E. POWER BIGGS BEGAN HIS career as an organist at a time when the organ was a stepchild among musical instruments. Organ music, whether in concert halls or churches, consisted mainly of transcriptions from the orchestral, operatic, or piano literature, and the organs themselves were built to serve this frivolous repertoire. Theater organs were in vogue, whose "literature" consisted of cue-sheets rather than musical scores. Organ music by Bach and the other old masters was seldom heard, and when it was, it would scarcely have been recognized by the composers. No major contemporary composers were writing for the organ. A few individuals had advocated a renascence of the baroque-era organ and its literature, but they were not yet influential with the musical public, especially on this side of the Atlantic.

The recent death of Mr. Biggs at the age of 70 found a very different situation with regard to what Schumann called "Bach's royal instrument." Virtually every major American city, and many a small town as well, has several organs created more or less in the image of their baroque-era ancestors, instruments built to perform the music of the golden age of organ literature. Transcriptions and over-sentimental fluff, while not yet completely out of style, have had to move over to make room for Buxtehude and Couperin. Although we are still short of organ music by leading contemporary composers, we do have major works by Messiaen, Persichetti, Ligeti, and others. Organ recitals draw select but faithful and enthusiastic followings. Churches of all denominations are rediscovering the beauties of the eighteenth-century chorale preludes and organ masses. And, perhaps most significant of all, no modern-day record collector would consider his collection complete without several examples of baroque organ music, preferably recorded on one of the many restored seventeenth- or eighteenth-century organs of Europe.

This revolution in public attitude and taste was the result of many factors and the efforts of many in-
individuals. Albert Schweitzer, though he misunderstood the aesthetic of Bach, performed a valuable service by editing and recording Bach's organ music, and by alerting the citizenry of France and Germany to the need to preserve and restore the surviving organs of the Bach era. Scholars such as Gurlitt and Mahrenholz studied the mechanical and artistic features of the great old organs and influenced twentieth-century builders to take them as their models in building new organs. In America, G. Donald Harrison, Walter Holtkamp, and Herman Schlicker began in the 1940s to emulate the clean brilliance of the baroque organ sound.

THE TIME WAS RIPE FOR the American recording industry and radio programming to take up organ music in earnest. There can be no question that the man of the hour was a British-born Bostonian with the unlikely name of E. Power Biggs (what other prominent concert artist precedes his given name with an enigmatic initial? "J. Arthur Rubinstein?").

Biggs' broadcasts from the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, first on a small experimental neo-baroque organ built by G. Donald Harrison and later on a splendid three-manual Flentrop organ, were standard Sunday radio fare in innumerable American homes beginning in 1942. His recording career began at approximately the same time, and he recorded vast amounts of organ literature on the Columbia label. His New York Times obituary stated that more than fifty Biggs recordings are listed in the current Schwann catalog. Biggs made his American debut as a concert organist in 1932, and soon was in constant demand as a recitalist. He also appeared frequently as soloist with American symphony orchestras, performing concertos of Handel, Rheinberger, Sowerby, Poulenc, and others.

Biggs' appeal to the American musical public is not hard to understand. Little interested in teaching or church music, though he dabbled in both, he devoted himself to a career as a concert artist. He believed religiously in the music he played, and knew that great music would win the day if properly and sufficiently presented. He won his public not by playing what they wanted to hear, but by making them want to hear what he played. Though he took a few side trips into such areas as ragtime and early American trifles on the harpsichord, he generally kept to the broad and fertile way of the classics of organ literature. Neither a performance-practice scholar nor a flawless technician, he nevertheless played organ music with stylistic awareness and with a robust enthusiasm that won him a huge following. And this triumph did more to demonstrate the delights of baroque organ music to an often doubtful public than did the aloof perfection of other leading organists, or the grossly overdone "popularizations" of yet others.

Not the least of Biggs' assets was his personal warmth and wit. His breezy British manner deflated many an overblown ego and helped to make his complete frankness disarming rather than abrasive.

MY OWN PERSONAL DEBT to Biggs is considerable. His Sunday morning broadcasts provided my first acquaintance with many compositions in the organ repertoire. His recitals played before packed houses encouraged me to believe that there is indeed a public for the King of Instruments. His vigorous espousal of the cause of baroque organ dispositions, low-pressure winding, tracker action, and other features of the organ's golden age provided a clear voice to heed among conflicting schools of thought.

And there are more personal memories. Dropping in at the Biggs' large Victorian house in Cambridge, Mass., in the company of a friend who was then a Biggs pupil, and staying for an improvised dinner. Driving Biggs from Valparaiso's Lembke Hotel to the new university chapel for the dedicatory recital, in September of 1959, on the Reddel Memorial Organ (Biggs' comment upon seeing a capacity crowd thronging into the chapel: "What's the matter? No good TV shows tonight?"). His kind answer to my letter about recording organ music for commercial record companies, and then, several years later, seeing me at a symposium, beginning, "Now, about your letter..."

Organ players, organ composers, organ builders, and organ listeners all owe a great deal to E. Power Biggs. He has enlarged our field. We are the heirs of his life's work. We play on better instruments, to more knowledgeable audiences. Our instrument is no longer a mere utilitarian device for churches and movie palaces, but has come again into its hegemony. This is not the work of any one person, but no one did more to bring it about than Biggs. We are thankful for his life.

PHILIP GEHRING

The Cresset
SOMETHING IN THE MIX

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE POET AND his audience has been the occasion for some strange names and titles—usually for the poet. There is something in the mix of reader and writer that casts up some strange sights and sounds which, at odd times, pass for poetry. Traditionally, the poet has looked upon himself as "unacknowledged legislator of the world," as behemian in a world of the bourgeoisie, as martyr, and as buffoon. And sometimes the poet sees himself as person, period! How the poet views himself will determine his role within the poem if he is writing about the creative process. Such poems are never easy because the poet is there for all to see: the persona is thin. The poet shows through. And in poems about poets and the writing of poetry the poet faces certain temptations to take a stance, to strike a pose, or to blow off steam.

"The Sea Elephant" can be read as a poem about the poet and poetry, and in it William Carlos Williams resists the temptations. "Blouaugh!" says the sea elephant. Not a pretty sound if you are part of Williams' crowd watching the beast surface from "the strangeness of the sea." The spectators (readers), always referred to as "they," suggest in practical voices that we ought
to put it back where it came from.¹

"They" apparently cannot or will not tolerate it. And yet how curious that "they" want it there in the first place. Man has always needed artists, and yet how often do we see man not knowing how to act with or toward them. This poem is no exception. The poem opens with a circus barker announcing:

Ladies and Gentlemen!
the greatest
sea monster ever exhibited
alive (p. 194)

and the poet surfaces amid the staring crowd of "they" ready to make his peculiar noise. "Blouaugh!" It is an honest sound. There is no attempt at rime, no regard for assonance. "Blouaugh!" he says, and the crowd is amazed to see

fish after fish into his maw
unswallowing
to let them glide down
 gulching back
half spittle half
brine (p. 194)

just as the poet swallows his portion of life and chokes it down, all of it, the good and the bad, just like everybody else. And who ever said that was pretty? But "they" are not satisfied. They want more, something different or unusual, perhaps exotic. They will not be satisfied to watch him belch his sounds, so he is dismissed (in a practical voice) and ordered back.

Williams' monster retains much of the traditional naiveté associated with poets. The thing is grotesque, makes a great noise, and people are forever calling for it and then, after their curiosity and aesthetic pallets have been satisfied or outraged, telling it to go. And it does. It returns to whatever private seas it calls home. And Williams tells us it is no great matter, this calling forth, this gaping, and this sending back.

there is no crime save
the too-heavy
body
the sea
held playfully—comes
to the surface
the water


J. T. Ledbetter, poet and teacher at California Lutheran College, has published frequently in The Cresset.

March, 1977
boiling
about the head the cows
scattering
fish dripping from
the bounty
of . . . and Spring
they say
Spring is icummen in— (p. 194)

Blessed are the monsters and the poets! For Williams
has at last resisted the temptation to martyr the poor
beast, and he has given the sea elephant neither wings
with which to fly from his audience, nor a Melvillian
aura of terror and malevolence. No, Williams' poet
must be what he is. he must, it seems, surface at odd
times from

the strangeness of the sea—
a kind of
heaven— (p. 194)

and he must make his noise, and, accept, reject, or
ignore the practical comments. “Blouaugh!” He makes
his sound, and looks at his world through dripping
whiskers. There is no invective against his world; there
are no tears. The people have seen their poet-monster;
they have heard his sound; they have dismissed him.
And he surfaces amidst a bounty of life, watching, sounding
“Blouaugh!”

I SAY WILLIAMS HAS RESISTED TEMPTATION.
He has. He has not indulged in a heavy-handed symbolism
of, say, Charles Baudelaire who sees the poet as an
albatross snared in a seaman’s net and who must suffer
the indignities of mortal men:

How droll is the poor floundering creature, how limp
and weak—
He, but a moment past so lordly, flying in state!
They tease him: One of them tries to stick a pipe in his
beak;
Another mimics with laughter his odd lurching gait.
The Poet is like that wild inheritor of the cloud,
A rider of storms, above the range of arrows and
slings;

Exiled on earth, at bay amid the jeering crowd,
He cannot walk for his unmanageable wings. ²

Here is a powerful statement. There can be little doubt
as to Baudelaire’s view of the poet and the bourgeois
audience who will try to trap the poet. Williams resists
that.

