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Dialogue

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Comment

As a little boy I can remember nosing up a ladder into a dark corner of the neighbor's garage and wedging my head against timbers black and scratchy like some people's elbows. I was hoping to smell the hay smell, for I had found that when the air in that corner smelled like hay, the sparrows were back. When I was lucky enough to find them there I'd stand wide-eyed in gruelling tension, thinking of the nestful of birdlife at arms length in the dark, straining to hear a movement. There would not be a sound. But I'd wait, and they'd wait (probably with eyes popping like mine), and I'd wait, and they'd wait. And finally, every time, one of the dumb little babies would let out a peep.

I tell that story because it reminds me of Dialogue's search for creative writing on campus. We, too, trust our noses to lead us to our quarry, and we find that as far as creative writing is concerned, Calvin College, like the corner of the neighbor's garage, is in a state of darkness. We get excited once in a while when we smell "the hay smell," but usually we too wait and wait until some writer, either brave or dumb like a baby bird, finally blows his cover.

Of course, this account is to some extent a parody of the real situation. We are not little boys, and most of the students at Calvin College are not birds. Students live hectic lives; they are adults with husbands, wives, cars, sports, courses, books—all the clutter of adult life. Nor are all the writers on the Calvin campus necessarily hiding in the brickwork. There are several names that continually pop up in print, some who produce astonishing amounts of material and can always be depended upon to produce.

But Calvin is undeniably in a depression as far as creative writing is concerned, and the presence of a few more or less dependable figures should not be allowed to obscure the general problem. Calvin needs a few dominant figures, not a few lone figures. It needs a field of other writers pushing the dominant ones and encouraging each other. But Calvin writers have not been able to create for themselves a general atmosphere of mutual encouragement. The ones who regularly write, because they are so few and so diverse, do not enjoy the advantage of peer standards. Today an organized guild of writers is able to draw no more than a handful of actively interested members. Independently written prose is very difficult to find. And although experiments in creative writing courses have flourished briefly in recent years, there is no established literary figure on campus now to guide and inspire writers and no immediate plans to attract one. These are signs of the current general malaise. When Calvin was a younger and smaller school it produced several figures of literary prominence. Writers then, at least in retrospect, seem to have found inspiration in one another, in company and competition. But presently there is no environment inappropriate even to think in terms of upholstered literary tradition or producing a new crop of greats. Too many of us are still writing in diaries.

What lies behind the general atmosphere of timidity or unconcern surrounding those who claim interest in creative writing? The most official answer may have to do with the environment Calvin offers. Calvin's very tradition may be reserving their energies for a creative writing course but in the absence of one committed to maintain a steady motivation to write. Still others, perhaps the greatest number, may be reserving their energies for a creative writing course but in the absence of one committed to their craft. Any writer who hopes to finesse must first commit himself to the craft of writing; this means dropping romantic notions about writing and adopting a discipline. The useless notion is that good works come to a writer instantly, fully formed, correctly patterned, and proof against criticism. If that were true, a good writer would not be his own first and sternest critic. Perhaps the social aspect of writing and the social threat of criticism are frightening to the uncommitted person that greats. Too many of us are still writing to attract one. These are signs of the current general malaise. When Calvin was a younger and smaller school it produced several figures of literary prominence. Writers then, at least in retrospect, seem to have found inspiration in one another, in company and competition. But presently there is no environment inappropriate even to think in terms of upholstered literary tradition or producing a new crop of greats. Too many of us are still writing in diaries.

However, more fundamental than problem of environment, atmosphere, or tradition may be the problem that many writers have in finding a place to approach to their craft. Any writer who hopes to finesse must first commit himself to the craft of writing; this means dropping romantic notions about writing and adopting a discipline. The useless notion is that good works come to a writer instantly, fully formed, correctly patterned, and proof against criticism. If that were true, a good writer would not be his own first and sternest critic. Perhaps the social aspect of writing and the social threat of criticism are frightening to the uncommitted person that greats. Too many of us are still writing to attract one. These are signs of the current general malaise. When Calvin was a younger and smaller school it produced several figures of literary prominence. Writers then, at least in retrospect, seem to have found inspiration in one another, in company and competition. But presently there is no environment inappropriate even to think in terms of upholstered literary tradition or producing a new crop of greats. Too many of us are still writing in diaries.

Yet, if we look no deeper than environment, atmosphere, or tradition may be the problem that many writers have in finding a place to approach to their craft. Any writer who hopes to finesse must first commit himself to the craft of writing; this means dropping romantic notions about writing and adopting a discipline. The useless notion is that good works come to a writer instantly, fully formed, correctly patterned, and proof against criticism. If that were true, a good writer would not be his own first and sternest critic. Perhaps the social aspect of writing and the social threat of criticism are frightening to the uncommitted person that greats. Too many of us are still writing to attract one. These are signs of the current general malaise. When Calvin was a younger and smaller school it produced several figures of literary prominence. Writers then, at least in retrospect, seem to have found inspiration in one another, in company and competition. But presently there is no environment inappropriate even to think in terms of upholstered literary tradition or producing a new crop of greats. Too many of us are still writing in diaries.
c appreciation for the total demands of art. Then novelist Anthony Burgess spoke at Grand State Colleges recently he did his best to rouse his afternoon audience with the external lands of craft.

Shakespeare didn't wake up one morning and announce to the world, 'And now, I am going to be the immortal Hamlet,' said Burgess. 'More likely Dick Burbage came up one afternoon and, 'You know, Will, they've got a real smash over at the Rose with the Spanish Tragedy thing, need something fast. I've picked up this old bit about some Hamlet fellow from Denmark. Pose you could rework it?' 'I don't know, k. I'll give it a try,' Shakespeare probably said.' However, Burgess gave himself away when he described the way a novel in progress invariably takes on an entirely unforeseen shape. The process was close to acknowledging was the process of aesthetic creation by which a perceiving and unifying mind arranges the experiences of life into new and meaningful constructions. A basic commitment to the demands of art is a way of life, an all-consuming-commitment-interest not in art but in life through something that Wallace Stevens once said.

But poetry can be applied more broadly to art:

"Most [critics] seem to think that one writes poetry in order to imitate Mallarme or in order to be a member of this or that school. But it is quite possible to have a feeling about the world which creates a need that nothing satisfies except poetry, and this has nothing to do with other poets or anything else."

With a feeling of the artist about the world makes the claim of the art any faltering excuses about stultifying environment or a demanding craft.

Perhaps one more thing should be said to fit the document more closely to the situation at Calvin. If a person goes through life experiencing and reacting, unifying and concentrating his experiences through artistic creation, he is engaged in a spiritual involvement with the world, according to a redefinition of the word "spiritual" appropriate to Calvin College. Calvin College is already publicly committed to spiritual involvement with the world, according to its definition—the Reformed definition—of the word. The person who shares this definition is already commissioned to a certain way of being in the world. Thus, for the writer, for all on this campus with the requisite abilities and inclinations, commitment to art has already been made; it is not by assent, and the only problem that remains for writers to realize more fully, in action, the implications of that commitment—to find their appropriate mode of spiritual involvement with the world.

Randall VanderMey

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The "Spring" photographs in the February issue were taken by Jack Slater and not by John Daverman, as attributed. Our apologies to both gentlemen for the error.
Wiersma Does Achterberg by Robert Swe


Being Publications, with this remarkably fine book as its premier publication, has made an auspicious beginning for itself. The book is heavy and thick, the type clear and pleasant, and that is also the worst one could say about the poetry.

Translation is a difficult art. The problem arises when one has to decide whether to render exactly the original content (which is not wholly satisfying) or the original technique and loveliness (which Pound tried with Chinese, and found also not wholly acceptable). Wiersma has opted for content and form and has simultaneously found loveliness. That it is Achterberg's loveliness, I doubt, but it is a compelling loveliness.

