SIC TRANSIT . . .

THE PILGRIM'S QUEST

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THE DEATH OF GROUCHO Marx during the past month has been the occasion not only for news commentary, but also for showing selections from his movies and television performances, as a tribute to this highly admired and, one might almost say, well-loved American clown. To what extent his death would have been noticed and marked without the technological advances of our contemporary culture, it is difficult to say. Certainly without television, the cinema, and radio, Groucho Marx would have been a minor talent, scarcely noticed, in the world of arts and letters where the clown or popular comedian is often passed by in favor of the intellectual wit or sophisticated parodist. Watching the reruns of Groucho's movies and snippets of his television show, one could never accuse him of being either academic or esoteric. His one-line "zingers" were immediately understood by audiences of practically every intellectual, economic, social, or cultural background. This type of comedy, together with his stylized "makeup," his very characteristic movement, and his readily identifiable props (the omnipresent cigar and glasses) give him many of the qualities that are associated with the clown and that have caused the clown to be the most popular and best-loved comic figures in the history of recorded entertainment. So it is Groucho the Clown that we salute, remember, and for whom we thank God.

In the back of one's mind, there is perhaps the nagging question: Is this really the place—an academic journal devoted to literature, the arts, and current affairs—to devote time and space to such a talent, when one considers the truly great in the world of theater, music, and the arts? After all, what has Groucho contributed to the store of human wisdom or to the understanding of man? Perhaps we laughed, but what is a laugh in the light of eternity? Perhaps we were amused, but what right do we have to be amused when faced with the suffering and anguish in the world around us? Remember the scene where Groucho is passionately embracing a society matron who says time after time, "Hold me closer—Hold me closer—Hold me closer." to which Groucho replies, with his well-known raising of the eyebrows and quizzical leer, "If I held you any closer, I'd be behind you." The action and the response are hardly significant, and the proposed outcome impossible; still, we laugh. There is a passage in the Talmud which recounts an interesting incident in ancient Judea. It relates that a Rabbi one day met Elijah and asked who was worthy of eternal life. Elijah pointed to two clowns, who were amusing the bystanders. The Rabbi, a very serious academic type, showed great astonishment.

"SCORN THEM NOT," SAID the prophet. "It is always their habit, even when not in hire, to cheer the depressed and sorrowful. By their merry talk, they cause sufferers to forget their grief."

Though one may have some doubts about the authenticity of this
statement or the wisdom of Elijah's designation of these two characters for the eternal life slot, the concept is interesting to ponder. On the basis of the Talmud tradition, it is entirely probable that Elijah would have added Groucho Marx to his designated clowns.

The clown is not as simple as he looks. A study of this character from earliest times will confirm the judgment that no other stage figure has such complexity. To capture in words the essence of the comedy of the clown, or to analyze the specific techniques of Groucho Marx, is very much akin to trying to understand love by discussion when one must really experience it, or trying to grasp hold of mercury in order to thoroughly examine it. The nature and essence of tragedy, and the nature and essence of tragedy, and the nature share a portion of that undefinable realm designated "mystery."

It is impossible to say just where and when the clown came into being. A reasonable surmise is that in the beginning clowning was accidental. Probably the first clowns were sublimely unconscious as to just how funny they were. Many today use that technique as a part of their comic routine. This, however, was most certainly not the case with Groucho Marx. His comedy was conscious, sharply aimed, and enjoyed by Groucho as much as by the audience. Probably during Cro-Magnon days, some would-be strong man attempted to heave a bear up into the air. Up went the animal, but the "artist" was too slow to get out of its way. So the bear crashed down and squashed the poor performer to the delight of his simple-minded companions. Had Groucho been there, he probably would have stepped aside and allowed the descending bear to squash some innocent onlooker, and then gotten the laugh as the result of a pointed remark to the bystanders. Here we have one of the main points of the type of laughter which comes with clowning, either prehistoric or of the Groucho Marxian variety. It is laughter at somebody. There is an element of cruelty which dominates a vital part of much laughter connected with the clown. There is no doubt that man has a fascination with cruelty, and that in cruelty there is a certain liberation or catharsis. This liberation or catharsis can take the form of laughter, or it may take the form of violence. This does not necessarily mean that Groucho Marx, as a clown, should be regarded as a therapeutic character or laughter as a catharsis for a sick society — yet it is a point that cannot be overlooked.

NO DOUBT, THERE WILL BE doctoral dissertations and learned essays on the comic style, the Freudian implications, the illogical bases, the political relevancies and the like of the comedy of Groucho Marx. Perhaps these will be interesting and illuminate yet another facet of the mystery of comedy. But meanwhile there is laughter remembered and rewarded experience to fill the void — and the image of Groucho, the two clowns, and Elijah enjoying their particular view of the human scene.

It is perhaps fitting to add as a footnote a brief word of remembrance about another popular entertainer whose death this past May served to remind us that even the idols of the cinema world whose fame seems to transcend time and space are mortal. Joan Crawford rose to the heights in Hollywood on the basis of a histrionic talent that was truly limited, but a personality and presence that made the most of what talents were available. There was no doubt that Joan Crawford's name should be above the title of the film, the author, or the director. One went to see Joan Crawford in Mildred Pierce and, whatever the role, the attraction was seeing what Joan Crawford would do with that part. She had a certain intensity, a face that was interesting, though scarcely expressive, and a voice that, with the help of the proper background music, was able to convey a considerable degree of passion and emotion. Her popularity was very real, and among a number of generations of movie-goers she will be remembered as a true queen of the cinema world. It will be interesting to evaluate her films and her performances twenty-five years hence. On the silver anniversary of her death, one may be able to ascertain whether the tinsel of Hollywood which surrounded her was really sterling silver.

VAN KUSSROW

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

THERE MAY NOT BE MUCH comfort for The Cresset reader to know that the level of aggravation at the tardiness of the magazine has been equaled (at least) by the level of embarrassment to the editor. It may be some slight comfort for the reader to learn that those factors which caused the loss of control of the publication schedule in the editorial office have themselves been brought under control. The log jam has been broken and the reader's expectation of receiving The Cresset will not be disappointed. It is also appropriate for the editor to express his great appreciation to the reader for support, encouragement, loyalty, and patience.

Tardiness notwithstanding, some comments from the editor's notebook are to be recorded, not as timely information, but as statements of personal appreciation for the lives and works of a number of people associated with Valparaiso University and with The Cresset.

Death has driven a hard bargain at Valparaiso University in the last
months. WALDEMAR C. GUNTHER, biologist and for many years Director of Research at Valparaiso University, was enfleshment among us of the union of piety and learning, of science and faith, of research and humaneness. His single-minded devotion to his explorations of the causes of mental retardation, exploring the effects of heat stress on biological development and neurophysiology, was exemplary of Valparaiso's ideal Christian-scholar-teacher.

ALBERT FRANK SCRIBNER was Valparaiso University's bridge to its own past. Even in days of pre-Lutheran administration, Scribner, as a student, had taken up service with his alma mater. And from his graduation in 1925 (the same year Valparaiso University came under Lutheran ownership and administration) until his death, Scribner rendered excellent and wide-ranging service to the school he loved. With a trained intellect, a disciplined spirit, and a massive Christian gentlemanliness, Scribner was one of the few large draft horses that pulled the wagon of dreams that made Valparaiso University live and grow. His wealth of courtesies to his superiors and inferiors enriched the University with both generosities and gratitude.

And then there was the physicist, ARMIN W. MANNING, the man who lived and worked among us with an intellect rarely matched on campus. Although a seminary graduate and an ordained clergyman, Manning loved physics and through physics contributed to our University's national reputation as "a model for all small universities wishing to provide excellent training in the field of undergraduate physics." But more than all these, Manning loved his wife, God, and life itself. His good humor, his lively hope, and his cheerful love shone no more splendidly than through those long months of finishing that life that was being destroyed by the hot death within.

By living and dying among us, these colleagues have impelled us to revise what we know of living, learning, and dying.

TWO LUTHERAN PASTORS, still very much alive, who have been connected with and supporters of Valparaiso University, each celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination during this summer past. WILLIAM F. EIFRIG and ADELMER T. KRETZMANN, while very different from each other, signal to us all what generosity God has in giving gifts to his church, what joyful inventiveness he has in making us alike and yet dissimilar. Each of these pastors mark that happy balance of loyalty with independence of mind and spirit that is so important in the tradition of a learned ministry. Peculiar to each is that common passion for people, especially in their need. A wide-ranging churchly interest is combined with a touch of gentleness for, and awareness of the little, the lonely, and the tender creatures of God. Criminals and evil people, held together only by that which divides them, are boringly alike. God's holy ones, held together by one God, in one devotion to him, intricately and infinitely different from each other, are full of surprises and interest. They display the plenitude of God's generosity to his church so that she lacks in nothing. In our more distant reflection on these two venerable pastors, we join in the celebration of God's goodness in their lives.

We are pleased to present the piece on history by the distinguished and honored historian WALTER E. BAUER, Dean Emeritus of the Faculty and Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus of History at Valparaiso University. For many years, both as a teacher of history and a Christian thinker, Bauer has given his attention to the nature of history, historiography, and historical criticism. Although his article was written originally as a resource document for the Dallas Convention for the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, its value for scholars and churchmen calls for it to be shared with people who must still deal with the unresolved substantive issues, even though a vote has been taken on them.
WHO IS THIS PILGRIM AFFABLE AND CHILD-like? He wears a bright red cross over a white tunic, with four roses stuck in his hat. Let us wander with him on his quest for the spirit within life.

The sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries seem to have been obsessed with the role of spirit in nature. In his commentary on Genesis, Martin Luther said that the Holy Spirit was present in the material world from the very beginning, like a brood hen sitting on eggs to keep them warm. This Spirit moved upon the face of the waters, held up the gossamer vault of the heavens, exemplified itself in seeds and in all procreation. All of these concepts are closely related to Luther's theology of the Real Presence in Holy Communion.

Mystics and theologians, poets, painters and engravers, architects, musicians, alchemists and magicians all attempted to “capture” spiritual forces within nature in various ways. On one level, the spiritual exercises of Ignatius Loyola were an attempt to deal with the role of spirit in nature. On other levels, the leading scientists of the early seventeenth century were obsessed with spiritualizing ideas: Gilbert saw magnetism, Kepler saw gravity, and Harvey saw the circulation of blood in terms of some non-material, spiritual force working within matter.

Our affable and child-like pilgrim is upon this same quest. He is wandering in search of that spiritual force which enters into matter, transmuting it alchemically and giving it new life. Let us wander with this man who wears four roses in his hat.

THE ROSE WAS ONE OF THE CHERISHED SYMBOLS of that spirit-fascinated age. It was the device of the house of Tudor. It was blazoned in many a coat of arms and noble crest throughout Europe. Whole dynasties of Protestant preachers took it as their symbol. A white rose was prominent in the personal emblem of Martin Luther. The rose was a central device to the Rosicrucian movement of the early seventeenth century. The red rose is the symbol of our affable pilgrim, and his name is Rosencreutz or Rosy-cross.

The alchemists loved this symbol of the rose. Many of them were Christians, and they tended, surprisingly enough, to be Protestants, Lutherans in particular. Their allegories were some of the most elaborate of the age. On one level, these allegories described the chemical processes of the laboratory, written so that none but the initiate could comprehend; on another, they described the processes occurring in nature; on still another, the spiritual processes of salvation. For example, the well-known hymn “Lo, how a Rose e’er blooming” is an alchemical allegory of a mystical rose, tender but bright; its sweetness fills the air, dispels the darkness, and lightens every load. These are the processes that occur whenever spirit penetrates matter. The rose symbolizes Christ, first and foremost, but it also evokes other concepts: the color red, alchemical fire, birth, blood; coral “the living
stone"; gold, the sun, the Philosophers' Stone, the arcanum, the elixir of life. All of these alchemical concepts are also used as symbols of Christ. Layer upon layer of meaning is in the simple, natural yet supernatural image of a rose blooming amidst the cold of winter.

Our allegorical pilgrim is an alchemist, and he wears a scarlet cross upon his breast in addition to the roses in his hat.

These devices are like emblems. An emblem, strictly speaking, was an allegorical picture, typically accompanied by a motto or explanatory text which supplemented the visual image and formed with it a single unit of meaning. Sixteenth century scholars considered Egyptian hieroglyphics to have been the original emblems. They could not decipher them, but they believed that the ancient Egyptians had actually captured in some magical way the essence of things in their hieroglyphs. They considered every hieroglyph to be a talisman. True emblems would be the same, and they would release their secrets only to the initiate. The emblems of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries are evocative, captivating and mysterious, magically so, and, when we see them, we still feel that we cannot fully understand them.

One of these is the emblem of Martin Luther. It was, he said, expressive of his theology. Does this mean that theology to the initiate? Luther's emblem went through several stages of development. Here is his own explanation of the version we see before us:

There is first to be a cross, black [and placed] in a heart, which should be of its natural color, so that I myself would be reminded that faith in the Crucified saves us. For if one believes from the heart he will be justified. Even though it is a black cross, [which] mortified and [which] also should hurt us, yet it leaves the heart in its [natural] color [and] does not ruin nature; that is, [the cross] does not kill but keeps [man] alive. For the just man lives by faith, but by faith in the Crucified One. Such a heart is to be in the midst of a white rose, to symbolize that faith gives joy, comfort, and peace; in a word it places the believer into a white joyful rose; for [this faith] does not give peace and joy as the world gives and, therefore, the rose is to be white and not red, for white is the color of the spirits and of all the angels. Such a rose is to be in a sky-blue field, [symbolizing] that such joy in the Spirit and in faith is a beginning of the future heavenly joy; it is already a part [of faith], and is grasped through hope, even though not yet manifest. And around this field is a golden ring, [symbolizing] that in heaven such blessedness lasts forever and has no end, and in addition is precious beyond all joy and goods, just as gold is the most valuable and precious metal.1

ii.

LET US PAUSE FOR A MOMENT TO TAKE stock. So far, we have spoken of three things: spirit in nature; the rose as symbol; and emblematics, where simple images take on "life" and meaning. With all three in mind, let us recall our pilgrim affable and child-like, Christian Rosencreutz, wearing bright red ribbons over his shoulders and across his white tunic, with four red roses in his hat. He is a disarmingly simple fellow, but he symbolizes so very much: a quest, a transmutation, a theology.

Let us try to explicate the layers of significance behind this affable pilgrim, first by placing him in the context of Renaissance thought, then of the Reformation, and finally of the great events and arcane movements of his own times. As we do so, we shall, with the help of recent scholarly works by Frances A. Yates and John Warwick Montgomery, reveal his identity.

iii.

FOR THE RENAISSANCE, let us travel to Italy of the fifteenth century, to the city of Florence and the court of Cosimo dé Medici. What could be more central to our concept of the Renaissance than that very time and place? Around Cosimo gathered that famous circle of humanists called the Platonic Academy, including Marsilio Ficino, Pico della Mirandola, and others. The traditional view is that these humanists of the High Renaissance admired Plato above all other mortals; indeed, that they virtually deified him. It has been the contribution of Frances A. Yates to add another deity to their pantheon: Hermes the Thrice Majestic.2

Around the year 1460, a monk who was an agent of the Medici brought to Cosimo a manuscript from Macedonia containing fourteen treatises of the so-called Hermetic Corpus, previously unknown in Italy. These works appeared to be the very sources of ancient Egyptian wisdom. No wonder they provoked tremendous excitement. They seemed to predate both Moses and the pre-Socratics. Remember that both Moses and the earliest Greek philosophers brought their wisdom out of Egypt. These manuscripts now brought to Florence seemed to be the "pristine theology" which lay behind it all, the very font of ancient wisdom, closer to elemental nature and to Eden than any other texts.

When the manuscript was brought to Florence, Ficino was engaged in the first Latin translation of the works of

Plato from the original Greek. All of Renaissance Italy had waited eagerly for the completion of this translation. Now Cosimo sent the newly found manuscript of the Hermetic Corpus to Ficino’s villa with the word that he must “translate Hermes first, at once, and go on afterwards to Plato.”

Yates goes on to trace a line of Renaissance scholarship which took its start with these Hermetic texts translated by Ficino, and which was devoted to recapturing the earliest and most harmonious of all theologies, that of ancient Egypt. In demonstrating that this became one of the great endeavors of the later Renaissance, she has forced us to revise a good deal of our earlier conception of the Renaissance. Read her fascinating books for more details. The point here is that these Renaissance Hermetics worked to restore the pristine state when human affairs had been in harmony with the whole of nature unto the very stars. In order to do so, they tried to control the forces of nature. The Hermetics were social reformers who used the means of magic, emblems, astrology, orphic music, and—if we are to take them at their word—flights through the spheres in the manner described by St. Paul. Nor were they obscure eccentrics. They won the ears of princes, and they included some of the greatest names in the mainstream of the Renaissance from Ficino, Pico, Leonardo da Vinci, and Botticelli to such sixteenth century philosophers as Lefevre d’Etapes in France, Philip Sidney and John Dee in England, Giordano Bruno and Tommaso Campanella in Italy.

