

PRISM

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Tusker

by
David Seal

The following is from an early section of a novel called variously *Tusker*, *Requiem for a Rogue*, or *The Trumpets Shall Sound*. The indeterminate title reflects the indeterminate status of the book, now making its rounds among New York publishing houses.

In this section, we meet E.E. Cole, a history professor from a small Northwest university who has decided that his sabbatical will be a good chance to enter history rather than observe it. His method of entry is the usual: murder. His cause, however, merits some consideration. He has decided to kill selectively, to kill people who kill elephants. I call him an "ecological terrorist."

He makes his point several times over, in Africa, Hong Kong, and Texas, then turns himself in. The rest of the novel explores his fate, as he collides first with an elephantine prison chaplain (female), then with his soul, and finally with the animals themselves.

Along with my colleague Chuck Bergman, I wish to explore the roles that animals—the part of God's creation that doesn't need the cross—have in our lives.

★ ★ ★

That night, too, Cole saw his first elephants of the week.

He had just awakened when he heard a loud growl. It hadn't seemed to be the only one he'd heard. The others, however, had seemed part of a dream. In the dream he was lecturing. Suddenly, the lights went out—it was an evening class—and there was anxious movement in the room, followed by loud roars outside the windows. The lions have come, thought Cole. What do they want to hear, he'd wondered.

And when he awoke, his first thoughts were of lions.

He lay there quietly. The moon was flush in his face, high overhead, so it must have been about one.

And then he heard it:

a munching, crunching sound. He slowly turned his head to the left. His heart was beating hard.

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Through The Prism

Through the teaching of foreign languages and literatures, the Division of Humanities has long exhibited an international orientation. Now every department and every arena—teaching, research, cultural programs—shows signs of the extensive connections humanities faculty and students have made with the world community. This issue of *Prism* illustrates some of those connections, in particular African travels and reflections by three faculty colleagues.

Sabbatical leaves provide essential intellectual transfusions on a periodic basis; and increasingly, sabbatical projects send humanities researchers to other countries. Audrey Eyster, whose interest in Irish studies we see documented by a new publication, spent part of last year in Ireland exploring the roots of Anthony West's authorship. Sew Gowig, whose '88-89 study project takes him to Australia and Asia, still draws profitably on the experience of teaching at a Tanzanian seminary during his last sabbatical, as the article summarized here reveals. In 1987-88, Bob Stivers traveled to Africa, Central America, and the Far East, to gather contemporary perspectives for his teaching and writing in religious ethics. His essay on Uganda supplies a snapshot of a fractured—yet surprisingly optimistic society.

PLU exchange and study abroad programs regularly attract the participation of division members. Gloria Martin teaches an Interim course—"Innocents Abroad"—in London and Paris. Her essay on the American author and critic William Dean Howells, points to his role as an interpreter of European literature. David Seal served as an exchange professor at Zhongshan University in southern China in 1985 before undertaking extensive travel on three continents to research a novel about elephants. The novel excerpt included in this issue takes place in Tanzania.

Other colleagues have extended our global ties during the past two years: George Arbaugh directed the London program, Roberta Brown dug into seventeenth century archives in France, Ken Christopherson led the 1988 PLU contingent to Chengdu University in the People's Republic of China, Paul Menzel worked at the Centre for Health Economics in England, Rochelle Snee researched Greek colonies in Italy, Rodney Swenson immersed himself in the city and culture of Berlin, and Audun Toven administered a language camp in western Norway.

Visiting professors from abroad also enrich our campus learning environment. This year Vilhjalmur Arnason, a philosopher from the University of Reykjavik, inaugurates a new exchange agreement between PLU and his institution—an agreement which sends Gunnulf Myrbo to teach in Iceland during the 1989 spring semester. And through the generosity of the United Board for Christian Higher Education in Asia we welcome Pen-shui Liao and Shu-fang Liang from Soochow University in Taipei. Their presence makes it possible for us to expand course offerings in Chinese art, language, and literature. The

Distinguished Writer in Residence program is often a source of multicultural expertise; our 1988 appointee was the French children's book author Noëlle de Chambrun.

Foreign films reach university and community audiences through the monthly Humanities Film Series. A fledgling East Asian program is being assisted by a planning grant from the Burlington Northern Foundation. The Scandinavian Area Studies program adds a significant dimension this year with the construction of a Scandinavian Center in the lower level of the University Center. Efforts have begun to bring foreign news broadcasts into our language classrooms via satellite dish.

Finally, the new faculty who joined us in September add welcome dimensions to this international scenario. Wei Hua, a Ph.D. candidate at the University of California, Berkeley, has assumed responsibility for our Chinese language and literature program. For Jayne Marek, an interest in twentieth-century British literature has led to the reinterpretation of colonial and commonwealth literary traditions, with women's writing serving both as catalyst for her revisionist criticism and as inspiration for her own poetry. In the writing of an important book about the economic climate in which Jesus lived and worked, Biblical scholar Douglas Oakman has traversed not only cultural space, but time and disciplinary boundaries as well. It's a pleasure to feature work by Jayne and Doug in the section entitled "New Faculty."