The book presents the poems in the original Dutch on the left hand side of the page with the corresponding English translations on the right. My speaking Dutch vocabulary being exceedingly limited, the balance of this review will deal exclusively with the poetry as Wiersma has made it, rather than with Achterberg's. The reader will pardon if occasionally the sins of the maker (or his virtues) are imputed to the translator.

The first, and one of the best poems, is the title poem, A Tourist Does Golgotha. The poem occurs in the mouth of an anachronistic contemporary of Christ, modern man. The poem opens with a not altogether unrepresentative line which enchants me:

And so as usual they undertake it.
Nobody thinks to check whether he can take it.
They hammer him with nails onto that stake.
And as he hung there to endure it—
To look at a nail is to abhor it—
He said, 'Father, forgive them for it.'

The tourist "does" Golgotha in the beginning as all tourists do; it is a place to see and take pictures. But by the end of the poem, the tourist has done Golgotha in the sense of having suffered Golgotha. The poem concludes:

So sail again, over the isolations
which separate me from You. Over those oceans,
Christ, You will appear to my consolation.

The development of emotion from the first prose "as usual they undertake it" with the coyness of the double meaning of "undertake" to those concluding lines is both admirable and delightful.

The book continues with one of Achterberg's longer poems, The Ballade of the Gasfitter, which is composed of fourteen sonnets strung into one poem. As Wiersma explains in his "Explication of the Gasfitter,"

... Achterberg was never a gasfitter... The Dutch word 'dichter' means both 'closer of holes' and 'poet,' a pun which Achterberg exploits in many poems. Since a gasfitter repairs holes in gaslines, he is in one sense a dichter.

The poem (at this point recall my early caveat) is simply and soundly stated:

You've arrived at the houses by the back way.
Behind facades, past windows framed by drapes,
Continually out of nowhere You keep on taking shape.
Whenever I look in as I pass by.

In his excellent essay Wiersma demonstrates the elaborateness of the form Achterberg manufactured in and for the poem, noting the correspondence of the fourteen lines of a sonnet and the traditional break between octave and sestet, and the transformation of that form into and onto the fourteen sonnets.

Perhaps Achterberg's finest poem, and one of Wiersma's best translations, is the poem Sixteen. Achterberg had a strange relationship (of which nothing is mentioned in Wiersma's book) with his landlady (of whose murder he was convicted) and her daughter (of whose murder he was subsequently convicted). The poem appears addressed to someone slightly more illicit than the poet's wife:

Now that I experience being
with a girl of sixteen years,
0 first principle of living, give
that you may remain clear in me,
as she sweeps away the dust
out of my hair with her hands and hair,
and then an exceedingly beautiful conclusion:

Because of the blood that within her pearls,
be sanctified, my hands.
This is the beginning of the world.
That's why nothing has changed by time
since Paradise; Adam walks
with God: names, sleeps, and finds
the very same body that I find.
The same strange pleasure-park
glows outside in the wind.
suspect that much of the poem's power ends in its brevity (as opposed to most Dutch and a great deal of contemporary American poetry and the nine-tenths defined ambiguities, which are neither over, as too often is the case, nor, as is as frequently true, developed, and are specific enough to cut, yet indefinite enough warrant some work in the reader and to indicate larger vision on the part of the poet which is worthwhile for the reader to investigate.

Finally, there is the poem *Across the Jabbok*, which may be familiar to Calvin readers, having appeared previously in *Dialogue*:

When I had reached the very end of my corruptabilities, from the mire God did stand and wept.

And I stood next to Him, looking down on my lost eternity.

And He said: "You were wrong, but that's past, and from today the next eternity along's but a step away."

His poem contains, I think, some of Achterberg's most acceptable moral views. The word "corruptabilities" particularly enchants me—¿?—I do not know. Somehow it forgives the, which strikes me as somewhat uninspired at the same time that it is both beautiful and true. At worst, Achterberg is expensively cheating (as opposed to simply or simplistically cheating) at eluding. At his best, his lyrics are calm, or at carefully controlled, and completely convincing.

There is but one unfortunate inclusion in an otherwise excellent book of poems. That is Achterberg's *Ingrown Poetry*:

there's no use trying, because on the floor a corpse is lying ut of which no dream will be arising.

Lord, in judgement against itself testifying, behind a frozen face residing.

incest of meanings. And the fructifying in its ground principles are dying.

0 lines without offspring: genocide.

I say unfortunate because Achterberg's poem is phatically ungrand, and Wiersma's translation fers from its honesty and faithfulness to the original "incest of meanings."

With that single lamentable exception, Achterberg's countenance in his first major American appearance has been enhanced by Wiersma's care, beautiful, and excellent translations, which are prior poems in their own right.
Kaddish

I.
Here while there is still light
Here where water waits
   in darkness
   where we cry like wolves
Find comfort in the coming of night
   that cloaks the valley
   where mountains cut off the fanfare
Only stones and dry heat
A fire that cannot give warmth
Fear that throbs in dusty air
Clouds that promise no rain
Ruined trees, the croaking of vultures
One of us utters a curse and sighs
Twilight breeds outlines
   of bodies contoured
   like the ones we know
   torn with too much wind
In this land of broken visions
   I find a skull that speaks
   of a battle in the sun
   it cries of victory
   still red with garlands

II.
the chatter of rats
   carries over the hills
   to this land where hunted
we cannot escape all these years
and Satan breaks the best of hopes
and we run and we run and we run
sweating through vines brambles and thorns
scattered in a wilderness we hide from each other
in a Paradise made dangerous we use hammers
to pound sharp edges from a plow to arm the hand
there is no greater joy

III.
if you go down to silent water
through a field of poppies bursting into flame, in it find
a gambler nearby with tombstones in his eye and when you hear
  gaming warriors tell grisly stories how they survived, as
Fear and Terror fill the land with rumors you will find
No greater sacrifice can be made for them as
We go far away to find new life

IV.
What follows is the promise given
At night when the silent wind
Commends to us a wine that smacks
Of our taste
For life eternal.

V.
Eat, drink, remember and believe that
We are the sacrifice
We make in sweat
In bodies of fear
We have made them
Return them to your care
Our blood turns bitter in the chalice
A stone that is not bread
Returns to us dust.
**POETRY**

*by Donald Mulder*

---

**A Friend**

Remember when you and I
Lived in this house
Now quiet still are words
Which take on flesh to hide
Troubled flame outside the wind
Here is the freedom it gives us
Entwined up inside these cells
Living time; this dying cannot last
Much longer; our eyes become a night
Enveloped with pointed winter suns
Betraying the love we take from each other
When your voice fades into trees
On the far side of the water
Here the call of the loon
Flickers on the ear.
We have not yet learned the meaning
Of a road that spirals
Down a hill into woods
Here the fox and the owl
Are safe.

---

**Question Asked in Winter**

When I consider light that quickens words
That wait in darkness for the quiet wind
To cross the meadow softly with your footprints
Leading up the hill to find a child beside
A youthful spring, the year grown cold
With grief and mourning

Will you build a fire that warms
Children dying in the bitter hills
How shall they survive the winter
Waiting here for you
In mute acceptance of the snow
Sadness coming of age in their eyes

Softly your voice begins to rise
In early light; the wind unfurls a dirge
For you my friend
Destroyer, defender, player of strings
Dearest beloved, your brightest lamp
Leads to stars of Capricorn laid out on wood
A child in darkness crying out
But shall we live
"La Belle Dame Sans Merci"
The Poetic Performance of Sylvia Plath

The suicidal poetess achieved a compelling unity of art and death

by Marilyn Brouwer

Sylvia Plath, the "Lady Lazarus" who could ounce with contemptuous confidence and self-gratulation:

have done it again.

ne year in every ten

manage it—

... Soon, soon the flesh

he grave cave ate will be

t home on me

nd I am smiling woman.

am only thirty.

nd like the cat I have nine times to die.

