discussion of the various kinds of scientific models and the dangers inherent in their use see Black, pp. 219-243.

[12]Wayne Kirschling, "Models: Caveats, Reflections, and Suggestions," in *Assessing Computer-based Systems Models,* edited by T. Mason (San Francisco: Jossey-Bass, 1972).

[13]The idea that pluralistic views are justified and necessary for a responsible Christian theology is developed extensively by David Tracy in *The Analogical Imagination: Christian Theology and the Culture of Pluralism* (New York: Crossroad, 1981).

Immigrants

The chorus of salmon died
Under the hips of mountains.
At each wire gate we latched
The air thinned and cooled as we worked
Up that Norwegian mountain into midsummer.
Fences framed first hayfields,
Then scattered pasture in wood, then forest.

Lightheaded and sweaty we floated
Up the last thousand feet of trail,
Slow ships up a narrow fjord,
Until our hands dipped to the curving up
Grass above timber, and we angled between
The posts of a thick brush fence,
Poles, scrub, and branches woven by sagas.

The grandma,
Charging, swung a broom after cows
Broke a fence hole and wandered.
She shouted.
They bobbed among us in their bellow echoes
In this harbor of changing air.

Inside the log cabin we watched her brush
Her strong hair back and the grass
Ruffling through the window frame.
No sound.
We touched the edge of a gallon bowl
Standing, broad, warm. She glowed and sighed.
We ate the clabbered milk, yellowed
By seven days secured from glaciers,
With sugar, cinnamon, and light spoons.

Philip Gilbertson

The Country Of the Mind

James Combs

In June, 1969, I finished my first major project as a graduate student—an M.A. thesis at the University of Houston—and immediately received the red badge of courage for such compulsive souls: a nervous breakdown. Consistent with the spirit of the age, the campus doctor advised me to drop out of the grad school treadmill for awhile. So with a little money, a car, no compelling ties, and nowhere I had to be till September, I did what all generations of Americans had done before when the game had played out where they were: they said the hell with it, and went West.

"For West," wrote Robert Penn Warren in *All the King's Men,* "is where we all plan to go someday." I was a sucker for the oldest and most venerable of all American myths, our eternal capacity to believe that a new setting makes you a new person, that there are second chances and new hopes somewhere just over the horizon, that there are new beginnings in the West. The West for me no less than all those who had trekked across the Continent in search of the promised land was a "country of the mind" that represented a hope. Americans have always been a restless people because there was always another place to go to, an adventure yet to be known, a territory somewhere to the West to conquer. It was no accident that Western heroes in the classic formula always rode off into the Western sunset. In America, heroism has a geography, always to the West of where one is.

So, physically and mentally drained, I got in the car and drove West. Like everybody else, I had indeed planned to go West some day, and this was the right time to do it. I drove through and gaped at the spectacular scenery of the country that popular culture—the movies, in particular—had turned into our sole contribution to the heritage of the world's mythology. I went eventually to Monument Valley, the Grand Canyon, the ghost mining towns, the Mohave, Donner Pass, Medicine Bow, Little Big Horn. But that June, I knew where I was bent for, where I would wind up, where the end of the journey was: California. I wound up sitting on rocks at Big Sur watching the sun set in the Western sky, and knew that wherever else I would travel in the Great West, my impulse to go West had been fulfilled, that I had reached finally the Last Coast. I was in the Golden Country to enjoy myself, and found, as many others have, that I was in the right place. Nineteen sixty-nine was probably the year to be there anyway, but suffice it to say that I returned to grad school in the fall refreshed, relaxed, and tanned. There was a new beginning in the West, after all.

Since then, I have come to believe that California is the penultimate country of the mind of American dreaming, and that its significance not only in our mythology but in our future is of the first importance. California is the Last Coast of the great Westward migrations of eons, the last and perhaps penultimate place explored on earth. Whitman sensed this in 1860 in his poem "Facing West From California's Shores," in which he envisions the great historic trek that ended there, but ends the lyric by understanding not only what has been found but also what has been lost: "But where is what I started for so long ago? And why is it yet unfound?"

The last frontier would be found in the expansion of experience.

In that question lies a clue as to why Californians got the reputation for being wacky, bizarre, and incredibly diverse seekers: they are still looking for It, and know they are supposed to be the ones to do so. They live restless lives on (literally) shaky ground not only because there is no more American land to the West, but more fundamentally because they sense they are supposed to search for the inward boundaries of an expanded American self. The last frontier would be found in the expansion of experience, in the creation of a City of Diversity that would be the democratic paradise found. (Is it possible that the culmination of Western history is not found in Venice, Italy, but rather in Venice, CA?) George Santayana sensed this in his famous lecture on the "genteel tradition" at Berkeley in 1911, where he argued that America after the close of the frontier now could represent a great liberation into experience, combining the civilized and the wild, the feminine and the masculine, the genteel and the aggressive, a truly American self.

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As Kevin Starr pointed out in his fascinating book, *Americans and the California Dream, 1850-1915,* the California dream has always been immoderate, obsessed with self-fulfillment, driven to extremes. He asks the question that still bothers many Americans and probably motivates their fascination with things Californian: referring to the quote from Whitman, he asks, "Why indeed? Such was perhaps the central question of the California experience: what, after all, was human happiness, and—whatever it was—why did it prove so elusive?" Given that elusiveness, he concludes, "the dream lives on, promising so much in the matter of American living. It also threatens to become an anti-dream, an American nightmare." Perhaps that is what gives California its apocalpytic quality, the impermanence of the fault on which it lies.

Given all this, it should not surprise us that California would become the vital nexus of American styles, especially now in the late twentieth century, when style ascends into prime importance in an increasingly self-conscious society that reverberates, and adopts, the obsession with self-fulfillment that Californians pioneered. If all of America is becoming like (or at least aspires to) California, it is not only in consuming fashion, but in adopting the *spirit* of fashion: a Protean self that pursues the will-o-the-wisp of individual happiness as a narcissistic quest defined by the "liberation into experience."

We are all familiar with the claim that all styles and fashions start in California and chain out around the world (what one wag has called "the losangelesization of the world"). That can only be so because the rest of us expect it. California has to live up to our fantasies (and fears) about it: the bikinied girls on the surf are supposed to be young, blonde, and willing; the folks in Marin County are supposed to be "into" the inexhaustible supply of "human potential" philosophies and religions; the state is supposed to be host to cults and the bizarre in general; the latest fads in food, drink, and drugs are supposed to originate here; state politicians are supposed to be show biz, flakes, or extreme. We wouldn't have California any other way. It does no good to point out that most Californians are not very different from the rest of us (especially since so many of them are from somewhere else). The myth of California is a national fantasy that even the Californians are caught up in, and, like sailors and nurses, they often try to live up to their reputation.

The myth of California is a national fantasy that even Californians accept.

California came to be "California" for many reasons, including history, geography, and climate, but one reason, I suspect, is primary. The myth of California was communicated by media that came to be centered in California. We all know the familiar story: how minor movie makers in the East of the 1910s, cut out of Edison's trust, found refuge and sunshine in an obscure orange-grove town north of sleepy LA named Hollywood, and the rest is mythology. Hollywood soon was to become the international symbol of the promise of California as a land of dreams, a place that created visual stories in breathtaking and exotic settings to which we could be transported in the dark, and a place where the stars lived in a lotus-land of beauty, wealth, and eternal play, a hedonistic heaven beyond our ordinary experience.

