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Cresset

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THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



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The
Cresset

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November, 1968

In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

The Politics of Decision

The first presidential campaign that we can remember was the one involving Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith in 1928. We were then in the third grade of St. Peter's Evangelical Lutheran School and the most direct way home took us past St. Bartholomew's Roman Catholic School. Having, as Sydney Smith put it, learned enough religion by then to know how to hate but not to love, we felt obliged to testify both to our Lutheranism and to our Republicanism by taunting the papist Democrats at St. Bartholomew's with a jingle which possessed, in addition to its confessional merit, a naughty word which we would not otherwise have dared to utter for fear that God or, worse still, Professor T. J. Koch, might have overheard us. It went something like this:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven.
When the devil rings the bell
All the Catholics go to hell.

We remember, still with a twinge of pain, that this early attempt at the free exercise of our religion was crudely suppressed by a bantam-weight redhead named Pat Ferry who, acting upon the Jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means, blacked our right eye and was positioning himself for a thrust at the other eye when a high school boy happened by and pulled him away.

Forty years have not dimmed the memory of that afternoon, nor invalidated the lesson which it taught us. Pat Ferry — on whose name be peace — taught us that power, whether it be German or Irish or WASP or Black, is the first requisite for respect in a religiously and ethnically pluralistic society such as ours. And from this it has always followed, in our thinking, that evil and injustice and oppression are not things to be bewailed but opposed. From which it further follows that when a society finds itself divided — and, as in our times, deeply divided — on questions of

basic principle, the political system should be so structured as to allow for an air-clearing confrontation rather than shoddy compromise.

The discontent bordering perilously on disillusionment which so many concerned Americans feel at the end of this year's presidential campaign is, we suspect, ascribable in large part to the fact that our system has not, this year, given us the opportunity to make clear-cut decisions on clearly-defined issues. The one and only good thing we can think of to say about Governor Wallace is that he is the one candidate who has leveled with us. We know where he stands — well enough to know that it would be disastrous if the country chose to stand with him. But as for Hubert Nixon and Richard Humphrey, we know only that they are for peace (although we do not know on what terms), for law and order (although we do not know at what sacrifice of justice), for the abolition of poverty (although we do not know at what price in taxation), and for fiscal responsibility (although we do not know at what cost in human values). So, for many of us, the elections are an exercise in futility. And we shall vote, if we vote, with the feeling of participating in a ritual rather than in any sort of decision-making process.

The System

But we shall vote.

If we did not believe — and believe deeply — in our system of government, we should not be writing angry editorials about the way it seems to be malfunctioning this year. We should simply cop out and let it run hell-bent to the junkyard which some of the most disillusioned among us believe is its inevitable destination.

We do not think that the system which has served us reasonably well for a longer time than any other political system in the world is headed for the junk-

yard. Even if we were black and poor, we think that we should see greater hope in this imperfect, jerry-built system of ours than in any of the alternatives which have been embraced by other countries.

What are these alternatives? For sheer efficiency, there is totalitarianism in its red or brown or black form. But who of us wants to be a creature of the state, grabbing for the morsels of freedom that fall from the masters' table? For maximum personal freedom, there is anarchy — except that when all men are wholly free to do whatever they will no man is free to do anything at all; the mob is the worst of all tyrants. For reasonable freedom with a large measure of order and efficiency there is benevolent autocracy or oligarchy. But no autocrat can for long remain benevolent and oligarchies degenerate into self-seeking Establishments. For dedication to moral principle there is theocracy, but it is worth remembering that it was theocracies that stoned the prophets of Israel and sent Roger Williams into exile.

So we are not giving up on the system. And we would urge those to whom it has not yet secured those unalienable rights for which governments are instituted among men not to give up, either. Every system is, in the final analysis, a means for allocating power. It is the special virtue of our system that within its very broad confines power is free-floating so that everyone — and every group — has the opportunity to grab ahold of as much of it as he needs to make his life reasonably secure, reasonably happy, and reasonably meaningful. The Black Power people understand this and they are just beginning to produce some superbly able leaders who, we honestly believe, will rejuvenate our system and give it a new lease on life. It is the champions of the old politics that we have to worry about. They are the ones who do not understand what America is all about and has always been about. They are the ones who want to tidy everything up and convert this flexible, adaptable, changeable system of ours into something so rigid that, being unable to bend under stress, it can only break.

And so, if nothing else that is good comes out of this dull, uninspiring campaign this year, it may prove to be the Last Hurrah for the old politics and the first step toward a revitalization of our public life. The change may not come quietly or without some upheavals, but it can come — and we believe that it will come — within the structures which allowed us to absorb the revolution of the common man under Jackson, the industrial revolution in the post-Civil War Era, the struggle between capital and labor at the turn of the century, the New Deal of a generation ago, and the assimilation of one ethnic group after another during these past two hundred years. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in the system, but in ourselves, that we have not achieved those things for which we hope.

The Senate and the Court

In our judgment, Justice Abe Fortas is eminently qualified to be Chief Justice of the United States. We do not have enough information to warrant a reasoned judgment on the qualifications of Judge Thornberry for a seat on the Supreme Court, although he appears to be at least as well qualified as any number of men who, in the past, have been approved with little or no debate in the Senate. The fact that both of the nominees happen to be friends of the President is altogether immaterial; as Senator Dirksen has observed, it would hardly be reasonable to expect a President to nominate personal enemies to such prestigious offices. The fact that President Johnson is leaving office next January is equally immaterial; a man is either President or not, and if he is it is his duty and privilege to exercise all of the powers of the presidency, including the power to fill vacancies as they occur in certain public offices. And the argument that Chief Justice Warren's resignation does not create a vacancy because his letter of resignation does not specify a particular date on which he would cease to function as Chief Justice falls under the weight of abundant precedent for resignations containing a promise to carry on until a successor is ready to take over.

But Article II, Section 2 of the Constitution of the United States provides that the President "shall nominate and, *by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate*, shall appoint . . . Judges of the Supreme Court." We do not find anywhere in the Constitution any suggestion that the advice and consent of the Senate is a mere formality, nor do we find any provision that the Senate must show cause for refusing to ratify a presidential nomination. The situation seems to be that the President is free to nominate whom he will, and the Senate is equally free to accept or reject his nomination. No man, however well qualified, is entitled to any appointive office in the Federal government. The Senate therefore does him no injustice if it refuses to confirm him in the office to which he has been nominated by the President. Indeed, the Senate is under no constitutional obligation to state any reasons for refusing to confirm him.

It seems probable that the reason why the authors of the Constitution made Presidential appointments subject to the advice and consent of the Senate was to give the Senate an effective voice in helping to set the course of public policy. If this is the case, the Senate may quite properly make considerations of political philosophy a factor in acting upon the nomination of a judge of the Supreme Court. One of the finest lawyers we have ever known — a hard-working, kindly, eminently fair man of massive integrity — we would never have nominated for the Supreme Court nor would we have voted to confirm him for the court simply because he was a narrow constructionist at a time when, in our judgment, the court need-

ed to interpret the constitution more liberally in the light of sociological considerations. Fair play requires us to grant to those who do not share these views of ours the right to withhold their consent from nominations which, in their judgment, would swing the court in a direction which they do not think it ought to take.

So what it all comes down to is that in a democracy no one can insist on having his own way. The one thing he can insist on is a fair break within the rules of the game. If he gets that kind of break, he will win a few and lose a few — which is fair enough. And so, while we strongly favored the confirmation of Mr. Fortas and Mr. Thornberry, we see no proper grounds for faulting those senators who, for whatever reason, chose not to give their consent to the President's nominations.

Migration from Akademie?

There is no single, all-encompassing explanation of the tumult which has transformed colleges and universities all over the world from ivory towers into battlefields. All that we can say with any degree of certainty at this point is that a generation has risen up in rebellion against its elders and that there is every reason to believe that we have so far seen only the early skirmishes of this rebellion. Meanwhile, those of us who feel called to the life of the mind must decide, each for himself, whether the campus is still the best place for him to pursue his vocation.

Those of us who think of ourselves primarily as teachers may well conclude that our place is still on the troubled campus, trying as best we can to serve as midwives to whatever new thing it is that is being born in the travail of these days. But how many of us can really be useful in that role is a yet unanswered question. There are diversities of gifts, and not everyone who has the intellectual courage and vigor to adventure in the uncharted seas of new and even frightening ideas has been given the physical courage or stamina to survive in an atmosphere of actual or threatened violence. Teachers — among them some of the best — who are committed to the idea that controversies of ultimate significance are best resolved by reasoned, dispassionate debate may well conclude that they have nothing useful to offer to a generation which considers emotion a surer guide to truth than reason; and if they are free to do so, they may move on to quieter pastures.

Those of us who think of ourselves primarily as scholars have already, in disturbingly large numbers, concluded that the campus is not necessarily the best place to carry on our research. Industry and government have created para-academic institutions where one can pursue his research interests with a minimum of distraction and with better facilities and higher salaries than are the rule at most universities. The trend toward these para-academic institutions will

almost certainly be accelerated as the campus becomes increasingly uncongenial to serious scholarly work.

We are thus confronted with the irony that the long-term effect of student movements designed to improve the quality of university education will be the replacement of the university by other institutions as centers of intellectual life and activity. Excellence of any kind always operates in a seller's market. The excellent teacher and scholar have already found places at least as attractive as the university for their work and style of life. If they choose to abandon the university, it is most probable that their places will be taken by the hack, the educational bureaucrat, the third-rate time-server, and the perennial sophomore activist. And in that case, the latter state of the university will be worse than the first.

Toward Denver — II

In recommending that the Lutheran Church - Missouri Synod declare pulpit and altar fellowship with the American Lutheran Church, the leadership of the Missouri Synod is asking nothing more than that Synod take official notice of what has already happened within the laity of the two bodies.

There are probably few of us, in either church body, who have not seen this happen in our own family: Cousin Joe (MoSyn, parochial school product, teenage Walther Leaguer, faithful attendant at his MoSyn college chapel) gets transferred by his company to a town where there is no Missouri Synod Church. What he will do in these circumstances is almost wholly predictable: if there is a Lutheran church belonging to one of the other Lutheran bodies, he will join it. If there is no Lutheran church of any kind, he will, if he prefers a simple style of worship, join or at least attend the local Presbyterian church. If his tastes run to a more elaborate liturgy, he will affiliate with the local Episcopal church. If, for one reason or another, he does not go either of these ways, he may go Methodist or United Church or the local community church.

Cousin Joe ought not to go church-hopping like this — nor, probably, would he if he had read and understood Elert's *Eucharist and Church Fellowship in the First Four Centuries*. But Cousin Joe has all his life confined his theological reading to *Portals of Prayer* and it would serve no useful purpose to put a copy of Elert in his hands.

Which is not to say that Cousin Joe is not a Christian. He may, for all we know, be closer to his Lord than Elert or Luther or even St. Paul. But he would be the first to admit that he is no theologian. (Actually he is, of course, but he doesn't know it.) So, even though he may be fully persuaded that the Gospel in all its truth and purity is to be found only in a congregation affiliated with The Lutheran Church - Missouri Synod, he is likely to reason that some Gospel is better than none, and he is often surprised at how much Gospel he gets from clergymen who are not

listed in *The Lutheran Annual*.

He is likely to be especially surprised and delighted when, having reconciled himself to the necessity of getting his Gospel in an ALC or LCA church, he finds that it is the same Gospel with all the same force and power, and in the same familiar words, that he got back home in his MoSyn church. And he may resent being told that he is consorting with the heterodox, especially if he is aware of the wide range of theological opinion which, as a matter of fact, exists within the Missouri Synod.

Letter from Atlantic City

Dear Mr. Editor Sir:

I am a wholesome, All-American, shower-fresh girl, 36-24-36, with a talent for playing Strauss waltzes on the marimba, and I hope to become a nuclear physicist so that I can serve mankind by finding peaceful uses for the hydrogen bomb. I can not ask my father to finance my education because he only makes \$20,000 a year in his advertising business, so I entered the Miss America contest hoping that if I won I could get a scholarship and maybe some personal appearance fees which would enable me to put myself through college. Too, I felt that when God gives a girl a talent and figure like mine she ought not to hide her light under a bushel but let it shine in a world where there is so much ugliness and, you know, cheapness and all that.

So it kind of hurts me to hear all the mean things that people are saying about the Miss America Pageant. You know, things like how it cheapens American womanhood by giving people the impression that we are all looks and no brains and how it isn't really all-American because we don't have any Negro girls in it and all that. I don't think it is fair to say such things and I wish your magazine would speak up for us and tell your readers what a wonderful thing the Pageant really is.

Since you are a sort of religious magazine maybe you would want to use us as examples of how the better kind of young people are still trying to bring a little fun and beauty and achievement into the world instead of knocking everything and trying to change things and making things hard for everybody. I really think that that is what brought on all of this criticism this year. The commies and hippies and yippies and people like that just can't stand girls like us with healthy bodies and healthy minds. Well, I can't stand them either and I think they all ought to be sent off to Russia or Viet Nam or some place like that.

I am enclosing a photograph of me with my own personal autograph. If I win — gee, golly, it gives me the flutters just to think about it — you may be the only person in Valparaiso with a personally autographed picture of Miss America!

Sincerely,
Debbie Spook

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Albert G. Huegli
Editor

AD LIB.

They Are What We Once Were

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN



If an adult should ever tell you he really understands the younger generation — teen-agers and college students — the one thing you know about that person is that he really doesn't. No adult truly understands today's teen-agers and young adults, and what's more, adults didn't understand us when we were that age.