Plath, having overestimated her powers, it

ms, is dead. No "smiling woman" now, she is a	

ide, a statistic, but more than that, something

legend and a lucrative literary concern. She is

subject of big, black, and vulgar headlines like

se that plaster subway walls and scandal

ets—"The Growing Literary Boom for Sylvia

h: THE TRIUMPH OF A TORMENTED

T." A regular celebrity she is, a real commer-

attraction.

lying

an art, like everything else.

do it exceptionally well.

do it so it feels like hell.

do it so it feels real.

guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a cell.

It's easy enough to do it and stay put.

It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day

To the same place, the same face, the same brute

Amused shout:

"A miracle!"

That knocks me out ....

Well, this time she is spared the theatrics, the probes, the headlines, the speculation, and the gossip occasioned by her first attempt, the details of which were sensationally morbid. This time she is beyond the reach of critics, psychotherapists, pedants, feminists, and fanatics of various camps, enjoying the "triumph of her torment" vicariously. But one shudders at the thought of what raging vengeance she might take if once again she were mysteriously to resurrect and confront her exploiters.

Herr God, Herr Lucifer,

Beware.

Out of the ash

I rise with my red hair

And I eat men like air.

There was a public aspect of her private wrestlings with death, and a genuine element of the performance in her suicidal actions. But one cannot summarily reduce her suicide to the standardized "cry for help." For Sylvia Plath, death in and of itself was the obsession and the compelling challenge. She embraced that challenge openly. But it is in the study of her poetry, not in biographical speculation, that her value is to be appreciated. In her poetry the public and the private selves are fused; therein resides her real accomplishment, her genuine claim to fame.

I have chosen two poems on which to concentrate, "Lady Lazarus" and "Edge," both among her latest poems, collected in the volume entitled Ariel (New York: Harper and Row, 1961). There exists between these two poems a contrapuntal correlation, and that fusion of public and private selves consummated in Sylvia's appalling poetic achievement seems to hang in the balance between them. Complete in themselves, they in turn complement each other. And, together, they compel comparison.

From the book Ariel by Sylvia Plath
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LADY LAZARUS

I have done it again.
One year in every ten
I manage it—
A sort of walking miracle, my skin
Bright as a Nazi lampshade,
My right foot
A paperweight,
My face a featureless, fine
Jew linen.

Peel off the napkin
O my enemy.
Do I terrify?—
The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth?
The sour breath
Will vanish in a day.

Soon, soon the flesh
The grave cave ate will be
At home on me
And I a smiling woman.
I am only thirty.
And like the cat I have nine times to die.

This is Number Three.
What a trash
To annihilate each decade.

What a million filaments.
The peanut-crunching crowd
Shoves in to see
Them unwrap me hand and foot—
The big strip tease.

These are my hands,
These are my knees,
My knees.
I may be skin and bone,
Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman.
The first time it happened I was ten.
It was an accident.

The second time I meant
To last it out and not come back at all.
I rocked shut
As a seashell.
They had to call and call
And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.

Dying
Is an art, like everything else.
I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell.
I do it so it feels real.
I guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a cell.
It's easy enough to do it and stay put.
It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day
To the same place, the same face, the same brute
Amused shout:

"A miracle!"
That knocks me out.
There is a charge
For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge
For the hearing of my heart—
It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large charge,
For a word or a touch
Or a bit of blood
Or a piece of my hair or my clothes.
So, so, Herr Doktor.
So, Herr Enemy.

I am your opus,
I am your valuable,
The pure gold baby
That melts to a shriek.
I turn and burn.
Do not think I underestimate your great concern.

Ash, ash—
You poke and stir.
Flesh, bone, there is nothing there—
A cake of soap,
A wedding ring,
A gold filling.

Herr God, Herr Lucifer,
Beware.

Out of the ash
I rise with my red hair
And I eat men like air.

"Lady Lazarus" demands prior consideration
because it is primarily preoccupied with suicide
an essentially incomplete or recurrent action.

"Lady Lazarus" proclaims the success of her
suicidal performance with sardonic satisfaction
but that success is shot through with bitter irony.
With contemptuous confidence, the Lady condemns herself to her public, whipping it in
dumb-founded appreciation. But she blames the public. She blames the brutes for
the vulgar morbid curiosity with which they participate in her performance. Like a mob at a free fair, they og
and chuckle. "The peanut-crunching crowd
Shoves in to see" the freak. Sucking in the
breath, they squirm and stare at the "big strip tease." But "There is a charge/ For the eyeing of . . . [her] scars." They do not know how gre
cost. Nor do they comprehend “What a trash/ annihilate each decade.”

With searing sarcasm, the Lady proceeds to ridicule the Nazi brutes, the monstrous masters who have promoted her performance, exploited for their own experimentation. It is they who conspired for her annihilation, they who killed and stir the trash of her remains—to find, all that their murderous experiments have of her. But she has a surprise for them andghs in the prospect of their terror. She, too, is monster, a monster of their own creation, more powerful now than they. For “Dying/ Is an art, everything else,” and the Lady does it “exceptionally well.” In fact, she knows better how to die than they know how to kill. She, too, is a master, a master of the art of dying. And no one knows as does “What a trash/ To annihilate. . . .” It is nothing the crowd can never witness. It is nothing the enemy “Doktors” can never find, never they “poke and stir.” She alone has been the incinerator of annihilation and back.

So there are three parties involved in this strange performance: the public, the promoters, and the late self of the Lady, the performer. At the set of the poem, the Lady asserts metaphorically her association with the promoters, identifying them with the Nazis, herself with the Jews. Describing herself and the nature of her success, makes it implicitly clear that she is victim as well as victor. Her sarcastic tone is threatening. Her light, polished manner is deceptive. Her speech is wn with grim asides. And as she presents herself her public, it becomes evident that she holds it in her hands. Just who these persons are she does not say, if, indeed, she knows at all.

... So, so Herr Doktor.
o, Herr Enemy.
am your opus, am your valuable,
the pure gold baby
That melts to a shriek.
turn and burn.
do not think I underestimate your great concern.

But her indictment becomes more and more pronounced. She charges them with inhumanity in disrespect for the sanctity of human health and sanity. She exposes them as criminals, guilty impersonating God, of carelessly tampering with hearts and minds of real people, in the name of science, genetics, psychology—even of genocide. They are guilty of a disregard for personal pain and private anguish. They are guilty of an academic and research.

But again and again the Lady returns to herself, affirms her ascendancy, and asserts her personal control—as if to say that she and she alone can really pull off the performance. She blames them both, public and promoters, yet she returns the responsibility squarely upon herself. They are guilty, but she has committed the act. She seems almost to attempt to vindicate that act, to liberate it from its brutal causes and its gross effects, and to elevate it to the purer sphere of art, of the professional performance. Yet she sustains a constant sense of awareness that she is, ultimately, the corrupt one, more so than they in their moral stupidity or their vulgar curiosity. And she seems to relish her grotesqueness and to enjoy the terror she inflicts, or hopes to. Her hostility is fierce, her sense of outrage implacable, though in her own sense of responsibility she is equally ruthless with herself. Ultimately, she lets fly her fury, unrestrained, free of any attempt to justify her vengeful threats or to make clear the object of her violent indictment.

The second poem to be considered, “Edge,” is similarly preoccupied with the image of the suicidal performance but much less so with its promoting causes and its public effects. It concentrates on the private element of the performance. It can afford to do so because there is no longer any cause for outrage; the “theatrical comeback” has been dispensed with, and the Lady has been placated by perfection. For “Lady Lazarus,” despite her miraculous appearance of success, is a failure. The suicidal performance is, ultimately, incomplete. But the woman in “Edge” has achieved perfection, and private fulfillment has superseded public gratification.

