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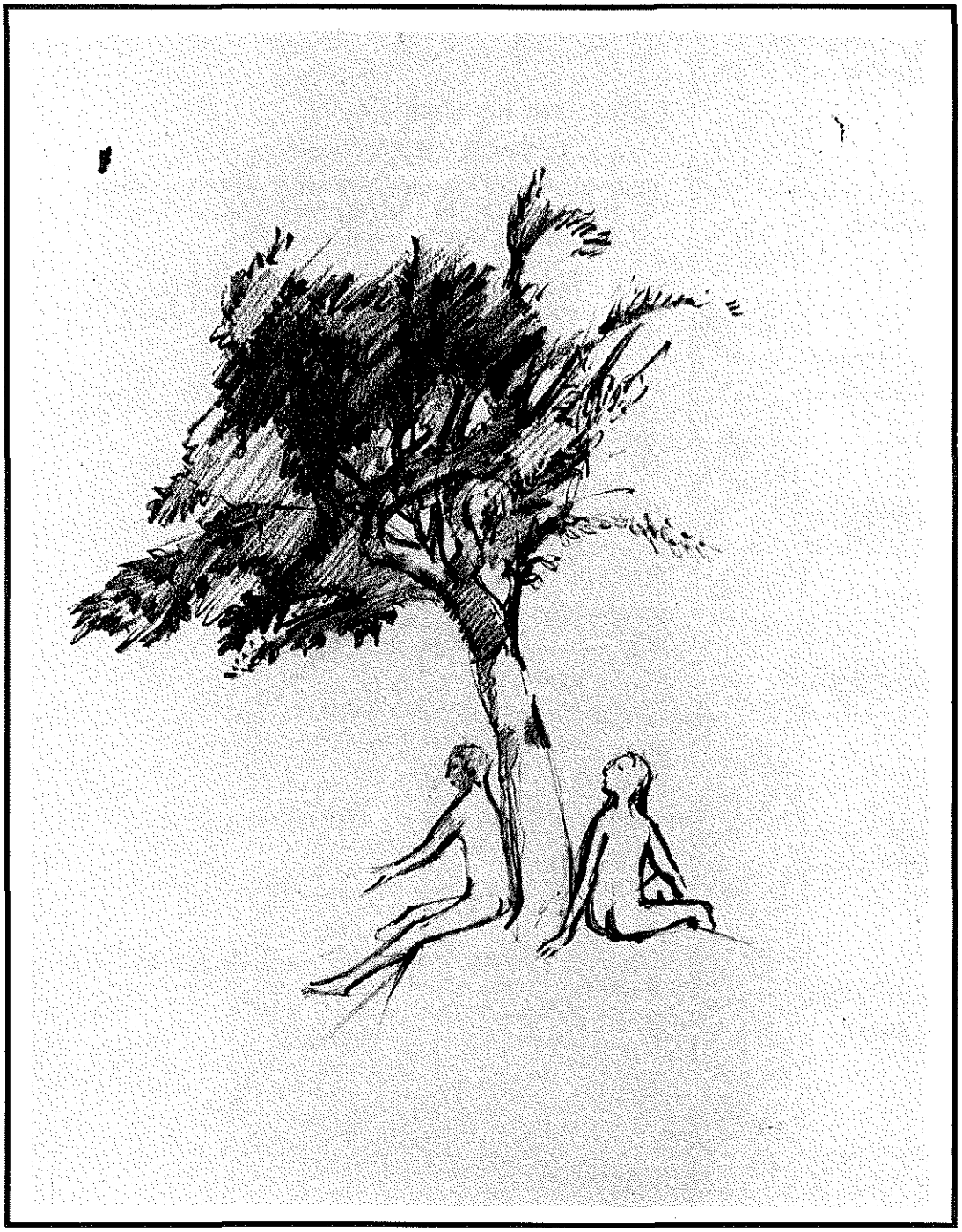

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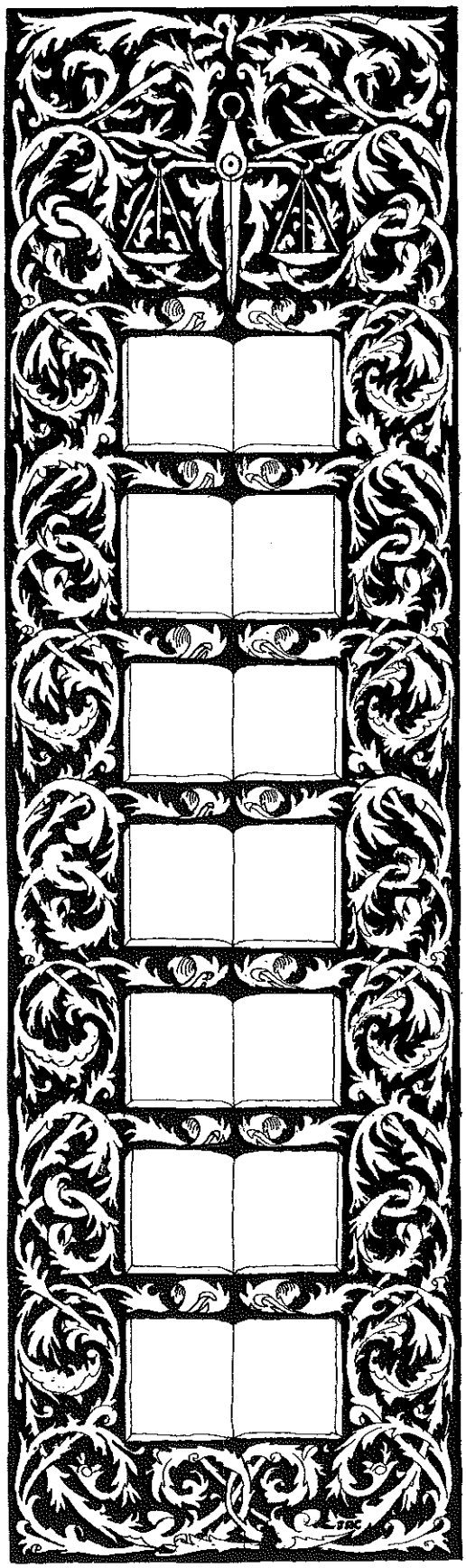

THE COLLEGE

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IN THE APRIL ISSUE:

ON THE COVER: This sketch is one of eight by Anne Buchanan Crosby which were included in the *Festschrift* presented to Jacob Klein on March 3, 1974.

Jacob Klein At 75

Jacob Klein's seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated on March 3, 1974, by a festive gathering of contributors to a Festschrift *called* Essays in Honor of Jacob Klein *at the house of President and Mrs. Weigle.*

Nearly four years had passed from Samuel Kutler's first letter inviting contributions, in April, 1970, to the presentation of the completed typescript, in a splendid box made by Michael Parks, to our former Dean of long and decisive tenure. The secret had been well kept and the surprise was complete.

All that remains now is for the book to be printed. Meanwhile the readers of The College *may be interested in his successor's preface to the collection, with its celebration of the life and work of Jasha Klein. Our readers may also like to know the contents of the* Festschrift *pending its publication.*

Preface

The studies and essays here collected were written for presentation to Jacob Klein on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. Diverse though they are in subject matter and perspective, they are motivated by a shared sense of indebtedness to a great teacher, a shared respect and admiration for his great learning and wisdom, a shared love for his humanity.

Jacob Klein was born in 1899 in Libau, Russia. His education was begun in Lipetsk, and continued in Brussels from 1912 to 1914 and then in Berlin. After graduating in 1917 from the Friedrichs Realgymnasium in Berlin, he studied at the universities of Berlin and Marburg/Lahn, his subjects being philosophy, physics, and mathematics. In 1922 he received the Ph.D. at Marburg under Nicolai Hartmann.

In the years that followed, he continued studying in Marburg and Berlin, chiefly physics, mathematics, and ancient philosophy. It was an important event for him, he has told us in one of his very few autobiographical statements, when he came to hear Martin Heidegger in Marburg in 1923. The fundamental thing he learned from Heidegger was not Heideggerian philosophy, but something he had previously felt to be somehow beyond possibility, namely, that what another man had thought and written might actually and genuinely be understood. In the particular case, the writings newly understood were those of Aristotle. It was to the recovery of classical thought, the thought of Plato and Aristotle, that Jacob Klein now turned, devoting himself to this aim with intensity. A second aim of his studies was to see how the classical mode of thought had come to be transformed into the modern mode of thought, the thought out of which modern science emerged. The two topics are closely connected, for the development of modern science has brought with it not only new insights but also a fundamental forgetfulness of what the ancients knew. The sedimentation of thought—the imbedding and burying of earlier insights in later formulas and procedures—thus became a central theme and concern. As a consequence, a pressing question came to the fore: how should people be educated?

A first outcome of these studies was an extended work, *Die griechische Logistik und die Entstehung der Algebra*, published in two parts in the *Quellen und Studien zur Geschichte der Mathematik, Astronomie und Physik* in 1934 and 1936. The first part was the thesis for the Habilitation, which would have taken place at the University of Berlin in October, 1932, had it not been for the change in the political situation in Germany at that time. The entire work has been recently translated into English by Eva Brann and published by the M.I.T. Press under the title *Greek Mathematical Thought and the Origin of Algebra.*

In 1934-1935, Jacob Klein was a visiting lecturer in the history of mathematics at the University of Prague. From 1935 to 1937 he was a fellow of the Moses Mendelssohn Stiftung zur Förderung der Geisteswissenschaften. During this time he was chiefly concerned with the elaboration of a study of Galileo's physics and its relation to Plato, Aristotle, and Archimedes. Also, his researches concerning Platonic cosmology led him to undertake a fresh analysis of the structure of Platonic dialogues, in particular the *Charmides*, *Meno*, and *Philebus*. But this work was not to

be completed till much later. Exile from Germany intervened.

On April 1, 1938, Jacob Klein arrived in New York. In May, through Paul Weiss of Bryn Mawr College, and Mortimer Adler of the Law School of the University of Chicago, he was put in touch with Scott Buchanan, dean of St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland. It had been only the year before that Stringfellow Barr and Buchanan had, as Buchanan put it, "taken over this old and decrepit college with a mortgage and other disorganized finances." Buchanan's interest in Klein appears to have been immediate. He explained it in a letter of June 11 to a group in New York called the Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced Scholars:

> As you may have seen in the papers and magazines, we are installing a four-year program of liberal education in which we are reading the great books from Homer and Euclid to Freud and Russell. A great part of our program deals with the history of mathematics and science, and we are at present working hardest on getting some of the original books translated and organized for pedagogical purposes. Dr. Klein's work in Greek mathematics and in Renaissance science is directly and almost completely comprehensively pertinent.

A small grant from the Emergency Committee, finally announced on September 24, after three months of waiting, made possible the appointment of Jacob Klein to the faculty of St. John's College for the academic year 1938-1939. On May 1, 1939, Buchanan reported to the Emergency Committee that

> the arrangement has been more than successful. He [Jacob Klein] has done very important work, both in the very special kind of research which we are doing—particularly in relation to Greek and Renaissance mathematics; also, he has proved to be a very superior teacher, not only of the students but for the rest of the faculty. I think he has been very happy here, and both of us are convinced that he should remain with us as long as we can be of mutual good.

St. John's College at this time was going through the pangs of a new birth, the birth of what was then called "the New Program" and later simply "the Program." A conventional elective curriculum and a conventional departmental arrangement were being dismantled; the attempt was being made to set up an all-required program of studies that would be an appropriate modern replacement for the medieval liberal arts curriculum. The dedication to liberal education was to be singleminded; the usual distractions of American collegiate life were to be put aside. Mr. Klein has written of the arduousness and the difficulties of those times:

> I cannot forget the years when Scott Buchanan and Stringfellow Barr began exploring and erecting the goals of the College with the help of the faculty. . . . The College grew, slowly and not always in the right manner, but we saw always the Goal shining before us and demanding severe and grim efforts to be made by all of us.

The fact is, however, that the history of those times has never been written; and the records are sparse and the memories evanescent from which such a history could be reconstructed. Still, that Jacob Klein was deeply and energetically involved in the planning and the work is evident enough from the college records. Perhaps most interesting here are the titles, some of them plain, some of them puzzling, of talks and lectures that he gave from year to year before the college community. On April 10, 1939, during his first year, he and another tutor, Herbert Schwartz, conducted a public disputation in the Great Hall of the College on "The Active Intellect." During this same year, Mr. Klein gave a series of ten lectures to New Program sophomores on "The History of Algebra"—a series that was repeated with variations in succeeding years and became a tradition. Some of the other titles, with the dates of the lectures through the fall of 1948, are as follows:

February 9, 1940:	"Passion, Fate, Knowledge"
May 18, 1940:	"How to Read a Newspaper Today"
October 25, 1940:	"Arithmology"
May 30, 1941:	"Descartes"
November 14, 1941:	"Greek City, Greek Sky"
February 20, 1942:	"Aristotle"
April 23, 1943:	"System and Matter"
August 13, 1943:	"Geometry"
March 14, 1944:	Address to the Graduating Class
May 19, 1944:	"Arithmetic and Geometry"
July 26, 1944:	"The Quadrivium"
August 11, 1944:	"Virgil"
October 11, 1946:	"Quadrivium?"
May 16, 1947:	"The Nineteenth Century"
June 9, 1947:	Commencement Address
December 12, 1947:	"On Nature"
October 7, 1948:	"Plato and The Liberal Arts"

In July of 1948, the Board of Visitors and Governors of the College approved a sabbatical leave for Mr. Klein for the following academic year. Already in the previous year Barr and Buchanan had left to try, unsuccessfully as the event proved, to establish a sister college in Massachusetts. St. John's and the St. John's program had managed to survive the war, but the financial situation of the College remained precarious, and in some of its phases the operation of the program was notably questionable or chaotic. In the middle of the academic year 1948-1949, there came an administrative crisis. Jacob Klein once more found his Platonic studies interrupted; he was called back to the College to become its Acting Dean on January 31, 1949. Acting deanship turned into deanship in September of the same year, directly after Richard D. Weigle became the new president of the College, undertaking first and fore-

most the arduous and necessary task of putting the finances of the College in order.

For nine years thereafter, till July, 1958, Jacob Klein served as dean. It was a period of consolidation, of strong leadership. Nostalgia for a vanished past gave way to a new ethos. The community became aware of itself as having a shaping and stabilizing force at its center. In faculty meetings, in meetings of committees, in official statements of educational policy, above all in lectures to the college community, Jacob Klein articulated in words that were at once arresting yet simple the meaning and the aim of liberal education. For history's sake, we give the titles of the lectures of those years:

October 7, 1949:	"Liberal Education and Liberal Arts"
January 13, 1950:	"What is a Platonic Dialogue?"
September 29, 1950:	"The Liberal Arts"
September 26, 1951:	"The Liberal Arts"
October 3, 1952:	"The Great Mother and the Liberal Arts" (this lecture dealt with Robert Graves' *The White Goddess*)
February 15, 1953:	"The Conservative and the Revolutionary"
June 5, 1953:	"History and the Liberal Arts"
October 2, 1953:	"On Tradition"
May 21, 1954:	"Aristotle"
October 1, 1954:	"The Liberal Arts and the Muses"
January 7, 1955:	"The World and the Cave"
September 30, 1955:	"The Liberal Arts and the Problem of Learning"
April 6, 1956:	"Plato's *Phaedrus*"
October 5, 1956:	"The Art of Questioning and the Liberal Arts"
September 27, 1957:	"The Delphic Oracle and the Liberal Arts"
June 9, 1958:	Commencement Address

During these years, the series of lectures on the history of algebra was several times repeated for different classes of sophomores and juniors. Also, a lecture on the Copernican Revolution, first given on April 29, 1949, was repeated for succeeding classes of sophomores.

