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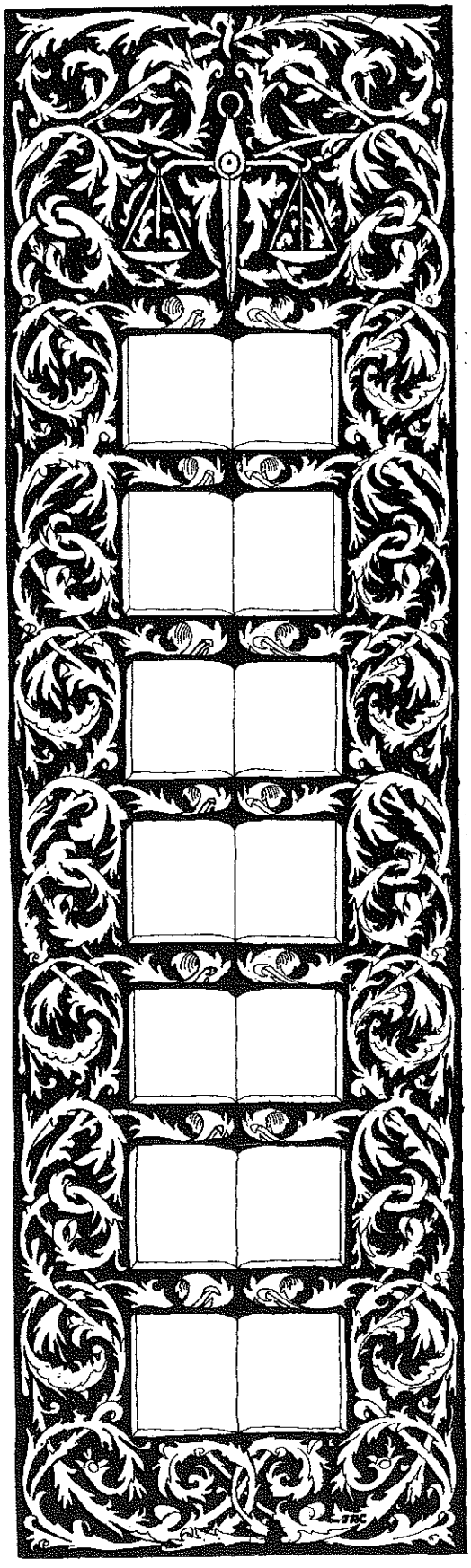

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IN THE JULY ISSUE:

ON THE COVER: Ford K. Brown, the Annapolis commencement speaker for 1973. Mr. Brown has been on the St. John's faculty since 1925. He is now a Tutor Emeritus.

SPEECH,
Its Strength and Its Weaknesses

by JACOB KLEIN

To undertake to speak about speech means to embark upon an endless task. Yet there are strict limits that I have to observe and to be aware of: limits of time, of redundancy, of attentiveness on your part. I shall have to focus your attention on what people mostly concerned about speech have said. These were the people whom we call οἱ φιλόσοφοι, the "lovers of wisdom" among the Greeks. But I shall also have to appeal to an understanding of what usually happens to speech, to an understanding which those people do not seem to have had. I shall be as brief as possible, and I hope you will not mind my careful—nay, my pedantic use of English and Greek words.

(Parenthetical remark: some of what I am going to say I have said before in lectures and in print, *but not all* of it.)

Let me begin by quoting from Plato's dialogue entitled *Phaedo*. This dialogue pretends to describe what happened during the very last day of Socrates. Attentive reading shows that the content of the dialogue is mythical, but that the mythical frame allows us to become aware of what Plato understood to be Socrates' unique and overwhelming impact. At a crucial point of the dialogue (95 E ff.) Socrates, after silently looking back into himself for quite a while, reaches—in speaking—far back into his own youth. He wanted very much, he reports, to find out, with regard to any single thing or occurrence, what was responsible for its coming into being, its passing away, its being the way it was; but he could not find any satisfactory answers. Nor could he learn anything from anybody else, not even from the great Anaxagoras. He had to abandon the way in which questions like these were dealt with in the various versions of the "inquiry into nature" (περὶ φύσεως ἱστορία). He decided to embark upon a different journey, a "second journey", which means, he decided to take to the oars, since the wind had failed. This is the presentation he makes of his new endeavor.

By looking directly at whatever presents itself in our familiar world, at things and their properties, at human affairs and actions, we run the risk of being blinded, as people do when they observe the sun during an eclipse, if they do not look at its image on some watery surface. That may well have happened to those investigators of nature. To avoid being blinded, Socrates thought he had to "have recourse to spoken words" (εἰς τοὺς λόγους καταφυγεῖν) and "see in them the truth of whatever is" (99 E).

In the dialogue entitled *Philebus*, Plato again makes Socrates refer to men engaged in the study of nature (59 A-C): these men want to understand how this world of ours came into being, how it is acted upon and how it acts itself, that is to say, they are trying to discover transient productions of the present, the future and the past, *not* what unchangeably *always* is. To discover the immutable it is necessary to rely on the power of discourse (ἡ τοῦ διαλέγεσθαι δύναμις—57 E), in exchanging questions and answers with oneself and with others. The power of discourse is the power inherent in human speech, this marvel, let me say, this greatest marvel perhaps under the sun.

The Greek noun λόγος and the Greek verb λέγειν have a vast range of meanings. They may refer to reckoning, accounting, measuring, relating, gathering, picking up (let us not forget the English words "*col*lect" and "*sel*ect", derived from λέγειν). But, above all, they refer to *speaking, discoursing, arguing, discussing, reasoning*. That's how we have to understand Aristotle's statement (*Politics* I,2, 1253 a 10): λόγον . . . μόνον ἄνθρωπος ἔχει τῶν ζῴων, "man alone among living beings possesses speech", and that implies: man alone possesses the ability to *understand* the

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spoken word, to understand articulated speech.

We mean by speech—everybody means by it—a sequence of sounds uttered by somebody in such a way as to be understandable to others. The verb "to understand" refers primarily, though not uniquely, to speech. Hearing somebody speak, we may say: "I understand what you are saying". We may, in fact, misunderstand, but even misunderstanding involves understanding. But *what* do we understand in hearing somebody speak? Not the sounds in themselves, the audible low and high pitched noises issuing from somebody's mouth (or some machine, for that matter). We *hear* these noises, but hearing is not understanding. That is why we do not understand speech in a foreign tongue. In a manner which, itself, is hardly or not at all understandable, the sounds carry with them—or embody or represent—something else, precisely that which *makes* us understand, whenever we understand. This source and target of our understanding consists of units to which single words correspond as well as of combinations of units to which sequences of words correspond. The speaker and the hearer share—or, at least, intend to share—the understanding of those units and of those combinations of units. The speaker transposes what he means into sounding words variably intoned, and the hearer who understands reverses that process in reaching back to the intended meaning. The intended meaning is what the Greeks called τὸ νοητόν (νοητόν being a verbal adjective of νοεῖν, which means "to *receive* the intelligible"). Among the intelligible units, the νοητά, there are two kinds: some are intelligible by themselves, some *help* us to *receive* those first ones, help us to *understand* what is being said. Speech and understanding are inseparable. Λόγος means inseparably both speech and that which can be and is being understood *in* speech. It is in *man* and, to repeat, *only* through *man* that λόγος manifests itself conspicuously. Neither birds nor porpoises nor seals have λόγος, though they are able to "communicate" with each other and even with human beings.

We all remember, I think, a phrase that Homer uses so often when describing human speech, the phrase "winged words" (ἔπεα πτερόεντα). Whence this image? In most cases the phrase occurs when a personage, a god or a man, addresses another single personage, a god or a man. Occasionally it is also used when someone speaks to a group or a crowd of people. Minstrels in Homer are never said to utter or sing "winged words". Now, words are not called "winged" to indicate their soaring or lofty quality. The image seems rather to imply that words, after escaping "the fence of the teeth", as Homer puts it, are guided swiftly, and therefore surely, to their destination, the ears and the soul and the *understanding* of the addressee. It is more difficult to reach a crowd of men than a single man. Exertions of a special kind are then required.

What is speech "about"? About everything man is familiar with—the sky and the earth, the rivers and the sea, the living beings around him, on land, in water, in the air, the things he himself builds and produces, as well as the tools and appurtenances that his arts and skills require to produce those things, and furthermore, the knowledge that guides his arts and skills, not only to satisfy his most elementary needs, but also to establish customs and institutions in which his life flows from generation to generation, in happiness or misery, in friendship or enmity, in praise or blame, and to which customs and institutions he is attached beyond his most pressing wants. That is what his speech and his understanding are *mostly* about.

What we say, however circuitously or confusedly or loosely, is said in words and sentences, each of which conveys immediate meaning. The λόγος cannot help moving in the medium of the immediately understandable. But words and sentences can also be involuntarily or deliberately ambiguous. We can play on words. Plato's dialogues, for example, are replete with puns. However, ambiguities and puns are only possible, because words and sentences carry with them several distinct meanings which, separately, are clearly understood. To be sure, speech can be obscure. But it can be obscure only because the clarity of some of its parts impinges, or seems to impinge, on the clarity of others.

Speech, then, presents to the understanding of the listener what the speaker himself understands. It presents to the listener nothing but combinations of νοητά, of intelligibles. In doing that, however, speech speaks about all the things and all the properties of things that abound around us, all the special circumstances and situations in which we find ourselves. The question arises: do the νοητά, the intelligibles, presented to us in speech, have their foundation in themselves, or do they stem from the things and circumstances spoken about? Does not human speech translate the language, the γλῶσσα, of the *things* themselves?

Let me turn for a moment to the way things and events around us have been and are being referred to. In Galileo's words: "The *book* of Nature is written in mathematical characters". Descartes said: "The science contained in the great *book* of the world . . .". Harvey said: "The *book* of Nature lies open before us and can be easily consulted". The phrase "book of Nature" is a metaphor used *long before* the seventeenth century, but why was this particular metaphor ever chosen? Is it not because Nature is understood as something that can be read like a book, provided we know how to read it? But does not that indeed imply a language that is Nature's own? Francis Bacon was of the opinion that Nature is subtly secretive, full of riddles, Sphinx-like. But secrets can be revealed, riddles can be solved in words. We persist, don't we, in solving the "riddles of nature". In *ancient* times the order of all that exists around us was taken much more directly as a language, a language not heard and not written, yet visible, and if not visible, one to be guessed at. Human speech seems indeed to translate that visible or invisible language of things into the audible language of words. And just as the sounds of human speech can be traced down to their ultimate components to which the letters of the alphabet correspond, things around us can be decomposed into their first rudiments—the "elements"—the original letters of the

language of things, as it were. Our speech, even our unguarded colloquial way of speaking, may reveal to the attentive listener the hidden articulations of the language of things. Aristotle, no less than Plato, was constantly following up casually spoken words. It seems that Heraclitus, the "obscure", used the word "logos" in reference to the language of things. Let me quote from the fragments in question. First: "Of the *Logos*, which is as I describe it, men always prove to be uncomprehending, both *before* they have heard it and when once they *have* heard it. For although all things happen according to this *Logos*, men are like people of *no* experience, even when they experience such sayings and deeds as I explain, when I distinguish each thing according to its nature and declare how it is; but all the other men fail to notice what they do after they wake up, just as they forget what they do when asleep". Then this: "therefore it is necessary to follow what is *common;* but although the *Logos* is *common*, the many live as though they had their *own* thoughts". Then this: "Listening not to me, but to the *Logos*, it is wise to agree that all things are one". And finally, to supplement the last fragment: "Out of all things—one, and out of one —all things". (Kirk and Raven, *The Presocratic Philosophers*, 1957, pp. 187-188, 191). The *Logos* makes us understand, if we follow Heraclitus, what the things themselves are saying, brightly and darkly, in tune and out of tune.

Speaking and understanding what is being said involves *thinking*, involves what the Greeks called διάνοια. Let us hear what Plato has to say about the relation of speaking to thinking. In the dialogue entitled *The Sophist*, in which Plato makes the Stranger from Elea converse with the young mathematician Theaetetus, the Stranger remarks (263 E): ". . . thought (διάνοια) and speech (λόγος) are the same, only that the former—that is, διάνοια—, which is a *silent inner conversation* of the soul with itself, has been given the special name of thought". Thinking, as Plato understands it, is *not* tied to what the moderns mean by the "stream of consciousness". It can be imagined as a discontinuous, not always regular, stepping forward, and stepping aside, and stepping backward and forward again, what speech, too, usually does. It is necessary to note that for Plato, and for Plato *alone*, this identity of thought and speech is *not* a complete one: facing the highest, all-comprehending intelligibles, thought is not able to transpose itself into suitable words. In the seventh letter attributed to Plato we read the phrase "the weakness of spoken words" (τὸ τῶν λόγων ἀσθενές—343 A 1), and the dialogue entitled *The Sophist* itself shows this weakness rather clearly, as we shall see in a moment. Moreover, speech and thinking can both *deceive* us, disconnect our steps, and thus distort and falsify the truth of things. The firework of the sophists, for example,—and there are always sophists around—make things and relations of things assume a most unexpected, dazzling, and puzzling aspect: things suddenly appear not to be what they are. But who is doing the lying, if it be lying, the sophists or the things themselves? A *critique* of speech and of thinking, a critical inquisition into speaking, thinking and arguing has to be undertaken—as it was undertaken by men as diverse as Parmenides, Prodicus, Plato, Aristotle. The result of this critique can be stated as follows: to speak does not always mean to make things appear in their true light. For Aristotle only one kind of speech, ὁ λόγος ἀποφαντικός, the declaratory and revealing speech, and the thinking which belongs to it, translate and present the language of things. To be able to use this kind of speech requires a *discipline*, the discipline of the λόγος. Everywhere in Aristotle's work, one senses, to the annoyance of some and to the delight of others, the effectiveness of that discipline, the effectiveness of what we call (and the author himself does *not* call) the "logic" of Aristotle. (Cf. *On Interpretation* 5, 17 a 8; 4, 17 a 2; 6, 17 a 25; *Posterior Analytics* I 2, 72 a 11.)

Given the ever-present possibility of declaratory and revealing speech, Aristotle need not, and does not, set limits to the power of the *Logos*. For Plato, however, as I have mentioned, there are limits that spoken words cannot transcend. This becomes quite clear in the dialogue entitled *Cratylus*. In it Socrates first invents fantastically funny "etymologies" of words, etymologies of proper names of heroes and gods as well as of familiar designations given to the ways men behave and think. Socrates then contrives rather playfully (422 E ff.) to describe the letters and syllables of any word as providing an "imitation", a μίμημα (423 B; 430 A,B,E; 437 A) of the very *being* (οὐσία) of what is supposed to be "imitated". This "imitation" is also said by Socrates—said more accurately—to be a "disclosure", a "revelation", a δήλωμα (425 A,B; 433 B,D; 435 A,B) of the thing in question. Finally the assertion is made that even "revealing" words may well be interpreted as not fostering our understanding. One has to agree, says Socrates, that things which *are* can be learned and *sought for* "much better through themselves than through names" (439 B). And that is only possible if what *truly is* is not subject to change, as Heraclitus claims, but is *immutably* what it is. Whether this is so or whether what the Heracliteans and many others say is true, is a question difficult to decide, but "no man of sense can help himself and his own soul by relying on names" (440 C). The power of the spoken word is thus a limited one, according to Plato, which makes his dialogues as troublesome and as wonderful as they appear to be.