Hollywood seemed too good to be true for some, and too bad to be true for others. But the movies were the first mass medium to find a spiritual center in California, and they undoubtedly did much to spur the migrations there that made it our most populous state. Radio drew much of its stardom from Hollywood; TV had most of its stories done by Hollywood; recording stars wound up in movies; popular writers were recruited to write screenplays.

It is probably fair to say that California is the spiritual center of the world of mass communication that so pervades the lives of mankind. Gallup's international polling found that over half the human race can identify Mickey Mouse; that when asked to identify ten Americans, people in countries around the world will usually include at least five popular celebrities; that large numbers of people, here and abroad, imagine the world "out there" to resemble southern California. It may be that one of the most significant events in American cultural history was when Johnny Carson decided to move *The Tonight Show* from New York to Hollywood. Perhaps someday the spirit of Hollywood will succeed in conquering and occupying New York the way it has Washington.

But there is an important sense in which the ethos of Hollywood already has conquered and occupied the rest of us. This column has dealt before with the important and probably never-to-be-answered question of how much popular culture, and television in particular, affects thought and action. But consider this: there is now a serious school of thought that argues that Americans are increasingly "media-made," that we are taking on what we might call a "theatrical self" in which we evaluate ourselves by the histrionic standards and role models of popular communication.

The French critic Jean Baudrillard refers to us as a "society of simulation, . . . substituting signs of the real for the real." This is easy enough to see in simulated worlds such as Disneyland, Greenfield Village, or the Museum of Science and Industry, but he means it more directly: we are now becoming simulated selves, creatures of the fictions we replicate, mythic Californians at heart, citizens of the kingdom of Hollywood.

If this analysis is correct, we may be taking David Riesman's famous historico-characterological scheme one better: rather than tradition-directed (rooted in shame), or inner-directed (rooted in guilt), or other-directed (rooted in anxiety), we are now *performance-directed* (rooted in histrionics). We could even term such direction an aesthetic definition of self, in which we want to be like people in dramas, and want life to live up to the logic of popular art.

In the wildest and wooliest speculations stemming from this, we might consider the notions that life is like I saw it in the movies; that love is a cheap trashy romance like on the soaps; that American politics is a B-movie; and that I wish I lived in a world and family like Beaver Cleaver. (Some readers may have seen Woody Allen's brilliant treatment of our intermixture, and confusion, of popular art and life in his recent *Purple Rose of Cairo.*)

If all this is so, maybe all we can conclude is that in the American country of the mind, the one-eyed media camera is king. Sociologists such as Alvin Gouldner have speculated as to what a society of performance-directed people drawing their very selves from popular communication would be like, but to me this is a world that could only be adequately envisioned by science-fiction writers. For such a world has an air of unreality about it that makes the worlds of Orwell and Huxley seem tame by comparison. Such a society of "theatrical selves" may be a possibility, but we may fondly hope enough people have, uh, "a grip on themselves" to avoid the confusion. Yet we cannot deny the lure of our country of the mind, and the unreal expectations the myth engenders. Californians are not worldly people. At best, it can be said that California, and its quintessence in Hollywood, has expanded our imaginative worlds a thousand fold. But what that has done, or is doing, to our very identity is still a question.

In a provocative book, *Media Made in California,* Jeremy Tunstall and David Walker argue that "maybe America needs California as a sort of safety valve, the symbolic location of national libido; the media oblige." If so, this takes Frederick Jackson Turner's famous "frontier thesis" into the psychic frontier of an expanded American Self that Californians were destined to explore. The difficulty is that such an exploration is not as adequate a safety valve as the space the great Continent had provided in the Westward expansion. Our selves may expand into the unreal worlds of popular communication and become like the play-figures of the mass media, but that does not mean we will be freer, happier, or saner.

What it may mean is that in the last analysis California represents the eternal American quest for "what is yet unfound" by its example and media industries, and we may only hope their leadership in that quest does not become an anti-dream, an American nightmare. I am in that way no different than anyone else who reached the California coast: I stood on Big Sur and watched the sun set in the Western sky across the wide Pacific and wondered where I should go now.

The National Play?

John Steven Paul

There is a true sense of excitement in New York this season. Jason Robards is coming to play in an O'Neill. Does that sentence ring like "Olivier is coming to play in a Shakespeare" does in London? Perhaps not quite. America doesn't have a Shakespeare, but if there is a dramatist who captured the American national soul for the stage in the way that Shakespeare did the English, many would say it was Eugene O'Neill. Neither do Americans have a national play which corresponds to Shakespeare's *Henry V* or *Hamlet.* These plays consistently draw thousands of Britons to theatres where they are performed, as if in a kind of ritualized expression of national identity.

Do we need a national play? Ought we to envy the English their *Henry V*? Does that mean that Americans need to designate *one* play as such? We have many comedies and dramas that reveal aspects of the American consciousness. Why designate one? At the risk of playing Trivial Pursuit (Drama Critic Edition), I submit

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that identifying the national play would provide a useful tool in the building of the American nation. What one play nails us down as Americans? Which play can we attend when we want to look soberly at ourselves in the mirror?

The many revivals of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* all over the country make it an obvious candidate for the title of "the national play." The recent television production starring Dustin Hoffman no doubt drew many millions of Americans together for a single performance. They watched Hoffman's superb performance as Willy Loman crucifying himself on the cross of the American Dream. There he was again suffering through the last days of a life full of delusion, disillusionment, hope, and despair, and dying the death of a suicide.

Salesman is not only very accessible, but its plot, characters, and issues have been painfully comprehensible to an American audience. We recognize the roles of salesman, father, husband, homeowner, neighbor. Many have seen a parent ground down by the competitive nature of the business world. Most weep at the scene of a family, like their own, being torn apart by infidelity, resentment, and guilt. All fear being treated like a piece of fruit by an employer, ending up like a peeling cast on the garbage after the orange is gone.

But I must say that, especially after viewing the television production, I fear that the position of *Death of a Salesman* on the list of candidates for national play—compelling, wrenching, purging though it is—is in jeopardy. In 1985, *Salesman* seems locked in a world of white male supremacy, the nuclear family, the detached house, and "America-the-greatest-country-in-the-world" ideology. Not that there aren't a great many people in the United States who still subscribe to those values, but there is an increasingly large number of genuine Americans who can't identify with Willy. *Death of a Salesman* is no longer universal enough to qualify for the national play.

I nominate *The Iceman Cometh.* (Do I hear a second? Probably not.) It is certainly one of Eugene O'Neill's greatest achievements, and one of his largest. There are nineteen characters, most of them principals, and four acts. The production which is playing Broadway this fall played for six weeks under the auspices of the American National Theatre at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. At its axis are two seasoned and venerable O'Neill interpreters: Jose Quintero as the production's director and Jason Robards in the leading role of Hickey. Quintero and Robards are renewing their own relationship to the play, having served it in the same capacities at the landmark Circle-in-the-Square Theatre production in 1956.

I nominate *The Iceman Cometh* for selection as the national play. (Do I hear a second? Probably not.) In any case, this production excels.

Everything about this production is first rate. Each role has been carefully cast according to type and talent. O'Neill's play gives the actors the rare opportunity to give virtuoso performances in their own roles and also to join one of the largest, most thoroughly organic, most intelligent and sensitive acting ensembles I have ever had the pleasure to see. Barnard Hughes gives a definitive performance as Harry Hope, the old Irish politician and saloon owner. Bill Moore, as the English officer Cecil Lewis, looks so disconcertingly like Eugene O'Neill that the ghost of the playwright fairly haunts the stage throughout. The setting is a perfect realization of the dingy back room of the saloon. It is at once so grimly real *and* surreal, floating in squalid insularity, hardly within sight of the rest of the world.

