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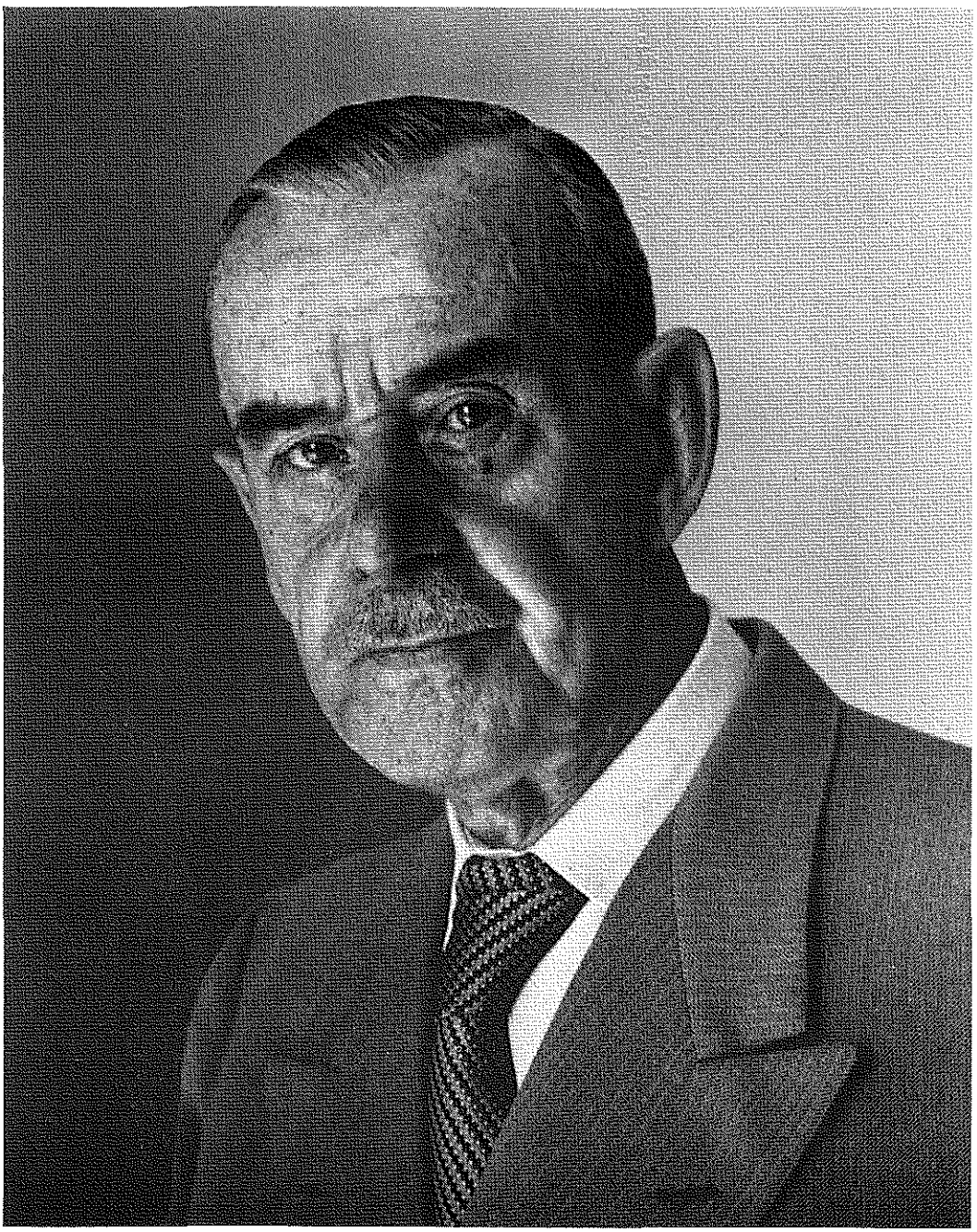

July 1972

The College

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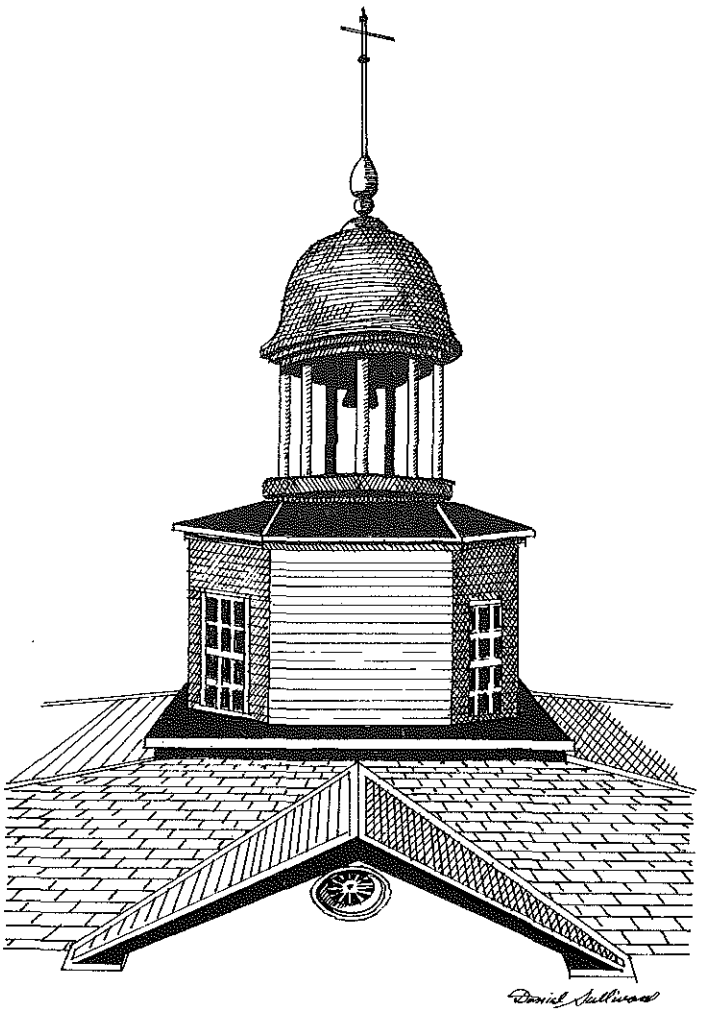


In the July Issue

The Venetian Phaedrus

By EVA BRANN

For the next hour I am going to lecture on a work largely autobiographical, whose hero is a charlatan and whose author is therefore the same. This is not my own but the author's opinion of himself. My lecture will therefore be an inquiry into the nature of the essential charlatan—an enterprise in the spirit and tradition of Plato's *Ion*.

The work I shall deal with is a short novel, a novella, by Thomas Mann, called "Death in Venice," or, more accurately, "*The* Death in Venice," that is to say, "The Death Appropriate to Venice." Mann considered this novella in certain respects his most successful work, a crystallization of all the elements of his artistry.

Having begun in so deprecating a manner, I ought first to give reasons why this work is worth close study.

The first and general reason lies in Mann's command of words. Let me make a large claim for him: just as, perplexed by some event in one's life, say the advent of friendship, one might go to a classical writer for help in mastering the matter, so, when overwhelmed by certain subtle and complex experiences of civilized modernity, one might read Mann in order to gain an apt and precise language, a language with which to delineate and fix such experiences. This descriptive use of words—"eros in the word" in Mann's phrase—this courting of things in language, seems to me to be Mann's primary excellence.

Second, and more particularly with respect to *Death in Venice*, there is the enormous compositional care that has gone into the work. If music can be described as the art without accidents, *Death in Venice* is a musical work, a work without unabsorbed events and devoid of episodes. It is even analogous to a musical composition in a more exact way, since it has movements, alternating adagios and scherzi, as well as recurrences and resumptions of themes and motifs. But more of this later.

And third, and peculiarly, *Death in Venice* seems to be absorbingly interesting because it is a timely work. It begins by giving its own season, year and century, or rather, the exact year is left blank so as to exercise the reader's knowledge of contemporary circumstances. The year, which is also very close to the year of writing, is in fact 1909, the season, spring. The story is set during one of beginnings of the end of Europe, during one of the Balkan crises preceding the First World War. Mann clearly considers the degenerating political situation as an expression of the contemporary crisis both of the "European soul," and the artist's "self," a crisis which he characterizes by the word "decadence." This word was once much used to describe the modern situation, and it's going out of use, is, I think, a sign that the mode it designates has become our "second nature"—when a

preoccupation with the symptoms had ceased to be the poet's prerogative, the mode became public property. In Mann's use, decadence seems to me to be a way of being dependent on one's time; perhaps the very fact of dependence is itself the essential aspect. The dependence consists of this: there is a sickness of, and by reason of, the times which becomes a preoccupation and always amounts to this, that received goods have lost their savor, that there is irritability and boredom with the forms of life of the community, a feeling that time must be killed, and a consequent search for relief in the forms of excess or perversion—in short, a permanent sort of crisis. "Decadence" has, furthermore, the property that the attempt of those caught up in this condition to overcome it, which attempt might be called "reactionary decadence," nearly always takes the form of a kind of brutality, be it exuberant or mean.

The novella is, therefore, timely not merely in the sense of being firmly sited in its own era, but also in the sense of courageously attempting to come to grips with modernity—our own modernity—itself.

HAVING given these three reasons, which are really three main facets of Mann's artistry, I must immediately say that they are equally the ingredients of his charlatanism—for to be an artist is to be a charlatan—so says Plato, so Nietzsche, and so, as we shall see, said Thomas Mann.

I shall now proceed to trace out in more detail the manner of Mann's artistry as it appears in the novella.