Let me try to show you this by referring to, and quoting from, the dialogue entitled *The Sophist*. This dialogue is the central piece of a *trilogy*, namely the trilogy of the dialogues entitled *Theaetetus*, *The Sophist*, and *The Statesman*. The conversations and events which are presented in these mimes are supposed to take place at the very time the suit against Socrates has its beginning—as you can read at the very end of the first piece of the trilogy. We find in the second and the third dialogue, namely in *The Sophist* and in *The Statesman*, an abundance of so-called "divisions" (διαρέσεις) which, in *The Sophist*, are supposed to be the means to establish *what* a "sophist" *is*. Opposed to the "divisions" are the "collections" (συναγωγαί), and let me quote what, in the

dialogue entitled *Phaedrus*, Socrates has to say about these "divisions" and "collections" to that lovable young man, Phaedrus: "Now I myself, Phaedrus, am a lover of these divisions and collections as aids to speech and thought; and if I think any other man is able to see things that can naturally be *collected into one and divided into many*, him I follow after and walk in his footsteps as if he were a god [this is a playful and ambiguous reference to a line in the fifth book of the *Odyssey*]. And whether the name I give to those who can do this is right or wrong, god knows, but I have called them hitherto *dialecticians*" (*Phaedrus* 266 B-C). Now, the first five "divisions" in the dialogue entitled *The Sophist* do not reach their goal, except in one very peculiar case. The goal is to establish, as I said, *what* a "sophist" *is*. In this dialogue a nameless Stranger from Elea performs these dialectical exercises with the help of young Theaetetus, whose looks resemble those of Socrates (*Theaetetus* 143 E). Of Theaetetus we also know, from the dialogue that bears his name as well as from other sources, that he was a powerful mathematician, especially interested in incommensurable magnitudes and multitudes. Books X and XIII of Euclid's *Elements* are based, in part at least, on his work. In the dialogue entitled *The Sophist* young Theaetetus is shown to *distinguish* and to *count* well, so well, indeed, that he helps us to understand what the Eleatic Stranger, alone, by himself, could not make us understand. Let us see.

There are five "divisions" in the beginning of the dialogue, meant to catch the "sophist". After they have been made they are counted up by the Stranger and Theaetetus in the following way: "*Stranger: First*, if I am not mistaken, he [that is, the "sophist"] was found to be a paid hunter after the young and wealthy. *Theaetetus:* Yes. *Stranger: Secondly*, a sort of merchant in articles of knowledge for the soul. *Theaetetus:* Very much so. *Stranger:* And *thirdly*, did he not turn up as *retailer* (*κάπηλος*) of these same articles of knowledge? *Theaetetus:* Yes, and *fourthly*, we found he was a *seller of his own productions* (*αὐτοπώλης*). *Stranger:* You remember well" (231 D). I have to interrupt this quoting to check whether Theaetetus *does* remember well. By going back, we see that the Stranger had previously summarized (224 D—E) the *third* division in these words: "And *that* part of *acquisitive art* which proceeds *by exchange* and *by sale* in *both* ways (*ἀμφοτέρως*) as mere *retail* trade (*καπηλικόν*) or as *the sale of one's own production* (*αὐτοπωλικόν*), so long as it belongs to the family of merchandising in knowledge, that part you will apparently always call sophistry". Theaetetus had then answered: "Necessarily so, for I have to follow the argument, the *λόγος*". Theaetetus remembers well: he remembers that *retail trade* and *also the sale of one's own production* had been mentioned, but he forgot, *he forgot*, the word *ἀμφοτέρως* (in *both* ways), and this makes him add to the *third* description a new one, which he calls the *fourth*. *Both*, his remembering *and* his forgetting have remarkable consequences. In the counting up of the "divisions" the *fourth* becomes the *fifth*, and the *fifth*, which is the one that reaches its goal, namely the correct description of the work performed by a quasi-sophist, namely by Socrates himself,— this *fifth* "division" becomes the *sixth*. Let us not forget: six is the first "perfect" number, and only a "perfect" number is fit to be applied to Socrates' work. But, moreover, the forgetfulness of Theaetetus compels us to pay special attention to the word which he forgot, to the word *ἀμφοτέρως*, or more exactly to the word *ἄμφω* (both) and to its cognates. We become aware that this word is used over and over again in the dialogue. Here is just one example. Speaking of the "sophist", the Stranger remarks at one point (226 A): "Do you see the truth of the statement that this beast is many-sided and, as the saying is, not to be caught with one hand? *Theaetetus:* Then we must catch him *with both*".

The significance of this word "both" becomes fully apparent when the Stranger and Theaetetus focus their attention on "Change" (*κίνησις*) and "Rest" (*στάσις*). I shall quote again (250 A—C): "*Stranger:* You say that Change and Rest are entirely opposed to each other? *Theaetetus:* How could I say anything else? *Stranger:* And yet you say that both and each of them equally *are*. *Theaetetus:* Yes, I do. *Stranger:* And in admitting that they *are*, are you saying that both and each of them are *changing? Theaetetus:* No, no! *Stranger:* Then, perhaps, by saying that both *are*, you mean they are both *at rest? Theaetetus:* How could I? *Stranger:* Then you put before you Being (*τὸ ὄν*) as a *third*, as something beside these, inasmuch as you think Rest and Change are *embraced* by it; and since you comprehend and observe that these commune with Being, are you saying that they both *are*? *Theaetetus:* We truly happen to divine that Being is something *third*, when we say that Change and Rest *are*. *Stranger:* Then *Being* is *not* BOTH *Change* and *Rest* TOGETHER, but something else, *different* from them. *Theaetetus:* So it seems. *Stranger:* According to its own nature, then, Being is *neither* at rest *nor* changing. *Theaetetus:* M-hm (in Greek: *σχεδόν*)". The last statement of the Stranger cannot be taken at face value. And Theaetetus immediately afterwards recognizes that it is totally impossible for Being to be neither at rest nor changing. The root of the difficulty, of the perplexity in which we, who listen to this conversation, find ourselves is that, in the case of Being, Change and Rest, our human speech, the *λόγος*, is *failing*. It is failing when it tries to *speak* about such greatest "looks" (*μέγιστα εἴδη*—245 C 2-3), that is, such all-comprehending *νοητά*. Being (*τὸ ὄν*), Change (*κίνησις*) and Rest (*στάσις*) appear to be *three εἴδη*, three "invisible looks", while in truth Change and Rest are "each one" (*ἑκάτερον ἕν*) and "both two" (*ἀμφότερα δύο*). *Both together* they constitute Being (*τὸ ὄν*). This means that, according to Plato, Being must be understood as the *eidetic Two*. The eidetic Two is not a mathematical number of two indivisible and indistinguishable monads, among infinitely many such mathematical twos. Nor is it two visible, divisible and unequal things, two houses or two dogs or two apples, for example. The eidetic Two is a unique dyad of two unique *εἴδη*, of two "invisible looks", namely of Change and Rest. And just as they *both to-*

gether, and only *both together*, are the εἶδος, the "look", the "invisible look" *Being*, so the Stranger from Elea and Theaetetus can only *both together* deal with the question of Being. That's why the Stranger says at one point to Theaetetus (239 C): "let us bid farewell to you and to me". He means that neither he *alone* nor Theaetetus *alone* can accomplish the task, but that they can do it only *both together*. But this they can do "not with complete clarity" (μὴ πάσῃ σαφηνείᾳ—254 C 6), because they are *speaking* about it.

It is thus that a weakness of speech is revealed in the dialogue entitled *The Sophist*. But this dialogue also shows why there *can* be *falsehood* uttered in speech, why speech can state what is *not* true. There is, however, a wide spectrum of the *un-true*, ranging from falsehood to likelihood. This is the background of the dialogue entitled *Timaeus*, and I would like to quote a passage from this dialogue to make you experience the playful and saddening ambiguity of this passage. It deals with the *human mouth*. It claims that it was fashioned "for ends both necessary and most good", "as an *entrance* with a view to what is *necessary* and as an *outlet* with a view to what is *most good*". I keep quoting (75 D-E): "For all that *enters in* and supplies food to the body is *necessary*; while the stream of speech which *flows out* and ministers to thoughtfulness is of all streams the most beautiful and most good". Can we forget how much evil, how much falsehood, how much trifling, how much nonsense also flows out? No, we cannot. But this must be added: in all those cases I just mentioned speech does not minister to thoughtfulness, to φρόνησις.

Let me now turn to a character of speech to which the ancients apparently did pay only scant attention. A most remarkable similarity obtains between *words*, spoken words of live speech, and *money*,—money, that is, available in coins and bills. Both are precious, both circulate freely, coins and bills from hand to hand, words from mouth to mouth. The imprints on coins and bills are gradually erased, effaced, rubbed off, just as the meanings of words seem to become fuzzy, blurred and empty with the passage of time. There is even counterfeiting in language as there is in money. Human speech can and does deteriorate to an extent which renders it obnoxious, makes it unable to reach anyone, deprives it totally of wings.

It was *Edmund Husserl* who, in modern times, pointed to this inevitable deterioration of human speech. According to him the signifying power of a word has, by its very nature, the tendency to lose its revealing character. The more we become accustomed to words, the less we perceive their original and precise significance: a kind of superficial and vague understanding is the necessary result of the increasing familiarity with spoken—and written—words. Yet that original significance is still there, in every word, somehow "forgotten", but still at the bottom of our speaking and our understanding, however vague the meaning conveyed by our speech might be. The original "evidence" has faded away, but has not disappeared completely. It need not be "awakened" even, it underlies our mutual understanding in a "*sedimented*" form. "Sedimentation is always somehow forgetfulness" (*Die Frage nach dem Ursprung der Geometrie als intentional-historisches Problem*, first published by Eugen Fink in "Revue internationale de philosophie", I, 2, 1939, p.212). And this kind of forgetfulness accompanies, of necessity, according to Husserl, the development and growth of any science. (The text about the "origin of geometry" appears also—in a slightly changed form—as the 3rd Appendix to Walter Biemel's edition of the *Crisis of European Sciences and Transcendental Phenomenology—Husserliana*, Vol. VI, 1962—and as the 6th Appendix to David Carr's translation of the "*Crisis*"—*Northwestern University Press*, 1970. The sentence "sedimentation is always somehow forgetfulness" is omitted in Biemel's and Carr's versions. I assume, however, that this sentence is based on Husserl's own words, uttered in conversation with Fink.)

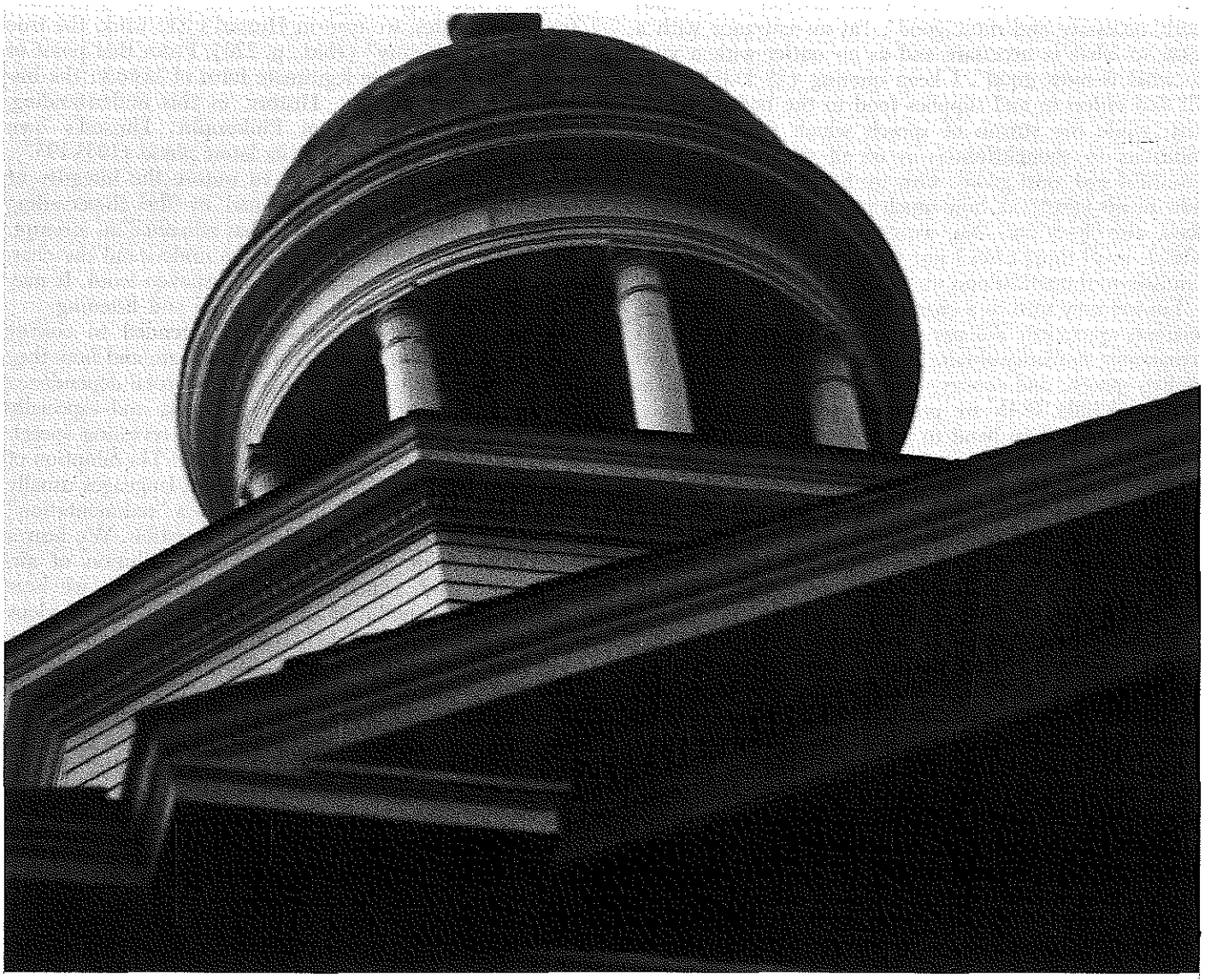
To be sure, the original evidence can be "reactivated", and indeed is reactivated at definite times. This interlacement of the original significance and of its "sedimentation" constitutes, we read in Husserl's late work, the true character of "history" (*Ibid.*, p. 220). From that point of view there is only one legitimate form of history: the history of human thought. History, in this understanding, cannot be separated from Philosophy. Husserl's own philosophy, as it develops in its latest phase (1935-1937), is a most remarkable attempt to restore the integrity of knowledge, of ἐπιστήμη, threatened by the all-pervading tendency of "sedimentation". It has remained an attempt. But it may help us, in any event, to understand the character of speech, the character of the spoken word. It may help us to be cautious in our speaking and listening.

When we hear—or read—words intended to convey opinions about things, about *what* they are and *how* they are, it is amazing to observe their almost total dependence on the Latin rendering of crucial Greek, and especially Aristotelian, terms used in searching or revealing speech or, as we say, in "philosophical" discourse. The adoption of this Latin rendering by modern western languages usually involves a radical change and certainly a "sedimentation" of the very meaning of the terms in question. We hear a great deal about pollution today—the pollution of air, water, and land, which burdens our lives. But we hear rarely about the pollution of our language, which burdens our understanding. Our daily language, not to mention the "elevated" language of inquiry and exposition, is permeated and polluted by distorted terms in pseudo-Latin or even pseudo-Greek guise. Don't we use words like the following ones all the time: "actual", "dynamic", "potentialities", "matter", "substance", "theory", "information", "energy", "category", "logical", "formal", "abstract"? How strange and how discouraging! Do we know what we mean by these words? I could extend this list quite a bit, but I should like to add only these six terms: "ideal", "essence", "concept", "reality", "individual", and—*horribile dictu*—"mind".

This tendency of "sedimentation" of human speech finds, it is true, its counterpart in the tendency to re-

activate its original significance. Beyond that, it may happen that human speech reaches levels previously not experienced at all: they may increase its vigor, lift its signifying power to new heights, elevate it truly. Responsible for this are mostly—and rarely enough, to be sure—*written* words. New words or new combinations of words can be "coined", as we so aptly and significantly say. At decisive points in his dialogues Plato resorts to this kind of coining; in the dialogue entitled *The Republic*, for example, but most notably in the dialogue entitled *The Statesman*. (We are aware, of course, that Plato's dialogues, although presenting lively spoken words, are the result of uniquely careful editing and *writing*.) Story-writers engage—sometimes—in this kind of inventive writing, as Joyce and Faulkner did. The most important cases of newly articulated written speech, however, are found in declaratory works which intend to convey knowledge, derived from questioning that is profound and deeply serious. Such works are those of Aristotle, of Hegel who raises Aristotle to new levels, and of Heidegger who opposes Aristotle radically. Their peculiar way of speaking sheds new light on things, on their roots, their relations, their very being. We have to note: none of these authors has written works that are easily translatable,—and this cannot be otherwise.