He also resists a too-close association with the poet as
player with things, as clever man, as entertainer like
Lawrence Ferlinghetti’s poet who

Constantly risking absurdity
and death
whenever he performs
above the heads
of his audience

the poet like an acrobat
climbs on rime
to a high wire of his own making. ³

Williams adroitly refuses that particular gambit by having
the sea elephant admonish the crowd to do the enter-
taining:

Swing—ride
walk
on wires—toss balls
stoop and
contort yourselves—
But I
am love. (p. 194)

This gentle but firm admonition tells the reader that
Williams has no interest in creating a super-animal-poet.
He is not interested in having his monster perform,
balance, cry, or accept applause or abuse. The poet-
monster merely says

. . . I am
from the sea —
Blouaugh! (p. 194)

²Charles Baudelaire, Flowers of Evil (New York: Washington Square

³Lawrence Ferlinghetti, A Coney Island of the Mind (New York: New
Directions, 1958), p. 27.
And that, apparently, is that. He does not have the monster-poet submerge like Adrienne Rich's diver to some strange world where she puts on

- the body-armor of black rubber
- the absurd flippers
- the grave and awkward mask.¹

We don't know whether she girds herself for the journey to the world of creativity or to the real world of people and now. But in any case the poet makes it clear that it is a struggle and the poet is hard put to survive. Williams avoids that. There is no struggle, except what may be inherent in the crowd. The monster-poet is happy. He knows which sea he is in. Nor does Williams invest his sea elephant with the ferocity of Galway Kinnell's hunter-poet who attacks the business of writing a poem as a hunter attacks a bear:

I hack a ravine in his thigh, and eat and drink, and tear him down his whole length and open him and climb in and close him up after me, against the wind, and sleep.²

No, Williams' sea elephant-poet won't do that. Williams won't claim that kind of view for the poet. He will show the crowd calling for the beast; and he will show the crowd gaping and then turning aside for other concerns; but he will not carry that further. In fact, we see the sea elephant rising to the surface of a varied, quiet, natural sea. The fact that Williams does resist these temptations to make a statement about the poet and his audience does not in itself suggest a more or less profound view of either the poet or the reader, but it does seem to imply a realistic view of the particular and a hopeful view for the greater sea that encompasses both.

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MILTON'S EVE: THE HARLOT AND THE BRIDE

THE WHORE OF BABYLON, named "THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH" in the seventeenth chapter of The Revelation of St. John, is finally stripped, eaten, and burned so that the marriage of the bride to the bridegroom, the Church to Christ, can be celebrated in the creation of the New Jerusalem. Although Israel had once enjoyed a pure relationship with God, she had fallen quite quickly into the whoredom of idolatry. Her marriage with God had ended in adultery and she had become, in short, the harlot and the harlot restored in marriage to point out one culminates in the dissolution of the Whore of Babylon; the other is surprisingly developed and transformed as it leads to the Bride of the Lamb. Sin, the great Whore, dies; the adulterous wife is purified and reinstated in marriage; and the marriage finally becomes permanent and chaste.

In Paradise Lost Milton uses both the completely defiled harlot and the harlot restored in marriage to point out essential similarities and significant differences between the characters of Eve and Sin. Although both become creatures of lust, Sin's description points toward the Whore of Babylon, whereas Eve's is ultimately connected with Israel, God's fallen line, who plays harlot only to be restored in time into the proper marriage context. Eve begins as the chaste bride of Adam, falls into appetite and lust, is identified with Sin, but finally achieves restoration by being used as a vessel of God in the character of Mary, the second Eve. Eve, then, while becoming a type of Sin, serves also as a type of Mary. Finally, Eve's reconciliation with Adam at the end of Paradise Lost points toward the final reunion of the Church with God, of the Bride with the Lamb in the last two chapters of Revelation.

The Biblical source for the birth of Sin as described by Milton occurs in James 1:15. "Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." Sin is truly Satan's own conception, a creation of his mind, an expression not only of himself, but actually of his self-centeredness. That the daughter of Satan should also be his wife who conceives Death, who in turn with Sin begets the hellhounds, is even further evidence that Satan's ultimate direction is inward toward self. He creates no real genealogy in the linear, developmental sense. His copulation with Sin is actually an expression of autoeroticism. At any rate, Sin is Satan's lust object, and Sin is really the image of himself.

Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a Sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becamst enamor'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, and that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden.¹

Lust is often connected in the Old Testament with the sinner's delusion of self-sufficiency. In the Psalms one reads, "I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt: open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it. But my people would not hearken to my voice;

¹John Milton, Complete Poems and Major Prose, ed. by Merritt Y. Hughes (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1957), ii, 11. 758-767. All further line references will be to this edition.
and Israel would none of me. So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust: and they walked in their own counsel" (Psalm 81:10-12). Lust is actually the self feeding the self, and becomes in Paradise Lost the most immediate expression of sin in the fallen state. Eve greedily eats of the fruit. Later when Adam sins, he "On Eve/Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him/As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burn" (IX. 1013-15). Sin, then, is the harlot, the expression of Satan, pure lust.

Lambert Daneau, writing in 1594, comments on the harlotry described in the third chapter of the Old Testament book of Nahum. In this book Nineveh is described as a harlot whose end will be death. "There is a multitude of slain, and a great number of carcasses; and there is none end of their corpses; they stumble upon their corpses: Because of the multitude of the whoredoms of the wellfavoured harlot, the mistress of witchcrafts, that selleth nations through her whoredoms, and families through her witchcrafts" (Nahum 3:3-4). Daneau interprets the fornication of the harlot as representing the idolatry of the nation. But what he did not notice in this particular chapter is something of which Milton seems to be acutely conscious in Paradise Lost: a more subtle entwining of the two types of harlot found in scripture. The harlot in Nahum is set apart by God as a "gazingstock"; this is precisely what happens to the great Whore of Revelation 17 when she is publicly stripped. Furthermore, the Lord compares the harlot Nineveh to "populous No" whose "young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all the streets" (Nahum 3:10). Here again the connection is with the final destruction of the Whore. If Milton's Sin can indeed be identified with the great Whore, the threat and prophecy is that Sin's children, Death and the Hellhounds, will be destroyed along with her. At the same time Eve's fall is also suggested here for she has in her disobedience condemned her own children to death. Nahum also says, "The gates of thy land shall be set wide open unto thine enemies: the fire shall devour thy bars" (3:13). This provides both a remarkable parallel to and an ironic commentary on the gates in Paradise Lost. Sin guards Hell's gates whose doors she cannot close. On the other hand, Eden's gates are ultimately closed to Adam and Eve. In the book of Revelation the gates of the New Jerusalem are opened forever. With this image, then, Milton seems to suggest that there are actually two ways of opening a gate, just as scripturally there are two ways of dealing with a harlot. God destroys the harlot who opens Satan's door and finally reinstates the harlot who effects the closing of the gates to Eden. The last verse of Nahum says, "There is no healing of thy bruise." Appropriately, Milton's Eve will provide the seed which will ultimately bruise the head of Satan, destroying the birthplace of Sin, cutting off the destructive creations of Satan's mind, and in killing this, killing his own self-image, Sin.

Hosea provides further example of the harlot. Hosea is told to take a whore for a wife in order to provide Israel with a literal example of what she has done to herself. Again the Renaissance commentators see only one application or level of meaning in the image. Writing on Hosea 6, Samuel Smyth notes that the sins that Almighty God doth here accuse them of, it is Idolatry . . . and he calls it Whoredome, because as an Harlot or an Whore doth forsake her owne husband, and commits filthiness with another man: even so Idolaters forsake God, and marry themselves to Idols." He notices that the marriage to Sin leads to further sin, but he does not see that Hosea reveals two possible fates for the whore. If she in fact "puts away her whoredoms out of her sight, and her adulteries from between her breasts" (Hosea 2:2), she will be betrothed again forever (2:19). However, if she persists in her harlotry, she will be stripped naked and slain (2:3). Neither does Smyth mention that the children of Gomer and Hosea are able to change their names, and thus, their inheritance by their mother's return to faithful wedlock. Loruhamah (or not-having-obtained-mercy) is changed to Ruhamah (having-obtained-mercy). Loammi (not-my-people) becomes Ammi (my people). Smyth chooses to ignore the more positive implications of this chapter. The Father promises Milton's Eve, however, that her seed shall defeat the serpent. In Hosea one sees that the children of Gomer (the children of Eve) finally do receive mercy and, in fact, receive through the grace of God an inheritance which their mother's reconciliation has effected. Calvin, on the other hand, noticed that both Hosea 2:9 and Isaiah 62:4-5 suggest a final reconciliation for the harlot. "[It is] as if he [God] should say this shall be no perpetuall divorce, for God will at length marrie thee againe vnto himselfe. Howsoever the Church then seems to be contemptible, and in outward appearance bee like a

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Danaeus Lambertus, A fruitfull commenarie upon the twelue small prophets . . . ; trans. by John Stockwood (Cambridge: John Legate, 1594).

woman rejected and put away, yet will the Lord one day put an end unto her misery and calamities."4

Meanwhile, however, Eve shares with Sin both the tendency toward lust and other similar character traits. Just as Sin springs from Satan's head "on the left side op'ning wide," so the Father "stooping op'n'd [Adam's] left side, and took from thence a rib" with which he fashions Eve.5 Not incidentally, according to the O.E.D. the left side of the body was considered much weaker and also potentially more wicked than the right.