On stage in the august Eisenhower Theatre, *The Iceman Cometh* assumes the character of a national event. The Kennedy Center itself is one of our most stunning buildings. If one doesn't care for the architecture, one must at least be moved by the majestic proportions of this temple of the arts erected on behalf of a nation of commoners. Here, in the shadows of our national monuments—the Capitol, the White House, the Washington Monument, the black-granite Viet Nam Memorial, the Watergate Hotel—and among the busts of Presidents Kennedy and Eisenhower, any production takes on a special, *focal* quality, as if the world were watching. It is in this setting that more than 1,000 people watched Jason Robards, a genuine national treasure, and his excellent company re-enact O'Neill's gloomiest tragedy of the human consciousness in crisis.

Eugene O'Neill wasn't much interested in families, or houses, or jobs. He was less concerned with the relationship between a man and his wife and children, or with his boss, than he was with the relationship between Man and God. O'Neill's characters are usually in conflict with something ultimate, something at the core of their own being. Over roughly thirty years, O'Neill ground out a series of tragedies in which one Sisyphean hero after another muscles the stone of his soul up the mount of happiness, only to watch it roll back again into the pit of despair. O'Neill characters—seamen, prosti-

tutes, farmers, explorers, train conductors, architects, and salesmen—are tragic dreamers. They dream of belonging to a club that admits no members: the contented. Their futile striving after the dream confers on them the only nobility that was of any interest to Eugene O'Neill. "To me, the tragic alone has that significant beauty which is truth," he wrote in 1921. "It is the meaning of life—and the hope."

At an early point in his career, O'Neill discovered that only a *grand* dramatic form would serve his ideas. The plots are spacious, so that men and women may play out the life-contest and realize their destinies. The characters are psychologically true, though their psychologies are less revealed through conversation than they are worn externally like masks. (O'Neill experimented extensively with theatrical masks.) The dialogue is grounded in the language of everyday life, but its structure bears more resemblance to the versicle-response form of the litany than the intimate conversation. Indeed, O'Neill did not write plays for an intimate theatre but for a vast theatre. Like the plays of Shakespeare, O'Neill's plays do not fit comfortably on the television screen.

By 1939, when he began work on *The Iceman Cometh,* O'Neill's concept of the heroic had shifted from what it had been in the experimental, innovative 1920s. Doomed though an O'Neill hero had always inevitably been, in the earlier plays he stared squarely at the truth of his existence and met his destiny with magnificent vigor. The "heroes" of O'Neill's later plays are usually too drunk or deluded to see anything very clearly. The dramatist's vision was now colored by his personal experience with the ravages of disease, disillusionment with the professional theatre, and domestic turmoil.

In 1939, O'Neill looked gloomily at a world on the verge of a war, better armed, better able to destroy itself, and more convinced than ever of its moral rectitude. *The Iceman Cometh* is another of O'Neill's plays about dreamers, but these characters dream in order to survive. *Iceman* is about "pipedreams," induced by doses of booze and ritualized recitations of hopes for tomorrow. Hope is like hop to the opium addict: the stuff that both gets him through the day by putting him under, and drags him ever downward by corrupting his system.

This is another of Eugene O'Neill's plays about dreamers, but these characters dream in order to survive.

In *Iceman* and the plays that followed O'Neill wrote hatefully, humorously, compassionately about dreamers. But if he turned his fertile imagination to composing variations on the theme of "loser," he remained committed to the *grand* form. The pathetic collection of end-of-the-liners dozing on dirty tabletops represents a global collection of national and ethnic heritages, who've melted into a single American pot. Each brings with him the central lie of his existence and stirs it into this stew of self-delusion.

Willie Oban, for example, is a young, Harvard-trained lawyer given all the advantages of wealth by a father who was a fraud and a stock swindler. The Dutchman Piet Wetjoen fought against the British in the Boer War. Cecil Lewis was an English officer in the same conflict. James "Jimmy Tomorrow" Cameron covered the Boer War as a journalist. Joe Mott, a light-skinned Negro, owned a successful gambling casino frequented by whites. A few years back Pat McGloin, a police officer convicted of corruption, was dismissed from the force. His pal Ed Mosher worked for a traveling circus. Before Hugo Kalmar succumbed to chronic dipsomania, he was an anarchist-intellectual and a member of the so-called "Movement." Twenty years before, Harry Hope himself was a Tammany ward politician. His wife's death broke his heart, and since that time he hasn't set foot out of his hotel.

The musty smell of morbidity surrounds the delusions of two other characters. One, Larry Slade, agonizes over his departure from the anarchist movement. He tells himself that he departed because he was cursed by a mind disinclined to dogma. His resignation from the cause weighs on him like desertion and he dreams only of a quick death and "the big sleep." His own sense of guilt is exacerbated just now by the presence of young Don Parritt, the son of Rosa Parritt, a leader of the anarchist movement on the West Coast and Larry's former lover. Rosa Parritt and her associates are now in prison. Don protests his love and deep concern for her, but bears the secret burden of having informed the police of his mother's whereabouts. By the end of the play, Parritt will face up to the truth that he acted out of hatred toward his mother and leap to his death from the fire escape. Larry will pronounce the suicide necessary, if not necessarily good.

Life for most of these people is frozen in the past tense. They "were," "had been," "used to be." Their present is hidden by a boozy haze which occasionally clears, usually in time for free lunch at Harry's bar. To a man, they are committed to the future. The future begins tomorrow and

they are card-carrying members of the "Tomorrow Movement." Tomorrow, Willie will see about getting a job in the District Attorney's office; Cecil Lewis will use his connections in the British consulate to get a post with Cunard; and Piet Wetjoen will labor long enough to pay for a passage home. Tomorrow, Jimmy will get his old newspaper job back; Ed Mosher will catch up with the circus; Pat McGloin will get his case reopened and be reinstated; and Harry Hope will take a walk around the ward where twenty years ago he would have been a shoo-in for alderman, had he had the heart for the job.

Their blind devotion to Tomorrow buoys these men in a sea of despair. And once a year they have Harry's birthday party to look forward to. Harry's traditional mode of celebration is to stake everybody to enough liquor to free them from their pain, whether it be located in their body or soul.

At the opening of *Iceman,* the gang is at the nadir of a yearly cycle: the psychic and spiritual pain is at its most intense, the dreams of tomorrow are more and more like nightmares, and Harry Hope is closing a tight fist around the therapeutic bottles of booze. But every year at this time, the joint gets its annual visit from Theodore "Hickey" Hickman, a glad-handing, free-spending hardware salesman who pays birthday respects to his pal Harry in the form of a drinking binge. And like primitives celebrating the return of the vernal equinox, the group at Harry Hope's worships this Hickey. He's confident, poised, quick-witted, and a friend to all. He's good for lots of free drinks and one joke after another. He's also the man who can make the tomorrow dream real: paralyzed with drink today and back in business tomorrow.

Hickey's friends know that he'll begin his seasonal ritual with his signature joke that goes something like this: an unsuspecting husband calls his wife on the telephone. He is about to hang up after a pleasant conversation when he asks her, "Honey, did the iceman come yet?" She responds, "No, but he's breathing heavy." The boys wait for Hickey to assure them that he left his wife in the hay with the iceman. It's a signal for the festivities to begin.