**EDGE**

The woman is perfected.  
Her dead

Body wears the smile of accomplishment,  
The illusion of a Greek necessity  
Flows in the scrolls of her toga,  
Her bare

Feet seem to be saying:  
We have come so far, it is over.  
Each dead child coiled, a white serpent,  
One at each little  
Pitcher of milk, now empty.  
She has folded

Them back into her body as petals  
Of a rose close when the garden

Stiffens and odours bleed  
From the sweet, deep throats of the night flower.

The moon has nothing to be sad about,  
Staring from her hood of bone.

She is used to this sort of thing.  
Her blacks crackle and drag.
"Edge." It is a hard sounding word, connoting sharpness and finality—the edge of a knife-blade, the edge of a cliff, the edge of the world, and also the edge that one may gain on another. The word is a crucial one for Sylvia Plath. She speaks elsewhere, in The Bell-Jar, of wanting to feel honed sharp like the blade of a knife, to cut through the stale, sour air beneath the smothering bell-jar of madness. "Edge." It is a stunning title, precisely fitted to the content and the tone of the poem. The poem speaks of a woman who has penetrated chaos, confusion, and incompleteness to that fine, still point of perfection. She is a woman who has gained that final, fatal edge that no one can cross. It is the margin of victory. "The woman is perfected."

"Her dead/ Body wears the smile of accomplishment." This time the suicidal performance has been flawless, an unprecedented, never-to-be-repeated success. This time the woman's satisfaction is sincere and unequivocal. "The illusion of a Greek necessity/Flows in the scrolls of her toga." There is about her a kind of divine grace; it "flows." And the suicidal act has achieved that beauty inherent in the perfect culmination of the inevitable, that necessity that the Greeks so valued as the indispensable dynamic of their dramas. Ironically, it is merely an "illusion"; but no matter. In the drama, illusion is all that is called for. And, indeed, the woman has far exceeded mere necessity. Hers has been no mere imitation of an action; hers has been the real thing, the dramatic imitation and the actual deed combined. For her will be no dreary denouement, no crass curtain call, but the ultimate climax—the fusion of necessity and the act gratuit.

"Her bare/ Feet seem to be saying:/ We have come so far, it is over." The classical metaphor with which the poem commences completes itself in the subtle suggestion of a Spartan heroine. It evokes the image of a warrior woman, laid out in honor upon a Spartan shield. Her bruised feet are beautiful for having carried her, relentless, to her destination, where like the messenger Pheidippides, having done her duty, she dropped. She has won the race, achieved the edge, and crossed the margin of victory.

"Each dead child coiled, a white serpent./ One at each little/ Pitcher of milk, now empty." At each breast, her children lie coiled, serpentine, but white now, like kittens innocently curled beside their emptied milk bowls. Having drained her dry, they, too, are dead. Having drunk of her death, they are purged of their poison. No vital venom pulsing in their veins will impel them, slithering, away; dead and white, still and pure, they lie like kittens in fetal positions. Dead children, they no longer suck; white serpents, they do not sting. She has gathered herself again unto herself; she has reclaimed them, extensions of herself, and finally she is whole. In death she is whole, as in life she had been only pieced together, "stuck together with glue," as she says later in "Daddy."

... She has folded

Them back into her body as petals
Of a rose close when the garden

Stiffens and odours bleed
From the sweet, deep throats of the night flower.

The imagery evokes an aura of magical secrecy of mysterious suspension. It awakens a sense of unknown and the unnatural, latent in the darkness. There is the suggestion, too, of latent, perhaps, even of perversity. One is reminded of strange tropical plants whose beauty and sweet are murderous devices, whose petals close on the victims. One is infiltrated by a feeling of "unnatural" acts of which all nature is suspect. There is a double sense of sweetness and stench. What odours are they that bleed "From the sweet deep throats of the night flower?" And what is that bleeds these odours? The flower or its victim? Or are they identical? This flower, perhaps, vomits itself. Its petals close upon itself. Its throat bleeds the stench of its own night sweet.

But "The moon has nothing to be sad about /
Staring from her hood of bone." The moon is all, unblinking like the lidless eye of a lizard, and indifferent. "She is used to this sort of thing./ Blacks crackle and drag." She knows all about the perverse and unnatural acts committed beneath the dark of the moon. Behind her own luminous surface, her own "blacks crackle and drag." She has her own unlovely secrets, and she feels no pain for herself. She stares ruthlessly and feels sorrow for what she sees: the perversity bene perfection, the stench beneath the sweetness, sickness beneath the smile.

The moon, like the woman, is cold, pale, white like the bones of the dead or the marble of a Greek statue. It is an apt symbol for the kind of merciless lucidity that moves in the lacerating lines of Sylvia Plath's poetry. Much of what makes that poetry powerful is her own total lack of self-pity. She is ruthless with herself as she is with her enemies. It was at least partly her own refusal to lapse into the comfort of self-pity or the ease of emotional indulgence that enabled her to define her disease brilliantly. It was her own brutal determination to stare without sadness into the depths of sickness that empowered her to distill, with meritorious discipline, her own disease into "perfection."

Poetry. With demonic energy and cruel lucidity she does, indeed, hone herself sharp like the blade of a knife and cut through the stale, sour beneath the bell-jar. In her poetry, "the woman perfected." The public performance of her private pain is so powerfully consummated in her poet.
wonders that it was not sufficient to sustain a "smile of accomplishment." So provocative of joy and fear, one wonders that it could not provide her with a self-renewing, life-saving catharsis. But then, I suppose that catharsis is reserved for the public. For Sylvia Plath, the "necessity" was too maddeningly real—even if only an "illusion."

According to Pierre Boulez, "Happiness is a fiction of blindness. The more you see, the less happy you can be. Happiness is a soap bubble." For him, vitality replaces happiness. "We have energies we must spend. Dissatisfaction drives us. Suicides are people in whom the source of energy isn't strong enough to overcome lucidity" ("Boulez to the Attack." *Newsweek*, October 11, 1971). That is a provocative explanation, but it certainly fails to explain Sylvia Plath. It seems that in her, energy and lucidity were superbly matched. Perhaps the immensity of them both was simply too great to be contained. Perhaps they required an explosion, a final, fatal climax that would not suffer denouement. Perhaps the wonder is that she resisted so long.
For Fifty Years of Music: For Seymour Swets

for the wisdom of Yaroslav in deciding to fashion
in the broad fields the magnificent gates & then
the city Kiev & for its consecration choosing
the immense dark & gold & lovely Saint Sophia

for the apostolic coincidences that bring
dozens together into one for the verity
that bread is indeed torn flesh that wine
is blood that we eat it & drink it & it is His

for after seven years the unexpected release
of the idiot or the immense discovery of small
& slowly found out stars or dreams that are not
rehearsed & cannot be written down or remembered

for the color of the apples & the taste of the sweet
milk for the large grapes & cool waters for the still
of the blue of the mountain that turns into the sky
or the small purple flowers that become honey

for slim wire bridges that grow down & thick & across
wide stretches of open sea for the birds making
the great northern migration for the lights
shimmering like thin icebergs in the crisp midnight & winter

for small red clay dolls or colors that make up the light
that gives the face & portrait shadows & humanity for this
& for the sound divinities that brood & govern here
for Zion that is coming & these latest years

for fifty years at least of music let us sing

robert d swets
Moving to the City
1. the going there

The men with rooster's bodies
are feeding the earth soup-can labels,
they think it is a goat.
Muscle women the color of squirrels
are shuffling among the trees
hiding a supply of nuts.
It is night, I think
but there is some doubt,
the Russians claim it is only September.
And who's to tell nowadays
what with no money to buy newspapers
and the sun going on week-long drunks.
The earth stands like a smudge-pot
on a country road,
tonight it will be stolen by bored juveniles
who will light their firecrackers with it.
The hills are the color of hiding pheasants,
but all the pheasants are dead,
and so there is no use shooting them anymore.
We all stay in our bedrooms,
with walls painted with muzak,
shooting dye into our veins and turning purple.
A girl with one breast on her shoulder
and one on her forehead
is telling a dirty story
about the witch and her broom.
We are laughing, most of us,
the men with the rooster's bodies are crowing.
It's been a long time since we heard crowing,
it sounds like a siren in the night,
it must mean something.