Death in Venice is, in Mann's term, a "pregnant" work—it was to achieve this pregnancy that he gave it the compact novella form. It is a work fraught with meaning, and this burden takes a peculiar form, the form of references. It is a novella of reference and reminiscence which fairly incites the reader to a scholarly hunt through the European tradition.

These references belong to a number of separately discernible spheres, whose elements are mingled but not blended. I shall proceed to give a very much curtailed review of the chief spheres.

There is, first of all, the *autobiographical* sphere. The writer Gustav von Aschenbach, the chief, and, in a manner of speaking, only character of the novella, has, as we are told in an introductory biography in the style of an entry into a poets' *Who's Who*, a foreign mother and a North German father and has chosen Munich as his residence, all just like Mann himself. In the catalogue of Aschenbach's works there is not one which did not eventually have a counterpart in Mann's writings: the "mighty prose epic on the life of Frederick of Prussia" became an essay called "Frederick and the Great Coalition"; "the novelistic tapestry 'Maja' by name," as well as the story called "A Wretch," later became part of *Doctor Faustus*; and extensive notes for a—significantly unwritten—essay on "Spirit and Art," a work attributed to Aschenbach and said to have been compared by serious judges with Schiller's essay "On Naive and Sentimental Poetry," are preserved in Mann's notebooks. But of chief importance in the biographical sphere is the inner history of Aschenbach, the crisis in his working life, of which more will be said later, and which, up to the fatal outcome, parallels Mann's own in 1911. Mann once remarked of Goethe's partially autobiographical hero in *The Sorrows of Young Werther* that it is typical of poets that their heroes die young and they grow old. The limits of the autobiographical element, then, reveal the sober truth that the poet as hero is not quite the poet as poet.

A SECOND sphere is what might be called the *cosmopolitan* setting of the novella, whose sign and symbol is a ubiquitous hotel manager with French tails and French tongue, voluble and agile. His realm is the international luxury hotel which is the scene of Aschenbach's secret and catastrophic adventure of the soul, that discreet business organization devoted to the refined care of strangers, with its subdued, anonymous, and yet exclusively intimate atmosphere. Aschenbach is brought to his fatal stay there by a veritable conspiracy of steamers, busses, motor boats, railroads and his own recalcitrant impedimenta: you may remember that he is deflected from his flight from Venice because his luggage is misdirected. Thus the conveniences of modernity, the engines for traveling, in Mann's phrase, "on the surface of the earth," in short, progress itself, forms the background of the artist's decline. Mann elsewhere denominates the whole sphere by the—derogatory—word "civilization" and associates it with the West, with France, or better, with the French Revolution, and its rationality, rhetoric, and republicanism. So Aschenbach, in an attempt to regularize and turn into the shallow channels of social intercourse his relation to the boy Tadzio, makes an abortive effort to address a French phrase to him.

Yet another set of clearly discernible motifs belong to the sphere of what might be called *spiritual topography*, that is, the quarters of the earth taken as habitations of the soul. The story begins with a knowledgeable walk through Munich, Mann's city and Wagner's, and the intellectual center of Germany. Aschenbach comes to the Northern cemetery, and in front of the Byzantine funeral chapel, a kind of Northern intimation of the facade of the Venetian St. Mark's, he has a sudden vision of a teeming swamp and tigers, a lustful and luxurious vision of the land whence comes the cholera of which he will die, as well as the stranger god Dionysus. He is incited to take a vacation trip—"not exactly to the tigers," as he puts it to himself—and he chooses to go to the sunny South, to take a light version of the "Italian Journey" which is a stock experience of heavy-souled Germans. But going south, he ends up in Venice on a day devoid of sun, and Venice is not "Italy" but the entrance depot of the abandoned East, Far and Near, architecturally and

atmospherically a European Byzantium. Now Byzantium is a favorite setting for Romantic poets—a latter-day Greece, artful, conspiratorial fraught with memories, decadent. So the coordinates of Mann's spiritual geography are the melancholy North, the decadent South, the lustful East and the rational West.

Next a "*Protestant*" sphere is discernible. Mann once commented on *Death in Venice* that "the character of the whole is, after all, rather Protestant than antique." In this passage the term "Protestant" has for Mann no particular theological connotation—rather it refers to what is sometimes called an "ethos," a circle of moral meanings grouped around the name of Frederick the Great and Prussia. Thus Aschenbach's morality has but one categorical imperative, "endurance." It is an ethics of the "despite," of achievement *despite* "sorrow, poverty, loneliness, weakness of body, passion, and a thousand hindrances"; it is a kind of Kantianism of decadence. Its saint is St. Sebastian, dear to Aschenbach, a soldier who displays "grace under torture" (and is, incidentally, the saint of the plague), and its hero is Frederick, a ruler whom Mann sees as a magnificently malicious demon, a being of incredible industry spurred on by a cold and luckless passion. Thus Aschenbach's Fredericianism is a passion for mastery which arises from a "thoroughly pessimistic relation to passion itself." So Aschenbach, born in Schleswig, the province Frederick conquered for Prussia, will fall prey to "the revenge of subjugated feeling."

There is a second aspect to what Mann means by "Protestantism," another peculiarly German aspect, for which there is no word in English, except that it is possible simply to use the German word which can be transcribed as "innerliness." In its context the classical opposition of the public and the private realm is supplanted by that of political and apolitical or "innerly." Rather than to circumscribe the term, let me point out how it is evidenced in the novella, namely by Aschenbach's isolation and essential silence. All the weightiest episodes of the work have a dream-like setting, when awareness of time, the mark of wakefulness, disappears, just as Aschenbach's thoughts at crucial moments are characterized as "dream-logic" and the turning point in Aschenbach's inner catastrophe comes literally by means of a dream, the dream of the invasion of the Indian Dionysus. But dreaming is the activity of isolation and marked by the preponderance of the inner world over the external. Similarly the silence of Aschenbach is indicated by his speaking only to officials, to "personnel," and that in the "Welsh" tongue (a derogatory German term for French), while he more and more talks to himself. German itself disappears from the scene as the plague spreads through Venice and Aschenbach's countrymen leave. Finally he enters into a conspiracy of silence with corrupt Venetian officialdom to keep the fact of the plaque quiet so that the boy without whom he cannot live will remain in Venice, and from this arises his ultimate anti-political dream of social chaos, in which everything is possible, and which ends in the disappearance of all mankind but himself and the boy.

Yet another group of references are those centered around the name of Goethe. The imitation of Goethe was a major fact of Mann's life as a writer. The novella which turned into *Death in Venice* was originally intended to be about the love of the seventy-three-year-old Goethe for a seventeen-year-old girl, an episode by means of which Mann meant to illustrate the theme of any poet's natural propensity for indignity. Mann later made a notation against the entry in his notebooks about Goethe's affair: "this became *Death in Venice*." Furthermore Mann read Goeth's novel *The Elective Affinities* five times during the writing of the novella, in order to catch its perfect "balance of sensuality and morality." Beyond this there seems at first to be no immediate relation between the two works. But not only the acquisition of a master's style for a novel about a master of prose who had, so it is said of Aschenbach, become a "textbook classic," but a more peculiar feature of *The Elective Affinities* made it a model for the novella. Goethe's novel is really what in English is called a "Gothic" novel, a novel of deliberately undefinable horror, at once earthily plain and ethereally unspeakable: an innocent child murder, adultery practised between husband and wife, unintentional suicide, high-spirited sadism, and so forth, but all this is delivered in prose so graceful, moderate, and even dainty, that it is scarcely German at all. The language of *Death in Venice* preserves precisely such a distance from its subject matter and it was for this that Goethe's novel served as model.

One more borrowing from Goethe: while prevented from immediate disembarkation in Venice by his luggage, Aschenbach is accosted by an old drunk dandy in a red tie, a pitiful and undignified case of old age; later on, with a wild hope of pleasing the boy, he turns himself into just such a figure (even including the red tie) by submitting to a process of cosmetic rejuvenation. This motif is borrowed from a chapter called "The Man of Fifty Years" in *The Apprentice Years of Wilhelm Meister*, Goethe's biggest novel.

I now come to the two spheres of reference which are most at the center of the work.

The first of these I shall designate "*Romanticism*." Mann occupied himself much with this term, by which he meant *counter-revolution*, in particular the revolt of artistry against the baldness of political revolution as the primary improving activity, the revolt, in his manner of speaking, of artful music against literate logic, of wordless depth against explanatory rhetoric, of complex mysticism against crude clarity. It means the

prerogative of passion in its remote pathological forms, and it is essentially submission to, and even a search for, what already is and always was, especially for death. Such romanticism might be called decadence in its inner aspect —in Mann's view, a specifically German decadence.

Music is its characteristic art, because it is at once most exact and most inarticulate, most exacting and most indulgent, most artful and most licentious. Aschenbach, who is given the highbrowed physiognomy of the romantic composer Gustav Mahler (news of whose death had just been received by "a respectfully shocked world"), is a writer of prose in the city of music, that is, a man of form in a city of dissolution. His relation to the boy Tadzio is essentially "musical" in the romantic sense: the sound of the boy's undecipherable Polish tongue strikes him as music, he hears his name at first as "Adgio," a reminiscence of that "unbelievably old-fashioned" adagio which Nietzsche describes as enchanting him on his last night in Venice. And at the scene of Aschenbach's death on the beach of Venice, a black cloth, thrown over an unattended camera, flutters in the wind, a reminiscence of the black flag planted on the beach in the first version of the last act of *Tristan*, the flag in which Tristan enshrouds himself to die. Parts of *Tristan* were scored in Venice, and, of course, Wagner himself died there.