Like someone newly free of a nicotine addiction, Hickey has become a preacher against illusion and in favor of truth.

But when the drummer at long last arrives, even the drunkest of his disciples perceives that he's acting queerly. He mysteriously announces that he's on a new kick: truth. After years of periodically wallowing with these low-lifes in the alchoholic mud, Hickey claims that he doesn't need the stuff anymore. He doesn't need booze to float his dreams anymore, because he's rid of them. No more "pipedreams," as he calls them.

Like someone newly free of a nicotine addiction, Hickey has become a preacher against the pipedream vice. (He believes he was born to the calling since his father was an evangelist back home in Indiana.) On the pretext of affection for these hopeless hopefuls, he embarks on a program of tough love. He'll treat the gang to a night of drinking, if, in the morning, they'll either make good on their promises or confess their utter hollowness. To a man, they accept Hickey's dare, insisting indignantly that they'll be out on the streets tomorrow.

But Hickey hasn't come to reform these people, or even to put them back to work. After all, they're his friends. He wants to give them the peace of mind that comes from surrendering one's illusions. The salesman knows that those dreams will dissipate like a cloud of vapor from a still if the dreamers ever make a move to realize them. And they do. The next morning the denizens, sober, shaky, and frightened to death, cross Harry Hope's threshold into the outside world: Willie to the D.A.'s office, Lewis to the British Consulate, Joe Mott to seek out a new gambling den, Harry Hope for his walk around the ward, etc. Even Chuck, the bartender, and Cora, a streetwalker, go out determined to be married and to start a new life together on a farm in New Jersey.

But one act later the members of the group come skulking back to the bar, cowering at the prospect of ever going out again. As Hickey had foreseen, each one has failed miserably. The real world has beaten them up and stripped them of their dreams. They are now cognizant of their true status as failures. But instead of enjoying their new peace of mind with Hickey's care-free bravado, they are embarrassed, angry, bitter, and cynical. Even Harry's free booze fails to give them the old comfort. Hickey is deeply disappointed at their attitude. He had been sure that once they were rid of the weight of their dreams they'd be as happy as clams. Fearful that he's somehow got it wrong, Hickey relives the exorcism of his own pipedream.

Hickey's long monologue combines aspects of a confession, a sermon, and a vaudeville routine. Far from being the kind of woman to be found in bed with the iceman, Evelyn Hickman was a kind of saint. She repeatedly forgave Hickey for ever grosser acts of vice. His drinking binges, long absences, and philandering pained her deeply, but never shook her faith in his

prospects for doing better. She even forgave him after he infected her with venereal disease. Each of his beloved Evelyn's acts of charity added to Hickey's guilt load until he could bear it no longer. He loved her so much, according to his pipedream, that he wished she were dead, for then she wouldn't have to suffer on his account. But one night he came home and found his wife sleeping. In a flash he saw a way out. Casting off the pipedream, he would kill her, not because he loved her, but because he hated her for loving him. Hickey murdered his wife Evelyn and came to the saloon, free of his pipedream, fully aware of his own moral wretchedness, and apparently without illusions or cares.

Hickey has deprived his friends of the comforting dream that they were essentially good and would prove it tomorrow.

Hickey's story doesn't impress his listeners, who are resentful of the man who took away their only comfort: the dream that they were essentially good and would prove it tomorrow. Speaking for the group, Harry heckles Hickey: "give it a rest," he carps repeatedly. Hickey himself has called the police to prove to himself that even prison and execution can't disturb his new peace of mind. But as he remembers himself standing over Evelyn's bed delivering his last message of hatred before the act, he falters. He can't accept the bitter truth and gives in to the pipedream of temporary insanity. As the police lead him out of the saloon, he begs for somebody to listen to him.

Hickey's reversion to the pipedream reanimates the saloon. Even though he is off to his doom, he has given them back what he so cruelly stripped away. Within moments the liquor regains its kick. The boys' disparagement of Hickey turns quickly into a recitation of their dreams for tomorrow. And then into songs of celebration as they begin to inundate tomorrow in enough booze to make sure it will never come.

With Hickey's arrest and the return of the saloon to the status quo, the ritual is complete. The motley group of celebrants congregate. Their sins are exposed, and they confess, renounce, are absolved of, and embrace them again. The priest arrives among them. He is welcomed and attended. When he is discovered wearing the weeds of Death rather than the laurels of Life he is expelled. In this ritual, the Dream defeats the Reality one more time, but the dull thud of Don Parritt's body as it falls from the fire escape is a chilling reminder that one day the Iceman will come.

How could *The Iceman Cometh* be named the "national play"? Surely this is no time for gloominess, not when we're at peace, the stock market is over 1300, inflation is lower than it's been in a decade, and Americans are proud to raise the flag of our national dignity high above the four corners of the earth. Wouldn't a production of *Iceman* have been much more appropriate during the period of national malaise declared by President Carter several years ago?

The point is that a production of *Iceman* is appropriate at any time, for it reveals the central paradox of the American consciousness: the pipedream, as deluding as it may be, is an essential to our national good feeling, even our survival. Certainly we all have our own versions of the national pipedream. We can read them in our founding documents. We can hear them in the speeches of our leaders. If Ronald Reagan is the "Great Communicator," he is also the "Great Pipedreamer." The population extends to this President its almost unprecedented benediction for keeping our dreams squarely in front of us. And certainly it would mean the bitter end of America as we know it if we had to give them up. But every once in a while, at least once every thirty years or so, we ought to call for a production of the national play, to remind ourselves that the iceman cometh.

Not the Last Word On South Africa

Albert R. Trost

Over the years my columns in this journal have normally focused on the nation's foreign affairs rather than its domestic concerns. Though I could claim that I am academically better-prepared to discuss foreign policy and the problems of a broader world, the reader should be a bit suspicious of that argument. The same tendency to concentrate on foreign problems over domestic is shown by many of the world's leaders, including some of our recent Presidents. We suspect national leaders who do this kind of thing of avoiding the hard questions of unemployment, budget deficits, inflation, and internal ethnic and religious divisions in their own countries. They often seek to distract the attention of their own citizens to a foreign focus where consequences are less direct and blame is harder to assess. Some of the attention South Africa gets must be suspected on these grounds.

In recent months, the problems of South Africa have received a lot of attention and have brought all kinds of closet experts out into the open. I will not be the first and certainly not the last to succumb to the temptation to comment on this tragic situation. Like most who have commented, I have much more to say about their problems than ours. I also find it easier to point out what their problems are than to suggest what we can do about them.

I am very pessimistic about the outcome in South Africa. I expect a good deal more violence will occur in that country. Repression and/or revolution are a good deal more likely than evolutionary reform of the present regime to bring about majority rule and a stable and pluralistic democracy. Not that it should be a top priority for other nations in the world to consider, but the national interests of the United States will suffer in any of the likely scenarios. Above all, we will see our frustration increase over our inability to have much influence on the course of events, short of the very unlikely event of direct outside intervention. President Reagan was probably correct when he said that the sanctions he proposed in September would have little effect on South Africa. Even so, it is hard to stand by and do or say nothing.

It seems to me that the key to South Africa not being able to reform itself is that it is both a democracy and an authoritarian regime. For its white minority, about 20 per cent of the total population, it is a democracy, following the British parliamentary model, with free elections and a real choice in those elections (even if the extreme Left is excluded from the process). Yet for the great majority of South Africa, especially the 70 per cent classified as Black, the society is obviously not a democracy at all. Blacks do not have the basic civil right of being able to vote for their governors.