Early in the seventeenth century, this Hermetic tradition gave rise to a phenomenon known as the Rosicrucian furor. The furor began in 1614 when placards and pamphlets suddenly appeared, first in Germany, then in France and many other places. These professed to be the manifestoes of a mysterious, international confraternity of savants who had gained control of the forces of nature and were about to unleash a universal “inauguration” or reformation. Needless to say, this touched off a tremendous furor. According to Yates, the best minds of the day were swept up in it: Descartes, Bacon (whose New Atlantis he interprets as a Rosicrucian utopia), John Dee, the great educator Comenius, and many others. Out of this movement, according to Yates, grew the Royal Society, the Freemasons, and the eminent achievement of Sir Isaac Newton, so fundamental to the emergence of modern science. The Rosicrucian furor colored the politics of a whole decade in her view, and it was involved in the origins of the seventeenth century wars which reshaped the face of Europe. Here at last, if Yates is right, the emblems and incantations of the Hermetics seemed to “bear fruit.”

Into the midst of this great furor strolled our affable pilgrim, Christian Rosencreutz. His name is synonymous with Rosicrucian. He was the central character in an allegorical drama published in the year 1616 under the title The Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosencreutz. It was written by a clergyman of southern Germany named Johann Valentin Andreae, whom Yates identifies as one of the probable authors of the Rosicrucian manifestoes. If this interpretation is correct, our affable pilgrim may have helped induce the Count Palatine to accept the crown of Bohemia in the belief that the millenium was imminent. Indeed it was: the Count’s rash act touched off the Thirty Years War.

J. W. MONTGOMERY sees it from quite another vantage point. He has studied our affable pilgrim in great detail and takes him to be an orthodox Lutheran, though a strange one—a “missionary” to those who were misled by the arcane fantasies of the Rosicrucian manifestoes. Montgomery thus places Christian Rosencreutz in the tradition of the Reformation, rather than in the Renaissance Hermetic tradition, though indeed he stands at a point where those two traditions meet.

Montgomery began his research with a thorough study of the life and works of Johann Valentin Andreae. He discovered a Lutheran pastor in Wurttemberg, a Christian Rosencreutz in the tradition of the Reformation, rather than as a Christian alchemist, a notable poet in Latin and German, a collector of art, books, and manuscripts. He discovered that “The Chymical Wedding” was only one of many allegorical works published by Andreae, and that a recurring theme of these works was “a pilgrim journeying to a wedding.”

Thus grounded in Scripture, Christian Rosencreutz sets off on his alchemical pilgrimage. Seated at home on the eve of Easter, he is disturbed by a glorious lady in sky blue garments bespangled with stars, who summons him to a wedding. He falls into sleep and dreams an omen of what is to come. Upon awakening, he dons his white linen coat, binds the blood-red ribbons crossways over his shoulders, and sticks the jaunty red roses in his hat, departing with joy. He passes through a forest, meets a raven, a dove, the virgin in sky colored habit, comes to a castle, is tonsured, bound in darkness, judged with golden scales, and freed to witness the chymical wedding. He joins the throngs in the presence of six sovereigns who appear in splendor and are then beheaded by a ferocious person in the presence of all, their corpses


conveyed by ship to an island, washed, dissolved into a heavy solution, heated in a globe by the sun to produce a snow white egg which hatches a bird, cooked till its plumage sheds, painted blue, beheaded, the body burned, ashes made into dough, cast into human figures which are revived by flames from heaven and sail as King and Queen on a golden ship to the great banquet. All of this is part of a beautiful and many faceted allegory of alchemy, natural process, and Christian salvation. Let me illustrate by citing one brief passage from the 1690 English translation which Montgomery has reprinted in full.

On the fifth day of his journey, Christian Rosencreutz is on the island in the lake. He arises before all others and wanders about the castle, accompanied by a page. They come to an iron door with copper letters, “Opened but yesterday when the Coffins were taken out.” They enter into a vault lit by great carbuncles and containing a wondrous sepulchre. None but the king’s own family had ever seen it before.

This Sepulcher was triangular, and had in the middle of it a Kettle of polished Copper, the rest was of pure Gold and precious Stones; In the Kettle stood an Angel, who held in his Arms an unknown Tree, from which it continually dropped into the Kettle; and as oft as the Fruit fell into the Kettle, it turned into Water too, and ran out from thence into three small Golden Kettles standing by. This little Altar was supported by these three Animals, an Eagle, an Ox and a Lyon, which stood on an exceeding costly Base. I asked my Page what this might signific: Here, said he, lies Buried Lady Venus, that Beauty which hath undone many a great Man, both in Fortune, Honour, Blessing and Prosperity. After which he showed me a Copper Door on the Pavement. Here (said he) if you please, we may go further down; I still follow you (replied I) so I went down the steps, where it was exceeding dark, but the Page immediately opened a little Chest, wherein stood a small ever-burning Taper, at which he kindled one of the many Torches which lay by. I was mighty terrified, and seriously asked how he durst do this? He gave me for answer, As long as the Royal Persons are still at rest, I have nothing to fear. Herewith I espied a rich Bed ready made, hung about with curious Curtains, one of which he drew, where I saw the Lady Venus stark-naked (for he heaved up the Coverlets too) lying there in such Beauty, and a fashion so surprizing, that I was almost besides myself, neither do I yet know whether it was a piece thus Carved, or an humane Corps that lay dead there; For she was altogether immoveable, and yet I durst not touch her. So she was again covered, and the Curtain drawn before her, yet she was still (as it were) in my Eye.

This was natural beauty separated from Christian faith—creation without redemption—“for it is the work of the Holy Ghost to make alive,” as Luther says in his commentary on Genesis 1:2. No sooner had they left the lower vault than Cupid burst in upon them and stuck the pilgrim in the hand with a dart for being “so near to stumbling upon my dear Mother,” for he did not know they had been below.

On the seventh day, Christian Rosencreutz awoke and sailed with the entourage of the resurrected King and Queen from the island to the mainland. The company sailed across calm waters in twelve ships under the twelve celestial signs and entertained by musicians. They were met by 500 ships, “Trumpets, Shalms and Kettle Drums,” and accompanied to the castle by a great multitude and 400 horses. The king conversed with Christian Rosencreutz and showed him great favor. They passed an ancient porter, bound for life to his post for once having committed a fault against Venus. This man had earlier befriended our pilgrim, who now inquired whether he could ever be released. Only if an equally high transgressor would take his stead, the king replied.

They proceeded to a great banquet when Atlas burst in to report that Venus had been uncovered by an unknown guest. This perplexed and upset the king, but the festivities went on. Christian Rosencreutz and others were made Knights of the Golden Stone, taking an oath to serve only God the Creator “and his hand-maid Nature.” Christian Rosencreutz then privately confessed his transgression to the king, who received the news sadly. All other guests went about joyously and unaware. The porter was released. The day was ended, and with these words the pilgrimage of Christian Rosencreutz also came to an end:

Wherefore after they had received a good night from the King and Lords, each one was conducted into his Lodging. But I most wretched Man had no body to shew me the way, and yet must moreover suffer my self to be tormented, and that I might be certain of my future function, I was fain to put on the Ring, which the other had before worn. Finally, the King exhorted me, that since this was now the last time I was like to see him in this manner: I should however behave my self according to my place, and not against the order: Upon which he took me also in his Arms, and kissed me, all which I so understood, as if in the morning I must sit at my Gate. Now after they had all a while spoken friendly to me, and at last presented their Hands, committing me to the divine protection, I was by both the old Men, the Lord of the Tower, and Atlas conducted into a glorious Lodging, in which stood three Beds; and each of us lay in one of them, where we yet spent almost two, &c. Here are wanting about two leaves, in quarto; and he (the Author hereof) whereat he imagined he must in the morning be Doorkeeper, returned home.

FINIS.

A quest, a transmutation, a theology. Christian Rosencreutz, simultaneously sinner and justified, is Christian Everyman.
An Exploration into D. H. Lawrence's Sources for Women in Love.

D. H. LAWRENCE WAS DEEPLY INTRIGUED BY the depth of language, the all-encompassing power of myth. He, therefore, intricately wove the classical analogues of these myths into all his works. The reason for this goes beyond the elementary psychology of language. To Lawrence myth was the design of life; it wasn’t just window dressing to his novels but the window itself. Lawrence saw that the power of myth went beyond the depths of the mythic character and he designed his works to capture this power. Thus his works, like great myths, go beyond characters and events which describe the human condition into the deepest aspects of primal imagery. Lawrence’s use of myth is an exploration of elemental feeling as the novel. This is a depth beyond words. It is a silent, still depth where form is pure stillness and depth is emotion. In his Phoenix essay, “The Novel and the Feelings,” Lawrence gives two statements which serve as excellent thesis statements from which we can see how he hammered the various myths into his novel Women in Love.

If we can’t hear these cries far down in our own forests of dark veins, we can look in the real novels, and there listen-in. Not listen to the didactic statements of the author, but to the low, calling cries of the characters, as they wander in the dark wood of their destiny.1

"The moment the human being becomes conscious of himself, he ceases to be himself."2 When he becomes aware of his own isolation, the person also becomes aware of things outside himself that isolate him. This creates a “split psyche” where the person looks within himself in part, and upon outside reality in part. Lawrence maintains

Lawren Farber, Director of Public Relations for Bernadette Talbott Advertising, received the BA (1969) from Case Western Reserve University, the MA in English (1973) from Kent State University. He has also taught in Community Colleges in Seattle, Washington.

2 Ibid., p. 761.
that an individual is only an individual when he isn’t conscious of his individuality. In his novels Lawrence is trying to suspend his reader in a revery of imagery so that he need not split his (the reader’s) psyche. He wants the awareness of self to rise like a flame from within instead of being a didactic searing from without. With the development of an inner flame, man becomes aware without becoming self-conscious.

*Women in Love* represents the supreme achievement of Lawrence’s attempt to generate a new inner awareness by orchestrating the tools of the twentieth-century novelist: myth and geography. Lawrence’s use of myth is the Jungian context of myth being an outward societal tradition of an inner societal heritage, a felt heritage which grabs the reader’s psyche especially when the novelist subliminally invokes myths within the reader’s heritage. Thus, Lawrence greatly relies upon the leitmotif of medieval English and Germanic myth because elements of both are endemic to the development of the English language, religion, morality, and mental constructs.

Lawrence’s purpose for his subtle employment of geography in his novels is more difficult to explain, perhaps, because it is so difficult to detect. A great deal of the explanation relies upon what was mentioned above as an awareness of things outside of a person which tend to isolate him from others and, of integral importance in post-industrial England, from one’s traditions and heritage. Lawrence was keenly aware of the anti-societal forces inherent to industrialized England. It was a force that pushed man beneath the earth to new perils and to form new communities. Simultaneously it pushed other men of more malleable constitutions to new levels in the structure of society. Careful contemplation of the effect of “place” upon the directions of man’s psyche, of “place” in every possible connotation, forced the conclusion that there was one constant in the history of man through the ages that molded his will, employed his drives, and engaged his mind, and, yet, that particular constant has finally become warped in its constancy through industry’s mastery: geography. As Gertrude Stein defines the relationship:

... between generations and over time, the ‘only thing different... is what is seen and what is seen depends upon how everybody is doing everything. ... Everything is the same except composition.”

One connotation of Stein’s “composition” means the simple spacial relationship man has to his environment. Only geography differentiates the mountain man from the coastal fisherman and planter’s rituals from the gatherer’s methodic plo. It took novelists like Lawrence to envision the precise effect that industrialism had upon man’s eternal relationship to his particular geography. And it is this concept that is fascinatingly explored by Lawrence in *Women in Love*. Lawrence constructs a dichotomy through his source materials of the magnitude of the Biblical covenant from which his title, *The Rainbow* was taken: The sons of God and the daughters of men. Only here the men are sons of the land and the women daughters of the collective mind.

**RUPERT BIRKIN IS AN AMALGAM OF**

Lawrence’s favorite sources and subjects: The Greek “Pan” myth and himself. The character of Rupert has the most persistent aura of Pan imagery about him. Rupert is all that is right about Pan in man.

While most observe the significance of man’s divinity, Lawrence saw the difficulty. The stoic philosopher, Cornitus, described Pan as follows:

The lower part of this god is hairy, and recalls a goat, to designate the roughness of the earth. The upper part, however, is like a man, for heaven holds sway over the entire world, because in heaven itself reason is placed.

Lawrence described man as follows:

But the polarity is further. The horizontal division of the diaphragm divides man forever into his individual duality, the duality of the upper and lower man, the two great bodies of upper and lower consciousness and function. This is the horizontal line.

Rupert is Lawrence’s embodiment of man walking the thin line of his viscera that separates his animal from his divinity. It is Rupert’s awareness of the animal that keeps the divine aspects in balance. Man’s psyche is the custodian of this balance—it keeps him aware of the difficulty of attaining it and the delicate nature of its maintenance. In seeking a source for this delicately balanced man, Lawrence looked to himself for what he must have considered the paradigm of balanced “maleness.” But he also wanted something less egocentric as a source: a source that would demonstrate the necessity for a keen awareness of the times and of the place where man finds himself. For this source Lawrence turned to the history of his native Nottingham. Rupert’s last name is taken from a laborer, a bobbin-net machine worker who rose from laborer to become a partner in the burgeoning lace industry of Nottinghamshire. Richard Birken rose from worker to become president of the company that bears his name in the boom of the 1850s. He went on to become the mayor of Nottingham four times. From man of the earth he become official custodian of the land. The rapidity and nature of his rise must have deeply fascinated Lawrence.

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4 The Bible, Gen. 6:1-6.


Gerald Crich, however, is all that's gone bad in the Pan myth. For the source of this character's name, we only have to look at North England geography. Crich is a small town just west of the Derbyshire-Nottinghamshire border approximately fifteen miles northwest of Nottingham. It is noted for the seamy qualities of industrialization. Gerald is an embodiment of the "all" Lawrence saw in the town of Crich: a clutching, unbalanced industrial presence. The source of both men's souls is the same—the bond of geography—yet they diverge from the source. Rupert (the shadow of Mayor Birkin) is the "good" man can attain if he can balance the forces within to his necessary primary relationship to the land without. Gerald (the shadow of the town of Crich a monument to industrial blight) is the unbalanced man—what happens when man loses sight of his own duality.

The actual evolution of the individual psyche is a result of the interaction between the individual and the outer universe . . . it is the circuit of vital flux between itself and another being or beings which brings about the development and evolution of every individual psyche and physique. This is a law of life and creation, from which we cannot escape. . . . Man doth not live by bread alone. He lives even more essentially from the nourishing creative flow between himself and another or others. As Gerald represents all the evil that man's "intelligence" has reigned on the earth, Rupert represents the "all" existent in man as a creature of nature which enables him to extricate himself from the evil intelligence.

**THE PROCESS OF EXTRICATION IN WOMEN in Love** is facilitated in part by the subtle inner play of historical geography and myth. While Rupert and Gerald are extensions of the geography and history of Lawrence's native environs, Ursula and Gudrun are fascinatingly complex extensions of the geography and history of Western man.

The Noah myth is pervasive in both The Rainbow and Women in Love. The end of The Rainbow has Ursula reflecting upon the significance of the covenant.

And the rainbow stood on the earth. She knew that the sordid people who crept hard-scaled and separate on the face of the world's corruption were living still, that the rainbow was arched in their blood and would quiver to life in their spirit, that they would cast off their horny covering of disintegration, that new, clean, naked bodies would issue to a new germintion, to a new growth, rising to the light and the wind and the clean rain of heaven. She saw in the rainbow the earth's new architecture, the old, brittle, corruption of houses and factories swept away, the world built up in a living fabric of Truth, fitting to the over-arching heaven.

These last thoughts of The Rainbow are the germinating seeds of the archetypal characters of Ursula and Gudrun in Women in Love for they construct the "earth's new architecture." Women in Love is about the evil heart and the conception of a new generation to overcome them. This "new generation" is possible only when honest interaction occurs, when,

. . . the circuit of vital flux between . . . [man] and another being . . . brings about the development and evolution of every individual psyche. . . .

The attainment of such interaction is honest only when men and women are all equal in integrity and honesty: the human repositories of that "all" existent in humanity referred to above. Lawrence's choice of mythological source material from which he created Ursula and Gudrun reflects this "all" and parallels that balance and imbalance he saw in the geographical source material from which he created Rupert and Gerald.

As with germinal myths, the construction of Ursula and Gudrun as archetypes begins with a leitmotif of symbolic attributes. Ursula and Gudrun both dance in front of and risk the dangers of herds of cattle. It is significant that the symbols of most significant classical goddesses are some form of cattle. Io, Europa, Hera, Demeter, and Persephone all are associated with cows. In Egyptian mythology major goddesses are associated with cows' horns. Both women in Women in Love are constantly encountering the attributes of mythological goddesses, saints, or heroines. Lawrence broadens these simple symbolic dimensions by giving each sister another mythological identity besides the general.