Let me be fair to people of the Latin tongue and, by way of conclusion, quote Virgil, the poet. In a letter to a friend Virgil says that he gives birth to verses in the manner of bears and according to their custom (*parere se versus modo atque ritu ursino*), that is to say, that he produces his verses the way the mother bear handles her newly born cubs: assiduously and persistently she licks them into their proper shape. Such assiduous work, performed on the written word and undertaken to assure the right articulation of a composed whole, can and does restore and preserve the integrity of human speech. It is thus that the written word repays its eternal debt to the spoken word. ■



Two Sorts of Poetic Revision

by CHARLES G. BELL

I doubt if rules can be given for the making or shaping of poems. Some come easy, some hard, nor will the end product necessarily betray the manner of its birth. Is anything but curiosity to be served by raking up the files? Yet we live in a curious age where the exhibition of process tempts us more than participation in a timeless goal. And what is more immediate than a draft?

Charles G. Bell is a Tutor on the Santa Fe campus. His poems, "Diretro al Sol," "Heraclitus in the West," and "Touch-me-not" are from Songs for a New America *(Norman S. Berg, Dunwoody, Ga.). "Moonrise" was published in* Contemporary Poets of the English Language *(St. James Press, 1970), and "Resonance of Towers" in* Quarterly Review of Literature *(Princeton, 1972). "A Fly Trown into the Fire" has not been previously published. All poems are copyrighted by Charles G. Bell.*

The poems in my first two books *(Songs for a New America* and *Delta Return)* are mostly statements in the classical manner. They would come to me when I experienced a particular in its universal aspect. I would write the first sketch as fast as my pen would move, and later work it up, trying to bring out its implicit form.

By the early 1950's I had turned from the Augustinian drift of my war years toward a celebration of the tragic glory in which I thought of America as living. I was teaching Thucydides in Hutchins' College. One afternoon Elizabeth Mann Borgese drove some of us to a wine-tasting in the Electric Club high over Chicago, where I sampled maybe thirty kinds of wine. As we raced back south through the evening traffic of the outer drive, a poem came to me. As soon as I could get home to my desk, I dashed off the following lines, though my head swam so I could scarcely hold the pen in my hand:

We came out on the high platform above
The city of giant endeavor taking below
The advance of evening and in reddening glow
Clear stars returning, lights of windows round
In band and height to the over-pluming skies
And cars in streams pouring to the suburb homes.
Around us drinking the wines of France
Men of every nation with voices not yet hushed
By the encroaching shadows, speaking in the
Tongues of their native lands,
Of women and the world and who should rule,
Still free in slams and laughter.

And the dusk deepened as the city glowed
And out of the past of another great evening
Through which the spirit lives came the
Voice of Pericles as Athens stood on the
Beach of that mad sailing that bore them down.
These words echo in the mind. In the
living dusk the great towers flash skyward.
Along the water front stream the metal cars.
Planes above, flashing lights, the destinate
roar, South, West and East. And the
voices of free men. And we too on the
beach of the perilous parting.
Well we have lived. To all who
may come—by these presents—
Here perilous spirit took the dusk on wings.

(There was also an alternate version of the close):

The end is less than the knowledge of having
Dared for vision, if only we truly dare;
Above the blind world-closure of our wasting
Still the incredible promise brightens the shore.
Ships sailing to the dark . . .
And the twilight air
. . . rustles with the rush of wings.

For a week or more afterwards I was working with those notes, actualizing the meter, stanza structure, assonance and rhyme, word repetition, *etc.* latent there. Here is the result as it appears in my *Songs for a New America* (the title from Ulysses' "mad flight", *Inferno*, 26):

DIRETRO AL SOL

Over the gulf and soaring of the city
We came at dusk to the roof-garden rail.
Darkness flowed in the streets; the dream-world beauty
Of towered steel rose in the violet air—
Bands and heights of light under the sky's plumes;
Cars to the suburbs burn the long road lanes.

Here on the terrace, drinking wine and eating,
People of every nation, hearts unquelled
By the encroaching shadows, mingle, speaking
Tongues of kindred lands. Their voices tell
Of customs and of needs, of the fools who rule;
They are loose in talk and laughter, slurs and dreams.

And the clouds relinquish the sun's brown setting.
Twilight deepens as the city glows.
Out of the past of another world-evening
Spirit has suffered, a great voice looms;
It is Pericles—with Athens at the bourn
Of her adventurous sailing into ruin:

"We are the school of Hellas. Wonder unending
Of after ages will be ours. We have
Made sea and land the highway of our daring.
If now obedient to the general law
We invite decay, the greatness we have known
Will be some break of beauty in that gloom."

These words echo in the mind. From dark flashing
Along the gray shore and the wash of waves,
Towers, and cars streaming. Up vibrant air reaching
Cones of light catch at the destinate planes.
The roar west and east.
Here in the hum
Of mingled voices, careless freedom sings.

And we too have lived the dayspring and daring
That all time will remember; we have seen,
Over the earth-foreclosure of our wasting,
Still the incredible brightening of the dream. . . .
Now promise is almost presence under the dome
Of night stirred with light and the rush of wings.

The same method may be illustrated with another poem, a little earlier and darker, "Heraclitus in the West". In March of 1950, as I was walking by Lake Michigan (it becomes the Atlantic in the poem), the setting sun broke from clouds at my back and poured a shaft into the general dark, catching gulls invisible before, shining flecks against the storm. I was teaching *The Heart of Darkness;* to Conrad's symbol I added that of historical east and west, the turn from the free motion west back to the church-close of Eliot's surrender. I scribbled five lines:

And the streaming sun from behind out east
Over the sea; far against the drop of
Dark cloud and above the wind-tossed gray
The wheeling gulls, before swallowed in fog,
Burn silver sparks of searching, motes of fire.

To which, on my return to the house, I added (drifting toward prose):

Once we looked west over the sea to the golden oblate
And beckoning sun, dropping under the limb of the un-
And the call was westward, touching /explored.
the rooks and swallows
On the flat land behind, tentative wings sweeping out
west over the waves.

Here the great globe sets at our backs behind us, and the call has been followed to the last limb of land, the wall struck and the wave rebounds, drawn now down the stream

of spreading rays, east again east, home to the womb and mother, the peaceful church close and garden of old time . . . beside the river . . . among

For months this remained in my pocket, ineluctable. Then I saw it as four five-line stanzas, knit together with the tolling of repeated words (a variant on the line-endings of the Sestina), thirteen in each stanza: sun, behind, east, sea, river, light, dark, cloud, gray, drop, gulls, burn, fire—besides other words echoed, if not so many times: land, call, west, down, up, wind, verge, *etc.* The last stanza consciously transcends Spenglerian gloom in a timelessness of light against dark, rounding the poem out with ponderous solidity, at the same time that it sacrifices the broken poignance of the original sketch. For there is no gain, even in art, which is not in some sense a loss.

HERACLITUS IN THE WEST

"The way up and the way down is the same"

And the raying sun from behind breaks out east
Over the sea, opening a river light
Into the dark of cloud and the wind-tossed gray;
Against that drop, the unguessed wheeling gulls
Burn silver sparks of search, volitional fire.

Once we looked west over sea to the golden
Oblate and beckoning sun dropping without cloud
Behind the fired earth's verge; and the call was sunward,
Burning rooks and gulls of the dark eastern land,
Stirred wings west up rivers of light from the gray.

Here the great sun drops at our backs behind us;
The call has been followed to the last verge of land,
The light struck and the wave rebounds; into dark
We burn down rivers of fire, re-entering cloud,
Gulls to the gray-walled close by the eastern sea.

Sunlight before or behind are tides of one motion;
The way up and down currents of a single sea;
Beyond east or west rounds the gulf of one darkness;
And every ray of flight burns rivers of fire,
Gulls to the landless drop of the wind-gray cloud.

This classical method of revision remains the same, whether the first sketch comes from within, or as often in fiction, from conversations heard. Thus, Christmas vacation of 1951, returning from Mississippi to Chicago on the night train, I waked from a doze to a conversation incredibly satirizing itself by its own symbols—tourist-talk from the seat in front of me. I took down in the almost dark on an envelope:

And the cigar factory, did you go?
Yes, we were there. I bought two boxes
& the Trocadero (?) with the frosted drinks,
diacheris I guess. We bought the banana liquer.
Something going on all the day. Cocktails.
And we never had to walk.
But the people are strangers
Very unfriendly & so many beggars.
Surely sounds interesting—But did you see
the little plant that when you touch it withers all up.
No.

At the side I scratched:

It is the symb.

And in a space at the top, an opening first used in the poem, then cut to a line, then revised out:

Between waking and sleeping, half in dream
I heard this from the new rich on a train.

I got another paper as soon as I could and noted some other details they had mentioned, the cruise boat, *etc.* The poem came out rather easily in ironic half-rhymed couplets (as it appears in the revised version of *Songs for a New America*):

TOUCH-ME-NOT

"It was wonderful. The cruise boat stopped at the stream,
And there they brought a barge and put us on.
We had the deck with curtains; just below,
A marimba band played the whole day through.
So we went up the river. It was nice.
They have beef steaks at fifty cents apiece,
And frosted drinks."
"I guess you docked in Cuba?"
"For three days."
"Did you see the Tropicana?"
"We were there; the ceiling's made of glass.
And we drank daiquiris, I think it was,
At forty cents a throw."
"Fancy that.
I bought banana liqueur."
"And on the boat
There was something every hour. Cocktails helped.
And when we went ashore we never walked."
"Did you see them lick cigars with their tongues?"
"Sure. I got two boxes, but they were strong."
"Sounds interesting."
"Only the people are queer,
Unfriendly, you know, and beggars everywhere."
"And did you see the small plant touch-me-not
That when you touch it it withers all up
Before your eyes?"
"No, that we did not find."

Go back; it is the essence of the land.

So far I have illustrated only the one method. In most of my later poems, revision has taken a different slant. The longer versions here given were already revised poems, worked up from such sketches as have just been considered. What has happened from that point on is a kind of

modern Revision by Excision—to strike out or dissolve as much of the poem as possible, until it becomes a kind of archipelago of mountains, remnant of a drowned continent of discourse. The trick is to keep the poem from sinking altogether, since there is a certain law of gravity by which, once it has gone below a critical mass, it tends to wilt without limit, as a bubble under surface tension withdraws into a pipe-bowl.

The three poems here given, both in long and short versions, have been revised over five or more years and through innumerable states. It is to be hoped they have been arrested at the point where space was about to close up around them.

MOONRISE (early form)

Long ago I stood with a woman by the sea
And saw the moon rise naked and alone.
When we did not love in the hollows of the dunes
Or swim in the moon-spilled troughs of the sea,
I grieved for the wasted beauty of the world.

From the sleeping form of another woman now
I rise and climb the dunes, where another moon
Breaks over an ocean shore, it washes clean.
I am content in the ruins of nakedness.

Listen, waking or sleeping, all I have loved:
The heart of an old man wants nothing more
When the dead moon spills its yellow seed
In the heaving and sighing deep furrows of the sea.

MOONRISE

I rise and climb the dunes. A waning moon
Breaks over an ocean shore it washes clean.
I am content in the ruins of nakedness.

Sleeping or waking, listen, all I have loved:

The heart of an old man wants nothing more
When the dead moon spills its yellow seed
In the heaving and sighing deep furrows of the sea.

INVESTITURE (preliminary)

Tonight for the first time I climb the stair,
Turn on the light, that sends four rays
To the dark quarters of the bay and land.
How many have kept lights burning in their towers?

Milton's solitary Platonist,
Image-seeking Celtic Yeats,
Collins in the mountain hut
Over twilight shires of mist.

Think of Dante somewhere in banishment
Climbing another's stairs by candlelight;
Think of all whose height became a sign
Of the brooding eminence established by the mind.

Rats with electrodes in their heads
Jump on treadle for a charge.
Action, passion, peace and war
Shrink to pastime—company bad.

Only rays that reach across dark shores
Find the resonance of what endures,
This lighted web of soul in the world
Communion of Platonists in timeless towers.

RESONANCE OF TOWERS

Tonight, in the lighted tower,
I have outwatched the Bear.

I think of Dante in banishment,
Climbing another's stairs by candlelight;

Collins in the clouded hut
Rockwalled Jeffers, embattled Yeats

Rats with electrodes in their heads
Jump on the treadle for a charge.

The night web of soul in the world
Flickers from tower to tower.

CAVE OF FIRE (preliminary)

When logs have burned in a good draft
To a white-hot cave on the hearth,
And flies roused from their winter torpor
Buzz and stretch themselves,
Take a sleepy one and hurl him in that glory.

The black body becomes a stuff of burning;
It shrinks and hisses; stirs, fringed with light;
Then it is all glowing, featureless fire.
The suspensions that made it a living creature,
Stretching its neck, preening its head and wings,
Change into incandescence, clear, all made clear.

As if our world were swallowed by the sun;
Or these small suns we make in emulation,
Kindling against ourselves such instant caves,
Had rendered into light love's diapered shades.
A terrible thing—as the old book warned—
To fall into the hands of the living God.

A FLY THROWN INTO THE FIRE

The black body shrinks and hisses
  Fringed with light.
What stretched the neck, what preened
  Head and wings,
Changed to incandescence.
  All flesh grass
In the hands of the living God. ■

Interview with

Alvin Fross and Peter Weiss

by ROBERT L. SPAETH

ROBERT SPAETH: Mr. Fross and Mr. Weiss, looking back at being students at St. John's from twenty-five years later, what would you say St. John's did for you? Mr. Weiss?

PETER WEISS: It gave me a view of the world; gave me a view of what a sensible life might be like; gave me a view of a lot of things that came before that one ought to bear in mind when one thinks about what things are like today.

SPAETH: Do you thing it did those things for you in a way that other colleges would not have or could not have?

WEISS: It is awfully hard to say, not having been to any other college. But I have talked to a lot of people who have been to other colleges. I think it is clear that St. John's does some things for people that other colleges don't do. I think it is also fair to say that St. John's makes a lot of claims, a lot of exclusive claims for itself that are probably subject to criticism. I don't think St. John's is the only place where you can learn to think. I don't think St. John's is the only place where you can learn how to think morally. It is probably true that it is a little harder to go through four years at St. John's without at least having made an effort to learn how to think and to learn how to think morally, than at some other places.

SPAETH: Mr. Fross, what do you think of this?