2. the coming back

Off where the tree meets the road
and the color yellow
and the word heaven
meet and talk with each other,
there men have wombs
and women lead their tribes
in hear-long festivals
of making love
and playing music with the stars.
The fireplaces glow green
from the fuel of dollar bills.
Silver coins are pounded into rings,
Rembrandts are traded for bags of rice
and all the billboards have poems.
The automobiles all drive backwards
make funny noises and tip over,
it is a crack up.
It is April.
It is always dawn,
and you may ring the cathedral bells
if you are happy.
The tree of life will be found growing
in the waiting room of a nearby hospital.
Men will eat grass and leaves,
and smoke a tobacco of health,
and computers with crooks in their arms
will watch us all like sheep.

3. Sitting and waiting for a real breakfast cereal

Have you ever been to a country fair?
They grease a tall pole
and tell you to shinny up.
Then they light your coat on fire,
and tell you, "make it to the top, boy,
and we'll put out the fire."
And if you make it to the top
they'll give you a free boat, a new car,
a million dollars, a trip to Hawaii,
a new woman every night,
and all the booze you can drink
forever.
Have you ever been to a country fair?

Hubert VanTol
Fathoming Kael

by John Ottenhoff


Virginia Woolf's axiom that the cinema was a "case of the savages' beginning not with two bars of iron working up to Mozart but with grand pianos nothing to play" would have to be amended to Pauline Kael's critical perception of film; the savages do know a tune: the jingling cash register class Culture. And though those savages infrequently stumble upon a tune that can be termed in the tradition of Mozart, most of their songs go no farther than those jingles.

Despite this condescending view of film artistry, the Kael has continued over the past decades to write some of the most astute film criticism. Rather than apologizing for the state of this subject, she is quite open about it: films are trash. Sometimes people learn something from them and occasionally a film shows something, but generally films are to entertain and to make money for some entrepreneurs; seldom do they go any deeper than that.

From these assumptions, then, Pauline Kael's criticism over the past years has favored the entertaining, made-in-the-Hollywood-tradition film. Social and Mass Cultural implications of film we more attention than the techniques that make those films (technique is mainly technology Kael); and those that would intellectualize—in analysis and in criticism—are scorned for their inability to discern the trash and shallow material that the most movies.

Deeper into Movies, Kael's fourth collection of reviews (after I Lost it at the Movies, Kiss Kiss Bang, and Going Steady), presents more of the same "social-viewing" and "film-as-Mass Culture" perspective, but also something more. "I think we have more to say now; I hope there's more to be said because I think that's what is needed." Noting that Deeper into Movies (covering film from late 1969 through early 1972) includes reviews of such films as They Shoot Horses, Don't They?, Little Murders, Straw Dogs, Carnal Knowledge, A Clockwork Orange, and The Godfather, one must agree that Kael's concern for "more depth" is warranted. She rightly has

... become very uneasy about the widespread turn-on-the-excitement-of-film approach. I try to use my initial responses to explore not only what a movie means to me, but what it may mean to others: to get at the many ways in which movies, by affecting us on sensual and primitive levels, are a supremely pleasurable—and dangerous—art form.

Of course, people have been concerned about the "dangerous" aspects of motion pictures for years (including the Christian Reformed Church in its 1926 edict on "Worldly Amusements"), but Kael's concern is qualitatively different and solidly based on her apparent aesthetic preference for "fulfilling entertainment." Though she is always alert to aspects of films that glorify the insensitive, and though she often bemoans the nihilistic vision of many films, Kael does not seek the prohibition of realistic violence and sex that so many "decent" people cry for. (Regarding sex, she finds it hilarious that "entertaining sex, in the courts, is redeemed by poor sociology.") Any "controversial" subject, if handled with respect for actors and audiences and with a measure of skill and innovation, can produce the entertaining, satisfying films that Kael seeks.

Kael's major contention in Deeper into Movies, then, is that movies over the past two years have become more brutal and less fulfilling, not necessarily because of their subjects, but because of their directors' increasing disrespect for audiences. Kael's reviews document a trend toward a depressing and hopeless vision in films; writing on Easy Rider, she shows this trend to be in opposition to
the viewers’ general concern to be “relaxed and refreshed” by movies.

But because most of the time we come out slugger and depressed, I think we care far more now about the reach for something. We’ve simply spent too much time at movies made by people who didn’t enjoy themselves and who didn’t respect themselves or us, and we rarely enjoy ourselves at their movies anymore.

Kael’s aesthetic base for criticism here, as in most of her writing, seems to rest very much on personal taste; she tries to broaden her judgment, though, stating that

There’s something vital to enjoyment which we haven’t been getting much of. Playfulness? Joy? Perhaps even honest cynicism? What’s missing isn’t anything as simple as talent; there’s lots of talent, even on TV. But the business conditions of movie-making have soured the spirit of most big movies.

In her review of Tell Them Willie Boy is Here, Kael’s lament for the failing vision of American films touches on the philosophical formulations of a bitter nation. In this film, a brittle Indian-Western adventure, she sees a message that Americans are ugly and brutal and hypocritical, a message that “keeps telling us there’s nothing for us to do but commit genocidalicide.” And beyond that, she says,

At the movies this year, I’ve sometimes had the feeling that audiences respond so intensely and with such satisfaction to paranoid visions, because they believe that America is collapsing and that they can’t stop the apocalypse, so they might as well get it to happen sooner and get their fears confirmed and have it over with.

Although Kael’s concern for the vision of American films is useful and necessary to a perceptive, critical approach to films today, lack of an apparent aesthetic basis more so than “satisfying entertainment” and her treatment of a film as something other than complete, unified artistic whole contribute to noticable critical blindspots. Her reviews of two of the most successful and often the most commercial films of last year, A Clockwork Orange and The Godfather, show some of the shortcomings in her critical style, especially in terms of the “rugged” aspects of the film.

The review of Stanley Kubrick’s A Clockwork Orange makes the accusation that the film is “literally-minded in its sex and brutality, Teutonic in its humor”; it “might be the work of a strict, exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy.” And throughout the review, entitled “Stanley Strangelove,” Kael denigrates Kubrick as one who is “sucking up to thugs in the audience,” using as the basis of her argument Kubrick’s alteration of the main character from the Anthony Burgess novel and, in his manipulative directorial style.

There is much truth to Kael’s allegations that Kubrick does make the violence of the vicious more glamorous than the violence of social but in her haste to attribute the worst motives Kubrick and mourn the social consequences of the film, Kael hedges on, and even ignores, much of the aesthetic worth of the film. For instance, rather than seeing Kubrick’s stylization of violence as a distancing device, she immediately assumes that violence becomes a “sensual pleasure” that the audience revels in that violence; but this is not the audience’s reaction, for violence in the film is more complex and hardly attractive. It seems, then, that in this review, Kael’s need to argue primarily the social aspects of the film, willingness to use Burgess’ book as a yardstick for Kubrick’s work, and her obvious personal dislike for Kubrick all show the weakness of her “so catch-all” critical approach in comparison to more objective and aesthetic critical approach which consider the work as a comp. unified, artistic whole.

In contrast, Kael praises the immensely popular and immensely violent The Godfather as a “good example of how the best popular movies come of a merge of commerce and art.” In her review, entitled “Alchemy,” she focuses on the obvious pleasing scope of the film: the excellent establishment of place, time, and the Italian subculture, the grand acting of Marlon Brando and his supporting cast; and she accepts the obviously puny part of the film that

In The Godfather we see organized crime as an object lesson symbolic extension of free enterprise and govern. policy, an extension of the worst in America—it’s ruthlessness. Organized crime is not a reflection Americanism, it’s what we fear Americanism to be.
urrently she seems to miss that the millions of people who paid their dollars for *The Godfather* saw each time the Corleone family killed an enemy, and that the film's violence was acceptable to audiences, both in terms of the presentation and the value structures of the film. A person who realizes the full implications of *The Godfather* recognizes the ultimate sympathy generated by directorial choices for the Corleone family; but, contrary to Kael's perception, the person who realizes the full implications of *A Clockwork Orange* is someone other than a thug "sucked up to" by Kubrick.