The name of Ursula came from the patron saint of maidens and teachers: St. Ursula. There are two versions of the myth of St. Ursula. One version has her as a Cornish princess who went with 11,000 maidens to a British colony in Brittany but a storm scattered them to strange shores. The second, more substantial, myth is as follows:

Ursula, the daughter of a Christian king in Britain, was asked in marriage by the son of a pagan king. She, desiring to remain unwed, got a delay of three years, which time she spent on shipboard, sailing about the seas; she had ten noble laides-in-waiting, each of whom, and Ursula, had a thousand companions, and they were accommodated in eleven vessels. At the end of the period of grace contrary winds drove them into the mouth of the Rhine, they sailed up to Cologne, where

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9 Lawrence, "Human Relations and the Unconscious," p. 46.


11 Lawrence, "Human Relations and the Unconscious," p. 46.
they were set upon and massacred for their Christianity by the heathen Huns, Ursula having refused to marry their chief. Then the barbarians were dispersed by angels, the citizens buried the martyrs, and a church was built in their honour by Clematius.12

A parallel version of the latter has St. Ursula safely pass through Cologne, Basle, across the Alps to Rome and massacred in Cologne on her return.13

Ursula Brangwen, maiden school teacher, seems to be the paradigm conception of St. Ursula. In the chapter “Continental,” Lawrence has a small bit of mental pandemonium occur when Ursula and Rupert change trains, which is dutiful to the St. Ursula legend just described.

It was done. Birkin snapped the hand-bags, off they went, the porter coming behind. They were through a great door-way, and in the open night again—ah, a railway platform! Voices were still calling in inhuman agitation through the dark-grey air, spectres were running along the darkness between the train.

“Köln—Berlin”— Ursula made out on the boards hung on the high train on the one side.

“Here we are,” said Birkin. And on her side she saw:

“A Basel—deuxième class?—Voila!”14

In “Continental” the above preponderance of places associated with the martyrdom of St. Ursula seems coincidental until several facts are presented. The parallels between the lives of St. Ursula and Ursula Brangwen have been mentioned, as has the parallel natures of their journeys, which infers an underlying significance of them as archetypal “twins.” When we integrate these facts with what we can ascertain about the source for the name of Ursula’s sister, some significant concepts come to light.

THE NAME GUDRUN IS TAKEN FROM A PART of the Nibelungenlied. In the myth, Kriemhild (an alternate form of Gudrun used in the poem and here to differentiate from the Gudrun of the poem and Gudrun Brangwen) marries Siegfried, who is in love with Brunhilde, by giving him a secret potion that will make him love only her. After a long series of entanglements, Kriemhild is told that Siegfried has been slain (she has already become his queen.) After the elaborate mourning ceremonies by Kriemhild and her aristocratic family, Kriemhild sets out on a long involved journey to meet the king of the Huns with the prospect of becoming queen.15 Lawrence was certainly delighted with the ramifications of a British Saint’s massacre by Huns and a German Queen’s courtship of them. Indeed, the Brangwen sister’s mythic analogues give us great insight into their disparate natures as characters.

Kriemhild’s slow journey along the Danube does have her moving away from Gudrun’s destination, although both travel east and end in Austria. During Kriemhild’s journey she is ecstatically ogled by the people along the way. The reaction of the populace along the Danube to Kriemhild and her entourage, “...all daughters of noble knights, was that they paid ardent court to them with their eyes.”16 Similar court is paid to Gudrun in the chapter, “Gudrun in the Pompadour.” Gudrun’s reiteration in “Continental” emphasizes the importance of her mythological analogue.

   And you know, afterwards—I felt I was a whole roomful of women. I was no more myself to him than I was Queen Victoria. I was a whole roomful of women at once. It was most astounding.17

The international set at the pompadour and the vacationers at the Austrian resort in “Continental” parallel a more ancient Austrian assemblage.

Ahead . . . could [be seen] numbers of bold knights of many different languages riding along the roads, great companies past counting of both Christians and heathens who were marching in splendid array to where they found their lady. Many men from Greece and Russia were riding there, and the good horses of Poles and Wallachians passed swiftly by as their riders spurred them with vigour . . . Here she was received by various knights who were to suffer at her hands in days to come.18

Various knights do suffer at Gudrun’s whims in the chapter “Continental.” For it is in this chapter that the Ursula and Gudrun myths meet in conjunction.

Gudrun toys with affections throughout the book with a perverse detachment of her emotions. One such affection that also serves as a catalyst for the final confrontation between Gerald and Gudrun is the involvement of both Brangwen’s with Loerke. Loerke serves to tie the aspects of St. Ursula to that of Kriemhild. We learn in “Continental” that Loerke is working on a projected frieze for a factory in Cologne while he dabbles in female equestrian sculptures. Thus, instead of a church raised to commemorate the martyred virgins we have the projections of a deviant German on the salvation of the means of production from ugliness: a halcyon picture of art and industry.19 Significantly, Loerke came to the environs of Cologne via “Polish-Austria”20 and a Bohem-

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16 Ibid., p. 166.
18 The Nibelungenlied., p. 171.
20 Ibid., p. 416.
iam upbringing that is very close in style and actuality to the Wallachia of the Huns.

While the background of Loerke adds another link between the converging myths of St. Ursula and Kriemhild, the interaction between Loerke and the sisters gives us a new and clearer insight into the seminal characters of both Ursula and Gudrun. By "seminal" I mean the Janus-faced characterization of these sisters as archetypal women. While Rupert and Gerald represent an alignment and misalignment of man's essential nature, Ursula and Gudrun represent an attainment of contentment juxtaposed to the ashen quality when the attainment fails to materialize. Both the differences in this last statement and the means of attainment are locked in the conjunction of primal myths which Lawrence pursued in _Women in Love._

The Gerald-Gudrun episodes of the novel are examples of Pan gone bad in man. For example, in Homer's "Hymn to Pan," Hermes hides his "all" in the thick skin of a mountain rabbit in order to transport him to the home of the immortals.\(^1\) Significantly, early in the novel both Gudrun and Gerald are clawed and scarred by their encounter with a rabbit. But then Gerald and Gudrun are creatures of deception: there is little immortal about them. Their visceral division is indistinct. They are inextricably endowed with the evil intelligence ironically because they fail to intelligently perceive that very quality in themselves.

The Rupert-Ursula episodes show the ascent of Pan in man. Ursula seems more methodical and controlled in her approach to life. This doesn't detract from her intensity of feeling as a character but gives a greater stability to her role in the novel. Gerald and Gudrun remain immersed in their basic animality. They have failed to balance their animality with regard to this work: the ascendency of man's divinity with due regard to a basic animality. The relationship must be tandem and if found tandem in man, it leads to completion in woman. As Lawrence sees it, Rupert is the primal man: Adam infused with God.

**THE EFFULGENCE OF ANIMAL IMAGERY IN**

In the oldest of the old Adam, was God behind the dark wall of his breast, under the seal of the navel.

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**LIST OF WORKS CONSULTED**

_The Bible_


WOMEN ARE ACHIEVING INCREASING IMPORTANCE in Samuel Beckett’s plays. They possess qualities that separate them from the men in the house; his women, despite the ironies, ambiguities, and paradoxes that abound in Beckett’s plays, tend to provide the positive approach to love and life that makes a house a home. The women shift from being presented as bitches to beatification.

In Beckett’s first play, Waiting for Godot (1952), Vladimir responds to Pozzo’s question, “Who are you?” with “We are men.” Why not “We are humans”? Perhaps because Beckett differentiates between the sexes; the female is not as empty, passive, inactive, or death-oriented as the male. The increasing importance of women in Beckett’s drama, therefore, affects the tone of his writing.

Waiting for Godot presents a sterile male world. Two old tramps, Vladimir and Estragon, are waiting on a country road, and in each act they encounter Pozzo and Lucky. Beckett uses pairs to help convey the loneliness and alienation of the individual. Their symbiotic relationships, however, emphasize need, but not love:

Vladimir: . . . but for me . . . where would you be . . . (p. 8)

Estragon: Don’t touch me! Don’t question me! Don’t speak to me! Stay with me! (p. 38)

In this play the female element is ignored except for Pozzo’s curse, “this bitch of an earth” (p. 26), and his evaluation of life: “They give birth astride a grave, the light gleams an instant, then it’s night once more.” (p. 58) Estragon is prevented from telling the story of the Englishman in the brothel, thereby ending any recognition of there ever being a second sex. Although Vladimir speaks of a past time when they were respectable, their memories do not include beauty or love.

His next play, Endgame (1958), also groups the characters in pairs, apparently the only survivors of some holocaust, waiting for the end. Hamm, a blind, paralyzed old man in a wheelchair, and Clov, his servant, who cannot sit down. And Hamm’s parents, Nagg and Nell, legless, stuck in ashcans by the wall. Hamm is much more nostalgic about the past than Estragon and Vladimir, “Ah the old questions, the old answers, there’s nothing like them!” (p. 38) At one point he muses, “If I could sleep I might make love. I’d go into the woods. My eyes would see . . . the sky, the earth, I’d run, run, they wouldn’t catch me.” (p. 18) He even reminisces about Mother Pegg, who died of darkness because Hamm refused her oil for her lamp, “She was bonny once, like a flower in the field. And a great one for the men!” (p. 42)

Despite the hint of a happier past, Hamm’s approach to life is typical of Beckett’s male protagonists, “If I can hold my peace, and sit quiet, it will be all over with sound, and motion, all over and done with.” (p. 69) Hamm insists that outside is death (p. 70), but Hamm may be describing himself when he speaks of the madman who thought the end of the world had come and therefore saw only ashes wherever he looked. (p. 44) The world of his mother, Nell, however, is not ashes, or even the sand in the bottom of her ashan. Her first words ask if it is time for love (p. 14), and her thoughts of love and yesterday contrast with her bloody sand and imminent death. Hamm’s romantic strain would seem to derive from his mother’s dependence upon the past, “Ah yesterday!” (p. 15) Although Nell’s part in the play is limited, she has two significant lines: the first, which establishes Beckett’s approach, “Nothing is funnier than unhappiness, I grant you that” (p. 18), and her one word of advice to Clov, and her final word before her death, “Desert!” (p. 23) The hopeful interpretation of the ending of Endgame is that Clov follows her advice. Nell also displays good sense when, instead of listening to Nagg retell the story of the tailor she has heard ad nauseam, she becomes entranced with recalling that April afternoon long ago on Lake Como when they were in love: “It was deep, deep. And you could see down to the bottom. So white. So clean.” (p. 21)

BECKETT’S FIRST FEMALE PROTAGONIST IS Maddy Rooney in All That Fall, a play written for radio in 1957. Maddy, fat, old, and ill, goes to the railroad station to meet the 12:30 train that her blind husband, Dan, is to arrive on. On the way she meets a number of people with whom she has difficulty in communicating: “Do you find anything . . . bizarre about my way of speaking?” (p. 35) “I estrange them all.” She describes herself as “a hysterical old hag . . . destroyed with sorrow and pining and gentility and fat and rheumatism and childlessness.” (p. 57) In spite of her problems, Maddy is active, vital, fully alive to what is going on. Maddy is well aware that we are all going in the same direction (p. 44), but Maddy’s approach to life echoes Andrew Marvell’s:

Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

Despite her obesity ("seething out of my dirty old pelt") and age (nearly seventy), Maddy retains what might be called a healthy interest in sex. She laments, “Love, that is all I asked, a little love, daily, twice daily,
fifty years of twice daily love." (p. 37) Upon hearing the cooing of the venus birds, she calls on Mr. Tyler to unlace her corset behind the hedge (p. 43); she reminds Cissy Slocum (bad sexual pun?) that he needn't worry about where he puts his shoulder in trying to hoist her into his car, and she is not above needling Miss Fitt (another pun?) about climbing the Matterhorn, a greaty honeymoon resort (p. 58). She derisively calls Mr. Barrell a celibate (p. 65), and her first words to Dan are, “Kiss me!” (p. 67) She asks him to put his arm around her, and when he suggests they might fall into the ditch, she responds enthusiastically, “Oh, Dan! It will be like old times!” (p. 69) Dan bitterly reminds her that it was she that proposed marriage.

Maddy laments her barrenness; twice she weeps over Minnie, the child she failed to have or the child who died, Minnie, little Minnie, who would now be in her forties or fifty, “girding up her lovely little loins, getting ready for the change.” (p. 42) She relates her barrenness with that of the hinny that Jesus rode on, suggesting that even the barren have some worth. “That must mean something.” (p. 86)

Movement is a common metaphor for life; and although Maddy moves with great difficulty, she is committed to movement. Despite her problems and frustrations, she persists in her effort to meet her poor, blind Dan at the station. Maddy is a typical Beckett protagonist in crying out, “Christ, what a planet!” (p. 57) and she recognizes life as a “lingering dissolution” (p. 39), but she balances this with an awareness of beauty, commenting twice on the lovely laburnum, the golden drizzle (p. 85), and “the pretty little wooly lambs.” (p. 81)

Maddy’s activity, vitality, and life force are paired with Dan’s desire for silence, inactivity, and infanticide. Dan himself calls them “The perfect pair. Like Dante’s damned, with their faces arsyversy. Our tears will water our bottoms.” (pp. 74-75) If movement is a metaphor for life, falling is a metaphor for death. While both characters are constantly in danger of falling, Maddy sustains her movement. Indeed, I am better than I was. The loss of my sight was a great fillip. If I could go deaf and dumb I might pant on to be a hundred. (p. 75)

His desire to kill a child (“Did you ever wish to kill a child? Nip some young doom in the blood?” p. 74) is coupled with his realization that retirement would be spoiled by the “happy little hearty little howling neighbor’s brats.” (p. 79) These comments, plus his weeping at hearing the music “Death and the Maiden,” foreshadow the climax which suggests that Dan has pushed a small child to his death.

Maddy too desires death: “Would I were stretched out in my comfortable bed . . . just wasting slowly painlessly away . . . till in the end you wouldn’t see me under the blankets any more than a board.” (p. 51) But she counters her death wish with movement, with concern with procreation, and with staying alive to all that is going on.

IN KRAPP’S LAST TAPE (1957) OLD KRAPP IS A writer whose success is indicated by his comment that during the past year seventeen copies of his book have been sold. Krapp listens to and comments on a tape recording of his own voice recorded thirty years earlier. The contrast between the sexes is implied in Krapp’s remark about old Miss McGlome’s singing:

Old Miss McGlome always singing at this hour . . . songs of her girlhood, she says. Hard to think of her as a girl. Wonderful woman though. . . Shall I sing when I am her age, if I ever am? No. Did I sing as a boy? No. Did I ever sing? No. (p. 15)

Krapp does sing when he is Miss McGlome’s age, but he sings “Now the Day is Over”—of death, not of childhood. Krapp has had moments of desire, but he echoes Dan Rooney, “Thank God that’s all done with anyway.” (p. 24) Of his experience with Fanny, that “bony old ghost of a whore,” he says, “Couldn’t do much, but I suppose better than a kick in the crutch.” (p. 25) Recalling what would appear to have been happy times—gathering holly at Christmas and hearing church bells on Sunday—he refers to his wife as “the bitch” and concludes, “All that old Misery.” (p. 26)

Yet instead of listening to the tape recording he made on that memorable night when he suddenly saw “the whole thing clear,” (p. 20) he impatiently advances the tape to his account of a love incident with the girl in a boat. He returns to this part of the tape three times. Here he comes closest to having established an I-Thou relationship, and the woman appears to offer an escape from life as well as life itself, an ambiguous relationship he dreads and desires, and ultimately rejects.

In another radio play, Embers (1959), the protagonist is again an old man remembering his past failures with his marriage and with his father whose last words were to call his son a “washout.” Henry tries to talk with both his father and his wife, but his father does not answer. The disembodied voice of his wife Ada reminds one of Nell and Maddy Rooney in its pleasant recollection of the past: “You laughed so charmingly once, I think that’s what first attracted me to you. That and your smile. Come on, it will be like old times.” (p. 105) But like Dan Rooney, Henry is afraid of human contact:

Ada: Are you afraid we might touch? Henry?
Henry: Yes. (p. 111)
Ada finally leaves him, but not until her offer “to go on a little if you wish” (p. 118) is not accepted, leaving Henry alone with the cold embers of his life and his desire for death.

IN 1961 BECKETT AGAIN USED A FEMALE protagonist, Winnie, in Happy Days. In Act I Winnie is engulfed to her waist by Mother Earth. In Act II only her head emerges. But she remains vertical throughout, and her dignity and courage are emphasized thereby, for her husband Willie remains on all fours, even in his final appearance in top hat, morning coat, and striped trousers, “dressed to kill.” Winnie (“about fifty, well preserved, blond for preference, plump, arms and shoulders bare, low bodice, big bosom, pearl necklace”) is a cockeyed optimist.