ALVIN FROSS: I think that in some ways, talking to our generation, you are talking to a generation that had a rather peculiar and unusual St. John's experience. When we went to college we started out with a group of about 200 people who were destined to be there as a group for only six months or so. Shortly after we got there the great exodus began, and large numbers were called up for the Army and Navy Reserve, and we became a kind of extended family for those people. Many of them were not too far away from the College. We shrank at one point, I think, to a community of only 50 people in residence, with people swarming in on week-ends. The program was not really a reading and studying program but in a way it was a constant looking-out into a blinding light and looking back. Your eyes just kept going back and forth. There were people who were out there who were trying to adjust to a radically different world and radically different situation, and we were trying to adjust to either. So the books were being read in the light of a very unstable world to which we were exposed on every single week-end of that early period. I think that in some ways some of the books we read had special meaning for us because of that. I think that maybe the books about war, particularly Homer, Virgil, had perhaps more meaning for us than they might have for other people. We were constantly trying to think about what it meant to go off to war and to be a soldier or sailor. That is one element of our special experience. Also, I would say that ours was probably much more of a heterogenous experience. The reason I say this is because in some way the thing that stands out most clearly to me after all those years was not the books by themselves but the books as a medium for getting to know a small group of people extremely well. That is, they provided for people of very diverse backgrounds, very diverse emotional needs, a medium for getting to know one another, for dialogue. That is, it opened up new worlds. I came from a very small community. A large town, but a small community in that town and at St. John's I met people whom I did not dream existed. If I had met those people in a large university I probably would never have gotten to know them that well, but at St. John's you just had to. When you shrank down to 50 you got to know every one of those people, even those whom you really couldn't really sympathize with, you got to know them awfully well. As to what I feel about the program, taken out of context, I think the program taken out of context is pure nonsense. That is, I think that to talk about it in terms of the ideology of the

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Alvin Fross, '46 and Peter Weiss, '46 are lawyers specializing in trademark law. They were students on the Annapolis campus both before and after World War II. This interview was conducted in their offices in New York City. Because of the press of business, neither could find time to review this transcript. Thus, the alumni portrayed here may or may not be the real Fross and Weiss.

first catalog is to spin a myth. A very useful myth because it proposes a hypothesis: if we take this program and we work with a community of a certain size, something, we hope, will happen. And to relate it back to a Golden Age, which is some of the rhetoric of the first catalog, is also to be a living in a classical kind of mythology. It has a certain wonder. We rather liked that myth. We rather enjoyed it. I don't think any of us ever fully believed it.

SPAETH: Mr. Fross, you said a number of interesting things; I'd like to explore some of them. You mentioned thinking about certain books such as the *Iliad* in a particular way because the war was on. Mr. Weiss, you used the phrase "thinking morally" as something that you learned at St. John's. Is there something about those books or the program that encouraged more of a concern with morality than with intellectual development? Perhaps this has something to do with the war or perhaps it is more general.

WEISS: It also has something to do with what Al just said about the smallness of the community. I think it is interesting that he said that he saw the books as a medium of getting to know a small group of people very well, because I suspect that is at least partly a matter of personal disposition; some people would find themselves interested in relating to the people around them through almost any medium that happened to be available. The books are a very good one for that. Other people might be pushed more in the direction of intellectual exploration by whatever medium happened to be available to them. Nobody there at that time or presumably today is just reading the books, but they are working through the books. They are grappling with them; they are fighting them; they are repelled by them and attracted to them. I think we all shared the experience that some of the best contact we had with the books, some of the best insights that were produced by the books, were the result of a total living and learning experience. You asked about what it was about the books which made it easier or mandatory, if you like, to come up with some moral distillation of all this stuff that passed in and out of our range during our four years there. I guess the thing about that is that after a while, no matter what your background, the notion that the people who wrote the books, or even the people who thought up the experiments, had something serious to say about what kind of place the world was. That notion gets to you and it becomes part of your habit of dealing with the world around you. Sometimes that means that people get awfully pretentious in their thinking, and everything that happens is either a playing through of some great paradigm that you have read about in one book or another, or it becomes the occasion for some blinding flash of insight, which upon reflection the next day or maybe a decade later turns out to be only trivial. I think I would rather go to a place where you are constantly prodded into thinking what it all means than to a place where the habit of thought is that it all means nothing or where the habit of thought is that it all means whatever this expert says.

SPAETH: When you say that you were induced to get into the habit of taking life seriously and seeing these moral questions as serious, do you also mean to say that there was no particular moral direction that you were urged in?

WEISS: Oh yes, I think that is borne out by the many different moral directions in which people go after they leave the place. It would be awfully difficult to say that there is a consistent moral and political philosophy that you are bound to emerge with from St. John's if you have done your work correctly. As a matter of fact, in retrospect it is a little disappointing sometimes that people don't come up with a more consistent moral philosophy, particularly if you happen to believe as I guess I do, that there are some moral philosophies that are more consistent and more valuable than others. That is both a good thing and a bad thing about St. John's. I think there is a kind of looseness, a kind of open-endedness about values which is not good for people who, for one reason or another, don't either already come to the College with a well-developed sense of values or don't manage to work one out for themselves while they are there. I think people like that can go through the program for four years being titillated by the notion of, say, a comprehensive view of life and can then go on to lead the most ordinary life after they have stopped being exposed to it and after they have stopped being exposed to the constant challenge. I often feel that that is happening to me.

FROSS: I think that the kind of sojourn which people experienced had to do, of course, with where they were starting so that if a person came from a small town on the Eastern Shore or came from an industrial town in New Jersey with its special provincial character, as I did, to suddenly find themselves in a community where people were in the process of conversion to one thing or another was quite a shock. You always assumed that the next step was a little step, whatever step it was to be. It was certainly not going to be to throw over the traces of your entire past life. Nevertheless, what almost all of us saw, even in the first month at St. John's, is that people are really susceptible to very major revolutionary personal change. I think that for most of us that was both a threat and a promise. I think that is one of the elements in the answer to your question as to why did people embark on moral dialogue. In a sense they knew that they were in an environment where they were potentially changeable and changeable radically and had to think about what kind of people they might want to be if that was really possible. Then the fact that some of the changes were changes of a religious nature necessarily raised moral issues. What does it mean to be suddenly taken by an idea sufficiently to abandon your family and your history and your friends? At least one of our friends from my home town left the world that he knew which was a Jewish world and became, for a period of time, a Trappist monk. A very major change

indeed. He went through several changes along the way before that but that was a very major change. That is another element but I suppose that one of the largest elements to be kept in mind when you think about the moral nature of the dialogue is the people who were the source of leadership to us. They were people who had been engaged for a long, long time in a moral dialogue. And an additional important factor was that there really was a limiting methodology in approaching most of the books. That is, it was considered improper to look at the books from the point of view of critical histories. You were not supposed to go and find out what others had thought about the books and therefore you were not likely to come up with a theory which related to what the author really meant to say. The methodology required you to decide what the author said to you and once you do that, what he said to you, you have limited the kinds of things that you are likely to be able to focus on. We read those books for their message. When you speak about message in that way the message is very likely to be a moral one.

SPAETH: Did your approach mean that various members of the seminar would find that the books were saying different things to them? Would that imply a difficulty of communication?

FROSS: No, because although you had to search yourself for what they said to you, what you experienced you had to justify by the text. That is, you couldn't say, "I read this book and it inspired me to think about a sunset." You had to say, "I read this book and this is what it says literally and this is what it means to me because it says that." Somebody said, "But is doesn't really say that, I mean if you look back on it you will see you missed that other phrase." Then you had to argue about that. In other words, the books provided a text which had to be focused on and they provided a medium through which you shared your experiences and your reactions to the material. I would say on the whole that it was a rather disciplined dialogue, especially since most of us had rather disciplined leaders.

WEISS: Yes, but of course, that raises the whole question of whether the methodology might not be too limiting.

SPAETH: Limiting also means confining. Did you find it that way?

WEISS: I didn't find it that way at the time but I remember Alec Meikeljohn used to come by periodically and sit in on seminars and get a big kick out of them. Outside the seminar he used to be rather critical of what you might call the exclusively intellectual approach to the books and to the entire program and Meikeljohn used to remind people that the social scientists who were held in such low regard at St. John's, at least at the time that I was there, had a few relevant things to say about the very same things that the book had relevant things to say about. They were coming from a different place but that didn't mean that their findings or insights ought to be disregarded. In retrospect that seems to me to be a valid criticism. We were rather fanatical, all of us at the time, about defending the purity of the approach. In retrospect it seems to me to have been a somewhat misguided fanaticism.

SPAETH: Mr. Fross said earlier something that went farther than purity. He referred to the "ideology" of the original catalog and that the program was built on a myth.

WEISS: That is a more drastic way to put it but I would go along with it. There are really two aspects to that. One is the purity of the intellectual approach and the other is the purity of the lifestyle. While our lifestyle wasn't any more pure than any other college lifestyle in terms of what we did after hours, there was a kind of purity of lifestyle about involvement in the community which I gather still survives to this day. I mean the notion that you really have to take these four years out of your life and think, and then you will be able to do all kinds of things for the rest of your life, but during those four years you can't get distracted. You can't get distracted by working on a job, you can't get distracted by getting involved in politics, you can't get distracted by what is referred to as extra-curricular activities. That is true only to the extent that the distractions may preempt the real purpose of your four year stay at college. To that extent that is a valid goal. To the extent that it places you in a sterile environment from the point of view of your total activity while you are there, it is probably not a good idea. I would say it is probably not a good idea under any circumstances to create intellectual experiences. Some of the books were not written out of isolated intellectual experiences. Some of the books were written by people who were involved in the most intense way with everything around them. I don't think Machiavelli could have written *The Prince* if he hadn't gotten his hands pretty dirty with the business of Renaissance politics. I think it is important not to interrupt the business of living for a four year period while you go about the business of discovering "truth" in an abstract way.

FROSS: In our period, to try to flesh out what Peter is saying, I can recall only two kinds of rather strong contact with the so-called outside world. One of them was a formal one, a Sunday night meeting which was arranged to take advantage of the existence in Washington, D. C. of people who were very involved in the war and in government. They came down and talked to us about current affairs. Usually they were very cerebral and extremely able people. We would question them in the traditional St. John's style, but it was very non-activist kind of thing. The second thing that did involve some activity but was so minor as to kind of paint us into our proper picture, as of those days, was that there was a Great Books Seminar in the Negro community in Annapolis. There was a relationship between some of the members of the faculty and the black community which was in these days quite an extraordinary thing because it was about the only tie that

existed between whites and blacks in Annapolis.

SPAETH: Has it been true for you gentlemen that what you learned as relatively inexperienced people had a significant impact as the years passed and you gained that experience? In other words, did St. John's have a continuing influence in the last 25 years?

WEISS: I suppose it did in terms of style. I don't think it did in terms of content. It has had a continuing effect in terms of style and by that I mean that in the four years at St. John's, interrupted as they were by three years at war, I developed a kind of view of the interconnectedness of things. This is something that I insist on not giving up. I insist, even though in our profession Al and I are about as specialized as you can get. We insist on two things. One is to go about our specialized professional work in a very generalized way, that is, by bringing to it as much knowledge and experience from other disciplines and other branches of the law as we can muster. And beyond this office I, for myself, I insist on not taking isolated events and dealing with them as isolated events because that is death to the understanding. I would like to think that has to do with the habit of thought that I might have acquired in Annapolis. It becomes more and more difficult to make sense out of the whole. I mean the kind of cosmic structures that you can erect in your minds sitting around a seminar table just don't seem to stand up too well when you start sending probes or tamping at the supports. But you keep trying. You keep trying to relate what has happened in Viet Nam to what is happening in the theatre and what is happening in the theatre to what is happening with the distribution of wealth of the world and you keep being obsessed by the need to know more so that you can flesh out the tentative structure that you have in your head. I am not saying that St. John's is the only place that can give you that but I think it may be a little easier to get there.

FROSS: I think that Peter may be saying that to some extent we have learned to live in a world in which we sometimes think we have grasped some truths but where the whole picture continuously eludes us, but nevertheless we keep on looking. That is one of the things that happened in the four years, that the big prize of the total picture always eluded us and as far as we could tell it always eluded everyone else. You can either become a cynic and say it's not worth bothering about, or you can learn to live with that and just keep on going. Peter, for example is a very much more patient person, although he is not an outstandingly patient one, than he would be but for his having been at St. John's. I think that he puts up with more nonsense than he would otherwise put up with.

WEISS: Now you are making too big a claim for the College.

FROSS: I will go back to what I said earlier; we start out with certain kind of character propensities. Peter said before that I am interested in people. He is obviously, from what you know about his career, interested in ideas. He is very drawn to trying to work up an ideological construct, which he tries to test out and see how it works out, and obviously both of us have our disappointments. People disappoint me; ideas sometimes disappoint him, but I think we have developed a certain amount of patience as a result of our experiences. Am I right about that?

WEISS: Yes, you have got to be right about that to the extent that unless you slept through four years of seminars you can't take somebody's proposition that is handed to you and say, "Yes, that is it" without saying, "Wait a minute, what about this part? what about that part? and does it square with so and so and such and such?"

FROSS: And really, if it is basically wrong, is it 100% garbage? That is another thing that one learns, that somehow or other, if it is an idea that comes from a person who is a thoughtful person, it may be wrong but it rarely is totally irrelevant. Usually there is something in it that needs to be found and thought about.

WEISS: Again, I don't know how much credit the College deserves for that but I have, going back to those days, a kind of sentimental attachment to the truth and like people telling me that something happened in a certain way when I suspect that it didn't, even though it may fit more conveniently to the overall scheme of things to believe that it happened the way they said it did.

SPAETH: You, very much like the faculty and students, now refer generally to "the College" as having done this or that or having influenced you in a certain way. Do you usually think of it that way, or do you distinguish certain books, or certain parts of the program—or the Tutors, or certain Tutors?

WEISS: I can't say that some books taught me more than other books. Obviously they did because some books I can't even remember, but the thing that remains is the habit of dealing with the printed words as it communicates somebody's message. That is what remains from the entire experience of four years of fighting books. In discussions about the war with young lawyers I keep finding myself somewhat pompously coming back to *The Republic* as the one book that really tells you what law is, as opposed to all the theories you get from books of jurisprudence—or at least it is the book that tells you how law grows out of the life of the people. I could give you other examples like that but it is not important. What is important is the habit of thought and the habit of not standing still. I wonder what it would be like to start afresh now, if you didn't already believe that, whether you reach it or not, there is a way to put all the pieces together. If you didn't already believe that, what would happen if you just started at St. John's today, say, knowing what Al and I know about what an impossible thing it is to grasp it all. What would it be like to say—Okay, now we know about the fact that technology means that we are going to die faster than we would if we had not tech-

nology; international law means that people can get up at the UN and justify almost and kind of genocide or other atrocity in terms of some branch of international law, that the world's most respected statesmen can get up and lie like people on their third bottle of booze. What would it mean to live in that kind of would and have that kind of experience every time you pick up the newspapers and then say, "Yes, but somehow it must all fit together and I am going to keep looking for the grand pattern."

FROSS: In a way you are asking how we would, if we went back today, read Plato.

WEISS: Yes, I am asking that.

SPAETH: I think that is a very interesting point, because it is often a criticism made of young people reading those books, that they are reading books written by older men, who in fact had a life somewhat like you describe. That is, the authors saw the world as being rather rougher than an 18 year old has seen it. Hobbes, for example, wrote in the context of a quite violent society. I don't know whether that is an argument in favor of reading these books at age 50 rather than 18, or against it.

WEISS: It is probably an argument in favor of re-reading them periodically.

FROSS: I think if I was right in what I said earlier, Peter, what it comes to is that reading Plato at age 18 forever conditioned us because even though you made this little speech, you go right on as if it were possible.

WEISS:, Yes, that is true. For instance at the Center for Constitutional Rights where I do some of what lawyers call *pro bona publico* where civil rights are constitutionalized, I sign my letters "Justice". I don't think I would be doing it unless I believed there was such a thing. I work with a lot of radical lawyers. I consider myself a radical lawyer, and they talk about justice but I am not quite sure what they mean. In fact, it really doesn't make much difference. Again, coming from different places, we know when somebody is being exploited and we know when somebody is being worked over and we know when the process of the law is being abused, and we probably fight it in very similar ways. I have somewhere in the back of my mind a kind of grey omnipresence that says there is something called justice.

FROSS: And I think that you continue to be prayerful that the courts will produce it. You know that they often do not, but you are not eager to see the courts destroyed which I think some radical lawyers would be willing to have happen.

WEISS: We can't afford to have the courts destroyed just now. When we have a just society we won't need the courts, but that is something else.

SPAETH: Did you come to current civil rights problems from an abstract notion of justice rather than some attachment to the Constitution?