The mere titles, of course, cannot recapture for us the spiritedness, the imaginative interpretations, the reflective questioning, the unusual insights, the unmistakeably distinctive thrust and direction of thought in these lectures. Nor can they reveal how these characteristics and qualities have fostered and formed the intellectual life of individuals and of the ongoing college community.

Another topic should be mentioned here: the evenings for visiting lecturers and faculty, or for faculty and students, at the Klein's home, where Mrs. Klein presided so magisterially and magically over the kitchen and the spicier portions of the conversation, and where all things pertaining to the College and the great world were discussed with the detachment and the freedom that are supposed to characterize the Abbey of Thélème. These are not, and will not be, forgotten.

We record here the statement written by Richard Scofield and inserted into the faculty minutes for the meeting of June 2, 1958, the last faculty meeting during Jacob Klein's deanship:

> The Faculty, acting on the motion of the President, expressed by a standing vote their appreciation of the services to the College of Jacob Klein as Dean during the past nine years, and they wished to have recorded in the minutes a formal statement of their gratitude to him for his guidance in the common task of keeping the program of studies alive and healthy. Beyond the call of duty, almost beyond the limits of the possible, he has devoted his time, his energies, his humanity, his great learning and wisdom to the intellectual welfare and the general happiness of the College community.

The academic year 1958-1959 became Jacob Klein's first and indeed only full sabbatical year. He spent it mostly in England, and there made good headway in the writing of a book that he had intended to complete more than two decades previously. The book, bearing the title *A Commentary on Plato's Meno*, was finished after the return to St. John's, and published by the University of North Carolina Press in 1965.

The series of formal lectures to the college community now resumes:

October 30, 1959:	"The Problem and the Art of Writing"
March 3, 1961:	"Thought, Image, Abstraction"
April 20, 1962:	"Aristotle"
April 26, 1963:	"Leibniz"
February 28, 1964:	"On the Nature of Nature"
February 12, 1965:	"On Dante's Mount of Purgatory"
February 25, 1966:	"The Myth of Virgil's *Aeneid*"
June 12, 1966:	Commencement Address
February 23, 1968:	"On Precision"
June 8, 1969:	Commencement Address

The 1968-1969 academic year was Mr. Klein's last year of full-time teaching, and at the end of June, 1969, he retired from the faculty after thirty-one years of service. Yet the preceptorials with students go on, and the formal lectures to the college community continue, too:

May 20, 1971:	"About Plato's *Philebus*"
October 1, 1972:	"Plato's *Ion*"
February 23, 1973:	"Speech, Its Strength and Its Weaknesses"
May 3, 1974:	"Plato's *Phaedo*"

And this list will be continued. A number of the foregoing lectures have been published:

"On Dante's Mount of Purgation," *Cesare Barbieri Courier*, Vol. VII, No. 2 (Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., 1965)

"The Myth of Virgil's *Aeneid*," *Interpretation*, Vol. 2, Issue 1 (1971)

"About Plato's *Philebus*," *Interpretation*, Vol. 2, Issue 3 (1972)

"Plato's *Ion*," *Claremont Journal of Public Affairs*, Vol. 2, No. 1 (1973)

The following lectures and essays have appeared in a St. John's publication, *The College*:

"The Problem of Freedom" (December, 1969)

"On Precision" (October, 1971)

"Discussion as a Means of Teaching and Learning" (December, 1971)

"Speech, its Strength and its Weaknesses" (July, 1973)

Other of Mr. Klein's published writings include:

"Phenomenology and the History of Science," in *Philosophical Essays in Memory of Edmund Husserl* (ed. Marvin Farber; Harvard University Press, 1940)

"Aristotle, An Introduction," in *Ancients and Moderns, Essays on the Tradition of Political Philosphy in Honor of Leo Strauss* (Basic Books, Inc., 1964)

"On Liberal Education," in *The Bulletin of the Association of American Colleges*, Vol. 52, No. 2 (Washington, D. C., 1966)

"A Note on Plato's *Parmenides*," in *Orbis Scriptus: Dimitrij Tschižewskij zum 70. Geburtstag* (München: Wilhelm Fink Verlag, 1966)

Lectures already printed for use within the college community, and others yet to come, will one day be collected and published in a volume for a wider circle of readers.

For over three and a half decades Jacob Klein has devoted himself with singular intensity and with singular clarity of purpose to the teaching and learning at St. John's College. For some of us who have come to the College, his teaching has had much or all to do with the definition of liberal education and of our lives. Our debt is an exquisite burden that we happily bear, knowing what it is ours to do: the conserving of a tradition of responsible, radical inquiry; the carrying on, most seriously and most playfully, of the art of questioning; the obeying so far as we individually can of the Delphic Oracle's enigmatic behest; the careful and intent following of Ariadne's thread, the conversation that concerns the soul's good. In diverse and modest ways the essays which follow take up this task.

CURTIS A. WILSON
Dean
St. John's College
Annapolis, Maryland
March 3, 1974

Here follow the contents of:

ESSAYS IN HONOR OF JACOB KLEIN

As Presented to him on the Occasion of his Seventy-fifth Birthday
Introductory Letter by Richard D. Weigle
Preface by Curtis Wilson
Contributors

The Poet of the Odyssey

by Eva Brann

1. *On Seeing Homer*

Epic is that kind of poetry—as distinguished from lyric and epic poetry, the poetry of the lyre and of action—which is particularly named after the word, for *epos* means the word as uttered in speech or song. Hence in reading the Homeric epics we certainly should, in addition to attending to the tale told, listen closely to the sound itself of the utterance. Let me give two examples of what the *sound* of the word may reveal.

First, an example of listening for meter: At the beginning of the Odyssey, Zeus speaks, because

He thought in his heart of blameless Aegistheus.

In Greek:

mnēsătŏ | gār kătă | thȳmŏn ă | mȳmŏnŏs | Aīgīs | thŏiō (I 29). Notice that the fifth foot is not a dactyl (-⏑⏑) but a spondee (— —). Now it is a rule of the epic hexameter line, rather rarely broken, that the fifth foot, at least, must be dactylic. In this line, therefore, the very name of the murderous shirker who together with treacherous Clytemnestra turned Agamemnon's return into an ambush, a vile fact which forms the background of the Odyssey, does violence to that stately cadence of the epic meter, making it unnatural, heavy, and misshapen.

Second, an example of listening for words: When Achilles grieves for the death of his dearest friend, Patroclus, whom he had sent into battle in his own stead he cries:

Him have I *lost*.

But if we listen to the Greek words—*ton apolesa* (*Il.* XVIII 82), we will hear a second, equally possible, meaning, ominous and enlightening:

Him have I *killed!*

Nevertheless what I want to say here will derive more from *sight* than from sound. The ancient conviction that Homer was blind is surely a consequence of the special place that sight holds in his poetry, a recognition of its preternatural visual intensity. But we can go further; we can say that both the *Iliad* and the Odyssey depend crucially on vision, on allowing the words to build a visible world in which the inner events of the epic suddenly appear. Let me now give an example of what the sight behind the word may reveal:

Achilles the swift is pursuing a dazed and bemused Hector around the walls of Troy (*Il.* XXII 122 ff.). They run in agonizing slow motion, three times round as in a dream, and the fastest man on earth cannot catch his much more solid, slower quarry. Finally Hector breaks the eternity of this pursuit and stands, facing about. What does Achilles, what do the spectators see? They see *Achilles facing Achilles*, for Hector is wearing Achilles' old armour, striped from Patroclus' corpse (XXII 323). Greek armour covers practically the whole man; a Greek in battle is an armoured effigy. The antagonist that Achilles so viciously hurls at is *himself*, the old Achilles before Patroclus' death, before his dreadful apotheosis, when he was still a man among men. Yet this crucial sight, the most revealing vision of the *Iliad*, is not told directly *in* words but only prepared *through* them.

So there exists a second epic realm "behind" the epic lines, a world swirling with ironic double visions, significant glances, tactful asides, mysterious smiles, meaningful gestures, awesome scenes. So, for example, Achilles, even as he sits stubbornly by his tents, is given his usual epithet "swift in his feet" (*Il.* IX 196). For we are to see him swift and sedentary at once. And there is a similar irony in calling the villainous Aegistheus "blameless." So Odysseus delivers Agamemnon's conciliatory message to the offended Achilles exactly as given, except that Homer paints in a revealing gesture. For he makes Odysseus repeat the king's oath that he has never been to bed with Achilles' girl, ". . . as is the rule among mankind, men or women . . . ," with a deep obeissance: ". . . as is the rule, *my lord*, of men and women . . ." (*Il.* IX 134, 276). So Telemachus, wide-eyed but adroit, compares Menelaus' palace to Olympus in a stage whisper, bending toward his friend with ostentatious reticence (*Od.* IV 74); so he persuades this same friend, Nestor's youngest son, who conveys his perfect understanding with a glance, to allow him to board boat homeward without a farewell call on old Nestor who *will* talk on and on; so Odysseus, as indulgent glances pass between him and Nausicaa's parents, takes the blame for her charmingly over-discreet lack of hospitality (*Od.* VII 303). There is no end to such examples.

Here, then, is a world of crucial sights for the eye, which, however, arise *from* the stately, artificial tongue of the Homeric epic, a language especially well fitted to conspire with the poet to produce this inexhaustible store of paraphenomena. For just as the subtleties of human intercourse are best entrusted to sedate ceremony in life, so a fixed, formulaic language seems best for conveying its intricacies in poetry. And more particularly, the well-

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This article is adapted from a formal lecture presented at the Annapolis campus on Friday, October 6, 1972.

burnished epic idiom appears especially to invite a lively complement of images.

I hope now to make explicit a part of this implicit, complementary world. Yet that will be more a task in what I might call "perceiving" the epics than in interpreting them. This latter task is much harder, if it is possible at all, and it can only be undertaken on the premise that poetry contains something intended for truth, and that behind the realms of uttered word and imaginative sight there is yet a third world of truth into which the former realms lead. I shall try somewhat to interpret one of the epics, the Odyssey—yet very cautiously, because I wish to avoid a certain kind of irresponsibility which that poem particularly induces in interpreters. I will give an example.

Odysseus is shut up for seven years by the nymph Calypso, whose name means, "She Who Covers." She lives on an island in the navel of the sea "in hollow caves, longing for him to be her husband:"

en spessi glaphyroisi, lilaiomene posin einai (I 15),

as the bewitchingly slippery Greek goes. Now a cave, it is sometimes said, *is* a womb, and Odysseus' painful escape from its timeless moist comfort *is* a second birth. But is this "interpretation" not itself a metaphor, and should the interpreter of poetry himself ply poetry? I think not. It seems to me that interpretations of poetry should be soberly prosaic, and should not represent the poet as having proposed fantasies which no sane adult can credit. For poetry begins in marvelling, and no one can marvel at the incredible.

2. *Achilles and Odysseus*

By way of beginning let me paint one more picture from the *Iliad*. Achilles the truthful, for whom a liar is "as hateful as the gates of Hades" (IX 312), knows something which dominates all his doings, a knowledge so painful that he lies about it even to his friend Patroclus and only old Nestor guesses what has happened (XVI 51, XI 794): his mother has told Achilles plainly and finally how "short-lived," how "swift-fated," he is to be (I 416, XVIII 95). So, once Patroclus, his deputy in death, is gone, Achilles is not longer quite among the mortals, but both above and below them: in battling for his friend's corpse, he who has fed on the immortals' food, on *ambrosia* (XIX 347), is like a divine, an Olympian, being, while when he fights Hector he is like a beast, a lion or a wolf who could feed on Hector's raw flesh (XXII 262, 347). But when the battle is burnt out and he returns to his tent, he becomes yet something else, a being which Agamemnon had detected in him earlier—he assumes the part of Hades, the ruler of the underworld (IX 158). Let me set the scene.

The god who conducts the dead to the underworld across the river Styx is Hermes. Now Priam, who comes by night to beg for his son Hector's body, is brought to Achilles' abode by Hermes who awaits him by the river (XXIV 353). The garments which Priam brings with him are white, the Greek color of mourning (XXIV 231). He finds an Achilles who, at intervals, familiarly addresses the dead (XXIII 19, 105), and in whose precincts the body of Hector lies for many days mysteriously uncorrupted (XXIV 420). Achilles, whose home is Pthia (IX 363), which means the "Perishing Land," must appear to Priam —and to us—to sit in the somber splendor of underworldly state, the potentate of a premature, above-ground hell, who harbours not only the souls but also the bodies of the dead. We shall see this same dread being, who dominates the end of the *Iliad*, once more, at the center of the *Odyssey*.

Reciprocally there is established within the *Iliad*, as Achilles' particular foil and counterpart, the man who will give his name to the Odyssey, a poem which begins with the word "man," as the *Iliad* begins with the word "wrath" —*menis* in Greek. For as Achilles' being is concentrated in a passion, so Odysseus is a man "of many turns," *polytropos*, a man of craft—*metis* in Greek.

These two have had their royal quarrels (*Od.* VIII 75), but they are ultimately bound rather than divided by being in that peculiarly intimate opposition of extreme and mean which is embodied in their spatial position in camp, where Achilles' boats are beached at one far-out wing, while Odysseus' little fleet is drawn up in the very middle of the Greeks (*Il.* XI 6).

Homer has put their comparison in Odysseus' own mouth (*Il.* XIX 216). It is short, but may be adumbrated as follows:

Everything about Achilles is young, brief, brave, brilliant, somber, swift, abrupt, unwise, grave; he is in essence short-lived; "minute-lived" (*minynthadios*) is his proper term.

Odysseus is of an older generation (*Il.* XXIII 790), short-legged—dignified while seated in council, but squat on his feet, as the Trojans have observed (*Il.* III 211); a wrestler (*Il.* XIII 710, *Od.* IV 343 and VIII 230), not a runner, except once, and then away from battle (*Il.* VII 95); given to cunning clowning on occasion (*Il.* X 254 ff., *Od.* XIV 462 ff.); a clever speaker, endlessly resourceful, who is used on every mission or embassy: to enter Troy as negotiator or as spy (*Il.* III 206, *Od.* IV 246), to fetch Achilles for the Trojan expedition (*Il.* XI 767), to return the captured girl Briseis to her father (*Il.* I 311), and finally, to attempt—fateful failure—to bring Achilles back into battle (*Il.* IX 180). And he has staying power—he ever refuses to leave precipitously (*Il.* II 169, *Od.* III 163) and he, not Achilles, sees the war to its conclusion by means of the well-disciplined strategem of the wooden horse. (*Od.* IV 270 and VIII 502).