Of all societies, democracies have the best chance of being peacefully reformed. This is done through the mechanism of free elections and contestation among two or more political parties. These political parties ideally represent genuine alternatives. In this kind of model, when the need for change becomes clear, an opposition political party takes up the cause of reform and gives the voters the chance of endorsing it. Reform then depends on attracting a majority or a plurality of votes.

In general terms, South Africa comes close to this model among the white minority. It has a two-party system. Although the two parties were fairly close to one another through the early 1970s, since then they have grown farther apart in what they stand for. The major opposition party today, the Progressive Federal Party, represents a significant alternative to the system of minority rule and *apartheid.* It stands for a major reform of the present system. It advocates a system of power-sharing for all races, not immediate rule by the black majority. Therefore, its reform proposals, while substantial, are not as drastic as they could be.

Yet, the case for reform has not been able to attract more than a third of the white vote over the past several national elections. It has not really threatened the dominant position of the National Party, which has ruled South Africa since 1948. In the last national elections among whites the reform position of the Progressive Federal Party and a related reform party, the New Republic Party, got 27 per cent of the vote. The governing Nationals got 57 per cent. An even harder-line position in favor of minority rule and *apartheid* received 15.5 per cent. It does not appear likely, therefore, that there will soon be a majority for reform with-

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in the white community. Obviously, democracy is not going to work here to bring reform.

This is a situation that is similar to that in Northern Ireland where we also have an obvious need for change, yet the majority (over 60 per cent) reject reform. Of course, the two situations differ in a major way. In Northern Ireland the entire population has the vote, and in South Africa the majority of residents do not. The lesson is clear nonetheless; democracy may resist reform rather than making it a peaceful possibility. It should not be counted on in South Africa.

Authoritarian regimes do not have the same structural opportunities for reform as democracies, but reform is possible here even if not very likely. A far-sighted authoritarian leader or oligarchy, if it is in power long enough and has some legitimacy with its subjects, can reform itself. Sadat made some moves in this direction in Egypt, though he obviously did not go far enough for one group. Here, South Africa might be better off if it had a more completely authoritarian regime, or one-man rule. Power is too widely shared. We have already seen the support for the present rulers and their policies among a strong majority of the white population. The ruling party also shares a culture and value-system with a majority of the white population, those who speak Dutch, attend Dutch Reformed churches, and identify themselves as Afrikaaners. These factors would appear to impose definite restraints on the leadership in moving too far ahead of the white majority in reforming the society.

Authoritarian regimes also get reformed when the legitimacy of the ruling group or leader crumbles and the regime is overthrown and replaced by an opposition group. This is usually given the label of a *coup d'etat.* It does not need to be associated with a lot of violence, assuming that the outgoing group does not have much support. A coup that would replace the present leaders of South Africa with a group of reformers seems very unlikely. First of all, the present rulers have a lot of support in the white community and a good deal of legitimacy there. As a second consideration, the opponents of the present regime in the white community are primarily businessmen, clergymen, and university students and professors. None of these groups has access to the kind of physical force needed to remove the government. There is also no precedent for the extra-constitutional seizure of power in recent South African history. Military and police leadership seems firmly in back of present policies and rulers.

If reform means civil rights for blacks, including voting and the ending of all restrictions on physical movement within South Africa, reform by any of the three routes discussed does not seem likely. Majority rule among the whites will not produce it. A coup is unlikely. Dictatorship, benevolent or not, is too far outside the democratic traditions South Africa has inherited. That leaves maintenance of the *status quo* or revolution as the remaining possibilities.

II

A maintenance of the *status quo* is a definite possibility for the near future. However, the risks and costs of this outcome will grow for all concerned, approaching unacceptable limits. The white minority will bear higher costs in terms of larger budgets to maintain law and order, greater destruction of their property and investments, and greater sacrifices in their standard of living in the face of economic sanctions applied by the rest of the world. The non-white majority will directly suffer greater loss of life and property as a result both of the repression of protest by the state and of the communal rioting which seems to be increasing. They also suffer from the economic sanctions levied against South Africa. The other nations of the world suffer, some more than others, because of the costs of the economic sanctions against South Africa in terms of trade and investment opportunities. The moral strength of other nations is sapped because of existence of this obvious anomaly in a world which regularly proclaims in the United Nations and elsewhere its adherence to the principles of equality and self-determination.

The present South African regime can hold out for some time yet, but it faces a movement for black majority rule in South Africa that is unlikely to withdraw or retreat. That movement has numbers on its side. It has national organizations, like the African National Congress, that transcend ethnic and tribal groups. It has internationally recognized leaders, two of whom have won the Nobel Peace Prize. Generally, the black movement has almost cornered the market on world political elite support. Its cause regularly wins overwhelming majorities in votes in the United Nations General Assembly and Security Council. The black majority is no longer isolated from these expressions of support and encouragement. These links with the outside world, coupled with some recent small concessions from the South African regime, have raised the tide of political expectations of the majority.

Not only is the movement for majority rule beyond quashing or turning back, it is also probably beyond the use of constitutional avenues to express itself. The right to vote was denied to it, even though it was recently granted to Colored

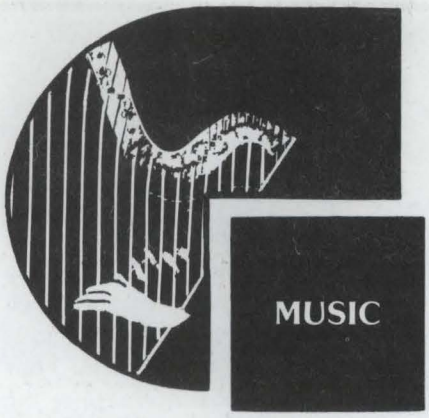
and Indian minorities in South Africa, who also received their own assemblies, separate from the sovereign white national parliament. The black political organizations, except those created by the regime, have been banned. Many of the black leaders have been jailed or exiled.

Because they have been denied constitutional avenues for their demands, the black majority are forced into extra-constitutional expressions. Strikes, street demonstrations, riots, even terrorism have been on the increase over the last few years. These direct challenges to its legitimacy and authority cannot be ignored by the regime. Its response is also often extra-legal. The cycle of violence and repression has been all too obvious this year. An unconventional civil (or guerrilla) war is a distinct possibility.

Obviously, all of us would like to avoid the prospect of extended violence in South Africa. At the same time, we cannot support the continuation of the present regime and a policy of violent repression. We cannot, in the face of world opinion, deny the values of self-determination and political equality to which the black majority lays claim. Yet experience has shown that world opinion, our behind-the-scenes influence, and even some economic sanctions have not induced the basic reforms to which the black majority aspires.

We are left with a very unpleasant choice. We can either lag behind or join the rest of the world in making symbolic gestures, or we could lead the world in a more direct application of sanctions. The latter choice may not work either, and is not likely until at least after the Presidential elections in 1988. By that time it may be too late.

On second thought, domestic political issues in the United States may be easier to handle.



In Honor of The Birthdays

Linda C. Ferguson

Every so often, a year is bountiful. In 1985, musicians have made a point of recalling that 1685 was such a year—and so 1985 has been richer for our recollections. We had been relieved, at least symbolically, when 1984 ended; who wants to contribute, even inadvertently, to apocalyptic imagery? So with the passing of the year of the Big Brother came the year of the Big Birthdays, commemorating a variety of remarkable contributors to the music of western civilization.