We can understand certain things about them; we may know their likes and dislikes, the things that bother them, the reason they dress as they do, but we can't really understand them because we are not in their skins, nor are we facing the same problems.

For some reason, probably because they are much more active, this inability to understand the younger generation has worried, if not frightened, a great number of adults, which it never has before. Part of the problem has been the vast amount written about teen-agers and college students. The failing in these articles, for the most part, is their tendency to lump everyone in that age group together, as if there were one prototype teen-ager and one prototype college student. Unfortunately the model used, more often than not, is a marijuana-smoking, long-haired activist, a type that is greatly in the minority. It is getting to the point where the words "teen-ager" and "college student" have about the same affect on adults as the words "riot" or "murder." This is sheer foolishness, since there is as great a diversity of types and characteristics in the younger generation as there is among the adult population. There are three teen-agers in our house, for example, and all three are quite unlike each other.

It is true, however, that most teen-agers are influenced by the more radical and activist of their peer group. This influence is often a mild one, but it is there, nevertheless. Perhaps the best way to illustrate how, and in what degree, this influence works is to take the example of the world of women's fashions.

Each Fall couturiers from all over the world display the new fashions for the coming year. All of the dresses shown, I think you will agree, look outrageous and are made to look even more so by putting them on the backs of starved looking models. These fashions are the extremes and almost any woman would say, when she first sees them, she wouldn't be caught dead in such an outfit. While no one wears any of these extreme fashions, modifications of them will appear

in most of the new dresses made that year, whether it is skirt length, holes in the side, or whatever.

In much the same way as these extremes in fashion influence dresses generally, so the extremists in their age group affect others in the younger generation. But the influence, though aided by a natural inclination to experiment and to follow fads, is greatly modified as it is filtered down. The thoughts and opinions of the publicized leaders are shared, in modified form, by other teenagers and adults, just as they accept longer hair and amplified guitar music.

But this is still not cause for alarm. For if you can remember what it was like when you were a teen-ager, you will begin to see many similarities with today's youth. Just as the young people today, we could spot a phony and we had a strong dislike for hypocrisy in any form. There is a lot of talk about the younger generation not trusting anyone over thirty. I don't think we did either. We showed more respect for adults, but I don't think we ever shared a secret with any of them, nor did we tell them our inmost thoughts. This is natural at that age when a person is not sure of himself and of his thoughts, and wants, at all costs, to avoid ridicule. When we were teen-agers, we seldom talked at home about what was going on in our world. I wouldn't know from experience, but this may have been a trait of the male teen-ager and not true of the female.

All of these are traits of a person growing up, and hair styles, choice of music, and different clothing are expressions of an attempt at independence.

My parents could never understand my enjoying the music of Stan Kenton's orchestra and wondered why I could not be satisfied listening to Guy Lombardo or Shep Fields. And when it came to dress, let me report that the fad for boys in high school was the wearing of spats. (How this ever became popular I will never know, unless we were trying to imitate Adolph Menjou, who is the only man, outside of State Department personnel, I have ever seen wear them.) I can't think of anything that would bug parents more than to have a son in high school wearing spats.

What I am suggesting is that we stop being frightened of the younger generation, stop putting all teen-agers and young adults in the same basket, and start remembering that in our own way, at that age, we were just as strange to adults.

Port-Royal — Revisited

By ALFRED CISMARU
Chairman, Modern Language Department
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For centuries. . . the Christian Church perpetrated the wrong idea that if you believe, everything's OK. There was no room for doubt. St. Augustine said that the human heart is painted in one color, and that's just not so. A saint is a saint precisely because he knows all about pain and doubt and agony. The church must embrace the living contradictions that are at its heart. And I think it is exciting to be able to say, through the play, to New Yorkers who don't belong to a church: "We are concerned about this problem. We have a place for you with all your conflicts and doubts and troubles."¹

These words, spoken by Reverend Stephen Chinlund of historic Grace Church in New York City on the occasion of the unusual success of its presentation of Montherlant's *Port-Royal*, are very much to the point eight years later, fourteen years after the premiere of this classic gem at the Comedie-Francaise in Paris, and almost three decades since the author's first attempt to recreate the story and legend of the famous establishment. It is significant, of course, that *Port-Royal* (the title refers to the French stronghold of Jansenism in the seventeenth century) proved to be of such considerable interest to the administration of a Protestant Episcopal Church some time before Vatican II, and to the rather unsophisticated American theater audiences for whom, traditionally, plays written within a near-actionless framework and replete in theological concepts difficult to decipher remain remote, if not outrightly repugnant.

But sufficient criticism of the religious implications of *Port-Royal* already exists, and it is not the purpose of this essay to add to the widely circulated and often brilliant commentaries on this, Montherlant's most frequently played masterpiece.² Rather it is perhaps more opportune to look at the complete theatricality (peculiar in our age, but thoroughly refreshing) of *Port-Royal* for, I suspect, it transcends the religious importance of the plot and holds the key to its popularity in countries of all five continents and with spectators not always capable of absorbing the profoundly abstract concepts which abound throughout the closely knit, sober dialogue.

It will be recalled that *Port-Royal* deals with the efforts of Louis XIV to crush Jansenism, a movement in which he saw a menace to this authority. To accom-

lish his design, he makes use of the Archbishop of Paris who, at the same time, has an opportunity to please the Pope and the powerful Jesuits, on whose instigations the Vatican had condemned the followers of Jansenius. Practicing to perfection a principle he had advanced early in his career: "A play interests me only if the exterior action is reduced to its greatest simplicity and becomes but a pretext for the exploration of man,"³ Montherlant compresses in less than twenty-four hours the historic dates of 21 and 26 August, 1664, when Monsignor Beaumont de Perefex came to Port-Royal to obtain from the sisters there cloistered an oral and written renunciation of the doctrine they had embraced. This able condensation of events is all the more difficult a feat if we recall that the confrontation between Archbishop and sisters was not merely one that centered upon a theological issue, but represented a fierce struggle between obstinate temperaments profoundly loyal to their respective allegiances and to their rigid, intransigent consciences. The author's technique had to incorporate, then, brevity, rapidity, the impregnation of the fullest possible significance into almost every line, and in general a linguistic sobriety and a discreetness of tone that only the most accomplished, disciplined of writers could exercise.

The Dominance of Words

The practice of such a classic style, reminiscent of the best in Corneille and Racine, is, of course, out of place within the context of the theatrical repertory of the twentieth century. As early as 1903, Apollinaire had written in the opening scene of his play *Les Mamelles de Tiresias* (not presented, however, until 1917), that the dramatist

Should make crowds of inanimate objects speak
If he wish
And that he disregard time
As well as space
and make excessive use of
Sounds gestures colors cries noises
Music dance acrobatics poetry painting
Choruses actions and multiple decors. . .⁴

In 1924 and again in 1927 and 1938, Antonin Artaud,⁵ the acknowledged master of modern theater; advanced revolutionary anti-classic theories according to which

the stage had to be freed of the written word, and more importance had to be given to the director rather than the author. In this "real" theater scenery and ritual are of more concern than dialogue and metaphysics. As a matter of fact, according to Artaud, dialogue cannot serve the purpose of metaphysics because speech, as commonly used, defeats anything deeper than mere representation, reducing mystery to matter and meaning to logic. Scorn for logic had, of course, given rise in more recent years to the alogical-illogical plays of Beckett, Ionesco, and others but, as we have seen and as will become more apparent below, Montherlant, writing contrary to the trend, refused to follow Artaud's principles. Magic, incantation, dance, song, pantomime, ceremony, all the tools with which we have become familiar in the contemporary theater have been ignored by our playwright, who denied their importance and rejected with magnanimous scorn both the poetized notions of Apollinaire and the more formal concepts of Antonin Artaud.

Indeed, less than one dozen lines describe *la mise en scene* of the one-act play under discussion, and the first line of this description: "The decor is of an extreme simplicity,"⁶ provides an early clue to the success of *Port-Royal*. Moreover, the Jansenist atmosphere of the convent lends itself perfectly to an emphasis on the absence of all trivia. Likewise, the simple, unaffected manners of the sisters eliminate the need for the lengthy and complicated stage directions so often encountered in other contemporary plays, and the text therefore becomes as readable as the dialogue is declamatory in the mouth of the actors. In this unencumbered theater the power of words is dominant, and the elegance of expression reigns. An enumeration of all the stylistic sallies in *Port-Royal* would probably take as many pages as the play itself; suffice to point to a few in order to grasp the powerful, classic pen of Montherlant.

The Troubled Sisters

In the first scene, for example, the shrewd prayer of The Visitor who speaks to Sister Gabrielle asking her to sign the renunciation: "Sign, my daughter, this document which will give you all peace. Listen to your Archbishop. How one breathes better when one obeys! How then, suddenly, life becomes easy!" has all the overtones of more modern brainwashing procedures. Moreover, it hides the pressing and disturbing difficulties of choice of all contemporary men and women who are constantly torn between a desire for security within accepted norms and customs and an inborn need to preserve one's precious uniqueness no matter what the cost.

The later discussion between Sister Gabrielle, Helene, Louise, and others concerning the alleged bad habits of the Archbishop, his drinking, his violence, as well as the rumors that he might be one of Cardinal Richelieu's bastard sons, is a model of the writer's astonishing ability to dress the typical female practice of

gossiping (in spite of the rigid type of Catholicism they embraced, the sisters remain intensely human throughout Montherlant's play) in a veil of discretion and composure which renders all reproach impossible and summons the sympathy of the spectator for persons who, conversing less soberly about the same topic, would have appeared ludicrously hypocritical.

Sister Helene's very concise and piercing cry: "When I pronounce *Rome* or *La Louvre* it is as if I were saying *La Bastille*, for I experience the same fear. . .and God keeps quiet. . .God is not concerned about any of it," synthesizes our own frequent distrust of and revolt against authority. Her realization that God does not appear to be immediately involved in what to us seems to be a matter of life and death is one that we all have to come to grips with from time to time. The frustration that ensues results in intolerable fear and, when Mother Agnes attempts to comfort Sister Angelique with the cliché: "You believe in God and you are still afraid?" the latter replies without hesitation: "I fear myself. I also fear everything else. . .I fear everyone." Such simple, short, but powerful affirmations are often more touching and more meaningful than long discourses accompanied by extravagant gestures and props. Moreover, alternating monosyllables with more lucid periods that make a summary of one's situation, and even a look into the future, possible, Montherlant is able to make the same character speak in equally beautiful language when she says: "Some sisters will sign because they can no longer bear to wait, because they are tired of suffering before they even begin to suffer," and when later she proceeds to give a thoroughly acceptable explanation of the sisters' opposition to the Archbishop: "We must fight injustice. . .because it is our obligation to maintain the rights of our community, and it would be to consent to injustice if we did not oppose it." The theatricality of logic is, then, at least as effective in such speeches as are the meanderings of many an avant-garde playwright whose comic alogisms tend, sometime, to detract from the gravity of the situation described.

What makes Montherlant's play even more powerful is the fact that he has the sisters express the contradictory emotions they experience with unshaken dignity even though they are, like the characters of Beckett and Ionesco for example, torn between successions of courage and *engagement*, and periods of despair and self-pity; witness the audacious tone of Sister Françoise's comments to the Archbishop: "You worry about numbers; we want purity. We don't like half-Christians. The powerful want only to exist, and at the cost of no matter what compromises; perish the principle rather than their power. That's why you are against us, and that's why we are being condemned. . ." which are followed later by the subtle cry: "I weep for the pain of being in the right," and by the candid expression of the utmost despair in the confession: "We have taken away from our altars the flowers and the beautiful linens and so much paraphernalia which encumber other

monasteries, but it is not enough. I should like to be blind and deaf, and no longer smell with my nostrils, and no longer touch with my fingers."

The Adamant Archbishop

The words of the Archbishop, perhaps the most complex character of *Port-Royal*, stand out also for the thoroughly theatrical choice of tone which denotes the many human and conflicting parts of his being. Never can one laugh at what he says, nor entirely reject his aims or his methods. One of his first speeches to Mother Agnes provides an example: "Obey. Everything else should follow that, but obey first," when it is immediately followed by a sweeter, miauling comment (underlined by one of the few stage directions used by the author): "My good mother, do it for the love of me," the latter being only preparatory to a return to the severity of the first apostrophe: "Don't argue. Obey." The ability of Montherlant to infuse dignified gravity into the discourses of a personage who might have very easily been depicted as ludicrous and incongruous by a less experienced writer is especially apparent in the very sincere accent of the speech quoted below, which in spite of the bombastic last few lines manages to extract a feeling of understanding, perhaps even of sympathy, from the entrapped spectator:

If ever a man has had cause to have his heart crushed by pain, I can tell you it is I, finding you as I do, obstinate and rebellious, proudly preferring your opinions to those of your superiors and not wanting to acquiesce their warnings and their reproaches. That is why today I declare you retractory and disobedient to the Church and to your Archbishop, and as such incapable of receiving the sacraments. I forbid you to have them because you are not worthy and because you have merited the punishment of separation from all saintly things. No directors of conscience, no confessors, no Eucharist, no Viaticum, no Extreme Unction, no sepulcher in the Holy Land..I append to this declaration a prohibition to see anyone from outside these walls, all this until further notice.

Add to this the beautifully poetic reply of Mother Agnes: "You can cut us off from all human things, but you cannot tear the roots which tie us to God," and especially the disarming comment of A Sister (all the more disarming as it is spoken by an anonymous personage): "God of the Christians, forgive your Church!." and you have a perfectly constructed confrontation between authority and victims, each right and wrong, calling (once more) for the effective summary of Sister Francoise: "Religion had its mysteries. Evil has its own as well. One of them is the mystery of injustice."