ALTHOUGH Mann did not know it until later, in the years just before 1912 Maurice Barrès had written an essay called "The Death of Venice," which is largely a catalogue of romantic pilgrimages to the decomposing romantic Mecca, and which ends with these words: "The ocean rolls on in the night and its waves in breaking orchestrate the motif of death by excess of love of life." The central romantic motif of *Death in Venice* is just that—the fatal effect of the writer's revivification through passion. Appearances and reminders of death and the underworld abound and are interwoven with the development of Aschenbach's passion for Tadzio, who is typically seen against the void of the sea. In particular, there is a recurring death figure, a reddish type with a death's head physiognomy: the wanderer who outstares Aschenbach from the portico of the funeral chapel in Munich, the "circus director" of a captain with whom Aschenbach, when boarding the cavernous black steamer for Venice, signs a Faustian contract, the outcast gondolier who ferries him—in a swimming coffin—to the Lido, the balladeer who, spreading fumes of disinfectant, sings a hysteria-producing laughing song, while Aschenbach sits sipping pomegranate juice (the pomegranate being a symbol of the underworld) in the presence of Tadzio. Each of these wears a yellow piece of clothing as the sign of the "smouldering ugliness" of sickness and, in particular, of the Indian yellow cholera which will be the physical cause of Aschenbach's death.

But aside from these occurrences within the text, the theme of death is its tacit background. As Aschenbach approaches Venice by sea, he recalls an unnamed "melancholy and enthusiastic" poet who had once approached the city by the same route, and he recites some of his poetry to himself. This unnamed predecessor is August von Platen, a romantic lover of antiquity and of boys, and a poet of strict forms. It is easy to conjecture what poem Aschenbach is thinking of. It is a poem called "Tristan" and has these closing lines:

> He who has looked on beauty with his eyes
> Is already in the hands of death.

We shall return to them later.

MANN regarded the fourth and central chapter of the work, which he calls an "antiquicising" chapter and begins with a beautiful description of dawn in the classical style, as its most successful part. This chapter is filled with references to Greek antiquity, some of which I shall now note.

The first allusion to antiquity (which occurs even before the central chapter) is that illicit gondolier who ferries Aschenbach across the lagoon of Venice and whom Aschenbach suspects of being about to send him to the "House of Hades"; he is clearly Charon, the ancient ferryman of the dead, who carries souls over the Styx. You may remember that he is cheated of his pay, and this corresponds to the fact that Charon will not ferry those who do not pay him an obol—thus Aschenbach has not truly arrived and must reenter the city properly a second time after his abortive flight from the city.

The Lido, the beach of Venice, where Aschenbach is lodged, with its shoreside life of playful leisure, is described by a direct quotation from the *Odyssey*, significantly a description of existence after death in Elysium where "easy life is the lot of man, where there is neither snow, nor winter, nor storm or streaming rain, but Ocean ever sends a softly cooling breath and in blessed leisure the days run on." Another time it is seen as Homeric Phaeacia, the nautical land of artful luxury, and Tadzio, in his sailor suit, is a Phaeacian youth living in indulgent elegance. Once the boy Jashu, who plays the role of Tadzio's slave, is given advice which is a direct quotation from Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, from a passage dealing with the ability of the mere sight of beauty to induce madness: "But my advice to you, Critoboulus, is to go and travel for a year, for that much time at least will you need for recovery."

In fact, most of the classical references are descriptions of Tadzio. Aschenbach thinks of him variously as Hyacinth, the boy killed by Zephyr out of jealousy of Apollo; as Ganymede, the boy carried off by Zeus to be his cupbearer; as Narcissus, the boy hopelessly in love

with himself; as Cleitus and Kephalus, two boys carried off by Dawn. He is a sunlit statue of the noblest period, described in words borrowed from the art history of Winckelmann, the contemporary of Goethe, who introduced the notion and appreciation of antique sculpture into Germany. Once he is described in terms of the famous Hellenistic statue of a "boy pulling a thorn from his foot." Another time he is a divinity, Eros, particularly "Eros self-wounded"—he often wears a blouse with a red bow, simulating a wound, over his breast, a blouse on the collar of which "rested the bloom of the head with a charm that was matchless." (In fact the chapter is full of hexameter tags, such as "the flickering blue of the aether," and "lobsters running off sideways.")

Tadzio also appears as Eros in another, more significant, form. The Greeks, conveniently to Mann's theme, had the same representation for Love and Death, a winged boy of about Tadzio's age, sometimes recognized as a single deity—Eros Thanatos, the Death Eros. There is an essay by Lessing called "How the Ancients Represented Death," which deals at length with the invariable attribute of this Death in ancient representations: that he stands in a graceful pose with his legs crossed—precisely the description of Tadzio as he stands near Aschenbach who is listening to the outcast balladeer while drinking pomegranate juice and inhaling the smell of the plague. And finally, the boy appears as Hermes Psychagogus—Hermes, the Leader of Souls, who conducts the poet, with a beckoning gesture familiar from ancient representations, out into the void of the sea and into nothingness.

It is necessary for a moment to consider how antiquity comes both to Aschenbach and to Mann himself. For the former it is a tradition imparted in youth, that is to say, a part of the upbringing. Similarly Mann's familiarity with Greek myths came from his childhood reading—in fact he had preserved, and used while writing *Death in Venice*, a childhood favorite from his mother's library entitled "Textbook of Greek and Roman Mythology to be used in Upper Schools for Young Ladies and Educated Persons of the Female Sex." But most of the references to antiquity are accidental finds of quotations or are deliberately collected from books of reference—lexica, handbooks, and books of secondary learning. So, for instance, he found Cicero's definition of eloquence as a "continuous motion of the soul," with which the novella opens, quoted in Flaubert. Most of the references, however, come from secondary works somewhat outside of the philological establishment, such as the book *Psyche* by Erwin Rohde, the friend and defender to the classicists of Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy*. From this work Mann borrowed not only the passage from the *Odyssey*, and the reference to the figure of Eros, but, most importantly, the description of the orgiastic cult of Dionysus on which Aschenbach's catastrophic dream is based (though he did read Euripides' *Bacchae* in addition).

I have delineated the spheres of reference at some length and made a point of tracing the sources of the central one not merely because the work itself invites such an enterprise, but even more because the intactness and separability of the spheres and the indirection and second-handedness of the sources are an essential characteristic of Mann's artistry, that is, of his linguistic virtuosity, of his compositional art, and most importantly, of his conscientious modernity, by which, I should now say, I mean in this context precisely a peculiar relation to the past.

Regarded as a characteristic of style, Mann himself gave a name to his procedure—he called it "parody." By "parody" Mann means "a kind of mimicry" of the styles of the past. The occasion for parody is set out in Mann's last large novel, written during the Second World War, *Doctor Faustus*. The composer who is the protagonist conducts what must be described as a soliloquy with the devil which is made to take place in the year in which *Death in Venice* was written—indeed the time structure of the book is based on a parallelism between the times before the First and Second World Wars. The devil has just commented on the devastating fact that the assumed and binding conventions of the arts have lost their power to carry meaning and that the forms necessary to invention have become worn out; whereupon the composer says: "It might be possible to energize the game by playing with forms from which, as is well known, life has vanished." And the devil answers: "I know, I know—parody. . . ."

Parody, then, is a *nostalgic* mode which makes the tradition accessible by way of remotion and traduction. By making the tradition a matter of *learnedness*, not in the sense of the organized industry of the schools, but as an illusionistic creaming of secondary books, the playfully pedantic parodist at the same time makes it serve him and holds it at arm's length—in so employing the tradition he pronounces it dead.

In respect to style in the narrow sense, that is to say, diction, Mann's parodistic treatment is a matter, on the one hand, of a wonderfully versatile mimicry of modes of speech, and, on the other, of a descriptive language precise by the very fact of being somewhat distant. By "distant" I mean that words are used, as it were, with raised eyebrows, fastidiously, exquisitely, with a virtuosity which is essentially a kind of disengagement.

As far as composition is concerned, the parodistic mode results in something analogous to counterpoint, an inter-

weaving of intact themes, namely precisely those I have just finished extricating. It might be said that so musical a use of themes requires a very external relation to events and people.

But the parodistic mode is most intimately related to the third facet of Mann's artistry, his specific modernity, for, as the passage from *Doctor Faustus* shows, it is nothing but an attempt to do battle with "decadence." Mann once characterized his literary mission as the loving dissolution of the tradition, by which phrase he meant a kind of modern re-use, and therefore abuse, of the past in an attempt to fill the emptiness of the present.

It is in more than one way no accident that the Greek past plays a central role along these lines in the novella, and for this reason: that antiquity offers for re-use not only conventions and styles but also *myths*, time-honored tales full of precise and publicly accepted detail concerning events and persons of divine or grand stature.

To characterize his later works, especially the novelistic sequence *Joseph and his Brothers*, Mann liked to use the linkage "myth plus psychology." By "psychology" he meant, as we usually do, the exposure of hidden personal motives, which he superadded, as a kind of modernization, to the mythical aura of his characters. In *Death in Venice* this "psychological" aspect is absent, for Tadzio, on whom the use of myth centers, is, so to speak, not a person at all but a living statue, so that the use of myth is, as it were, balder than in later works.

Now how, precisely, are myths, or rather references to myths, used to give meaning to the novelistic present? The answer is simple, sad, and significant: the reference *is* the meaning of the work. Tadzio is, or better, is meant to be, a conglomeration of mythical shadows, he *is* Eros and Thanatos, Love linked with Death, but what love and death might be is not itself in question.