Just as we encourage increasing numbers of our students to study abroad, so we welcome a growing stream of international students and scholars to campus. The humanities curriculum derives vigor and diversity from these ties, and especially from the research and teaching assignments which our faculty now regularly undertake in other countries and from which they return ever better equipped to prepare students for life in a multinational twenty-first century.

The humanities have always served as a passport to essential learning; now, more than ever, they also serve as a passport to the world. ■

Janet E. Rasmussen, Dean



Etebbe

by
Robert L. Stivers

Uganda's airport at Entebbe conjures up images of hijacked planes, daring rescues, and an embarrassed and frustrated Idi Amin. Two other images better capture the current situation in Uganda. One is the Entebbe of lush greenery on the shores of fabled Lake Victoria. The other is the Entebbe of deteriorating facilities reflecting two decades of internal wars and external encumbrances.

Uganda is one of the world's rare gardens. Adam and Eve would be at home there. At sufficient altitude to temper the hot equatorial sun, plentiful rainfall and rich red soil make it the potential food basket of Africa. All this is abundantly clear on any of the three flights a week from Nairobi. On the descent the greenery is overwhelming. The lake, rich with its Nile perch, shimmers mystically in the falling sun of the early evening; or at least it did the evening that twenty-two of us studying church and third world development issues, under the auspices of Plovers Institute, arrived in early January 1988. Storks, cranes, kites, and all sorts of water birds glide, soar, and dart as the plane taxis to the tarmac.

Then the other Entebbe comes into view. AK-47-toting teenage soldiers, not adverse to drinking on the job, patrol empty and rundown concourses. Three women serving at an information desk get no questions and give no answers. Airport workers serve other airport workers limited fare at tables huddled together in the corner of a cavernous restaurant.

What all these employees do is a mystery. Certainly so many are not needed for so few commercial flights. And

maintenance is hardly a priority. The ceiling strips, which once hid the now defunct ventilation system, hang askew or are gone altogether. Faucets are dry. Toilets don't flush. The place is seedy, a shell of its former self, if vacant airline ticket counters still bearing the names of a dozen world airlines are any indication of a better day. To put it simply, Entebbe does not work; and, more generally, the modern sector in Uganda, as in so many other third world countries, is a shambles. The combination of colonial paternalism, outside agitation, ruinous debt, and prolonged civil war make the maintenance of a technical infrastructure impossible.

Uganda's woes do not end at the airport exit. The wars have seriously depleted livestock numbers. Agricultural research has stopped. Hybrid seeds are unknown. The spread of AIDS is alarming. While statistics are unreliable, there are indications of a coming AIDS epidemic which could rival the civil wars in terms of death and misery.

Worst of all is the continuing legacy of hatred left by internal strife. Rumors of war continue to filter in from the northern part of the country, where the once dominant Acholis have been pushed back to a few strongholds. These enclaves of resistance threaten to expand, or such is the testimony of a self-exiled Acholi living in Nairobi. Breathing revenge against the current head of state, Yoweri Museveni, he insisted that dissident elements were arming all over Uganda. His fiery rhetoric was only slightly more viruperative than that of southern Ugandans for the former masters Idi Amin, Milton Obote, and Basilio Olara Okello. While the expatriate's claims may have been more imagination and bombast than reality, his passion revealed a source of the violence which is not far beneath the Ugandan surface.

Given all this, it is a wonder that Ugandans can be so full of hope, and, like the soil itself, so resilient. Fortunately, they have had that first Entebbe of lush greenery and traditional, but simple, agriculture to fall back on and sustain them through one crisis after another. The fertile countryside, capable of much more, produces enough food for adequate diets. The bloated stomachs seen in Ethiopia are not evident here. This does not mean Ugandans are rich materially or that the poorest are well fed. Far from it, but at least the popular food markets are stocked with staples, the rains produce sufficient water, and the warm weather reduces the need for elaborate housing and extra clothing. Pit toilets provide the same relief they have for centuries.

Ugandans, at least those in the southern part of the country, are even in high spirits. While the rumors of war persist, in the mode of Jeremiah they are beginning to plant trees. For the first time they are under majority rule. Runtu peoples control both the administration and the army. Except for the gun-toters at the airport and an occasional military check point easily negotiated with a nice smile, the right escort, and correct papers, southern Uganda appears peaceful. The Sheraton Hotel in Kampala has a new face without bullet holes. Contracts for a more essential project, the rebuilding of the Kampala-Jinja "road," are about to be let. Church leaders are upbeat. Kampala's elite is cautiously optimistic under Museveni's leadership.