As this year wanes, it seems unnecessary to announce that 1985 marks the 300th anniversary of the birth of Johann Sebastian Bach. Most people are also aware that George Frederick Handel, that German-born English composer of Italian operas, was born the same year, though fewer are aware that the prolific Italian composer of keyboard literature, Domenico Scarlatti, whose work pre-figures the classical style of the next era, was also born in 1685. Fewer still realize that 1985 signals a 400th year for Heinrich Schütz, and a 100th for both Alban Berg and Jerome Kern. (It would have been nifty if a 200-year-old composer could have been found to commemorate, but 1785 seems not to have been a good year for composer-birthing; this bi-centennial year seems therefore to belong to the American naturalist J. J. Audubon and to one of the Brothers Grimm.)

For almost two years now, attractive brochures have filled my mailbox, each announcing yet another series of concerts or conferences or scholarly papers devoted to one or more of the birthday honorees. Inevitably, advertisements for adjunct consumer goods followed. Before 1984 was finished, I received as gifts both a daily appointment book and a handsome illustrated calendar, each a virtual encyclopedia of information and pictures pertaining to the Bach family. It has therefore been possible for me on any day this year to learn several new facts about Bach which pertain to *that day,* just by looking at my studio wall. I confess I have not learned too many of these facts, though as a historian I relish the easy access to information.

I have been a litle worried about these birthdays; I feel like I haven't done enough, personally, to observe them, although I have joined in the collective observances of my department here at V.U., where the celebrating has been taken quite seriously. Nineteen eighty-five at this University has featured a year-long Bach organ recital series; a faculty chamber concert devoted to the music of Schütz; an opera workshop production of Handel's *Imeneo;* and now, in November, an 8-day festival of concerts, lectures, and masterclasses, and the premiere of a specially-commissioned festival work by Alan Hovhaness, all to honor the 300-year-old J. S. Bach.

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The actual birthdate, back in March, was marked by faculty members performing favorite selections in the gallery of the Chapel of the Resurrection. Among us, we had so many favorites that the evening turned into a "marathon," although it hadn't been meant to. Afterwards we ate decorated cakes. Handel's date, February 23, passed without special notice here (although quite unintentionally, I spent that afternoon rehearsing a Handel sonata for an up-coming concert).

Throughout 1985, I played Bach works, taught them, and listened to them. I watched PBS specials, and read the cover story of *Newsweek;* I attended, among other special events, a rather startling one-man show by a "Bach impersonator." I now offer this essay just in case I have not done enough to celebrate (although, not being a "Bach scholar," I have nothing especially new or insightful to say). Even as I worry that I have probably not done enough in honor of The Birthdays (especially JSB's), I muse over why so much is made of them. What good reasons are there for all this celebrating? Every person, dead or alive, has a birthday in every calendar year. Bach's music was no less worthy of notice on his 299th birthday than on his 300th.

Occasionally I have had the uncomfortable feeling that "birthday bashes" are merely hooks on which to hang cultural fashions, to be donned, and presumably discarded, when the season changes. Despite these misgivings, I am convinced that we should celebrate. My theories to justify celebration are not complex; they are probably obvious and taken for granted by everyone else, but since I may not have done enough to celebrate The Birthdays, I shall enumerate them.

First, and simply, the celebrations help musicians decide what to do next. Neither student nor seasoned professional musician can hope to master the body of standard repertoire for any performing medium. *Ars longa, vita brevis.* This year, at least, the choice is easier. "Everyone will play pieces by Bach this year," I tell my piano students cheerfully as the term begins. They nod with enthusiasm. In fact, the college curriculum prescribes that Bach be studied *every* year in the piano studio, but this year the requirement is transformed into a party invitation.

Secondly, also simply, I believe that amateur musicians and the general listening public are assisted and educated by enforced attention to a particular repertoire. One can not discern elements of a style (whether of a composer, or national school, or epoch) by hearing one example, or by hearing isolated examples only occasionally. Whole concerts, whole radio and television broadcasts, whole record-club series devoted to the music of Bach, or of the late baroque, invite a more coherent and sophisticated understanding of the style, of what makes baroque music *baroque.* Works other than the standard favorites (e.g., *Messiah* or the Brandenberg Concerti) become more familiar, featured in record stores and in FM radio programming, revealing the wealth of expressive and sonorous possibilities with the style.

Thirdly, by celebrating birthdays, "Bach" becomes more than the abstract and distant name attached to a great deal of important music; he becomes, for a great many listeners, more of a fellow human being. Knowledge of how Bach looked and dressed, for whom he worked, and details of his home life, while of secondary importance to most musicians, may provide the personal link some listeners need to feel some lively relationship to the sounds. If knowing some Bach "trivia" leads a listener to enhanced enjoyment and more informed and sensitive appreciation, positive reinforcement will likely follow: one likes what one knows, and knows what one likes. What begins as fashion consciousness becomes increased awareness of the conditions of the music, and, likely, an expanded repertoire for listening.

As I draft this essay, on August 29th, I note that, according to my J. S. Bach 300th Birthday Engagement Calendar, on this date in 1705, the 20-year-old J. S. Bach appeared at a court hearing in Arnstadt. The charges concerned a brawl which ensued when Bach (allegedly) called a student a "nanny-goat bassoonist." I am sufficiently struck by the whimsy of this detail to verify it in a respectable scholarly source. Sure enough, the bassoonist's name was Geyersbach; Bach called him a *Zippelfagottist,* and in return was called a *Hundsfott,* before the hitting started. It makes me like Bach no less—and perhaps I like him a little more—to know that this (or something like this) took place.

Fourthly, birthday celebrations seem to have rejuvenating and recreational effects on the musical professions as well as upon the general listening public, for they foster new forms of collaborative effort. They provide a focus, albeit sometimes a temporary and artificial one, for cross-disciplinary exchanges, frequently made possible (or at least motivated) by the special funding that such occasions can generate. Performers, cultural historians, instrument builders, and liturgists, for example, might all be involved in plannning a single festival event. Musicologists, who have frequently been cast in an adversarial role ("purist-idealist"), are consulted by performers on all manner of questions of historical instruments and performance practice.

Indeed, this year's tercentenary observances reveal that musicology,

a discipline less than a century old in the American academy, has clearly come of age. An excellent collection of essays by critic and scholar Joseph Kerman, published this year, contains an extended treatment of the developing relationship between historical musicology and performance, particularly with regard to Bach.[1] Kerman outlines the history of allowing (or requiring) historical information and consciousness to govern choices made by practical musicians in the natural course of performance. Musicology, as he explains, seeks "to reconstruct and understand the music of the past." The actual work of the musicologist in direct service of such reconstruction and understanding involves at least three phases: 1) to establish the content of critical texts (that is, to discover, as definitively as possible, what information the composer intended that the musical notation would convey); 2) to "establish or try to establish all those features of the music that conventional musical notation leaves out" (that is, to determine what "interpretative" choices the performer should make, beyond the directions clearly evident in the score, which would be compatible, expressively and sonorously, with the conventions of the time and place of origin, and with the intentions, so far as they can be known, of the composer); and 3) to inquire into the mechanical and acoustical conditions of the instruments and settings through and in which the composition was intended, by its composer, to be heard.

Traditionally, the thesis of the historical musicologist, in its most conservative and simple form, has been that all musical performances should, so far as possible, occur within an interpretative and physical framework constructed to match the traditions and conditions of the time and place in which the work was composed. As Kerman notes, this standard of "historical performance has served and still serves as a lightning-rod for discharges of high tension between musicologists and other musicians."