From this point on there is very little the Archbishop can say or do. Yet, the bare logical power of his words does not diminish and, had his audience been different, he might have very well been convincing: "In any other order, where would we be if everyone began thinking

for himself? There is a credo, there is a canon, there are superiors and there are inferiors. Why would God have placed some of us above, if it weren't for the need of listening to us? We live, thank God, in a kingdom where one who belongs under always remains in his place. So far as I have anything to say about it, this natural order shall not be turned topsy-turvy. I shall not admit it. . . .And to think that we asked so little of you! We only asked that you be like the others, do you hear? *Simply like the others!*" The italics are the author's, who obviously wanted to stress not the need for the Jansenist nuns to lose their identity as Christians, but to enhance it, like other sisters of other orders who recognize the authority of hierarchical superiors. "There is always, thank God, a last rank,"⁷ Montherlant had declared earlier, and it is just possible that in spite of his own Jansenistic inclinations he could not bring himself to depict the Archbishop as the villain history has since branded him to be.⁸

It may be said, then, that the ability of maintaining one's perspective, of not taking sides no matter what one's penchants are, of making the villain human, of plebeianizing the victims (as in the gossiping scene mentioned above), and of writing throughout an impressively dignified dialogue which is completely devoid of the tenets of Apollinaire and Artaud are the qualities which have made of *Port-Royal* an accepted classic in the modern repertory.

Foreseeing perhaps the vogue of the avant-garde (after all, by September 1953, when Montherlant wrote the preface of the play for the Pleiade edition of his *Theatre*, Ionesco's *The Bald Soprano* had already had several years of continuous success on the Parisian stage), the playwright confessed having wanted to abandon the theater with "a work that would be close to his heart; that is to say one whose action would be all interior."⁹ And he added: "The Latins, always obliging, have flattered the taste of the public for the facile and the vulgar The Greek theater is purely and typically static; yet, what it expresses, what it evokes, is much more intense . . . yes, I wanted to leave behind at least one play of this genre, even if the public could not understand it: I had to satisfy myself first."¹⁰

NOTES

1. Quoted by *Newsweek* (2 May 1960), 84.
2. For example: Michel de Saint-Pierre, *Montherlant, borreau de soi-meme* (Paris: Gallimard, 1949); Michel Mohrt, *Montherlant, homme libre* (Paris: Gallimard, 1948); Jacques de Laprade, *Le Theatre de Montherlant* (Paris: Jeune Parque, 1950) and Pierre Sipriot, *Montherlant par lui-meme* (Paris: Seuil, 1948).
3. *Carnets* (Paris: Gallimard, 1934), p. 16; translation is mine.
4. Translation is mine.
5. In *L'Ombilic des limbes*, *Le Peso-nerfs*, and *Le Theatre et son double* respectively.
6. All translations of quotations from the play are mine.
7. In *Service inutile* (Paris: Gallimard, 1935), p. 78.
8. In this connection see the preface of *Port-Royal* in the Pleiade edition of *Theatre* (1954), especially p. 958.
9. *Ibid.*, pp. 955-956.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 956.

Anne Bradstreet: Portrait of a Puritan Lady

By ABIGAIL ANN HAMBLÉN

In 1650 John Woodridge left the little colony of Massachusetts Bay to take a trip to England. What business sent him there we do not know, but one of his errands will never be forgotten. For he took with him a manuscript of poems, and hunted up a printer, so that when he returned to the lonely town on the edge of the New World he carried a book which he duly presented to the surprised author, his wife's sister.

Anne Bradstreet was not prepared to see her work in print. Her brother-in-law had told her nothing of his intentions, and even the title must have had for her an air of unreality. *The Tenth Muse, Lately Sprung Up In America*, it said in part. And just inside the cover were the labored encomiums, fashionably phrased, of friends who had had a secret preview of the manuscript.

Nathaniel Ward proclaimed his generous male satisfaction:

It half revives my chill frost-bitten blood,
To see a woman once do ought that's good;
And shod by Chaucer's boots, and Homer's furs,
Let men look to't, lest women wear the spurs.

But Woodridge apologized a little for his officiousness in having her poetry printed without her knowledge:

I know your modest mind,
How you will blush, complain 'tis too unkind;
To force a woman's birth, provoke her pain,
Expose her labours to the world's disdain.

Indeed, Mistress Bradstreet was a little disturbed; these poems were not as she could wish them. They had never been intended for publication, and surely were in great need of polishing and emendation.

Polish and emend she did in the course of the next five years. But a second edition was not brought out until 1678, six years after her death. The collection of verse was considerably expanded, however, including a great many personal lyrics which the first volume does not have. And these, according to a modern historian, are what give her a place in American letters. "Every collection of American poetry must salute the lyrics of Anne Bradstreet," says Perry Miller in *The American Puritans — Their Prose and Poetry*.¹

However, for a couple of centuries after her death — perhaps longer — it had been the fashion to treat her verses as rather quaint relics of a far-off grim time and place when men and women were scarcely human in their fanatical rejection of art and beauty. But in 1929

the American poet Conrad Aiken brought out an anthology of American verse in which he devoted twelve pages to Anne Bradstreet's work. (Startlingly, this is as much space as he gave to Bryant, Holmes, and Lowell, all three — and much more than he gave Emerson and Longfellow, who rated eight pages apiece, and Whittier, allotted only six.)

F. L. Pattee asserts that she stands alone in early New England, a poet of note. Calling her a "real force in the history of American poetry," he says, "She became one of the very first in all English literature to put actual wild nature into poetry, nature described with enthusiasm and with the eye of the poet actually upon the landscape."² And Adrienne Rich says, "Until Edward Taylor, in the second half of the century, these were the only poems of more than historical interest to be written in the New World. Anne Bradstreet was the first non-didactic American poet, the first to give an embodiment to American nature, the first in whom personal intention appears to precede Puritan dogma."³ In other words, Anne Bradstreet was the first American to sing.

Interestingly, she was anything but a nonconformist. Her writing never leaves the Puritan frame of reference; she does not seek to shock or to shatter sacred ideals. Far from being separated from the prevailing thought of her time, her art consciously expressed it. Her first poems, long and detailed, are full of the then current philosophy. For instance, telling of Darius' death, she says piously.

And thus must every son of Adam lie;

Though gods on earth like sons of men they die.

And she ends her dialogue between "Flesh" and "Spirit" with the latter's declaration:

If I of heaven may have my fill,

Take thou the world and all that will.

Even her lyrics, glowing as they are with personal emotion, do not rebel against, nor even mildly question, the thought of her time and place.

No, Mistress Anne Bradstreet, artist though she was, remained to the end a Puritan lady. Her simple, uncomplicated life story shows us that. And the poetry that has kept her name bright tells us, also. The history of Massachusetts Bay is garnished, is set off, by this woman who cared to set down her thoughts and impressions. Through the prim, monotonous rhythms fashionable at the time, we seem to hear her voice, we seem to see her moving about in her quiet-colored gown, her slender hands roughened with too much work, her

shoulders bent with weariness. But her eyes are serene, and her brow, beneath the severe white cap, is smooth. We know her well; she could not have foreseen how clearly she was revealing herself as she wrote.

The Woman

Anne Bradstreet was born into rather favorable circumstances. Daughter of Thomas Dudley, who was steward to an earl, she grew up among persons of good manners, interested in books and history. The Puritan theology that loomed over her childhood did not deny her pleasure in such authors as Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney. Eager and responsive, if always possessed of proper feminine decorum, the young girl read and studied, and listened to her elders' conversation.

Evidently she was never strong (her poems often speak of illness, of her "frail body") and when she was sixteen she suffered an attack of smallpox. However, soon after her recovery she married Simon Bradstreet. As we will have occasion to notice later, the marriage was a decided love-match.

In 1630 she was eighteen, still childless after two years of marriage. But her "frail body" mustered all its resources, and she managed to survive a trip across the Atlantic, a long, hard trip, but certainly one of the most famous of modern times. For she and her husband and father were part of the "Great Migration" that, led by John Winthrop, Sir Richard Saltonstall, and others in the *Arbella*, brought a large portion of Puritanism to the New World.

When the settlers disembarked, they saw hills and rocks and thick forests, knowing it was up to them to civilize this wild land, to establish God's commonwealth here, and make it work. Many of them, especially women, were weak and ill after the journey. No wonder a mysterious fever spread among them, taking a heavy toll of lives.

As she carried water, and washed with strong soap, and cooked coarse food over open fires, hearing all the while the moaning of sufferers, seeing the drawn worried faces of those about her, young Mistress Bradstreet's heart sank. How could she live here? How, indeed, could *anyone* live here, with none of the pleasures of lovely England — the smooth trim fields, the heavy substantial houses, the reassuring sounds of carters and farmers and merchants and cheerful housewives?

But here she was, and here she must remain, she and the others. Nor would she — or they — have given up, if they could. As William Faulkner has pointed out, the New England man is uniquely free, "having elected deliberately of his own volition that stern land and weather because he knew he was tough enough to cope with them; having been bred by the long tradition which sent him from old worn-out Europe so he could be free; taught him to believe that there is no valid reason why life should be soft and docile and amen-

able. . . and that the man who cannot cope with any environment anywhere had better not clutter the earth to begin with."⁴ Churches were formed, the first one being that of Watertown, the second, that of Boston. The Bradstreets were of the latter group, though later they were to go to Andover, and then, finally, to Ipswich.

After several years her hopes and prayers were answered: she began to bear children. In all, she had eight, and we know that she cared for them lovingly and conscientiously, realizing, as she wrote later, that no two were alike, no two could be managed in exactly the same way! (This shows a slight departure from methods of child-rearing common to her day!)

Her father became governor. Her husband was sent to England on public business. (He did not become governor until after her death.) Anne carried on.

The colony grew and waxed prosperous in spite of heated dissensions. For there was an uproar in Boston over the outspoken, if dedicated, Anne Hutchinson, and those who listened to her in defiance of the authorities. Roger Williams came, dissented, spoke his mind, and was finally sent off summarily, as was Mrs. Hutchinson, to test his faith amidst the bitter winter snows. Mistress Bradstreet was calm.

Yes, she lived, as Faulkner says, seeing "no valid reason why life should be soft and docile and amenable," and therefore never crying out. Her lyrics, expressions as they are of her deepest personal feelings, do not show any impatience with Fate. Emily Dickinson was later to fashion poetry from unceasing, questioning sorrow. Edna St. Vincent Millay was to make almost breathless beauty out of bereavement, but was never for a moment "reconciled" to it.

But Anne Bradstreet's strength lay in the theology that informed her whole life, that molded her spirit. She confesses in her letter to her children that she has known doubts, that the reasonableness of atheism has beguiled her, that the possible "rightness" of "Popishness" has crossed her mind. She has wrestled with God — only there was never any question as to the outcome. For Mistress Anne Bradstreet, conceived in Calvinistic sin, nurtured in Calvinistic thought, could be a Puritan lady, and nothing else. Her works show her almost an archetype. And because they do, they are part of the treasure of American letters.

The Puritan

A salient characteristic of the Puritan was his piety, and we do not have to read far into Anne Bradstreet's poetry before we find this. Reverence for the all-powerful God shines through the lines. Addressing her children in an essay, she says, "I have not studied in this you read to show my skill, but to declare the truth, not to set forth myself, but the glory of God."

This statement applies to all her poetry. For instance, in a poem to her son who has lost his wife and four children over a four-year period, she says,

Cheer up, dear son, thy fainting bleeding heart,
In Him alone that caused all this smart;
What though thy strokes full sad and grievous be,
He knows it is the best for thee and me.

And again, she cries,
Why should I live but to Thy praise?
My life is hid with Thee.
O Lord no longer be my days
Than I may fruitful be.

That overt renunciation of "materialism" so often associated with the Puritan shows forth in "The Flesh and the Spirit." Spirit says, for instance,
How oft thy slave, hast thou me made,
When I believed what thou hast said,
And never had more cause of woe
Than when I did what thou bad'st do.

Women, in that society, of course, were the "weaker vessels." Mistress Bradstreet humbly acknowledge this "fact." Perhaps she has been presumptuous even to dare to write down her thoughts!

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are
Men have precedency and still excel,
It is but vain unjustly to wage war;
Men can do best, and women know it well.
Preeminence in all and each is yours;
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

The modern reader smiles at this humility, a humility that seems almost ludicrous. But he feels a kind of dismay at occasional evidences of an abasement of this clear and lovely mind: ". . .and let me be no more afraid of death, but even desire to be dissolved and be with Thee, which is best of all."

The Deity might visit her with all sorts of pain and grief; still she adored Him, secure in her conviction that He knew best. She was often ill; each bout of fever or fainting was sent to test her, to strengthen her. Loved ones passed away; bereavement was another means of refining and purifying her faith. The temporal world was imperfect, certainly. But was there not another realm to which she would go, a place of infinite love and peace and perfection?

True. And yet now we come to a paradox in Mistress Bradstreet's nature — a typically Puritan paradox, we might add. For we see, gleaming through the prim, stiff lines of her conventional verse, an enormous love of life, a love and appreciation of this world. It shows, for example, in her long, slow histories of the Three Monarchies. She possesses a rather astonishing breadth of historical knowledge, and she details carefully — almost too carefully — the rise and fall of the Assyrians, Persians, and Greeks. The clashing of arms resounds, the furor over changing dynasties. (She has her doubts about this poem. Perhaps she has been rather forward to attempt it. "The subject was too high, beyond my strain.")