In the Busoga Diocese of the Church of Uganda, an enterprising and urbane Dr. Tom Turna, with the aid of Bishop Cyprian K. Bawazwe's sharp wit, leads a rural project taking what he calls an "integrated approach" to development. Designed as a self-help project to improve the quality of life among the rural people of Busoga Diocese, the project addresses three critical needs:

1) greater economic self-reliance using locally available resources, 2) preventive health measures and decentralized health care facilities, and 3) better nutrition. Significantly, the project focuses on the household; stresses the training of local leadership, the absence of which Bishop Cyprian claims is the main obstacle to development; and sees women as the primary agents of development.

The primary health care project of the Y.W.C.A. in Kampala, under the able leadership of Joyce Mungherera, is emphatic about the role of women. Family health care is the central feature of this project; not so much as an end in itself, but as a means to economic recovery, development, and the training of leadership. The Y.W.C.A. project has seven divisions: nutrition, agriculture, disease control, family planning, appropriate technology, vocational training, and leadership development. Each division except agriculture is aggressively led by dedicated young women.

These projects are not panaceas, but they do speak to the new day dawning in Uganda. Even the U.S. ambassador, Robert Houdek, has encouraging words, or at least he did before Yoweri Museveni's recent trip to Cuba. There, Museveni was quoted by Ugandan newspapers as saying that Cuba is "the wave of the future." However disquieting that and Uganda's continuing flirtation with Libya may be, Museveni must be given his due. He has restored order, most importantly to the army and police. The massive and brutal violation of human rights typical of previous regimes, under whose rule hundreds of thousands were murdered, has seemingly ended. He has invited northern groups into his government. Said Ambassador Houdek: "Tell Americans this is not simply another change of regimes in Uganda, but a profound change." Now, if the tensions between Uganda and Kenya can be cleared up so that battered Libyan fuel can pass from the port of Mombassa to Kampala, the new day will have a better chance.

But the new day will need more than petrol from Libya via Mombassa. It will need what Bishop Cyprian calls "scaling up," a process of community development which starts from the bottom and builds on success. Top-down development can put up airports, but over the long haul the Emebbes of the third world will run down if they are not based on a strong rural sector using principles of integrated community development. A few churches in Uganda have begun to pay attention to the traditional sector. The conditions are ripe for Ugandan churches to plant more trees. ■

There they were: three elephants, conspicuous in the moonlight, maybe thirty feet away. They were browsing on the tops of an acacia. Lembris and the two honey-gatherers seemed asleep. Again, that very deliberate sense of elephant time. Cole began to wake up completely.

Just then, he heard a low, throaty growl again, but it came from his right, on the other side. There were several more over there. He couldn't get an accurate count for a while because the shapes were indistinct, and it was easy for young ones to become eclipsed. But there seemed to be six or seven, maybe more.

He watched for maybe twenty minutes, first one side and then the other. He had to fight tiredness, not sleep, and eyestrain. The latter persisted until he learned to content himself with a kind of general awareness, including smell and sound, rather than with detailed sight. And finally he lay back and looked at the moon, content with the stereophonic feeding sounds, low rumbles, and even growls—it was growls from elephants he was hearing, not lions. The animals seemed aware of the campsite. One big one even walked up to the thorn hedge. Cole didn't hear it. But something caught his eye—it was a trunk weaving above them, testing the air, maybe even casting a spell of sleep over the enemy it respected but wouldn't destroy. Cole watched, entranced. The others slept on.

When he awoke at dawn, the elephants were gone.

Two days later in late afternoon, Lembris came back to camp out of breath and excited.

Cole had been boiling water that they needed immediately for the evening meal. He was tired. All day, they'd followed elephants. Keeping downwind, which was easy because the elephants walked upwind most of the early afternoon, they'd followed at a distance of 300 yards or so. Cole had slung his rifle and was all seriousness beneath his bush hat, sunglasses, and five-day beard. From time to time he took notes. The occasional tse-tse fly bite made him wince, but he was covered head to toe with khaki clothes, and had repellent on his neck and hands, and was oblivious to the sun, to the rocks he lay on, and to the obnoxious buzzing of the lesser flies.

They'd finally decided to make camp, with the herd in sight and a kilometer off. Normal routine would have found Lembris boiling water, but he knew this part of the country, and he told Cole there was often an old herd of bulls in the area. Cole dispatched him as scout, and it was only after Lembris had gone that he'd put two and two together: if there were bulls there, there might be poachers. So Lembris's intensity did not surprise him.

"Bwana, ten bulls in a gully."

"Where?"

"Two clicks away."

"You ran all the way back?"



Just then he noticed that the herd they'd been following all day, which had been moving in the same general direction, was gone.

"Where did the other herd go?"

"Caught my scent, Bwana. Moved off. No problem."

Cole noticed that the wind hadn't changed. "The hell they caught your scent. Why are they so edgy? Poachers?"

Lembris was silent. He shrugged his shoulders.