WEISS: I come to it from a sense of deep outrage at what people are doing to people but, you see, my outrage is compounded and heightened by the fact that they are doing these things in the name of justice, Constitution, democracy. Yes, I am doubly outraged when Spiro Agnew speaks of democracy because it does have a meaning to me. I think of it as a beautiful construct in the abstract from those days when I was reading Plato, and the mere fact that it doesn't work today does not mean that I can't still in an intellectual way be in love with it and fight all the harder to see if we can get a little closer to its realization. What I am saying is that the fact that the world is becoming messier and messier, that you find it harder and harder to get a handle on it, doesn't mean that you get away from some notion of what justice means other than what Nixon says, or what some of my friends on the left are saying. Maybe there were times when what my friends on the left are saying is closer to what I thought it was when I read Plato. In some way that is coincidental because some of my friends on the left don't have any firmer foundation for what they are saying is the right kind of society than Nixon or Agnew do.

SPAETH: Mr. Fross, do you want to comment on that?

FROSS. Yes, I would. I think that while an individual's concept of what is justice probably can and must change throughout his life as he is reflective about what he has seen and read and what he is experiencing, that a life without a meaningful concept of justice in it which is always evolving is an impoverished one. I think that both of us are prepared to risk being wrong about what justice is from time to time, but we are certainly not willing to give up trying to find out what it is and trying to do something about it. In Peter's case it is in terms of the kind of work that he does outside his office, and in mine, since I don't have his energy or his willpower, it is in trying to control my immediate environment.

WEISS: And somebody has to keep the office going.

FROSS: I don't think it is a matter of difference in just plain emotional and physical energy. I limit myself to my immediate environment and try very hard in that environment to live out what is my belief about justice. I certainly am willing to suffer distress because of my wrongness about it from time to time because I have been wrong. I think that, to some extent, what you are hearing about us is temperamental and that in a way the St. John's experience has been relevant in that it has given us the strength to do the things that we are temperamentally suited to do.

WEISS: If you want to put it in plain ordinary English, there is an abiding distrust of pragmatism which I carry through life with me and which I picked up at St. John's. By that I don't mean that I am not willing to try ten different approaches to a solution if the first nine don't work, but I mean that I have no patience with the notion

that things are good if they work and bad if they don't work.

SPAETH: I have heard the criticism from an alumnus from your era that students now-a-days are less emotional than you were. He said that seminars used to be much more of a laying out of your own personal beliefs and questions on the tables, a kind of unburdening of yourselves with respect to the argument in question. Whereas he observed at the College in recent years a more academic concern with what is in the books and whether it is right.

WEISS: If he was from our generation then maybe Al gave you the answer when he talked about the special quality of our generation in terms of the war period.

SPAETH: I would like to use this opportunity to go back to that. I am interested in the fact, Mr. Fross, that you said that the scale of the College in those days was especially important to you as it related to the reading of the books. It is often said at St. John's now that a small college is important (although we have grown to 370 students) and it is also repeatedly said that the particular program is important. But I rarely hear the two related to one another as you have. I think you might say more about that.

FROSS: I think that the size of the community forced a kind of seriousness about one another. We were not quick to dismiss an idea of someone with whom we were going to live on a regular basis. We might not like his vision of the world but we really did feel that we had to come to grips in some way with what his vision was, and sometimes the vision, especially in the period when I returned from the war, was one that was very difficult to come to grips with because it was the vision of a 16 year old kid who really should not have been in the College at all. Nevertheless the community was small and there was some feeling of responsibility. I think that that feeling of responsibility toward one another was an element of growth and a tension that was very valuable. I said also that I thought that we were lucky in that the group changed several times over the period of our years because of the war moving populations in and out, so that while we were always very small the population itself was a changing one. Now at this time in history I am glad that the College is not 200, I am glad that it is nearer 370 or so because I think that if the College were as small as we were and the population stayed the same for four years that it would be very difficult to have enough freshness in the group. I would hope also that if the College does stay as small as this, and I think it should, that there would be a fair amount of interchange between New Mexico and Annapolis so that there would be some freshening of the atmosphere from time to time. Do you have any reaction to all this, Peter?

WEISS: Yes, I agree. I have a discussion sometimes with my wife and I guess I will increasingly as our kids get to be of college age. She went to the University of Wisconsin, which is a huge place, and was very happy there because there were so many people and so much to do, so much activity, so much ferment, intellectual, political, social. She finds it hard to conceive of that level, that intensity of activity taking place in an institution as small as St. John's. And there probably is, as Al said, a minimum size that is required for the kind of community that St. John's tries to be. Obviously you can have a community of two people or a community of 10 people or of 100 but not in a college situation.

SPAETH: What exactly is so important in the smallness? Is it how well you get to know your fellow students?

FROSS: I don't think so. I think that it has to do with the degree of responsibility which you feel for his condition, particularly if you are in a community that is in ferment, and ours always was. I can't recall any time when there wasn't some element of ferment in it, personal ferment. We talked about the early years and the conversions in that period. For those who had returned from the war, there were the problems of readjustment, of trying to make sense out of their experiences. There were very many different experiences involved. I think that we all, regardless of whether we were interested in people or interested in ideas, or both, simply tried to deal with one another in a very responsible fashion.

WEISS: At a large university you can get lost if you want to get lost. At a place as small as St. John's you really can't get lost, you can't hide. Whether you want to have relationships with people or not they are going to be forced on you.

FROSS: I think it is also very wholesome not to be able to bite off people who are not part of your past experience and just say they are irrelevant. You just couldn't do that in that small community.

SPAETH: That is, you were forced to take all kinds that happened to be there.

FROSS: Right, they were all part of the dialogue in one way or another even if they weren't talking.

SPAETH: I came from Catholic schools and we were always told that if we went to large universities we should find the Newman club and then we could always associate with Catholics. I never went to a university like that but it would have been a tremendous waste I am sure. At St. John's I think there are no clubs at all of the sort that people use to go to, to be with like-minded people.

FROSS: Now back in our day, Mr. Kaplan ran a Bible class in which he did try to give, as I understand it, some understanding of the Jewish religious tradition but that class was always attended by a substantial number of non-Jews.

SPAETH: He is still giving that class.

FROSS: Is he? How marvelous! ■

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

Annapolis 1973

by FORD K. BROWN

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Freshman Class—of 1969, naturally—

Fellow intellectuals, on the democratic premise, necessary to you as to us, that the term "intellectual" implies a steadfast care for things of the intellect beyond just those of the intelligible and in so many areas all-too-intelligible world—

Between 1969 and these present moments a long four years may have brought about changes in you perhaps greater than you have realized. A simple example: It would have been all right for me to address you as the Freshman Class back then. Nowadays everybody knows that as a matter of decency, anti-racism, justice, liberation and so on you would have to be called the Freshman and Freshwoman Class, which for propriety, justice, decency, liberation and remnants of old-time chivalry would have to become the Freshwoman and Freshman Class, which of course in no time—so great our passion for brevity—becomes just the Freshwoman Class.

I feel that the trivial attempt noticeable here, in a kindly way, to right so great the ancient wrong should be received with some calmness and sobriety. Back a century ago Thomas Henry Huxley told us, "The rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us." That player is hidden from even the triumphant Freshwomen, and he has been playing (she has been playing?) much the same way for centuries. No men, perhaps even few gentlemen, have forgot some sensational feminine characters of the past: that little Eve for one, and then Clytemnestra and Medea and all those Roman and Eastern empresses, and Lizzie Borden and Ma Barker, and the no doubt innocent character who gave us Howard Cosell, and a character only now really brought to light, the Abominable Snow Woman. We know only that her name is Yeta.

I think it was a couple of years before you came that I happened to listen with an earlier entering class to one of our own lecturers who, out of the goodness of his heart —which you would expect from all of us—was trying to help them learn a mistakenly simple-appearing task, how to read those of our most difficult books, namely those that are deceptively simple. I have got permission to

plagiarize a few of this speaker's remarks. Freshmen, he seemed to believe, on the word (somewhere) of Aristotle, are by their nature young, innocent, ingenuous and naïve, consequently unsophisticated, idealistic and optimistic, what is called "generous to a fault"—that is, knowing no duplicity, trickery or even irony, suspecting none—hence quite unexperienced in the ways of this novel field of their intellectual world, given therefore to a feeble acceptance or a disabling renitency and little competent, even among the now Freshwomen themselves, to cope with things attainable only by people who are alert, wary, forewarned and forearmed and constantly suspicious, in a nice intellectual way, of anything they read.

Discounting now, suspiciously, a good part of that oracular pronouncement about Aristotle's freshmen, it's clear that your just being here speaks of a considerable, in felicitous cases an extraordinary, intellectual and spiritual growth, in some cases (if this class at all resembles others) almost as if an act of Nature's player, perhaps even one of those dispensations that leave beholders only to exclaim *mirabile dictu!* (I speak in Latin to give no offense) . . . and still, even then, with members more than competent to join with the generality in hosannas along the lines of an old familiar formula, "What Hath Freshwoman Wrought!", and continuing on devoted solely to the unflinching pursuit of idle curiosity . . . which I perhaps should explain is the curiosity that seeks knowledge for its own sake. (I interrupt myself here to add about that paragraph a brand new bulletin fresh from after the President's Dinner, to the effect that it was a good, civilized show even after the generous booster shots out in left field.)

I add here, as I certainly ought to do, a trivial incident but to be sure one that could possibly suit that unknown player "on the other side," in a conversation I had once with one of our elder non-statesmen teachers a few years ago. "Nobody," one of us said, "with such beautiful violet eyes will ever get a failing mark from me." We agreed, as I remember. Of course I was joking, and I think Mr. Kaplan was.

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It's likely that the nature of this College had something to do with your success, player of Nature or no player, and, to help explain that, I'm going to take you back some centuries, to medieval times, and to France, and particularly to a small town some fifty miles south of Paris where the townspeople had decided to build themselves a new church. There are extraordinary things about that church—"*cette belle église,*" the preacher there used to say in modern times, with a monstrosity of modesty—and there are two or three things in particular of special interest to you and to all this College. The first is that the church was built by scholars; the second is the peculiar nature of the builders; and the third we might call "the Epigone Connection."

The church is Our Lady of Chartres, the house of the Virgin Mary, the Queen of the cathedral; and it was built back there, from 1194 to 1220, with a care of precision, a meticulous certainty of workmanship, and as absolute and inspectorate sureness of measure and proportion on the part of the builders as there was in the imagination of the architects; it had to be that way in this noblest of all the churches of the Queen, for in it everything was for her alone. There has never been even a funerary monument in this cathedral and nobody has ever been buried in it, "Lest there should be a profanation or contamination of her purity." No other church or institution possesses the Veil of the Virgin, given in 876 by Charles the Bald, or the ancient relic known as the Shift, or Tunic, of the Virgin. The great stained window of the Bakers' Guild has a little basket of rolls at the bottom, at the bottom of the Shoemakers' Guild there is a little shoemaker at work, but it is a notable signature of the times and the place that of all the sculptured pieces on and in the cathedral, everywhere, over three thousand of them, with hundreds of figures of the Old and New Testaments, and long arrays of bishops, saints and martyrs, not one bears a sculptor's signature, and the name of only one man is known who could reasonably be assumed to have worked there; he signed his name and his town—Chartres—in another cathedral. Even the name of the greatest of the builders, called the Master of Chartres, is not known. The sculptures, the figures of the saints and others in the unequalled stained glass—there are 3,889 of them—and every magnificent achievement or new discovery of this Gothic period—the flying buttresses that permitted the great size and number of the windows, the masterly placing of the glass to let light in—all was a splendid offering to the Queen of the Cathedral in which everything was for her.

I'm going to cap this little piece about Notre Dame de Chartres by citing one sentence from a modern writer, author of a book called *The Gothic Cathedral,* published in the Bollingen Series established by our alumnus Paul Mellon. This is an extraordinary sentence, eloquent, oracular and covering a truly large field; but I think he is probably right.

> In our own time, no work of art, religious or otherwise, has an importance that is even remotely comparable to that which compelled an entire generation to pour its energies and resources into the construction of the cosmos of stone that, between 1194 and 1220, rose gradually and breathtakingly above the town of Chartres.

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In the West Facade or *Portail Royale* of the Cathedral, with some of the most beautiful statuary in the world, beneath the large figure of the Virgin is a little group of characters that I believe you will like. I quote about them from the Chartraine Chamber of Commerce, or Syndicate of Initiative, Guide if you prefer.

"The sciences are symbolized by figures of women and under each of them the man who has most honored the science in question."

Science . . . in a cathedral devoted to the Virgin Mary? Quite so, and the men who stood for the sciences are mostly well known to you. It just happens that there are seven of them.

The figures are:

Dialectic and Aristotle
Rhetoric and Cicero
Geometry and Euclid
Arithmetic and Boethius
Astronomy and Ptolemy
Grammar and Priscian (or Donatus; these little figures are not named and there is some argument about them)
Music and Pythagoras

These seven sciences furthermore are placed just next to the throne of the Virgin, their position there, we are told by Henry Adams, testifying to her intellectual superiority, indicating that she had a perfect mastery of what we still call the seven Liberal Arts.

At this time it is clear that the modern canonical division of the seven Liberal Arts appears little useful as the four sciences known as the quadrivium become in every way all in all. Here a difference in science and art fades as this whole undertaking rests upon a single brief basic concept: Architecture *is* geometry.

To save time I am obliged to call on Professor Von Simson again:

1. The beauty of the edifice consists of the crystalline clarity of *the structural anatomy.*

2. The perfection of this great architectural system is the perfection of the proportions, proportions that the master developed not according to his personal intuition but by exact geometrical calculations.

3. And it is that certainty of procedure that enables one to speak (I quote again) of "the aesthetic and structural relevance of proportion."

Again, architecture *is* geometry.

I turn from this with two laconic sentences . . . feeling that they don't need to be anything else:

1. Nobody, no group, no institution, no country has ever since the 13th century built a more beautiful building.

2. The Cathedral School of Chartres, as a school, taught nothing but the seven "sciences."

iv

Far back in the early Old Testament days some of the Jewish nation began to call themselves " a peculiar people." This was very sensible of them, as they had received a direct mandate, Deuteronomy 14.2, "You are a peculiar people." Of course that meant simply, You are different from other people—I have declared you my people and all other people I have not and I'm not going to.

When St. John's College in 1937 began its pure liberal arts program and its wholly required course of study, there was no lack of people, including educators, who believed the word "peculiar" meant *peculiar*, if not actually mad. We had an odd indication of that some years ago when a very new member of the College Board pointed out to them, in a rather eloquent way, that the cause of our getting too few students was that we were "rowing against the tide." All other undergraduate liberal arts colleges—and universities—it is true had a few required courses but offered, in many disciplines, some of them hardly believable, the (to our mind) pedagogical horror called the Elective System.

I don't remember how it was gently explained to this new member that we were actually bending every effort and sinew to an exactly opposite course. Since then two things seem obvious; first that since those early days we have made a very considerable progress, and second that we still are a peculiar people and we ought to keep in mind that there are various shades of meaning in "peculiar," one of them being "peculiar,—all too peculiar." I present a couple of drastic examples out of the Middle Ages.

The first is a Saint Jean, called the Taciturn, who (I quote) "never took a bath, that he might not shock his modest eyes," and the second a rather likely colleague San Luis de Gonzagua, who (I quote) "had such a terror of women that he dared not look at his mother for fear of evil thoughts."

I must say that those saintly gentlemen forcibly reminded me of our own Plotinus, not a saint I believe but a mere philosopher, who hated his body, we're told by his official biographer, so greatly that he would never mention the day of his birth or the names of his father and mother. I confess to a feeling of some satisfaction when I found out from an old MS. that Plotinus's body eventually came to hate him. That is what is known nowadays at least in western movies as a Mexican standoff, the signature line for it being, "He don't hate me no mor'n I hate him." It appears in the adult westerns too . . . the ones called adult because they use the older horses.

It seems doubtful that we have any real right to claim that the guarantee of the Almighty (Deut. 14.2) to his peculiar people has descended on us, though occasionally you do hear such talk that you might for an instant think so. But a hosanna is a loud cry of joy and worship, and it is much more becoming when it is not addressed to ourselves.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Class of 1973—

I have overstepped my time alotted, and I would like to leave you one kind of circumstance that seems to have some comforting aspects. Forty or fifty years ago the archeologists found what they believed might be the oldest piece of writing in the world. It was a fragment of a letter from an Egyptian father to his son at school; and this oldest piece of writing said,

"The world is going to the dogs."