But there is obvious pleasure in the sheer pageantry of these old, half-savage kings, with their jewels and their retainers, and their jealous sons. A woman who

did not care for the world could not have written of these things.

Then one remembers "Contemplations," with its exquisite appreciation of nature. Consider, for example, these lines:

Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm
Close sat I by a goodly Rivers side,
Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I
dwell.

Though the poem expresses again and again the thought that the beauties of nature are only samples of what Heaven will be, the evident enjoyment of trees and streams and fields shows a love of the present world.

And there is the matter of physical love. The Puritan knew that, in or out of wedlock, it was sinful, of course. And yet even as he condemned it, his senses glowed with a fierce appreciation of it. Anne Bradstreet addressed several poems to her husband, some during his absences. They are stiff, as most of her lines are, but beneath their careful conventionality burns an intense love, the proper love of a wife for a husband, yes. And more, the ardent love of a woman for a man who is her "Sol," whose "heat" has caused her to bear children, as the sun makes the earth fruitful.

So in all her verses we see the essential Puritan who, convinced of the supremacy of the spiritual world, turning toward it each hour of the day, was astonishingly passionate. Simply because he *was* death-oriented (yes, and too often doom-oriented), his perceptions of the world of nature, of history, of human relationships, were vivid and concentrated.

Anne Bradstreet lives for us today, the Puritan lady who clung to her God, but who loved her husband, who longed to lose her identity with the saints of Paradise, but who walked the New England woods with delight. Governor's daughter, governor's wife, mother of children, cultivated and pious, seventeenth-century English to the core, this is our first poet. She was to have no hint of a vast continent conquered. She was never to know the name, "United States." But she belongs to us, even to those who have cast away her dogmas and her restrictions and her mores and her hopes. She is ours, because she is in the background of what has come since, because the culture that produced her has, in its passionate power, never quite lost its influence.

NOTES

1. New York, Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1956, p. 265.
2. *Century Readings in American Literature*, N. Y., D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc., 1932, p. 38.
3. *The Works of Anne Bradstreet*, Ed. by Jeannine Hensley, Foreword by Adrienne Rich, Cambridge, Mass., The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1967, p. xix.
4. "A Guest's Impression of New England," in *Essays Speeches and Public Letters*, Ed. by James B. Meriwether, N. Y., Random House, 1965, p. 46.

Cosmography in Donne's Poetry

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Even a cursory reading of Donne's prose and poetry (if such an approach were possible!) would convince a person of the faith-full-ness of "the greatest preacher in the great age of English preaching."¹ "The dramatic and colloquial qualities of Donne's [poetic] work, together with his acute psychological insights . . . make it easy to regard the poet as our own contemporary, as a strangely modern figure who speaks to us in our own accents across the centuries."² The 17th century theologian and scientist, especially after Bacon's introduction of the inductive method of scientific inquiry, were generally content to study God's two books — the Bible and Nature — as separate entities, each of which spoke to man in its own peculiar language. Donne, for example, "is a man of the late Renaissance, steeped in scholastic, theological, and mystical learning."³ It should not be surprising, then, that he did not attempt a reconciliation between the Bible and the "new science"; indeed, the conceits in his poetry display an acceptance of an "old science" on its way out. But such an "unscientific" cosmography in no way detracts from our conviction that he was a man of faith. To do so would be to misread his clear confession, as, for example, in his "A Hymn to God the Father" (stanza 3):

. . . But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou hast done,
I fear no more.

Dr. Samuel Johnson criticizes the metaphysical poets because their wit is "a kind of *discordia concors*; a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. . . The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions."⁴ Not all critics agree with Johnson's complaining attitude, but they will agree that his analysis of the sources of the metaphysical poets' conceits is correct. Donne, for example, frequently uses the Ptolemaic cosmography as a source for his figurative language. At least three points emerge from an examination of his poems: first, Donne identifies the cosmos and its parts; second, he uses the concept of the macrocosm and the microcosm; and third, he finds an influential relationship between the macrocosm and the microcosm.

The Ptolemaic Cosmos

The dominant feature of the Ptolemaic system is that the earth is motionless at the center of the universe.

Donne reveals this concept in "Love's Growth" when he says that ". . . as in water stirred more circles be/
Produced by one, love such additions take,/ Those like
so many spheres, but one heaven make,/ For they are
all concentric unto thee" (ll. 21-24). Even in his "Elegy XIX" he alludes to the centrality of earth as he implores his mistress to remove "that [encircling] girdle, like
heaven's zone glittering" (l. 15). That the earth neither rotates nor revolves is suggested in "The Sun Rising" where Donne thinks of the sun as the traveler around a stationary world as he asks it to look and tell him if India is still at that place "where thou left'st them" (l. 18). Such motionlessness of the earth is indicated in "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning" by the suggestion that if the earth does on occasion move by accident, it "brings harms and fears" (l. 9).

Ptolemy accounted for the movement of the stars and planets by ascribing to each a position in what he called the "spheres," which revolved around the earth, each with a different radius. Thus he is able to say to the sun that it must revolve around a center point: "This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphere" ("The Sun Rising," l. 30). The moon has a separate sphere, as indicated in "A Valediction of Weeping": "O more than moon,/ Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere" (ll. 19-20). Reference to the stars as "heaven's zone glittering" has already been made ("Elegy XIX," l. 15).

Between the heavens and the spheres which contain the sun, moon, stars, and planets lies a crystalline sphere which is the middle ground between the influence of God and the influence of man. Donne recognizes this area in "Ecstasy" where he describes the manner in which God's influence is felt by man through the medium of the crystalline sphere: "On man heaven's influence works not so,/ But that it first imprints the air" (ll. 57-58). A doubtful reference to the heavens beyond the crystalline sphere may possibly exist in "Love's Growth": "As in the firmament/ Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown" (ll. 16-17).

That area around the earth and its spheres in which the four elements are in a disorganized state is known as "chaos," and Donne also recognizes this part of the universe. In "A Nocturnal Upon St. Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day" he makes the following reference: ". . . oft did we grow/ To be two chaoses, when we did show/ Care to aught else" (ll. 24-26). One would certainly expect "hell" to appear in poetry such as this; Donne does not disappoint the reader. One reference appears in "Elegy I": [A dying husband is] "ready with

loathesome vomiting to spew/ His soul out of one hell into a new,/ Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries" (11. 7-9).

Ptolemy's system answered the question of how the universe began to move by adopting Aristotle's "Prime Cause" or "Prime Mover" and claiming that the spirits or intelligences of each sphere caused their particular sphere to move as they contemplated that "First Cause" or "Prime Mover." This is precisely Donne's conceit as he, in "Ecstasy", identifies the intelligences and spheres: "... we are/ the intelligences, they the spheres" (11. 51-52), and then claims that there are influences on the spheres: "On man heaven's influence works not so,/ But that it first imprints the air" (11. 57-58).

In addition to the arrangement of the cosmos, Donne also reveals his concept of the physical properties of the universe. The four elements of earth, air, fire, and water are suggested in "A Nocturnal Upon St. Lucy's Day. . .," particularly in stanza two where Donne speaks of the quintessence, the essence from which the four were to have been derived by the Creator. In the same poem he then shows a correspondence between those earthly elements and the humors of blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile, even claiming a "quintessence" — himself — the first nothing. Some specific details of this correspondence appear in several poems. "A Fever" compares the dissolution of the world by fire to the death of a loved one by fever: "But when thou from this world wilt go,/ The whole world vapors with thy breath" (11. 7-8). This idea is more explicitly stated further on where Donne chides the Scholastics for "searching what fire shall burn this world" when it is obvious "that this her fever might be it" (11. 13-16).

Replications of the Cosmos

Donne not only identifies the cosmos, he also uses the various concepts as the elements of his conceits. The macrocosm often serves as a model for the microcosm; that is, the larger world is the model on which he himself is built. "I am a little world made cunningly/ Of elements, and an angelic sprite," he says ("Holy Sonnets 5). The whole world is made small ("contracted") and appears in the form of two lovers ("The Sun Rising," 11. 25-26). Similarly, in "The Canonization" the whole world of countries, towns, and courts is contracted into the persons of the two lovers (11. 37-45). What happens in the macrocosm is duplicated in the microcosm, so that as the waters of the seas are purified by being drawn through "narrow, crooked lanes," so the poet tries to purge his pains by drawing them through rhyme's vexations ("Triple Fool," 11. 6-9). As the globe of the earth (macrocosm) is represented on a flat map (already a microcosm) so that the eastern and western edges reveal the same thing, so the poet's death and resurrection (another kind of microcosm) coincide ("Hymn to God, My God, In My Sickness").

Conversely, the microcosm at times serves as the

model for comparison with elements of the macrocosm. Man has lungs in his body, and these give Donne the idea for the lungs of the earth: "Earth's hollownesses, which the world's lungs are,/ Have no more wind than the upper vault of air" ("The Calm," 11. 19-20). In "The Good Morrow" a little room becomes an "everywhere" (1. 11); each of two lovers "hath one [world], and is one [world]" (1. 14); the two are "two better hemispheres" (1. 17). In "The Sun Rising" Donne's mistress "is all states" (1. 21). In "The Bait," his mistress will warm rivers with her eyes better than they are warmed by the sun (11. 5-6); her splendor will darken both the sun and the moon (11. 13-14); Donne himself needs no sun, for her brightness gives him light (11. 15-16).

Donne is not content merely to name the cosmos and to use it in his conceits; he points out that there is a peculiar interrelationship existing between the two, in which events in the one world exert an influence on the other. That the macrocosm affects the microcosm has already been seen above in passing in the reference to the notion (rejected by Donne) that the sun governs lovers' seasons ("The Sun Rising," 1.4) and in the idea that the moon draws up seas into its sphere ("A Valediction of Weeping," 1. 19). One of the clearest statements of the fact that the macrocosm influences the microcosm appears in "Air and Angels," where Donne avers, "Angels affect us oft" (1. 4).

But does the microcosm likewise affect the macrocosm? The answer is not as easily found. In stanza two of "The Canonization" Donne implies an answer to a series of questions which all ask, "Do my actions influence the world?" His answer to that question is, "No." But he concedes that at least one event caused changes in the macrocosm. Perhaps it is the doctrine that Christ is not merely human but also divine that provides the basis for his contention that the world certainly was affected when Christ died — as it had once been affected by the first man's sin. This is noted in "Good Friday, 1613, Riding Westward," There Donne asserts that "Sin hath eternally benighted all" (1. 14) and "What a death were it then to see God die?/ It made His own lieutenant, Nature, shrink;/ It made His footstool crack, and the sun wink" (11. 18-20).

At least in these three ways, then, Donne presents a fairly complete cosmography: he names it, he compares the macrocosm and the microcosm, and he finds an influential relationship between these latter two. Though he may have been aware of the Copernican system, he preferred the Ptolemaic system for his conceits.

NOTES

1. Alexander M. Witherspoon and Frank J. Warnke, *Seventeenth-Century Prose and Poetry*, 2nd Edition (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., 1963), p. 59.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 735.
3. *Ibid.*
4. Samuel Johnson, "The Metaphysical Poets," in Witherspoon and Warnke, *op. cit.*, p. 1054. Citations from the poems of Donne appear in the text in parentheses.

One Spirit, Many Tongues

By WALTER E. KELLER
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And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

— Acts 2:4

One of the great achievements of Luther's Reformation was that he translated the Bible into German. He thereby wrested the Scriptures from the hands of the very few who had mastered the ancient tongues and the official language of the Church, and made its message available in the vernacular. Luther was not a philologist, though he did possess considerable linguistic skill. Nor did he set about the job of translation for the purpose of making a cultural contribution to his people, though that too became an undeniable by-product of his labors. His was principally a pastoral concern, a concern to remove unnecessary obstacles in the free course of the Word of God, a concern to facilitate the proclamation of the Gospel. The impulse to these labors came not from any kind of church authority; indeed, many were fearful of casting Hebrew, Greek, or Latin pearls before peasant swine. Nor was his a response to a popular referendum demanding a German Bible; it made little difference to the illiterate in what language the unreadable books were printed. Luther was simply desirous of placing Sunday's matter into the language of Monday. In doing so Luther ranged himself in a noble line of predecessors reaching as far back as the nameless Jews of the Dispersion who translated the Hebrew Old Testament into the Greek Septuagint, just as he in turn has been joined by innumerable successors animated by the same noble objectives. His translation, moreover, implied no contempt for the ancient tongues. On the contrary, it is well-known that he strongly urged a thorough knowledge and understanding of them, especially on the part of those who were entrusted with the responsibility of speaking the Word of God. But as dearly as he himself held the sacred languages, so powerfully was he impelled by the Gospel to employ also the vulgar tongue in aiding its dissemination and understanding.

The Church which bears Luther's name, as the Missouri Synod does, has done a reasonably respectable job in training its professional clergy in the ancient languages. It has even learned through two World Wars to be sympathetic to the task of speaking the Gospel in the vernacular. So also it is committed to

a multi-lingual mission throughout the world. But in a world that is characterized by rapid change, and which suffers from a knowledge explosion, the translation from one language into another is no longer the only kind of translation job that needs doing. We often hear of a communications gap, and this bears witness not only to a growingly complex social organization, but also to an increasing inability to enter in another's world of thought, into another's mental frame of reference. Hence, it is possible to use the same vernacular, yet to speak in different languages. Indeed much of the confusion of our contemporary Tower of Babel results not so much from a multiplicity of tongues, as from the fact that even within American English we speak in a variety of intellectual idioms. The idiom of the scientist differs from that of a humanist. The politician's lingo is not the same as the theologian's. A technician finds it hard to listen to the language of philosophy, and a dogmatist denounces the historian. To speak of merely two cultures even seems an oversimplification when we take into account the number of thriving sub-cultures. And in this bewildering confusion of competing voices the preacher of the Gospel preaches without any assurance that he is not simply adding to the hub-bub.