Beckett said he had planned to make the role female only because her shopping bag would allow more props for humor than would the contents of a man’s trouser pockets (Fletcher, Beckett: A Study of His Plays, p. 142), but Winnie, unquestionably the happiest Beckett character, has been prepared for by Nell, Maddy, Miss McGlome, and Ada, whereas a male with her qualities would have been a radical departure for Beckett.

Nell’s “Ah yesterday” becomes Winnie’s “This will have been another happy day.” Miss McGlome’s happy songs of childhood are Winnie’s “The Merry Widow Waltz.” Ada’s small chat is Winnie’s divertissement. Maddy’s complaints about her difficult mobility make Winnie a stoic. The secret of how to be happy while buried, according to Winnie, is adjustment.

I used to perspire freely. Now hardly at all. The heat is much greater. The perspiration much less. That is what I find so wonderful. The way man adapts himself.

To changing conditions. (p. 35)

Like the stoic who feels that although he cannot control what happens to him in this life, he can control his reaction to what happens and in that way he determines the marks upon the tabula rasa, Winnie is in control of herself. She begins her day with an act of will. “Begin, Winnie. Begin your day, Winnie.” (p. 8) The future perfect tense, “This will have been another happy day,” which she uses five times, reminds one of the effort she exerts to see the day as happy. Just as Beckett chose to write in French as a form of discipline (Esslin, Theatre of the Absurd, p. 19), Winnie imposes discipline on herself.

Other aids help Winnie when “sorrow keeps breaking in.” (p. 34) In Act I, when she still has the use of her arms, physical routines such as brushing her teeth, combing her hair, putting on lipstick, and putting up the parasol help distract. Winnie tries to maintain habitual routines, even though time has lost meaning. In Waiting for Godot, Vladimir said “Habit is a great deadener.” (p. 58b) Winnie uses these rituals as a shield against the reality of her situation. Ironically, Winnie counts her blessings—that the pain is not great (p. 11), for example. And although by the second act she has ceased praying, even then she consoles herself that, “Someone is looking at me still. Caring for me still. That is what I find so wonderful.” (p. 49) Since she is the butt of some cosmic joke, her approach is to laugh at herself in her absurd situation: “How can one better magnify the Almighty than by sniggering with him at his little jokes, particularly the poorer ones?” (p. 31)

Movement staves off weariness. Probably her most enlightening statement on keeping active is buried in a comment she makes about holding the parasol: “Holding up wearies the arm. Not if one is going along. Only if one is at rest.” (p. 36) She adds, by way of emphasis, “That is a curious observation. I hope you heard that, Willie, I should be grieved to think you had not heard that.” (p. 36) In the second act Winnie is buried to the neck, unable to move even her head. Deprived of movement, she relies on the feeling of being watched, the sounds she hears, the parts of the classics that remain with her, her own stories, and her singing.

What Winnie fears most is having nothing to do and nothing to say. “That is the danger. . . . To be guarded against” (p. 35). Several times she expresses her dread of silence. She helps fill the silence by taking inventory of her material possessions, quoting from the great English poets, reminiscing about the past, and giving her husband advice. Like other Beckett women her refrain is, “Oh the happy memories!” (pp. 16 and 34) It does not matter if Willie listens—she wants the assurance that something she has said is being heard. (p. 21)

Her husband’s physical situation is clearly more desirable than Winnie’s. Yet Winnie refers to Willie as “poor Willie” three times before the reason for the epithet is revealed: “Poor Willie—no zest—for anything—no interest—in life—poor dear Willie.” (p. 10) Willie’s retreat from life is indicated by his crawling into a womb-like hole to escape the glaring sun. Willie enjoys sex only vicariously, through feeble jokes such as “fornication” for “formance” (p. 30), and relishing pornographic postcards. (p. 19) He is apparently the human prototype of his own definition of a hog: “Castrated male swine. Reared for slaughter.” (p. 47) Willie’s denial of life is also evident in Winnie’s having possession of the revolver to prevent Willie from putting himself out of his misery. (p. 35) Beckett, with wry humor, uses the cliche “dressed to kill” to suggest Willie’s motive in his spectacular final appearance. (p. 61)

Willie’s dependence on Winnie is emphasized in the final scene. Winnie, buried to the neck, comments on Willie’s inability to climb the mound to reach her: “There was a time when I could have given you a hand. And then a time before that when I did give you a hand. You were always in dire need of a hand, Willie.” Then Winnie sings “I love you so,” the tune Willie had hummed in Act I, and they look at each other. (p. 63)

Winnie seems to be the embodiment of “our pernicious and incurable optimism” that Beckett spoke of in his essay on Proust, for her optimism is in ironic contrast with the obvious hopelessness of her situation. Harold
Hobson said the play was about "how to be happy because half buried" (Fletcher, pp. 141-42), but that is the view of Beckett's male protagonists, who value immobility as the best state short of death. Winnie would be more apt to agree that the play was about "how to be happy although half buried," for in comparing her situation with that of Willie's she said derisively, "You're misery!"

SINCE HAPPY DAYS IN 1961 WOMEN HAVE BEEN significant in four of Beckett's plays. Words and Music, a play written for radio in 1962, on one level concerns itself with the love that Croak has lost, so that in old age Croak is left

Huddled o'er the ingle
Shivering for the hag
To put the pan in bed
And bring the toddy. (p. 28)

Croak groans at the description of his lost love, Lily, and the lost opportunity for having developed that I-Thou relationship that is beyond words. This play is more hopeful than Embers and Krapp's Last Tape, for nothing in the play suggests that Croak would not have been better off with Lily. A possible solution to our absurd human position appears to be communion, not isolation.

In Play (1964) the heads of two women and one man protrude from funerary urns. The husband, the wife, and the mistress, unaware of each other's presence, speak in broken fragments of their last moments of consciousness. Of the three, the character most sensitive to human relationships is the mistress; as she faces the spotlight -that "hellish half-light" that Beckett refers to as an "inquisitor" (p. 62)—She questions her own sanity. Being sensitive to human needs apparently exacts a price.

Beckett's first television play, Eh Joe (1967) presents the impact on Joe as he listens to a woman's voice taunting him by recalling the possibility for a relationship that might have endured, which Joe had rejected. The voice says, "Anyone living love you now, Joe?" (p. 37) Joe, now in his late fifties, has only a weekly visit from a prostitute, whereas the woman speaking, whom he had loved and left ("There was love for you," [p. 39]), has found a better man than Joe, "preferable in all respects." Again it is the woman who senses the need for an I-Thou relationship and who reminds Joe that being "a mental thuggee" (p. 37) will result in his isolating himself completely, which is the worst horror of all.

The dramaticule Come and Go (1968) borrows its title from Eliot's Prufrock:

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo

The three female characters do not talk of Michelangelo, but of each other as each leaves the room in turn. These shadowy women speak of the old days when they dreamed of love. The dream seems to have ended before it began; they resemble the girl Maddy Rooney told of in All That Fall, the girl who died because she had never really been born. Not all of Beckett's women achieve beatification, but even when their lives consist of nothing more than "giving birth astride a grave," even when the rings they feel on their fingers are only in their imaginations, as in Come and Go, they seem to sense the nature to the void.

Beckett does not go as far as George Bernard Shaw in presenting women as the Life Force, but a case can be made that Beckett's women are less anti-life than his men. And if Beckett continues to give increasing attention to women in his drama, twenty years from now it may be more apparent that his women warrant beatification.

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CONFESSORS CONFESSING

NORMAN NAGEL

I Timothy 6:12-14

September/October, 1977

IT REALLY IS FRIGHTFULLY DEADENING TO live in a family that never has a good row. You may have noticed that you hardly ever have a good row with some one you don’t care about. We have the oil of politeness for sliding past the people we don’t want to bother with, but if we care there’ll probably be some rows. If your son or daughter is going to the devil, your husband is drinking too much, or your wife never wants to have any fun, you have it out with them because you love them. You want their good; you desire happy times together. If it has to be, you are ready to have a row about whatever it is that’s blocking things. Doesn’t it make you sick at Silver Weddings to hear, “There has never been an angry word between us.” Liar, or what a boring time they must have had.

Even cousins can have a good row. Yesterday’s paper told of one cousin telling another cousin what he thought of his synod, and then there was all that funny business about those notorious fleas. That can sink to the level of “You have got more fleas than I have.” “I like my fleas.” “My fleas are fatter than your fleas.” Or they might end up doing something together about all those fleas.

Fleas there’s never a lack of—though of course there may be more in a dusty Texas town than super-clean Minneapolis, and almost as clean St. Paul. Fleas are not something to cherish. Two years ago in New Guinea what said it for the whole network of extended family’s bonds and responsibilities was when a man said, “My people never lack some one to pick the fleas out of our hair,” and with that the acceptance of doing the same for one another. In the mutuality is the caring. We can usually do a better job with somebody else’s fleas than our own.

They had worse than fleas in the sixteenth century. Luther, who was not slow to call a flea a flea, or even a bloody flea, was succeeded mid-century by the much more polite and compromising Melanchthon. “You could say that, but on the other hand, you could say the other thing too.” Melanchthon gave an uncertain sound. “Perhaps we can do just a tiny bit for our salvation.” In reaction against which Flacius cried, “No, not one bit.” But he said it in a way that implied that what is wrong with us is that we are human, instead of what is wrong

Norman Nagel, Dean of the Chapel of the Resurrection at Valparaiso University, and Preacher to the University, delivered this sermon in July at Minneapolis as part of the Concordia Academy’s celebration of the 400th Anniversary of the Formula of Concord.
with us is that we are sinners. Amsdorf thought to make the fact that we are saved by faith alone more sure by saying that good works are not only required for salvation, as George Major said, but are detrimental. Some said that the Law of God has no useful role in our living of the Christian life. As is usually the case, the final focus of dissension was Christ and his Supper. If not agreed here then not agreed, but if agreed here, then there is nothing that cannot be dealt with.

They worked at it for thirty years, and came finally to the Formula of Concord. Through much pain they helped one another through to this confession, to which our pastors pledge themselves at their ordination, and which we all would do well to study, for we are all responsible for what our pastors preach and teach, and for what we each confess.

The word confession comes to us from Latin. What went into this Latin word from the Greek was homology, which means to say the same thing. First off is what God says. If he didn't speak we would be in a mess, although we are tempted to diminish that a bit so as to have more room for some of our own ideas. To confess is to say back to God what he has said to us. Then what we say is as sure as God is sure. “You are a sinner.” “I am a sinner.” “You are forgiven for Christ's sake.” “For Christ's sake I am forgiven.” To confess the creeds is to say back to him what a God he is, as he has shown himself to be in his word.

In the Epistle just read the Apostle recalls for Timothy the good confession made at his baptism, at his ordination. The heart of that confession is Christ and his confession. He said and did the same thing: the Christ, the crucified. When confessing you lay your life on the line. Sometimes it might be better you didn't just say the creed. And it's not just some inside you thing, okay, me and Jesus. Not to be hidden, you make your confession for all to hear and to see, publicly, corporately. And as it is with your confession, so it is with you before God. Jesus said,

**Every one who acknowledges me before men. I also will acknowledge before my Father who is in heaven; but whoever denies me before men, I also will deny before my Father who is in heaven.**

Who Timothy is, what his life is about, is put in the “good confession,” before men and so also before God. From that good confession who he is and the commitment of his life, so also with the confessors of the Formula of Concord. They acknowledge themselves to be confessing “publicly before God and all mankind.”

What they see at stake is God's honor and our salvation. They confess, that is, say the same thing, disavowing new and different doctrines: the fullness of the Gospel they are committed to for Christ's sake and for sinners' sake.

We desire such harmony as will not violate God's honour, that will not detract anything from the divine truth of the Holy Gospel, that will not give place to the smallest error but will lead the poor sinner to true and sincere repentance, raise him up through faith, strengthen him in his new obedience, and thus justify and save him forever through the sole merit of Christ.

The ground of confidence in such confession is nothing other than the Word of God. In this confidence they stand before God and before men “with intrepid hearts” confessing the same as has been said by God in his Word.

But there have always been those unwilling to say the same thing, as our Lord himself has warned us.

**If anyone says to you,** “Lo, here is the Christ!” or “There he is!” *do not believe it.* For false Christs and false prophets will arise and show great signs and wonders, so as to lead astray is possible even the elect. Lo, I have told you beforehand.

And the Apostle is quoted in the Formula:

**Even if an angel from heaven should preach to you a Gospel contrary to that which we preach to you, let him be accursed.**

**Paragraph 2 of the Solid Declaration:**

Since in ancient times the true Christian doctrine as it was correctly and soundly understood was drawn together out of God's Word in brief articles and chapters against the aberrations of heretics, we further pledge allegiance to the three universal creeds, the Apostles, the Nicene, and the Athanasian, as the glorious confessions of the faith—succinct, Christian, and based upon the Word of God—in which all those heresies which at that time had arisen within the Christian Church are clearly and solidly refuted.

**THE HORROR OF HERESY IS MAKING CHRIST less and other than he is.** It is from the Christ he is that our salvation comes. The Gospels report many attempts to make him into another sort of Christ. The Gospels tell of him as the one who goes to Calvary for us. His temptation was to turn aside from the way of the cross, and when Peter does not want such a Christ he is identified with Satan. In Mark the one faith-confession of Christ comes when he hangs dead on the cross. There he is most the Christ he is for us. So Paul defines the Gospel as the message of the cross. “We preach Christ and him crucified.” And Luther, “The cross alone is our theology.” That is how God is toward us.

Is not Christ crucified then the touchstone of all doctrines? The Formula of Concord says,

the Holy Scriptures remain the only judge rule and norm according to which as the only touchstone all doctrines should and must be understood and judged as good or evil, right or wrong.

This, however, is a spurious alternative, for the only
Christ and him crucified. Christ, another Moses, an example to emulate and so whose power we may usefully get in on. So that the Gospel be nothing but the Gospel, that Christ be our Savior by his cross, the Formula of Concord extols the distinction between law and Gospel as an especially brilliant light which serves the purpose that the Word of God may be rightly divided and the writings of the Holy prophets and apostles may be explained and understood correctly.

The content of the Gospel is this, that the Son of God, Christ our Lord, himself assumed and bore the curse of the law and expiated and paid for all our sins, that through him alone we re-enter the good graces of God, obtain forgiveness of sins through faith, are freed from death and all the punishments of sin, and are saved eternally. For everything which comforts and which offers the mercy and grace of God to transgressors of the law strictly speaking is, and is called, the Gospel, a good and joyful message that God wills not to punish sinners but to forgive them for Christ's sake.

Such declarations are the best of the Formula of Concord, and when the Formula goes on and on and on about one thing and another, it is from such statements that we can understand why it goes on and on: it goes on and on not just about one thing and another: it is seeking to extol Christ in all the fullness of his saviorhood, and so rejecting any diminution of him "in accordance with the pure, infallible and unalterable Word of God."

He who speaks that word is committed to keep that word. He committed his life to keeping that word, the crucified, "Jesus of Nazareth, Mary's son, born of a human being;" "No God apart from this man," say the Formula for only in him is God surely our Savior.

To divide Christ into human and divine, earthly and heavenly, Jesus of history and Christ of faith, is to rob us of the Savior he is for us. Nor may such a division be made the reason for denying that he gives us his body to eat and his blood to drink as his words clearly say. Eating and drinking are done with our mouths. Christ does and gives as he says whether we believe it or not. There is no ground of confidence in us but only in him.

Isn't this all obvious, and yet since it was denied it had to be confessed. It is not obvious that the new liturgy pays too much attention to the Formula of Concord. Two statements of the drinking have been removed from the Words of Institution: our Lord's bidding us to drink, and then also "as often as you drink it" has been omitted, and we are encouraged to pay attention to other things.

It is not enough in a sermon at such a celebration as this merely to shout hurrah for the Formula of Concord. A Lutheran sermon calls to repentance and preaches faith, that is Christ—the Christ who is alone our Savior as he is given us in the Scriptures. From this Christ, thus preached, "the basic and mutual agreement" we celebrate today. Hear the Solid Declaration:

We have reached a basic and mutual agreement that we shall at all times make a sharp distinction between needless and unprofitable contentions (which, since they destroy rather than edify, should never be allowed to disturb the church) and necessary controversy (dissension concerning articles of the Creed or the chief parts of our Christian doctrine, when the contrary error must be refuted in order to preserve the truth).

Disavowing disputatiousness and indifference the confessors face the scandal of dissension. There are bad rows as well as good rows, and they are often painfully muddled.

Some will doubt if the pure doctrine can coexist among us with such divisions, while others will not know which of the contending parties they should support. After all, these controversies are not, as some may think, mere misunderstandings or contentions about words, with one party talking past the other, so that the strife reflects a mere semantic problem of little or no consequence. . . . We are bound to expound the controverted articles according to God's Word and proven documents so that every one of Christian understanding may see what agrees with the word of God and the Christian Augsburg Confession.