Kerman charts the history of these tensions, making clear and useful distinctions between such concepts as "historical interpretation" and "historical performance" (in the former, the performer seeks to make interpretative choices—of articulation, tempo, ornamentation and the like—based on awareness of the practices and aesthetic intentions of the age in question; in the latter, the performer attempts to re-create a feeling of the age itself, using the music as a kind of encoded information). There are good reasons for each approach to exist; it is a matter whether history or music is the primary focus.

[1]Joseph Kerman, "The Historical Performance Movement," in *Contemplating Music: Challenges to Musicology* (Harvard University Press, 1985), pp. 182-217.

To a Nanny

Bearing the cold, the bone-numbing cold still
slamming down alleys and lofting like missiles
debris towards the wounds of their ramshackle cities,

you run all three flights up on one long breath to
colapse by the fire Stella has built and thaw as she's
hugging your children goodbye, promising, always in

that fractured English while pulling her boots on, she'll
be back tomorrow for stories and toasting marshmallows and
walks in the snow and prayers in Polish, if they are good.

Then goes. Out in the devilish wind ripping wide their
frail cities; their cardboard escarpments; their plastic-
sheet walls; their chairs shoved together in doorways or
under the El; their now and then windowless, motorless
ears warmed by flame not as big as your finger in cans
plucked from dumpsters and gutters along Armitage.

Through the eyes of your children you watch her below,
head tucked in the fur of your giveaway coat, hurrying
home past their guardian faces grey with the cold,
their muffled requests, their stomping half-circles in
tune with the wind
and wonder. Will she tomorrow
confess as they pass under the girders across to the park,
tightening her grasp on their warm-mittened hands, she's
never seen, never, not even in Warsaw,
freezing like that?

Lois Reiner

Kerman's essay brings to mind the words of pianist-scholar Charles Rosen, a veteran with a different metaphor: "You can destroy a piece in two ways. You can play it in such a way that it has no cultural context at all, so that you are just playing notes. This may have a private meaning for you, but may not have any meaning that could possibly have had to do with the period from which the work came. Or, you could play it as if it only had a certain kind of historical value, and no meaning for today. So many performances today are just an archaeological reconstruction. . . . I feel caught in the crossfire."[2]

In an unusual and highly creative approach to the issue of historical performance, James Parakilas has proposed that our conventional classifications of classical music and popular music have been misapplied to repertoire and should, in fact, classify divergent attitudes toward performance.[3] He suggests three categories as models for understanding these attitudes: classical, early, and new music. Performances by "classical" musicians "derive from reading the whole tradition as a map of expression, more than from close examination of extracts from one layer of history. . . . The styles a classical performer displays are formed with the aid of historical evidence. . . . The classical style of playing Beethoven is not Beethoven's style of playing, but a style about Beethoven."

By contrast, "early-music" performers reconstruct performing conditions of the past; the intention of re-creation is so complete as to free itself of style-consciousness at all: the re-created style is made to seem natural and immediate, the performer and listener being translated completely into a new (old) context which they accept as viable. The early music attitude, Parakilas believes, is a way of performing which "makes Bach belong to his own time, not to all time."

Parakilas' third category of approach to performance, "new music," assumes unfamiliarity, whether because the composition itself is new or because the work or style can possibly present itself as new to the listener. "New music [performance] forms a context in which a major triad or a well-known tune by Rossini can sound new." I am reminded of occasionally invoking this attitude helping students listen to Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony for the first time; of trying to help them hear the intruding C-sharp in the opening theme as an intruding "foreign" tone which challenges the establishment of E-flat major tonality.

Many other essays and research papers could be cited to provide evidence from this year of celebrations that musicology is growing up as a discipline and is clarifying, if not resolving, the problems of its relationship to performance. In a paper given at a recent meeting of harpsichordists, V.U.'s Professor Newman Powell reminded us that the historically-informed performance must not be presumed "dull," and that, in fact, historical consciousness will prevent staleness in effect.[4] Likewise, William S. Newman has argued recently that the performance practices now taken for granted by educated keyboard players of baroque music must not be followed blindly, as a recipe for "good taste," but must be considered guidelines by which intelligent and sensitive interpretative choices are informed but not dictated.[5]

Throughout many current articles dealing with baroque performance these days runs the welcome strain of thought which emphasizes the (historically justifiable) "affective" or expressive quality of the baroque style. Now that almost every performer knows to begin the trill on the upper note instead of the principal note, more attention can be given to the expressive intentions of the work and the conveyance of this intention through performance.

To conclude, and in a broader vein, I must register my belief in the virtue of birthday celebrations because they remind us that the test of time is a good one—that excellence does endure. A tercentenary does not mark endurance commensurate with that of a Euripides or a Plato, or even of a Dante or a Leonardo. But in a world where furniture from the 1950s and clothing from the 1960s are considered antique, and pop songs from last year are goldie oldies, we celebrate that something musical—both sensuous and rational—endures which connects us with a deeper past, and with a greater spirit. Although recent scholarship has revealed that Bach's "conservative" nature, both personally and musically, may have been exaggerated in the (generally true) myth of Bach as the church musician *par excellence,* the memory of Bach whose aim was "to give honor to God and instruction to one's fellow-man"[6] endures and inspires all of us who share either or both of those aims on a regular basis.

[2]Jeffrey Wagner, "The Classical Style of Charles Rosen; An Interview," *Clavier,* March, 1984, p. 16.

[3]James Parakilas, "Classical Music as Popular Music," *Journal of Musicology,* III (Winter, 1984): 1-18.

[4]Newman Powell, "History, Pseudo-History, and Pure Fabrication," presented at St. Mary's College, February, 1985.

[5]William S. Newman, "Four Baroque Keyboard Practices and What Became of Them," *The Piano Quarterly* (Summer, 1985), pp. 19-26.

[6]"*Dem höchsten Gott allein zu ehren, Dem Nächsten, draus sich zu belehren,*" from the dedication to the book of harpsichord pieces for Anna Magdalena Bach, his second wife.

THE LAST WORD

Dates Data

Dot Nuechterlein

One day in the library I came upon a fascinating book. I highly recommend it to you for some browsing fun.

Chase's Annual Events, published by Contemporary Books of Chicago, is a listing for each day in the year of worldwide holidays, holy days, national and ethnic celebrations, seasons, festivals, fairs, anniversaries, notable birthdays, special events, and traditional observances. It is a veritable treasure of trivia.

The fact that I noticed this paperback volume was serendipitous; I stood in the reference room waiting for someone, my eyes wandering over the books lying on a table, and this particular one was opened to the page telling of my birthday.

Now July 22 is an unremarkable date to celebrate as one's natal day. It was no fun as a child, since all the fuss was made over kids whose birthdays came during school. In addition, I will never forget the day during adolescence when my teen Bible class discussed the church year calendar and Big Mouth Bobby, who teased me unmercifully at every opportunity, discovered I was born on the day of St. Mary Magdalene. Mocking cries of "Fallen Woman" still ring in my ears.

A number of second-level celebrities share my day—people like Rose Kennedy and Orson Bean—but nobody really famous came into the world on the 203rd day of the year, as far as I know. In fact, I haven't even met more than two or three people in my whole life with the same birthday.

July 22 is also a confusing date astrologically speaking, since some zodiacs list it with Cancer but others include it with Leo. Fortunately I don't believe in any of that nonsense or I would probably suffer an identity crisis over it.