I have often been told—in fact by a former dean of this college—a seminar story which precisely illustrates the deficiencies of this use of myth. As you know, the rule for visitors to seminars is that they may not speak unless there is imminent danger of internal combustion. One night a certain academic was visiting a seminar on Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*. The question that was being discussed was why Oedipus chose to punish himself by putting out his eyes. The visitor, who was beginning to meet the requirement for contributing before described, was invited to speak, and gave what he claimed was a prefectly obvious and conclusive reason: that that was the punishment Sophocles had found in the myth. Whereupon a student, presumably with a look of wide-eyed innocence, asked: "And why did he choose to punish himself by putting out his eyes in the myth?" That is precisely the question the mode of meaning as reference or allusion does not consider.

I would like to inject a comment here: this way of celebrating our tradition by making a rite of it, by putting the seal of completion on it, does not seem to me good or safe—perhaps we can talk about this in the question period. But we do live in a state of decadence, of falling away, the more so for no longer naming it as such, and Mann's way of laying the past to rest seems to me vastly better than the hatred of it accompanied by ignorance which characterizes the brutal branch of the phenomenon of decadence.

But to return to the exposition and now to somewhat wider considerations.

Behind the parodistic style, as its source and ground, there is a view of the world which we must now look into. It is caught in the word which Mann used most often and most persistently of his work—the word "irony." The signification which Mann gave it has its origin in the romantic school of writers and their theorists. "Irony" itself is a Greek word which means "dissembling" and which was made notorious by Socrates. When, in the Platonic dialogues, an interlocutor refers to Socrates' "wonted irony" he means Socrates' strangely arousing claim not to know. It is not that Socrates is considered to be crudely pretending not to know what he in fact knows. Rather the interlocutor thinks that the claim not to know is itself a subtle assertion of knowledge —the knowledge of ignorance—so that Socrates' dissembling reveals rather than hides superiority. It is precisely this aspect of irony that the romantics abstracted—a certain superiority in intercourse, a sense of holding oneself aloof and above the conversation. They combined with this attitude, or perhaps found as its source, the idea of the human being as a "self" or "subject." By a "self" or a "subject" is meant an original source of all representations, or more simply, of all experience, exactly as when someone, inevitably, says in seminar that "everything is subjective." From such absolute subjectivity they drew the sense of a lack of responsibility and obligation, a right to hover above issues, to play infinitely with the creations of one's own thought. Romantic irony is thus a negative principle, an "infinitely delicate play with nothingness" in Kierkegaard's words, and is therefore easily seen as the very principle of art, interpreted as the externalized play of the subject, which is carried on according to no rules but those established and recognized by itself. In the romantic vocabulary the complement of irony is *enthusiasm*, the—baseless—intoxication of the self with its own creations.

This must be the place to interject once again a brief circumscription of the term "romantic," a term so indispensable to the discussion of Mann's work. To begin with, there are artless and cunning romantics. By the artless kind I mean children of all ages engaged in the self-indulgent excitation and expression of the emotions. The others are the interesting romantics,

in whom—I am using Mann's words—a "yearning and dreamy" aspect is supplemented by enormous "artistic refinement." Let me quote from his essay significantly entitled "Germany and the Germans": "The romantic," he says, "is counter-revolution, the revolt of music against literature . . . the pessimism of honesty" as against the optimism of rational action. "The special prerogative which it accords to the emotional over reason, even in its most remote forms, such as . . . dionysiac intoxication, brings it into a special and psychologically immensely fruitful relation to sickness." For Mann, Romanticism is, then, essentially a counter-movement, a consequence of and reaction to optimistic rationalism, that is to say, to the world of applied science, which defines a counter-world of emotion, but does so wilfully, artfully, and self-consciously. The romantic is the *deliberately* passionate, which we may call the *emotional*.

With this understanding of romanticism Mann's "irony" has the following character. It too contains the notion of aloofness or hovering. But hovering is always between something, between two extremes or poles, and it is consequently typical of the ironist that he engages in what I shall call "polar thinking," a variation of thought which seems to me of great clinical interest since it is deeply characteristic of modernity. (Of course, it might be argued that such polar thinking is the consequence of the polar constitution of the world, but I shall here disregard that possibility as unlikely.)

There are three names behind *Death in Venice*, three spheres of thought that Mann has appropriated for his own purposes—Schiller, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche—and it is precisely in respect to polarities that might be extracted from them that Mann absorbs their thinking. Among these, Schopenhauer is most tacitly in the background; Aschenbach's novel *Maja*, a novel "under the shadow of one idea," is the only explicit reference to him. Mann himself had planned a novel by that name, and his notebooks explain the connection of the title with Schopenhauer's "Veil of the Maja," the web of illusion of isolation and appearance in which we are caught. The novel was to set out an interpretation of desire, in particular the desire of the weak for "life," that is for those who have health and beauty, as the entanglement of the isolated individual in the "Veil of the Maja," and was to present the artist's mission as the double one of exposing and preserving the illusion. The polarity here is that of life, that is, hale and hearty mere existence, as opposed to deprivation and desire.

The "Nietzschean" polarity becomes explicit toward the end of the novella, in the fifth and last chapter. Whereas the fourth, central, chapter is presided over by Apollo—it begins with a description of the dawn of days spent within sight of the sunlit Tadzio, the sun-god's ascent in his chariot, and the sunny beach—the fifth and final chapter is dominated by Dionysus. It contains an exact and lengthy description, in the tradition of Thucydides and Lucretius, of the invasion and course of the plague, the Indian cholera, which is insidiously wasting Venice and which forms the background of Aschenbach's growing illicit passion for the Polish boy. Then comes a night in which Aschenbach has a dream of the orgiastic entry of Dionysus into Greece and his own soul, which dream constitutes his internal catastrophe and the beginning of his end. The source of the two gods which dominate the chapters is Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy*, though, of course, Mann has made this important change —that the savior god of *The Birth of Tragedy* has become the destroyer god of *Death in Venice*.

The last polarity is derived from Schiller's essay "On Naive and Sentimental Poetry," the only work which is, together with its author, mentioned by name in the novella, namely when Aschenbach's essay on "Spirit and Art" is said to be comparable to it. That essay, which Mann intended to write himself, was to be, in the words of the novella, a work of "antithetical eloquence," and Mann's extensive notes list the "antitheses" with which it was to deal: Spirit and Nature, Spirit and Art, Culture and Art, Will and Representation, and many more, in fact so many and so mutually involved that Mann's largest critical attempt was intellectually doomed from the beginning by the very excess of polar opposites. The object of the essay was to be to save the artist from the imputation laid upon him by Nietzsche, of being a charlatan enslaved to the "Olympus of illusion," by establishing a type of "literateur" who would be free of such enslavement, a dignified moral critic of his times, a man of intellect and psychological insight. *Death in Venice*, in which such a writer is invented only to be shown to be doomed to exposure and destruction, must have made this enterprise morally impossible for Mann.

It was Mann's intention furthermore to set off this modern "sentimental" writer against a naive poet who might perhaps be healthier and nobler but would not be so much a man of the times.

Let me here explain briefly what Schiller means by "naive" and, especially, by the word "sentimental." The sentimental poet's concerns are sentiments rather than objects of nature; he reflects on impressions received; he is "subjective," while the "naive" poet, such as Homer, who is for Schiller the naive poet *par excellence*, sets out nature, that is, natural objects, in shining sculptural clarity, without introspection or reflection.

For Schiller this distinction is largely coincident with that of "ancient" and "modern"—the ancients being naive, namely "objective," attending to what is given by nature, and the moderns "subjective," namely attending to themselves. Now, the founder of German Romanticism, August Schlegel, on his part, identified the literary distinction of "classical" and "romantic" with "ancient" and "modern"

(and I might interject here that Goethe, by whom Mann's definition of romanticism was clearly influenced, in his *Conversations with Eckermann* abruptly identifies the classical with the healthy and the romantic with the sick). An argument might be made, then, that there is a kind of grouping of terms—naive, classical, ancient on the one hand, and sentimental, romantic, modern on the other, which informs the novella as its most specific "polarity."

The latter group circumscribes a notion which plays a dominating role in *Death in Venice*, the notion of "Art." The source of Art, with a capital A, the Artist, is, for Mann, not primarily one who possesses art, namely craft or knowhow, but a man whose ultimate preoccupation is with the conditions themselves of his production. The novella, then, turns centrally about the relations of the sentimental, romantic and modern subject, the artist, to his opposite pole, the naive and classical object of nature, which is therefore very appropriately and tellingly presented in the guise of antiquity. But just as the antique form is second-hand and modernized, so what the artist of the novella faces is not an object of nature conceived as having its own being, but a product of *natural art*. For the boy Tadzio is always described as a statue, whose language is music, and is said, in a thought borrowed from Schopenhauer, to be the product of a "strict and pure will which, darkly active, had been able to project this divine sculpture into the light." In a word, the novella is about the decadent artist's confrontation with a living work of art.

With a significant ineptitude, for which one hardly knows whether to laugh or to cry, the proponent of this problem presents himself under the guise of Socrates.

As always, Mann works from modern prototypes: he has in mind not only the rationalizing, distintegrating Socrates of Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy*, but especially the Socrates of Hoelderlin's poem by the same name, two lines of which are twice paraphrased in the novella; they are: "He who has thought most deeply, loves what is most alive, and in the end the wise man bows to the beautiful."

But Mann did also read two Platonic dialogues while at work on the novella, the *Symposium*, especially Socrates' speech, which happens to be directed to Phaedrus, and the dialogue *Phaedrus* itself.