JUST AS SIN IS THE IMAGE OF SATAN, SO EVE is the image of Adam, but she has been made from him, not by him. Adam himself is made in God's image, so through love of each other, they are able also to love God. This contrasts starkly with Satan's attraction to Sin, who is actually himself. Adam and Eve's love is ideally directed outward toward God. Satan's is directed completely inward toward himself. Significantly, after Eve finds herself alive in the Garden, she is attracted to her own image in the mirror a nearby pool provides.

As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appeared
Bending to look on me, I started back,
It started back, but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love; there I had fixt
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me. (IV. 460-467)

The difference between Satan's self-lust and Eve's self-love has been explained by Lieb as an essential difference in consciousness.6 Satan is fully aware that in loving Sin, he is loving himself. Eve at the pool is not aware that the reflection in the pool is her own face. However, n this first error, before she is corrected by the Father, she reveals a predisposition to a particular type of error which leads later to her sin of disobedience. Satan appeals to Eve's tendency toward selfishness. She is tempted and succumbs.

If Eve had never fallen and had never given Adam reason to fall, she and he would have populated the earth with sinless and, therefore, deathless children.

This was her potential. Like Sin, however, whose progeny is death, Eve through her disobedience brings the promise of death to her children. Eve is, in effect, imposing the image of Death, the result of Satan's lustful relationship with Sin, onto her children. Michael tells Adam, who argues that man should be free from "deformities" if he is actually made in God's image,

Thir Maker's Image, answer'd Michael, then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilifi'd
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His Image whom they served. . . . (XI. 515-18)

MILTON EMPHASIZES THESE SIMILARITIES between Sin and Eve either by using similar words to describe them or their actions, or by demonstrating their similar emotional responses to particular situations. For example, Sin proposes to Death that they build a highway through Chaos from Earth to Hell.

But lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this Gulf
Impassable, Impervious, let us try
Advent'rous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Main from Hell to that new World. . . . (X. 252-57)

The works of Sin and Death are certainly "advent'rous" and in one sense Eve becomes a piece of their work as she falls. However, Adam's address to Eve when he realizes that she has sinned, carries even heavier implications. "Bold deeu thou hast presum'd, advent'rous Eve./And Peril great provok't, who thus hath dar'd. . . ." (IX. 921-922, emphasis mine). Eve has, in effect, built a bridge to Death. She becomes not only an expression of Satan's "uncreation"; she actually becomes Sin herself. Satan's victory is felt by Sin before she actually learns of it. "Methinks I feel new strength within me rise./Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large/Beyond this Deep. . . ." (X. 243-45). The immediate effect of sin on Adam and Eve is expressed similarly.

As with new Wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the Earth. . . . (IX. 1008-11)

SIMS HAS NOTICED FURTHER SIMILARITIES between the two characters. Sin is commanded by God to keep the gates of Hell closed and locked, although


5 Michael Lieb, The Dialectics of Creation (University of Massachusetts 1970), pp. 146-47.

6 Ibid., p. 148.
she does possess the key to open them. Likewise, Eve is commanded not to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge, although she possesses free will. Sin, convinced by Satan, opens Hell's gates for him. Eve, won by the serpent, eats the apple for him. Appropriately, the gates of hell cannot be closed again, nor can Eve "undo" her act of disobedience. 7

Although Sin and Eve do share certain tendencies, descriptive traits, and emotional qualities, Eve is ultimately a much fuller character than Sin. She is not essentially the lustful creature Sin is. She is finally quite comforted by the promise of a genealogy which will create the means of defeating Satan. She is quite the mother of Mary, but she is also a type of Mary. Pecheux has noted that the similarities between Mary and Eve begin "in the fact of their sex and in their instrumentality. Neither was the primary agent: it was in Adam, not Eve, that man fell; similarly, Mary was not the Redeemer. "8 In many respects Eve and Mary represent antithetical positions. As Pecheux notes, "Death came through Eve, life through Mary."9 Nonetheless, Mary represents not really so much Eve's opposite as her fulfillment. Eve, as the mother of human life, prefigures Mary, the mother of spiritual life.

Milton's portrayal of Eve as a Mary-figure is quite consistent with Thomas Hayne's 1640 comment on the Eve-Mary relationship. "The Virgin Mary being told by the Angel Gabriel that she should conceive and bear a son, whom she should call Jesus, or Saviour, believeveth that he was that seed of the woman, that should break the head of the serpent; therefore she is called, Happy above other women. By this faith the Virgin which God made unto Adam, is saued, and therefor is called Eva, that is, Life; foreseeing that she should be the Mother of all faithfull; by this faith all the righteous that euer were or shall be, are saued."10

An important question arises at this point. How can Milton reveal Eve as both a type of sin and a type of Mary, and still achieve a reasonably consistent character? This is not answered simply by equating the chaste Eve before the fall with Mary, and the lustful Eve after the fall with Sin. The links with both Sin and Mary seem to appear consistently in Paradise Lost both before and after Eve's sin. The answer could lie in Milton's understanding of the difference in Old Testament exegesis between the harlot defiled and destroyed, and the adulterous wife restored. The harlot defiled is Sin who will, in Revelation, chapters 18 and 19, be utterly destroyed. The adulterous wife purified and restored is the Church, the Bride of the Lamb. Recall that in Hosea 2, Gomer, or Israel, is wooed back by the Lord. Jeremiah 3:6, 8, and 14 presents a similar promise.

The Lord said also unto me . . .
hast thou seen that which backsliding Israel has done? She is gone up upon every high mountain and under every green tree, and there hath played the harlot. And I saw, when for all the causes whereby backsliding Israel committed adultery I had put her away, and given her a bill of divorce . . . turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord;
for I am married unto you: and I will take you . . . and . . . bring you to Zion.

This implication is developed further in Isaiah 62:4-5 where the raped land, the forsaken and desolate nation, is once more the source of the Lord's delight. God rejoices "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride." Here is the connection with the bride of Revelation 12 where, as John Napier noticed in 1593, the bride represents the Church, Jerusalem, human woman in marriage and, ultimately, the antithesis of sin and idolatry.11

Eve, then, serves as a balanced figure. She is, essentially, both Sin and Mary, both the Whore and the Bride. While she cannot immediately escape the suffering due her, as Sin and the Whore, she can be soothed by the promise of glory as Mary and the Bride. At the end of Book XII she links hands with Adam and steps out into the world as a fallen creature, but she carries in her the potential for eventual restoration. Sin does not. Eve, as a type of the Bride of Christ, and Adam, as a type of Christ, go forth as a prefiguration of the final victory over evil. Although, as they leave Eden, the gates are barred, their role as the prototype of the Bride and the Lamb allows the reader to look forward to the open gates of the New Jerusalem in Revelation 21:25, and the dissolution of the curse through the perfect union of Christ with the Church. 12

March, 1977
WINE IS THE SIGN

John 2:1-11

NORMAN NAGEL

THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT WHATEVER THAT
come upon us in the form of snow. Today's gospel tells
perfectly of it coming as wine. Astounding indeed,
observes Augustine, but it happens every year as rain,
through soil, vine, and grapes comes to wine. God is
doing it all the time, but we so take it for granted that
such a miracle as at Cana draws our attention to it. C. S.
Lewis, the cast of whose thought is rather Augustinian,
says much the same in his book on miracles. And the cast

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of Augustine's thought is Platonic. Temporal things have
value as they point to what is eternal. In everything that
happens God's power is at work, and we are reawakened
to this by a miracle which demonstrates his power, his
almighty power. Top thing about God for Augustine was
his almighty power. Thus a miracle shows forth and
reminds us that the same power is to be recognized as
present in everything that happens. Everything that
happens then points to or is a symbol of God's power.
The transitory particular is symbol of what is eternal, as
Goethe says it, "Alles Verganglich ist nur Gleichnis."
The movement is upward from nature to the supernatural,
to the eternal order of which the natural, the temporal
order is only symbol and shadow.

In this way of thinking miracles are then defensible for
they serve a good purpose, they point to God's almighty
power. But the point of God's almighty power is none too
reassuring, and however much Augustine bowed before
it he still sought to bring it under control, to have it work
according to certain rules. The rules he puts are "what is
good" and "what is just." These rules God must observe
in all that he does, and so in miracles also. And Augustine
and you and I can have a hand in defining "what is good"
and "what is just." From our shared Greek background
the question then is, as Socrates put it to Euthyphro, "Is
the good good because the gods love it, or do the gods
love it because it is good?" Augustine would check the
latter. The gods must love the good otherwise they would
not be gods. Do you answer with Augustine? Or do you
stand with Luther when he says, "What God does is right
because he does it." This suggests then that what God
does is possible because he does it. Against which Augustine
asserts, "A god who is just and good cannot propound the
impossible." Zwingli to Luther: "God does not expect us
to believe what is unreasonable."

What is unreasonable, what is impossible, according to
eternal immutable laws, the natural order, or definitions
of what is just and good, all these are defenses against the
dread of a god who is not subject to certain determinable
laws. That is a god who is free to be god as he chooses to
be god, and not as we may predetermine. He is not god
who is only god if he meets our specifications. What
comes at point number two is not god. What comes at
point number one is, and there is the living God, the God
of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and not the god of the
philosophers or of the philosophised theologians, or of
those who would bring god into submission to any
specification, definition, or idea of theirs, of ours.