As in Corinth and in Laodicea so with us too. If there was a time when Peter was called Satan and the pope the anti-Christ, may not we also qualify? We are not saved by proudly waving the Formula of Concord but only by the Christ of "that word of his that alone brings salvation."

In the presence of God who gives life to all things, and of Christ Jesus who in his testimony before Pontius Pilate made the good confession, I charge you to keep the commandment unstained and free from reproach until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ. Every one who acknowledges me before men, I also will acknowledge before my Father who is in heaven.

We join with the confessors of the Formula of Concord and affirm

By the help of God's grace we, too, intend to persist in this confession until our blessed end and to appear before the judgment seat of our Lord Jesus Christ with joyful and fearless hearts and consciences.
SOME OBSERVATIONS ON HISTORY, HISTORICITY, AND THE HISTORICAL-CRITICAL METHOD

APOLOGIA

Since these "observations" were intended merely to serve the limited purpose of seconding an overture [Overture 3-28A] to the recent convention of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod at Dallas, I tried to keep them as brief and concise as possible, but I suspect that they got to be somewhat lengthy. The subject dealt with is vast and profound, one which has challenged some of the greatest minds of our time. In submitting these observations I was aware of the proverbial warning about rushing in where angels fear to tread. The matter seemed to me of such importance, however, that to remain silent would be a sin of omission. Anyone with a little competence in history and theology can no doubt point out where I should have included or amplified or modified something. When the editor of this journal sought my permission to publish these observations, we agreed that they should be printed just as they were presented. On a few points, however, we felt that the reader may appreciate a little elaboration.

In any serious discussion much, at times everything, depends on one's definition of terms. Nowhere is this so true as in a theological discussion, for in theology, more often than not, truth is a matter of very fine distinctions. It will not do to use words in a vague, undiscriminating sense. A satisfactory definition is one which, besides not being arbitrary, embraces the whole range of current usage. And it must carefully evaluate current meanings, distinguishing between essential and incidental, permanent and ephemeral, less tenable and more tenable meanings. Surely, no scholarly theologian would think of operating with a vague, imprecise use of such key terms as "sin" or "grace" or "law" or "gospel." I have tried to make my understanding of history as broad and as narrow as current usage demands. Although I exclude from the concept of history certain clearly erroneous notions, I do not exclude any area or aspect of past human activity.

When I characterize the repudiation of the so-called historical-critical method as "outright," I do so deliberately. There can be no doubt that this describes accurately what most, if not all, of the delegates at the New Orleans convention believed they were doing. I have yet to meet the first layman who does not share this belief, and this belief was widely reflected in the public press. Although A Statement professes to leave room for a critical study of the Scriptures up to a point, it gives no hint of what kind of mental activity is supposed to go on beyond that point. If it is thinking at all, it must be a critical activity of the mind. Critical thinking is not divisible into permitted and prohibited. It is either all critical or it is not critical at all. To repudiate a part of it is to repudiate all of it.

What is known in Biblical studies as the historical-critical method is nothing other than historical inquiry in the field of Biblical literature, known also as "lower" and "higher" criticism. In the historical study of the books of the Bible, as in any other historical study, the student is not under obligation to be guided by any "canons" of historical criticism imposed upon him from without. He is his own boss, and he is free to conclude whatever he believes the evidence permits him to conclude. In biblical studies a special difficulty arises because the student is required to deal with

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Walter E. Bauer, Dean Emeritus of the Faculty and Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus of History at Valparaiso University, served for many years as a teacher of history, as Chairman of the Department of History, and as Dean of the Faculty at Valparaiso University. Having received his diplomas from Concordia Junior College, Ft. Wayne, Indiana, and Concordia Theological Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri, Bauer received the MA from Columbia University (1922) and the PhD from Cornell University (1932).
is a much misunderstood word. In ordinary conversation a less than meticulous use of words is generally quite adequate. Not so in a theological controversy involving charges of false teaching. In such a controversy, unless words are used with the utmost care, the argument is likely likely to stray from the path of sound reasoning and, worse, from the way of Christian truth and charity. That there has been a lack of such care among us is evident from the use of the terms “history,” “historicity,” and “historical-critical” in published statements, notably in A Statement of Scriptural and Confessional Principles, which was approved by the New Orleans Convention and which has since been used as a criterion of doctrinal purity.

As any good dictionary will show, the word “history” has come to be used in a variety of ways, all of which are perfectly legitimate, since definitions are based on current usage, but not all of which are equally tenable or make equally good sense. Dictionaries merely record usage, without approval or disapproval. “History” is a word of Greek origin. Its original meaning, as a verb, is to inquire into. As a noun, it signifies knowledge based upon inquiry as distinguished from knowledge based upon some other source of information. Whatever its earliest usage, since the time of Herodotus and Thucydides, the “Fathers of History” (5th century B.C.), its meaning has been pretty generally restricted to inquiries into the human past. The Greek word “istoria” is approximately the equivalent of the Latin word “scientia” and of our word “science.” Like the word “science,” the word “history” does not refer basically to something external to the mind but to something within the mind itself, to a category of thought or knowledge. As nature is not science but the subject investigated by science, properly speaking, the past is not history but the subject investigated by history. Whatever modifications its definition has undergone in the course of time, basically the word “history” refers to thought or knowledge of a certain kind, to both an intellectual activity and an intellectual content.

To be tenable, a definition must meet at least two requirements: it must not be arbitrary and it must make sense. The definition set forth here is certainly not arbitrary; it is what present-day historians generally understand history to be. And it makes sense, as a closer scrutiny of it bears out.

Since, strictly speaking, the past does not exist, it cannot really be what is meant by history, for what does not exist cannot be inquired into. What does exist, however, in great abundance and variety all about us and within ourselves is evidence of previous human activity. Thus the past may be said to exist in the present, in all that we call civilization and culture. It is only the past in this sense which can be the subject of historical inquiry. When we say that we are studying some aspect of the past, what we say, consciously or unconsciously, is that we are studying some present evidence of some past human activity. When we say that a museum is full of history, that a city is rich in history, that some ancient temple is history carved in stone, what we say in effect is that such places provide abundant materials for the study of history. Hence, all such talk as traveling through time and space to the beginnings of history or of standing back and beholding the majestic or tragic course of history is sheer poetry. And since the only part or aspect of the past which we can really know, not merely as something external to our knowledge of it but as something incorporated into our knowledge of it, as something which we can know objectively as well as subjectively, as previous human thought, history has been most succinctly defined as present human thought about past human
thought, thought being understood here as rational activity and not as mere feeling or the mere unexamined flow of consciousness. This is the kind of thought which St. Paul no doubt had in mind, in part at least, when he wrote to the Philippians, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." It is the kind of thought with which biblical exegesis and hermeneutics are concerned. And it is this aspect of it which makes history a distinct, indeed a unique category of knowledge, one which is essentially different from all categories of knowledge which have as their exclusive subject of thought something external to the knowledge of it.

THIS DEFINITION EXCLUDES from the concept of history certain notions which, although widely entertained, are hardly tenable. For the purpose of this limited statement it will be sufficient merely to single out only a few of the more commonly held but obviously erroneous notions concerning history.

1. Not every process or sequence of events is historical in character. To be historical, a process must involve human activity. To speak in the same breath of events among stars and mountains and plants and human beings is to imply that all events are basically of the same kind. This is a mistaken notion, owing no doubt to the failure of ever having given the matter any thought. A distinction must be observed between natural processes, the domain of the natural sciences, and historical processes, the domain of the historical sciences, a distinction which is reflected in what in German are call Naturwissenschaften and Geisteswissenschaften. A natural process is one which, so far as natural science can determine, involves nothing beyond itself, the mere flux of things. A historical process is one which, although taking place within a natural process, involves something beyond that process itself, something known as spirit or mind or will. Earthquakes and floods are not historical processes, wars and political revolutions are.

2. History is not "made," as they say, by the mere happening or doing of something, however extraordinary. Extraordinary things happen every day without getting into history books because their significance eludes notice. At a subsequent time their significance may be discovered and thereafter they may have a place in history. Nor is history made by the so-called makers of history, by those who are said to shape the course of events. Lindbergh did not make history when he flew across the Atlantic. What he did was just that: he flew across the Atlantic. The history of what he did has been in the making ever since and will continue to be in the making as long as people are interested in the significance of what he did. In a word, history is made by historians as science is made by scientists and theology by theologians.

3. There is really no difference between a fact of history and its interpretation. The two are one and the same thing, despite an all but universal notion to the contrary. To know a fact of history is to know what happened. To know what happened is to know why it happened, to have the explanation or interpretation of it. This is why criminal courts are as much concerned with motives or intentions as they are with overt criminal acts. And this illustrates the epistemological difference between the natural and the historical sciences. In the former the question of motive or intention does not arise; in the latter it is of the essence. It explains why there continues to be uncertainty about the assassination of President Kennedy and of Dr. Martin Luther King. Common sense suggests that unless we know why something happened we do not know what actually happened. This is supremely true of the death and resurrection of Jesus. Unless we know, as Christians believe they know by divine revelation, the thoughts of God at work in those events, we cannot know what actually happened on that first Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

4. Like science, history is not a fixed body of information stored up in books and libraries for ready reference. To be sure, there are thousands of books of reference covering the whole range of human activities through the centuries. Strictly speaking, however, these are not history but merely sources for the study of study of history. Even textbooks of history, once they are published, soon come to be little more than sources for the study of historiography. As a body of information, history is always being made, unmade, and remade, as we gain new or additional evidence, as we move away in time from events and situations, and as we see the past from constantly changing points of view.

BESIDES EXCLUDING CERTAIN erroneous notions from the concept of history, the definition set forth here renders more or less dubious certain faddish theological locations. If history is essentially a category of thought, what is meant by referring to God as the "Lord of History"? What is probably meant is that God is in control of the course of events. But history is not the course of events, it is only some more or less tentative opinions about some limited aspects of the course of human events. Perhaps what is meant is that God is the final judge of all that men have thought and done. But history is not the judge, let alone the final judge, of what men have thought and done. Or what is meant when it is said that "in the person of Christ God has entered our history"? What is meant no doubt is that in Christ God became incarnate, a distinct human being within some limited spatial and tem-
poral frame of reference. But this is not the same thing as entering our history, our limited understanding of the past. It could mean that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself," but this is obviously something different from becoming a part of our history. And what, finally, is meant by saying that "the historical framework in which the gospel message is set in Scripture is an essential part of the Word"? This statement almost defies analysis. The historical framework in this instance can be nothing but the historian's fuzzy picture of the human situation during the lifetime of Jesus, particularly in the Hellenistic part of the ancient Near East. Whatever the "framework," it can hardly be said to constitute an "essential part of the Word." Let no one say that all this is quibbling, a mere playing with words, a merely semantic matter. It certainly is a semantic matter, as every verbal expression is, and a very important one. Many theological controversies have revolved about even more precise definitions and distinctions, as the ecumenical creeds and our own confessional writings bear witness.

If this definition of history is tenable, as I believe it is, as indeed the only one which seems to make sense, its implication for the controversy about the historicity of all that is recorded in the Bible is quite apparent.

If, as thought, history is a rational or critical activity of the human mind; if, as human knowledge, it is a product of reason; and if, like all human thought and knowledge, it is subject to error, it is manifestly inappropriate simply to equate the Bible or parts of it with history, as the New Orleans convention did by insisting on the historicity of everything recorded in it, including the creative and redemptive acts of God. The Bible itself does not claim to be history or, what amounts to the same thing, to possess the quality of historicity. In fact, the Bible does not even have a word for history. Neither Old Testament Hebrew nor New Testament Greek contains a single word which even roughly embodies the modern concept of history. This should surprise no one. The concept of history is of non-Biblical, pagan, philosophical origin. It is not only incompatible with but even reognant to biblical thought. Biblical thought concerning the past of mankind, of Jews and Gentiles alike, is not in the nature of historical thought but in the nature of a divine judgment. Even the so-called historical books, which are not so called by the Bible itself, leave no doubt that their author is understood to be the sovereign God of the Hebrews, who sits in judgment upon their lives and deeds. Merely because a statement is a statement about the past does not make it a historical statement. What makes it a historical statement is the kind of thought which it embodies, thought based upon a critical examination of all the evidence. Since historical thought is human, fallible thought, no one who insists that the Bible is uniquely the word of God will say that every Biblical statement about the past is a historical statement. It may resemble history, it may even read like history, but by definition it is not history. If the Bible is really a unique book it does not fit into any category of human thought. It is simply the Word of God. To force the concept of history or of science or of philosophy upon the Scriptures is to do violence to them. In fact, it verges on heresy, heresy being understood as any teaching which undermines the credibility of the Christian faith. A sure way to destroy the credibility of revealed truth is to insist on the historicity of what is revealed, to equate revealed truth, the word of God, with historical truth, the opinions of men. What appears, on the surface at least, to be a clear case of historical writing in the New Testament are the two books by Luke. But Luke himself implies that they are compilations. Valuable as compilations may be, they do not constitute history as understood by present-day historians. Luke, an educated Greek, surely had the word "history" in his vocabulary, and he might well have used it if he had thought it appropriate to characterize his writings. At any rate, it is significant that he did not use this term, which by his time had assumed essentially the meaning which it has today.

To insist on the historicity of whatever is recorded in the Bible is to insist that the Bible, whatever else it is, is also a book of history. To say that the Bible is a book of history is to say that, at least to the extent that it is, it is not a book of revealed truth. What we have here is a case of confused categories of thought, the category of human reason and the category of divine revelation. The traditional doctrine of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod has been that the Bible is not partly the word of God and partly the word of man but wholly the word of God, although in human language preserved by divine guidance from all untruthfulness. If we insist on the historicity of the creation account in Genesis, we imply that Moses proceeded as any historian would have to, that he examined all the evidence existing at the time and available to him, that in the course of doing so he arrived at certain, to him, reasonable conclusions, and that only then did he make a written report of his findings. The traditional doctrine is that Moses wrote only what was given him to write by God and that what he wrote does not derive its reliability from historical or any other kind of research. To add to the confusion, historicity is also claimed for something which cannot possibly be established by historical investigation since the subject matter lies, if it may be said to lie anywhere at all, within.
the category of natural science. The historian as historian is not compet­tent to investigate natural phenomena, and neither the historian nor the natural scientist is competent to investigate transhistorical, supernat­ural, divine acts. What we really have here is a confusion of not just two categories of thought, which is bad enough, but of three—history, natural science, and theology—which is hopeless. Obviously, when delegates to the New Orleans convention were advised as to how to vote on A Statement of Scriptural and Confessional Principles, this matter was not explain­ed to them. In many cases no doubt they could not and apparently did not cast informed and independent votes. As a consequence, the intellec­tual and theological confusion described here seems now to enjoy the status of doctrinal purity, with which every member of the synod is expected to agree under penalty of discipline.

IF THERE REMAINS ANY doubt about this confusion, an analy­sis of the concept of historicity may dispel it. Historicity is the quality or state or condition of being historical, of being based upon historical investigation, of having been established as a fact of history. It is not a quality which is intrinsic in an event as such, merely because it occurred, or in a record of it as such, merely because it is recorded. Rather, historicity is a quality which is ascribed to an event or to a record by the historicizing mind, which declares it to be his­torical as distinguished from being mythical or legendary or fictitious. Some things which had long been regarded as historical have been shown to be legendary, e.g. the tradi­tional version of the founding of Rome, and some things which had long been regarded as legendary have been shown to be historical, e.g. parts of the story of ancient Troy. Historicity is by no means the same thing as truthfulness. To say that the creation story in Genesis is true, being based on revelation, is something altogether different from say­ing that it is historical, being based on the study of history. To insist on the historicity of the Virgin Birth is to rationalize it, to maintain that any competent historian, believer or unbeliever, should be able to establish its credibility by means of historical investigation. This is the opposite of what we confess that we are not able to do “by our own reason and strength.” Similarly, to insist on the historicity of the Resurrection of Jesus is to maintain that any good historian, believer or not, should be able to show that the First Person of the Trinity raised up the incarnate Second Person from the dead, which is what Christians believe to have happened. The believer rests his faith on the self-validating truthfulness of the Word, as the hymn puts it, “How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in His excellent Word”.

What has been said above about historicity is no less true of “facticity.” Merely because something happened does not make it a fact, as every lawyer knows. What makes it a fact is the fact-finding activity of the human mind. Facticity and historicity are practically synonymous. Thought­ful Christians who believe the biblical account of creation do so not because they believe that it can be validated by historical or scientific investiga­tion but because they believe it to be the Word of God.