The words that belong to Odysseus are "much" and "many" (*poly* and *polla*). Listen to the first lines of his own epic and hear how these words sound at once the sea-sputtering accusation against Poseidon's name and the Greek cry of pain *popoi*:

> Andra moi ennepe, mousa, *poly*tropon, hos mala *polla*
> plangthe, epei Troies hieron ptoliethron epersen.
> *pollon* d'anthropon iden astea kai noon egno,

polla d'ho g'en pontoi pathen algea hon kata thymon.

In sum, as Achilles' life is concentrated in camp, so Odysseus' life extends beyond, into peace. Perhaps nothing brings this out better than the names of their only sons. Achilles' son, who comes to Troy after him, is called Neoptolemus (*Il.* XIX 327), the "New Warrior," while Odysseus' son, who awaits him at home, is called Telemachus, "Far-from-Battle."' It is a significant touch that in the *Iliad*, Odysseus assumes for himself the appellation of "Father of Telemachus" (II 260 IV 354), as if to show where his heart lies.

Now every characteristic anecdote, every revealing story of Odysseus in the *Iliad* has, as the references above show, its deliberate counterpart in the *Odyssey*, just as the underworld Achilles who will appear in the *Odyssey* is prefigured in the *Iliad*. The two epics belong together not only as the natural sequence of "War and Peace"—to give them a joint title taken from their one and only rival work—but as the two elements of a sight seen in the *Iliad*: Achilles bearing before him on his new shield—the shield Odysseus is to inherit (*Od.* XI 546)—the dancing and battling cities and the encircling Ocean of the *Odyssey* (XII 478 ff.). The world of Odysseus is, at it were, supported by Achilles. I shall return to this observation later.

3. *The cheating myths*

I shall begin with the second half of the *Odyssey*. No sooner has Odysseus arrived back home in Ithaca than he begins to give various accounts of himself and his trip. He tells five such stories (XIII 256, XIV 199, XVII 419, XIX 172, XXIV 303), of which only one single one, the last, told to his father as an afterthought, is clearly, though cleverly, concocted. The other four, in spite of certain tongue-in-cheek touches, shine with verisimilitude, and, indeed, everyone finds them plausible. To be sure, Odysseus' own announcement of Odysseus' imminent return is sceptically received, but on the part of one listener, at least, this disbelief is, as we shall see, pretended. Only Athena, the first to hear one of these accounts, exposes them. Told to *her* they are indeed "lying lore," or "tricky tales," or "cheating myths" (XIII 295), for she knows, as we shall see, the still deeper truth of the matter.

The longest of these tricky tales is told to Eumaios, Odysseus' faithful swineherd (XIV 199). It goes like this: The teller is a nameless Cretan bastard who enjoys war and seafaring, and who, on returning from service in Troy, sets out for Egypt to find a fortune. There his men, drunk and out of control, attempt an incursion on the locals and are routed. The narrator himself seeks protection from the Egyptian king, stays to live with him for seven years, and is then persuaded by a cunning Phoenician to come to stay with him also for one year. This Phoenician later causes the Cretan to board a boat which is ostensibly conveying cargo to Libya but is in fact carrying orders to sell him as a slave. They are shipwrecked and he, riding the mast, is driven to the Thesprotians on the north-western Greek mainland. Here he hears of Odysseus, who has gone to the famous nearby oracle of Dodona to seek advice concerning his return. They promise the Cretan passage but, once on board, strip him of his goods and bind him. He escapes while they are having supper in Ithaca, and hides in a thicket.

Each of the four tales is different, but the same thread runs through all of them. The teller is a Cretan. The Cretans were the famous seafarers and the infamous liars of antiquity. This Cretan has sailed to all the far-flung Mediterranean ports of call—Cyprus, Libya, Egypt—and has had much commerce with the Phoenicians, the shippers and conveyers of that sea.

Now I claim that distributed through these cheating myths are the facts of the voyages of Odysseus—that he has really spent the last ten years in these places. It is at the least plausible to think so. He must have been somewhere on earth or sea in those lost years. But no candid adult will claim that he was *in fact* with the giants, nymphs, and witches that people those adventures of his which I shall call "*the* odyssey proper," meaning the travels which belong peculiarly to Odysseus. Therefore we must think that he was with those Cretans, Egyptians, and Phoenicians who in fact people the Mediterranean sea, among whom he has in fact been reported seen (XIV 382), and who keep coming to his mind when he is obliged to give an account of himself. This is, after all, precisely where Menelaus went, who having been driven off course at the same place as Odysseus, took his ships to all these ports, and especially to Egypt, in search of gold (III 301, IV 83). So it is clear what Odysseus was doing—no man was ever more prudent about worldly things, more greedy for goods, to put it plainly, and less likely to be willing to return profitless from Troy, or to assume beggary except as an ironic guise. He does, in fact, return a rich man, and "Save my things, save me," is the merchant-like order of his prayer to Athena (XIII 230). Furthermore, not only does a young Phaeacian contemptuously describe him as looking like a huckster (VIII 163), but he in fact has the versatility appropriate to an "operator": he is a skillful servant by grace of Hermes (XV 321), a useful consultant and an enchanting raconteur with the polish of a professional minstrel—at least his swineherd thinks so (XVI 521). And finally, is it not curious how Homer himself says in the third line of the *Odyssey* that Odysseus saw the *cities of many men*, while the adventures of the odyssey proper are mainly about the *islands of single women*?

Now of these odyssean adventures, as opposed to the factual accounts, only one single one ever comes to the ears of the known world while Odysseus is yet lost. It is reported by Athena to Telemachus in a prototypical cheating myth (in which she tactfully turns the seductive nymph into "rough men" [I 198]) as well as by Proteus to Menelaus (IV 557), and by Telemachus to Penelope (XVII 143) that Odysseus is, for the duration, with Calypso, with her whose name signifies *oblivion*. That is

to say, throughout Greece Odysseus is reported missing—the "stormy snatchers" have swept him away, "out of sight and out of hearing" (I 242).

The other places and beings of the odyssey proper are made known to no one, not even on Odysseus' first return. Instead, the cheating myths *allude* to the adventures (IX-XII) in parallels and coincidences.

For instance: the drunk attack on the Egyptians in the cheating myth is a parallel to the Ciconion adventure; the seven years with the king of Egypt are coextensive with the time given to Calypso, and the year with the Phoenician coincides with the year assigned to Circe; the Thesprotians and Phoenicians are, like the Phaeacians, people that give passage. In both the cheating myths and the adventures there are shipwrecks and lonely survivals riding on mast or keel, oracles consulted, whether Dodona or Teiresias, passages promised, thickets for hiding.

These coincidences reveal how the cheating myths and the adventures are related to each other. As the notorious "Cretan liar paradox" of logic arises when a Cretan claims that all Cretans are liars—upon which his speech cannot be called either true or false—so Odysseus, who is shamelessly careless about harmonizing his various accounts or hiding his embroideries, can hardly be said to tell true or false. The essentially prosaic lying tales are neither true or false—they are, as I said, *mere fact*. Odysseus expresses his contempt for fact, for the publicly accessible, dull, daily labors of life, by making his accounts precise but not uniquely exact; they express what might—obnoxiously—be called "reality in general." They are a tissue of facts.

What I mean is this: Anyone who travels in truth, travels twice. First, he flees home, accomplishing an itinerary, to which belong charter groups, terminals, hotels, sightseeing excursions, transportation. These are the *facts*, or if you like, the prose of the trip, boring at best, sometimes even hazardous, and these, in their trying indifference, are soon confused, forgotten, perhaps reinvented. But behind the facts of companions, locale, and transportation there are the places and voyages of the soul seeking home, those presences and appearances, those fragrant essences, which come as much from, as to the imagination—the sights which are seen by the soul, not the eyes. These are the *truths*, or, if you like, the poetry, of our travels, for which the facts—some, not all—were only the occasion.

So while a shabby, mendaciously factual Cretan Odysseus is collecting loot in Egypt and Phoenicia, and Odysseus of, as we shall see, more splendid stature is on a different voyage, a voyage of true *nostalgia* (literally: "return ache"), on which he sees, as can only a man whose strongest roots are at home (IX 34), the truths of alien people and places. When I say he "sees their truths" I mean, then, that certain appropriate factual occasions of his travels form themselves for him into cogent and brilliant events which, although they live only for and by the imagination, are yet more capable of carrying a meaning than are the mere facts. By the poetic truths of events I therefore mean those versions of occurrences which by their radiance invite interpretation. Such versions are here called *adventures*: The adventures of Odysseus' odyssey are the *truths* of his travels. This amounts to the provoking assertion that the realm of the imagination is closer to the world of truth than the world of "reality."

4. *The odyssey*

So then, for instance, in Egypt, a source of narcotics (IV 228), where in fact the inhabitants drug themselves at their feasts by sniffing the lotus flower, some of Odysseus' men are evidently induced to "experiment"—this is transfigured by Odysseus into that perilous venture into the state of irresponsible forgetfulness and loss of purpose which he tells of as the Land of the Lotus Eaters (IX 84). So Odysseus comes upon one of a tribe of troglodytes, staring, blinkered, and depthless of vision, who are without cities, assemblies, laws, commerce, or true communication. Him Odysseus recognizes as a Cyclops, a single-eyed "Circle Eye," who does not know the power of words (IX 112). For example, Odysseus has told him that he is called "No-one," and the Cyclops after having been blinded by Odysseus, in turn uncomprehendingly repeats to his neighbours that "No-one" has hurt him, so that they leave him without help. Similarly he misses the second meaning and warning contained in Odysseus' anonymous name, a warning which Odysseus himself explains on a later occasion (XX 20): A parallel form of *outis*, the Greek word for "no-one," is *metis*; but *metis* is also Odysseus' word, the word for wisdom and craft, so that Odysseus has named himself to the giant Cyclops as his foil in craft and civilization.

So, again, they come to a place where Odysseus' swilling and gorging men make pigs of themselves and become like animals; this reveals itself to Odysseus as the power of Circe, the "Circle Woman" who turns unmanly men into pigs, while he masters her by attacking her, sword before him, and armed with Hermes' herb, surely an aphrodisiac (X 321). Note that Odysseus understands all his men's desires as the appetite for food and drink—in his report they even *eat* the lotus which the Egyptians sniff. With respect to himself, on the other hand, Odysseus transforms his sojourns among men (the Egyptian king, the Phoenician trader) into encounters with women—a marvelous touch!

One more interpretation: somewhere on his travels Odysseus hears a kind of poetry, debilitating and corrupting, in which all the toils of Troy are turned into melodrama and sentiment. He listens ravished and yet with reservation and resistance. He is in truth hearing the Song of the Sirens (XII 184).

And so, further, the truth of the whole progress of his seafaring is that it is a road into oblivion along which he divests himself not undeliberately of the attendance of his men—even recklessly, as his lieutenant claims (X 436). For he brings them into places and temptations with which

they cannot cope and leaves them on their own at crucial moments, or, in the terms of the adventures, he falls into a deep sleep. This is the sleep in which he lies when they let out upon themselves the winds which Odysseus had had, so to speak, "in the bag," and again when they ravenously fall on the Sacred Cattle of the Sun and by eating them bring final destruction on themselves (X 31, XII 338). As Athena says, using the same equivocal word as did Achilles concerning Patroclus: ". . . I knew in my heart that you would return having *lost* (or equally: having *destroyed*) all your comrades" (XIII 340). According to the fourth line of the *Odyssey*, Odysseus strives to gain "his *soul* and the *return* of his comrades;" the odyssey proper shows that these two purposes are incompatible.

A sufficient interpretation of the Odyssey would offer a coherent fabric of truth-behind-fact woven out of *all* the adventures. I shall attend in some detail only to two of them. I shall begin with the last, the twelfth sea-adventure, Odysseus' stay on the Island of the Phaeacians.

5. *The twelfth adventure*

Phaeacia, which means the "Radiant Land," is the place of the first telling of the "odyssey proper." The man who *made* the odyssey, which is in Greek as much as to say the *poet* of the odyssey, is Odysseus, who recounts *his* voyages, truthfully, artfully, and in well-rounded order, beginning and ending with Calypso (IX-XII). Phaeacia is therefore the place where the odyssey is composed, where the sea-adventures—"experiences," as we would say—are given shape, put into words. Thus Alcinous, the Phaeacian king, interrupts the telling of that adventure of adventures, the voyage to Hades, to exclaim that Odysseus does not seem "a cheat and a dissembler" who "fashions lies out of what No-one has ever seen," and he marvels at Odysseus' "shapeliness of words"—*morphe epeon*, at his epic form (XI 367).

Here, as Odysseus steps on land, Poseidon gives up Odysseus, sputtering his dismissal in his own version of the fourth line of the Odyssey:

> Houto nyn kaka polla pathon aloo kata ponton.
> So now, having suffered many evils, wander on over the sea! (V377)

And here Athena, for the first time in ten years, again appears to Odysseus (XIII 318). That is as much as to say that the formless element, the sea of troubles and boredom which surrounds the islands of adventure and delight, persecuting as it conveys, now recedes in favor of craft, clarity, and composition.

For this radiant country is a land of luxury and lyre, of dances and baths, of near-animate works of art (such as candelabras in the shape of golden youths and gold-and-silver dogs), of perpetually blooming orchards, of magnificent architecture, and cunning tapestries (VII-VIII). And the Phaeacians have poetry—wonderful, irreverent comedy (VIII 266) and heart-rending melodrama of the siren sort, which makes Odysseus weep like a woman (VIII 523). They are, moreover, a folk which regards all the present pains of mankind as sent by the gods for the sole purpose of being turned into song for those to come (VIII 580)—*aesthetes*, we would say.

The Phaeacians have been removed from Hyperia—the "Beyond Land," where they suffered from the crude strength of the Hyperian Cyclopses, to Scheria—the "Cut-off Land" (VI 4, 8). In this country they live in detached elevation—they have no enemies and yet they do not love strangers (VII 32), but are intimate only with the gods (VII 205). Nevertheless their vocation is to give passage, to convey—we would say: to "communicate"—and the spirit-like nature of what they convey is shown in their ships, which are swift as thought and governed by thought (VII 36, VIII 559). Of course they pray to Hermes the Interpreter and Conveyer (VII 137).

In this resort, in this—I will say it—in this artists' colony, Odysseus becomes a poet. Here he frequently expresses his love for singers (VIII 487, IX 3), and here he himself sings. It seems very appropriate that this is the only adventure which is reported directly by the poet of the greater Odyssey, by Homer himself.

Odysseus is conveyed out of Phaeacia, where dreams are given shape in comfort, to rocky Ithaca with his treasure of tales while lying, as he is wont to at crucial moments, in a Hermetic sleep much like death (XIII 80). And Poseidon, the god of untiring formlessness, in revenge covers, (literally "*calypsoes*"), the sea exit of the odyssey forever (VIII 569). There will be no second such epic.

Odysseus is received into "reality" by Athena who, in a transport of affection, apostrophizes her Odysseus as cunning, dissembling, bold, brilliant in craft, insatiate in tricks, and as a man who will not leave off cheating myths and deceits (XIII 293). The man who was praised for his truths in Phaeacia, the land of poetry, becomes a mere liar in rocky Ithaca.

6. *The middle adventure*

Phaeacia is the place in which Odysseus found himself able to shape his trip into poetry, to give it form. Is there a place whence the substance or matter of poetry is particularly derived, a bourn and source of poetry?