But if the living God is free, free to be God as he
chooses, then we have no defense against him. He can do
what he likes, and he does some very surprising things,
some not at all like God ought to behave. We have
recently been to the smelly stable in hick town
Bethlehem.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN IT WAS
considered OK for God to do miracles. Indeed that
demonstrated that he was God, an almighty power god.
But nowadays it embarrasses us, these miracles, and the best we can do to allow him a little elbow room for a miracle now and then is in the fact that the immutable laws have slipped a bit, and have become something like statistical averages. Now and then enough random atoms may produce a prodigy. Nature hiccups. In the margin of indeterminateness, then all right, if he has to. But God doesn't have to do anything.

Least of all going off to celebrate a wedding with perhaps even a suspicion of a bit of gate-crashing, or at least not among the mailed out invitations, but his mother makes it all right, mothers are very good at that. He is not at the head table but somewhere in the crowd with his mates. You could not pick him out. I am embellishing a bit, but that is not nearly as bad as allegorizing. Blow the whistle on me if I start allegorizing. Stick to the text, preacher. And about time too.

They ran out of wine. Too bad. But I ask you is that something for Almighty God to be bothering about? Sack the social chairman and get another one, particularly if he has done more than his share toward there being no more wine, of which there comes more than a hint a bit later. But the text.

When the wine gave out, the mother of Jesus said to him, "They have no wine." And Jesus said to her, "Oh woman, what have you to do with me? My hour has not yet come." His mother said to the servants, "Do whatever he tells you." Now six stone jars were standing there for the Jewish rites of purification, each holding 20 or 30 gallons. Jesus said to them, "Fill the jars with water," and they filled them up to the brim. He said to them, "Now draw some out and take it to the steward of the feast." So they took it. When the steward of the feast tasted the water now become wine, he did not know where it came from (though the servants who had drawn the water knew), the steward of the feast called the bridegroom and said to him, "Every man serves the good wine first; and when men have drunken freely, then the poor wine; but you have kept the good wine until now."

"Good fellow. Smashing idea. Ha, ha, ha." But where is the miracle? Nobody, nobody saw it. If you are going to have a miracle, then have a miracle. "Stand back everybody. Here comes a real zinger." Zap! Wine! It wasn't a bit like that. The servants could testify they had filled the jars with water. "If you say so." They filled them up to the brim. "Now draw some out, and take it to the steward of the feast." What happens at weddings is not all that amenable to rational explanation. Theirs was not to reason why, theirs was but to do as they were told. The steward had a hefty swig. "Marvellous stuff. Better than what we had before." He is the primary witness of the miracle, and he does not even know it happened. He is no disciple, an unbeliever, and a wee bit tipsy at that. So what is the use of the miracle?

JOHN TELLS US. IT WAS A SIGN. THE OTHER

Gospels use a word for miracles which refers to power. A miracle shows a power equal to the power of creation, of the Creator. John puts it profoundly incarnationally. "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us," and tagged along to a wedding celebration in Cana of Galilee. Only the living God could be so free to be so human. The not genuine article would be having to be proving that he was God. Here is the only one who does not have to prove that he is God, and it is very officious of us to try to do that for him, and what gets proven is not the living God.

So John speaks of a sign. Hidden in what Jesus did is who he is. Those to whom it is given to receive him for who he is are those who believe in him, for that is try faith. The fulfillment of the sign is in the birth of faith, receiving Jesus who he is.

The functioning of the sign frees us from the attempt to let only so much of Jesus through as can be squeezed through our definitions, categories, ideas, and presuppositions. Jesus did a sign. The miracle was a sign for in it he showed forth his glory. Whose glory? Jesus' glory. Glory is the word used for the presence of God, as he had promised to Nathaniel just before going to Cana. "You will see heaven opened."

Not spectacles up in the sky, no zapping zingers, but in an astoundingly hidden and off-handed way, as if he did that sort of thing all the time, he provides about 150 gallons of superb wine for a wedding celebration in little out-of-the-way Cana of Galilee. Strange glory, his glory, God's presence. This is the glory that is most completely there when Jesus is glorified, that is, we are told, when he is on the cross. That is his hour, the hour of his glory. If that is what God is like, if that is the glory manifested by Jesus, then he is one who doesn't have to do any miracles, and he doesn't have to do any miracles. He manifests his glory, Calvary and Cana too. And Valparaiso? Yes, when the sign discloses Jesus for you. He is the One. He is the Lord. Nothing comes ahead of him, and how he pours it out for you. How could you ever want to have defenses against such as the Lord Jesus?

Heed Mary's words. "Do whatever he tells you." When we do Jesus' words, when our lives are informed, shaped and prompted by him, by what Jesus says, then it is that beyond what we can calculate or even imagine he manifests his glory, often in the least expected ways and situations.

Then some water of this semester may become wine for you.

But that is allegorizing, and so the whistle must blow. But an allegory may say what is true, it just mightn't say what this particular text is saying. Today's Gospel tells of the sign Jesus did in Cana, the first one, so there are more, there are always more. Through it the epiphany of his glory, a glory we can only wonder at, hidden in the hubbub of a wedding celebration, all the way on to the fullness of his glory hidden on the cross, and that, all that for you from him, to whom be the praise of our lives together this semester and always. Amen.

March, 1977
LEARNING FROM TRIS

NO MORE INSTRUCTIVE example of technological change, producing unexpected and unwanted secondary effects, can be found than in the story of tris (the media word for tris-[2,3-dibromopropyl]phosphate) and its role in the flameproofing of children's sleepwear. Recent publicity connected with the ban on the selling of sleepwear treated with tris hardly told enough of the story to allow thoughtful rumination and the extraction of a social lesson.

For all practical purposes, the story begins with the introduction of brushed rayon sweaters in the 1940s. Experience showed that these were highly flammable, leading soon to the establishment of general standards for flammable clothing. These standards were successively broadened to include a wide range of consumer products, including carpets, mattresses, furniture, curtains, and sleeping bags. The standard for children's sleepwear, which became effective in 1972, was based on a narrow laboratory test: fabric exposed to a gas flame along its bottom edge must not exhibit a char length greater than seven inches. One irony of this test was that, since it specified that fabrics be bone dry, wool (which normally burns very poorly) failed the test. Cotton and cotton-polyester blends also failed the test, and possible chemical treatments so far have been economically uncompetitive. As a result, synthetic fabrics with various forms of flame-retardant designs have completely dominated the children's sleepwear market.

THE COMMONEST METHOD of flameproofing is to add a chemical to an otherwise flammable fabric. Tris is one of the most widely used of such chemicals. It is padded on to synthetic fibers in relatively large amounts, leaving a good deal of surface chemical potentially absorbable in various ways. The free tris can be substantially reduced by three washings, but consumer resistance precluded the selling of prewashed garments.

Recent studies of tris point to the following conclusions: 1) Tris is absorbed through the skin as well as orally; 2) commercial tris contains three impurities that are mutagens and carcinogens; 3) tests on tris itself indicate that it is a mutagen in a bacterial test, indicating that there is good reason to suspect it of mutagenic and carcinogenic properties in humans; 4) tris is dangerous in water supplies. For example, a simulated washing of six treated sheets in thirty gallons of water yielded 6 ppm of tris in the waste water. Goldfish die within five days at a concentration of 1 ppm tris.

Obviously the ban on tris in sleepwear came none too soon. In our haste to do good—saving children from deadly fires (of which the main components of risk, smoking materials and loose-fitting sleepwear, can be controlled in other ways)—we designed an even grimmer danger. Preliminary calculations suggest that, if tris is as potent a carcinogen as seems likely, the number of children suffering risk from cancer could be substantially higher than the number preserved from death or disfiguring injury by flameproofing sleepwear. In addition, there are public policy questions about the distribution effects of the policy of fire prevention by flameproofing fabrics. Consumers pay more for sleepwear and other flameproofed fabrics; the profits accrue to the manufacturers of artificial fibers and flameproofing chemicals. Synthetic fibers expand in the market at the expense of fibers like wool and cotton.

WHAT DO WE LEARN FROM this example? Obviously, it reinforces the truth of moral discourse that good intentions do not necessarily lead to good results. As social policy and technological change intertwine ever more closely, more sophisticated attention must be given to assessing technological changes. Unwanted consequences of technological change are conceivable; they must be faced. Hard technologies do not necessarily solve soft problems. The solution of a single problem is not necessarily a social gain.

In political affairs there is a long tradition of conservatism that tempers social change. American society needs knowledgeable technological conservatives too, so that technology is not assessed only by those who, in C. P. Snow's words, "have the future in their bones." Fortunately, for sleepwear there are alternate solutions. But we must learn from experience. The hard technological solutions still need more scrutiny; the soft technologies like consumer education and fire protection need more emphasis.
DIARY NOTES

VIENNA—In those bygone days when I was younger, Gottfried von Einem was younger, too. It was in the fall of 1947 when I met this promising Viennese composer in New York. His opera of Danton's Death (the Georg Büchner play) had had its first production at the Salzburger Festspiele and was a sensational success. At that time he was at work—and a lovely work it turned out to be—on Five Songs from the Chinese.

Only a few months previously von Einem had met Bertolt Brecht and was incredibly enthusiastic about him. Strange, how this man could captivate and beguile his fellow artists! Max Frisch was just as fascinated by him and gave us an impressive characterization of his encounter with Brecht in his Tagebücher. I could never quite suppress the suspicion that, despite his genius, a great deal of his magic was that of a trickster. And some of it got into his works.