Hail and farewell . . . Have a good life . . . We celebrate Homecomings in October. ■

PROFILE: LOUIS L. SNYDER, '28

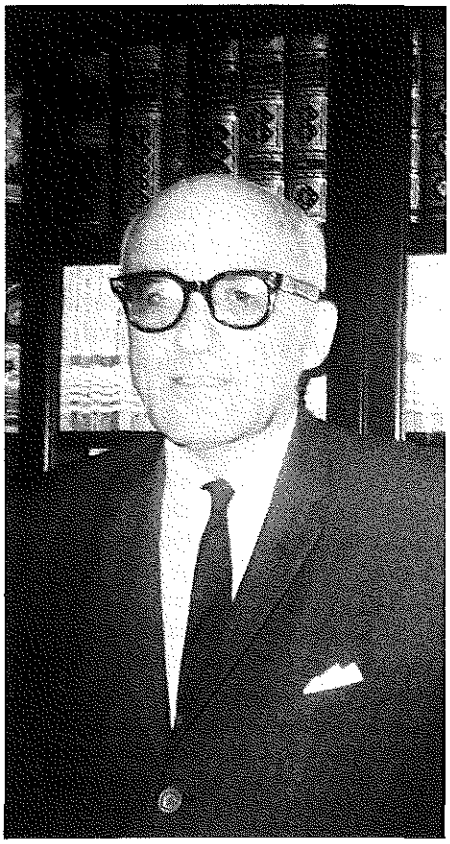
For Louis L. Snyder, author of more than 40 books and a professor of history for 40 years, almost all of his intellectual life finds its roots in his years as a student at St. John's. Both his fellow students of the class of 1928 and the faculty were "first-class," remembers Dr. Snyder today. Their influence has not diminished with the passage of the intervening years.

"My interest in history was aroused by a great teacher, Clarence Stryker, and my interest in writing by two additional magnificent teachers, Ford Brown and Thomas Brockway," Snyder said recently. Furthermore, his specific interest in modern German history was also derived from a St. John's professor, Richard Kuehnemund, who arranged a fellowship for Snyder in 1928 to the University of Frankfurt am Main.

It is fair to say that Louis Snyder, in return for what St. John's did for him, has spread the name of his *alma mater* more widely than any other person. Because he is general editor of Anvil Books, a Van Nostrand paperback history series, the name of St. John's College appears as part of his biography on the back cover of each of the two million copies in circulation.

It was in Frankfurt that Snyder's scholarly career first took shape in book form, with a doctoral dissertation on Bismarck's personal and political relations with Americans. But his writing career had begun at the age of ten, when he submitted a poem to the editor of his home-town newspaper, the Annapolis *Evening Capital*. The editor printed the poem and wrote: "We are publishing this poem at the request of the author. We do hope, however, that in the future he will make such contributions in prose instead of poetry." This advice, Snyder says, turned him away from poetry forever.

In 1924, Lou Snyder was graduated from Annapolis High School, "one of the smartest boys we ever had," according to a pal who knew him well. But to enter St. John's meant digging up the $150 annual tuition, which neither Lou nor his parents could afford. A scholarship was offered by a local bank, and four great years commenced for the future historian.



Louis L. Snyder

While he was a student, he wrote for *The Collegian*, edited the "Rat-Tat" (the college annual), and was a stringer for the Baltimore *Sun*. He studied history, English, and the German language, and was graduated at the top of his class. At the 1928 commencement, he was awarded a $15 prize for writing the best essay on the subject of World Peace and was off to Weimar Germany at age 21.

Snyder's studies in Germany from 1928 to 1931 fixed his interest in German history. While in Frankfurt, his non-academic activities ranged from observing the rising horror of Adolf Hitler to arranging engagements for the St. John's Collegians, a jazz band from back in Annapolis in which Snyder had played alto saxophone.

Upon returning to the United States he found no jobs, for the Depression had hit during his stay abroad. So he returned to studying, at Columbia University, where he met the noted historian Carleton J. H. Hayes. Professor Hayes gave to Louis his second great scholarly interest, the study of nationalism.

Hitler and the menace he represented remained in Snyder's mind, so in the summer of 1931 he wrote a book prophesying Hitler's rise to power. This book, *Hitlerism: the Iron Fist in Germany*, was published under the pseudonym "Nordicus"—but not without a prior dismissal by Walter Lippmann, who observed, "Youth is inclined to exaggeration." Snyder today considers it "a bad book—full of prophecies." He smiles, however, and admits that most of the prophecies were proved correct by events.

The year 1933 brought Snyder a teaching position in the history department of the City College of New York. That appointment has lasted until now. His teaching has been the foundation for all of his subsequent writing efforts. His special fields have been modern Germany, nationalism, the enlightenment, intellectual history, and the two world wars.

"I consciously write on one of three levels," Snyder says. "All three give me special pleasure, and I do not try to mix them." The levels are: *scholarly*, exemplified by *The Meaning of Nationalism; general*, such as *The Blood-and-Iron Chancellor;* and *children's books*, such as *The First Book of*

World War I. Some of the children's books have been written in collaboration with his wife, Ida Mae Brown of Baltimore, herself a Phi Beta Kappa from Columbia.

Of all his books, which is the best? Snyder answers this question in two ways: "I am most proud of *The Meaning of Nationalism*, but my most successful book has been *The War: A Concise History, 1939-1945*." The latter has been translated into a dozen languages.

At age 66, Louis Snyder is not slowing down. One of his largest projects has come off the Rutgers University Press in May of this year. This is *The Dreyfus Case: A Documentary History* —448 pages of documents and commentary, with 92 photographs. Soon to be published is *A Comparative History of Nationalism*.

It is no surprise to hear Dr. Snyder say that "writing is a compulsion" and "there is no end to it." He and his wife, who doubles as his editor and "unofficial collaborator" on all his books, are spending this summer in London where, at the British Museum, he is working on "a massive project" on the Third Reich for McGraw-Hill. Snyder spent the past academic year's sabbatical from CCNY working on this book at his home in Princeton, N.J., and at the Princeton University Library. He left for London with 2000 pages of manuscript in first draft and with hopes of completing the work in 1974.

Louis Snyder preceded the New Program at St. John's by a decade, but he has continued to pay close attention to the College. In 1969 he received the Alumni Award of Merit. His judgement today on the New Program is characteristically direct: "plainly and simply magnificent." He says this time he agrees with Walter Lippmann, that the program has made St. John's the Athens of America.

Snyder, as one would expect of a professional historian, finds one "obstacle" to the program. "This program is emphatically not for every student," he says. "It is for the student who has a good basic preparatory school education. It is useless to involve the student with the concept of the Platonic Idea or Kant's categorical imperative unless he has some basic training in the ways of civilization." It would involve only a slight amount of editorial license for this writer to suggest that many of the ways of civilization can be discovered in the books of Louis L. Snyder himself.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF LOUIS L. SNYDER

1932 *Die persoenlichen und politischen Beziehungen Bismarcks zu Amerikanern*, Inaugural Dissertation, Darmstadt e.V.
1932 *Hitlerism: The Iron Fist in Germany*, Mohawk Press
1935 *From Bismarck to Hitler: The Background of German Nationalism*, Bayard Press
1936 *Mastery Units in Modern History*, Colonial
1939 *Race: A History of Modern Ethnic Theories*, Longmans, Green & Co.
1941 *A Survey of European Civilization*, Vol. 1: *To the End of the Middle Ages*, Stackpole
1942 *A Survey of European Civilization*, Vol. 2: *From 1500 to the Present*, Stackpole
1942 *A Handbook of Civilian Protection*, ed. with Richard B. Morris and Joseph E. Wisan, Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill
1949 *A Treasury of Great Reporting* (with Richard B. Morris), Simon and Schuster
1949 *Vitalized Modern History* (with J. Alexis Fenton), College Entrance
1950 *A Treasury of Intimate Biographies*, Greenberg
1952 *They Saw It Happen* (with Richard B. Morris), Stackpole
1952 *German Nationalism: The Tragedy of a People*, Stackpole
1954 *The Meaning of Nationalism*, Rutgers Univ. Press
1955 *The Age of Reason*, Van Nostrand
n.d. *The World in the 20th Century*, Van Nostrand
1955 *Fifty Major Documents of the 20th Century*, Van Nostrand
1955 *Fifty Major Documents of the 19th Century*, Van Nostrand
1957 *A Basic History of Modern Germany*, Van Nostrand
1958 *Documents of Germany History*, Rutgers Univ. Press
1958 *The First Book of World War I*, Franklin Watts
1959 *The First Book of World War II*, Franklin Watts
1959 *The First Book of the Soviet Union*, Franklin Watts
1961 *Hitler and Nazism*, Franklin Watts
1961 *The War: A Concise History, 1939-1945*, Julian Messner
1962 *The Imperialism Reader: Documents and Readings in Modern Expansionism*, Van Nostrand
1962 *The Idea of Racialism*, Van Nostrand
1964 *Masterpieces of War Reporting*, Julian Messner
1964 *The First Book of the Long Armistice*, Franklin Watts
1964 *The Dynamics of Nationalism: Readings in its Meaning and Development*, Van Nostrand
1965 *The Military History of the Lusitania*, Franklin Watts
1966 *Panorama of the Past*, Vol. 1: *Ancient Times to 1815*, (with M. Perry and B. Mazen), Houghton Mifflin
1966 *Panorama of the Past*, Vol. 2: *1815 to The Present*, (with M. Perry and B. Mazen), Houghton, Mifflin
1966 *The Weimar Republic*, Van Nostrand
1966 *Bismarck and German Unification* (with Ida Mae Brown), in The Immortals of History Series, Franklin Watts
1966 *Western Europe: A Scholastic Multi-Text on World Affairs*, Scholastic Enterprises
1967 *The Making of Modern Man: Western Civilization Since 1500*, Van Nostrand
1967 *The Blood-and-Iron Chancellor: A Documentary Biography*, Van Nostrand
1968 *The New Nationalism*, Cornell Univ. Press
1968 *Frederick The Great* (with Ida Mae Brown), in the Immortals of History Series, Franklin Watts
1970 *Frederick the Great*, in the Great Lives Observed Series, Prentice-Hall
1971 *The Dreyfus Affair*, a Focus Book, Franklin Watts
1971 *Great Turning Points in History*, Van Nostrand-Reinhold
1973 *The Dreyfus Case: A Documentary History*, Rutgers Univ. Press

(In Press) *A Comparative History of Nationalism*, in the Comparative Dimensions in History Series, edited by Leonard W. Levy and Eugene C. Black, Holt, Rinehart and Winston

(In Press) *A Survey of Global Civilization* (in collaboration with Mark W. Hirsch), Van Nostrand

(In Preparation) *Reflections on German History*, a collection of essays, articles, and reviews.

Graduation 1973

ANNAPOLIS GRADUATES LARGEST CLASS IN HISTORY

The largest class in the history of the College was graduated at commencement exercises at Annapolis on May 27. Sixty-two seniors were presented their B.A. degrees by President Richard D. Weigle and Provost Paul D. Newland. Ford K. Brown, Tutor Emeritus, gave the commencement address. (His remarks appear elsewhere in this issue.)

David K. Allison of Charlotte, N.C., was awarded his degree *summa cum laude*. Mr. Allison won the silver medal for the senior with the highest standing and also received honorable mention for his senior essay.

Summa Cum Laude: David K. Allison.

Magna Cum Laude: Peter van Tuyl Davis, Matthew Albritton Frame.

Cum Laude, Deborah Achtenberg, Jennifer Blaisdell, Robin Chalek, Richard D. Gasparotti, Debora J. Gilliland, Nicholas A. Petrone, Joanne A. Rowbottom, Steven P. Sedlis, Elizabeth E. Unger, Jessica R. Weissman.

Rite, Edward W. Allen, Peter J. Aronson, Mary L. Batteen, Martha J. Bauer, Jerrold R. Caplan, Mary L. Coughlin, Bryant G. Cruse, Patrick J. D'Addario, Ronald J. Davidoff, Prudence E. Davis, Ronald J. Deal, Lee H. Elkins, Peter M. Fairbanks, Jon T. Ferrier, John H. Fitch, Jean K. Fitz-Simon, David F. Gilmore, Roger D. Greene, Jan L. Huttner, Robin Kowalchuk, Maura M. Landry, Russell C. Lipton, Sarah C. Lusk, Robert I. Main,

David K. Allison

Matthew T. Mallory, Melissa J. Matthews, Frederick N. Mattis, Craig V. Mooring, Jeanne H. Mooring, Jan Munroe, Katherine O'Callaghan, Daniel S. Pearl, Lee D. Perlman, Deborah E. Schifter, Michael J. Schneider, Kathy Sciacchitano, C. Brian Scott, Carol D. Shuh, Jeffrey A. Sinks, Daniel Sohn, Jane E. Spear, James E. Tourtelott, Vanessa L. van Manen, Dana K. Warren, Doris E. Warren, Bruce C. Wheeler, Irving H. Williams, Mary Jane Young, David C. Chute.

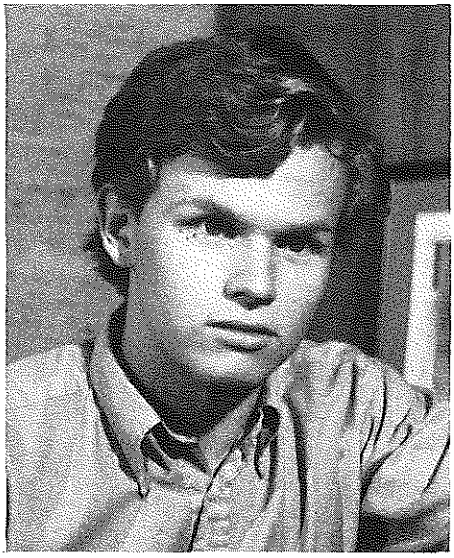
AWARDS AND PRIZES

Silver medal from the Board of Visitors and Governors—David K. Allison. The Sen. Millard E. Tydings award for excellence in speaking—Craig Mooring. The Duane L. Peterson scholarship of $1,250 to a Junior—Nelson Lund.

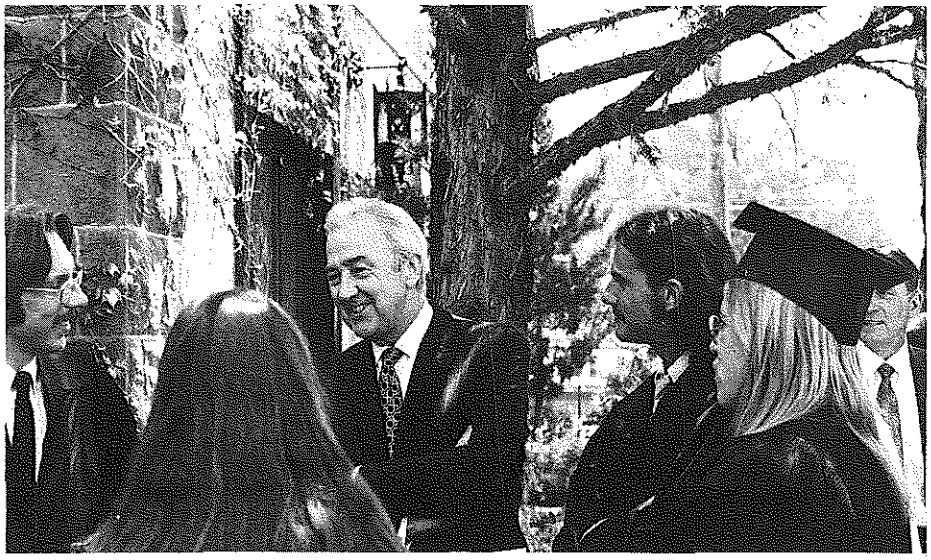
Best Senior essay—Sarah C. Lusk. Best Junior essay—Antonio L. Marino. Best Sophomore essay—George M. D. Anastaplo and Frank R. Hunt. Best Freshman essay—Juliet E. Goslee.