If it can be shown, as I hope to do later, that there is in fact a thirteenth adventure, then the seventh adventure becomes in number what it is in truth—the central event of the odyssey, the one which earns Odysseus—one time only in all the epic—the appellation "hero" (X 516).

This seventh adventure is Odysseus' voyage to the mouth of the Land of the Dead (X), to Hades, the underworld at the extremes of the earth and sea, which is to be reached only by ship (XI 159). Odysseus has been sent there particularly for the pupose of consulting the oracle of Teiresias on his return (X 492). He is indeed told of its stations and hazards, but the management of his reinstatement in Ithaca is, significantly, left in his own hands. In addition Teiresias utters that strange prescription which orders Odysseus to

leave Ithaca once more, promptly after regaining home, in order to march inland, an oar on his shoulder, until he shall come to a place where that oar shall be taken for a farmer's tool. There he is to plant it in the ground, and then he may feel assured of a gentle death, late and far from the sea (XI 135). The meaning of this planted oar is that it is a sailor's grave. This is pointedly shown by the form of the burial, a mound with an oar stuck on top, which the company gives that drunk young fool Elpenor who anticipates Odysseus' ship in Hades by falling off a roof and breaking his neck (XII 15). Odysseus' oar will, of course, mark a cenotaph, an empty tomb, just such a tomb as Telemachus has promised to make for him, should he remain lost at sea (II 222). This inland ceremony is a necessary and fitting aftermath and conclusion to the odyssey, for as Circe says with awe, Odysseus is "twice dead" (XII 22)—twice dead as he is twice traveled—and therefore owes himself a burial, a false tomb far inland, remote from the sea that hates and drives him.

But the business on which he has come takes only the briefest time. His stay is really otherwise occupied: In Hades Odysseus is instructed in the myths of the Greeks—*here he becomes learned in the matter of poetry.*

Here he learns the tragedies of Agamemnon and Oedipus; here he is told the tales of Minos, Tantalus, Sisyphus, Heracles. Here at the center of the center of the *Odyssey* come forth all the women of Greece in their grandeur, among them two who have slept with gods but kept faith with their husbands, Tyro and Alcmene, to whom his own wife has already been favorably compared (II 120). (At this point in his tale Queen Arete, grateful for his praise of women, charmingly interrupts to praise Odysseus, not indeed for his tale—but for his beauty and size [XI 337]).

But as king and mighty ruler of the dead (XI 485), here as in life, comes *Achilles*, inconsolable at his state— he would rather be a slave on earth than the king of the dead. Odysseus, a passing visitor in Achilles' very own realm, comforts him a little with a good report of his son the New Warrior, Neoptolemus. Achilles as the most ghostly of the dead, as Hades' deadest denizen, dominates this world.

All that come to tell their tales to Odysseus are souls—*psychai* (X 530)—which means, in Greek, "cold breaths," spirits, bodiless and bloodless. Hades is the repository of shades, that is to say, of the ghosts of the past, of beings of memory. Of themselves these are impotent, unable on their part to see the living, and like dreams, impalpable (XI 29, 143, 207). It is Odysseus who gives or refuses these schemata presence by refusing or giving them blood (XI 147). It is Odysseus who gives flesh and blood to memories, which are the substance and matter of poetry. Odysseus' central adventure is his voyage to the bounding flux which surrounds and delimits our world of bodily sights, a voyage of recollection to those remote recesses of memory where lives our common past, the dead whose stories have been canonized into myths. In Hades Odysseus is initiated into the lore which is the matter of poetry.

7. *The thirteenth adventure*

Everywhere people are talking of the "returns," the *nostoi*, of the Greek contingent from Troy. The minstrel sings of them in Ithaca and Aeolus wants to hear about them on his floating island (I 326, X 14). One such return is famous, or infamous, above the rest—that of Agamemnon, king of Greek kings, foully murdered on his return to Mycenae by Aegisthus and his treacherous wife Clytemnestra. Zeus tells of it on Olympus, Nestor tells Telemachus in Pylus, Menalaus in Sparta, and Agamemnon himself tells Odysseus in Hades (I 36, III 264, IV 518, XI 412). But there is another return which is much spoken of because it is yet outstanding— Odysseus' own. Moreover, the former stands behind and informs the latter. Telemachus, on his trip in search of his father, never forgets that other, avenging, son, Orestes (I 298, III 203), while Odysseus' own homecoming is colored by the murdered king's advice in Hades: "Therefore do not you yourself ever be gentle to your wife, and do not tell her the whole tale which you know, but tell her some, and keep some hidden" (XI 442).

Consequently Odysseus returns filled with suspicion, which is confirmed by Athena's similar, albeit less partial, advice to "tell no man or woman" of his return (XIII 308). And although in Hades Penelope's own mother-in-law, Odysseus' mother Anticleia, has already declared to him Penelope's constancy (XI 217), Penelope herself behaves deviously enough to justify Odysseus' reserved behavior. The house is full of wooers, daily wined and dined, to whom she sends messages and promises, and among whom she has favorites (XIII 381, XVI 397).

The *fact*, then, of Odysseus' return is that he slips back late, slow, suspicious, and incognito, outwits Penelope's wooers by gaining possession of his old powerful weapon, the great bow, makes a blood bath among them and those servant girls who follow them, and *only then*, having repossessed his hall, reveals to his wife who he is.

But the *truth* of his return, which turns it into a thirteenth adventure by giving it the sheen of a high tension is this: Those two, Odysseus and Penelope, recognize and know each other from the moment he enters his home, and proceed to act out a charged, subtle farce, worthy of the complex nature common to them, in which poetry and prudence are intertwined by means of a high craft. Their object is to know the truth about each other. The way the evidence for this situation mounts is a model of Homeric subtlety. Let me set it out.

Penelope, whose epithet is "the circumspect" (*periphron*), would be unlikely to fail to notice what it plain to everyone else. Telemachus has returned from his trip suddenly bearded (XVIII 176) and a man, and for the first time certain that he is the son of a father he has never seen (XV 267). This certainty comes to him first in Sparta where he arrived at the delicate moment of her daughter's wedding to be immediately recognized by the aging but still uncanny Helen, who sees in him the father she had

evidently known very intimately (IV 143, 250). With this image before her, how could Penelope herself miss the original? Then also, signs and portents announcing her husband's return have mounted: an old oracle, claiming that Odysseus would return in the twentieth year of his absence, is revived; a strange sooth-sayer, Theoclymenus, suddenly comes on the scene for no other purpose but to announce the return; the swineherd Eumaius has repeated to her Odysseus' cheating myth, according to which he is even now in Ithaca. Moreover it is now or never that Odysseus must return to her, since he himself has told her to re-marry at the appearance of Telemachus' beard (II 170, XVII 157, 527, XVIII 270). Accordingly she presses her son for the results of his trip in curiously assured terms. She had, she says, despaired of ever seeing Telemachus again when he had gone off after *tidings* of his father. And she continues: "But come, give me an account of how you came face to face with the *sight* of him" (XVII 44). Telemachus, who has promised his father secrecy, is clumsily evasive. It is clear that she is, at the very least, highly expectant.

Odysseus comes into his hall from the pig farm where he has revealed himself to his son in glory (XVII 264 ff.). Now Odysseus has a property familiar in people of temperament and mobility of soul: his stature changes with the occasion, or as Homer put it, he is frequently—four times in Ithaca—transformed by Athena, twice from his native radiance to an equally congenital shabbiness, twice the reverse (XIII 429, XVI 172, 456, XXIII 156). He comes in the shape he assumed for his cheating myths: his frame shriveled, a worn and weary, aging, balding, beggary huckster. Argos, his ancient hound, hears him and gladly expires. Odysseus refuses to be presented to Penelope. She is at once collected and hysterical, twice laughs "a meaningless laugh" (XVIII 163), and falls into a relaxed sleep, is herself beautified by Athena, and immediately goes before the wooers to announce herself ready for remarriage and to ask for gifts. Odysseus is deeply satisfied with her strategem. That evening, after Telemachus has gone to sleep, Penelope descends and, blooming in beauty like *two* goddesses, sits on a throne to interview Odysseus.

And now begins a curious, teasing, allusive conversation (XIX 104 ff). Odysseus asks her not to question him ". . . lest you fill my heart with many sorrows . . ." (XIX 117). Now the Greek here for "sorrows" is *odynaon*, a word which sounds in Odysseus' own name; so for instance, he sits on Calypso's isle "sorrowing [Odysseus-like] for his return" (*noston odyromenos*, V 153). He is audibly naming himself to her. Next he tells a cheating myth, shamelessly different from the one the swineherd has already repeated to her. In this story he calls himself *Aethon* (XIX 183), the "Burnished or Shining One," the splendid Odysseus he is not now but can expect to be when his moment comes. By presenting himself as a Cretan who left home again a mere month after his return from Troy, Odysseus immediately insinuates the uncomfortable fact that he himself is not yet home to stay: that there is one more absence in store for his wife. As this Cretan he claims to have seen Odysseus twenty years ago and, laughably, describes in detail a brooch he then wore. He also claims that Odysseus is now near home. She, playing the sceptic, says (and from now on she keeps speaking in this equivocal way): "Neither will Odysseus come nor will you be conveyed hence . . ." and "Him will I never receive home *again* . . ." (XIX 257, 313). These statements hold, of course, equally if the man before her *is* Odysseus. Then she tells Odysseus' old nurse: "Come arise, wise Euryclea, and wash your master's . . ."—she turns the order to wash her master's feet into: ". . . your master's contemporary's feet" (XIX 358). Euryclea, who has immediately seen whom the stranger resembles, discovers the scar on his leg. Homer takes time out to tell the story of the scar, acquired by Odysseus as he *climbed Parnassus*, the Muses' mountain, on a boar hunt, and of the naming of Odysseus by his grandfather Autolycus. That famous thief, liar, and misanthrope insisted on calling Anticlea's baby "Odysseus," the "Hated One," or better the "Object of Wrath," as in the verb *odyssomai*, "I am wroth" (XIX 4407), a meaning alluded to by Athena when she asks Zeus about Odysseus in these terms: "Why are you so very wroth with him?"—*ti ny hoi toson odysao?* (I 62). The scar goes with his name as his signature, and, in fact, the Greek word for scare, *oule*, is to be heard in a dialect version of his name, Ulysses (*Oulixeos*). Scars and persecution, especially at sea, characterize the Odysseus of the cheating myths—the prosaic Odysseus.

Euryclea sees the scar and with a clatter drops the foot into the bronze basin. Penelope, sitting next to them, does not move a muscle—Athena, that is, her alert wariness, has turned her attention aside.

After this episode Penelope tells her husband a deliberately provoking dream and asks him to interpret it: She had twenty geese who had left the water to feed in her house, and her heart was warm with joy. A great eagle came swooping down and broke all their necks and she wept. In the dream the eagle himself interpreted, saying: the geese are the wooers and I am your husband returned. Odysseus interprets, speaking ambiguously of the dream or of himself: Odysseus himself has shown you what he will do.

Penelope next conspiratorially proposes the contest of the bow: whoever can string and shoot straight Odysseus' great weapon is to have her in marriage. Odysseus, of course, approves.

They go to sleep, she upstairs, he below. Odysseus hears her weeping, and presently "it seemed to his heart that she had already recognized him and was standing at his head" (XX 99). To avoid a precipitous reunion he takes his blankets and moves outdoors.

When the contest begins on the morning after, Penelope argues for letting her husband participate, reassuring the wooers in her new equivocal mode: "Do you expect that

if the stranger strings Odysseus' great bow *he will take me home and make me his wife?*" (XXI 314). Just as in her order to Eurycleia, the Greek word order gives the momentary impression that she is calling the stranger "Odysseus."

It is the day of the feast of Apollo, the god of bow and lyre. Odysseus strings the weapon like "a man well skilled in the lyre and song" and the string sings sweetly for the poet-archer.

Penelope has been sent upstairs and there sleeps the soundest sleep ever since Odysseus' going (like Odysseus she takes to sleep at crucial moments). Carnage goes on below until the hall is purged of wooers and followers. Euryclea is sent upstairs to announce Odysseus' presence. Penelope descends. She finds Odysseus sitting against a pillar, with lowered eyes. Silence ensues, so long a silence that Telemachus feels compelled to interrupt it. Odysseus smiles at his nervousness: Let your mother test me. She will not acknowledge me because I am shabby; so let us bathe. And to keep rumour of the killing from spreading he orders a mock wedding feast; therefore everything that follows has a background of marriage music. The bath and Athena burnish Odysseus into glowing radiance; he has become "Aethon."

With matter of fact indifference Penelope now accepts him as master of the house, but she still refuses to call him by name and addresses him distantly as "Sir" (XXIII 174). Off-handedly, she orders his bed to be brought out, the bed which Telemachus had feared fouled with spider webs (XIV 35).

Worse has happened—it has become a movable piece of mere furniture, this bed which Odysseus joined with his own hands, using a live olive as post—"a great token," as he says—and building the bed chamber around it. For the first and last time, Odysseus is distraught with anger.

And at this moment Penelope throws her arms about him and calls him Odysseus. For the true crux of this last adventure was not the testing of Penelope by Odysseus, but that of Odysseus, so slow to come home, by Penelope, and her question was never: is this Odysseus? but: is it an Odysseus who cherishes live roots deep in the house? But now she comes to him, Homer says, as if she had reached land after a shipwreck (XXIII 239). His wife, by masking her immediate penetration of Odysseus' factual incognito, has raised the occasion of his return into a test of the wanderer's truth to his roots; she has assured herself that the "great token" still holds its meaning.

Dawn is held back by Athena while they talk. Again before anything else, he tells her once more that he is not yet home for good, that he has, by Teiresias' prescription, to go inland to consummate his release from Poseidon and Hades, the sea and the underworld. So Ithaca is for now only a way station between sea and land.

Then they go to bed, and "after the two had delighted in lovely intercourse, they delighted in tales" (XXIII 300). And so, in this resting place, Odysseus tells the odyssey once more, for the first time in the "real" world. He tells his wife the whole story, in order and complete, all twelve adventures, including—for the first time, of course—the Phaeacian adventure, and not withholding his long times with the two ripe seductresses Circe and Calypso. In one point only does he follow Agamemnon's advice not to tell all: he omits any mention of Nausicaa, who, lithe as a young palm shoot, dreamed of him in Phaeacia; he does not mention to his middle-aged wife the only *girl* in the Odyssey.

Might we not expect this work with its concurrent realms of prose and poetry to have an ending appropriate to each? And so it has. The concluding scene of the twenty-fourth book occurs within the realm of sober political fact (XXIV 205 ff.). Odysseus completes his return by revealing himself to his father, Laertes. The three generations of Laertes' house together face an uprising of the slain wooers' relatives, for whom, as for the wooers, courtship and carnage are both entirely political matters (XXII 52). Odysseus' resumption of the kingship of Ithaca, in spirit legitimate because of the kindness and justice of his past rule (IV 88, XIV 61), is confirmed in fact when Athena causes the parties to swear mutual oaths of peace. So, literally, ends the Odyssey.