In short, my estimation of my birthdate has always been low to middling—the day is not quite an embarrassment, but nothing to brag about.

That has changed. William D. and Helen M. Chase have brought a surge of pride into my being with the revelation that July 22 is celebrated in various parts of the world as Rat-Catchers Day. Isn't that great? Furthermore, the day is so named because it is also the anniversary of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

You remember that story, of course. "According to legend," say the Chases, "the German town of Hamelin, plagued with rats, bargained with a piper who promised to, and did, pipe the rats out of town and into the Weser River. Refused payment for his work, the piper then piped the children out of town and into a hole in a hill, never to be seen again. All on July 22, 1376." Others suggest that the event occurred in 1284 when young Hamelinites set out for the New World.

What a wonderful, historic event! How thrilled I shall be to toast this date the next time it comes around on the calendar! And don't be surprised if you even get invited to a Rat-Catchers Party next summer.

But that's not all. No, indeed. *Chase's* says that July 22 is also the birth anniversary of the Rev. William Archibald Spooner, who lived in England 1844-1930. Surely you recall Spooner, the fellow whose frequent slips of the tongue led to the term "spoonerism." In referring to a crushing blow he would say it was a "blushing crow." Sons of toil became "tons of soil," dear old queen came out "queer old dean," and fell swoop was transformed into "swell foop." I have always felt a kinship with the old gent, and now I know why.

Unlike your more popular dates, July 22 has only a few other listings. This is the National Liberation Day of Poland, Hurricane Supplication Day in the Virgin Islands, and the start of the Royal Welsh Show in Llanelwedd Builth Wells, Powys. Obviously it is a date of international renown, and we have *Chase's* to thank for bringing this marvelous fact to our attention.

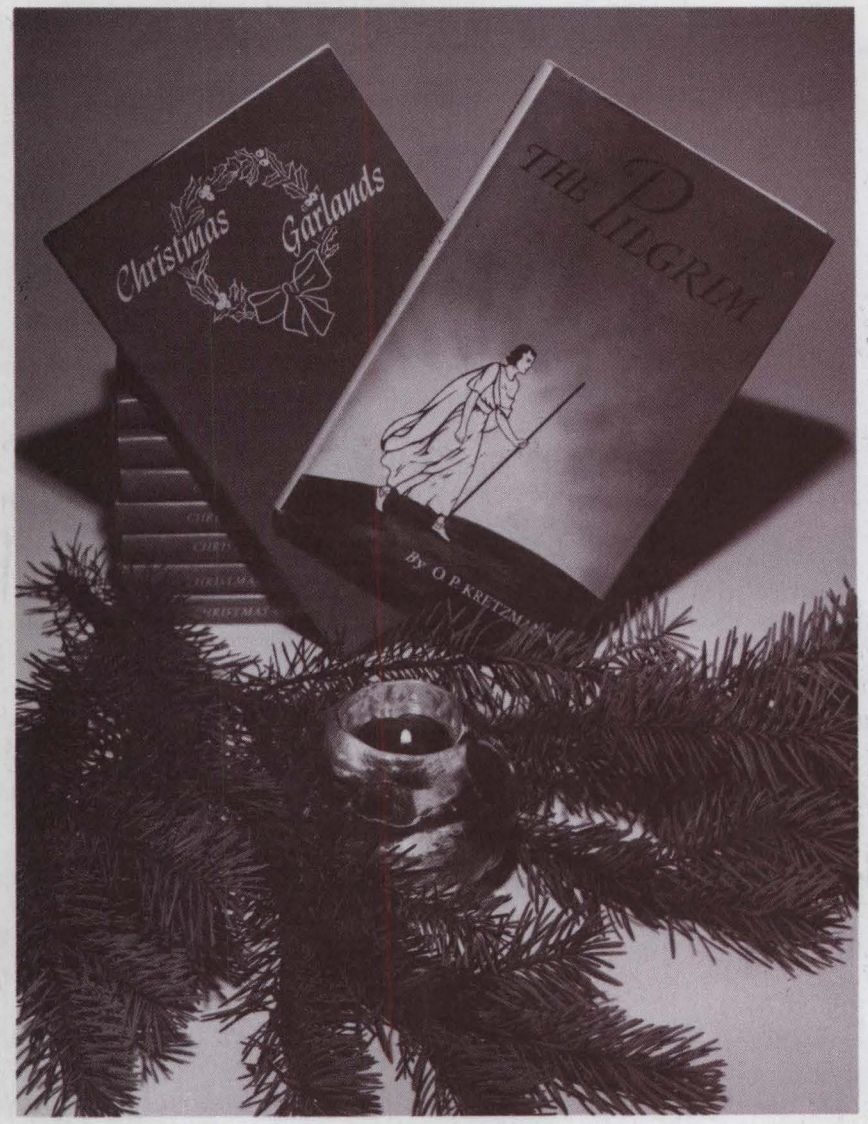
Naturally I immediately turned to other days of import. My wedding anniversary is Oct. 8; the only thing I've ever known about that day (apart from the fact that it would not have been memorable at all if the Tigers had won the pennant that year because the other party involved would have been at the World Series) is that Dorothy Sayers chose it for the wedding of my favorite fictional character, Lord Peter Wimsey. However, I now shall remember that it is the anniversary of the Chicago Fire.

Immediate family members have birthdays Sept. 29—Happy Fiscal New Year Festival and Xenophobe Understanding Day; Apr. 6—Anniversary of Brigham Young's 27th and Last Marriage; Mar. 4—National Procrastination Week (!); and Feb. 10—World Marriage Day.

Other relatives can celebrate Jan. 21—National Clean-Off-Your-Desk Day; May 15—Eldercare Kite Day and the Baltimore Preakness Frog Hop; Aug. 14—VJ Day and the Great American Tomato Canning Marathon; Sept. 30—Ask A Stupid Question Day; Oct. 5—the start of Unicorn Questing Season; and Nov. 8—Abet and Aid Punsters Day.

We could go on, but let's don't. March over to your local librarian and demand to see the current copy of this prize. You'll love it.

For Good Reading
In a Glad New Year



In Time— For Christmas

The herald angels' song is an everlasting antiphony . . . It moves down the centuries above, beneath, and in the earth from Christmas to Christmas to Christmas . . . In it alone is hope before death and after death . . . Their song lives to the 2,000th Christmas, to the 3,000th, and at length to the last Christmas the world will see . . . And on that final Christmas, as on the first, the angels will know, as we must know now, that the heart which began to beat in Bethlehem still beats in the world and for the world . . . And for us . . .

O. P. Kretzmann
The Pilgrim

Many years will pass before you understand Christmas . . . In fact, you will never understand it completely . . . But you can always believe in it, always . . . The Child has come to keep us company . . . To tell us that heaven is nearer than we had dared to think . . . To put the hope of eternity in our eyes . . . To tell us that the manger is never empty for those who return to it . . . And you will find with Him, I know, a happiness which you will never find alone . . .

O. P. Kretzmann
Christmas Garlands

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Mail to:

O. P. Kretzmann, President of Valparaiso University from 1940 to 1968, was also Editor of *The Cresset* from 1937 to 1968. In these two rare books many of his beloved "The Pilgrim" meditations were reprinted and are now available to new *Cresset* subscribers as a gift to themselves—or to give as a thoughtful Christmas gift to friends. *This offer expires December 16, 1985.* Current subscribers who wish to purchase either book may do so by sending $4.25 to cover shipping and the cost of the book.

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