Mann's use of what he read in the dialogue is, as always, thoroughly parodistic, that is to say, the text, as in the case of Schiller, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche, serves as an occasion for mimicry and reminiscence, not for responsible appropriation. In fact one might say that the Platonic references in the novella contain nothing but external allusions to the dialogues and that to explicate the differences would be to set out a new modern opposition to supersede the classical one of philosophy and poetry, namely that of philosophy and Art in the sense before described—and it is possible to find better contexts than this for that enterprise. However, it does seem to me that Mann was in some way sensitive to the Platonic text, since there are certain salient points which he quite particularly and sure-handedly reverses.

The passages in question are Aschenbach's two soliloquies, acknowledged by Mann to be the centerpieces of the work, in which he apostrophizes the Venetian Phaedrus.

In the first of these, which occurs in the "Apollonian" fourth chapter, the writer, under the influence of the ironist's enthusiasm but still in control of himself, raises the setting of the Platonic *Phaedrus*, the plane tree and the turf outside the walls of Athens. There Socrates is made to court Phaedrus, the wise man the beautiful youth, and the courtship consists of instruction concerning desire and virtue. This is an adaptation of that part of Socrates' recantation in the *Phaedrus* which describes the behaviour of the temperate and the intemperate lover of beauty, including an adaptation of Socrates' definition of beauty as the sole and only one among the beings of the realm beyond heaven which can become visible, that is, as visible form. The passage closes with a reference by the romantic Socrates to the *Symposium*, to "that perhaps most tender and most ironic thought ever thought" by means of which the enthusiast seeks to save his superiority and his dignity—the passage in which Phaedrus himself claims that the lover, filled as he is with divinity, surpasses the beloved.

The second apostrophe is spoken by the cosmetically rejuvenated, already infected, Aschenbach in the "Dionysiac" fifth chapter. It begins by once more characterizing beauty as visible divinity and as such "the way of the sensual man, the way of the artist to the spirit," and proceeds to set out the "problem" of the novella, the problem of beauty. It is not the question "what is beauty" that concerns the sentimental Socrates but the problem beauty poses for the "artist," which was expressed by the lines from the poet Platen quoted above:

> He who has looked on beauty with his eyes,
> Is already in the hands of death.

This problem, which is very much an autobiographical one, might also be called the problem of "the two abysses." Aschenbach, like Mann himself, is said to have been in his youth "problematical and unconditional," by which Mann means that he indulged in the uncompromising, dogged, melancholy, *conscientiously thorough* pursuit of such insights as lead to the exposure of motives, the doubting of talent, the betrayal of art, in short, that he pursued such knowledge as consists of "seeing through" or "breaking up" things and is usually called "analytic." But these sharp and bitter insights lose their charm and begin to be felt as an abyss of dissolute and "indecent psy-

chologism." Aschenbach turns away from them in middle age as having and conferring no dignity, and experiences what he terms the "wonder of a reborn naiveté." But in the sentimental poet this new naiveté, this moral resolve to abjure psychology, takes the form of a classicism of form, a "purity, simplicity, and symmetry" which results in a "moral simplification of the world," a moral indifference.

It is in this condition of being under the discipline of a thoroughly formalistic classicism accompanied by a strict regimen in his private life, that the emptiness of his inner life is invaded and the second abyss opens. For the master of classical form sees a live work of art which is the realization of his own efforts to become a "naive" artist. And because it is flesh and blood, it brings with it Eros and the formalistic poet of the "second," that is, acquired, naiveté has no inner substance wherewith to withstand his devastation. "For"—I am quoting from the second Phaedrus apostrophe—"we poets . . . are not capable of rising, only of straying." In other words, for the poet of the novella, because he knows no lovable wisdom and therefore has no love of wisdom, "the way of the artist to the spirit" which leads through sensual beauty, that is, through visible spirit, is not viable; the poet's Eros precisely reverses the erotic motion of the *Symposium*—it is not a raising but a demeaning motion. And not only is the road not viable but (and this may be the same thing) its terminus is left perfectly uncircumscribed—there is *no* indication of what is meant by the "Spirit."

Let me read a last quotation. "The masterly bearing of our style is a lie and a foolery, our fame and honor a farce, the trust of the crowd in us highly laughable, and the education of the people and the young through art a risky undertaking which is to be forbidden."

These words are not from Plato's *Republic* but from the second Phaedrus apostrophe in *Death in Venice*. This is what Mann, perhaps in the end not so inappropriately, allowed Socrates to say about "art." Let me summarize the reason for his condemnation: the artist is a man of form and his form, or rather formalism, has a false relation to the passions.

I have, in turn, tried to show what the elements of the artist's forms, of his artistry, are and what the vices of their virtues might be, such that they impose on us and can be called charlatanism. Let me summarize them also.

There is Mann's linguistic virtuosity, his way of using words. Aschenbach makes nine attempts to describe Tadzio, to render his appearance in words, only to realize that this descriptive use of words, which Mann somewhere calls "eros in the logos," is forever inadequate, and is, in fact, a hopeless enterprise. Nor are Aschenbach's words for human communication—perhaps the most telling reversal in Mann's use of the Platonic *Phaedrus* is that a *dialogue*, which deals with the relation of eros and rhetoric, suggests to him a *soliloquy*, that the writing Socrates has no way to form and control his love by logos, and that not a word ever passes between him and the Venetian Phaedrus.

Then there is Mann's mode of parody, a way of battling decadence characterized by a willfully irresponsible and yet persistent, somehow loyal, relation to the tradition, in which the present is referred to the past for its meaning. Associated with parody is a "musical" mode of composition in which themes occur to provide moments of allusion and reminiscence intended to elicit a pre-set reaction, a device analogous to what is called "leit-motif" in Wagnerian contexts.

And finally, there is Mann's manner of disposing of issues and preparing them for novelistic use which he calls his "irony"—a way of seeing problems in polar terms and playing with these, trusting for resolution to something indefinite called the "Spirit."

Let me end as I began with an apology for Mann and the study of *Death in Venice*. Mann prided himself, rightly, on his laboriously conscientious pursuit of the problems which he saw—and what he saw and pursued in the novella was the problem of *romantic reaction*. But this problem seems to me to be one of the most complex and recurrent aspects of modernity, the one which shows that to attempt to battle the evils of our times while firmly planted within them only leads to a deeper implication with them. To put it another way—*Death in Venice* is a serious reflection on what it means to have a false relation to the passions and to the past.

Miss Eva Brann delivered this lecture at St. John's College in Annapolis in the Spring of 1971. Miss Brann has been a Tutor at St. John's College since 1957. Prior to completing her Ph. D. at Yale in 1956, Miss Brann had been a Fellow of the American Numismatic Society, a Fellow of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and a member of the staff of the American Agora Excavations at Athens as a Sibly Fellow of Phi Beta Kappa.

OLD WARS

Robert Neidorf

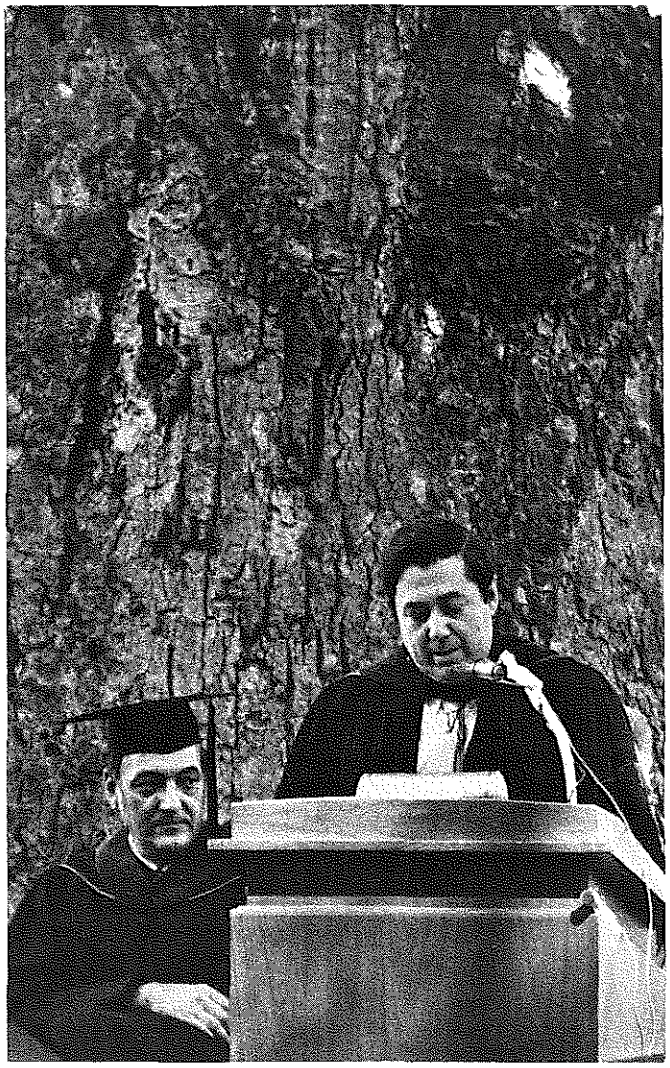
A commencement address is covertly a sermon. It is traditional that a sermon begin with a text. Accordingly, I quote from the *Meditations* of the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius (XI,39):

> Socrates used to say, what do you want? Souls of rational men or irrational?
> —Souls of rational men.
> Of what rational men? Sound or unsound?
> —Sound.
> Why then do you not seek them?
> —Because we have them.
> Why then do you fight and quarrel?

The one thing that most intrigues me about this passage is the notion that rational men may be of two kinds, those possessed of sound souls and those possessed of unsound souls. I ask therefore that you reflect with me a while on this distinction. What are the names that we should give to these two kinds of rational men, and who are the best models?