But simultaneously another concluding scene is taking place in a very different realm. There is a second Descent to Hades. Hermes leads the souls of the wooers into the underworld (XXIV 1 ff.). They throng about Achilles. Agamemnon draws near, once more tells the tale of his own murder and consoles the ever disconsolate Achilles with an account of the Funeral of Achilles, the most memorable of funerals, for to it came to sing the daughters of Memory, the nine Muses themselves (60). Then the wooers tell and make deposition in Hades of the adventure called the Return of Odysseus, and how—note well—their death was plotted by husband and wife *together* (168). Henceforth the story of constant Penelope is recorded among those of the other unforgettable women of Hades, so that there may be made about her too "a pleasant song among men on earth" (197).

And so the repository of poetic truth holds the full tale both of Achilles' end and of Odysseus' return.

It follows that although the principal and paradigmatic matter of poetry is and remains Achilles, that warrior of deathly splendour who is all one, all passion, altogether nothing but a being for poets, there is a second great matter for poetry: there is Odysseus, a vivid, viable, versatile, multifarious man, the man by whose agency alone Achilles is admitted to blood and voice, the man who made the odyssey—a poet. And so it is shown that the Odyssey, a poem about a poet, *is a work of reflection.*

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Dance, Gesture, and *The Marriage of Figaro*

by Wye Jamison Allanbrook

My lecture tonight has two subjects—dancing, and an opera— Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*. The link between them is a question: how does one express in music the passions and affections of human beings? Although all music to a certain extent finds the same answer to that question, I would like to talk this evening about one particular kind of music—that of the late eighteenth century, of Mozart, Haydn, and much of Beethoven, which we often call by the name "Classic," and which constitutes a large part of the music we know and love best. What dancing has to do with the question of expression in this music is the subject of the first part of my lecture. How one composer used dancing for this purpose is the subject of the second.

I have often heard it said as a compliment to the music of Mozart and Haydn that it is "abstract," the pure formal play of note against note, purged of messy notions like expression, or what is termed "content." If there could be such a music—and I doubt that there can—I don't think that I would like it very much. But I can sympathize with people who say such things. They have had bad experiences with perverse or tricky musical imitation by third-rate composers, and are relieved not to find waterfalls or moonlit nights in their Mozart. Such talk does, unfortunately, obscure the fact that imitation is the core of late eighteenth-century music, although, indeed, a more subtle kind of imitation, with a nobler object—how men move. One French musician and writer on music wrote in 1785 that: "Imitation in music is only true when its object is songs. In music one can imitate truly warlike fanfares, hunting airs, rustic songs, etc. It is only the question of giving a melody the character of another melody. Art, in that case, does not suffer violence." To paraphrase: a direct link between music and the object imitated should not, and actually cannot be forged. But much music is written to accompany certain actions which men perform. If we in our more complicated music imitate that simpler music, namely that of dances, fanfares, etc., we will achieve our goal without violating the principles of good taste. This writer articulates a principle central to musical taste in the late eighteenth century—that music in expressing men's passions should imitate only other music. Let me show you a simple application of this principle. If a character in an opera enters singing a strophic folk song—like Osmin, for those of you who saw the production of *The Abduction from the Seraglio* here a few weeks ago—our *first* impressions, at least, will be of a rather simple, artless fellow, perhaps a peasant or a servant. On the other hand, for Belmonte, the hero of the opera, the grand Italian style of singing with its runs and trills is as much a part of his nobleman's habit as his velvet suit and frilled shirt.

In this simple example, the composer, by choosing certain familiar types of music for his characters to sing, establishes limits for his characters, and gives them their particular life and movement on the stage. A composer begins any piece of music by making such choices. The choices offered by a heroic grand opera style and a simple German folk song are fairly obvious. But there are certain other kinds of choices which are so fundamental, which determine so much of the shape of a piece from its very outset, that I think that we often fail to take them into account. I am talking particularly about the measure in measured music—what it means to choose 3/4 time instead 6/8 as the meter of a piece of music.

We today generally regard meter merely as a psychological phenomenon, originating within men, not from outside them. We argue that men tend *a priori* to impose

This article was delivered as a lecture at St. John's, Annapolis, on November 3, 1972. The text has been left as delivered, the "sheet" which was put in the hands of the audience is appended, and the music which was, on that occasion, played, is indicated by the beginnings of the passages in question.

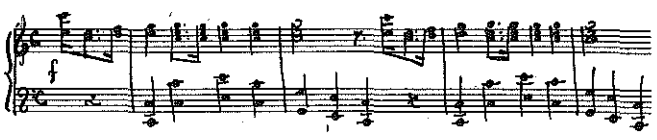
on any string of undifferentiated pulses groupings of two or three, by somehow "hearing" the regular occurrence of a stronger pulse. From this standpoint meter becomes only a mechanical measuring device, which renders time manageable. Writing 4/4 at the beginning of a piece simply provides a neutral background on which we will shape the true life of the piece, and that we call its *rhythm*. Most modern music textbooks would make such a distinction between meter and rhythm. Analogous books in the late eighteenth century give an entirely different picture of meter. Constantly repeated in these books is the assertion that all meters, *by nature*, express certain characters or affects. They carry with them a certain distinctive shape or configuration which places expressive limits on a piece. The composer can learn about this shape, examine its potential, manipulate it, but he *does not* invent it. To write 3/8 at the beginning of a movement meant to an eighteenth-century composer not simply a unit of three eighth-note pulses, but "a gaiety which has something wanton in it." Expression was the essence of meter, not just an occasional attribute of it.

The next question is, of course, how one makes such choices. What is there about the nature of any given meter which enables it to express one special passion? The theorists I have quoted had a veritable mania for what may seem at first meaningless classifications of meters. They organized them into two general categories—those suitable for church music and those for dancing. By dance, they meant not ballet, but the dances of society, high and low, like the minuet, gavotte, and contredanse. These dances were performed in courts and on village greens, by amateurs, for their own enjoyment. Each dance had its own formal steps, its own particular meter, and its own appropriate locale. Of these two metrical categories—for the church and for dance—the second group was subdivided into smaller sections, which I will discuss later. (The ecclesiastical did not admit of division.) Such a classification is not as arbitrary as it first seems. We are accustomed to think of dances as special musical color: local (boleros, sambas, etc.), or antique (minuets, pavanes), indicated by special rhythmic patterns, and employed when the composer's intent is to transport us into a very special locale, era, or frame of mind. Their use often verges on the quaint and precious, and is, to reiterate, a very *special* type of expression.

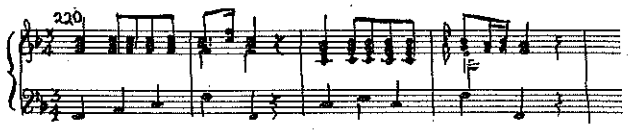
We must approach dance music from the other direction, if we are to understand why it was so important to the eighteenth century. Rather than being a means of catching the expression of certain very special gestures by special types of people, it was one of the most direct ways of expressing, in a measured and musical way, the gestures which represent the passions of all human beings. A man's thoughts and emotions found an outward manifestation in his gestures, which, when harnessed and transformed by measure and symmetry, and set to the appropriate music, were the content of the fine art of the dance. As one theorist put it: "Almost nothing appears in the moral character of men which cannot be expressed comprehensibly and in a lively way by the position and movement of the body. Thus dance in its way is just as capable as music and speech of being modelled on the language of the passions." Thus these two *metrical* categories—those for the church and those for dancing—divide the cosmos as well, into the sacred and the secular, the divine and the human. Many other gestures beside dance came in for their share of imitation in the human sphere—singing itself, as we have seen, and martial and orchestral styles, but the dance still remained the central symbol of this half of the eighteenth-century world.

Now that we have divided the world, the rest of the task seems simple; all we have to do is decide what music is appropriately divine, what human, and then imitate that music when that part of the world is our subject. But what music, on earth, is divine? The music of the spheres, unfortunately, we must reject as being out of time. Here history comes to our rescue. Being unable to produce for the church eternal music, the eighteenth century thought it appropriate to reach back in time; divine music ought, at least, to be venerable. The pure concords and long-breathed phrases of Renaissance sacred vocal polyphony seemed much more suitable for the church than that profane imitation of the way human beings move which is dance. Closely associated with this particular style, for reasons too complex to develop here, were meters based on groups of two with longer note values as their basic beat—half-notes and whole-notes rather than quarters and eighths, which would require a quicker and lighter execution. As one theorist put it, the "true seat" of that meter we call "cut time," in which half-notes in groups of two form the measure, is in the church, while the natural movement of 3/4 time is the minuet. The criteria by which we judge qualities of meters seem to be both the length of the note value taken as beat, and the number—duple or triple—of those notes in each measure. A spectrum of meters, ranging from the most divine to the peculiarly human, would have at the one extreme those duple meters with long note values such as 2/2, or cut time, and at the other, triple meters with the eight or sixteenth-note as pulse.

The question which suggests itself from this observation is whether triple meter is necessarily more danceable than duple. Let us compare a common gesture in duple meter, the march, with the rhythmic pattern of a 3/4 measure. The pattern of accents for a march in 4/4 time, if one steps on beats 1 and 3, is pictured on your sheet. Left, right, left, right. Let me play you one.

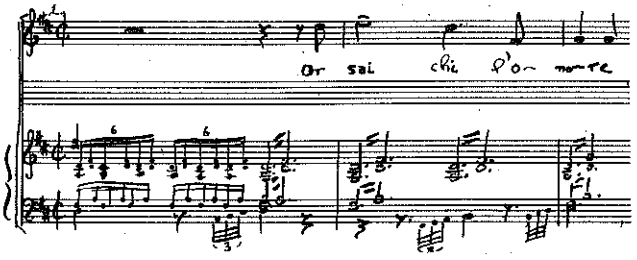


The pattern of a minuet, a dance in 3/4 time, is also shown on your sheet. I'll play you a famous example from Mozart's opera *Don Giovanni.*



One moves in step with a march, but it is just that—a step without danced content. In triple meter, however, there is a disproportion in the time allotted to downbeat and upbeat (foot down and foot up); the up is double the down. This allows the dancer more time for the expansive step or gesture before the upbeat drives him to the next measure, and the next step. Characteristic of the march, on the other hand, is the intensity and inevitability with which it drives on to the next step; in the "pedestrian" alternation of left foot and right there is no room for the expansive gesture, the invention and fantasy of the dancer.

Any careful listener will immediately object, and rightly so, that the example of duple meter I have chosen, the march, is the most secular of expressions, and certainly not employed only for the church, albeit the church militant. But even in the theater, meters which are danceable are capable of expressing a broad range of passions, but must stop short of the most exalted ones. The expression of these—when the most noble of men (or women) voice the most tragic or moral sentiments— must be left to that musical style which stems not from the dance, but from the divine or ecclesiastical. 2/2 meter, and almost as often 4/4, are usually chosen for those moments. Donna Anna, the heroine militant of *Don Giovanni,* sings wrathfully of her seduction in 2/2 time, and the effect is of a kind of slow and exalted march step. Let us hear it.



The danceable takes its proper position to the right of the metrical spectrum, in the more modest, worldly passions. Exalted grief and anger soar from the left, in the tradition of the other-worldly.

To say this is certainly not to assert that dances are not written in duple meter. On your sheet you will find a rough chart of the metrical spectrum as I have conceived it. In any spectrum the shadings toward the middle must become more ambiguous, pointing in both directions at once. Two of the most popular dances of the century—the gavotte and the contredanse, the patterns of which are shown on your sheet—were in 2/4 and 4/4 time respectively. But both involve tinkering with the most customary patterns of the duple measure to give the dancer some platform for his gesture—something the march would not allow. The march is a perfect bridge between the exalted passions and those more mundane ones which are the subject of dance. Its intensity and singlemindedness can of course become anything but pedestrian, as Donna Anna's aria shows us, and given the right treatment it can also be painfully comic—nothing but the most literal flatfooted imitation of how the poor human body moves in its unexalted moments.

I have tried to show how for the eighteenth century meter was anything but a mechanical device for measuring off equal hunks of time. Instead, every meter imitated a different way of moving, and thus of being, and the whole of the metrical spectrum reflected an ordered cosmos, with the divine and the human as its essential parts. Why has meter lost this meaning for us today? To see meter as bearing the stamp of human character was to express the confidence that human passions were held in common, and could be expressed by certain gestures common to all men, which gestures in turn could be imitated and held up to view by sensitive composer-observers. Later composers, in the nineteenth century, like Schubert, Brahms, and Wagner, began to lose this confidence in a universal affective vocabulary, and thus grew less interested in depicting the ways men move and speak on this earth. The emotions of the individual, attempting in his own private vocabulary to express his own passions to a universe of *other* beings, took its place. One no longer made observations which could be immediately shared and understood by other men, but instead spoke idiomatically, and hoped that a few would respond. The voice and the words it could express became far more important than dance; even symphonies often became simple song forms—outcries, rather than representations of shared human experience. Meter was no longer interesting in itself as a manifestation of the universal movements of man; it had become just a background for pitch, and thus song.

* * *

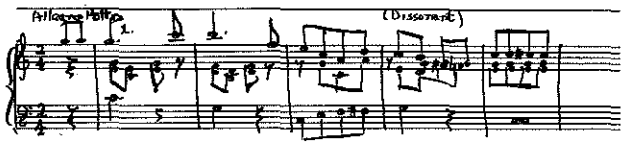
Let us turn now to *The Marriage of Figaro.* Before we look at any of its music, I would like to tell you about two things—what I think the opera is about, and why it is the world of dance which illuminates the opera. This necessitates a prologue. I'll begin by telling you the story of the opera. It is set in Spain. The principal characters are the Count Almaviva, his wife the Countess, whose name is Rosina, and their servants, Susanna and Figaro. Susanna and Figaro are about to be married, but the Count, still

young and lusty, hopes to seduce the bride first. The Countess, Susanna, and Figaro spend most of the opera trying to forestall him. At times they enlist the help of a young page, Cherubino, a lovestruck adolescent. Another character who unexpectedly comes to their aid is Marcellina, an aging and somewhat tiresome lady who at the outset belongs to the party of the Count, but discovers in the course of the opera that she is Figaro's mother, and naturally changes sides. The action of the opera extends over one day; the original title of the play from which the libretto of the opera was fashioned was *La folle Journée—One Mad Day*. At the end of the day all these characters, and a few more I haven't mentioned, meet in the garden under the cover of darkness, some to seduce, and others to catch the erstwhile seducers in their seduction. All plots are forced out into the open, the Count is shamed and returns humbly to his Rosina, Susanna and Figaro are reconciled after a brief lovers' quarrel, Marcellina marries the illegitimate Figaro's father, and Cherubino finds a wife for himself.

All this seems at first of the familiar stuff of comedy: the usual mad imbroglio and happy resolution, where main plot and subplot are hopelessly tangled together, and then neatly and symmetrically untangled for our delectation. But this imbroglio is only the background against which something more disturbing, and more human, occurs. Susanna and the Countess step out from behind the masks of comic convention. Indeed, many of the other characters in the opera, touched by the humanity of Susanna and the Countess, undergo a similar metamorphosis. The opera depicts a friendship between the two women based on mutual trust, respect and affection. The warmth radiating from this friendship generates in us a real concern for what happens to the various couples in their couplings and uncouplings. It raises the plot from the level of mere farce. It even moves us to be genuinely happy for Marcellina when she metamorphoses from blue-stocking harridan to beaming mother, where we might have simply been relieved that a serious complication had been so fortuitously resolved. But such a friendship is not the easy thing it might seem to us in our enlightened age. The Countess is a noblewoman, and Susanna her servant. Class barriers cannot be removed merely by strong sentiment or sentimentality. These barriers are very much a part of why each character acts the way he acts; they are not merely artificial hurdles to be leapt across by any two decent people so inclined. The Countess is bound to feel a little uneasy about reaching out to Susanna; in one moment of despair, she sees as a symptom of her misery the fact that, as she says, "I must seek help from one of my servants!" This is, after all, the way the ordered world in which she lives would see her.