Freshman-Sophomore mathematics prize—Shiu-Chun Wong. Best Greek translation—Nelson Lund. Best French translation—Timothy W. Born. (This translation appears elsewhere in this issue.) Best musical comment—James Nelson Jarvis.

Scholarship awards of $1,000 each by the C. Markland Kelly, Jr. Memorial Foundation—Janet L. Christhilf, Ted A. Blanton, David E. Clement.



Mark D. Jordan



Former Senator Eugene J. McCarthy is shown here awaiting the start of the baccalaureate service during commencement at Santa Fe. Graduating seniors shown are Michael E. Mongeau, Steven L. Goldman, and Eric O. Springsted. Mr. McCarthy delivered the commencement address.

SANTA FE AWARDS 34 DEGREES; HEARS EUGENE McCARTHY

Former U.S. Senator Eugene J. McCarthy addressed the May 20th Graduation Ceremonies at Santa Fe, where B.A. degrees were awarded to 33 seniors.

The first Master of Arts conferred on a teaching intern at Santa Fe went to Paul D. Mannick. Mark D. Jordan received the first *summa cum laude* degree at Santa Fe. He also won the Board of Visitors and Governors Silver Medal, he tied with Benjamin Bergery for the prize for best senior essay, and he received a $6,000 travel and study fellowship from the Thomas J. Watson Foundation.

Summa Cum Laude: Mark Durham Jordan.

Magna Cum Laude: Benjamin Bergery, Galen Nately Breningstall, Peter Joseph Meadow.

Cum Laude: Karl Edward Bohlmann, Steven Lawrence Goldman, Gary Worth Moody, Joan Marie Paine.

Rite: Michael Bruce Aaron, Michel Rene Barnes, Rebecca Ann Brinkley, Edith Kathleen Callender, Mary Rose Gauler, Leslie Harold Gould, Marcia Ellen Greenbaum, Robert Morgan Hampton, Barbara Ann Harry, Jeffrey Alan Hockersmith, Catherine Tobin Ingraham, Paul Dale Knudson, Thomas Alex Lawson, Jan Malcheski, Constance Dolores McClellan, Michael Edward Mongeau, Nancy Kathryn Plese, Kenneth Winston Richman, Jr., Barbara Ann Rogan, Lowell Thomas Rundle, Christian Skinner Smith, Eric Osmon Springsted, James Ross Thompson, Jr., David Michael Weaver, India Williams.

AWARDS AND PRIZES

The traditional awarding of prizes and scholarships at the Santa Fe campus included a new category: The Bromwell Ault Memorial Scholarships "to members of the sophomore and junior classes for leadership ability, potential for service to society, broad intellectual interests, and academic ability." Amounts depend on need, but a prize of $50 accompanies each scholarship.

They were presented by Vice-President J. Burchenal Ault in memory of his father, who died last December. Bromwell Ault was a former member and Chairman of the Board of Visitors and Governors.

Winners of Awards and Prizes: Silver Medal from the Board of Visitors and Governors—Mark Durham Jordan. Thomas J. Watson Foundation Fellowship—Mark Durham Jordan. The Duane L. Peterson Scholarship of $1,000 to a Junior—Alejandro Medina.

The Bromwell Ault Memorial Scholarships—Class of 1974: David Fayon Gross, Maria Kwong, Paul Andrew McEncroe, Anne C. Ray, Stephen Arnold Slusher. Class of 1975: Margaret Jean Donsbach, Mark Paul Habrel, Boyd Cooke Pratt, Richard Martin Skaug.

Best Senior Class Essay—Benjamin Bergery and Mark Durham Jordan. Best Junior Class Essay—Steven Dahl Thomas. Best Freshman Class Essay—Robyn Lu Granquist. Best English Poems—Russell Wayne Mayfield. Second Prize—Christian Burks and Gary Worth Moody. Best Musical Composition—Russell Wayne Mayfield. Second Prize—Mark Paul Habrel.

NEWS ON THE CAMPUSES

CURTIS WILSON IS NEW ANNAPOLIS DEAN

Curtis A. Wilson, presently on the faculty of the University of California, San Diego, has been appointed Dean of St. John's in Annapolis. Mr. Wilson's appointment was confirmed by the Board of Visitors and Governors of the College at its meeting in Santa Fe on May 19th.

Mr. Wilson is a former member of the faculty, having served as Tutor in Annapolis from 1948 to 1958, as Dean for a four-year period, and then as Tutor on the College's Santa Fe campus until 1966.

Mr. Wilson did his undergraduate work at the University of California, Los Angeles, and earned his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in the history of science at Columbia University. During 1962-63 he was a Visiting Research Fellow at Birkbeck College, University of London. Since 1966 he has been on the faculty at the University of California, San Diego. A corresponding Member of the *Académie internationale d'histoire des sciences* since 1971, Mr. Wilson is also a former Fulbright Fellow and author of *William Heytesbury: Medieval Logic and the Rise of Mathematical Physics*, for which he did research at the University of Padua in Italy.

Mr. Wilson will assume his duties as Dean on July 1.

Curtis Wilson

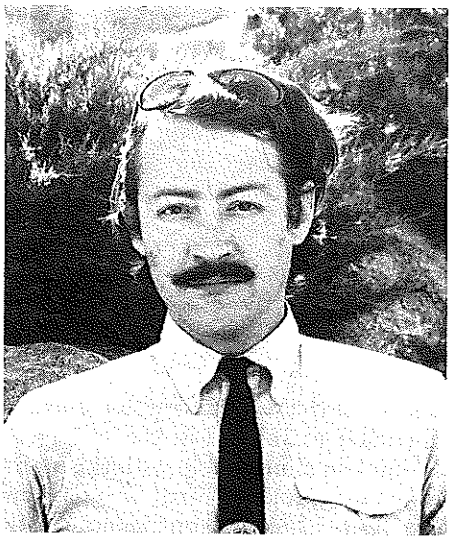
JONES NAMED DIRECTOR OF GRADUATE INSTITUTE

David C. Jones has been appointed Director of the summer Graduate Institute in Liberal Education at Santa Fe.

Mr. Jones has been a Tutor at St. John's since 1964 and at Santa Fe since 1965.

He graduated from the College in 1959 and received his M.A. at the University of Melbourne. He succeeds Robert A. Neidorf, who has been named Dean of the College at Santa Fe.

The summer program, leading to the M.A. degree in the liberal arts, is de-



David Jones

signed for graduates of colleges other than St. John's. It is divided into four subject areas: Politics and Society, Literature, Philosophy and Theology, and Mathematics and Natural Science.

BURDGE AND DONNELLEY ARE NEW MEMBERS

Richard M. Burdge and James R. Donnelley have been newly elected to the Board of Visitors and Governors.

Mr. Burdge, of New York City, is the President of the American Stock Exchange. Mr. Donnelley is associated with R. R. Donnelley and Sons Company in Chicago.

In other action at its May meeting in Santa Fe, the Board elected the following officers: Chairman, Dr. Thomas B. Turner; Vice-chairmen, Mrs. Clementine Peterson and Jack M. Campbell; Secretary, W. Bernard Fleischman; Executive Committee, Mrs. Eleanor Ditzen, Mrs. Margaret W. Driscoll, Walter Evers, and John Gaw Meem.

Re-elected to the Board were Miss Ruth M. Adams, Mrs. Margaret Bowdle, Mrs. Eleanor Ditzen, Mrs. Elizabeth Mitchell, Irvin Swartzberg, and Emmanuel Schifani.

SANTA FE APPOINTS TWO NEW TUTORS

The Board of Visitors and Governors has appointed two more tutors for the Santa Fe campus for 1973-74. They are Lorna Green and Bruce Venable.

Miss Green, 34, is a biologist holding a Ph.D. from Rockefeller University. She is now studying for a second Ph.D., in philosophy, at the University of Toronto.

Mr. Venable, 26, has been teaching classics at the University of Washington. He is a *summa cum laude* graduate of the Integrated Program of St. Mary's College in California.

FORMER VICE PRESIDENT RECEIVES LAW DEGREE

Dr. James P. Shannon was named "the student best representative of the ideals of the University of New Mexico Law School" and he was chosen to give the commencement address for his own graduating class May 20 in Albuquerque.

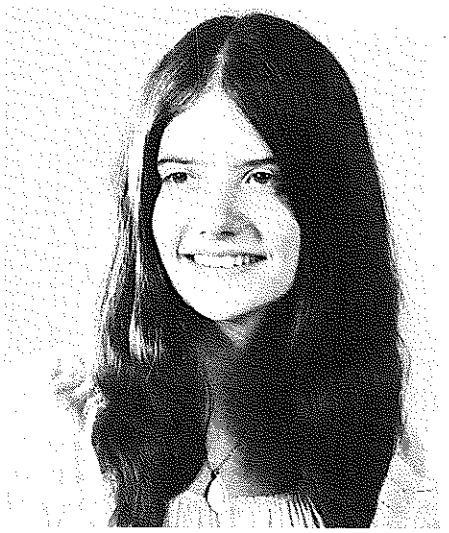
Dr. Shannon, a former Roman Catholic bishop, served as Vice President of the College and Director of the Graduate Institute at St. John's in Santa Fe in 1969-70. He plans to join the Santa Fe firm of Sutin, Thayer & Browne and he is interested in law relating to the poor and the conservation of natural resources.

He has a Ph.D. in American History from Yale University. He served as President of the College of St. Thomas as well as auxiliary bishop of Minneapolis-St. Paul before coming to St. John's.

ANNAPOLIS APPOINTS NEW REGISTRAR

Paul D. Newland, Provost in Annapolis, has announced the appointment of Mrs. Leanore B. Rinder as Registrar, effective July 1, 1973. Mrs. Rinder will replace Mrs. Christiana D. White who is relinquishing her position in order to enroll as a student at the College. Mrs. White will continue to work part time in the Registrar's office.

Mrs. Rinder has served as Administrative Assistant to the Dean at Annapolis since 1969. Previously she served as Executive Secretary to Lowe Associates in Bedford, New York, from 1963 to 1969. She is a graduate of Packard Commercial School in New York City.



Anne Ray

CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS HONORS ST. JOHN'S STUDENT

The National Conference of Christians and Jews in New Mexico has presented an award to St. John's student Anne Ray on May 2nd for her work with a Santa Fe drug program.

Miss Ray, who is the granddaughter of a Baptist missionary and the great-granddaughter of a Rabbi, directs Outreach, Inc., which is concerned primarily with teenage drug abusers. It is a three-part program offering crisis intervention, therapy and alternative service. She enrolled as a freshman at the Annapolis campus and then transferred to Santa Fe. She will be a senior this coming year.

Miss Ray was introduced at the awards dinner in Albuquerque by former New Mexico Governor Jack M. Campbell, who is a vice chairman of the St. John's Board of Visitors and Governors.

Her work with Outreach is one of several community programs sponsored by Federal Title I funds at St. John's.

ALUMNI ACTIVITIES

ROSENBERG, STERN ELECTED

Julius Rosenberg '38 and Thomas E. Stern (SF) '68 this spring were elected to three-year terms on the Board of Visitors and Governors of the College. Mr. Rosenberg succeeds himself, since he has served this past year the unexpired term of J. S. Baker Middelton. Mr. Stern will replace Myron L. Wolbarsht, who has completed the allowed maximum of two consecutive three-year terms. The thanks of all alumni go to Mr. Wolbarsht, and best wishes to Messrs. Stern and Rosenberg.

Mr. Rosenberg is a past president of the Alumni Association, of which he also served as treasurer. He was Director of Development on the Annapolis campus from September, 1968, to December, 1971. He is currently on the staff of the Associated Jewish Charities and Welfare Fund of Baltimore.

Thomas Stern is a graduate of College in the first class on the western campus, and the first Santa Fe alumnus to be elected to the Board of the College. Following graduation he studied film work and economics at Stanford University, receiving an M.A. degree in 1971. He is president of Kinesis, Inc., a firm he organized in 1971 to produce motion pictures. Mrs. Stern, the former Nora Gallagher of the Santa Fe class of 1970, is employed by the Dow Jones Company, on the staff of the *Wall Street Journal*. The Sterns make their home in Palo Alto, Cal.

COUNSELLING SERVICE

The somewhat on-and-off-again program of alumni assistance to students in matters concerning graduate school selection and admission, career counselling, and job opportunity has taken on new life in recent months.

Building on the groundwork of Nancy (Eagle) Lindley's efforts several years ago, and prodded constantly by Jan Lisa Huttner '73, the then-student representative to the Board of the Association, the directors have established an Alumni-Student Counselling Service office. Costs are being borne by the College, while operations are the responsibility of the Association. The office is on the second floor of the Carroll Barrister House.

Under the general supervision of V. Stephen Mainella '54, chairman of the Alumni-College Relations Committee, a student assistant, Tina Saddy '75, opens the office three days a week. Miss Saddy maintains a file of interested alumni, a list of the interest areas of juniors and seniors especially, and schedules meetings of students with alumni to discuss those interests. In addition, information about governmental and other job opportunities is kept on file. Four alumni-student meetings were held during the last few months of the second semester, and are scheduled to resume in the fall.

How can alumni help with this most important project? First, if you can talk with students on campus, by 'phone, by mail, or in their hometowns, make sure your name and area of specialization are on file in the Counselling Office. (If in doubt, send it in again.) Second, if you know of job opportunities for which a St. John's graduate might qualify, let the Office know. And if you think your company personnel man should consider St. John's as a source of able young people, tell him so.

The problems faced by new alumni are seldom unique, but St. John's alumni may have special problems. Despite his lack of academic specialization, and in some cases because of it, the St. Johnnie can fit into many situations. We ask all alumni to help our young alumni find those situations.

ELECTION PROCEDURES REVIEWED

The May meeting of the directors of the Alumni Association was devoted in large part to a review of the procedures for electing alumni to the Board of Visitors and Governors.

There was general sentiment favoring earlier announcement of the election, and the desirability of finding an alternative to the present system of

selecting nominees. Better ways of acquainting alumni with the nominees was also explored.

Specific proposals, in the form of recommended amendments to the Association By-Laws, will be mailed later in the summer, to be acted upon at the Annual Meeting on September 29 (Homecoming). Probable recommendations are: (1) that a call for nominees by petition go out in the fall, possibly by way of the October issue of *The College;* (2) that all nominees by petition, together with those nominated by the Board of Directors, be listed in the January issue of the magazine, complete with biographies and pictures; and (3) that a ballot be included in the January issue to eliminate costly first class mailings.

Also to be considered is the provision requiring two votes for ballot validation when there are two places to be filled. This provision was included in the 1969 revision of the By-Laws to prevent "single-shooting", whereby a very few alumni could assure election of a candidate by voting only for him. When so few ballots are cast—278 in the recent election—the results can be rather easily controlled. Whether this system should be continued is still subject to discussion. Opinions are welcome; send them to the Alumni Office in Annapolis.

The last election also brought to the attention of some alumni two rather essential qualifications for service on the Board of the College: Board members must have the *time* to attend four two-day meetings a year, and the *money* to travel to and from meetings held alternately in Annapolis and Santa Fe. These two factors, rather than any policy of the Association or the College, have influenced past nominating committees to select older alumni.

WITH THE CHAPTERS

Annapolis

The May luncheon of the Annapolis Alumni chapter was the occasion for the presentation of awards to the high point winners in the College's intramural competition. Sponsored by the Association at the suggestion of Athletic Director Bryce D. Jacobsen '42, a trophy was presented to sophomore Stephen Weber by Association President Bernard F. Gessner '27.

Unfortunately, the women's winner was not determined until the following week, so freshman Jacqueline Blue could not receive her trophy at the luncheon.