I also was under Brecht's influence for some time, Perhaps Man Is Man, to speak with Brecht, and we all can be manipulated and changed—if by nothing else than by time and the experiences on our long journey within. Now I can easily separate the man from the artist, and I can safely recognize and praise his limited merits. Whenever we gain insight into something or someone, we are apt to call it disappointment. But why call it disappointment? We have grown—hopefully—and have grown away from or beyond another man's growth. We have gained in vision, and such recognition should make us happy.

Gottfried von Einem is very likely convinced that he has steadily held on to his principles and ideas of putting great dramatic works into operatic garment. Kafka's Trial, Nestroy's Zerrisene, or Dürenmatt's Visit of an Old Lady were perhaps logically continued with Schiller's Kabale und Liebe. I was still with him when I heard his operatic version of the Dürenmatt play. Even his Danton had a contemporary ring to it. but facing his Kabale und Liebe at the Vienna Opera, I felt the distance between him and myself. I could no longer go along with the idea that a reasonably good and successful play ought to be turned into an opera. Undoubtedly, the choice of the libretto is as crucial for a composer as is the choice of the topic for a dramatist. Does he shun the risk of having a libretto written by a contemporary writer? Maybe so. But the choice of Kabale und Liebe proved fatal to him. Did not Schiller's play and pathos mislead him into a sequence of electric sounds aiming at hollow stage effects? His music so often sounded as if Richard Strauss had been the last great composer. There were too many thinly veiled orchestrated tricks trying to underscore the symbolic features of a character. The excess of sameness created a paralyzing feeling. I reached the exit with the conclusion that, if a work of art is neither good nor bad, it is bad because self-defeating, because it is without any revelatory value.

ZÜRICH.—People talked a great deal about Peter Zadek's staging of Othello at the Deutsches Schauspielhaus in Hamburg. This troupe appeared in Zürich as guests of Theater 11.

I was told that Zadek's Othello is slated for the first prize for the best German production of a classical play. If it is true that each age has the art it deserves (as I once wrote in the clandestine hope it may not be quite true), then "woe to our time!" Erich Fried's translation of Shakespeare into colloquial German was seemingly the first step into the theatrical chaos that triumphed over Shakespeare. Fortunately, most of the actors mumbled their words, with the exception of Iago who delivered his lines with an amazing Mephistophelean fury.

In this stage conception, the words—either by William Shakespeare or Erich Fried—were of little consequence. Clowning and handling of props were all that mattered. The action was thrown into the arena of a circus and was mimed with the help of buffoonish gestures and inexplicable masks. The motto by which the stage director was guided was written all over the scenes: You can't be coarse and vulgar enough to impress today's audiences! All the actors had wigs which were thrown around; grotesque noses were put on the forehead in moments of despair; the garish costumes were of all ages. Desdemona and Emilia, apparently returning from a Cyprian beach, suffered from an aching sunburn. Othello, called Nigger and not the Moor of Venice, was played by a white actor painted black. His fingerprints looked decor-

March, 1977
First, Roderigo, having been finally stabbed by Iago, still musters sufficient strength and acrobatic skill to jump against a rope on which he remains hanging until the merciful lights onstage go out.

This is not Oh Calcutta! but Cyprus. This is not Shakespeare but Erich Fried. This is not Othello but a Nigger (they call him Neger) who kills a white girl in a premeditated jealous rage. This is not the Elizabethan Age but 1977. This is not theater—but the mockery of our world of make-believe. This is not life—but the mirror image of our age of decadence. This is not the revelation of passion gone made or of the infamy of the human soul. It is infamy perpetrated with passion and malice. Some may say it is not really significant what happens on a stage. but already Shakespeare thought that the world and stage are interchangeable. Thunderous applause called the actors to take their bows as if mankind would joyfully applaud its own madness.

I thought: we have overcome the noncommunicative communication of the 40s and 50s, we have survived the theater of the 60s with its scum and filth catharses and with nudity as its dazzling denouement; it is foul play to open the grave of The Living Theatre at the end of the 70s and to mix what is left of them, the stench of the past, with Brecht's idea of alienating the public.

NOT ONLY THOUGHTS create words, also words can help generate thoughts. Since the days when Thespis wanted to be asked questions in order to be able to answer them, the word propels the action onstage, it is the breath of any theatrical idea. The theater has gone through many experiments in our time, it went epic and absurd, it turned cruel, its laughter became dark and sick. You name it. But in the long run it cannot do without the word.

Tom Stoppard proves this point. He is a dramatist obsessed with the word. He loves the poetic repartee and can be articulate with epigrammatic precision. His latest play, Travesties, has been translated into German and produced in several cities. I saw it at the Akademietheater in Vienna staged by Peter Wood who repeated there what he had done in London and New York. It was one of the strangest theatrical experiences for me to recognize the very same stage images, movement for movement, gesture for gesture, but in an alien idiom. The German language is about one fifth longer than its English counterpart. It takes up that much more paper and print. On stage it is a question of time. Thus, Stoppard's verbal fireworks lose some of its sharpness and brevity, at certain points his linguistic pirouettes seem to move as if on crutches.

To see Travesties in the Schauspielhaus in Zürich — which is where the play takes place — added another dimension to it. Stoppard felt, as he expressed in an interview, that to see it in Zürich ought to create a kind of "vibration." There is more to it. In another city the names of Lenin, James Joyce, and Tristan Tzara are historically remote and live in our minds as well-defined figures but in different worlds. Even if the program note tells us that these characters lived in the same town at the same time, the feeling of fiction or semi-fiction prevails, particularly because the play is written in a cabaret-like comedy style and with a touch of frivolous self-mockery. Now, to see Travesties in Zürich where the places and streets mentioned are only a few blocks from the theater, creates a felling of the documentary, of turning you into an eyewitness of events that could have happened yesterday.

Leopold Lindtberg, the director of the play in Zürich, underscored this feeling through projections and voice inserts of the actual scene in 1917. There was no longer any doubt that we could have been there. And I am not sure that this heightened reality, this added "vibration" did not take something away from the innocent fun of a light-hearted fable, even though it is based on the concurrence of historic events with serious consequences. If nothing else, this experience taught me to trust fiction more than reality.
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Valparaiso University

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teach me to understand that there is no reason to hide

Teach me to listen to myself first and last
Teach me to love myself and mean it
Teach me to hear my thoughts
Teach me to whisper to plants
Teach me to love animals
Teach me the secret of morning-glories
Teach me to find time to plant the last tree
Teach me to see the underside of leaves
Teach me the meaning of clouds
Teach me the lesson in a goodnight kiss
Teach me not to forget a goodnight kiss
Teach me to walk if I can
Teach me to hear if I can
Teach me to teach
Teach me this day
Teach me tomorrow
Teach me yesterday
Teach me how to get outside of myself
Teach me to get inside myself
Teach me everything babies know
Teach me to die well
Teach me to live well
Teach me to want good air
Teach me ways to work
Teach me light
Teach me dark
Teach me the difference between dusk and dawn
Teach me the pleasure as well as the pain of loneliness
Teach me a godly thing
Teach me another godly thing
Teach me many godly things
Teach me power of the heart
Teach me mind of the muscle
Teach me strength of the spirit
Teach me the religion of running water
Teach me silver
Teach me blue and orange and yellow
Teach me white and clapping of hands
Teach me laughter
Teach me laughing

Teach me thankfully
Teach me red apples
Teach me spring lambs in the hills
Teach me rain
Teach me lots of rain
Teach me with parables of sunshine
Teach me miracles of food
Teach me delightful memories
Teach me oceans of whales
Teach me sands in deserts
Teach me people alive and loving
Teach me no bombs
Teach me no wars
Teach me no pestilence
Teach me no flu
Teach me lupine in these hills
Teach my feet new paths here
Teach my hands new expressions
Teach my legs new strength
Teach me how the bird knows what it knows
Teach me the kingdom I am told is inside me
Teach me the meaning of teaching
Teach me a sweet Jesus
Teach me a comforting Jesus
Teach me a loving Jesus
Teach me a washing of regeneration
Teach me a salvation of desire
Teach me a holy desire
Teach me the desire of nations
Teach me the pain of my fellow person
Teach me the emptiness of criminals
Teach me the glory of bird song
Teach me the reaching for water of Oak trees
Teach me the need to go on
Teach me the need to believe
Teach me the reasons for life
Teach me the way to heaven
Teach me to know heaven is here
Teach me to open myself
Teach me

J. T. LEDBETTER
I

What comes after the first
of star
comes quickly ... 

whatever music plays through the rising
sun and through the gossamer moon
is learned ... 

and if there are worlds yet to come
to be touched and drunk with the same
transfiguration already sensed by those
fern-tipped atoms of the self ... 

let them come ... oh, praise ... 
let me hear something now

praise —

and cover my mouth with light
that the iris may open to dreams coming
to songs singing
and sounds beating against the Jasper stone ... 

and praise —

then comes the bangled breast heaving lights
spiraling through all oceans of darkness
washing against sombre mountains of misery
and blasting — BLASTING — tomorrow into today —

PRAISE SOUNDS
winds howling tomorrow —

PRAISE SIGHTS
foxfire pale in eyes

PRAISE SMELL
close in between cantatas of bodies

PRAISE TOUCH
that waits like new dawns for us to believe in ... 

this time is like no other — Oh, Praise —
this time is forever coming and is here —
this time will always be lost and regained
a thousand days and nights unfolding in front of us ... 

waiting ... praising ... living ... being today and young
once only through milk-white waters rushing beneath
flying feet toward another miracle ... 