It is the task of the opera first to show us both characters and their proper worlds, to convince us that each woman merits our respect and the respect of the other, and then to find a place where such a friendship can exist without violating either character's delicate sense of what is appropriate. This place must be beyond class, and with its own sense of time; it cannot be promised to be permanent, or even to be of more than one mad day's duration.

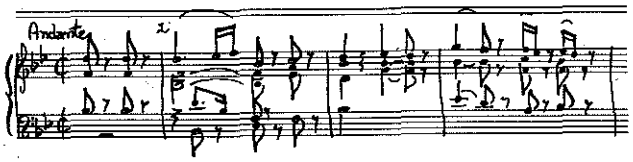
Thus the opera is in one sense about class distinctions and what they amount to. We must first accept the fact that they have meaning. Then we can look more closely and see if they always mean what they seem to on the surface. In other words, are the noble-born always noble, the base-born always base? The social dances of the eighteenth century were uniquely suited to the examination of this question. Each dance had persistent associations with one class or another. The minuet was long a dance peculiar to the aristocracy; the contredanse—a word thought to have been derived from the English word "country-dance"—was associated with the out-of-doors and simple, rustic folk. The choreographies and rhythmic patterns of these two dances also provide strong contrasts. The minuet was a dignified dance for couples, with refined, highly stylized steps and gestures. The contredanse involved as many people as you please in a gay follow-the-leader serpentine executed with many little quick steps—much like our modern reel. The measure of the minuet was a moderate 3/4 time with accents distributed fairly evenly across the measure, as shown on your sheet. The contredanse measure in 2/4, had a very strong downbeat, so strong that in very quick tempi the measure often seems more like the beat. Let me play you a very fast contredanse.



Thus the social hierarchy brought with it a hierarchy of expression. A man walks, talks, and gestures in manners appropriate to his class, and these external postures themselves reflect his character. As Aristotle says in the *Ethics* of the proud man: "A slow step is thought proper to the proud man, a deep voice, and a level utterance; for the man who takes few things seriously is not likely to be hurried, nor the man who thinks nothing great to be excited, while a shrill voice and a rapid gait are the results of hurry and excitement."

Country, comic, lively, nimble, merry, mischievous. Aristocratic, dignified, grand, serious, noble. Neither of these two clusters of associations is foreign to us; each catches the three-fold combination of class, gesture, and character or affect. I have chosen each word carefully, or, perhaps I should say, I have stolen each word, because I have excerpted them from a late eighteenth-century source —a writer on music—in his classification of social dances as they are used in the theater. He also includes a third class—a middle ground between the aristocratic and the peasant—and I would like to quote him directly about it.

"This class includes the dances which are called in technical language *demi-caractères*—of middle character. Their content is an action from everyday life, in the character of the comic stage—a love affair, or any intrigue in which people from a not completely ordinary kind of life are involved. These dances require elegance, pleasant manners, and fine taste." This middle world, this mean between the extremes of class, was often expressed by a dance called the gavotte. The gavotte was a special arrangement of the 4/4 measure—the most radical manipulation of duple meter possible. It retains that symmetricality of step which characterizes the march, but turns it inside out. The halves of the measure are transposed: beat number three—the "weak strong beat" of a march—becomes beat number one in one sense, and yet does not usurp the proper position of the "true" beat number one. Such a transposition creates a special situation in which there is only one truly weak beat out of four, forming a graceful rhythmic curve, which peaks at the downbeat and then falls. This pattern is shown on your sheet. Three such strong beats are truly "beaten"; each is experienced quite distinctly. The gavotte falls short both of the simple gravity of the minuet and the exuberance of the contredanse, and substitutes, because of the almost artificial control of its rhythmic beating, a coy primness of affect. I'll play you an example of a gavotte.



Eighteenth-century songs whose texts dealt with pastoral love—the love of shepherds and shepherdesses—were often set to gavotte rhythms. It is a venerable tradition to idealize the love of shepherds and shepherdesses, to raise it out of time and, paradoxically, out of class. This tradition dates as far back as Theocritus, a Sicilian poet of the third century B.C. An eighteenth-century manifestation of it was the court of Marie Antoinette, in which the nobles would all go to the country, dress as shepherds and milkmaids, and play at love. They were attempting, in a world where class is so very important, to imagine it away, to be artificially naive.

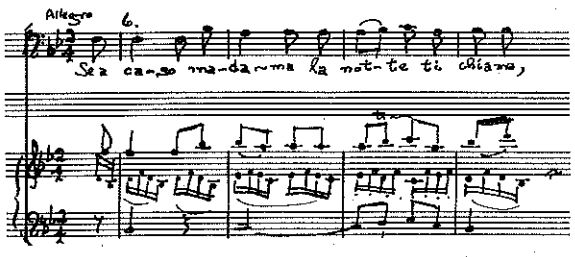
Marie Antoinette's court showed a consciousness of this Greco-Roman pastoral tradition of idealized love. So does the libretto of *The Marriage of Figaro*. References to Greek and Roman gods and demi-gods are scattered about —Bacchus, Venus, the Sibyl, the Zephyrs—as though to set up a deliberately "classical" context. But, more importantly, Eros is one of the main characters of the opera—an Eros who is perhaps more Mozartian than Platonic—but Eros, nevertheless. I am referring to the young page, Cherubino, whose name means "little Cherub." He is the only character in the opera who seems to be placeless, not bounded and defined by the manners of a given social world. One indication of this is that he never, when left to himself, dances. He also seems to be peculiarly undiscriminating in his relationships—an attitude popularly characterized as "in love with love." He speaks, at one famous moment in the opera, of being in love with every woman in the castle. "Every woman," he says, "makes me blush, every woman makes me tremble." Add to this what seems at first only an operatic artifice—the fact that the role of a young boy is actually played by a woman—and one realizes that every effort is being made to insure that Cherubino is never particularized, never "embodied" in the sense that every other character in the opera is. Figaro even describes him as Eros, or at least as the "little Narcissus, little Adonis of love," beplumed, and with a "scarlet, womanly complexion," like every androgynous Cupid. The pastoral Cupid-Eros of *The Marriage of Figaro* is quite different from whatever Eros it is which presides over *Don Giovanni*. There Eros wounds, often disastrously, just as Virgil's Cupid pierces the breast of Dido with a fatal love for Aeneas. In this opera, however, Eros is love through his very vulnerability—his openness to all aspects of love. It is this element of Cherubino's nature which touches Susanna, Figaro, and the Countess, and makes the Count suspicious and edgy around Cherubino, although he is clearly never quite sure why he should distrust the young page. He senses that Cherubino bespeaks the kind of love which the Count knows little about—passion in the strict sense, that is to say, the joys and pains of suffering the object of one's affection to move one. This being affected has many facets. The thread of eros which runs through them all is an aliveness to the physical qualities of any person who moves you—the way he walks, the sound of his voice—so that merely looking at him will give you an involuntary start. But many of the relationships over which Cherubino presides have this sense of eros only in the background, while the actual relation is not strictly erotic. Cherubino flirts with Susanna and the Countess, and both women obviously are moved by his handsomeness and youth. But his relationship to Susanna is more of brother to sister, to the Countess of page and patroness. Eros makes these relationships sparkle and reverberate, but it does not dictate their nature. This "being moved" by someone also serves in a more general sense as a pattern for the affection of Susanna and the Countess; they are affected by those things which they find admirable in each other, and this brings them to friendship. All the characters in the opera might find as an example of this kind of attachment to another human being their own affection for this absurd child, Cherubino. Despite his awkwardness and naiveté, they are strangely moved by him. Little Cherubino is the tutelary deity of *The Marriage of Figaro*—the showing forth of the kind of human attachment which Mozart wants to celebrate in the opera—an eros of many facets, which binds people to one another by the recognition of those things which make each one unique. The musical world over which Cherubino presides, not dancing, as befits a deity, is the strange, half-

lit, classical-pastoral place which is characterized by the gavotte, and another dance which I shall describe to you in a moment.

This, then, is what I think the opera is about. Susanna and the Countess are two fine women who are moved by each other's fineness to form a delicate attachment which needs a special place in which to flourish. Cherubino both articulates the nature of that attachment and presides over that special place. The other characters are affected by the magic which surrounds that place to rise to the level of fineness which Susanna and the Countess display. I have chosen four moments of music to play for you tonight. Each uses dance in a special way, the first two to illuminate the characters and explore their proper places, the second two to focus on this new and unique place—the pastoral world of Cherubino.

The first moment belongs to Susanna and Figaro, and is actually two separate pieces—a duet between them, and then a solo for Figaro. It takes place in the couple's new bedchamber, where they will spend their marriage night. Figaro tells Susanna how convenient their new location is—each of them can speed right to his master or mistress at the sound of their bell. How convenient, says Susanna sarcastically. If you should by some chance be sent away, the Count will only be a step away from me. Figaro is chagrined, and after Susanna leaves, he plots his revenge on the Count. These two pieces tell us everything we need to know about Susanna and Figaro. They show us that Susanna has more sensitivity and refinement than Figaro, perhaps is a little wiser, but also that Figaro will follow Susanna and learn from her in these matters, and that when he does see the ramifications of a situation he will face it with a wit, sophistication, and boldness of imagination which make him fully as attractive in his own way as Susanna is in hers. It is important that Susanna's greater sensitivity not diminish Figaro in stature; it is, after all, with their marriage that we are concerned.

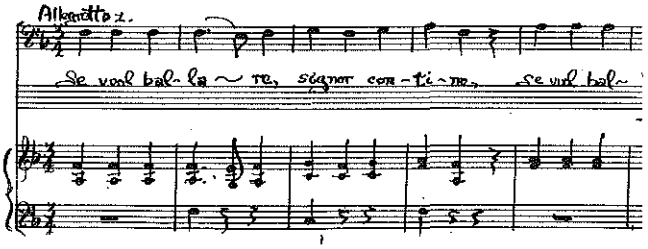
The essence of the duet is this: Figaro begins with a typical contredanse figure rather flatly repeated three times, in four-measure phrases, as he describes the convenience of their situation. As he mimics the call of the Countess's bell, the lilting contredanse with its strong downbeat is metamorphosed into march, to propel Susanna into the Countess's bedchamber. Then Figaro, with almost painful literalness, tells us how convenient it is for him also. Three times the contredanse phrase is repeated, again the bell rings, and Figaro marches into the Count's chamber. Susanna then takes up the contredanse phrase and mimics Figaro, but with heavy irony. To suggest the Count's nefarious intent, she repeates the contredanse three times, like Figaro, but moves from a major to a minor tonality, to give the proper menacing import to her suggestion. At the moment when the march should occur, she substitutes for it a speech-like phrase, which obliterates all dance rhythms, to underline the seriousness of her point. Let me play the duet.



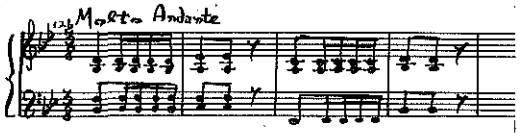
We see from this that Figaro loves to playact; he is in fact a born mime, who can summon up vividly before our eyes any imaginary situation. He will do this frequently during the opera, and often it will save both their skins. Here, however, it only serves to point up Susanna's greater sensibility. Figaro's repetitive contredanse is of the commonest dance idiom, and his tactlessly graphic march only adds to our sense that his playacting is mere buffoonery. The march also betrays his sense of importance at being the Count's favored servant and betrothed to the Countess's favorite; he delivers both himself and Susanna into their service with a ceremonial flourish. Susanna's imitation of the contredanse in minor is irony with a very serious intent. It touches us, and enlarges our sense of her range of feeling. Though she may be proud to serve the Countess, she is dismayed that Figaro, blinded by his pride in service, might blithely serve her up to the Count as a ceremonial victim; no pride would make her serve like that. When, clearly finding the low comic march distasteful, she instead inserts a thoughtful speech-like phrase, our sympathies cannot help but be with her, and from here on we demand from Figaro some response which will measure up to her intelligence and wit.

Figaro does not disappoint us. Susanna's announcement has deflated his high spirits, and has left him very angry at the Count. He pulls himself together and launches a venomous blast at the Count which treats the Count's traditional music with an irony well matched to that with which Susanna treated Figaro's musical invention in the duet. His aria opens as a minuet, a version more spare and muscular, and slightly faster, than the one I just played you. Figaro invites the Count to dance, with himself as accompanist. You will hear his guitar in the plucked strings of the orchestra; horns also are dominant, to underline the noble, ceremonial nature of the dance. Figaro is again, just as in the preceeding duet, vividly miming a situation in which he serves the Count, but this is service in a wholly different manner. It is a tribute to his wit and control that he sings not passionately but ironically, cloaking his angry insolence in the noble *politesse* of the minuet. At the end of the first presentation of the minuet, the music three times leaps high on the word Sì, or yes, and Figaro casts aside all pretence of accompaniment to become a dancer himself, performing a *capriola*, or leaping dance step—an inappropriate embellishment to the dignified minuet, and a blatant insult to the Count. For as the piece moves into

its second section, Figaro becomes the dancing master, the situation his dancing school. His words here are "If you want to come to my school, I will teach you the capriola" —the step which he has just performed. The great joke on the Count is that the dance to be taught in this dancing school is no longer the minuet, but a dance step whose Italian name derives from the word *capra*, or goat. It suggests both somersaults of children and dancers leaping, or, to anyone who knows Italian, the activity of cuckolding; the horns of the goat are the eternal symbol for a man who has been put in this embarassing position. You may have thought that you were going to cuckold me, says Figaro, but two can play at that game. To drive his statement home, Figaro performs the *capriola* twice more, again on the word *Sì*. Then after a brief and reflective pause, in which Figaro steps outside the dance, he swings into a new dance, a quick contredanse, to list all the Count's devious schemes which he plans to overturn. The contredanse is a wonderful invention here. On the literal level it fits perfectly with the scene which Figaro is describing—the dancing master dragging his recalcitrant pupil through the paces of social dance. Now that we've learned the minuet and the capriola, let's try a new one. But the contredanse, with its emphasis on group dancing and its self-consciously countrified associations, is the very dance which the Count would not be apt to perform. Thus Figaro, in his vivid imaginings of revenge, has transported the Count into a social setting in which he would never be found by choice, and in which the rules of behavior are those of a more "democratized" city life, such as Figaro must have led before he came to the aristocratic seclusion of Count Almaviva's castle. The rhythmic patterns and the choreography of the contredanse also suggest a kind of intoxication or dizziness. As Figaro grows intoxicated by his thoughts of revenge, he also dazzles his hapless victim with a list of his sins: "the art of fencing, the art of conniving, fighting with this one, playing with that one." One after another Figaro reels them off, to leave his victim reeling. A good Figaro on stage must be both dancer and mime; he must not only perform the *capriola*, but also must at this moment become a kind of diabolical ringmaster, cracking his whip to summon up the evidence, now from this side, now from that. Then he exits triumphantly, after a close which recapitulates the sequence of minuet and contredanse. The minuet seems all the more menacing after the relentless flourishes of the contredanse. Let us listen to it.