The case may be overstated in these two films, the point remains that Kael's method of filmism, her attention to film first as entertainment and second as an artistic whole, often limits her final vision of her reviews. The violence of *A Clockwork Orange* and *The Godfather* must be judged by a reviewer, but ultimately that person makes sense only in the context of the technique of the films.

The major reason for the declining interest in film, which Kael is the corporate structure of the film industry and the overwhelming concern of film entrepreneurs to latch on to something that will sell. In the essay "Numbing the Audience," Kael likens the recent media-hyping of movies as the new language of the young-hip generation to the con games of large circulation magazines for girls in which the ads and editorials are not at all distinguished; the point is that movie companies are trying to develop new customers, like the tobacco companies when they sent free cartons to the soldiers in the Second World War, to get them hooked on cigarettes.

But implicit in Kael's criticism are the limitations that have hindered film viewing for so long. By not taking the film as a valid artistic object in itself—a complex of images, sounds, words, rhythms, and ideas, all of equal importance—Kael, and most viewers, do not do justice to film's complexity. And, ultimately, the social implications with which Kael concerns herself, and which are indeed important, become more meaningful when viewers understand the way filmmakers use the elements of their craft. Though Kael is probably right that economics rule most of the motion picture industry, that most of what is today called "film" is commercialized trash, and that "the savages" are only playing their grand pianos for money, there is art being created worthy of our concern.

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*Your Absence*  
*(Knollcrest, May 1971)*

Your absence defines itself most sharply where the shadows are not, against hot concrete or the immaculate grass. The other inmates are cordial, but uncommitted.

We live cautiously here, never pressing the seamless buildings to a limit, making our own marketplaces, an ersatz Paris.

The absence of you is numbing, it is a familiar spirit with me now, nearly substantial in a breeze over soft skin, sitting on the manicured lawn.

Early heat stretches the visible flesh:
legs, soft behinds, wry smiles, breasts perfect as spring, eyes laden with empty invitation, sudden knowledge.

Your absence disappears beneath my hand, it will not be held so, nor be easily incarnate in any kiss.

David Timmer
Fall 1972 faculty colloquium was devoted to new developments in the social sciences. Of five papers presented from the departments of history, political science, sociology, economics, and psychology, two are presented here.

ECONOMICS
by George Monsma

It was suggested by the committee that we begin our talks by defining our disciplines. There's an old story that says if you ask any two economists a question about economic policy, you'll get three different answers. It is much the same with definitions of economics; these range from Jacob Viner's "economics is what economists do" to long essays that would take more than my allotted fifteen minutes to read. I think the best concise definition is that economics is the study of scarcity and the choices individuals and societies have to make in the face of this scarcity. (That is, society can't meet all of the wants of all persons and must choose in some way to allocate resources between various goods and various people in the society. This can be done centrally or by a decentralized system, but it must be done in some way.)

Methodologically, economics proceeds as other forms of inquiry by abstracting certain data and combining them into models which will hopefully give insights into the workings of an actual economy. In some cases models attempt to portray the workings of the economy and in some cases they illustrate an "ideal" situation and use it to shed light on an existing economy by means of comparisons. (Of course, any such "ideal" system is very dependent on the value judgments of the author of the model.) Those models which are supposed to shed light directly on a given economic system (for example, by predicting the results of a certain action such as a tax cut of $1 million) are then subjected to empirical testing when possible. Unfortunately this is often hard to do, for controlled experiments (often any experiments) are usually impossible. Rather, the economist must work with data thrown out by the economy in its progress, or lack of progress, over time in which many things are changing at the same time. This has led to the development of a branch of economics called econometrics that deals with the use of statistics to test and further refine the models. While new and more complicated techniques are constantly being developed for this purpose, this is neither the time nor the place to go into them.

An allied trend in the field is that the models, as they become more complex, are using more complex and powerful mathematical techniques. There are certainly advantages to the science in these trends, but there are some dangers as well. While mathematics and statistics are useful in developing
and testing models, in these days of much data and high-powered computers there is a danger that instead of developing a model and going to a body of data to test it, the process will be attempted the other way around—that is, masses of data will be blindly thrown into a computer, correlations between certain variables will be seen, and a model built around these observed interactions. The danger in this is that the standard statistical tests then have no validity for testing that model with that data. And it is also very likely that if hundreds of possible interactions are checked (which is easy to do these days) at least several spurious correlations will appear to be statistically significant. If these are then used as the building blocks for a model, the results may be very misleading! (Testing with an independent set of data should show the mistakes, but in economics truly independent data is hard to find.) I think this is fairly well recognized by economists today, but some errors of this type are still made. This caution holds for other fields that are using statistics to test and help in the development of their models as well. Of course, it also should be noted that statistics can never prove a model correct—they can only disprove it by being inconsistent with it or support it by being consistent with it. They cannot prove the model correct because there are generally many different possible explanations of the relationships found in a set of statistics. Unfortunately this is sometimes forgotten by practitioners of economics and other fields. In sum, methodological changes have been evolutionary rather than revolutionary and contain both promise and potential danger.

Rather than isolating particular results and refinements of the models of economics, I would like next to discuss a recent change in emphasis in the scope of "orthodox" economic inquiry and two attacks on the basic "orthodox" models used by most economists.

One of the major developments of the last ten years has been a renewal of interest and work of economists in the field of the distribution of income between individuals. This field had been relatively neglected by most economists in the 30's, 40's, and 50's, in large part, I think, in reaction to the attempts of earlier economists to derive an objective, "scientific" standard for the best income distribution for a society. Economists in the 30's and following years saw that the question could not be answered objectively—that it involved value judgments. However, they felt that efficiency in the allocation of resources was an objective goal and that they could derive "scientific" policies in this area that all rational persons must accept. Thus they concentrated in this area in an attempt to develop a "true" (that is, perfectly objective) science. While I agree that the correct income distribution is bound up in value judgments, I think efficiency as a goal is similarly bound, although there is more unanimity on value judgments. But more importantly, I think economist can and should continue to study effects of certain policies, broad and narrow, the distribution of income and thus provide decision makers and citizens with the information they need to make intelligent policy choices in line with their value judgments. For example, they should study how inflation and unemployment affect the distribution of income, especially the income of low income persons. There is fortunately work being done in this area today, but still needs to be done.

The first of the two attacks on the basic assumptions which I would like to discuss comes from Kenneth Galbraith. The "orthodox" economic models take consumer desire for goods as given. They do not inquire into the origins of desire, how the economic system itself effects them. This has been attacked by Galbraith and others and is a key element in his model as given.
Affluent Society and The New Industrial

The orthodox models assume that firms try to maximize profits by producing what the consumers want. Galbraith says the corporations are in control of technocrats are mainly interested in maintaining and controlling their enterprises, and that to avoid risks they achieve their ends by influencing consumer needs to fit their plans. This influence is real in an affluent society, says Galbraith, where man's intense wants are already most of his income is available to be spent on real wants. Galbraith also says that to avoid and achieve their goals the firms also build cases with government. (For example, the military/industrial complex and such government art of research and development as the Lock.

I don't agree fully with Galbraith by any means. I think particularly that corporations have less of their markets in most areas and that profit motive is more powerful than Galbraith I say, but I think he is right in maintaining that the system itself creates wants. If this is to a considerable extent it puts much of the economic discussion of the efficiency of market systems on shaky ground.