II

THIS DAY bleeds with hoping ... 
yet soothes with being what it is and with
what I am ... have become ... 

there is no other time ... 
the leaves falling today are beautiful
beyond sense, 
and power to claim them ... 
they fall gracefully in arcs undreamed ...

and today is my only dream —

THIS DAY gives comfort if only
I listen and do not question ... 
where I go and what I do is here ... 

there can be no further voyages
or this one fails.
I see no horizon
because my body claims the skies ... 
and defies the past ...

and today is my only dream —

THIS DAY quickens to song
every strange beast and bird
hiding within atoms everywhere.

there were no sounds yesterday
when snow tasted like silver
and tongues were deaf to tongues
tasting desire ... 
(what is left?)

there are oceans of light
there seem to be poundings
of wings

the blood fastens
nails reach
minds heave mountains

and everything today is now,
is hot/cold,
is spirit banded by muscle
thrusting among rocks and roots
snuffling, cracking, knowing
a day and a night when all things
come clear and the pillow is wet
beneath our mouths —

and today is my only dream —

III

When trees burn with cold
deep in forests
only the wind is there to know

where whales sweep currents away from north to south
in the cold seasons
the great sea-mountains exult—

while grasses move beneath some pale sky
the sliding and barely breathing
goes as rustling

and each thing has its time
each monster of love its business
each man his age:

cries sound vaguely like calves
penned for the night
against the wolves in the ravines

or sheep on the hillsides
bleating beside the slanting skies . . .

there are sounds of age within
the very rocks
and deep inside the bones
of the sea—

and smooth pieces of wood wash the shores
as hands feel among old leaves for echoes

hats lie dusty, propped,
on shelves

watches tick something away
like magnets teasing the planets
from the sky

and all is spent
all is running down
like water on windows
after the storm has found new valleys

and nights are longer
with sleep-awakened dreams
of a sun-washed land where once they owned
the right to tomorrow

where now they own nothing but this dark crack
of night . . . this nesting place . . . this warm-thing . . .
that holds them earth-close with a patience-cracking
chrysalis
which bends to hear whatever
sounds
and dream whatever dreams to come

night sounds are heavy sounds

like a heart under cotton
I hear signs are in the sky:
what do they say
these signs?

they say, walk
here today between three and five o'clock
and watch for the postman
they say remember bones break
easier
as if bones knew anything

these signs say half fare

they scream beatitudes
from open land with little
flags, wilted flowers, and
rectangular histories
that leave no room to walk
in this park—
such signs are heavy!

give me light signs! I'm not dead yet!
show me colors!
all right, dark colors:
BIG BROWNS
a potato is brown and cunning
after all the simple things
are said about it . . .

BLACK
doesn't scare me!
the edge of today is black!

but signs don't explain the bones—
colors are not real—

the ground draws me closer . . .
it wants me to relax . . .
and I lie down
with a kind of smile
and think of each step
each mile
every sunset and sweet kiss
I failed to measure
yet cannot forget—

these are my sounds and signs—

this ground that pulls me away from myself
is my night—
this grass that pricks my eye
and I reach my trembling tongue to taste it
and all the world fills my mouth . . .

J. T. LEDBETTER
PAGEANT FOR A CIRCULAR STAGE

song of dead souls
we the electric wanderers
we the electric wanderers
are longing to touch
to have a voice again
only the wind the rain they say
as they sweep up glass in empty rooms
still they wonder where we spin
dispersed to our dreams
to wait for the alarm
that rings eternal Sunday
chorus of mourners
on Sundays we bring flowers
and say the prayers we used to believe
if only we knew what else to do
we pick up twigs
a burnt match
until everything looks the same as before
the voices we hear are not in this place
report of the clergy
ours is a business of Sundays and essays
coffee hours and covered-dish suppers
of the raising of money from closed chests
the materializing of buildings
the wild voice that sang to us once
that called us
to the reading of poems at funerals
someday will sing again
chorus of mediums
our breasts are heavy
the comfort of grandsons
our hands red
knitters of gifts writers of recipes
trance is as easy as Sunday napping
always our visitors cry
and we serve tea
but the voices
the voices come high and clear
like children playing across the street
manifesto of the survivors
there must be a reason for us
who against all reason
live
we forbid ourselves to rejoice
at night studying our mission we notice
fingers of the left hand dance on the desk's edge
our Sunday voices crack with alleluia
we press our lips tightly together
the word gags us
inscription for dead bodies
seasons melt into our eye-sockets
roots burst the seams of our houses
our hands holding prayerbooks turn into bone
the good is taken from us to furnish earth
voices do not reach us
our grace is the silence of perpetual Sunday
all we know is peace
dogma of saints
the continual labor of birth
the voices of selves clamoring
the applications of virtue
all of that is finished
it is the Sunday of our resting
we believe in nothing
we long for nothing
we have become pure energy
burning cold in the great eye

DOLORES STEWART
I KNOW IT WHEN I SEE IT: PORNOGRAPHY, VIOLENCE, AND PUBLIC INSENSITIVITY.

IN MANY WAYS THIS IS A personal, not a scholarly, book. It requires an equally personal, not a scholarly, review.

I had better admit at the outset that I have a negative attitude about this book. But I want to commend it to your reading and attention. My negative attitude stems partly from prejudices, and in that way it is very much like popular attitudes toward cinematic pornography and violence. But that’s getting ahead of myself. Frankly, the book looks too much like something the publisher “needed” to make his spring list look good. The author is even on the staff of the publisher’s recently acquired subsidiary (affiliate?). Thus, an “in-house” job on a current topic invites rather minimal expectations.

Second, a book written after what the author admits was a two-month binge of watching dirty movies, one written in five “reels” instead of chapters (with a preview, an intermission, and trailers in lieu of foreword and footnotes), is hardly to be taken seriously as a book.

In spite of that, which may be chucked up as a mistaken attempt to be cute, I really do want to commend this book to you, or at least to those of you whose attitude toward obscenity is summarized by the teasertitle: “I know it when I see it.”

Frankly, I don’t know it. And I hardly ever see it. But Michael Leach has seen a lot of it, and he makes some simple, some fundamental, some entertaining points about the problems of pornography and violence and pub(l)ic (in)sensitivity.

Leach’s first point, and nearly his best one to boot, is that serious thought about pornography is complicated by rapid change in public taste. The development of skin flicks from the nickelodeon to the would-be “art theaters” to the “Po of O” and the extended adolescents’ dirty joke that made a million and starred Linda Lovelace—that development is clear evidence of rather rapid and relentless change. Woe to him, therefore, who imagines that the right (very right) people on the Supreme Court could write a really lasting opinion on porno movies that would keep our theaters safe for adolescents (of all ages).

When Leach chooses, as many nowadays do, to regard pornography and violence as equally serious chapters in the obscenity book, and even to regard violence as a bit more serious a problem than sexy movies, he makes his central point, and one worth making again and again simply because so many of us seem not to have heard at all. Leach uses a cute and fashionable quotation from Herbert Marcuse: “Obscene is not the picture of a naked woman who exposes her pubic hair, but that of a fully clad general who exposes his medals awarded in a war of aggression.” The quotation is cute and fashionable. But it tells us little either about the woman’s hair or the general’s medals, or about pornography and violence. One man’s police action is another’s war of aggression. One man’s porn is another’s corn.

Leach helps here when he shows that the real problem we confront, both in the debates about pornography and in the yet-to-be-staged debates about violence, is that the movies reflect us as what we believe ourselves to be. “If we don’t like the reflections of obscenity ... the solution is not to break the mirror but to face up to the face in front of the mirror.” Our world is violent, and our world is horny, and our movies are terribly accurate reflections of our lived obscenities. But immature fascination with the reflection, without realizing who is in the looking glass, threatens to blind us, to leave us insensitive.
imperceptive, and finally approving —on the screen and in "real" life.

A priest "gone secular," Leach gives us a sermon gone secular, as well. There is change, he repeatedly affirms. So open the doors, he advises, and welcome the change. Who knows what a carpenter and his wife might give birth to? "Fresh epiphanies await the church as long as its door is open."

That's fine. But that's hardly more than the advice that says, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em!" Father Andrew Greeley's blurb quoted on the dust jacket is deadly accurate: "a humanist approach."

We Valpoites value humanist approaches. But we try to be Christian humanists. That's why I flanely have to say to author Leach, "Thanks for a humorous, helpful, low-keyed, insightful book. But please write the other half now. Please explore the dimensions of pornography and violence in their depth as evidences, not just of our immaturity but of our sinnerhood. Help us to see how our fascination with blood and with bosoms shows us also our bad faith, our will to be as gods, our rebelliousness."

With that kind of help, we might do better than "welcome change." We might be helped to that holy change called repentance, to trust Christ and not censorship for life, and then to share with the brothers and sisters in the Body of Christ the freedom of the new creation, to share in the human task of working toward good legislation in troublesome areas like pornography and violence and abortion and nuclear energy and intelligence work and national defense policy, and to share in the Christian task of helping to distinguish between our slavery and our freedom, between our bounden duties and our holy liberties.