Cole didn't say anything. The muscles in his neck tightened and then he looked slowly away in the distance towards the herd. He swung his head slowly back, and looked straight at Lembris for a hard thirty seconds. Lembris met his gaze.

"You stay here," Cole said. He walked over to a log, picked up his rifle, and slung it. He had a vest with oversized pockets that he used for carrying shells, and he put that on.

"Three Somalis in a camp southeast of here."

Cole began unbuttoning his vest. "You think those are the ones the honey-gatherers saw?"

"Yes, Bwana."

"Are they onto the bulls?"

"I don't know."

Cole took out the binoculars. The honey-gatherers had been heading the other way. In another hour it would be dark.

"Water hole down there?"

"Yes."

"Will they be camped there?"

"Yes."

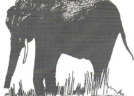
"How did the bulls look?"

"Quiet, Bwana."

He had to think quickly. He had a 300 millimeter lens. But a long lens required a lot of light.

He considered trying to reach the Somali camp before dark. If the Somalis worked at night, as he heard they did, that big herd of bulls would be a prime target. But the risk of nearing their camp now, while it was still light and the shadows were long, was prohibitive. At night, too, they'd be on their guard. And he had all the other animals that work at night to contend with. Last night they'd heard lions again.

There was one other factor. Their own campsite was exposed. Any fire would draw the Somalis. And they needed a fire to keep away predators. They'd have to move before dark.



"Lembris. We've got to move our camp. Quickly."

"Yes, Bwana Giza."

"Lembris, you've called me that for a couple of days now, but I still don't know what it means."

"Bwana Giza? It means master of the night. You take many risks, Bwana."

Cole gave him a long look, quickly shouldered his pack, and after finding a forked stick to carry the by-now boiling pot, left it to Lembris to bury the fire and clean up the site. He walked over to a small ridge, and followed the fall line down to a small gully.

When Lembris had caught up, Cole asked him to choose a site nearby, with sufficient protection from a nearby outcrop to keep them hidden. It was nearly dark now. The western sky was beginning to glow a light cherry red. The sun had set twenty minutes ago.

"Lembris, one of us has to spook those bulls."

"Spook?"

"Scare, chase away. The Somalis will be after them tonight when they come down to drink."

"Very dangerous, Bwana."

"I'll go, Lembris. Just tell me where the bulls are."

"You are foolish man, Bwana. Bulls are very dangerous. Somalis are very dangerous. Don't you want a long life?"

Cole was putting on his vest again, and began to shoulder his weapon.

"Bwana. Let me. I will go."

"No, Lembris. You may be lucky, but this is my job."

Lembris put a big hand on Cole's forearm. "I go."

Cole knew he was right. Lembris knew where the elephants were. Lembris knew his way around elephants. He could probably get the herd moving without alerting the Somalis.

"Lembris, I—"

"Very simple, Bwana. If you go, we both die. I go, we both live. With luck." And he pointed to his cross, which he wore on a piece of rawhide around his neck. He grimed.

Cole shook his hand. For a long moment their eyes met, even in the dark. Cole shivered hard out of emotion, and in embarrassment let go of Lembris's hand.

Lembris started off.

"Lembris!" Cole hissed it out. "Take the 30.06."

"No, Bwana. No need."

And he was gone.

It was dark in the gully, and Cole had to work quickly. He found some old branches that the elephants had stripped, and lit a fire. There was a large acacia nearby. Cole took one of the burning sticks and, using it as a torch, checked out the tree carefully for snakes. He then put the torch in his teeth and climbed to one of the lower branches. He checked above him for snakes again, and then hacked off some branches for a thorn hedge.

It took him a half hour, and kept his mind off Lembris. He cooked the meal as well, feeling vulnerable in case Lembris had somehow attracted the attention of the Somalis. But he'd rather be caught in the firelight by them than in the dark by something else.

Lembris finally showed up. Cole didn't even hear him coming, and he was startled by the sight of a black glistening face, and the whites of the eyes floating up in space like a conjunction of planets.

"Jambo, Bwana Giza."

"Jambo, Lembris. How did it go?"

"Not good, Bwana. I go upwind of elephants. They smell me. I hear them talk it over."

"So did they move?"

"Only a little. I not want to make noise. I throw stones at them. One of them throw something back at me." He grinned. "A branch or something. He missed."

"So they moved off?"

"Only a little. But I saw a Somali up against the sky. He knows elephants are there, that's for sure."

"He didn't see you, did he?"

"I don't think so. He maybe hear the herd move. I wait, then come back."

"You're a brave man, Lembris. Braver than I."

"I kill elephants before, Bwana."

"I fixed you some supper. Hungry?"

It was pure hell lying awake and hearing the shots. Cole had forgotten to orient himself when he'd gone to sleep, so when the moon was flush in his eyes he couldn't place the time. The moon was off to the side.