First, what can it mean for a man to be both rational and unsound? Early in Plato's dialogue *Phaedrus,* Socrates is made to give a speech in behalf of a thesis that we have all heard in recent years: —That it is better to have what is euphemistically called a love affair with someone who does not in fact love you. We are not obliged to read the thesis so particularly. In its most general form it is even more common: It is the claim that in giving his attentions to persons or things in the world around him, a man should preserve the invulnerability of his private soul, should not become overly committed or engaged, should in brief "play it cool."

The speech itself begins (Stephanus•237) with a preamble on the importance of proper method, especially the importance of defining one's terms. Definitions are then given, and the speech unfolds into impeccable arguments based on those definitions. It is in other words a perfectly rational discourse, and must surely be satisfactory to those sophomoric souls who love to screech "define your terms!"



Craig C. Elzey

Robert A. Neidorf, a Tutor and Director of the Graduate Institute at St. John's College in Santa Fe, delivers the Commencement Address at Annapolis on June 11, 1972.

But something more is going on in this dialogue. Just *before* the speech begins Socrates is made to say

> I shall speak with my head covered . . .
> I'm afraid that if I catch your eye
> I may be ashamed and falter.

So in making this speech the face and eyes of the speaker are hidden. At one level the significance of this dramatic device is obvious; it warns the reader that neither Plato nor Socrates really believes the claim that is about to be made. But I believe it goes deeper; I believe it tells us something about the method and style employed in the speech itself; I believe it says that the exclusive employment of cool deductive argument, beginning from clearly defined terms, is inappropriate to important inquiries because the face of the inquirer becomes thereby a mask. In one way we have really known this all along. For in the presence of important questions the key terms could successfully be defined only if the questions were already settled; the hard thing is not the giving of definitions, but the act of open and open-minded inquiry, the act of eyes and face in place of the easier mechanical motions of rational mask.

So with Plato's help we have a possible meaning for Auerlius' notion of the rational man of unsound soul. He is the man, ever so rational, who speaks to persuade but hides himself in the process. Models are not hard to find; in fact, they are unavoidable. Personally, I find a model in Presidential Advisor Henry Kissinger when he appears on my television screen to justify in clear terms and with cool argument the intensification of American bestiality in Southeast Asia. Perhaps we ought not to blame him for this monstrous use of mind, but ourselves; for we live and grow among schools and colleges that exalt the successful debator and the overpoweringly brilliant lecturer as the primary models of men who know how to use their heads. In special contexts, for example in the law courts, the arts of rational debate and controversy may be necessary. But aside from such contexts they generate—so I believe—vicious misuses of the human mind. They produce performances that conceal and dilute the true commitments and true concerns of the performers, performances that will end by persuading the performers that they have no commitment other than to the performance itself. I sometimes feel that if one could only catch Henry Kissinger's eye he would, in Socrates' words, "be ashamed and falter."

Perhaps someone will now say—or think—that I am right because a rational head is useless and dangerous unless it is linked in the same body with a warm and loving heart. Such a person will have a name ready to apply to the man whose soul is rational but unsound. The name is: Technician. And after we hear the name we will be invited to conjure up images of energetic technological specialists who are slowly squeezing the heart out of human life and squeezing the life out of the earth we live on. And after that, we will hear about the old war between philosophy and poetry, or the more recent war between the sciences and the humanities, or the brand-new war between thinking types and feeling types. And, finally, we will be advised to abjure clear thinking and to take up sincere feeling instead. As an alternative to the man of rational but unsound soul, we are offered—not a man of sound and rational soul—but an irrational man.

I must confess to you what is already obvious: I find this view every bit as offensive and vicious as the arrogant posturing of the rational debator. The question at issue is whether head and heart are one thing or two. Let me assume for the moment that head and heart are distinct and separate, and sketch what I believe are the consequences of this view.

In the first place, it isolates the heart. I know it is fashionable to claim that real contact between humans occurs most reliably at the level of feeling and emotion, and fashionable to speak of the language of the heart. I do not believe there is much of a language there, for language is an intellectual phenomenon that puts its user into contact with universals, while feelings tend to be particular; at the very least, language moves in the sphere of the public while the so-called language of the heart tends to be private. And experience will not bear out the putative reliability of heart-felt sincerity as a bond between men. Where I live, in New Mexico, there are too many communes based on the ethic of total sincerity that have dissolved into theft and violence. Where I work, at St. John's College, there are too many articulate members of the love-generation who cordially despise each other.

If the heart is elevated into an autonomous principle, it becomes only a happy accident if it ever acts as a bond between men. For where hearts differ, there is on this view no reliable way to reach from

one to another. The road is then open to the most extreme form of ethical relativism, which is nothing other than no ethic at all. And where differences become intolerable, violence becomes the appropriate response. If head and heart are indeed separate, it is perfectly legitimate both for individuals and for great governments to speak one way and act another; we have all seen it.

In the second place, the same view empties the head of all significant content. When the activity of the intellect is taken as irrelevant to human concerns and commitments, there is then no real point to conversation about important matters. We may talk together in order to clarify our convictions and desires, but when differences are located in basic axioms or in fundamental definitions, talk is at end. It is astonishing to me that this view is frequently held even among people who have read Plato. I will not dwell on the other degradations to which, on this view, the head becomes subject. For this one alone, I confess, makes me gag with horror. I repeat it: It is the claim that conversation and discussion are appropriate for the solution of trivial problems, but inappropriate for vital ones.

A while ago I put the question whether head and heart are one or two. That was not a very accurate way of stating things. Insofar as they are clearly distinguishable they are clearly two. What I would like to be able to prove is that they are one in the sense that they are inseparable. To make a show of proving that is quite beyond my power, but I would like to share with you two sources which suggest powerfully that in the best sense, and in the best exercise, the powers of head and heart are indeed inseparable.

The first source is the ancient philosophers. Both Plato and Aristotle drew a sharp distinction between, on the one hand, a faculty of calculation and deduction, and, on the other hand, a higher power that somehow knows the world by contact and acquaintance. I propose to call the former by the name of rationality and the latter by the name of reason. The usage is unusual, because "rational" and "reasonable" are usually treated as synonyms. Insofar, we moderns have lost the ancient notion that reason is something more—and something more important—than logic, calculation, and record-keeping. Insofar, we have lost the very possibility of an exercise of reason that transcends both the barriers of private feeling and the masks of rationality in order to touch the world and to touch each other; we have lost the ability even to understand Aristotle's claim that "the primary objects of thought and desire are the same" (*Metaphysics,* XII,7), or his claim that "the soul is in a way all things" (*De Anima,* III,7).

The other source is a famous passage from Helen Keller's *Story of My Life* (Chapter IV). It records the awakening of a blind and deaf child to the intellectual realm of language and universals, and the relation between the awakening and something else that we usually regard as quite separate:

> One day, while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan (my teacher), put my big rag doll into my lap also, spelled "d-o-l-l" and tried to make me understand that "d-o-l-l" applied to both. Earlier in the day we had had a tussle over the words "m-u-g" and "w-a-t-e-r." Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon me that "m-u-g" is mug and that "w-a-t-e-r" is water, but I persisted in confounding the two. In despair she had dropped the subject for the time, only to renew it at the first opportunity. I became impatient at her repeated attempts and, seizing the new doll, I dashed it upon the floor. I was keenly delighted when I felt the fragments of the broken doll at my feet. Neither sorrow nor regret followed my passionate outburst. I had not loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I lived there was no strong sentiment or tenderness. I felt my teacher sweep the fragments to one side of the hearth, and I had a sense of satisfaction that the cause of my discomfort was removed.
>
> We walked down the path to the well-house . . . . Some one was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word water, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over

my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free!

As we returned to the house every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw everything with the strange, new sight that had come to me. On entering the door I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them together. Then my eyes filled with tears; for I realized what I had done, and for the first time I felt repentance and sorrow.

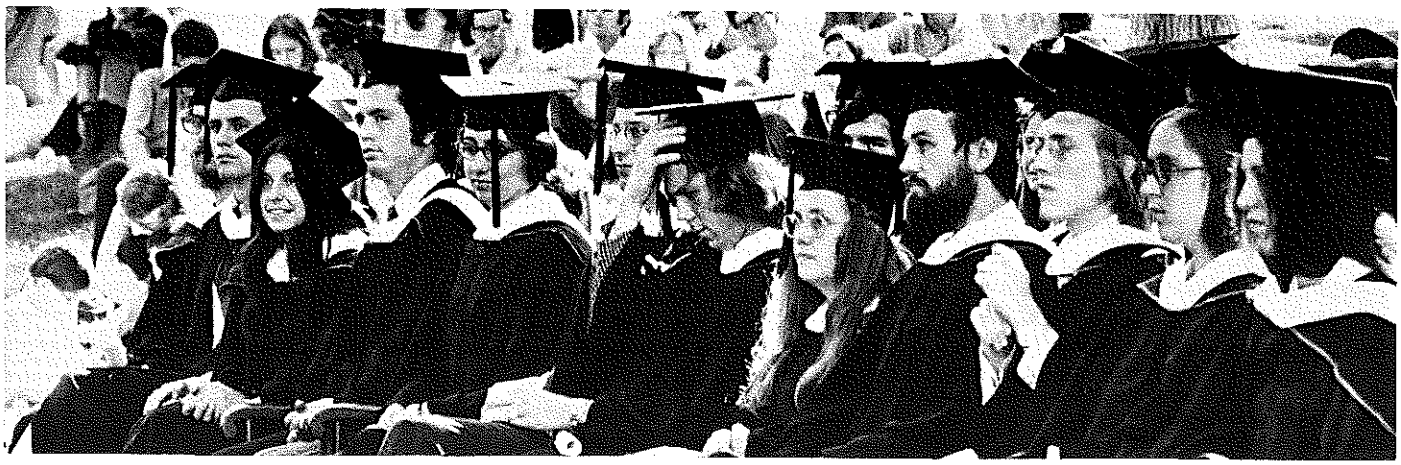
A sermon is covertly a testimonial of belief. Let me now summarize the belief I have been trying to express: There is such a thing as the reasonable; it is far more than the rational; and in the light of its exercise the distinction between logic and emotion is trivialized, and the distinction between self and other is joyfully eroded.