But someone is bound to raise a question. What, if anything, is wrong with conceiving of God as a historian, as the one and only perfect, omniscient historian, who does not have to undertake historical research to find answers to questions about the past of mankind? If God is so conceived of, does that not automatic­ally bestow historicity upon every event recorded in the Bible? No doubt there are some who conceive of God in this way. But the capacity to conceive is also the capacity to misconceive. True, the Bible does speak of God metaphorically in many ways, but speaking of God in meta­phor is not to conceive of Him in some way; it is only to compare Him to something—the sun, a rock, a shield, a shepherd, etc. At any rate, since the very idea of history is incompatible with biblical thought, conceiving of God as an historian is incompatible with the biblical self­revelation of God; it is to misconceive of God.

We have been dealing here with some high-level abstractions, which may well seem to be, as they are indeed, quite remote from the central themes of the Bible. This is not something to be expounded from the pulpit. We are not concerned here with homiletics, however, but with a public statement concerning doctrinal purity. Whatever A Statement of Scriptural and Confessional Principles was intended to say, it must be judged by what it actually says. What it says, among other things, is that the mighty creative and redemptive acts of God recorded in the Scriptures are amen­able to historical investigation and validation. On the face of it, this is false teaching.

FINALLY, A FEW WORDS about the so-called historical-critical method. To do justice to this subject would require a book of some length. All that is possible here is to call attention to a number of consider­ations which deserve serious thought.

1. For many people the word “critic­icism” has come to have an essentially negative meaning. For them to critic­ize means to find fault with; ergo, if one studies the Bible critically, one deliberately finds fault with it, one is obviously a “Bible-doubter.” But this is not the basic or primary meaning of the word. To criticize means to make a judgment about something on the basis of a study of it. To criticize is simply to think. All thinking, if it is really thinking and
not some other kind of mental activity, is critical in nature. This is as true of thinking about the Bible as it is of thinking about anything else. To repudiate the historical-critical method merely because it is a critical method is to throw the child out with the bath water.

2. The term "historical-critical" comes close to being a case of tautology, both of its component parts meaning substantially the same thing. If a study is historical, it is by definition critical. If it is not critical, it is not historical. Theoretically, there is no such thing as uncritical history, although in practice there is a great deal of it. Now that the historical-critical method has been outlawed by synodical action, what other method can possibly take its place? A historical-grammatical method? A historical-philological method? A historical-biblical method? But any other method, if it is a historical method, is also a critical method. One cannot study anything without exercising one's critical faculties. It is merely a question of how intelligently and thoroughly one goes about the business of thinking. The only alternative would be to forbid or to forego the study of history entirely, which is unthinkable.

3. There is no single, clearly-defined, and universally approved method of conducting historical research. The subject-matter of history is too vast and complex for that. True, there are scores of handbooks on doing historical research, but none of them enjoys the status of final authority. Being neither a demonstrative nor an observational nor an empirical science, history does not lend itself to a slavish use of the methods employed in the non-historical sciences, although the attempt to apply the methods of the natural sciences to history has been made time and again. But every attempt to reduce history to some non-historical science is bound to fail because it undertakes to do something which by its very nature history is not able to do. This accounts for the brilliant failures of Spengler and Toynbee. The historian is free to proceed as he pleases, to employ any method he prefers, or to devise a method of his own, as long as he goes about his work in a scholarly way.

4. To be sure, subjectivity gets in the way of objectivity in any study. It is all but impossible to divest oneself completely of deep-seated prejudices and unconscious assumptions. Other than assumptions inherent in thinking itself, however, there are no assumptions which the historian is required to be guided by, e.g. assumptions of an ontological nature, whether we live in an open or a closed universe, whether life is basically material or spiritual, whether miracles are possible or not, etc. To the extent that an historian proceeds on the basis of such assumptions he is not an historian but an advocate of some view which is not derived from the study of history itself. History per se is neither theistic nor atheistic, neither materialistic nor idealistic, neither optimistic nor pessimistic, neither secular nor religious. Unfortunately, in history, as in other areas of study, scholars have often enough approached their investigations with their minds already made up about their conclusions. The business of the historian is not to demonstrate the validity of his assumptions but simply to find out as well as he can what actually happened in a given situation. And since history is essentially an inferential science, the conclusions of historical research are at best permissive in force, having nothing more than some degree of probability. One is not compelled to accept them if one has sound reasons for not doing so. Unlike mathematicians, historians can never conclude their findings with a Q.E.D. because there is never anything to demonstrate in the first place, there is only something to uncover.

5. Instead of repudiating the histori-cal-critical method outright, it would have been advisable to seek a more carefully thought out solution. Since history and theology, although distinct categories of thought, have so much in common, history as an academic subject at our colleges and seminaries ought to be given the highest priority among humanistic studies, with special emphasis on the theory of history. It is more important for students to discover what is uniquely involved in thinking historically than in memorizing names and dates, important as these may be. Pre-theological students especially should be made aware of the peculiar difficulties encountered in dealing with biblical questions historically as well as theologically. That there are difficulties of an epistemological nature is taken for granted. To the best of my knowledge, however, these difficulties have not received the kind of thorough, scholarly attention they cry out for, at least not inter nos. Much has been written of late in denunciation of the historical-critical method, but I have seen nothing which really comes to grips with the basic issues. It would surely have been much wiser for the New Orleans convention to authorize such a study, one which would do justice to both theology and history. Sooner or later, unless we are satisfied with a kind of obscurantism, this must be done. Until it is done there is bound to be confusion about the historical-critical method and no doubt not a little nonsense.

It may be too late to undo the havoc wrought at New Orleans. Passions have been too deeply aroused, the atmosphere too seriously poisoned, too many individuals and congregations too grievously hurt. But we may always hope, even against hope itself. Dallas may well be our last opportunity.

In light of the above, as well as for other reasons, the synodical action on New Orleans Resolution 3:09 should be reconsidered.

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COMPUTER ASSISTED INSTRUCTION: A Technology Coming of Age?

READING SOME OF THE UNfulfilled predictions for the growth of CAI (computer assisted instruction) made by computer "prophets" two decades ago discourages one from saying anything about the use of computers in education. Yet a short acquaintance with the subject suggests that now is a time for reflection on CAI by all those interested in schools or education. If, as I am going to assert here, CAI will expand dramatically in the next decade or so, then a change in educational technology of major proportions is upon us. Technological changes of the scale anticipated here have a variety of second order effects. To the extent that some of these can be anticipated and the less desirable ones compensated for so much the better.

As I indicated, I predict that CAI will undergo a dramatic expansion in the next decade or two. This prediction is made knowing that, up to this point, CAI, demonstrably, has been mostly a failure in ordinary educational applications. The educational boneyard is littered with the skeletons of CAI systems that were conceived and nurtured in the laboratory but, failing to find an ecological niche in real classrooms, were snuffed out by already entrenched technologies.

WITH HINDSIGHT WE CAN identify three chief difficulties in previous attempts at widespread use of CAI. One was simply technological overoptimism. Intrigued with the potential power of computers, experts at first vastly underestimated the difficulty of designing software (computer programs) that would allow the computer to function as an analog to human intelligence, such as in translating languages, playing chess, synthesizing new organic compounds, or providing library reference service. In CAI this usually meant trying to develop programs with sophisticated answer judging routines so that the computer could interact with the learner just like a human teacher. Ambitious programs foundered because neither the hardware nor the software for such sophisticated operations could be developed within the funded life of particular projects. A second difficulty grew out of the general problem of technological innovation. Generally the computer innovators underestimated the multiplicity of interactions as CAI challenged established educational practice and the institutional structures designed to support that practice. Since CAI affected almost everything about the educational process, there was almost always some obstacle that a particular program could not surmount, be it unreliable hardware, poor curriculum design, budget constraints, teacher attitudes, student or parent attitudes, bureaucratic structures, or whatever. Thirdly, CAI began with strong ties to programmed instruction. In many initial applications therefore CAI had the strengths of programmed instruction but also its weaknesses. Also, CAI has been a very expensive medium for programmed instruction. Thus, CAI so far has promised more than it has been able to deliver.

The situation now is gradually changing in favor of CAI. Some CAI hardware is now highly sophisticated and likely to get still better. Microprocessors, other technological improvements, and mass production are probably going to make powerful computational ability and large memories available at moderate cost. Software is also improving. Courseware, that is, the actual lessons for learners, is still very limited and uneven. Slowly, however, a table of experience is building up that can help course designers exploit the full capabilities of the medium, rather than have CAI systems serve simply as expensive page turners or frames for programmed instruction.
Computers are not going to replace teachers completely; however, properly designed CAI systems can speed up and enrich the learning process. There are some areas in which CAI may prove to be significantly more effective than other instructional media. Almost self-evidently, computers can function well in learning situations requiring information retrieval. The computer is a tireless, 24-hour-a-day teacher of certain standard tutorial material; often it is more efficient than a human teacher in a standard classroom. It is patient with learners who have trouble interacting with human teachers; surprising results have come from using CAI with autistic children and residents of penal institutions. The most important uses of CAI, however, will probably be in various types of simulation, gaming, or modeling of complex problems. One of the most successful examples of CAI courseware is a series of courses in organic chemistry on the PLATO system, developed at the University of Illinois. Students can learn to do complex experiments, such as fractional distillation, without the danger of explosion or damage to equipment and without setting up an expensive laboratory.

WHAT ARE THE IMPLICATIONS of the predicted expansion of CAI? One of the first, of course, is the increased necessity for computer literacy. Traditionally, liberal education has equipped a person to use the variety of tools necessary for human discourse: language, mathematics, and so forth. There is a danger that the current generation of students in liberal arts and some professional programs may not be equipped to understand or use computers except in a very passive way. The curriculum at Dartmouth College is probably exemplary in this regard, in that many students in many different programs become familiar with computers. There is danger that at many colleges and universities students now being educated may be handicapped in the future by insufficient familiarity with what may be a pervasive intellectual tool.

Another possibility is that CAI technology may challenge the control of schools over education. It is conceivable that in the future much of what is now learned in schools, including colleges, could be learned at home using a CAI system. Suppose there were an economic factor. What would it be like if middle and upper class children could afford a home-based education system, while lower class children went to schools? What if increasing efficiency shrunk the number of school hours per day, or the days per year, or the number of years of primary and secondary education at a time when the economic system is geared to most adults working and the schools serving a supervisory function for most of the day?

What would be the effects on colleges if most persons learned some college material like basic sciences, math, and foreign languages at home and simply passed proficiency tests? Or what if business and industry disregarded the college degree and simply used a computer-based system to screen, test, select, and train potential employees?

One implication of CAI for higher education is that instruction will become increasingly individualized and self-paced. Neither large universities nor small colleges are now institutionally arranged to handle this. In this regard small colleges equipped to expand in CAI rapidly may gain an advantage, since they may be able to institutionalize self-paced learning faster than large universities. They may also be able to broaden their offerings inexpensively. However, they may lose cohesiveness and identity. Moreover, educational innovation may be more tightly controlled by large universities or corporations.

One might go on and on. One last thought lingers. No one suggests that CAI can be very helpful in teaching the Christian faith. Intuitively it seems unlikely that it will. The mind boggles at the thought of a sophisticated routine to distinguish Law from Gospel. What then is the appropriate place and form of religious education in a possible world where a major medium of instruction is the computer?
THIS IS THE TIME WHEN the summer takes its leave from the hopes we invested in it, when we come home from a few weeks of respite, returning to the daily grind of our existence, and when we invite our friends to look with us at our slides of the places we have seen. I also have returned from a miraculous island in the mountains and want to show you my mental slides.

The Castle of Elmau in the Bavarian mountains was not built centuries ago; moreover, it does not look like a medieval castle at all. But it was built by a knight whose spiritual armors reflect a higher purpose of life. In spite of its tower this castle appears like a huge hotel, and somehow it is one. But it is not conducted for profit—or it is rather conducted for the profit of helping man to find himself in an atmosphere of inner and outer freedom. This place lies at an altitude of 1100 M, ensconced in a lovely mountainous landscape, protected from the motorized madness of our time. Usually about 200 people are housed and fed there. There are no waiters, no servants—only voluntary helpers, mostly students who caught on to the spirit of Elmau.

You may go there for a rest in the beauty of nature, to refill the engine of your body, to refresh the strength of your nerves, to hike, to bask in the sun, to swim, to play. Any brochure of any hotel at any resort will tell you the same. But there is more to Elmau, or perhaps all this is there but with a difference. It was founded sixty-one years ago by a certain Dr. Johannes Müller whose face was a blend of Friedrich Nietzsche and Albert Schweizer, and there was something of both in this man. He was small of stature, but he had the powerful mind of a missionary and philosopher.

Müller wrote several books and was—as I was assured by those who remember him well—a convincing speaker. He was obsessed by the feeling that his thoughts could best be conveyed through an immediate experience within a small community, through an unintentional interchange between open-minded people. He was out to seek such a place where people could meet. He found him in Elmau and had the house built with the help of a patroness who believed in his seemingly utopian ideas. That was in 1916. He called the Elmau as castle since the German word “Schloss” is contained in “Aufgeschlossenheit” (open-mindedness) and “Abgeschlossenheit” (seclusion). Johannes Müller wanted to approach man with open arms and an open heart; he wished to invite him to search for and try to find the self he does not yet quite know. This would become the secret of Elmau.

Schloss Elmau is the place to loosen up, to stop and look within, to meditate, to rejoice, to have serious discussions with yourself and others, or to be simple in your gaiety and playful. Nobody is there to push you or guide you into these states of mind and feelings. But we should try to throw off our opinions and preconceived viewpoints. They separate us from life, they are like heavy clothes clinging to us and keeping the sun from reaching our bodies. Also our soul is wrapped in so many things which keep us from finding our real self, from becoming. Almost three decades before we recognized the curse of noncommunicativeness after World War II and before Ionesco founded his world fame on his satire of our gibberish lingua, *The Bald Soprano*, Johannes Müller had realized the human need for “a dialogue”. Furthermore, he was convinced that we can only fully approach another human being when we are able to loosen the grip on our self.

TO UNDERSTAND A PLACE like Elmau we must understand the tradition on which it was founded. The accents lie heavily on the concept of *becoming*, of finding one’s better self in a spirit of freedom (which does not exclude self-discipline). The joy of life, or rather of living, is celebrated in an almost Chassidic spirit with dancing and singing. Some of Müller’s favorite words cement these concepts: “Do not struggle with life but embrace it, because only then will it be fruitful for us. . . . Rejoice that you are, and life will make you happy. Dare to live, then you will gain under any circumstances. Submit yourself to life, then it will come your way. . . . What is the sense of life? To serve and to sacrifice yourself for the best of the whole of life.”

But there is nothing institutional about this place. Everyone is left to himself and one is in no way surprised to find someone somewhere in the lotus position and deep in transcendental meditation (which, by the way, is practiced and taught by Bernhard Müller Elmau, son of the founder, in whose latest book on the theme of strength and stillness I found the thought, “There is stillness in all phases of life as the water of the well can be found in the whole river”). On the other hand, people are seated at meals in rotation so that everyone may meet everyone else if he so desires. Or, you may ask to be seated next to someone you wish to meet. The casualness with which all this is done surprised me when I thought of the activities of
the social director, the floor shows or the light calibre entertainments with which any other big hotel at an American or European resort tries to make your stay more pleasant.

In addition to two communal dance evenings each week in which the waltz, polka, and quadrille reign supreme in special arrangements, there is a concert, poetry reading, or lectures on serious themes, such as "Europe and the Apocalypse" or "The Heart of Religion." There is always something happening in the late afternoon and in the evening. You are told about it, but not coerced to attend. Some of the best artists can be heard; they come as if in passing to spend a day or two there and to give a concert—without fee, for only room and board. This creates a feeling of belonging between the artist and the audience. From Benjamin Britten to Yehudi Menuhin, they have all been there. An unforgettable evening for me was the concert of the world's finest harpist, Osian Ellis, a man from Wales, who also sang Welsh folksongs and accompanied himself on his harp. A young Polish pianist played Chopin, followed by a Trio from Milan, while, a few days earlier, I heard a Wunderkind play the violin.

CARL ORFF HAS STRONG TIES with Elmau. I heard two of his operas, Die Kluge and Die Bernauerin, there, with all parts sung and spoken by one man who also accompanied himself at the piano. His name: Gerhard Lenssen, an amazing man. He studied chemical engineering before he turned to music. In Dresden (mainly) he made a name for himself as an opera conductor. From Dresden he defected to the West. A One-Man Opera, he was also heard in the states in the late sixties, at Edinburgh and, of course, in Central Europe. His tools are a most flexible voice which can conjure up the image of a woman or a child, an old man or a crowd; an expressive face and hands which use skillfully a minimum of gestures when not used at the piano. The hall is darkened, a small ray of light hits his face and throws his shadow, oversized, against the wall behind him. The impact is that of a magician able to evoke an entire stage. His repertory so far consists of three Orff operas, Brecht's Threepenny Opera and Mahagonny.