Two more shots rang out. In a burst. He couldn't remember how many were in the burst that woke him. And the elephants were trumpeting in terror. There was another burst, but Cole heard a couple of ricochets, and he hoped that meant misses.

The shooting had awakened the birds and other animals. He could hear hyenas, lions, and go-away birds, identifiable among the general cacophony. And more trumpeting. And more shots.

He didn't sleep at all the rest of the night.

Cole rolled out of bed before dawn, stirred the fire back into life, and put a pot on to boil. Nearly a week in the wilderness had made him quieter and more economical in his gestures. He let Lembris sleep, taking pride in the even rhythm of the snores that his own quiet had protected.

He drank three strong cups of coffee. The sky was barely beginning to lighten, just as Orion was rising in the east. Not only Orion, but Sirius and Canopus, the two brightest stars in the sky, the latter rarely seen in the northern hemisphere. Cole counted eight bright stars, just as the sun began to flare them out.

He then mixed up some hot cereal, and Lembris rose up of his own accord about the time it was ready. They ate in silence. Cole performed his daily ablutions while Lembris drank coffee, and when Lembris had had enough, he dumped the rest on the fire and stirred it out.

"Lembris, I want to get a good look at what they've done and what they're doing, and then get some shots."

Lembris stiffened.

"So I want to get close, and yet not be seen. Okay? We'll stash the packs. But we better take the rifles, just in case."

"Yes, Bwana Giza."



The sun was still a half hour shy of coming up, but they could see among the shadows. It was a good time to move. They stowed the packs against some rocks and piled them over them, and Lembris led the way, in a wide semicircle, first away from the Somali camp and then quietly back to it.

The sun was still a half hour shy of coming up, but they could see among the shadows. It was a good time to move. They stowed the packs against some rocks and piled them over them, and Lembris led the way, in a wide semicircle, first away from the Somali camp and then quietly back to it.

Two hundred yards away, near a waterhole which seemed dry but which undoubtedly had some sub-surface water the elephants could dig for, the Somalis were hard at work sawing ivory off the carcasses. There were three bulls on the ground. There was already a stack of four tusks on the ground beside the remains.

"I thought you said there were three Somalis," Cole whispered.

"I did."

"I count only two." He passed Lembris the binoculars. Lembris searched the area carefully.

"Only two men now, Bwana. But three rifles over there." He returned the binoculars.



Cole checked out the rifles. "Where did the other one go?"

"Maybe to pick-up point."

"I thought you said they like to stash their ivory!"

"Maybe they have. But we are close to Jongolo Road. Maybe they go get a Land Rover and haul this ivory out."

"We'll wait a while."

So they waited. The two Somalis finished sawing the tusks, and piled them with the others. They then went behind some rocks and returned with more. There were sixteen in all, counting the new ones. Most were small, in the nine kilogram range, Cole estimated. But there were several at least fifteen.

Cole took the camera out and began shooting. The sound of the shutter seemed as loud as a gunshot, so he photographed judiciously.

When his neck began to ache, he moved the camera aside and put his forehead down in the dirt. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, exhaled. All the information left him; all the facts historians collect were exhaled into the ground. He breathed in something else.

He moved his head to the side, and brushed the grit out of his forehead. A phrase came to him: "The pure sound of bone." He lifted up his head again, and looked at the bulls. The heat of the day had begun. The bones of the old bulls would soon begin to rise and reach out as the carcasses bloated; then they'd begin the slow, ineluctable decline into each other.

He breathed deeply again. And then his breath spasmed once, twice, into the rasp of a sob. Strange comfort in that rough sound. He coughed a couple of times to cover it up.

"How long would it take for that other guy to walk out to the road?"

"I don't know," replied Lembris. "Nearest part of road only fifteen clicks. Bad drive. But maybe back soon."

"Damn!" He kept his face away from Lembris.

"What's wrong?"

"I forgot my other camera. I have another one in my pack, at the bottom. It's flat, a Polaroid. Could you go back and get it?"

"Yes, Bwana."

Lembris had made it all the way back to the campsite, and had just re-covered the packs with brush after taking the camera out, when he heard the first of the shots.

Lembris got back to the observation point on the run. Cole was there, but now covered with sweat. His khakis were stained dark.

"You okay, Bwana? I hear shots."

Cole had been scanning the horizon carefully. He continued to, until he'd swept the entire visible area. He put the glasses down and piked around in the dirt to look up at Lembris. When he spoke, there was some rough new energy in his voice.