New York

The New York group wound up the year with a series of three monthly seminars, led by tutors from the Annapolis campus. In March Acting Dean Elliott Zuckerman and John White '64 led a discussion of a chapter from Edgar Wind's *Art and Anarchy.* Assistant Dean Geoffrey Comber was present in April to help explore Melville's *Bartleby the Scrivener,* and the final session in May, discussion of Martin Luther King's *Letter from a Birmingham Jail* and the *Crito,* was conducted by Robert L. Spaeth, editor of *The College.*

HOMECOMING 1973

First, our apologies for the confusion caused by an erroneous entry in the April issue; Homecoming 1973 will take place on *Friday and Saturday, September 28 and 29,* in case any of you wondered about our calendar. And again, the early dates were necessitated by other activities in town the following three week-ends, activities which fill hotels and crowd restaurants and which ought to be avoided by Homecoming planners.

Next, the Homecoming Committee is trying to introduce an occasional new event into the schedule. Last year it was the late-Friday bash at Buzzy's; this year it will be a twilight cruise of the Severn River Friday evening, with beer and sandwiches to accompany the scenery of a still-beautiful river. For those alumni wanting more intellectual fare, there will be a lecture or concert at the College. Buzzy's could again be a late-night rendezvous if we want.

On Saturday the usual events will be held: alumni seminars, luncheon, Annual Meeting, graduate school counselling, and a soccer game in which the young and/or agile may participate at their own risk.

The traditional cocktail party and dinner are being combined this year in an effort to trim the cost of activities. A cocktail party *cum* light buffet will be served in the gymnasium in the late afternoon and early evening. Alumni will then be free to make their own dinner plans, perhaps dining with tutors or seniors. Members of the faculty and the Senior Class will again be invited, and the Alumni Award of Merit will probably be presented during this activity.

A detailed program and reservation information will be sent to all alumni mid-summer. If you plan to join in the fun, and want a hotel or motel reservation, let the Alumni Office know soon. And do plan to be here: we believe that most alumni come back to see other alumni and their friends among the Tutors, so you do not need full schedule details in order to make the important decision to come to Annapolis in September.

Make a note of the dates: Friday and Saturday, September 28 and 29. See you at HOMECOMING.

CLASS NOTES

1927

During the 1973 session of the Maryland General Assembly, newspaperman *Elmer M. Jackson, Jr.* was singularly honored by the House of Delegates. The legislators passed a resolution commending Jackson for his 50 years in journalism, saying he is ". . . a fine newspaperman who has always sought to present the news in an honest and responsible fashion, unembellished by any malicious or self-serving distortions." Jackson, a former president of the Alumni Association, has served on 19 State commissions, and currently serves on the Capital City Commission with St. John's president Richard D. Weigle. Jack claims that his business keeps him more active than ever, but we know that on certain sunny days, golf has been known to lure him away from his desk.

1929

John W. Boucher, who has been taking education courses at the University of Alabama in Birmingham since last June, is now doing graduate work toward secondary school certification. He is also teaching part-time in a preparatory school and coaching the golf team, and ". . . thoroughly enjoying it."

1936

Sharon Warfield Hebb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. *Charles Parish Hebb,* was married on March 30 in Baltimore.

1937

Dr. *Norval A. Kemp* this past winter was appointed associate director of the Perth Amboy (N.J.) General Hospital, heading the new division of medical affairs. Prior to his appointment, Dr. Kemp was medical administrator of St. Francis Community Health Center, Jersey City. A diplomate of the American Board of Internal Medicine, Dr. Kemp is an associate clinical professor of medicine at the College of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey.

1952

A long letter from *Alvin Aronson* to Provost Paul Newland arrived in early May. Alvin is enrolled in a school for English teachers in Netanya, Israel, and has a job teaching in a high school there. Since reaching Israel last fall, Al has met *Jerry Cantor* '49 and *Raphael Ben Josef* '48. Jerry suggests they start a St. John's in Israel; Al suggests the slogan "Read The Bible Where It Really Happened." Al has started a new play, about which he expresses cautious optimism.

1956

KGO-TV in San Francisco recently received an Emmy from the local chapter of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences for its program "News Scene." The award was accepted by the station's news director, *Pat Polillo*.

Everett H. Wilson for the past two years has been coordinator of the Maryland Drug Abuse Program.

1959

David Jones, a Tutor in Santa Fe since 1965, has been named Director of the Graduate Institute in Liberal Education. David holds an M.A. degree from the University of Melbourne, and studied at the University of Texas before joining the St. John's faculty.

1960

John E. Gorecki is teaching English at the University of South Carolina and is working on his Ph.D. dissertation on Milton. His graduate work has been concentrated on Old English and Renaissance literature.

Miss *Miriam Strange* passed along a long letter from *Katherine (Hsu) Haas*, describing the latest enterprise in which she and husband Ray '58 are engaged. Together with her brother, they operate a cattle ranch near Solen, North Dakota. That is near the Standing Rock Sioux Reservation, south of Bismark about 40 miles, according to the Alumni Office atlas. This new career comes after five years teaching at the Key School in Annapolis, four years as head of the mathematics department at Science Research Associates in Chicago, and three years as managing editor of the mathematics department of Field Educational Publications in Palo Alto, Cal. Now it's 1,500 acres, 90 head of cattle (soon to be increased by 60 births), with Ray mending fences, delivering calves, and plowing and discing the land. Katherine is teaching school and taking courses under the Federal Teacher Corps Program at the University of North Dakota. In about another year she will have her B.S. degree. Since her students are mostly Indians, she has learned their dances, and is learning the Lakota language. (The Haas-Hsu cattle brand looks like "Two Lazy H", if your editor has not forgotten how to read brands.)

1962

W. James Klug III has been transferred by IBM from Dayton, N.J., to Bethesda, Md. He plans to move to Poolesville, Md., about the first of July.

1964

Another IBMer, Jim's brother *Robert W. Klug*, has been transferred from Wilmington, Del., to Franklin Lakes, N.J. (Did you know that IBM employs more St. John's alumni than any other corporation?)

1966

Laurie Fink writes from North Hollywood, Cal., where she works for a 3-D motion picture company called Stereovision International. She is helping to make movies, and is also learning to be a film editor; she says the work is both interesting and totally demanding.

1967

Loren and *Carole (Picardo) Kelley* let us know in March of the birth in June, 1971, of son Owen, and also told us Owen is expecting a brother or sister in April or May. Loren is still employed in Italy, where he is developing some equipment for Honeywell Italia.

Just in case you missed the item in the "News on the Campuses" section of the April issue, three honors graduates of this class are joining the St. John's faculty for the next academic year. *William H. Donahue*, *James R. Mensch*, and *Howard Zeiderman* next September will become members of the Santa Fe faculty. Bill has been studying at King's College, Cambridge; Jim has earned a M.S.L. degree from the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Toronto and Howard received an M.A. degree from Princeton in 1972.

1968

Thomas G. Keens, M.D. (SF) tells us he received his medical degree from the University of California (San Diego) School of Medicine in June, 1972. He is at present finishing his internship in pediatrics at Children's Hospital in Los Angeles, and will start his first year of residency there in July. Tom married Susan Elizabeth Keffala in May last year. Mrs. Keens is a 1971 psychology graduate of the John Muir College of the University of California (San Diego.)

Thomas E. Stern (SF), successfully nominated as an alumni representative on the Board of Visitors and Governors of the College, was also successful in the election. (See article elsewhere in this issue.)

1969

Steven L. and *Carol Ann (Lightner) Tucker* (SF) are living in Santa Fe, where Steve is serving as law clerk to Oliver Seth, Circuit Judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals. Carol is working at the Sandra Wilson Art Gallery. When his service with Judge Seth has been completed, Steve plans to enter private law practice in Santa Fe.

1970

Jeffrey D. Friedman, another of our men in Israel, reports dissatisfaction with his studies in philosophy at the Hebrew University. He spent the first half of this year in the Pardes School of Jewish Studies in Jerusalem (Lydia Kleiner '74 is also a student there). He is now at Hartman College, and lives at Rekov HaOr 2, behind the Jerusalem Central Bus Station, telephone (Jerusalem area code 02) 525162, in case you are in Israel.

John D. Smith reports he is teaching a course in "hamburger stands" in the Department of Architecture at the University of New Mexico. His wife, *Gabrielle (Bershen)* '68 is working with the computer as a device for making art.

1971

Bonnie Louise Gage (SF) reports understandable happiness at no longer being a member of the White House staff: ". . . a strange place and politics is such a heavy racket . . ." seems an apt description. Bonnie is now doing real estate work on Cape Cod, Yarmouthport, to be exact.

John Smith also reports that *Travis Price* (SF) has founded an organization called Sun Mountain, to plan solar heated communities. Travis lives in Santa Fe.

V. Michael Victoroff recently sent greetings from Houston, and says that medical school (Baylor) is going just fine.

In Memoriam

1911—Edgar Stanley Bowlus, Jackson, Miss., January 1973.

1913—W. Stewart Fitzgerald, Denton, Md., April 25, 1973.

1917—Fendall Marbury, Baltimore, Md., February 14, 1973.

1918—Owen Friend, Cambridge Springs, Pa., August 22, 1972.

1923—James Nelson Day, St. Petersburg, Fla., April 18, 1973.

1925—Preston A. Pairo, Sr., Baltimore, Md., March 25, 1973.

1931—Thomas G. Andrew, Baltimore, Md., May 19, 1973.

1931—Dr. Antonio A. Susoni, Arecibo, P.R., March, 1973.

1931—Charles M. West, Jr., Centreville, Md., December 31, 1972.

1937—George R. Hoover, Boca Raton, Fla., February 28, 1973.

1944—Dr. Robert Wilcox, Iowa City, Ia., May 16, 1973.

"POESIE" BY PAUL VALERY

English Translation by Timothy Born

Par la surprise saisie,
Une bouche qui buvait
An sein de la Poésie
En sépare son duvet:

—O ma mère Intelligence,
De qui la douceur coulait,
Quelle est cette négligence
Qui laisse tarir son lait!

A peine sur ta poitrine,
Accablé de blancs liens,
Me berçait l'onde marine
De ton coeur chargé de biens;

A peine dans ton ciel sombre,
Abattu sur ta beauté,
Je sentais, à boire l'ombre,
M'envahir une clarté!

Dieu perdu dans son essence,
Et délicieusement
Docile à la connaissance
Du suprême apaisement,

Je touchais à la nuit pure,
Je ne savais plus mourir,
Car un fleuve sans coupure
Me semblait me parcourir. . .

Dis, par quelle crainte vaine,
Par quelle ombre de dépit,
Cette merveilleuse veine
A mes lèvres se rompit?

O rigueur, tu m'es un signe
Qu'à mon âme je déplus!
Le silence au vol de cygne
Entre nous ne règne plus!. . . .

Immortelle, ta paupière
Me refuse mes trésors,
Et la chair s'est faitre pierre
Qui fut tendre sous mon corps!

Des cieux même tu me sèvres,
Par quel injuste retour?
Que seras-tu sans mes lèvres?
Que serai-je sans amour?

Mais la Source suspendue
Lui répond sans dureté:
—Si fort vous m'avez mordue
Que mon coeur s'est arrêté!

By surprise seized,
A mouth which had drunk
Removes its lips
From the breast of Poetry:

O Mother Intelligence!
From whom sweetness flows,
What is this negligence
Which lets your nipple close?

Hardly in your chest's enclave,
Subdued by white chains,
And I was rocked by the ocean wave
Of your heart charged with gains.

Hardly in your sombre meadow,
Beaten on your beauty,
I felt, on drinking of the shadow,
Myself invaded by clarity.

God lost in the essence;
And deliciously docile
To a cognizance
Of supreme tranquility. . .

I was touching the pure night,
And knew death no longer,
As a stream without end
Through me seemed to run.

Tell, by what vain fear,
By what shadow of pain
Is severed at my lips
This marvellous vein?

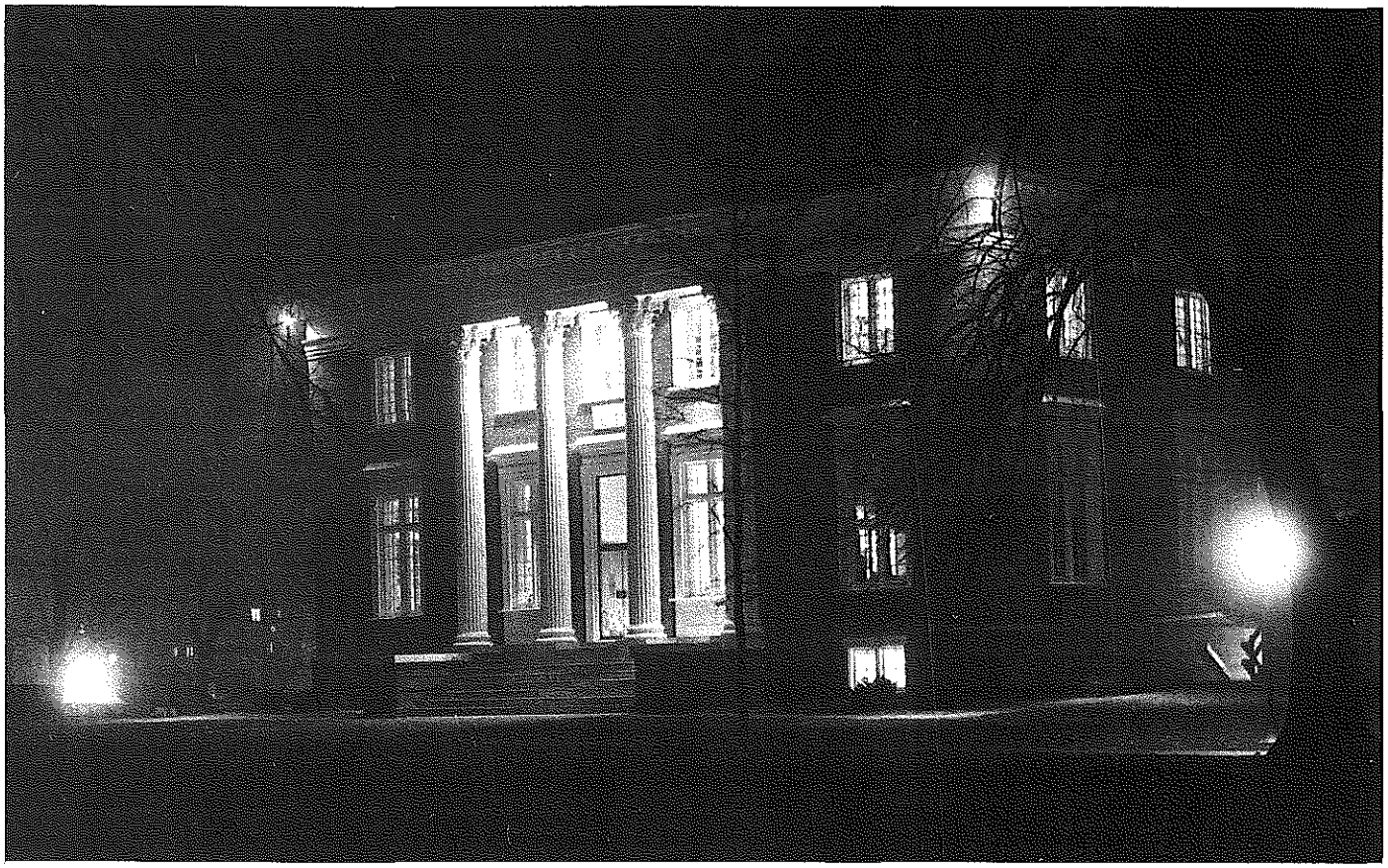
O harshness, you are a sign
that I have displeased my soul.
The silence at the flight of the swan
Between us no longer reigns.

Immortal, your eyelid
Refuses me my treasures,
And flesh, once tender beneath my body,
Turns to stone.

You wean me of the very heavens
By what unjust reverse?
What will you be without my lips,
What will I be without your love?

But the suspended source
Replies softly,
You have bitten me so hard
That my heart is stopped.

Timothy Born '76, a student on the Annapolis campus, won a prize at the 1973 Commencement proceedings for this translation.



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