Another attack on the basic orthodox models come in recent years form the so-called "economists. I don't have time to go into all about their views, and a summary is hard to use their views are not uniform; they range from anarchists to utopian socialists to neo.

One thing they do have in common is the attack traditional economics for basically dictating the present system and proposing only "gains" changes in policies in an attempt to solve conditions. I think this challenge is impor-

What are the factors which have led Deese to accept a pluralistic view of psychology? It seems to me this is one of the basic themes of his brief book. First of all, the specific problems which psychologists attempt to study are widely different. Thus, Deese writes, "Indeed, psychological problems are so varied that it is a question as to whether there is such a thing as a single discipline of psychology. The investigation of human personality and the investigation of the lower brain centers in the rat clearly require radically different techniques and draw on widely varying traditions."

A second reason for acknowledging the pluralistic nature of psychology is that there is no single unifying psychological theory. Deese argues that theory and fact are inextricably linked in science. Where there are unifying theories, as there have been in physics, you may have a unified science, but this is not the case in psychology. Laying the groundwork for student viewpoints in his own introductory textbook published in 1967, Deese writes,

"I think what is new in psychology, first of all, is a growing readiness on the part of psychologists to accept the fact that our discipline does not consist of a single unified field of knowledge but rather a diverse field confronting many quite different problems and using a wide variety of methods."

If you were attending an introductory psychology class, and your professor explained to you that psychology was the science of behavior, and that it used the experimental method to develop a body of information concerning human behavior, you would tend to think that you were being introduced to a unified scientific perspective on man. The subject matter of the science as well as its basic method seem to be specified. And that's the way the majority of psychologists have talked until recently. What's new is a readiness to acknowledge a pluralism with respect to the subject matter and the methods of psychology.

In his book, Psychology as Science and Art, published last spring, James Deese of Johns Hopkins University concludes, "Psychology is a patchwork alliance of very different intellectual enterprises."

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There is, in fact no general theory of mind that is comprehensive enough to describe or account for anything but trivial portions of the factual material we now have. . . . It is simply pretense to assert that any theory or combination of theories now in existence provides a coherent, logical and empirically correct
account of any considerable portion of the facts now available. The principle justification for this book—yet another textbook among many—is that it has been written with an effort to avoid the pretense of general explanation where none worthy of the name exists.

The third reason compelling a pluralistic view in psychology is that the different problems to which psychology addresses itself demand different methodologies and techniques for their study. When Woodworth prepared his classic text in Experimental Psychology, he made it quite clear that experimental psychology is psychology. What we know about man as psychologists is the information accumulated from experiments, and what we can expect to learn in the future in the broad scope of our inquiry will likewise be the result of the extensive use of this basic method.

Above all, it is this limiting of psychology to one method which Deese questions. "Psychology is in a state of crisis," he insists. "That crisis has revealed itself ominously in the growing distrust in the scientific method generally and in the experimental method in particular." Ever since its beginning as a distinct academic discipline under the direction of Wilhelm Wundt at the University of Leipzig, psychology has attempted to model its procedures after the experimental methods used in the physical sciences. Beginning with the study of sensation and perception, where it worked very well, this method has been extended to the investigation of learning and memory and concept formation. Experimentation has also been applied to social psychology and the study of personality. I can recall when I first taught a course in developmental psychology, I was surprised to realize that this was quite a distinct field because it concentrated on the careful observation of developing processes rather than experimentation. But the pressure has great in this field also to apply the experimental method. Thus, the past few years have seen establishment of a series of new journals e Experimental Child Psychology, Experimental Social Psychology, and so on.

Now I have been arguing that what is necessary in psychology is a realization that there are probably many valid ways of investigating the subject matter of psychology. The experimental method, though splendid one, is only one of the possible methods. Why must the experimentalist recognize that this is so?

Deese suggests at least two reasons. The first involves the problem of the generalization of results of experiments. When experiments devised to study problems, particularly in the areas of personality or social interaction, the conclusions which are the heart of the experimental procedure and the experimental situation so unique conclusions based upon it can seldom be said to apply validly to the ordinary ongoing activities of human life. This never bothered me much as an experimental psychologist; I was quite willing to agree that conclusions drawn from a particular experiment were largely relevant to that experimental setting alone. More than that I would hesitate to claim. If that is the case, Deese argues, then you must recognize that there is a real need for ways other than experimentation of gathering useful information. And as a matter of fact there are other ways. Jean Piaget has revolutionized developmental psychology with seemingly careful observations of his own children. There are no careful controls in these observations, delineation of dependent and independent variables, no extensive statistical analyses, yet n
The following quotation from Deese further expresses this point and also shows the increasing influence of linguistics on psychology.

A few years ago some linguists demonstrated to psychologists that one could answer penetrating psychological questions about the nature of human language without experimentation or even the explicit collection of data in the statistical tradition of psychology. The initial reaction of many experimental psychologists was to say that what these linguists were doing was not science. It was not science because it could not be found in the laboratory and it did not seem to lead to the laboratory. It was not science because there was nothing to which one would apply statistics. Linguists showed, for example, that some important theories on the way in which people inferred sentences could be ruled out simply by virtue of the fact that there are, in many languages of the world, what linguists call "discontinuous constituents." These are constructions in which two parts of a clause or some other linguistic element are separated by intervening constructions. There is, in general, no hint to the number of constructions that may intervene. The existence of discontinuous constituents in the very general case, coupled with certain fundamental facts about language (such as that no rules govern the length of sentences), rules out some very powerful, implicit theories on how human beings might generate sentences. These theories were important to psychologists because they were very close to those that had been dominant in the psychology of language and verbal learning for a generation. Most psychologists have been taught to assume that experimentation and evidence of a statistically reliable and acceptable nature should be the sole criteria for the elimination of theories. They are not accustomed to the possibility of showing the existence of a possible mode of thinking or behavior or a possible linguistic construction could exist at itself be of enormous theoretical importance. Some facts about human behavior and thinking are so obvious that they scarcely need a laboratory experiment to demonstrate them, and they may be far more important than the facts that come out of the laboratory.

What is new in psychology? I think first of all increasing willingness to acknowledge a variety of researches is new and very important. However, is one other "new" development which I would like to talk about, and that is the reemergence of mind. The reigning goal of much of psychology for several decades has been to concen-tration in social psychology which illustrate this, but I will refer to experiments in verbal conditioning. These experiments center around the question: Will the subject learn to use certain words more frequently when these verbal responses are reinforced or reinforced? The subject is asked to make sentences. For each sentence he is given a verb and asked to select a pronoun subject from a number of possibilities. If he constructs his sentence using first person pronouns, for example, he is rewarded by the experimenter's saying unobtrusively "Mm-hm" or "good." The number of first person pronouns used tends to increase. Following such experiments, subjects were questioned to determine whether they were aware of the conditions of reward. Early reports indicated that subjects were unaware of what was going on; therefore, there had been learning—in this case a change in behavior—without subject awareness. This was sometimes considered a model of how verbal learning may occur. According to the model, verbal responses may be changed by manipulating the reinforcement, and the subject need not be conscious of what is happening or why.

Other investigators began to question this learning-without-awareness. It turned out that experimenters had been questioning their subjects rather perfunctorily and that when a careful sequence of questions was designed to assess the subject's awareness, those whose verbal behavior had changed turned out to have formulated some ideas about the situation which were guiding their responses. Experiments of this sort have generated further controversy, but they do serve to illustrate the point that the subject's awareness cannot be ignored.

Deese refers to experiments in social psychology in which it is fairly common to dupe or deceive the subject in certain ways. He notes, "A subject may have to invent all sorts of myths, stories, or hypotheses to account for the remarkable series of events he faces in the psychological laboratory. These hypotheses may bear no relation to what the experimenter thinks is going on in the subject's mind. But they may have some relevance to what a subject does in the experimental situation." Unless he takes into account his subject's own beliefs about his behavior in the experimental setting, the experimenter may fail completely to understand the responses he is studying. The subject's beliefs, his conceptualizations, his awareness: these begin to sound like a reemergence of mind in psychology.