"The two Somalis are now with Allah," he said. "And I hope to hell Allah is asking them to account for themselves." ■

Coming Back to William Dean Howells

by
Gloria Martin

I first became interested in American author and critic William Dean Howells when I was an undergraduate. I enjoyed his novels, I considered him a major literary influence, and I liked his politics. From the 1880's to his death in 1920 he was the preeminent literary realist and critic in America. He introduced a provincial American readership to unread native authors and to international writers like Turgenev, Stendhal, Balzac, Zola, Dostoyevsky, Galdos, Verga, Valdes, Bjornson, Ibsen, and Tolstoy. Howells championed gifted women writers and advocated woman's suffrage and equality, his political positions mirroring the democratic virtues and the integrity he championed in literature. His literary and political values also led him to support the founding of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, solicit serious literature from the Black community, encourage the New York Jewish writers to publish, and petition, at great risk to his career, for the rights of eight Chicago anarchists imprisoned in 1886 for their political beliefs.

What has drawn me back to Howells and to literary realism in recent years? I still like his politics and novels, and I now see the philosophical, political, literary, and social implications of literary realism. As John Updike has recently argued in a *New Yorker* essay, Howells influenced generations of writers and his tradition is alive today. Of course Updike is thinking particularly of John Updike fiction when he stresses Howells's significance, but if we examine the book reviews we read in the *New York Review of Books*, the *New York Times Book Review* and elsewhere, or if we listen to discussions in the literature classes of American universities and high schools, we recognize the terms of Howells's critical vocabulary and discover that modern readers ask his questions—care about many of his principles.

William Dean Howells was a part of the international realism movement, but his was essentially an American literary realism whose foundation was democratic, whose

frame of reference was political, and whose philosophical grounding was pragmatic. His criticism was characterized by an Emersonian earnestness and a tone of rebellion. Howells led the most serious campaign of the "realism war."

Howells's theory was shaped by his response to the books he read and reviewed as he wrote in every major American journal, among them *Harper's Monthly*, the *North American Review* and *Harper's Weekly*. Howells contended that the nineteenth century was the first age in which a school of writers had made a concerted, self-conscious effort to write in a realistic mode. The romantic school, he wrote, had labored to overturn worn out conventions, but it had "exhausted itself" in the effort, and the realism school must now insist that a "fidelity to experience and probability of motive are essential conditions of great imaginative literature." By Howells's time, realists were making a concerted effort to emphasize 1) character rather than plot; 2) probability rather than romantic possi-

bility; 3) the present rather than the past; 4) the commonplace rather than the ideal; 5) the ordinary citizen rather than the heroic individual; and 6) objectivity rather than authorial manipulation. These features, for Howells, defined realism.

Howells hoped to make fiction a more serious and respectable art. He viewed contemporary fiction writers and critics as part of a modern scientific and pragmatic movement, one particularly suited to nineteenth-century America. Howells's discussions of writer's rendering of "truth" were presented in the language of contemporary philosophical and scientific inquiry, his criticism clearly modeled on the process of scientific investigation.

The task of author and critic, Howells believed, was to discover truth, but truth was not static. Howells viewed the nature of truth as evolutionary and progressive, allowing that the older critics "perhaps caught the truth of their day," but their "routine life has been alien to any other truth." That is, all writers, however discerning, are in some ways limited by the beliefs of their time and society. The modern critic's task, Howells wrote in *Criticism and Fiction*, is to "classify and analyze the fruits of the human mind very much as the naturalist classifies the objects of his study, rather than . . . praise or blame them." The critic is in the business of "observing, recording, and comparing" as well as "analyzing the material" and synthesizing its impressions. Howells proposed not authority and personal taste, but instead a taxonomy of fiction based on this description and classification.



New Faculty

Douglas E. Oakman Jesus and the Economic Questions of His Day.

The Edwin Mellen Press, 1986.

It seems almost self-evident to say that the ministry of the historical Jesus did not take place in a social vacuum. Lately, Jesus scholars have set him firmly within his first-century religious and political milieu. Yet few have undertaken the task of investigating the activity of Jesus in relation to the agrarian economic dislocations of early Roman Palestine.

Jesus and the Economic Questions of His Day does not ignore the difficulties of speaking about the historical Jesus. Even more crucial for this study, however, is the need to understand the significant shifts of social emphasis forming between ancient agrarian economies and modern industrial capitalism. This book attempts to understand Jesus' religious ministry within the context of a peedustrial, agricultural-based economy.

Jesus was certainly shaped by economic realities in his environment. Particularly important were his experiences as a peasant forced by economic necessity to diversify skills and social contacts as a rural artisan (Mark 6:3). Furthermore, Jesus was motivated, both by economic problems in his environment and by his vision of God's imminent rule, to articulate through his ministry alternate economic values and to encourage new economic behaviors as a way of expressing the Kingdom of God.

Disenfranchised and disaffected peasants, afflicted by debt, diseased through malnutrition, sold into the slavery of prostitution, or forced into toll collection for the Romans, were particularly attracted to this new vision. They prayed in a material sense the words of the Lord's Prayer: "Release us from debt, as we release those in debt to us" (Matt. 6:11-12 and Luke 11:3-4). They were invited to relinquish their economic anxieties and to trust in a providential God (Matt. 6:25-33 and Luke 12:22-31).