I began this discussion in the effort to find a name for what Aurelius called the rational but unsound soul. The name proposed was Technician; I have no better to offer. Perhaps it should be modified slightly to Mere Technician, but in my view the force of the word "mere" indicates that what is missing is not passion and heart as such, but reason.

Obviously the name for the man whose soul is both rational and sound is: Reasoner. It remains to find a model Reasoner. Marcus Aurelius might be proposed; he was after all a dutiful emperor and general who never lost sight of his problematic relation to others and to the univers. But I confess that the man we see in the *Meditations* is turned one degree too far inward for my taste. Perhaps, then, Socrates? Perhaps; but I wonder how far the Socrates of Plato's dialogues corresponds with historical reality. I think it likely that there is no model Reasoner except in idea; that is why Marcus Aurelius has occasion to note that even men who think they have sound and rational souls are men after all, so they fight and quarrel, and fail to be model Reasoners.

But the idea of the Reasoner is not on that account fictitious. I think it functions as a measure, which is the right way for ideas to function. For myself, I have come to know that idea, or to feel it (it makes no difference which word is used) primarily in my few years at St. John's. I can say that without a blush, knowing full well how much I, and my students, and my colleagues, and the institution as such, have all failed to measure up. It is to me a great gift to have some sense of the meaning of one's failure.

So I speak now as one failure to a whole group of failures, and I speak on behalf of all those other failures who have been your teachers and associates during the last four years. I hope that in the future the distinction between rationality and emotion will not be oppressive to you; I hope that the distinction between self and other will be cheerfully distant for you; and I hope that, although you go and I stay, sometimes you will catch my eye and I yours, and we will both be ashamed, and falter. Insofar as such things are ever possible, there is very high accomplishment and something worth celebrating. I hope your lives are full of such celebrations.



Craig Elzey

IOLA RIESS SCOFIELD

In these pages we honor the memory of Iola Scofield, who died on March 27th of this year. She will be remembered by alumni of the College and by her colleagues for her devotion to the ends that the College seeks to serve and for her careful attention to the needs and concerns of every student who made any claim upon her time. She will be remembered by all who knew her as delightful in conversation. We reproduce the remarks made by John Kieffer to the College community on April 7, 1972, and a sample of her own poems and drawings.

It is proper that in this hall where she and her husband were always present for the weekly lecture, we should pause to mourn the death of Iola Riess Scofield, a tutor on the faculty of St. John's College for thirteen years, but a member, and in a larger sense, a teaching member, of the St. John's Community for almost forty-five years. When she retired from active teaching the citation offered by the College saluted her as a "dedicated teacher" and this sometimes abused phrase was for her exactly right.

For her, teaching was a necessary part of that life of learning which had opened to her at the University of California, (then one of the great centers of learning of the world). She continued there teaching for eight years after graduation, meanwhile earning a Master of Arts degree and completing the course work for two doctorates, first in English and then in Philosophy. After a year abroad and two years teaching at New York University, she accompanied her husband, Richard, to St. John's in 1927.

The coming of the program initiated by Mssrs. Barr and Buchanan ten years later was a new stimulus to learning. As she herself has stated, she took every adult seminar and tutorial the College offered and she also taught in the adult program. A feminist, she saw no reason why women should not be appointed to the St. John's faculty. When the College became coeducational her arguments proved irresistible, and she at last gained the appointment she had so long desired.

As a teacher she demanded of her students the same high standards of study she had set for herself. Since the opportunity for a university education had been so precious to her, she could not understand that anyone could take his admission to St. John's lightly. So for her students she was exacting but painstaking and solicitous in her encouragement of their work.

I would not give the impression that she was a fussy schoolmistress. Her mind was sensitive and insightful and she had genuine wit. Her poems and drawings, published by the Collegian in 1965, reveal her gifts of imagination and humor. Perhaps above all she benefited from her life with Richard Scofield, learning from him and giving him in turn the intellectual companionship he needed.

Of her final contribution to Richard, caring for him through seven years of illness, and of her suffering from his death, one ought not to speak.

May we rise for a moment of silence.

Egypt

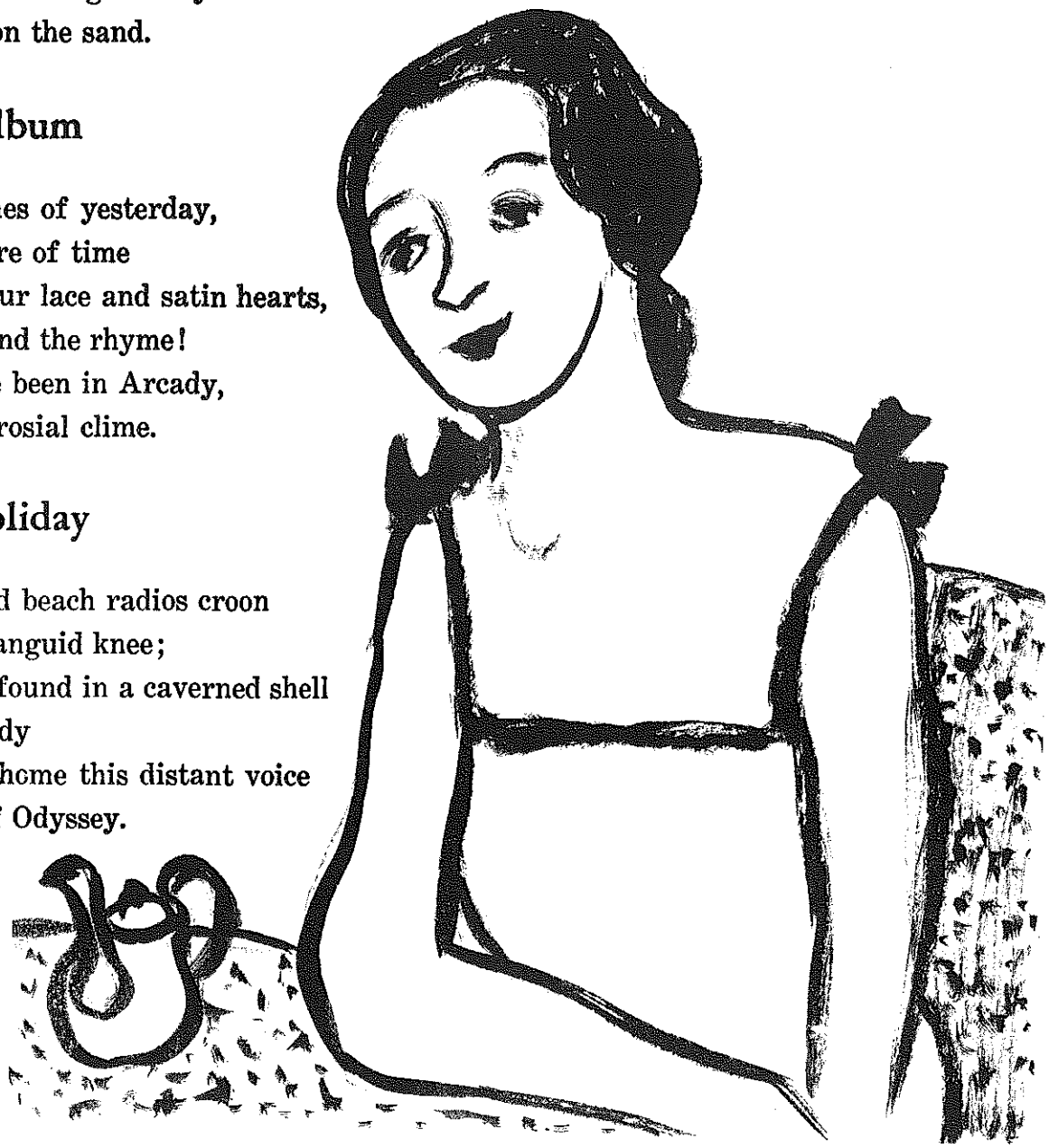
While pageantries of East or West
Fade from the ancient land,
These mortal mathematicals
As in the dawning stand,
Constructing their geometry
Of shadows on the sand.