In that freedom, of course, it is not true that "anything goes." Rather, everyone serves. That would be a change worth welcoming, in a life that's full of fresh epiphanies of the grace that frees for service in the Body of Christ.

DAVID G. TRUEMPER

THE SEVENTH EARL.
By Grace Irwin. Eerdmans. 1976. P. 251. $7.95

THE BIOGRAPHER OF ANTHONY Ashley Cooper, Seventh Earl of Shaftsbury (1801-1885) faces some formidable difficulties, notably the Earl's steadfast refusal during his lifetime to authorize the obligatory biography to be written at all. Several intrepid souls have had at him despite this discouragement, but their efforts, while they put events in order and provide for the accurate sorting out of the names of committees, dates for the introduction of various Bills, and the filing of multitudinous reports, do not succeed in conveying the man himself to a reading audience. Ashley Cooper remains hidden behind the numerous humanitarian bills bearing his name. Grace Irwin uses a form she calls "dramatized biography" in an attempt to reveal the man in all his humanity, but she is unsuccessful. In fact, she moves in the opposite direction. The seventh earl, while distinctly awesome as an individual, remains an enigma.

The slightest acquaintance with the nineteenth century England, its literature, political or social history, will bring one to confront Shaftsbury's name. He was a member of Parliament from the highest of aristocratic families (his mother was a daughter of a Duke of Marlborough and granddaughter of the Duke of Bedford, and his father of course the Earl of Shaftsbury) who early in his career demonstrated a remarkable penchant for unpopular causes. Shaftsbury espoused the London Ragged Schools on the revolutionary principle that an educated working class is a good thing. These schools were supported by private philanthropy, but the principle on which Shaftsbury insisted led directly to public education at public expense, a principle which, even if it does not survive much longer, has lasted at least until our time. Sentimentalists opposed his stand for strict Sabbath observance, which they claimed showed him to be unfeeling about the real needs of the poor for rest and enjoyment. Shaftsbury was unmoved, for he understood that a working Sunday would soon mean no day of rest at all for people who needed it most. Liberals criticized him because he continued to support a limited suffrage based on property ownership, which he believed to be the greatest incentive to upward mobility that society had ever devised. He insisted, almost alone among members of his class, that it was wrong for five-year-olds to work a fifteen hour day in coal mines, and he proposed to make it illegal for them to be so employed. He also felt that factory owners ought to shield machinery so that it would not mangle mothers of large families or routinely amputate the arms and legs of workers, and he proposed to use the power of the state to enforce that "ought."

For these suggestions and others equally outrageous he was excoriated in almost every quarter of society, for almost the whole of his long life, except perhaps among some of those workers whose lives he sought so diligently to improve. Even there however, he was not immune from criticism; some of the industrious poor felt that the threat of losing their five-year-olds few pennies of weekly income was yet another example of upper class oppression.

Here was a man totally dedicated to the welfare of others, heedless of his own reputation and happiness, giving perpetually of himself, yet consistently misunderstood and despised. And this is the figure Grace Irwin wishes us to perceive, truly a saint in frock coat and side whiskers.

But she has chosen to let his words, from letters and diaries, speak for him, and in so choosing she has done almost more harm than good. For Shaftsbury in prose is no master of restraint, and a deluge of eighty years of anguished outcries is at first embarrassing, then merely tedious. One is aware of the great events, the momentous social decisions in the background, but as exclamation points follow italic emphasis across the pages, the foreground tone is heavily melodramatic. The attempts at fictional settings are awkward, and the punctu-
The author received nursing education at a hospital school in Kentucky, worked as a hospital nurse, and earned a doctoral degree in nursing education from Columbia University. She is presently an associate professor of nursing at Northern Illinois University.

The book developed from Ms. Ashley's doctoral dissertation, and for this reason it has a scholarly tone and abundant footnotes. The evolution of nurses' training is traced in generally chronological order from 1893 to the present, employing a feminist viewpoint. Ms. Ashley develops what she believes is and was a sexist conspiracy which has oppressed the nursing profession. She concludes that "nurses are, in effect, licensed to practice under the guidance of physicians, as a dependent profession." The author, like many of her contemporaries, chafes in the role of the nurse as "handmaid of the physician, never his equal." On numerous occasions in the development of Ms. Ashley's thesis, she notes that whereas physicians receive the patient's respect and acclaim, it is the nurses who minister to the patient throughout the entire day while the physician only spends a small part of the day with the patient. Ms. Ashley is unclear as to exactly what the ideal relationship between nurse and physician should be. It would be unrealistic to consider the two professions as total equals in all aspects of direct patient care, because the nature and duration of the physician's training is more rigorous than that of the nurse. Modern nurses' training, which includes a liberal arts education with basic sciences instead of the former hospital training which emphasized apprentice-style learning, would permit the nurse greater opportunity to reliably evaluate a patient's progress. Whereas, Ms. Ashley is critical of the present relationship between female nurse and male physician, she fails to elaborate on her conception of a more enlightened relationship. For example, is she suggesting that nurses on their own recognize and without prior consultation with the attending physician should be permitted to routinely alter the patient's treatment, or is she asking for more respect and civility from male physicians?

The majority of the book recounts and describes the enormous difficulties encountered by nurses, especially around the turn of the century, but also until quite recently. Formerly, education of nurses was paternalistic and authoritarian. Ms. Ashley causes the reader to appreciate the nature of the problem by including numerous quotes from people from the past who articulated their respective positions regarding nurses' training and the development of nursing. It is no wonder that professional development of the nurse has been retarded for so long when one considers that women lacked the vote to redress wrongs, were saddled by their own view of themselves colored by Victorian images of how women should act, were caught up in a "training" system which used them for thirteen hours per day, seven days a week, and that their training, job placement, and security were all totally beyond their control. The problem called for radical changes, but forces within and outside of the nursing establishment sought instead to ameliorate symptoms of the problem. This further frustrated progressive nurses who sought change.

The reader of this volume is better able to understand the historic problems of the nursing profession, which is the second largest professional group of women in the country, and the largest occupation among health care practitioners. This book would be valuable as a primer for those considering nursing as a profession. In addition, it would be informative to anyone in the health care system, but it may be especially useful to women by raising their "feminine
consciousness.” Also, the book has general appeal because the heroic struggle of women for suffrage and basic human rights has its parallel in this account of how nurses endured hardships and finally gained professional “rights.” Although ostensibly for nurses, this brief volume documents how a combination of attitudes and economics can result in exploitation, and how this exploitation can become institutionalized, eventually gaining social support, even, in part, from those directly oppressed.

FRED MEYER

GOING UNDER

GOING UNDER-DESCENDING into the dark recesses of one’s memory, one’s soul. Russian authoress Lydia Chukovskaya explores this intensely personal awareness of self in her novel Going Under through the protagonist Nina Sergeyevna. The year is 1949; Soviet Russia is bombarded with propaganda about the “purnicious activity of the progeny of bourgeois aestheticism” (p. 53). The purges of the intellectuals are beginning. Nina, a translater from Moscow, hopes during a month-long rest at the writers’ resort to be free to go under without the distractions of her crowded apartment and young daughter. She longs to work on her manuscript and sort through her painful memories of her husband’s arrest during the 1938 Stalin purges. She endlessly agonizes—why had he been arrested? Where had he been taken? When and how did he die? Yes, she knows without a doubt that he is dead, although no one will tell her anything.

The peaceful winter countryside slowly relieves the pressure on Nina’s heart as she seeks solace in long walks through silent woods and fields. The birches and firs become like dear friends; the poems of Pushkin, Pasternak, and Nekrasov come to life for her as she recalls favorite verses.

Back in the resort, the other writers persistently intrude into her life while Nina observes with detached disbelief and growing anger the way they quickly adopt the accepted attitudes and prejudices. Two of them begin to break through her defenses—Veksler, the pitiable Jewish poet and war hero who hungrily seeks her advice about his poetry, and the enigmatic Bilibin. Gradually Nina begins to trust Bilibin and almost to love him as he confides in her his horrible prison camp experiences during the 1937 purges. It is this growing relationship between Nina and Bilibin that forms the central plot of Going Under.

With the sensitivity of a poet and artist, Lydia Chukovskaya delicately sketches her characters. Nina clearly seems to be patterned after the author. She, like Chukovskaya, courageously speaks out against the anti-semitic and anti-intellectual propaganda flooding the radio and papers. She rebels against their corruption of her mother tongue—the standard, meaningless phrases—“They were clichés turning somersaults in emptiness” (p. 73). She looks to the common people, wondering what their own descents are like, admiring their strength while lamenting their ignorance.

GOING UNDER CLEARLY SETS forth the problem of the fate of the Russian intellectual and makes some judgments about it, which seems to be the author’s main purpose. The conflicts may be mostly internal and personal, but they are no less real and damaging than the physical threats of the political state. While it is set in Soviet Russia of 1949, its implications for the artist and intellectual of today are clear. One must choose whether to save one’s soul at the risk of losing acceptance if not life itself or whether to take the expedient course and risk losing what makes life worth-while.

While effectively conveying the theme of the book, Chukovskaya’s writing style was the main obstacle to fully enjoying Going Under. The tone is somewhat stiff and distant, perhaps because it was translated from the Russian. This gives some passages, especially the descriptive ones, a detachment that enhances their haunting beauty; but it also makes other passages difficult to understand with one reading. The frequently quoted verses from Russian poems seem to lose something in the translation. In spite of this hindrance, following Lydia Chukovskaya through her descents into the Russian countryside, culture, and poetry is fascinating and worth the effort.