Jesus also challenged his followers to begin practicing toward each other, indeed toward everyone, what economic anthropologists have called "general reciprocity," namely, giving without expecting anything in return (Mark 10:21; Matt. 5:40-42; Luke 6:32-35). For Jesus, this was the Kingdom ethic in its purest form, emulating the very graciousness of God.



SHEPHERD



COIN OF
CAESAR
AUGUSTUS

Howells tried to avoid the dangers of subjectivity in his definition of criticism by placing it in a necessary social context. He shared the belief of the American philosopher and pragmatist Charles Peirce in the importance of a community of investigators. The new critic using the scientific method, Howells wrote, will have to know something of the laws and "generic history" of a larger mind beyond his own.

Howells posited a moral universe, for he believed that if the artist were able to see the "meaning of things" and could so in to others, the work would be beautiful—moral. So in spite of doubts about the existence of absolute truths, Howells shared with his friend, the philosopher and psychologist William James, the working premise that wherever living "minds exist, with judgments of good and ill, and demands upon one another, there is an ethical world in its essential features."

It can be argued that Howells's focus on the ethical proves that literary realism concealed an undermining didacticism, that it offered prescription and instruction rather than art. Howells certainly did not deny that the new subject matter of the literary realists often suggested social criticism or that it tempted writers to moralize. But one of the goals of Howells's literary realism was to eliminate all moralizing in realistic fiction. Howells could not value a literary work if its picture of life had been distorted by dogma.

It is indeed possible, according to Howells, for a writer with specific social and moral values to write literature that does not preach. First rate fiction will not be reduced to propaganda because, whatever the writer's moral and social theories, the imaginative process transcends dogma. It is a rational but organic process: Patient scrutiny of detail is the "soil" that realistic fiction "must grow out of; without that, and the slow, careful thinking which supplies it, the effect is a sickly and spindling growth." (Howells's realism is not socialist because for the socialist or Marxist, the chief end is to describe a pre-established, inevitable future. Howells's pragmatism disallowed absolutes.)

Howells saw the limitations of the term "realism" in reference to the great literary masters. In an 1886 "Editor's Study," he wrote of Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Dostoyevsky that "they are all so very much more than realist, that this name, never satisfactory in regard to any school of writers, seems altogether insufficient for them."

Howells's nature was to look forward rather than back, to welcome innovation. Realism, he believed, was the finest art form, but he was willing to imagine a literary progress beyond realism. Until his death in 1920, William Dean Howells, known as the Dean of American letters, remained a compassionate, intelligent, and bold voice, and today his tenets are the basis of one critical tradition, which we see alive in practical modern criticism of fiction, poetry, films, and television, if not in modern theory. ■

Jayne Marck

Set in the Midwest, these poems meditate upon landscapes which reflect an ambivalent faith. The love and humanity shown in the life of the man with Down's Syndrome call us to empathy; yet the reminder of genocide and racial selfishness elicits, at another moment, despair. One must, then, choose the interpretation of what is "fitting" to believe: whether grace will suffice, or whether grace itself is a creation of the human mind.

Time of Drift

Long-drawn and tasty as Kentucky vowels
this sky has ridden with us for miles
of mild December morning

just a little old at the edges
where paper fields pull away from dry paste
darkened around the cut

pictures from old magazines loose now
cheap newsprint, gray and bone scraps blown
limp under the hands

of roadside burning bush, cold past color
except in subtleties of midwestern winter
a sun-touched spot

of earth raises a small balding scalp
leached grass carefully combed to the tips
— *goin' to mornin'* —

on a mooring of oatmeal and milk-mixed clouds
— *bringin' our byoneslock with pictures in
to keep him back* —

the old child who never grew old
but bent like rusty stubble in cornfields
bluntly cut

year after year the harvest passed
one late autumn the world locked up
drifted deep

into the white prairie of the sky
the white roads of grain where he
wouldn't come to harm

all the seasonal pages of snow and sun
for forty years now darkened
by turning thumbs

The Farthest Point / Rock Island

Up on Rock Island, your feet
go on dead paths that follow
the broken molar crest of this island
like beadwork
along seams of supple leafskin.

You go west.
It feels natural to seek the blunt
end of things, the mess of boulders
under nettles and poison ivy,
place of black flies
that torment you through thin clothing.

It's hard going,
through these swarms of ancient spirits
no one remembered
to tell you about. You pass
empty brown bones of tree and enter
the guilty meadow.

A lighthouse of white stone
deflects all the weather
riding in on wild west winds,
blunt as truth breaking passion.
No one lives here now.
Dozens of bites sting the beads of sweat
along your hairline,
your shirt is a cape of quills.
No place is clean,

so you stay on your feet.
It's a small island, after all.
Along the same path returning
you notice they fall away in hundreds,
then dozens. You have forgotten
what you wanted to see.

In the distance,
white boats crowded with people.