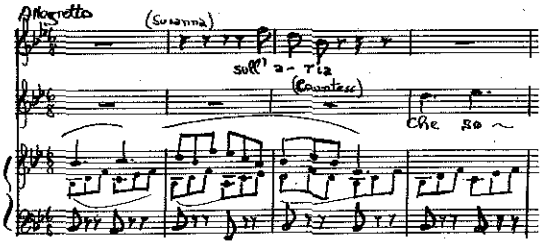
The next moment I have chosen is one of great triumph for Susanna. She does just what Figaro has been telling us he would like to do—teach the Count how to dance. Just like Figaro, she chooses the Count's proper music, the minuet, as the tune, but even a more aristocratic version, with a slower tempo, closely resembling the example I played you earlier. This moment occurs in the finale of the second act during one of the little entanglements which plot the curve of the comedy in this opera. The Count has good reason to believe that Cherubino is locked in the Countess's closet; he is wildly jealous and angry. As he storms about the Countess's bedchamber, Susanna cleverly substitutes herself for the page, so that when the Count opens the closet door, he is confronted not by Cherubino, but by Susanna. Listen to the beginning of her minuet.



The marvel of this moment is the absolute justice with which we accord Susanna her minuet. She is not just the clever servant, revelling as she beats her master at his own game. She is nobler than the Count, and the minuet becomes her proper music, not his. The Count dimly perceives this, and is shamed by it. Circumstantial evidence tells him he has a right to be jealous, but the characters of the women who face him tell him he does not. Circumstances may have driven Rosina to form such a friendship with her servant girl, but at this moment that girl is her equal, while the Count does not measure up. Moments later the ladies force the Count to his knees, he gasps out in supplication "Rosina," and we applaud, because we know that, at least for the moment, he has been moved by their nobility—he is learning about "being affected."

The next piece I have chosen—a duet between Susanna and the Countess—takes place late in the opera, but the scene which it paints might have occurred at almost any point. It shows us Susanna and the Countess calm and secure in their friendship. Their mutual trust and affection are all the more remarkable at this point, because it is the moment of the Countess's greatest degradation; all else having failed, she is reduced to ignoble plotting to win back her husband—in front of, and with the aid of, her servant. Yet the two women are in perfect unanimity; they say little, but seem to understand each other completely. They sing often in parallel thirds, with Susanna's voice the higher, at times one imitates the other's phrase. The Countess is dictating, Susanna taking down, a letter to the Count, making a rendezvous for him and ostensibly for Susanna, for that evening in the garden. The Countess, of course, intends to go herself, disguised as Susanna. She deliberately chooses a bucolic text for her letter; wishing to make it allusive, a hint rather than an open invitation, she sends only a short poem, the text of a song, which is "What a

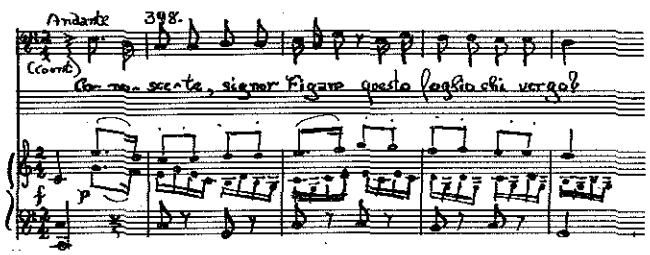
gentle zephyr will sigh this evening beneath the pines in the thicket." The dance pattern which Mozart chooses to base the duet on is the most pastoral of all—a slow 6/8 meter actually called the *pastorale*, which traditionally accompanied the songs and dancing of Sicilian shepherds. Let me play it for you.



The use of the pastoral by sophisticates is usually perverse; Marie Antoinette and her milkmaids were aristocrats affecting the naive and simple, and they changed its vivid colors into faded pastels. Mozart, however, transforms and elevates the genre. He too sees it as a place out of time, where Eros presides. But Marie Antoinette and her court delighted in pretending to be what they were not. Susanna and the Countess, because they take their delight precisely in what the other *is*, use the pastoral as a place where they meet without having to deny what they are. The duet is to the opera like the eye of a hurricane is to the actual storm. Although the situation is deadly serious, Susanna and the Countess seem to play together, in a sheltered and intimate place, which cuts across the opera, intersecting with it, but on a wholly different plane.

The final moment I have chosen is perhaps my favorite in the opera.It is a point in the action when this pastoral place becomes a public stance; its denizens, armed by Eros, face their enemy and force him to submit, at least for the moment. They sing, of course, a gavotte. It takes place in the second act finale, soon after Susanna's triumphant minuet. Susanna and the Countess have just shamed the Count into submission when Figaro enters to announce that all preparations are ready for the wedding. Deprived of Susanna and the Countess as culprits, the Count turns on Figaro and inquires about the contents of a certain incriminating letter which Susanna and the Countess have just confessed that Figaro wrote. Figaro stammers, and the ladies hasten to alert him to the fact that the truth is out; he needn't make up a story. Relieved, he joins the ladies in asking the Count to allow the wedding to proceed. The Count, baffled again, as he expected Figaro to get into deep trouble in this new story, can only mutter a prayer that Marcellina will soon come to his rescue.

The Count introduces the gavotte rhythms himself, when he turns to Figaro with the letter. The shepherds' dance of the duet we just heard is the raw material of the pastoral, used with sophisticated intent. The gavotte, with its artificial rearrangement of the 4/4 measure and its coy, "beating" affect, is a result of the play with the pastoral convention, not a source of it. It is sophisticatedly naive, not simply naive. Thus the gavotte seems at first to be the perfect music for the Count here. Shamed but not repentant, he uses it ironically; he seems to be asking an innocent question, but there is menace in his intent. Unfortunately for him, he has chosen the wrong music, the very ground on which his three opponents can stand united. By the end of the quartet they have transformed the Count's pastoral gavotte into a soaring hymn—a celebration of their unity. Mozart effects the transformation using the very melody and rhythms which the Count had introduced, but he gives them to the trio in close harmony, with suspensions. Under the beating of the gavotte, he adds a true country element—a bagpipe bass—a long droning held note which provides a new and more stable level of rhythmic action; it "grounds" the gavotte, so to speak, and gives it depth. This is by no means the last entanglement in the opera, and the trio knows it. Worse, as a matter of fact, is to follow immediately. But this moment still has much in common with the duet we have just heard. The extraordinary beauty of the transformed gavotte lifts the moment out of time to a new significance, and leaves it indelibly with us—a picture of an enduring relation between three people—even though in a few seconds the mêlée will continue. Let us hear it.



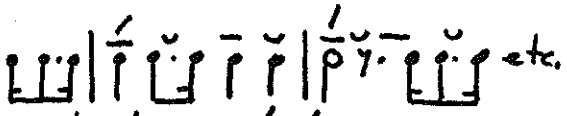
The Marriage of Figaro is not, as some have asserted, a revolutionary's manual, nor a facile witness to the aphorism that true friendship knows no bounds. It tells us instead, with wit and a certain resignation, of the kinds of fragile traits with which some humans are endowed which enable them, in this world, to move to a new place, a "room of their own." It also asserts with some joy that with them these same people may take others, less well endowed. The class distinctions of "noble" and "base" are not obliterated. Instead we take the other senses of these two words, and with the help of the gestures of dance, apply them where they most genuinely seem appropriate. Mozart paints human passions by using as mediator in his imitation the music written to accompany social dance. He is the choreographer of the passions.

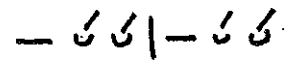
Mrs. Allanbrook is a graduate of Vassar College, holds an M.A. degree from Stanford University, and recently completed her doctoral dissertation. At Stanford she was a Woodrow Wilson Fellow and a teaching assistant in music. She has been a tutor at St. John's since 1969.

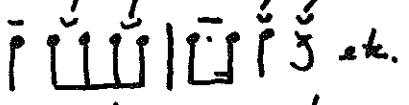
DANCE, GESTURE, AND THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO

Rhythmic Patterns of Five Social Dances

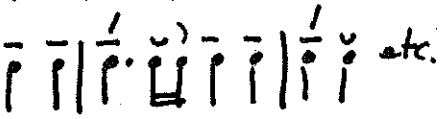
March ($\frac{4}{4}$ or $\frac{2}{2}$)* 



Minuet ($\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{8}$) 

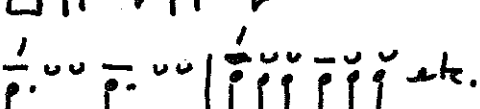


Gavotte ($\frac{4}{4}$) 



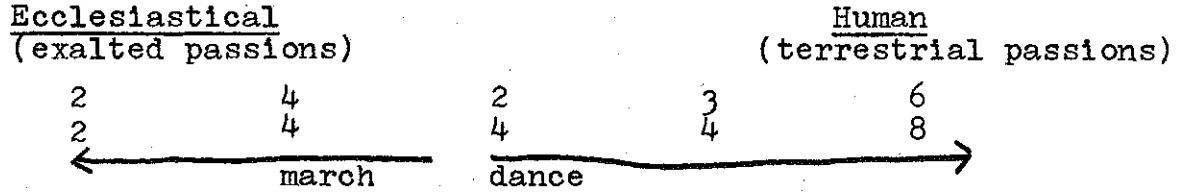
Contredanse ($\frac{2}{4}$)

Pastorale ($\frac{6}{8}$) 



*Top number indicates number of beats per measure, bottom number the note value counted as the beat.

The Spectrum of Meters



The Cast of Characters of the Opera

Count Almaviva

The Countess, Rosina, Count Almaviva's wife

Susanna, servant to the Countess, betrothed to Figaro

Figaro, servant to the Count

Cherubino, young page to the Count and Countess

Marcellina, aging spinster and friend of the Count

NEWS ON THE CAMPUSES

Weigle Honored

The city of Annapolis has taken formal recognition of President Richard D. Weigle's 25 years as president of St. John's College.

It has adopted a resolution congratulating him on his years as president and expressing its appreciation for his contributions to the community. The resolution was introduced by Mrs. Barbara Neustadt, who called Mr. Weigle one of Annapolis' "outstanding citizens."

The resolution reads:

"Whereas, Dr. Richard D. Weigle became president of St. John's College in June, 1949; and

"Whereas, during his tenure and because of his leadership and strong dedication, the college has grown physically, increased its size of enrollment from 196 students to 375, and gained greater financial stability; and

"Whereas, Dr. Weigle had the foresight to locate another St. John's College in Santa Fe, New Mexico, with a present enrollment of 255; and

"Whereas, the City of Annapolis, the college, and Dr. Weigle have had strong ties throughout the years; and

"Whereas, Dr. Weigle stood in the forefront as an outstanding leader in the city and county, having served on the Anne Arundel County Board of Education for twelve years, five years as its president, president of Historic Annapolis, Inc., vice-chairman of the Hall of Records, chairman of the Maryland Commission on the Capital City, and as a member of the Governor's Advisory Commission on Higher Education in addition to membership in numerous other clubs and educational bodies; and

"Whereas, it is the desire of the Governing Body of the City of Annapolis to cite Dr. Weigle for his many accomplishments;

"Now, therefore, be it resolved by the mayor and aldermen of the City of Annapolis that it hereby congratulate Dr. Richard D. Weigle upon completion of 25 years as president of St. John's College and expresses its deep appreciation on behalf of the citizens of the City of Annapolis for the many contributions made by him which have made Annapolis a better place in which to live and to work."

Graduate Institute

The eighth session of the Graduate Institute in Liberal Education will run from June 23 through August 16 on the Santa Fe campus. The Institute enrolls about 150 students from all parts of the country each summer. Director David Jones has announced that applications are now being considered for the 1974 session.

The Institute offers a liberal arts program in keeping with the St. John's educational policy of reading and discussing great books of the past and present in order to illuminate the accomplishments, frustrations, and fundamental inquiries of western civilization. The program is divided into four segments: Politics and Society, Philosophy and Theology, Literature, and Mathematics and Natural Science. While originally designed for secondary school teachers, the Institute is attended by members of many other professions as well. There are no textbooks, lectures, or written examinations; the studies are approached entirely through small discussion classes.

Participants can earn nine graduate hours during a summer term. Those who successfully complete four summers of work receive the degree of Master of Arts. The Institute is accredited by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

Board of Visitors and Governors

John T. Harrison, Jr. of Stamford, Conn., and Daniel T. Kelly, Jr., of Santa Fe, were elected to the Board of the College at the February meeting on the southwestern campus.

Harrison, vice president of Marsh & McLennan, Inc., of New York City, is the son of the late John T. Harrison of the class of 1907 at St. John's. He is a graduate of St. Paul's School and of Yale University.

A native Santa Fean, Kelly is a partner in the Kelly and Noss Agency, a general insurance firm serving northern New Mexico. He attended Portsmouth Priory School in New Hampshire and graduated from Harvard University. He also holds a master's degree from Harvard's School of Business Administration.

Santa Fe Tutors

Two new Tutors, Miss Ida Doraiswamy and Mr. Gerald Myers, have joined the Santa Fe faculty this semester.

A native of Chingleput, Tamilnadu, India, Miss Doraiswamy began her undergraduate work in India at Voorhees College, Vellore, and Sara Tucker College in Palayamkottai.

She received both a B.A. and an M.A. from Madras Christian College in Tambaram and later came to the United Stataes to study at Oberlin College under the Oberlin Shansi Exchange Program with Lady Doak College in Madurai, India. In 1962 she received an M.S. degree from the University of Wisconsin.

Miss Doraiswamy was a Tutor at St. John's in Annapolis for two years and then returned to India to teach at Lady Doak College and later at Baring

Union Christian College in Batala, Punjab.

Last year Miss Doraiswamy was in Africa teaching mathematics at Wesley Girls' High School and Adisadel College in Cape Coast, Ghana.

Mr. Myers graduated from the University of Colorado, received his Ph.D. from the University of Colorado Medical Center in Biophysics in 1969 and has done further work in Biology, Biochemistry and Molecular Biophysics at Yale University.

He has been a U.S.P.H.S. Fellow at the University of Colorado Medical Center and from 1969 through 1971 was an American Cancer Society Postdoctoral Fellow at Yale.

Earlier Mr. Myers was a Biology Teaching Assistant at Loretto Heights College in Denver, Colorado and taught Chemistry at Yale. More recently he has been a Seessel Research Fellow in the Department of Molecular Biophysics and Biochemistry at Yale.

Mrs. Myers and their four children will join the new Tutor in Santa Fe at the end of this school year.

Fellowships

St. John's seniors on both campuses received special honors just as this was going to press.

Thomas J. Watson Fellowships were awarded to Santa Fe senior David F. Gross, of Saratoga, Cal., and to Annapolis seniors, Donnel O'Flynn, of District Heights, Md., and to Theodore B. Wolff, of Lexington, Mass. Wolff is the son of St. John's alumnus Peter C. Wolff, of the class of 1944.