If it was ever true that the university was once to serve the function of offering its society a universal language, then today's multiversity mirrors the desperate fragmentation not only of human life, but of the very intellectual framework for reflection upon that life. Our campus is no exception. The new buildings that seem to sprout forth from the ground at every turn testify to undoubted growth in the pursuit of academic excellence. But at the same time they betoken the gradual insulation of our several disciplines against one another and the growing autonomy of its several intellectual idioms. In the face of such a situation a university that seeks to be Christian as well will have to do more than long for an irretrievable past. Its program cannot be built on the out-dated premises of a single universal lingo. If our Lutheran university wants to find any inspiration from the events that were inaugurated in the University of Wittenberg 451 years ago, then it must be driven back once again to the Christ who makes all things new. And if the dynamic of that Gospel can be a vital force in our community, then the spirit of the Reformation

may well be revived among us. But then we also have no alternative in this new development but to engage in the arduous task of multiple translation.

I would suppose that in this congregation of God's people most all of us are agreed, at least in principle, that such a task proposes a worthwhile objective, indeed perhaps even a necessary one. But at the same time no one who has seriously contemplated such a vision can fail to be overwhelmed by the magnitude of the problems in any attempt to realize it. For it is not only a matter of the diversity of the idioms in which the Word of God needs to be heard. That challenge, though formidable, is matched by the resources of able faculty and students on our campus. And we have administrators who are well qualified to distribute the crushing load of taking every thought captive to the obedience of Christ in such a way that on the shoulders of many the burden becomes light and the yoke easy. But there is also the difficulty of finding a common spirit to animate such a multi-directional operation. And for that we need to look beyond the world of men to the blessing of God. Yet here too we have every reason for confidence. The divine revelation at Pentecost came through the one Spirit who was suffused through the many tongues in which men then heard the good news of the wonderful works of God. It was that Spirit too who ignited a flame to

fire up the Apostle Paul at one point to exult, "I can do all things through Christ who gives me strength," and at another to marvel, "I have become all things to all men, so that by all means I might save some." It was that same Spirit who generated a passionate concern in the heart of Martin Luther to spend long months of lonely hours in the holy task of surmounting the language barrier between the Gospel and God's flock. And it is that same Spirit who is promised to a Christian university campus to weld it into a community of faith and scholarship: a community of faith which is attuned to the Gospel co-extensive with a community of scholarship with the skills requisite for making the Word of God audible in many intellectual idioms. For in Christ's name we may do the greater works, and by His Spirit we may be led more fully into all the truth.

But perhaps the most difficult of all problems lies precisely at this point. And that problem is posed with the question, "Can we really bring ourselves to believe such assurances of God? Will we embark on such a venture without knowing the exact outcome, without seeing a final destination, solely on the strength of the divine command and promise?" To reply affirmatively to that question may well be today's opportunity for us to join God's triumphant march into the future.

On Second Thought

By ROBERT J. HOYER

Some words in our common language take on a false aura of sanctity as though their mere voicing established a truth *ex opere operato*. "Motherhood" is one — we have in our history produced some monstrous mothers. "Law and order" is another — whose law and whose order do we mean? "Anarchy" is another. Whenever the efficacy of control of law is questioned, the word "anarchy" is raised like wolf-bane against the werewolf, like a cross against the demon-possessed vampire. We surely don't propose *anarchy*, do we?

Let it be clearly stated that anarchy is not in itself an evil. It is not a dirty word. Anarchists are not sinners in their proposal of anarchy. In fact, anarchy is one of the things we hope for in paradise. The only evil in anarchy is the evil in the heart of man — exactly the same evil which makes monarchy, oligarchy, dictatorship, and democracy alike sinful and subject to failure.

Anarchy is to human affairs what a vacuum is to terrestrial nature at sea level: an abhorrence. Men move to erase anarchy as nature moves to fill a vacuum. The evil of anarchy is only this: it is destroyed by the strongwilled man who imposes his will as law on others more peaceful than he. If there is evil in an-

archy it is a negative evil — it has no strength to protect its own goodness against the will to destroy it.

He who wills to destroy anarchy also wills to destroy democracy and to use tyranny to his own ends. The orders of human association are to be evaluated by their ability to check that evil will; and the closer they are to anarchy while still effectively checking the evil the better they will be. If there were some other means besides the control of law to check the man who strives to impose his will on others, then anarchy could be the best form of social order.

The Christian gospel of grace has that purpose and that hope. In Jesus Christ the Spirit moves to erase the prides, the fears and the envies which set a man's will against his fellows. Where the Spirit acts, forgiving love removes the believer's desire to impose his will on others. Among those who are filled with the Spirit there should be no need to check the evil of a selfish will.

Yes, anarchy is what I propose. The proposal may be folly because of human weakness. Grace is the solution of human weakness. Law is a necessary concession to human weakness. We both deny and forbid the force of grace if within the fellowship of the Spirit we promote control by law because we fear anarchy.

An Exercise in Hagiography

The Civil War era is one of America's most colorful dramas. It has given us heroes and villains, winners and losers, and all variations between. We debate its ideas, ponder its dreams, argue its significance, and write volumes of its history. Yet it remains an imponderable source of ambivalence and emotion. To some the War was a blessing, a battle well fought, a victory deserved. To others it is a blot on our national record, a scar of shame and failure.

In this centennial decade of the Civil War we have received an extra deluge of biography, monographic study, and articles about that central trauma in the American experience. Margaret Sanborn's work on Robert E. Lee (*Robert E. Lee, The Complete Man*, Lipincott, \$8.95) reflects this persistent interest in the War and in its personalities. This volume is Sanborn's companion to an earlier book entitled *Robert E. Lee, A Portrait: 1807-1861*.

The author's purpose is to reveal General Lee's manners and character. Hence, unlike most biographies of Civil War figures, it is not concerned with military strategy or political thought. Its focus is on Lee's human qualities revealed largely in unpublished diaries, letters, and reminiscences by contemporaries who, according to Sanborn, portray "the man behind the myth." The author's goal in her search of Lee, "the complete man," is a Lee of "inspiring example."

This book is a most unusual biography. It is hardly biography at all because it is not analytical. It quotes excessively uncritical material and is consequently a disorganized testimony of Lee gathered from comments about him. The author claims, however, that "there is no dialogue or scene without substantiated or historical basis." This is an effort, then, at writing a "chronicle" of Lee's "moods, thoughts, and reactions — even in midst of battle."

Of course, General Lee is the Confederacy's most famous personality. The South can salvage few remnants of glory from that lost cause. And no doubt Lee is America's most adored loser. He seems to epitomize what is good about the South and the country. Also, according to Sanborn, he belongs to the ages.

The author records a rambling hodge-podge of observations, press clippings, and trivia, most of it adulatory. It starts when Lee humbly accepts, with "supreme composure" the provisional command of the Army of Northern Virginia. Two-thirds of Sanborn's treatment covers Lee's war years (April 19, 1861, to April 9, 1865) during his attempt to defend Virginia. The rest of the book deals

with Lee's return to private citizenship from April to October, 1865, and his presidency of Washington College as a "leader of youth" from October 2, 1865, to his death on October 12, 1870.

This volume is a curious, sometimes fascinating, feminine history of Lee. It includes commonplace glimpses into the household activities of Mrs. Lee as "she became embittered and defiant" over having to move from Arlington at the start of the War. Or it digresses to chatty tid-bits from the lives of Lee's four daughters and three sons. But most of all, Sanborn dotes upon Lee with his pains and "camp diarrhea," fixes attention on the amount of gray in his beard, and describes him as "a model of manly beauty" who moved with "ease and grace." Her informal approach leads to calling Lee "Robert" or "Marse Robert."

For Sanborn, admiration leads to exaltation. Lee becomes superhuman. His kindness to animals, particularly to his horse, is overshadowed only by his tremendous love of children. He, for instance, found "relaxation in the company of the little girls in the neighborhood" with whom he talked "in the most loving and familiar way." Sanborn also praises Lee's physique and pictures him as a romantic competitor of men much younger.

And so, too, Sanborn's Lee possessed rare human qualities. His self-effacement led him to refuse gift and food, preferring that the poor or wounded receive what he could forgo. Sensitivity and compassion were Lee's strength. Sanborn mentions that tears flowed when Lee discussed the likelihood of Richmond's fall, or when he heard about the death of General Johnston, or when he met old Confederate veterans.

Lee's presence always seemed magnetic. Sanborn claims that he was personally responsible for a religious revival in his army's camp. Witnesses also disclosed that a friendly laying chicken was especially compliant with her eggs only for Lee. And, of course, Lee in parade always elicited doffing of hats, awe,

But that is not all. Sanborn conjures a more dramatic spot for her subject. Lee wins a place in the camp of military heroes of the magnitude of Caesar, Bismarck, and George Washington. Lee, this "grand idol of the South," occupies a place in the "world of Titans." He is a type of "Hector of Iliad," a veritable "*deus ex machina*."

Hence, Sanborn defends Lee against criticism of military indecision and cowardice. She repeats witnessed accounts of his ability to lead men into battle possessed with a strange mixture of excited inspiration and

cool indifference. According to Sanborn, Lee's greatest contribution to military art, however, was the use of infantry entrenchment. She stipulates that sheer numbers, luck, caprice, and the unwillingness of General Longstreet to obey orders combined to beat Lee.

Although Sanborn's maternal grandfather was a Southerner and her paternal grandfather a Northerner, she does not escape sectional bias. Her love for Lee causes her portrait to be slightly favorable to the South. But highlighted mostly is an image of Lee as a perfect Christian gentleman. Sanborn quotes him often referring to the "Federalists" as "barbarians" and emphasizes that Lee died moralistically believing that the South's position was constitutionally and ethically right.

Sanborn seems somewhat embarrassed and, hence, apologetic because Lee became enmeshed in the business world. As president of Washington College, which was renamed Washington and Lee College shortly after his death, Lee was required to be chief fund raiser. He was made a stockholder in, and president of, the Valley Railroad Company in order to help the College financially. Sanborn speculates that railroad business was the topic of Lee's only personal visit with President Grant.

Lee's college presidency was rewarding for him and for the institution. The author depicts Lee as an educational innovator. He installed at the College an elective system which replaced a compulsory curriculum and supported the teaching of Spanish because he felt Latin America would become important in international affairs. Also, Lee built Washington College's first law school and planned to found a school of commerce and business administration. He seemed to forget his military reversals when immersed in academic life.

Educational philosophy also interested Lee. Sanborn reveals that he thought military training was not fit for "civilian life." He admitted that the greatest mistake he ever made was "taking military education." The key to his educational views was the Bible, which he claimed was "the most important book." Lee refused to sanction dormitory life because he felt it offered "temptations to license." Instead he embraced "family life" for his all-male student body, who lived in local Lexington, Virginia, homes.

Although overtures were made to him, Lee kept out of political life. He turned down a request to run in the Virginia gubernatorial race in 1867. Sanborn feels this hurt the

South's political recovery because it deprived Virginia of its ablest leader and eliminated the only Southern political figure acceptable to the North.

Lee died a sickly, often moody man. But he was not bitter. He had worried, according to Sanborn, too much about providing for his family. Apparently he knew about his impending death. After what seems to have been a stroke, Lee failed to recover or gain for about two weeks. Then he died calling out, "Strike the tent!"

Many scenes in the book are poignant. Bloodshed, death, tears, and failure recorded on these pages illustrate the War's over-riding tragedy. Daughter Mildred's journal is used extensively to describe Lee's family's tenderness and love at his deathbed.

Sanborn does not spare the memorable anecdote. She reveals, for instance, that at Manassas the first rebel yell was heard and that "Stonewall" Jackson might have received his nickname because he advanced into combat too slowly. She also vividly tells the story of the surrender at Appomattox, demolishing the myth that the surrender took place under an apple tree or on the court house lawn. Of course, Lee was a head-strong, controversial individual. The author quotes a few of the arguments about Lee's military ability, but supports his decisions. When he was pressed to choose the Northern general who had best fought against him, he surprised many by naming McClellan instead of Grant.

Sanborn's pages also reflect that one of the major weaknesses of the Confederacy was that it was not a union. General Lee and President Jefferson David developed a serious rivalry. Lee was sensitive about protocol and thought Davis often snubbed him. Also, Lee believed that Davis had abandoned Virginia's cause by not supplying food for the Army of Northern Virginia after its retreat from Richmond. Lee, it seems, always loved Virginia more than the South.

This book is occasionally quite interesting, but it is by no means an important study. Most histories consider Douglas S. Freeman's magisterial four volumes the definitive work. Sanborn's book will not alter that judgment, largely because she engages in bravura about Lee without judging the sources. Much of the book is a recounting of meaningless correspondence. Sanborn does not shape it or interpret the material. The result often resembles a melodramatic soap opera bereft of a sense of historical reality.