Fitting

Imagine it unwinding from a slowly rolling bobbin, a thread
to baste the long eases of wheat before harvest day,
the making before the need of winter clothing.

Imagine the fit of thin gold grass, like one's best suit,
intimate as secret folds under arms,
the measure of the living and dead known to certain hands.

Imagine the track of cutting shears like a fresh haircut;
lapels lying flat along a ditch edge in the wake of reapers,
warp and woof of the field pressed together, and still warm. ■

Recent Humanities Publications

The Uses of the Past: Essays on Irish Culture

Edited by Audrey S. Eyler and Robert F. Garratt

Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1988, 195 pages.

For the last 150 years, especially from the Celtic Revival to the present crisis in Ulster, Americans have taken active interest in the affairs of Ireland. The great immigration of Irish people in the nineteenth century early linked us to Ireland, and the ever-growing importance of global economy and ecology has only increased American commentary and participation. For twenty-six years the American Conference for Irish Studies has focused such attention from scholars, artists, and others with interdisciplinary interests. In April 1985, Pacific Lutheran University and the University of Puget Sound cohosted the annual, national meeting of this group, bringing it for the first time to the West Coast and initiating a Western regional branch of the organization. This interdisciplinary and international collection of twelve essays is the *debut* of that local enterprise. PLU and UPS faculty joined members of the ACIS in chairing sessions and nominated from their panels the authors whose papers appear in this book.

To a degree unusual in most countries, modern Ireland insists on recalling its past in literature, art, music, and politics. Such deliberate use of the past has been the subject of much Irish discussion, in *The Crane Bag* and the *Field Day* pamphlets, for example, and of much North American scholarship on Ireland. Each essay in this anthology treats a separate historical topic, from faction-fights in pre-famine Ireland to women in Irish writing to the contemporary Social Democratic and Labor Party's nationalist context with Sinn Féin, all examine the role of history in determining Irish cultural identity.



Stewart D. Govig, "Religion and the Search for Socialism in Tanzania,"

Journal of African Studies
(Fall 1987), 110-117.

As a popular definition of the principal of separation of church and state, the adage "religion and politics don't mix" is familiar to students of American democracy. By way of contrast, in some European democracies—Scandinavia, for example—the opposite holds true: one religion is acknowledged or "established." In Tanzania, religion and the state are officially separate. In this paper, however, I contended that three religions, African traditional, Islam, and Christian have in fact become established.

To support this claim I begin with an historical review of *ujamaa* (Swahili for "extended family"), the African socialism inspired from the 1961 year of independence under the leadership of President Julius K. Nyerere, educated in Europe and a Roman Catholic Christian. Next, I examine the dynamics of religious involvement in the social, economic, and technological developments of *ujamaa* socialism and identify how each religion has engaged with the emerging forces of nationalism.

In conclusion, each religion has been treated equally by the state and has responded to *ujamaa* ideals in a distinctive pattern. Tanzania's original "religion-without-outside-influence" ("traditional") has absorbed them and remains much the same in the face of rapid social upheaval. Islam has allied its faith with *ujamaa*, whereas Christianity has accommodated itself to a potentially hostile post-independence Marxist-style nationalism.

Provided a role of reconciliation is assumed by each religion, they may assist the nation in adapting itself to the twentieth-century changes it seeks, as well as to those that are thrust upon it. ■

Contributors

Audrey Eyder specializes in Anglo Irish literature. She is Associate Professor of English.

Stewart Govig is Professor of Religion; his field is religious education.

Jayne Marek joins us as Assistant Professor of English. She will receive her Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin, Madison. Jayne is a published poet; her special field is twentieth-century literature.

Douglas Oakman received his Ph.D. (1986) from the Graduate Theological Union, Berkeley. He joins us as Assistant Professor of Religion. Doug's academic area is New Testament studies.

Gloria Martin's field is American literature. She is Adjunct Professor of English and Director of the Writing Centre.

Janet Rasmussen is Associate Professor of Norwegian and Dean of the Division of Humanities.

David Seal has a number of publications on his special interests—fairy tales, myths, and dreams. He is Associate Professor of English.

Robert Stivers has co-authored *Christian Ethics: A Case Method Approach* and is editor of *Reform, Faith, and Economics*, both forthcoming. Bob is Professor of Religion.

Spangler Memorial

A suite of two seminar rooms, to be created on the second floor of the Hauge Administration Building, will recognize the service of our late colleague Carl Spangler; construction is scheduled for next summer. The project will also help meet pressing needs for seminar and small-class space. The suite will be named for Carl, and money from the memorial fund will help to furnish it.

The memorial fund has already been established. Contributions to the fund may be sent in care of Nancy Furey, Development Office, Pacific Lutheran University, Tacoma, WA 98447, through January 31, 1989. We invite those of you who knew and studied with Carl Spangler to join us in what we feel will be a fine memorial to a colleague who served this university well for more than twenty-five years.

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