Another influence in the reemergence of mind in psychology is the influence of Noam Chomsky and psycholinguistics. Chomsky seems to have forced psychologists to grant that the behavior repertoire that an individual demonstrates in speaking is too varied, too creative, and as a result, too vast to have been accumulated in Stimulus—Response fashion during an individual's lifetime. Chomsky
justly takes this to be an argument for postulating more complex mechanisms at a deeper level of human function, mechanisms that are capable of constructing new responses. In his rather devastating review of Skinner's recent book *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, Chomsky shows the futility of attempting to discuss behavior or, surely, the nature of man without utilizing a concept referring to some inner structure which generates ideas and behavior.

Deese regards the "revival of mind" as reflecting "a genuine intellectual change."

In part it reflects the realization that behavior is only an outward manifestation of what really counts. . . . Consciousness, the continuity and organization of perception, memory and language, and the feeling of knowing and willing are emergent phenomena that arise from the organization of the body cells. Psychology in the contemporary view is the study of these emergent systems, and the term "mind" is as good as any to describe them in totality.

What I have said here boils down to two trends in psychology—a recognition of a plural in psychology and a new concern with "mind. . . ."

I think briefly about some of the implications of these developments.

Recognition of the diverse nature of psychology leaves lots of room for differing viewpoints in field and calls for a departmental faculty prepared to investigate and appreciate different perspectives. It allows for our particular religious perspective with other perspectives in the understanding of man.

The revived stress upon the importance of individual beliefs in understanding human behavior encourages us at Calvin College in our conviction that the careful nurture and developing of "minds" in biblical values, attitudes, and truth potential be a vital contribution to effectuating the purpose of God for men behaving in the world.

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ashes . . .

eternal
sinews
bend
flex
hurtle with
quivering thunder
essence being born

the mighty arm
relaxes holding
still for yet
another inbreath of
creative binge

formless rush now
nears the line of
time

passing close is
cought and

target waves reach
inside out and back
beyond

time ponders this
intrusion
wondering
standing almost
still

reflection
only
moving

mind and stuff
and
together
eternity again
stride now
bestirs with
west
mighty engine
empty quiver hovers
quivers send
time glows brilliant
across the line
eternal wanderings
their
grow dim
thunderous

the building now of
wave
wood
lifting
stone
shooting
bone
soaring
glistens
shouting
barter
blasting
smarter
two three storeys?

but cracks appear too
fine to hear

vague shadows hover
eternal
over candle glow
sinews
until bright is
growing dim
their
all imagined

buildings march
eternal
is stationed to
sinews
be
mend
chained by
relax
time
lies still

Lambert VanPoolen
FINE ARTS FESTIVAL RULES FOR 1973

VERAL RULES:
1) All entries must be original works, either whole works or
2) portions of works-in-progress. Works-in-progress may be interpreted
3) as a chapter or two of a novel in progress, a canto or book
4) in epic poem, a fully developed act of a major-length drama, a
5) major act of a nonfictional prose work, a major section of
6) an epic poem, a fully developed act of a major-length drama, a
7) major act of a nonfictional prose work, a major section of
8) or a musical work. In all such cases a synopsis of the remainder of
9) whole work-in-progress must be submitted with the portion.
10) It is permissible to enter a work which has been submitted
11) for consideration in previous competitions, or exhibited as a result.
12) The entries must show evidence not only of high artistic
13) but also of the artist’s commitment to the Christian tradition
14) defined by the College. It is not the purpose of this rule of
15) skilful or artistic intent and performance but to encourage
16) meaningful expression of the artist’s commitment.
17) Any orchestral composition entered should be accompanied
18) by a piano reduction of the score.
19) Music and the writer of the text if they are not the same
20) will be judged by the Fine Arts Guild. It is not the purpose of this rule to
21) reserve the right to withhold prizes for any reason if no entries
determine are received.
22) Fine Arts Guild assumes no responsibility for the loss of or
23) age to entries. Every effort will be made to return all works
24) Any work which does not meet these regulations will be
25) cted out-of-hand.
26) Student works which are not picked up at the designated
time will be entered in the Fine Arts Festival office.
27) Entrants must be bona fide students in good standing at
28) conference or exhibited as a result.
29) All entries must be written in black ink on concert size,
30) 2) Entry for the Fine Arts Festival: Poetry. (Or prose, or nonfiction,
31) between the staves. Scripts may dictate any type of drama.
32) Each entrant must submit a 3x5” card bearing his name and
33) of the work is to be performed to the Fine Arts Guild office,
34) underwerp Hall basement, by April 13.
35) The time allowed for each entrant’s performance will be
36) minutes; this will include the introduction time.
37) In the case of a performance involving more than one person
38) time limit will be fifteen minutes.
39) Entrants will be notified of the date of the performance at
40) which time they will secure two copies of the material to be read.
41) Specific Rules for Music Composition
42) 1) All entries must be written in black ink on concert size,
43) 8½x11” typing paper.
44) 2) Submit the original and one copy as if it were prose (see
45) rules 1,3,4,5, and 6, immediately above) with the exception that the
46) envelope is to be marked: “Entry for the Fine Arts Festival: Poetry.” (Or prose, or nonfiction, as the case may be).
47) Do not place your name on the original of your written
48) work. The name, address, and title of each work are to be
49) printed on the duplicate of each copy.
50) 5) This category includes only religious songs suitable for use in
51) worship services.
52) 6) Emphasis will be placed on contemporary music and lyrics.
53) 7) The deadline for submission of entries is April 13, in the
54) Fine Arts Guild Office.

SPECIFIC RULES FOR THE VISUAL ARTS
1) Works may be entered in any of the following five divisions:
a) sculpture and ceramics, b) crafts (enamelieing, weaving, macrame,
b) batik, jewelry), c) graphics (drawings and prints), d) photography, e)
painting.
2) All paintings must be framed and ready to be hung, except
watercolors, prints, and drawings, which must be hinged-matted. All
other works must be ready for display. All photographs must be
mounted.
3) A card bearing the name of the artist, medium, title, and
price must be attached to the upper right hand corner on the back
of the art work. (It may be marked NFS).
4) In the photography division, darkroom work must be done
by Calvin students. If the darkroom work is done by someone other than
the photographer, the names of both the photographer and the
darkroom worker must appear on the entry card.
5) The deadline for entries is March 15. The Fine Arts Guild
Office in Vanderwerp Hall basement will be open from 10 am to 4
pm March 14 and 15.
6) There is a limit of ten total entries per student, with no more
than six entries in one of the five separate Visual Arts categories.
7) The proper form must be filled out at the Fine Arts Guild
office at the time of submission.

SPECIFIC RULES FOR DRAMA
1) All scripts must be typewritten in triplicate, double-spaced
between speeches, single-spaced within speeches.
2) Submit the original and one copy as if it were prose (see
rules 1,3,4,5, and 6, immediately above) with the exception that the
envelope is to be marked: “Entry for the Fine Arts Festival: Drama.”
3) Presentation of the script should require a period no longer
than one hour. Drama must be submitted to Fine Arts Guild by
April 15.
4) Scripts must be written for dramatic presentation rather than
for reading. Scripts may dictate any type of drama.
5) The first-prize winner must be prepared to have his play
produced during the Fine Arts Festival week and will not be the
director.

SPECIFIC RULES FOR CREATIVE DANCING
1) The time limit for each performance is not to exceed fifteen
minutes.
2) Each artist or group of artists must fill out the proper forms
in the Fine Arts Guild office, Vanderwerp Hall basement, by March 22.

SPECIFIC RULES FOR FILM
1) The length limit for films is one-half hour.
2) Films must be submitted to Fine Arts Guild by April 13.
3) Black and white, color, eight-millimeter and 16-millimeter
films will be judged in a single category.