In our days when stage directors must employ psychedelic tricks, brutal nakedness, and other sledgehammer methods in order to call attention to their ideas, it is a rare treat to find a man of the theater who reduces everything to the creative skill of voice and facial expression, to hands that can speak, to his ability of playing the piano score of a whole opera and to painting the scenic effects with a few words. And the magic of an entire stage was all there. In describing this theatrical experience I must appeal to the imagination of my readers as Gerhard Lenssen appeals to the imagination of his audience. I am afraid that the mass media have already eroded our minds and dulled our wits. Nowadays we are used to leaving our imagination in the cloakroom with our coats. But there are no cloakrooms in Elmau, and, if there were, the guests would not want to leave their imaginations anywhere. If they did, the non-existent attendants would say: "Sorry, but your imagination is the only thing you cannot be without in Elmau, otherwise you would miss half of the fun.

I have joyfully—but also how painfully!—experienced that there can be another world within a world of misery and brutality, of kidnapping and knife, While in Elmau I made it my business to read no newspapers. It was during that week that New York City was thrown into its worst blackout and rioting. "There is something divine about making us human," Johannes Müller wrote in the preamble to his seven pillars on which the spirit of Elmau rests. "In our soul—the mental organ of perception and awareness—dwell a sense for God and infinity. If there were not a nucleus in us that can never get lost and that we loosely call spirit, our becoming human would be impossible."

Only a few miles away from Elmau the director of a German bank was killed by a group of anarchists. "Love, in its deepest sense, is exubersance of the soul, not wanting to have any thing but wishing to give all," reads the second part of his preamble. Yes, "we ought to seek silence as creative well and the source of all truth in us. In nearing total stillness within us we make ourselves receptive for what will be."

The feeling of assuredness that our new bomb will not destroy any buildings, only eliminate everything that breathes, accompanied me on my walks in the woods. "Nature," wrote Johannes Müller, "transmits the great quietude, the deep stillness and silence in which our being can collect itself, in which we can perceive the voice of our genius and can listen to the revelations which rise from the fountains of our being." And then, of course, we have music, art, and the dance. Music makes us surmise the abundance of the divine and the heavenly music of the spheres in pure harmony. Therefore, Johannes Müller felt, music can awake in us an infinite desire in which we can sense the breath of deity. In general—and in a beautiful simile—he perceived all artistic expressions as if God would play on human instruments which His magnificence tuned and blessed in advance. And, in a Nietzschean sense, who thought he could only perceive of a god that dances, Johannes Müller came to the dance when he discovered it as a creative experience that is alive while it is. "The secret of the dance and the secret of life are one," he wrote.

How beautiful life can be in such a spirit of becoming, of touching the edges of joy as if all of life would be a beautiful play. "What a piece of work is man!" says Hamlet. "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world!" How I wish that this would not be a "quintessence of dust," as Hamlet felt, and that the world would delight me as the dream, as the secret of Elmau.
WEEDING

Fist aches. At base weeds break. Dry, crowded—stubborn fur risen on a wasted skin, colony in windy space. Sky is clouding. Weeds tick to your tardy labor. Census: not; undone; too bad; forgot . . .

You strain at hissing litter like a guilt, crazy in the wind, stretch the back, clutch at sky. You flex your hands, reddened, tender—like visitors in purgatory. Foolish in this skinny time to have let so much go to seed.

You’ve let acres go within your time, felt temperature fall after beds were seeded. Here waste will always mirror the last days. But it’s a mortal autumn: you work for the slanting hour’s control, make promises for spring, for gardens.

ON A SUNDAY MORNING IN SEPTEMBER

There is a glow between the clouds though they jam together moving like cruisers—a creamy glow ignited where the sun shoves through or tries to.

The clouds are gray and fat and scarcely disarrange themselves moving past. Too early for snow. They’re on their way to another rendezvous.

It’s the time of year you expect to behold the making of ruins, to feel as though you stand bare in a flat land, prone with its own sound, and air not numbing yet but changing, chill to the bare pore . . . Comes a break of sun thrown from a blue knocking with light. Then gray closes on the glow.

LEWIS HORNE
In the beginning was the wordless clown,
Capering through contortions from his tent;
A sparkler in his hand bobbed up and down,
Lighting the master fuses as he went.

A pause before the roof blew off, then flames,
And pinwheels, roman candles, flares, and such
Gigantic moving pictures etched in lambent frames,
That mouths hung open over Popeye's clutch

On Bluto kissing Olive on the sly;
Rockets like great flowers on fiery stems
Blossomed gently in the velvet sky,
Some giant jeweller spilling transient gems.

Niagara Falls bisected oval track,
Illuminating every upward face
And, if you glanced aside, a rusty wreck
In final pasture by a grandstand brace,

That Jimmy Lynch drove to its last applause
In afternoon death-crash through flaming hay;
Rodeo chutes were then white bony jaws
That spewed out booted cowboy death by day.

The shrieking fireballs ripped the seams of night
Till we forgot where, when, and what we were,
Paralyzed through an ecstasy of sight
At this finale of our mystic fair.

And in the sudden blackness afterward,
Rural August evening stranger than a dream,
I was not fully conscious of how hard
I tried to understand un-light, non-gleam,

The fact that chilling tide of a Des Moines night
Was not the fault of that first wordless clown,
Nor part of pyrotechnical delight,
Nor anything my parents should have known

And warned me of before it could destroy
My sense that fire is every human's right,
Nor any end of all impossible joy,
But simply absence of the light.

J. J. BOIES
THE SIBYL

“I want to die,” it said, drained-dry, a voice
Hysteria had left, and hope, and choice.
The microphonics set one’s teeth on edge,
Walked one along a downward spiralling ledge
To where despair blocked the going-on.
Not the bottle’s walls, briskly flowing on,
But the will of gods tightened around her,
Until even her stricken arms could not astound her,
Or the static tattering her felted cry,
“I want to die; I only want to die.”
And this wound down, and lessened, year by year.
One had to hold her prison to his ear
To catch a pigmy echo through the glass.
Then, even that was lost. Minutes would pass.
The ping was wind, perhaps; we wished her dead,
Her shoddy tongue struck stone or lead,
Although we knew the voice went on and on
In the dark spaces, when the sound was gone.

HORATIO ALGER (ALWAYS) AT THE BRIDGE

in the back alleys of the bazaar he begged, he bartered,
dodging Bedouin boots
agile as a three-legged dog.
he was here and there,
a stud-like symbol, symbol gone commercial,
thick as pea soup sputtering through carbon mikes,
gross as ambergris disengorged,
puked from the socketted guillette of a sick whale
onto the pea green banks of Pago Pago.

He fades no and then,
Our American Dream,
as the snow drifts down
through cities and across plains
seeping into the antennae spreadeagled on roofs
cluttering the chittering tubes
limping through midnight junctions
hissing transistors, agog in rows.
so we watch, spellbound, in series, wired for sound.
After all, it’s our dream we watch,
our frantic juices pipping the screens.
In the back alleys, somewhere, he always goes on,
hot oil and heavy nuclei, and the thick boots he wore,
getting his way against (always) nearly insurmountable odds.
THE SELF-DESTRUCTING MAN

I

Feet first, he goes,
strands himself waist-high in air,
strips the stringy tread, heaving heel,
everything holding him in and to.
In the moment before they fall,
in the moment before the tug of down
closes the circuit,
he erases eyelets and laces,
zilches a depressed tongue,
zeros his checkerboard socks.
Out come his legs, at last,
flats, rounds, knobs, hairy slabs,
and, being flesh, they go that way.
Then he shorts his trousers,
totals them thread by skittery thread
up to the hips. The first part
of the program's completed
just the way he planned.
As an interlude, he jokes—
more to himself than the crowd.
"Unaccustomed though I am
to public levity . . . ," for example,
swaying in the vacancy
his pegs have left,
and, half over from Apology
to the green fields of Gall,
"Though I haven't a leg
to stand on, friends and neighbors,
I'm sure you won't put me down."
Nothing helps, but, luckily,
he hasn't yet worked up to his watch
so he knows when to stop, and stops
to start the second half.

II

Now, he thins his waist at the edges,
banishes the alligator belt
with its livid buckle,
undoes his shirt, its tails dragging,
button by button, right to the neck.
His angry tie flopping floorwards,
he's reminded of the parachutists,
the Paul Munis, John Irelands
of picture on fluttery picture,
who floated down over France
to be potted from the sky
by airborne Huns,
the cold and doomed barbarians
who strafed for the Luftwaffe
through the fading years of war.
And remarks at this point that
he "is the sum of his scenes"
(conscious of effects,
and of having, like the Cheshire cat,
not much left to give
beside a grin
and some parting words).
But these, too, fail him. Even his
"Though you find me, ladies and gents,
in somewhat reduced circumstances . . . ."
can't hold the crowd, which
mooches off along streets,
to turn corner after corner.
Brutissimo! He dies by his own hand,
rubbing out an arm, hair by hair,
teasing background into the gap,
taking out the face, the eyes
long left staring into the lights.
The one arm left, flaps,
puddles space looking for work,
gathers dust from the tousled air.
In its own time,
it leaks past the frame,
makes whatever freedom
waits for it there.

*The End*
THE REVIEWER OF THIS book is a weary composition teacher. My best credentials for the assignment are twelve years on the battlefront correcting errors like an inspector during my early years and during more recent years spying upon the fields of student essay and faculty methods to discover the locus of error. After twelve years I seriously challenge the popular grief poured out for the nation's illiterate, and question whether, indeed, we teachers of composition should not rather rejoice in a renaissance of individual sensibility and style. To some extent, at least, error is born of student innocence, teacher tunnel vision, and a machine-age culture in which man should after all be able to do as much and as uniformly in ten minutes as the computer. "Man" can not, of course (nor can woman for that matter); all discover they could practice writing skills for years. Mina P. Shaughnessy, introducing the field of today's composition teacher in the essay, "Basic Writing," says, "One school's remedial student may be another's regular or even advanced freshman." (p. 137) With the thought that "competent" writing might be "remedial" I should like to begin my review. Teaching Composition: 10 Bibliographical Essays, edited by Gary Tate of Texas Christian, is three hundred four pages of ways to view the writer's task.

I liked Gary Tate's book very much. It is an absolute boon to us average composition teachers, high school or college, who float adrift in a sea of publishers' complimentary texts, besieged by stacks of themes to grade, and who are necessarily disinterested in catching up with the literature on composition. In general, writing has been presented and understood from four perspectives by the authors who contributed the ten essays: classical convention, psychological or cognitive process, dramatic act, and modern linguistics. The essays themselves fall into two groups: (1) Disciplines of and approaches to excellent writing; (2) Special problems and fields related to the teaching of composition.

Essays of the first group are a description of books and articles about what teacher and student can do in their joint assignment, learning to write. The subject matters of the essays range from Richard Young's interesting discussion and review of literature on invention, "Invention: A Topographical Survey," to three essays on literature about kinds, organization, and style of prose, to Mina Shaughnessy's "Basic Writing," which, while it has been placed mid-
way through Gary Tate's collection and functions at that place as a transition to the bibliographical essays of specialized interest in the second half of the book, is also an exposition as well as bibliography on the state of composition in America at the present time and could, therefore, be read as a preface to the other nine essays of the book. The bibliography and discussion of Richard L. Larson's "Structure and Form in Non-fiction Prose" is focused upon how an essay is put together. A wealth of literature has been singled out on the subject, and four factors emerge as determinate of a finished composition: the audience, the writer, the subject, and the thematic development (or actual composition of the essay). Complementary to Richard Larson's is Frank J. D'Angelo's essay, "Modes of Discourse," in which our attention is redirected from the individual theme and its intrinsic factors which shape it to a discussion and bibliography of prose genre. Frank D'Angelo reviews traditional ways of classifying prose, such as narrative, journal, sermon, etc., as well as modern exploratory ways, such as those which classify kinds of prose according to the questions those kinds presume. For example, James Moffett's Teaching the Universe of Discourse has been reviewed as posing, among others, the following "scheme":

What is happening—drama, reporting
What happened—narrative, recording
What happens—exposition, generalizing
What may happen—logical argumentation, theorizing (pp. 126-127).

If D'Angelo's essay is highly theoretical, it is also an interesting and ultimately useful resource.

Edward P. J. Corbett's "Approaches to the Study of Style" is the last of the first group of essays I should like to discuss. Like that of Richard Young's on invention, it has been divided into bibliographies of the history, theories, and usefulness of rhetorical writing practice. But Edward Corbett's focus is style, that individuating factor in writing. "Choice" is a key word in his essay because choice is the means to personalization and taste; and again we discover a wealth of literature available on the analysis of other's, and on the creation of a writer's own style.

Essays in the second half of Gary Tate's book survey significant resources in four areas related to the teaching of composition per se: (1) The problems of students whose first language is dialect; (2) the uses of film, the popular and fine arts in teaching composition; (3) the contribution of linguistic theory to the teaching of composition; and (4) an interdisciplinary bibliography of philosophical, speech, and educational bases of composition. The five essays of the second half of the book, then, are Joseph J. Compare, "The Uses of Media in Teaching Composition"; W. Ross Winterowd, "Linguistics and Composition"; James L. Kinneavy and C. Robert Kline, Jr., "Composition and Related Fields"; and Jenefer M. Giannasi, "Dialects and Composition." That there is only one essay on each of the four specialized topics is the limitation of the second half of the book. A good introduction, however, is certainly preferable on one's bookshelf to nothing.

A friend of mine asked whether I thought Teaching Composition was worthy of review. My answer is obviously, "Yes!" It is an important resource in the library of any composition teacher, a potential departure point for staff meetings, and a possible text for an advanced course in the teaching of writing. In his Preface Gary Tate says, "My approach was to find the best people I knew and turn them loose, asking only that they write bibliographical essays rather than mere listings of important works." (p. viii) He accomplishes his purpose, and the surprise is that reading such bibliographical essays can be pleasure.

Elsbeth Loepert

The Craft of Teaching.

Basic to an understanding of Eble's approach is the proposition that teaching is a credible and worthy specialization.

Teaching is a skill that can be acquired. There are great similarities among teachers, and teaching at all levels and all subjects. An individual can therefore improve his own practices by observing other teachers and by studying the teaching processes by continually reading relevant literature. College teachers, for instance, can benefit specifically by exposure to teaching in public schools, and by keeping up to date on what's been happening to students before they enter college. That is to say, teaching is a skill rather than merely the imparting of information. Eble feels obliged accordingly to reject a number of myths about teaching:

"Teaching is not a performing art." Eble holds that it is, and supports his position with emphasis on the importance of the teacher's voice, movements, and the helpful use of various props.

"Teaching should exclude the teacher's personality." On the contrary, one should not deny his/her personality. Teaching is essential to learning. Explaining how something came to have value and meaning for the teacher can greatly assist the student to internalize the subject matter. Class interest picks up when illustrations and examples are used. Denying the place of personality in teaching exposes teachers to the danger of forgetting that people are the focus and aim of instruction.

"The popular teacher is a bad teacher." This myth assumes that learning is not and should not be pleasurable. Eble feels that graduate education tends to foster arrogance. Such an attitude can encourage the professor to turn students away from his/her class, and perhaps even to feel that status is gained from the number of
students flunked. The basic point made by the author here is that college teachers tend to use such devices to look for acclaim and status from their colleagues. The focus should be on the needs of the students.

"Good and bad teaching cannot be identified." This myth is refuted by the vast number of research studies dealing with such matters as knowledge and organization of subject matter, skills in instruction, and personal qualities and attitudes useful to working with students. Such studies suggest that certain personal characteristics are related to good teaching—enthusiasm, vitality, approachability, openness, imaginative, concern for shortcomings in the communication of subject matter and teaching skills.

How is the teacher to be effective in the classroom? There is the need, from the very beginning of a class, to be clear about expectations. Grading and dates of assignments and exams must be made clear by the teacher. The teacher needs to be clear also about student expectations. Rapport and humor coming informally out of class situations is essential. The instructor should be available to students before and after class and for several hours every day.

Lecturing can be very helpful if used in conjunction with questions and discussion. There should be evident key points, effective illustrations, and time for student response. It is helpful to the student if an outline of the lecture is handed out and/or written clearly on the blackboard. Key concepts should be stated, defined, and illustrated. It is better for the lecturer to end his presentation before the hour is over rather than go overtime. The material should be fitted to the time available. Illustrations and examples should be concrete and clear and dramatized by the lecturer with body movements and blackboard illustrations. The students should be stimulated by references to daily news events of relevance and by casual humor. There should be frequent opportunities for questions. Each lecture should have an appropriate ending, and the lectures should have continuity. The lecturer should develop and use a range of voice, gestures, and physical movements appropriate to his/her style and material, with the aim of fixing the content in the minds of the students.

This is why they are not particularly successful as teachers.

"Teaching requires only the knowledge of content." This myth is held because the subculture of higher education emphasizes the production of rather than the dissemination of knowledge. In contrast, there is equal need to master both the subject matter of one's discipline and teaching skills.