CATHLEEN VON BARGEN

YOU CAN HAVE A FAMILY WHERE EVERYBODY WINS: Christian Perspectives on Parent Effectiveness Training.

AS THE SUBTITLE INDICATES, this little book was written as a companion volume to Thomas Gordon’s Parent Effectiveness Training (PET). For anyone who might not know, Gordon’s method of improving parenting skills has reached millions through training groups and his book, now happily available in paperback for the first time. Gaulke’s book will be of particular interest to those who are familiar with Gordon’s methods and are interested in their relation to the Christian faith. In fact, Gaulke’s purpose is to provide a theology for PET, and the book’s value must be judged on its theological merits. Gaulke provides neither analysis nor critique of Gordon’s work; he simply builds on it, assuming its validity. The author also hopes his book might be an interest whether for parents who are not familiar with PET, and he does provide a simple and readable introduction to many of Gordon’s central concepts.

I was immediately suspicious of the main title. I had strong biases...
against its assertion, both theological and experiential. Anybody who tells me that I can have a family where everybody wins has to be either crazy or very persuasive. God may have made that statement to Adam and Eve, but neither they nor any of the millions of us who have followed in their footsteps have turned the possibility into a reality, either before or after the coming of Christ. The title is misleading. The author shows more caution in the body of the text, but his tendency to make the Gospel into a new Law that always works is the point at which the most searching criticism of this book must be made.

The chief theological categories used by Gaulke are Law and Gospel, and he acknowledges his heavy dependence on C. F. W. Walther’s classic, The Proper Distinction Between Law and Gospel. These categories are used as theological correlatives to Gordon’s distinction between negative and positive parenting. All of the qualities which Gordon relates to negative parenting (ordering, admonishing, exhorting, advising, lecturing, judging, praising, ridiculing, etc.) have their orientation in the Law, according to Gaulke. Similarly, all of the qualities in positive parenting (active listening, acceptance, empathic love) have their orientation in the Gospel. I find the author to be persuasive in his elaboration of this thesis and generally faithful to both Walther and Gordon. The terms are easily grasped and made practical through the use of “example” conversations between parents and children. Any layman who is weary of years of preaching on Law and Gospel as abstract doctrines will delight in the way Gaulke is able to make these terms alive and practical in everyday interactions between parents and children.

There are some problems, most of them unaddressed. What troubles me most is that Gaulke introduces the theological categories as little more than substitutes for secular concepts. It’s not obvious that they point to something more than is contained in PET. Too often does forgiveness become acceptance and active listening a form of the silent Gospel. I’ve spent most of my professional life trying to find points of continuity between the sacred and the secular and applaud this volume for the useful connections it makes, but the danger in such an effort is reductionism, and Gaulke comes close at times to simply baptizing PET with Christian terminology.

For all his concern to make the proper distinctions between Law and Gospel, I find Gaulke perilously close to making PET into a new Law in the name of the Gospel. In fact, I think a strict constructionist in Law-Gospel theology would say that all of PET belongs under the Law. I’m not willing to go that far, but I do think that Gaulke turns PET into a third use of the Law. The skills of PET become the norms for the new man (parent) in relation to his children. And though Gaulke acknowledges that the old man (parent) lives on in the Christian, the new man is seen to gain the ascendancy through the use of these skills so that, in fact, everybody wins. That’s likely to foster an attitude of either pride or despair, neither very closely related to the Gospel.

For all the reservations noted in this review, I consider this volume to be a useful and important asset for thinking through the implications of PET for a Christian, especially a Lutheran.

THOMAS A. DROEGE

(Concluded from page 28)

Communication: II

full reality communication, but for winning points, for getting one’s way.

The training for this process begins early in life, at the parent’s knee. Look at how teen-agers are handled. They are told: Be home by eleven. Why? Because I’m concerned about your health; you need the rest. They are not told: Because if the neighbors find out that I’m letting you stay up later, they will consider me a careless parent. But the day comes when the teen-ager discovers that what he was told was less than the full reality. He resents it for a while. But later, when he’s in the same situation, he has learned how it’s done.

A THIRD TECHNIQUE FOR beclouding the communication process may be termed self-system saving conversation. Everyone seems to have an inbuilt radar system that identifies conversational directions that threaten the individual’s sense of personal comfort and self-esteem. In some, this is tuned to hair trigger sharpness; in others it is more subdued. But all have it. And when the system flashes its warning signs, individuals redirect, even if ever so slightly, the conversational course to avoid flying directly into the storm. It’s a highly understandable process, yet it distorts communication. And people who are not sensitive to what’s happening can find themselves angered by what appears to be, if seen through, a type of phony baloney communication. Or, if they do not perceive what is happening, they will be accepting as reality what is at least in part a self-system protecting fantasy portrayal.

Wayne Dyer in Your Erroneous Zones raises our awareness of the human propensity for locating the source of one’s fears, frustrations, and resentments in other people or situations, when the source is really in one’s self. When this distortion gets into our conversation it not only leads others down the primrose path of unreality, it re-enforces one’s own rationalizations about one’s self.

The point, I think, is obvious: the true and full meaning of verbal communication often is obscure. The scope of this cover-up process ranges from innocuous amenity distortion designed to help to serious reality distortion designed to hurt.

What to do about it? Simple awareness is a big plus. But people who are interested in the maximum constructive potential of verbal communication ought to try to translate this awareness into earnest and on-going efforts to minimize communication distortion, both in their own verbal behavior and, I suppose, through education, in others.

March, 1977
COMMUNICATION: II

LAST MONTH I WORKED through some ideas on the process of human communication, stressing verbal communication, emphasizing that meaningful verbal communication helps shape human lives. As I contrasted non-verbal and verbal communication, my comments may have come through as understating the complexities and ambiguities involved in verbal communication. So let’s clear that up.

I stated that verbal communication has the potential for clarity and precision. And that’s true. Having heard words and sentences voiced by a speaker, the hearer can ask clarifying questions like: “Is this what you meant?” “Did I understand you to say?” etc. If people are bent on careful communication, that is, if they really want the words they speak to each other to have common meaning, they can use clarifying techniques that will lower the level of ambiguity to a minimum.

That fact notwithstanding, we must also face the reality that the verbal communication process can be manipulated in ways that tend to obscure true feelings and actual thoughts. Indeed, this is happening all the time. It is pervasive in human communication. It causes an enormous amount of sabotaged meaning transmission, much of which, unhappily, is intentional. That is to say, human beings, for ulterior (albeit sometimes well-intentioned) purposes, manipulate language to conceal rather than illuminate their true thoughts and feelings. This is such a serious problem that I want to analyze it further.

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE common ways in which language is used to miscommunicate. A simple, virtually day by day, example is amenity communication. Amenity communication may or may not send signals that reflect reality. The essence of amenity communication is that it is designed to facilitate human relations. It is the grease that keeps the social hinge from squeaking. Its object is to make the recipient of the message feel good toward the sender of the message as well as toward himself. The most common amenity words are “please” and “thank you.”

But the amenity words that become most important in the communication process are the words that assess the value of someone as a person or words that assess the acceptability of his work. When we say “You are the greatest,” “you are the most beautiful gal in the world,” “you’re the most talented person I’ve ever met,” these words send signals of positive appreciation that are designed to build a relationship even if sometimes they are not literally true. It will be argued that everyone understands this, everyone takes these amenity superlatives with a grain of salt.

Perhaps so. Yet amenity communication is not always recognized as such. Signals that include amenity distortion are taken literally. Take the case of a worker being evaluated by his foreman. The foreman thinks that he is telling the worker that his work is unsatisfactory. But, of course, he tries to tell it to him “gently.” He circumscribes his comments with amenity assurances. When the foreman reports to the Personnel Supervisor, he tells him that he “laid it on the line” with the worker. Lo and behold, when the Personnel Supervisor calls in the worker to give him notice, the worker protests that this is his first indication that anything was wrong. What happened? The amenity aspects of the conversation had obviously concealed the blunter points of the message. The result: anger, resentment, frustration for the worker. And a baffled Personnel Supervisor who assumed that the communication groundwork had been laid to give a clear understanding of the situation by those who had talked to each other about them.

A SECOND TECHNIQUE FOR miscommunicating realistic thought and feeling may be labeled “agenda pursuing communication.” This technique refers to the use of language to achieve goals. Lawyers want to win cases. They manipulate language carefully, picking and choosing those facts, those figures which will strengthen their case, holding back or downplaying whatever information may prejudice the jury against their client.

In the courtroom this is legal, even expected. But in daily, ordinary conversation, even in business and other occupations, and certainly in church communication, people assume full disclosure. When the situation is personal and non-threatening, they assume that the communicator is “telling it straight,” that he is trying “to paint a true picture.”

Yet, people pursue agendas in common, everyday parlance too. They would like a particular point of view given credence. They seek a conclusion that is to their liking. They want a preferred picture of reality to prevail. Their word and thought choices seek to facilitate this agenda, an agenda which is often hidden. The visible part of the conversation seems to be leading in one direction, one that is congenial to the hearer, but the hidden part is striving toward a different goal, one that if recognized would quickly “turn the listener off.” So the conversation becomes a tool, not for (continued on page 27)