The author repeatedly overdraws her scenes. This is most evident when she speaks for the mind of Lee's horse. One can understand an occasional ungrammatical passage or forgive a split infinitive. But it is senseless to claim that Traveller thought Lee's last military parade was a "splendid review" or that Traveller had "always taken as much pleasure in applause as a human being." Sanborn also detracts from the death scene by recalling that a bird was chirping in a

hedge outside the window. Somehow the chirping bird competes with the man dying.

The book is disappointing because ironically the effort to sketch a "complete man" results in a portrait of a person not completely a man. Sanborn is guilty of deification. Lee is apotheosized. The book is an exercise in American hagiology. And, of course, this conceals rather than reveals the real Lee. There is no struggle in these pages over insights into Lee's doubts, fears, or aspirations. There is too much defense and motherly shielding from aspersions concerning military ability and business connection. Lee is never close to extraction from the myths surrounding him or his age.

Sanborn's work, however, is worth a quick reading even if Lee is placed behind facades. A few photographs and a list of names will interest some Civil War buffs. But the Lee presented is rather Victorian. For some this is a welcome escape from the stark realism of most recent biography and from the literature which mirrors the cynicism, bitterness, and violence of our day.

Lee's era was also fierce, brutal. In many respects so was he. Yet he emerges from Sanborn's treatment an example of the South's gentleman stereotype. Unfortunately, he is tailored to fit the chivalric ideal and thus becomes a demigod. That is a false image. We do not need it.

DEAN W. KOHLHOFF

A Crippled Theological Criticism

The last plays of Ibsen, Shakespeare, and Sophocles are notorious both for their difficulty and for their lack of popular appeal. It is therefore remarkable that the essays in *Reality and the Heroic Pattern: Last Plays of Ibsen, Shakespeare, and Sophocles* (David Grene, University of Chicago Press, \$5.00) are lucid, lively discussions in which these ten plays come to life not only for the critic and the literary professional but for the interested reader as well. Professor Grene makes concrete literary analysis combine with a concern for drama's implications for larger human issues with benefit to both. In his hands, questions of literary structure and meaning illumine one another. As a result, the author can put the resources of structural analysis to work without being restricted to a narrow, technical concern on the one hand, and without falling prey to freewheeling impressionism on the other. Thus, these essays are noteworthy not only for what they have to say about the plays and for their capacity to engage a wide range of readers but also for the critical achievement they represent and for the method that makes this possible.

The essays in *Reality and the Heroic*

Pattern are rooted in the belief that a literary work has a "meaning" which extends beyond the confines of the work to life itself. To be sure, the meaning is aesthetic. That is to say, this meaning is non-discursive, presentational, and embodied in the self-contained completeness that is the world of the work. In addition, this meaning cannot be grasped apart from the work in which it is perceived or dissociated from the concrete structures that give it tangible form. Yet, when we have attended to this meaning and to these structures with sufficient care, and when we cease to use the work as a kind of casing that contains and hides a message buried within, we will find that this meaning impinges upon our own sense of life and that these structures echo those around us. When we respond to "the passionate significance of the plays," Professor Grene says, we

gain that moment of passionate intensity in which all worlds are denied except that inside which the dramatist holds us convinced of its truth. To be able to do this through the plays of three dramatists like these is, I believe, to deepen to a degree one's own sense of reality.

At a more practical level, the clue to Professor Grene's critical achievement lies in his ability to make literary structure and meaning illumine one another. For this reason, if for no other, these essays deserve careful attention. They offer us a strategy — perhaps even a viable one — for handling a perennial problem plaguing those critics committed to a belief in the organic unity of form and content but ill-equipped to put this belief successfully to work in their own criticism. It is the problem of critical theory and method — the problem of providing the conceptual machinery necessary for the critic to do what he wants to do.

Professor Grene's basic critical concept is that of the "theme" in terms of which he reads these ten plays. In this respect, two propositions are fundamental to each of his essays: (1) the last plays of each dramatist form a "kind of series with certain common features of plot and treatment, and with a similar theme"; and (2) the theme treated by each of these dramatists is similar. Despite their importance to all that goes on in the book, however, these two propositions do not constitute its rhetorical subject. This subject is multiple. It is the ten plays of Ibsen,

Shakespeare, and Sophocles — taken individually and as groups — that is the object of the author's concern. Thus, the conceptual framework basic to the book is fundamental to its rhetorical structure only in the sense that it constitutes the ground out of which — or upon which — each of the essays is constructed. As a result, the unity of *Reality and the Heroic Pattern* is not rhetorical but lies, instead, in the single insight that informs each essay and therefore also all of them. The author does not argue his claim, nor is he interested in isolating and formulating the theme these ten plays treat. Rather, he reads the plays with this theme in mind, and the organization of the book mirrors precisely both these two propositions and the relationship between them. Thus, although it has features that suggest both, *Reality and the Heroic Pattern* is neither a simple collection of essays nor a covert discussion of a single subject masquerading under the disguise of such a collection. Instead, the book might best be described as a "series" of essays in much the same sense that Professor Grene has in mind when he speaks of the last plays of each dramatist forming a kind of series.

Professor Grene reads the plays with this theme in mind in order to respond to the "passionate significance" of the plays and to deepen his own sense of reality. It is this theme, then, that brings him — and with him, the reader — into contact with the plays' meaning. Thus, the theme is more than a rhetorical device by means of which the author unifies his essays and makes the book a kind of whole. It is also a lens through which he can look at the plays and come into the presence of their meaning. The theme is, therefore, the critical tool that permits him both to say and to see what he does. Here is the point at which Professor Grene can bring his concern for literary structure and meaning to bear upon one another so that they interact with and inform one another.

When it functions as a sort of lens, the theme that shapes these essays also operates as an unseen device that makes the author's particular vision and version of these plays possible. It is something to be looked through, not something to be looked at as an object in its own right. Yet, if we are interested in the author's critical method and in the conceptual machinery that makes it possible we must pause for a moment to look at the lens itself.

It is clear from Professor Grene's use of the term that this theme is a concept that functions in at least two important ways. First, it serves as a logical category by means of which objects are grouped on the basis of their similarity. It is the genus of which the specific themes of the individual plays and the authors are species. Second, the theme seems also to function as an operational construct, or hypothesis. In this respect, the concept of the theme is analogous to the concept of gravity in Newtonian physics, for it enables the author to take into account the

data before him and to illumine the structure he sees there. To be sure, such a concept implies no metaphysical assertions about existence, but it is designed to deal with the data at hand and with the structures discernible there. Its justification does not lie, therefore, merely in its usefulness as an instrument with which to construct systems of thought but also, and even more important, in its usefulness as a means of handling the data at hand. Regrettably, Professor Grene does not submit to this second criterion. He promises only to read these ten plays with this theme in mind and does not claim that this theme controls the structure of the plays themselves. He uses the theme in this way so that we will be able to respond to the "passionate significance" of the plays and deepen our own sense of reality. At this point, one might properly conclude that, although Professor Grene cannot and will not speak of this significance apart from the structure of the plays, his main concern is their significance and not their structure.

In much the same way, one may become irritated and confused by Professor Grene's insistence upon the right to treat these plays as though they shared a single theme despite the fact that he has never earned that right or even made this as an overt claim about the plays. Perhaps one must simply acknowledge that this is the presupposition that undergirds the essays and that must be granted to their author if his discussion is to proceed at all. Yet, it is also possible to argue that the essays do illustrate and, to this extent, also support such a claim. Since the theme itself functions as the unseen lens through which the plays are viewed, the lens is justified — not by the sheer existence of the essays, for this would constitute a critical *tour de force* in which a complex edifice was built over a theoretical and critical void — but by the way in which the essays illumine the structure and the meaning of the plays. It is therefore possible to say that the essays support the claim that these dramatists treat a similar, or even a single, theme but only when the theme is used as an operational construct and not merely as a logical category. Further, the rhetorical method at work here would then be akin to the aesthetic one in the plays themselves. For the essays *are* Professor Grene's commentary upon the theme and "assert" in what they do as much as in what they say. Viewed as parts of a rhetorical whole, then, the essays reveal an approach that is non-discursive and presentational rather than expository or argumentative.

To a large degree, the author's modesty in these two respects can be attributed to the fact that *Reality and the Heroic Pattern* is, in some ways, a slight book. It is a series of essays, not a discussion; it will not bear the weight of overt assertion that must be supported. The book does not pretend to deal with critical theory or to argue that thematic analysis will put us in touch with a play's meaning; it simply uses this kind of

analysis for this purpose. Neither does the book pretend to make a contribution to literary scholarship and to assert the generic similarity of the last plays of Ibsen, Shakespeare, and Sophocles; it uses this insight to illumine these plays. The essays are, therefore, instances of practical criticism in which the author's concern is the significance of the plays themselves. In addition, it is a book in which this sort of tact and indirection not only permits but even enables the sort of discussions that make these plays come to life as vividly and as memorably as they do.

Still, one can appreciate this tact and what it makes possible without also being able to understand or account for the extreme reticence that characterizes Professor Grene's treatment of the theme, which is central to his concern but never given definitive formulation. To be sure, the preface contains references to "the theme" or to "this theme," but when we examine them more closely, we find that the predicates are always only a specific formulation of the theme in the works of a single author. Thus, for example, Professor Grene says:

The theme at its most direct — as in the Ibsen plays — is the establishment of meaning for the events of a life, looking backward from its conclusion.

Although the author treats this as a more or less abstract statement of the theme of all three dramatists, what he is actually talking about here is not *the* theme they share, but *a* theme — Ibsen's theme. If we see the theme at all, then, we see it only indirectly — in the specific theme of a single writer. Thus, while we are given a variety of formulations that approximate and point to it, the theme itself remains beyond any discursive statement of it, embedded perhaps in the plays themselves, in the author's own vision of it, or in his discussions of these plays. Under the circumstances, it is understandable that the theme comes to seem something less pedestrian than a rhetorical device or an operational construct. Certainly, there is nothing very mysterious about either one. Yet, the author's reticence suggests the high seriousness of the sacred, the mystery of the particular in all of its particularity, or the now familiar paralysis of the critic silenced by the claim that paraphrase is heresy.

It may occur to some, as it has to me, that the movement from "that moment of passionate intensity in which all worlds are denied except that inside which the dramatist holds us convinced of its truth" to a deeper sense of one's own reality is akin to at least one version of religion, the Whiteheadian. If so, the concept of the theme could function as a means of pointing to and getting at what Preston T. Roberts has called "the religious dimension of literature." But Professor Grene explicitly renounces any such intention:

To read these ten plays with such a theme in mind is not to establish any "philosophy of the dramatist," nor even those aspects of it that bear on social and religious life. . . .

One can only conclude from this that, at most, Professor Grene tentatively asserts the plays' significance for life and the theme as a means of getting at this significance. The object before which he stands when he speaks of the theme may well be, therefore, the literary object in all of its own peculiar mystery and particularly. If so, the theme is as much a literary concept as it is a critical one, and the author avoids confusing a critical construct with the aesthetic object it is designed to handle. But he has not managed to

avoid altogether a kind of aestheticism that comes close to being itself a kind of religious stance, and one that results from the very narrowness with which — apparently — he defines religion and from his correlative refusal to acknowledge a religious dimension in the works discussed. In short, it is possible to argue that, whether he wants it called this or not, Professor Grene does engage in a form of theological criticism, but one that is crippled by the fact that he denies both a religious dimension in literature and a cor-

responding theological dimension in criticism. It is this denial, in my opinion, that forces the author to adopt something akin to a religious mode of utterance with respect to the theme and this which makes such utterance appear gratuitous, if not blasphemous, because it cannot be rooted in or directed toward anything outside itself — in the literature itself — that is recognized as itself religious.

SUE WIENHORST

Worth Noting

Art and Glory: The Story of Elbert Hubbard

By Freeman Champney (Crown Publishers, \$5.95) illustrated.

Strange indeed are the fluctuations of fame and reputation, when a man who once was a watchword in early Twentieth Century America is today (as it were) re-introduced to us readers almost as a stranger to our folklore. As the introduction asserts,

Many of the externals of American life have changed beyond recognition since Hubbard's time. But some things have changed less than we might think. Who we are and how we shall live — jointly and severally — are wide-open questions, as they were then. The answers that Elbert Hubbard came up with were many, often contradictory, and never quite adequate, even for him. But they are often illuminating, and they are seldom dull.

The first half of this book's title is a phrase from one of numerous slogans which this popular writer-lecturer was apt in coining ("Take the train for East Aurora, Where we work for Art and Glory"); and the descriptive word "Story" is well chosen for editorial emphasis or appeal, especially to our confused days.

Interestingly, today you and I are witnessing "The Revolution in Middle-Class Values" (see e.g. James A. Michener's article by that title, in the *New York Times Magazine*, Sunday, August 18, 1968, pp. 20ff.). Some of the incentive to such middle-class standards was definitely aroused by Elbert Hubbard years ago, when his Roycroft Press at East Aurora, near Buffalo, New York, produced a shoddy imitation of William Morris' Kelmscott Press — principally because E.H. seemed not fully to grasp the fundamentals of his contemporary British craftsman's ideas of decoration, printing, and medieval design. Likewise from this ostentatiously simple artist colony he edited an inspirational sort of magazine called *The Philistine: A Periodical of Protest* (1895-1915), whose platitudinously "arts and crafts"

contents were mainly written by himself. A similar journal, *The Fra* (1908-'17), whose title developed from the sobriquet he had conferred upon himself, never attained enormous popularity like that of the earlier Hubbard mouthpiece (although presumably the mouthpiece influence of either or both media today might garner for their originator an honorary academic degree). Add to these elements a rollicking vernacular style of expression which alternately startled and delighted, probably under the influence of our all-time master of semiliterary jauntiness known as Mark Twain. Techniques like these did enlarge Hubbard's appeal at a time when, for ordinary or literary people alike, the kind of writing considered worthy of appearing in print customarily meant classical allusions and formality.