Eble has some insights for use concerning the use of class discussion. Discussion is not good for dispensing information, but is helpful for fixing, relating, and promoting thought about information already acquired. Discussion can be a good form of feedback about the progress, attitude, and aims of individual students and the class as a whole. Specific problems and ideas the students have already shown interest in generally provide a good focus. The teacher must be prepared to move the discussion away from quibblers and dominators. The retiring student should be carefully encouraged to express himself.

Three key questions are related to texts—Which ones to use, how to use them, and whether to use them at all. If the teacher stresses mastery of information, then a single text is probably the best choice. If it is desired to have the student develop skill in weighing evidence, then a collection of texts may be better. The first consideration in choosing texts is whether the student is likely to read and work with and learn from them. Using a text well is related to one's style of teaching. If the instructor wants to stimulate learning through student-teacher interaction, then he/she will not simply follow the text, but will expand on it and give additional and somewhat different material. The teacher should give useful and immediate guidance which is stimulating and which reinforces the material in the text. Cost, size, and difficulty of text should be considered in textbook selection. Students as well as colleagues can be enlisted to help with the decision-making process.

Term papers generally are bad assignments. They are too easy to crib, are too high a percent of the final grade, and are often not given the attention they deserve. Yet students are often swamped toward the end of the term with a large number of term papers. Smaller and more specific assignments would be much more appropriate. Specific research skills and creativity might thereby be encouraged. Assignments could
be graded quickly so that students would have more meaningful feedback. Professors should not give too many such assignments or overload the students; he should give full and rapid feedback. Another alternative to the term paper is the writing up of involvement in community-based activities. Writing about such activities could help the student acquire skills relevant to postgraduate career placement. The teacher should have a healthy distrust of routine and traditional-type assignments. He/she should be constantly on the alert for new ideas and seek to adapt such to his classes and students. Students could be sounded out about the possible use of such approaches.

Student evaluation of teacher performance can help the instructor take a more honest look at the examination process. Use of learning theory could induce the college teacher to analyze items commonly missed and to emphasize feedback. Final exams could be scheduled earlier so that feedback could occur here as well. Giving exams back soon after the exam is taken can help students grasp material not understood. Test objectives can be clarified before and after exams. Ungraded exams can be given to re-enforce learning. It is better to give a large number of grades during a course than only a few. Different types of exams would give additional information to the grader. Such practices reduce student stress.

Kenneth Eble was director of the Project to Improve College Teaching, sponsored by the American Association of University Professors and the Association of American Colleges. One can see Eble's efforts as part of the "college teaching movement," an informal grouping of teachers across the nation concerned to improve their own teaching, and to raise the quality level of college teaching now and in the future. This book, one of several done by this author in the past several years, is part of the movement, along with the teaching project of the American Sociological Association, directed by Hans Mauksch. Differentiation is a key process occurring in modern society. Placing more emphasis and effort on development of high quality teaching, as distinct from the dominant research orientation of the university, is part of this differentiation process. The careful efforts of Kenneth Eble in this book are a welcome contribution and tool for the ongoing improvement of one's teaching.

WILLIAM M. CROSS

HESSE COMPANION.

THE GREAT "HESSE WAVE" seems to be over. Between 1967 and 1975 Hesse's books were sold in this country by the millions while in Germany itself he did not have such a revival at that time. How is Hermann Hesse now (1977) received by the public?

A recent publication of essays by Hesse experts, edited and prefaced by Anna Otten, is entitled Hesse Companion, and a companion to young people Hesse will still remain for a long time; for as long as our world is filled with strife and war against which Hesse fought all through his life. Hesse has been a poet for young people. Most of his characters are adolescents, from Peter Camenzind (1903) on, with the only exception of Harry Haller in The Steppenwolf (1927), the 50 year old hero with his strongly split personality. Anna Otten's book focusses on those books of Hesse which still appeal very much to the present generation: Siddharta, The Steppenwolf, Narcissus and Goldmund, The Journey to the East, and The Glass Bead Game.—rereading them today one easily understands why they helped give rise to the Hippie Movement. Their romanticism became a symbol of revolt against rationalism in Germany when they were first published during the Twenties. Hesse himself, who had undertaken one extensive trip to India in 1911, from then on liked to confront the European dynamic attitude toward life with that of the Indians. Siddharta, as do many of Hesse's young protagonists, leaves behind him everything that so far had protected him, for the pretended sake of his self-discovery. Hesse asserts that each man must find his own way in life disregarding parental and teacher's guidance, ignoring tradition and behavioral patterns. His self-conscious anti-heroes reach their goal by finding unity in the self by gaining a new faith in life through incipient despair. In a previous article for a German newspaper (1947), I called Hesse the "conqueror of young people's nostalgia" ("Der Weltschmerz der Jugend und sein Überwinder"). Today I still see Hesse in the same light, and so do the different authors of the essays in Anna Otten's book. Every young generation stands up against the deficiencies of its time, and the more the latter become apparent the stronger the rebellion becomes. Looking back at the days of the Vietnam War as an expression of imperialism on either side, looking at the increased materialism and bureaucracy everywhere in the world after World War II as a result of the "Cold War," i.e. the stiffening relations and the lack of détente between East and West, it becomes understandable that Hermann Hesse as an outspoken pacifist (since World War I!) and at the same time an explicit advocate of man's "Inward Way" ("Weg nach Innen," 1931) became the guiding star for so many young Americans. Gandhi, highly admired by Hesse, with his passive resistance, with his willingness to renounce all comforts of materialistic life, easily found his followers among those young people who felt proud of their outsiderdom and devoted themselves to the neglect of all that characterizes bourgeois morality. Even in that the young generation finds a spokesman in Hesse, who never objects to a certain libertinage in sexual mores, and in the "Steppenwolf's" Magic Theater even drugs help Harry Haller come...
to a more profound introspection and final self-finding. All these elements prevail, rightly so, in the presentation of Hesse Companion, too. These essays emphasize strongly this contemporary aspect of Hesse’s life and work, approaching Hesse today for the uninitiated reader as competently as they reconfirm the experts’ interpretation which Hesse has undergone since his death in 1962.

The seven essays are written by Theodore Ziolkowski, Mark Boulby, Ernst A. Rose, J. C. Middleton, Joseph Mileck and Christian Schneider.

CAROL O. PETERSEN

THE HOAX OF FREUDISM. A Study of Brainwashing the American Professionals and Laymen.

THIS IS A WELL-INFORMED, but exceedingly unsympathetic attack not only upon Freudian theory, but upon the entire psychoanalytic establishment. Head and shoulders above the average attack both in terms of documentation and well-taken points, it suffers from the same sins as all the others—intemperance, exaggeration, dismissal of facts contrary to the thesis, and a tone approaching demagoguery.

Psychoanalysis is much better as a theory than as a practical therapy for most persons. In fact, many (most?) psychoanalytic psychiatrists reserve analysis for only certain individuals. It is needless, both in terms of time and of energy, not to mention money, for most people. On the other hand, it is a very valuable theory. It explains and does predict in clinical situations, in my experience, much behavior, both normal and pathological, and is a useful tool for bringing insight both to counselor and client.

As with all tools, Freudian theory and psychoanalytic technique are subject to abuse. In addition, the theory is complex enough to allow for considerable misunderstanding. It is not a tool to be used by amateurs. Pseudo-Freudian crackpots and just plain poor psychoanalysts abound without question, as do inadequate dentists, self-appointed clergymen, manipulative behaviorist counselors and various quacks claiming cures for cancer. Jurjevich points to a number of such dangers, from substituting coldness for ‘imperturbability’ to breaking down personality without building it up, to forgetting ‘that when your car breaks down and you take it to a mechanic you do not want a dissertation on what made it develop mechanical trouble as much as you want him to take whatever action is needed to make the necessary repair.’

I am sure that Jurjevich has located all of the dangers and most of the abuses.

His myopias, however, are very many. Two examples: first, he confuses faults of individual psychoanalysts with a fault of the theory itself. One von Daniken hardly makes all archaeologists quacks any more than one Einstein makes all physicists geniuses. Second, he assumes that the cure for black must necessarily be white, as if the cure for too much sugar were cyanide, which is very bitter. For example, a car mechanic who gives you a dissertation instead of a repair job is a poor mechanic; but a mechanic who does not understand cars will be very limited in the repairs he can make, will not recognize problems other than the one he is instructed to repair, and will not warn the car owner that his auto’s frammus is worn and he must beware of bumpy roads. Being able to stick on a new thingamajig may get the car running; but it is a sorry repair job if the brakes are due to fail, and are not noticed. Furthermore, if the cause for failure is not removed (the nail in the tire) repairing the symptom (the leak) will at best be temporary. Both cause and symptom need treatment. Freudian therapists may sometimes forget the symptom. Behaviorists deny the propriety of discovering the cause.

The demagoguery is throughout (observe, for example, the title of the book, or the term “Freudwashing”), and only brings disgrace on the author. Most of the book consists of quotations from others strung together in dissertation style—undergraduate dissertation style. It is hardly a landmark work.

A good, balanced vitriol of psychoanalysis and psychoanalysts, pros and cons is yet to be done.

WALTER R. RIEDELL

AFRICAN CHRISTIANITY.

WHEN THE TIMES OF ZAMBIA reported that Adrian Hastings was going to visit the third assembly of the All Africa Conference of Churches which met in Lusaka in May 1974, his appearance was front page news. No doubt the assembly expected some kind of startling message from this celebrated author of the book Wiriyamu, which first told the story of the 1973 Mozambique massacres.

Hastings, however, brought nothing of a sensational nature to the Lusaka gathering. Although the conference leaders at Lusaka were all for “liberating” the church from anything that had to do with “the legacy of a recent colonial past,” or which tended to impede the African church from becoming “authentically itself,” Hastings’ remarks were quite reserved. He did not give unconditional support to those who insisted upon declaring a “moratorium upon all external assistance in money and personnel.” He didn’t go along at all with those who were all for substituting “nshima and monkoyo” (meal porridge and sweet beer) for bread and wine in order to make the Lord’s Supper “viably African.” If anything, his remarks helped to have a sobering effect upon an assembly which was inclined to pass all sorts of “liberating” resolutions without carefully considering their theological and
practical implications. (Quotations are from conference committee reports.)

Hastings' African Christianity sets the same sober tone in evaluating the important issues which concern the African churches today. The author writes with the authority and the sympathetic understanding of a man who has lived in Africa and who has wrestled with these problems at first hand.

In his opening chapter entitled "A Century of Growth" he traces the astounding development of Christianity on the African continent within the past hundred years. Africa today with its ninety million Christians is unquestionably "the most quickly growing sector within world Christianity." (Preface). His summary picture of the various mission-supported agencies is masterfully done. He wisely includes the phenomenal rise of the independent church movements such as those of the Liberian William Wade Harris, of Simon Kimbangu in Zaire, of the Aladura churches in Nigeria. He shows how a certain tension has resulted between the traditional "mission-supported churches" and the "independent churches," one which will have to be resolved by the Africans themselves as these churches take on a character which will be less and less mission-influenced and supported. How can a rapidly growing and a discordantly vital movement shape its pattern of church life to meet the complex needs of African society, while remaining faithful to the essentials of Christian tradition? This is the basic question which Hastings pursues throughout the ensuing chapters.

Hastings doesn't claim to have all the answers. In discussing "Ministries, Missionaries and Moratorium" he shows how the rapid growth in church membership far exceeds the number of professional clergy who can be processed to serve such needs according to traditional ministerial training systems evolved in nineteenth century Europe. Although Hastings candidly considered it a "disgrace" (p. 36) to implement the moratorium idea in the light of Africa's increased needs for theologically trained men, he does advocate a closer look at the self-reliant type of ministry being developed within the independent churches. He also suggests an increased use of unsubsidized lay assistants within the traditional churches as a possible solution.

His chapter on "Cultural Revolution" calls attention to the inevitable schizophrenia which developed among those in Africa who were educated along the lines of western forms of society, yet who came out of cultural roots and social practices which were entirely different. Africa's search for self-identity, as the author points out, isn't going to be easy. It is not about to reject motorcars, telephone systems, and political, economic, and educational structures imported from the west. Neither can one expect to change religious beliefs without noticeably changing culture. There are forms of expression, however, which are uniquely Africa's own. There are also African insights and characteristics which no church will want to disregard if it wishes to take this search for authenticity seriously. Africans want churches where they can feel at home.

The subject of "Patterns of Healing" occupies an entire chapter in Hastings' considerations. Anyone who has personally experienced Africa will know the justification for this. Demon possession, bewitchment, and sorcery are causes of very real fears in Africa. A sophistication of society has not caused them to vanish. They are, as the author points out, "things which are present all the time and yet have largely left the Christian churches baffled and unable to respond" (p. 63). Western medicine supplies only part of the answer. Many independent churches merely place the traditional witchfinder in Christian dress. Only "the confident sustained assertion of the power and loving mercy of God in Christ" (p. 75) can begin to point the way toward solving this vexing problem within African society, the author maintains, suggesting various ways in which this assertion can be carried out in practice.

In his final chapter, "Power, Politics and Poverty," Hastings enunciates a truth which few modern writers have had the courage to express:

The coming of political independence [in Africa] did not bring in most countries any effective transfer of power into the hands of the masses, but into those of a small elite. The masses remain exceedingly poor, mostly illiterate, probably even more remote from the mechanisms of even local power than in colonial or precolonial times. (p. 78)

"What role should the churches envisage for themselves in this arena?" Hastings asks. Shall they become involved in development schemes and liberation movements? Shall they commit themselves to a struggle of either overturning or strongly supporting existing political and economic structures? Hastings cautions against a church becoming so tied up with a particular government in its development plans, a particular liberation movement in its struggle to end oppression, that it loses its capacity of independent criticism, of being specifically itself. (p. 92)

He suggests that churches "stand a little apart" (p. 94) in order to raise their prophetic voice against oppression wherever it may be found.

It is refreshing to find a writer with such a comprehensive grasp of African affairs, who at the same time maintains a balance between historical Christianity and the new tensions which face African Christianity today. Hastings says much that needs to be said. He says it well. He doesn't offer many pat answers or make all sorts of glowing predictions. Anyone who has lived in Africa for any length of time would know the folly of that kind of approach. What lies in the future is as vast and unpredictable as Africa itself.

E. H. WENDLAND, Missionary Lutheran Church of Central Africa Lusaka, Zambia
Then there was cyclamate. The Feds discovered that if a person drank too much soda which contained cyclamate, he might die—if he drank ten or so bottles a day, every day, for thirty or forty years! The Feds to the rescue! Ban cyclamates. And so they were banned—to protect the people, of course. Next came Red dye number two. Harmful. Ban it. Then came saccharine. It was found to cause cancer in rats—we think. And it was projected that if a person consumed, oh say, ten or twelve or more bottles of saccharine-containing soda a day, every day, for sixty or seventy years he or she might perhaps get cancer. Can’t permit that. Must protect the people. Ban saccharine.

And so it went during the 1970s and 1980s. The Feds would protect us. Laetrile may not be helpful against cancer. The people may be being duped. Ban Laetrile. Tar and nicotine in tobacco cause cancer. But people ignored the warning. They refused to protect themselves. Another ban. Only the Feds could protect us—even from ourselves. So, require motorcycle riders to wear protective helmets. We must protect them; they won’t protect themselves.

And it all worked! After each ban disease or injury resulting from the banned object miraculously disappeared—the people became healthier. And the Feds were pleased. Just look and see how good a job they were doing in promoting the welfare of the people. Ah, if only they could do more!

And in the 1990s they did. Carbon monoxide and sulfur dioxide from auto exhaust caused disease and death. Solution: ban automobiles. Guns caused injury and death—ban them. Too many decibels caused loss of hearing. All loud music banned. Too much or incorrect reading resulted in poor eyesight. All books, etc., banned. Watching too much TV hurt the eyes. TV broadcasting banned. But a feeble quiver of concern arose. Is this not censorship? No, said the Feds. We are only protecting you.

And so it went. Carbohydrates cause heart disease. All foods containing them banned. Drink too much water and you could die. Solution: All water supplies put under Fed control and rationed. Overeating causes illness. Solution: All food supplies rationed. People fell off their pedestal shoes and hurt themselves; they tripped on their flared trousers and broke legs. The Feds to the rescue! All clothing design and distribution put under Fed control. We will protect you.

But alas! Some misguided people did not appreciate all this protection. Black markets appeared. An underground press started. Clandestine TV and radio stations went on the air. People began making their own clothing. They grew their own food and tobacco. Supplies of diet soda had been hoarded. And they even went fishing and caught swordfish. The Feds became concerned. Their protection was failing. How to revive it? Technology provided the answer. Electronic monitors were placed in every nook and cranny of the country. Monitoring electrodes were implanted in every person. Now the Feds could protect the people. And they did. But once again the rumblings of discontent are sweeping the country. The Feds have finally gone too far. They are going to reinstitute Prohibition! Heaven protect us from our protectors!