In Annapolis, senior Michael Jordan, of Media, Pa., has received a Danforth Foundation Fellowship for graduate study. He plans to enter graduate work in comparative literature next fall.

ALUMNI ACTIVITIES

Skyrockets, Roman Candles, and Big Ben

By now all alumni in the continental United States should have received an announcement of the Alumni Association London tour, June 29-July 7, 1974. Unlike previous trips where a minimum number of travelers was required, any number can make this trip.

The only possible problem could be space, since we will be sharing a flight with another alumni group. Our best advice is to get your reservation—and your deposit—into the mail as soon as you make up your mind.

London on July Fourth should be interesting, to say the least. Make your plans now to join the gang heading for the British Isles. And if enough people are interested, we could plan a get-together with our alumni who live in the London area—perhaps on the Fourth.

Lest you western folks wonder why you received a mailing about a trip originating in D.C., we mostly wanted you to know that the Alumni Association was doing this thing. And if any of you want to join in, that of course would be wonderful.

Homecoming 1974

There are certain problems simply in sharing a town with another educational institution—and when you are in the boating capital of the Mid-Atlantic states, the problems are magnified.

October, as many alumni are aware, has been the traditional Homecoming month; even the 'new' by-laws show it as the normal month for the Association Annual Meeting. But in Annapolis, gem of the upper Chesapeake, October is just too popular.

The first and last week-ends have Navy home football games, while the two middle weekends are given over to a pair of national boat shows. Those four events give us just too much competition for housing, parking, meals, and plain walking around room.

So what can the Association planners do? They look first at September; this did not work too well last year—many said it was much too early—and besides, only the last weekend is really possible; for other reasons, that cannot be used this year. Result: November 2, unhappily, is the date.

One big advantage: it gives all of us time to make our plans for baby, house, or pet sitters, to rearrange business appointments, and to save gasoline for the trip. And most of us will be ready for a break about that time, anyhow.

The Class of 1949 is making plans for its silver anniversary reunion—it should be a good one—'24 is also making some arrangements to get together, according to Ridgely Gaither, so we hope others will follow suit. How about '14 and '24 and '34 and '44 and '54 and '64? We know some of you are impossibly far from Annapolis, but more than one-third of all alumni live within three hours' drive.

Details of programming will appear in the July issue. The Homecoming Committee promises a very special program, with something for everyone—and one or two surprises.

CLASS NOTES

1912

Philip L. Alger, "Mr. Induction Motor" to electrical engineers, received special recognition on his 80th birthday in January, when the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers presented him a specially inscribed brass plaque. Still active, Mr. Alger presented two papers on rotating machinery during the IEEE winter meeting.

1923

S. Paul Schilling is the author of *God Incognito*, published in February by Abingdon Press. In his new book Dr. Schilling discusses ways in which God can be experienced today, ways which may be quite different from the conventional or traditional.

1928

For his book, *The Dreyfus Case: A Documentary History*, Professor *Louis L. Snyder*, of the Department of History of The City College and The City University of New York, has been voted a citation by the New Jersey Writers Conference. The award was scheduled to be presented at the Fourteenth Annual Luncheon of the Writers Conference at Newark College of Engineering on April 27.

1930

After 37 years with the Federal Government, *R. Ellis Mitchell* last June retired as a research bio-chemist with the National Institutes of Health, Bethesda, Md. He says he will remain in Bethesda for the time being, doing consulting work.

His many friends and classmates will be saddened to learn that *Claxton J. "Okey" O'Connor* lost his wife on February 3. In December Okey was named the Secondary Schools "Man of the Year" at the U.S. Lacrosse Coaches Association's meeting. A member of the Lacrosse Hall of Fame since 1964, Okey has been active in both the Coaches Association and the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association since 1942.

1932

In December President Nixon announced the appointment of *James F. Campbell* as U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador. Jim had been serving with the Agency for International Development as Assistant Administrator for Program and Management Services since 1971.

1937

In February the Lacrosse Hall of Fame Foundation announced that five men would be inducted into the Hall this spring (April 27, to be exact). St. John's own *Everett Smith, Jr.* is one of the number being so honored. At St. John's Everett made the varsity lacrosse team his freshman year, and was selected first-team All-America for four consecutive years. (Information from the Hall of Fame shows Smith to be the only St. Johnnie to attain that distinction.) He is now a marketing representative for the Simmons Company, and makes his home in Westfield, N.J.

1943

Dr. *H. Willard Stern* has been promoted to full professor of philosophy at Kean College of New Jersey (formerly Newark State College).

1944

In January *Arthur Hyman*, University Professor of Philosophy, Yeshiva University, was the featured lecturer in a three-day Medieval and Renaissance Collegium conducted at the University of Michigan. Artie spoke on "Religion and Philosophy in Medieval Philosophy: The Islamic and Jewish Traditions," "Religion and Philosophy in Medieval Philosophy: The Christian Tradition," and "Thomas Aquinas on Natural and Human Law."

1945

An address change card from *Rogers Albritton* shows that he is with the Department of Philosophy at the University of California at Los Angeles. He did not say whether this was a permanent change from Harvard.

His classmates will be pleased to know that *George Cayley* (Washburn while at St. John's) recently received his B.A. degree from Richmond College in New York.

1947

H. Gerald Hoxby is managing director of the DuBois Chemicals plant in North Ryde, New South Wales, Australia. Gerry set up the plant, and expects to be there for another two or three years. He, Liz, and children Alison and Blair stopped by the College while on home leave a few months ago. Their home is in St. Ives, near North Ryde.

1948

Peter J. Davies, after a number of years with USAID, is now Director, Program Coordination, for the Western Hemisphere Region, International Planned Parenthood Federation. His wife Phyllis expects to graduate in June from New York University Law School; son Kenneth will finish at Cornell University at the same time, while younger son Christopher is a sophomore at Cornell.

1949

Just a reminder to all you '49'ers: *Jonathan Brooks* and *Allan Hoffman* are making really fine plans for your Silver Anniversary reunion at Homecoming next fall. In this connection, does anyone know the where-abouts of *Solomon S. Fineblum, James W. Ray*, or *George P. Welch*? How about *Michael L. Rourke*? The College has "lost" these members of the class.

1950

C. Ranlet Lincoln represented the College at the inauguration of Calvin E. Gross as president of the National College of Education, Evanston, Ill., last October.

1952

Alvin Aronson writes that he is back in the States, now living, albeit perhaps temporarily, in New Hampshire, and hopes to return to Israel in September. He is writing a play about St. John's, perhaps to be called "The Great Experience."

1953

Last September St. John's was represented by *William M. Aston* at the inauguration of John D. Rockefeller IV as president of West Virginia Wesleyan College.

1961

Michael W. Ham, admissions director in Annapolis, has been invited to become a member of a recently-organized joint committee of the American Mathematical Society and the Mathematical Association of America.

A recent letter from *John C. Kohl, Jr.*, tells us that, after a three-year stint as an assistant professor of biology at Trenton State College, he is now doing graduate work in environmental sciences at Rutgers University. His principal interest areas are pollution control, waste disposal, and resource recovery.

1963

December brought a delightful Christmas letter from *John Jermain Bodine*. "J.J." has received his Ph.D. degree from Hartford Theological Seminary; his dissertation was on the twentieth century Islamicist Duncan Black Macdonald. "J.J.'s" wife Ruth is in Hungary this year, studying music at the Liszt Academy in Budapest. He is still in the Dean's Office at the Seminary, and also keeps busy with the Ministry Support Program there and with the Red Cross.

Dr. *Oliver M. Korshin* is director of HEW's U.S.-U.S.S.R. Health Exchange program, with an office in the Health Services Headquarters in Rockville, Md. Via a recently installed direct "hotline," American and Russian scientists can exchange vital information concerning drugs, environmental health, cancer discoveries, and all manner of other medical matters.

J. Walter Sterling has filed for the Democratic primary, in a bid to run against Mrs. Marjorie Holt for the Maryland 4th District Congressional seat which Mrs. Holt now occupies.

1964

William W. Dunkum III is head of the science department of T. C. Williams High School in Alexandria, Va.

Kevin D. Witty is a trust officer and head of the Employee Benefit Trust Division of the California Canadian Bank in San Francisco. He completed his military obligation in 1969, a captain in the Army Corps of Engineers at the time of his release. He then spent three years

with Bankers Trust Company in New York until moving to his present position in January, 1973. Kevin and his wife, the former Lela Dawn Barrett, were married in July, 1967, and have two sons, Sean McDonald, 4, and Jason Merrill, 1. Mrs. Witty's father is *James H. Barrett* of the class of 1941, now a retired Air Force officer.

1967

B. Meredith Burke writes that she will be working as a consultant to the Development Economics section of the World Bank through May.

Hope (Zoss) Schladen and husband Jon are the proud parents of Sarah D. Schladen, born November 14, 1973. Hope and Jon both teach, she high school equivalency, he at Rochester's Alternative Junior High School.

1968

Gregory Congleton (SF) has just completed seven months as a trainee in the Controller's Department of PPG Ind. Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa., and is now working as a programmer/systems analyst at their sheet glass plant in Henryetta, Okla.

George E. Deering, III (SF) graduated from the University of Massachusetts in June, 1973, and is now enrolled in the University of Massachusetts Medical School.

Congratulations to *Joshua T. Gillelan II* for passing the Maryland State Bar examinations during the winter.

Augusta Goldstein (SF) writes, "I am teaching (for all intents, purposes, and superficial appearances)" eighth grade physical science in a Los Angeles suburb. She also says that, for "teacher credentialing" purposes, St. John's graduates are considered mathematics-physical science majors in California.

Harold Morgan (SF) writes that he has graduated from the University of New Mexico with a double major in political science and journalism. This spring he will return to UNM to work on his master's degree in business administration while working part-time as manager of a small publishing company. He is married to the former Chris Anderson of Tulsa, Okla., whom he met when they were the only two advanced Greek students at UNM.

Jonathan Simreich has completed law school at the University of Virginia, and is now with the firm of Paul, Weiss, Refkind, Whorten & Garrison of New York. He, *Masha*, and son Aram were scheduled to move to that city on March 1.

A new Ph.D. degree recipient from Claremont Graduate School, Claremont, Cal., is *Robin A. Smith* (SF). The title of his dissertation: "Plato's Dialectic from the Standpoint of Aristotle's First Logic." Robin is currently visiting assistant professor of philosophy at Occidental College in Los Angeles.

1969

After leaving St. John's in Santa Fe, *Marcy (Byles) Ayanian* (SF) studied economics at the University of California at Los Angeles. Presently she is studying music at San Diego State University.

Anne Christy Chapin (SF) is in Albuquerque teaching Science of Creative Intelligence and Transcendental Meditation.

Robert J. Chassell (SF) has received an M.A. degree in economics from Cambridge University, England.

John D. Goodwin (SF) tells us he served in South Vietnam in 1970-71 as a Chief Warrant Officer - Medical Evacuation Helicopter Pilot. He completed his St. John's junior year in 1972, attended an aviation school in Colorado in 1972-73, and is now a qualified 'copter instructor as well as a commercial helicopter pilot, with airplane commercial and instrument ratings. John has been employed by Rocky Mountain Helicopters since last May, covering a six-state area. He and his wife Veronica live in Tesuque, near Santa Fe.

Jesse Tepper (SF) has received his Master's degree in sociology from the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

1970

A short "*John Dean* letter" tells us *Dikran Kizilyan* works in San Francisco and lives in Berkeley, and that *Dennis Rains* and Mary Shepard were married last September.

Joan (Barstow) Hernández (SF) now lives in Huehuetenango, Guatemala, where she and her Guatemalan husband are active in the Bahá'í Faith, "working for the unity of mankind." They have one son, Badí Rafael, a year old. After almost four years in Guatemala, Joan definitely prefers the simpler life there to the more sophisticated life in the States, and says she is very happy.

Kitty (Teipel) Morel (SF) received a M.S. degree in mathematics from the University of Tulsa last June. She and her husband Jim now live in Dallas, where she is an engineering programmer and he is a scientific systems analyst.

1971

William H. Buell is a sudent at the Holy Trinity Orthodox Seminary in Jordanville, N.Y. Bill writes that he is in a five-year program leading to a Bachelor of Theology degree. All classes are in Russian; Bill says he is aided in his learning of Russian by a conversational knowledge of modern Greek, a skill he has acquired over the past two years.

K. Elisabeth Jackson is now business manager for a neurological diagnostic facility for minimally brain-damaged children in Washington, D.C. Foxé loves her job and does a lot of travelling.

We have just heard from *Rebecca Schwab* (SF) that she graduated from the State University College in Brockport, N.Y.

Jeffrey Sonheim, having passed graduate qualifying examinations in mathematics, is now a candidate for the Ph.D. degree at the University of Illinois.

1972

Louise Romanow (SF) writes that she is studying environmental biology at the University of Massachusetts.

1973

Richard Cohen (SF) is working for the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco and would like to get in touch with St. Johnnies in the area. His address is 4 West Court, Apt. A, Sausalito, Cal. 94965.

Peter M. Fairbanks, whose insistence resulted in the Communicard last summer, finally used one to tell us officially of his marriage to Cenita last June, and of their subsequent tour "with a group of kids" to Iceland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. As of January Peter was trying for a trainee position in an art house, but was also considering graduate school as a possible alternative.

Joanne (Charbonneau) Rice (SF) will finish work on a Master's degree in English at the University of Montana this spring. She plans to start work toward her doctorate next fall.

Further information on *Deborah E. Schifter* has been received from her father: she is teaching mathematics to American students enrolled at the regional high school at the kibbutz Kfar Blum in Upper Galilee. Debbie frequently sees *Jan Huttner*, who is staying in the nearby town of Qyriat Shmona.

In Memoriam

1904—Col. Edward O. Halbert, New London, CT, January 21, 1974.

1912—H. Wilson Wheeler, Baltimore, MD, October 17, 1973.

1926—C. Kemp Hoff, Miami, FL, December, 1973.

1926—C. Garner Werntz, Sun City, AR, January 1, 1974.

1930—Lucien E. Felty, Rowlesburg, WV, 1971.

1930—Capt. Samuel B. Purdie, Merritt Island, FL, January 2, 1974.

1931—Dr. Paul F. Giffin, Keyser, WV, January 17, 1974.

1932—William L. Waller, Baltimore, MD, January 10, 1974.

1933—John R. Bossert, Annapolis, MD, November 25, 1973.

1933—Edward G. Williams, Hasbrouck Heights, NJ, January 15, 1974.

1939—Frederick R. Buck, Baltimore, MD, February 6, 1974.

1945—Franklin B. Pumphrey, Crownsville, MD, February 12, 1974.

1952—Peter D. Gordon, Rockford, IL, January 29, 1974.

1965—Hugh Boland Johnston, Falls Church, VA, January 15, 1974.

NOTICE

The recent mail election of Alumni representatives to the Board of Visitors and Governors was completed on March 31st.

Article VIII, Section IV, of the Alumni Association By-laws provides that "The two candidates receiving the highest number of votes shall be considered elected."

Accordingly, Dr. David Dobreer '44, of Alhambra, CA, and Francis S. Mason, Jr., '43, of New York City, have been elected to the Board of the College.

The College
St. John's College
Annapolis, Maryland 21404

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