A prize illustration of this kind of democratization is the March 1899 *Philistine* publication, without a heading, of "A Message to Garcia" — the short essay which (Hubbard estimated) by December 1913 had skyrocketed forty million copies. In the words of Champney:

With the rise of mass production and nationwide corporations, the boss was not only away a lot, he was often an impersonal legal entity like a holding company. Something was needed to replace the old master-servant (or master-journeyman-apprentice) relationship. . . . Also, many ordinary people whose self-respect required of them an honest day's work for a days pay must have welcomed this chance to identify themselves with a hero. And there were the Eager Beavers, alert for a pathway to the top.

The reading public was varied; mass distribution by Big Railroads and Militarists (not to mention the McGuffey *Readers*) popularized the tract that had been shaped by the Spanish-American War; and the times, verily were out of joint! An age of turmoil sought easier panaceas than Thorstein Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*, also issued in

1899; namely simple and direct solutions as in *Looking Backward*, or in *Progress and Poverty*, or in *In His Steps*, or in *Coin's Financial School*; and Elbert Hubbard readily supplied "escape literature."

There are essentially only two earlier biographies, both of disciple-worship caliber; it seems, accordingly, that the scorn of his critics didn't bother thus about him. *Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora* is a book of many moods, alternating between hilarity and high seriousness, usually in Hubbard's spontaneous moments as seen through the eyes of the man who for eight years was his general manager, Felix Shay. *Elbert Hubbard: Genius of Roycroft* by David Arnold Balch, succeeds in presenting Hubbard's crusade for art, for culture, for rugged individualism, and for Big Business — ideals for which those times had a popular demand. The Roycroft idea for a while dominated the United States, sired as it was by William Morris out of Ralph Waldo Emerson, with collateral strains of Bob Ingersoll, Ben Franklin, and Walt Whitman. Of other secondary articles and writings which are itemized near the ending of *Art and Glory*, I single out only Mark Sullivan's *Our Times: The United States 1900 ff.* for its journalistic history and "feel" of the period.

Dr. Freeman Champney was manager of the Antioch Press for twenty years, and now is design and production manager of Syracuse University Press. His resourceful study of Elbert Hubbard (1856-1915) not only explains the success of the series of 170 *Little Journeys* to the homes of great men, and the celebrated "A Message to Garcia," but also provides social criticism notably of the two decades before World War I as reflected in the life of this paradoxical free-swinging who dazzled the country as a prolific writer, designer, advertising man, magazine and book publisher, popular philosopher, and all-around non-conformist.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

In Every Corner, Sing!

By WILLIAM F. EIFRIG, JR.

Every faithful churchman has his favorite hymns, ecclesiastical songs so immediately a part of his worship that to part with them would be a challenge to his faith. The old songs and traditional tunes hold a position of honor unthreatened by any musical upstarts. But can you recall at any recent time hearing from the pews, "They're not making them like they used to?" We hear the cliché used with reference to automobiles, snow shovels, apple pies, and even politicians. Hymns, though, seem no longer to be items in current production. Any judgement passed by most of us on a hymn and its tune establishes a position of favor or disfavor for it among our family heirlooms and is not an evaluation of a late model.

Churchmen seasonally wonder why there are no contemporary musical expressions of the faith, and societies regularly offer prizes for the best up-to-date hymn. The efforts thus stimulated are usually an embarrassment to the Church. They are bad poetry, bad music, and bad theology mixed in varying proportions or they smack of glib aestheticism. At best they never reach the nave; at worst the contest agreement is fulfilled in a single performance after which the prize specimen mercifully slips into oblivion.

An easy explanation of the seeming dearth of current hymnody is offered by despairing Christians who lament this Age of Doubt and Unbelief. If the people were more confidently faithful, their hearts would burst with newly made songs of praise. Ages of vivacious Christians belief in the past have been noted for floods of new hymnody, it is true, but may not the hymnody have contributed as much to the vitality of the age as the age to the creative spirit? One finds it difficult to believe that all of the treasures of congregational song spring effortlessly from the minds of poets and musicians according to the measures of their faith.

The best hymns, of course, speak in terms of experience common to all Christians and with sentiments universally recognized. Many current attempts fail because the hymn writer speaks for himself rather than for the whole of the worshipping body. Plenty of exceptions, however, weaken this criticism.

There is a more telling observation. Music and poetry of the twentieth century are characterized by irregular structures, continuous variation, and the surprises of independent originality. The hymn, to be

a practical tool for worship, capitalizes upon the regular stanzaic form with identical structures repeated several times. The congregation requires in its hymn writer a spokesman who stands in a tradition and sacrifices his individuality in the service of the whole Church.

If one adds to this the innovations of aleatoric and electronic music, a critic is tempted to conclude the impossibility of congregational song today and relegate the musical activities of worship to a few specialists in the choirloft.

But this is all too easy. The fact that you and I last Sunday used in our worship some tunes and texts left us by those saints gone before us is no reason to presume that the voices of our age are missing in the song of the Church. A brisk survey of several hymnals corrects us. Many hymns we include in our list of old favorites are of quite recent appearance. So firmly have they established themselves that we can scarcely imagine a time when the congregation was without them. Vaughan Williams' *Sine nomine* ("For All the Saints"), Graham George's *Ride on in Majesty*, Robert Bridges' masterly translations from Greek and Latin, John Oxenham's *In Christ there is no East or West*, and Bernard Schumacher's tune for *How Firm a Foundation* — these are voices of our time.

A phenomenon of this very day is the pop-folk hymn. Younger voices in our midst backed by guitars in all stages of amplification are protesting the pseudo-canonization of congregational song and warn of the opiate which is thoughtless traditionalism. Their songs are mostly of mediocre quality and worse. Like so many products on today's market they are intended for disposal after being used up. Ira Sankey's gospel songs and Moody's spiritual hymns served the same functions. At their best, however, pop hymns can be an encouragement to congregations. They need not wait for synodical publication or the decision of a central hymnbook committee to add their songs to the treasure of Christian hymnody.

The continued use by the parish of its local inspirations probably attests more accurately the worth of a new hymn than the prizes of a council and, given the familial nature of Christian denominations, that which has proved itself the genuine expression of one congregation will shortly become the vehicle for the worship of many others.

Politics, Improvisation, and Nudity

By WALTER SORELL

With the passing of September a few hopes on Broadway have faded away. One play disappeared so fast that the second-night reviewers had no chance to condemn it (they never can save a play). I am speaking of Jack Gelber's "The Cuban Thing." He has to his credit (or discredit) "The Connection," a play once done by The Living Theatre. It had a long run and was discussed for months. I saw it at that time and thought it was an absorbing photographic replica of life about hippies and drugs, dramatic because our daily life has become so full of drama, theatrical because, however well rehearsed it was, it looked to me skilfully improvised as our daily life is.

This is my acquaintance with Jack Gelber's work, and I was interested in seeing whether he had progressed or changed. As is the habit of dramatists to be produced, they cannot say no to *The New York Times*, which invites them to write a promotion piece on their play on the Sunday before its opening. Sometimes it turns out to be an obituary at the same time, as in Gelber's case. The article gave the impression of a certain insecurity and groping from one idea to another until the play finally crystallized in his mind. Mr. Gelber intended to show the effect of the Cuban revolution on a middle-class family in Havana — which is a fine topic.

Jack Gelber was reproached for having directed his own play. I have always thought it unwise to direct one's own play. (I remember a few seasons ago Mr. Gelber did a marvelous job as the director of Wesker's "The Kitchen.") I look forward to reading the printed version to find out for myself what flaws "The Cuban Thing" may have. But it is symptomatic of our commercial theatre and its patrons that trivia have such a easy life and that a play that at least attempts to attack a worthwhile problem is taken off the boards overnight (its first and last night). This shows great disregard for the creative person.

Edward Albee wrote a strange political play, "Box and Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung." It is about our time and life, or about nothing. Non-sequiturs and convincing absurdities are chaotically piled upon one another. The play has a recognizable, non-objective quality. It sounds like a piece of wayout music and has the dramatic structure of no structure. In a box is the recorded voice of Ruth White, who talks about life and other inconsequential or important things. Then, four figures are on the deck of an ocean liner. Mao Tse-Tung quotes himself; an elderly lady recites a poem; another lady tells of her miseries and sex life while a parson listens and nods. Nothing really happens. The themes are built like an orchestral piece,

abstract in form, nonsensical in content, and the whole thing turns out to be absorbing theatre.

A rich, powerful New York Jew is put on trial in Israel for inhuman actions against Jewry. Another Eichmann, or a mistake? He does not deny his crimes, he glories in them. Is he Arthur Goldman or Adolf Dorf, the torturer and killer? He appears in an S.S. uniform and boasts of the atrocities he committed. Does Goldman desire to be a martyr? But why deny himself? For whose benefit does he want to be crucified? "The Man in the Glass Booth" by Robert Shaw is an intellectual thriller. It is acted by Donald Pleasance with a chilling virtuosity. It is directed by Harold Pinter with nerve-racking intensity. It is great theatre, not necessarily a good play.

Young actors in "The Fourth Wall" want to prove that they can think on their feet and invent dialogue in a few sketches. The sketches are, however, more cabaret than theatre. The improvised theatre, a non-literary theatre, may develop into a modern form of the commedia dell' arte, or the whole idea may soon fade out like another fad. For the time being it is with us as much as nudity in the theatre.

The actors of The Living Theatre carried nudity too far in New Haven, where they began their American tour of college theatres. As a matter of fact they carried it into the streets, where they were arrested. "The police misunderstood the significance of the event," said Robert Brustein, dean of the Yale Drama School. The police thought that even wayout theatre ought to stop at the door of the theatre building. Julian Beck, director and leading actor of the group, said that the scanty costumes and the procession into the street were necessary parts of the production, which he called a vertical ascent to greater freedom, greater plenty.

Perhaps Beck remembered Sophocles leading a procession of naked youths through the streets of Athens after the victory at Salamis. No, I don't think he thought of it. Nor could the thousand men who thronged Wall Street to see a girl in a sweater hiding something that outdoes all Bardot bosoms think of a virgin to be sacrificed to the gods as it was done in former cultures called primitive. Wasn't this spectacle similar — only less well rehearsed — to what the actors of The Living Theatre did? But none of these male actors was arrested, though I strongly suspect their thoughts were more obscene than Julian Beck's. The concept of audience participation is no doubt badly wanted and highly over-rated. Where does the spectacle begin? Where does it end? There is not enough method in our madness, methinks.

The Question of Greatness

By RICHARD H. W. BRAUER

On public view in Chicago are two magnificent works by the great English sculptor, Henry Moore (b.1898). His *Nuclear Energy* was installed last December outside Stagg Field at the University of Chicago. The other work, his *Reclining Figure*, is at the Chicago Art Institute. It is the half-sized working model for the sculpture he carved for the UNESCO building in Paris. Obviously both works are attempts to make major public sculptural statements for our age. Both works therefore call for serious engagement and appraisal by the critic, appraisals involving the question of greatness.

For instance, how do these works compare with such acknowledged sculptural "greats" of the past as the Moses by Michelangelo, or the *Teaching Christ* on the Gothic cathedral at Chartres, or the *Apollo* from the ancient Greek temple of Zeus, or even the pre-Columbian carving of the Mayan rain god *Chac-Mool* (Moore's inspiration for this reclining figure theme)? Or better,

do these works provide opportunity for experiences which inform fundamental understandings, feelings, and sensibilities? And most importantly, do these experiences help develop understandings needed in our time? Sir Herbert Read, the art critic, believed "that art has been and still is, the essential instrument in the development of human consciousness." For him, the *Apollo* of the ancient Greeks was an intuitive attempt to become more conscious of an ideal, objective humanity common to all men. In contrast, Read believed that the art of the twentieth century tends more towards an intuitive attempt to extend man's consciousness of his subjective self. And such works as the *Reclining Figure* make "evident to the senses" that level of the subjective self Jung calls the "collective unconscious."

When exploring these aspects of greatness, the critic needs to be clear about his purpose and audience. Perhaps only the art market needs to question whether



Henry Moore, RECLINING FIGURE, bronze, 53 1/4" h x 90 1/2" l x 47" w. 1957.

Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold H. Maremont.

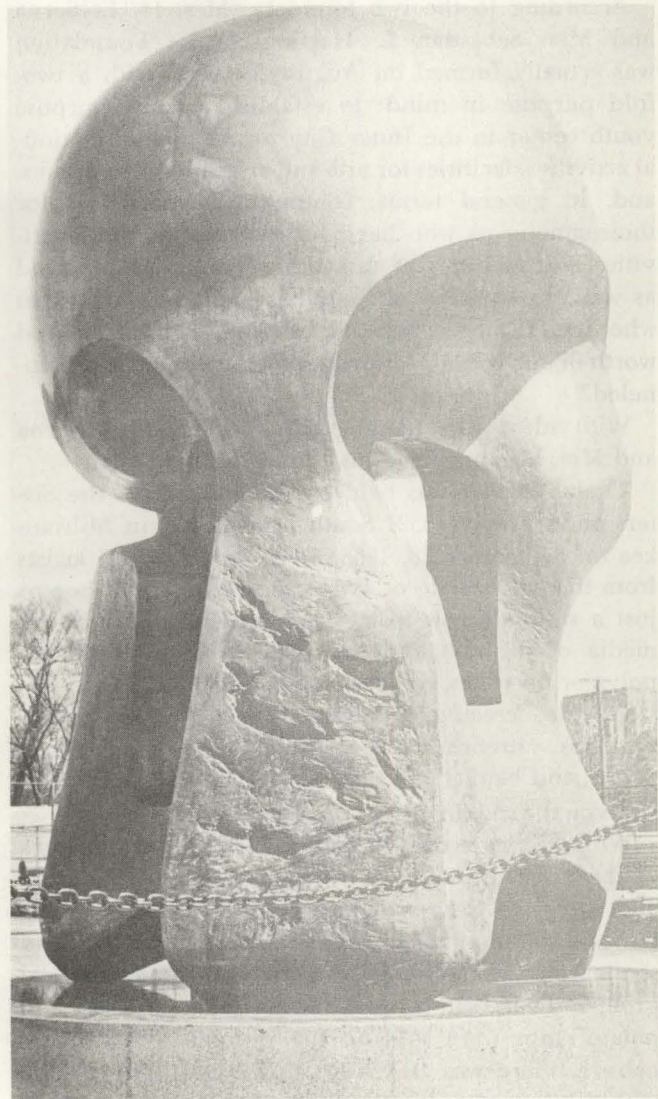
Rembrandt is considered greater than Raphael. Surely for most of us such a question is as futile and irrelevant as that of trying to decide whether oranges are greater than apples. Perhaps only a museum director, with his limited funds for preserving and displaying works of art, needs to try to measure the relative worth of Michelangelo and Moore. But for the ordinary beholder, the critic's questions and answers should simply point up the unique values and experiences the works can provoke. In any event both the critic and the beholder must primarily look to first-hand encounters with the sculptures themselves.

The *Reclining Figure* is placed for viewing in the main gallery of European twentieth century art at the Chicago Art Institute. (I hope someday it will be installed outdoors where it can be seen in the changing sunlight, rain, and snow. Its massive contours and raw finish seem to be more justified when placed in opposition to the elements than when protected by a soft, unchanging artificial interior.) I had seen this piece before and had, through photographs, reminded myself ahead of time of its appearance, but that had not really prepared me for the fresh impact of its sense of largeness; its solid, substantial forms and surfaces. The hard, earthy bronze glinted lowly over the variously pitted, rubbed, and rounded surfaces. The boulder-like legs, one with a major facing shearing flat and cliff-like, spread heavily, revealing an interior pelvic cave, utterly animal in effect. Springy, bone-like masses frame the upper body. Their shifting contours not only define the masses but also mold the spaces of the protecting hollows and of the organic hole which leads like an entry to further life. Then too, the body seems even more massive when compared with the small rounded head projecting with upright human dignity above the rest. All in all, it is amazing to me that though using generalized simple forms Moore was able to avoid the dull and the stereotyped, the ludicrous and the cartooned. Much of his success is due to his masterful appeal to the sense of touch, the most intimate of our senses and the most distinctive sensation in sculpture. As a result, when contemplating the *Reclining Figure* many people experience an awesome presence of female fruitfulness; a vital, supernatural "mother-earth" image which perhaps does reach to the depths of the beholder's "collective unconscious."

Nuclear Energy also skirts very closely a cliched cartoon-like representation of, in this case, an atomic explosion mushroom cloud. But when I saw the work on an overcast day several months ago I found that for me Moore had completely transcended the cliché. The mushroom cloud serves to identify the subject for even the most inexperienced beholder, and yet the work does not slip into superficial glibness. Actually, the fully three dimensional forms, the massive, heavy solidness of the bronze brings fierce power to the cloud-like form. It establishes a compact balance between massive control and massive chaos. The smooth, helmet-like cloud

smooths out into sunny, golden glints suggesting immensely beneficial order. At the same time, the interior breaks of the lower portion droop down into random globs and great cracked surfaces. No medieval carving of a lion could "make evident to the senses" such mysterious, elemental power.

To use so fully the unique sensory possibilities of sculpture, to create images that appeal to so many levels of meaning, from the liberal and human to the symbolically awesome, moves me deeply. Furthermore the sense of fierce transcending power which these pieces of sculpture evoke can perhaps help our age come to terms with one of the central issues of our day, that of the reality of God himself. The art historian Sir Herbert Read has written that Moore's sculpture can help "restore that sense of the numinous that has been destroyed by the rational tradition." I will not venture a judgment regarding Moore's greatness for all time, but for our time and our needs I think he deserves the adjective great.



Henry Moore, NUCLEAR ENERGY, bronze, about 10' high. 1967. Commemorating the 25th anniversary of the first controlled nuclear chain reaction at the University of Chicago.

Editor-At-Large

Why Not?

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN



Several months ago two young and attractive housewives in New Berlin, Wisconsin, decided that they were going to do something about human relations in metropolitan Milwaukee. They decided to establish the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Youth Center Foundation. To be located in Milwaukee's Inner Core, the Center will acquaint youngsters with the arts and crafts and thereby create an atmosphere of racial understanding for all people.

According to the two founders (Mrs. H. E. Serna and Mrs. Sebastian L. Hartinger), the Foundation was actually formed on August 3, 1968, "with a two-fold purpose in mind: to establish a multi-purpose youth center in the Inner City to provide recreational activities, facilities for arts and crafts, meeting rooms, and, in general terms, community experiences for those among us who have little access" to such activities and facilities at this time. They had in mind as well the creation of "a living memorial to a man who was firmly convinced of the productivity and worth of our youth — if properly challenged and channeled."

With ideas like these guiding them, Mrs. Serna and Mrs. Hartinger put on a fund-raising art fair.

Their Art Fair was held on the grounds of the Sisters of St. Francis, 3321 South Lake Drive, in Milwaukee on September 28, 1968. Over one hundred artists from the entire state of Wisconsin set up their booths just a stone's throw from Lake Michigan. All of the media of the arts and the crafts were represented: polymer, acrylics, crayons, watercolor, oil, weaving, stoneware, creative knitting, batiks, textiles, jewelry, glass, vitreous enamel, wood, graphics, sculpture, prints, and banners. Several artists demonstrated their skills on the spot in oils, portraiture, and polymer.

While we were on the grounds looking at the work of the artists — my wife with checkbook in hand — and while we were watching people, we were entertained by an organist, guitarists, singing sisters and seminarians, Israeli folk singers, and other musical groups. Beer, sandwiches, Coca Cola, cookies, and potato chips were sold on the grounds. Would you believe, there was this nun, this sister, selling beer with a constant hint of a beatific smile on her face. The secular Gospel has made its impact.

Hundreds of people attended this fair from its open-

ing at eleven o'clock in the morning to seven o'clock in the evening. While my wife went from one artist's booth to another with *our* checkbook, I simply strolled back and forth, back and forth — caught by all the complexities and joys of life on the faces I saw. I met a lot of people I know who are colleagues of mine in the civil rights adventure, in the peace movement, in the work of the church, and in sundry other activities.

One of my friends in the advertising business expressed amazement at the professional job these two hot-rodding housewives had pulled off. They mobilized volunteer help to bake cookies, to distribute handbills and posters throughout the greater Milwaukee area, to handle the entertainment and the food stands, to serve as judges, and to perform a host of other functions. On September 7 and 14, an Art Walk (kind of like a peaceful parade) was conducted on the streets of Milwaukee, a clever contrivance to publicize their project to busy Milwaukee people. An Art Sing-Out was held at Brookfield Square on September 21 in Brookfield, Wisconsin, to let Brookfield shoppers know what they were up to. Attempts were made to get coverage in the newspapers, on radio and television. The media of communication were slow to respond. This matter will be considered at a later time.

On the evening of September 28, a Supper Dance was held in the Christian Involvement Center on the private estates of the Sisters of St. Francis.

What intrigues me as much as anything at the fair were the auctions held in the afternoon on the grounds and in the evening at the Supper Dance. People at an art auction do not act the same as people at a farm foreclosure sale. I am not sure what the difference is — but there is a difference. Let that suffice for the moment.

What compelled these two women to get involved in an enterprise as momentous as this one? Supported by an abundance of energy almost beyond description, they were driven by some words from a eulogy to Robert F. Kennedy: "Some men see things as they are and say, 'Why?' — I dream things that never were, and say, 'Why not?'"

Did my wife buy? Yes, she did.

Why not?

Confessions of a Non-Campy Follower

By DON A. AFFELDT

I'm a sucker for movies. All kinds. I've seen underground, overground, foreign, Hollywood, World Fair, religious, nudie, home, old, unreleased and re-run films, and every time I enter a theater I'm filled with eagerness. The problem is that I almost never feel satisfied anymore at the end of a flick. Of course that doesn't keep me from salivating the next time I turn to the entertainment section of the local paper, or from going to still more films just like the others. Suckers by definition never learn.

The increasing disappointment I feel after seeing even long-awaited films makes me wonder what has caused me to be less than content with any random product of the moviemakers' art. My guess is that the filmmaker has done himself in before my eyes by making some really great films. After seeing these films, movies just aren't the same. Yet I still haunt the theatres, hoping that by some strange chance the remembered intense experience will be provided again.

Experience. That's the key to good movies in my estimation. The hot medium of celluloid and giant screen can get through to me, and I sit up close to let the screen virtually fill my field of vision. I want involvement in the action, intensity of visual effect, earsplitting sound, glimpses of other places, other minds.

Often I get this, in bits and pieces. Nearly every movie produced has its novel touches, its interesting elements. *Barbarella*, a soon-to-be-released flick by Jane Fonda and her current husband, Roger Vadim, is a futuristic comic strip, literally and figuratively; it shows that sex in the future can seem as sterile as anything else in the sci-fi world of tomorrow. One is surprised that the generous portions of flesh exposed in this film can seem so antiseptic, so like the airbrushed lustless centerfolds of *Playboy*. Yet this collection of wild scenes in an age to come is without great appeal; one is neither frightened nor tickled nor excited about the future this film suggests. *Petulia*, Richard Lester's biggest film since *Hard Day's Night*, confines itself to the present, and succeeds no more than did Vadim with his look ahead. Lester's film is offered as a treatment of the "modern marriage" and no description of the film could be more misleading than that. Julie Christie is just plain kookie, and George C. Scott is a passive, tired bore. Credibility is strained by both dialogue and scene, and explanations of attitudes and actions are left to the clueless viewer. A more serious film might make one rise to the occasion and want to put the pieces together, but in this film one never even starts to care about any

of the characters trotted out before him.

Rachel, Rachel is far more satisfying, perhaps because it was a more challenging film to make since its story is so plain and commonplace. Joanne Woodward, here directed by her husband Paul Newman in his first try at producing and directing a film, gives a consummate performance as the spinster schoolteacher whose utterly ordinary life seems hardly the stuff of great cinema. Indeed, the film is not great, just for that reason; yet it offers a great character study. It's hard to see how one can look upon an old maid again without being touched by the memory of Rachel.

Bits and pieces. A good character here, a fine mystery there, stunning photography elsewhere. Traces of the cinema art. But seldom the masterpiece. Critics remarking this fact are given to reveries concerning the "great days" of the cinema — movies of the thirties and forties. I am not moved to join the campy crowd which thinks that Bogie was the greatest thing on film, or Eisenstein the one really good director in cinema history. Movies *are* better than ever. They're just not that *good*.

I said before that I had few standards of goodness for movies, and by now it may be exasperatingly apparent that I spoke the truth. Yet what need have I of standards when what I seek in films is a genuine experience? Do experiences have standards? Do even meaningful experiences have standards? The human mind and viscera are bigger than we might suppose; why then lay down what *must* be the case before the human audience can be reached? It's silly to suppose that we know the limits of our own experiencing. If we could state those limits, it's hard to see how art could be possible, for surely art takes its being from its power to extend the previous limits of one's own experience.

Good cinema, I suppose, is no more common, yet no less valuable, than good painting, good architecture, good books, good music. But if you love any of these things, you're doomed to sifting through a lot of coal in search of the diamond. Of course you could wait for others to do the sifting for you, and only bestir yourself to notice the work when the critics are agreed; yet such a guarded approach may well inhibit a genuine encounter with the work of art itself — assuming any work be found which garners such critical acclaim. There is no easy way. Loving the cinema is a pretty boring, frustrating way to live. Except, say, for the time when the camera panned to the

The Warm Benches

The old men
at odds and at peace with the world,
stare the day down. The russet hills
falling asleep under the big, hot, sun, ask
nothing of these men.

The crowd of puffer pigeons scratch
beneath the green benches, hardly moving a wing
in their rounds. There's no danger.

Four sides. The Square is four sides.
All the world is what they think of all day.
The sides seem immense, the traffic abstract.
The talking sidewalks lean in on them,
the people threaten them with their walking, their breathing,
their knowing and saying of things, and their living.

When the grain truck stops, they lean on their
sticks and laugh.

And later cry at the goodness of the driver;
his stops, his cattle, his world.

The park is small. The Courthouse
hard grey stone, in shade; and Brockoff's drug store
closes;

the eyes see the sign turn in the window,
see the bricks turn blue in the shade,
and two pigeons light on the statue's rifle, scratching
beneath their wings — the heads turning full round,
the wind kicks the dust under
the benches, the empty ones.

The night calls them home
for how do's to the summer people to Rolfsmeier's
for ice cream
and the tilted rocker;

some sleep — awakened by choking
in the dreams —
and gripped comforts and quilts —

and tomorrow —
and the warm benches
and the benches.

JACK TRACY LEDBETTER