Album

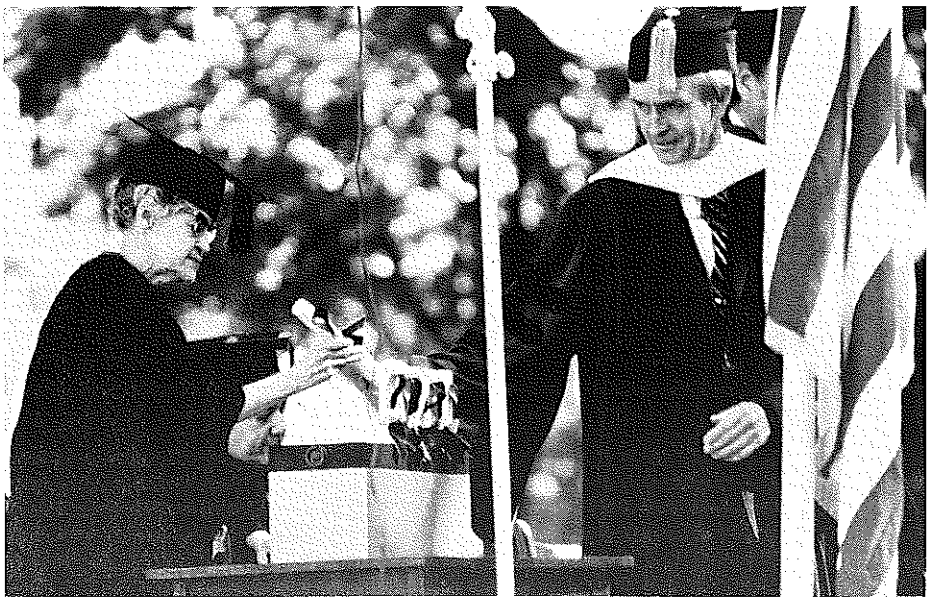
Ah, Valentines of yesterday,
The sullen fire of time
Consumes your lace and satin hearts,
The ribbon and the rhyme!
You too have been in Arcady,
Earth's ambrosial clime.

Holiday

On a crowded beach radios croon
By many a languid knee;
The boy has found in a caverned shell
Ocean's melody
And carries home this distant voice
That sings of Odyssey.



NEWS ON THE CAMPUSES



Charles Post

MIRIAM STRANGE

"What St. John's needs is an archivist."

Miriam Strange said this to Pat Parslow, who interviewed her in her column "Lady in the Limelight" in the *Evening Capital* for April 1, 1949. Now, twenty-three years later, the College has got the message. Mrs. Parslow had added the comment: "and it's very clear that if such a position were created, Miss Strange would gladly fill it – as she does unofficially now." And lo, this too has come to pass, and all her affectionate friends, alumni and all who know her, may greet her with the title which she has created for herself during those many years when she "unofficially" held the position.

An archivist's work has two aspects, and in both Miss Strange is abundantly qualified. One aspect is that the archivist must have an intimate knowledge of the purpose and structure of the instutition whose records he keeps. I can testify with authority about Miss Strange's fitness for this part of her job. So many times, as President or Dean, I have had to think hard to answer her exacting questions about the interpretation of a catalogue requirement, about how our laboratory classes might be rated in conventional terms for other colleges to evaluate, about whether the performance of a student satisfies the requirements for graduation. Her responsibility was not only to maintain an intelligible, accurate record of the educational performance of students, but also to interpret this record to other colleges, universities and accrediting agencies. Every change the Instruction Committee makes in the teaching programs has implications for the permanent account and with these the Instruction Committee rarely concerns itself; but Miss Strange does. After she has carefully explained to the Dean what is involved, he must make his decision, basing it on her meticulous marshalling of all the evidence. With experience like this her organized control of the archives cannot help but be total.

There is, however, the second, and much more important aspect of the archivist's work. The content and material of the archives are what it is all about. For a college this means the students and alumni, the faculty and the Board of Visitors and Governors, whose decisions control the life of the College. Miss Strange's contact with the individuals in all these categories has been marked by her cordiality, her deep interest in the person and the career of everyone who comes under her charge. How often visiting alumni have been welcomed by her and questioned about their family, their jobs and their fate in general. How often an alumnus returning perhaps after twenty years to revisit the campus and, uncertain whether anybody would remember him, has been thus warmly received and then ushered in to see the president and the dean, or taken down to the coffee shop to meet whoever of his former teachers might happen to be there. It is such a background that will convert the cold statistics of the archives into a warm and living soul, so to speak, of the College.

John Kieffer
Dean 1962-68

The time has come to let Miriam Strange emerge from the obscurity she has chosen to dwell in, to show her true stature, to make manifest what has for so long been her self-concealed charm. For all things high and precious it is not easy to find the proper words. It is not easy, therefore, to find the words to describe Miriam Strange and the influence she exerted. There has been no other person at St. John's who has worked with such zeal, such devotion, such conscientiousness for the good of the College.

Miriam Strange's work has been going on for almost forty-five years. In all these years she was always fully aware of what was happening at St. John's, what was helping to reach the College's educational goal and what was detracting from it. Her opinions, rarely uttered, but often enough noticed by those with whom she worked, subtly influenced the decisions that had to be made. Scott Buchanan — to mention the man insolubly linked to the College's destiny — must have known that better than anyone else.

What has been and is always most amazing is Miriam Strange's unique memory. She remembers everything that the College must know and has been told about every student: age, looks, place of birth, home of parents, what the student is doing after departing from St. John's, whatever has been said about the student by tutors or relatives or outsiders, what the student's successes or failures were. All the past of the College's life is Miriam Strange's ever-present horizon.

Her silent role at graduation exercises vividly symbolizes both her modesty and her indispensability.

Miriam Strange has now assumed a new position, that of College Archivist and Alumni Secretary, for which she is singularly well predisposed because of her intimate knowledge of the College's history and because the alumni, their interests and capabilities, their experiences and their desires, are more familiar to her than to anybody else.

June 30, 1972 *Jacob Klein*
Dean 1949-58

Library Benefit Enters Fourth Year

The Book and Author Luncheons, sponsored by the Library Associates of St. John's College in Santa Fe, have entered their fourth year. They provide interesting noontime programs for local citizens and extra funds for the College's library. Speakers at the 14th and 15th luncheons in April and May included James P. Shannon, former vice president of St. John's in Santa Fe and now a law school student; Nancy Wilson Ross, author of *The World of Zen* and *Three Ways of Asian Wisdom*; Bill Barker, Denver writer and television personality; gothic writer Phyllis Whitney; cultural anthropologist Edward T. Hall; and poet Drummond Hadley.

Richard Martin Stern, chairman of the Library Associates, is master of ceremonies for the successful programs held at Santa Fe's famous La Fonda hotel. Another series is planned for the fall.

Art Gallery Features Scholder Retrospective And Exhibition of Student–Faculty Work

Spring shows at the St. John's Gallery in Santa Fe included the first retrospective exhibition of the work of Fritz Scholder and the second annual student-faculty exhibition.

Mr. Scholder, one of the most popular and controversial contemporary American Indian artists, displayed paintings, drawings and prints from his personal collection in April. At the same time his work was featured in a special show at the Smithsonian Institution, and a book of his paintings, *Scholder/Indians*, had just been published by Northland Press. The student-faculty show winners included: Marilyn Henderson, thread arts division; Jim Nelson, pottery-sculpture; Alice Ericsson, painting-drawing; and J. R. Thompson, photography.

Trial By Johnny—The 1972 Annapolis Senior Prank

The Senior Prank—a traditional St. John's Rite of May—usually measures up to the expected criteria: joyous, clever, inexpensive, and a complete surprise to the rest of the College. Pranks of years past have occasionally invaded normal tutorial or lab times, but never before had a prank displaced the hallowed hours of a seminar night.

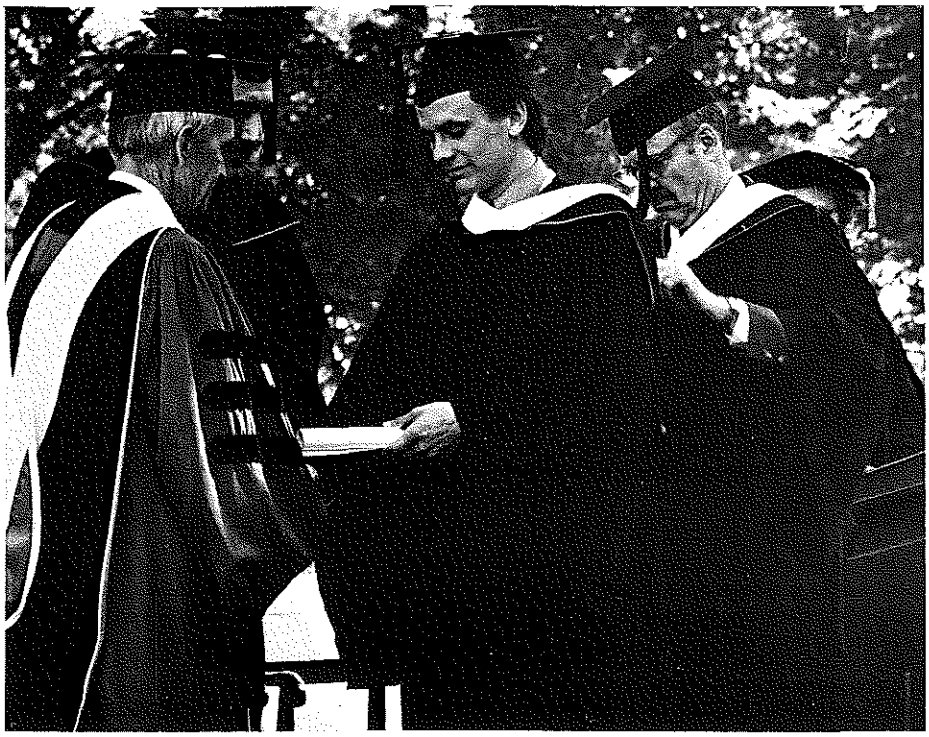
On the afternoon of Thursday, May 18, and during dinner, some students noticed a general absence

of seniors on campus. More definite suspicions were aroused shortly before seminar time when certain seniors were observed descending on ropes from second-floor seminar rooms. Everyone discovered that the seminar room doors all over campus had been firmly sealed from the inside. A notice outside each door announced that a senior oral examination of Michael Green would be held that evening in the Auditorium.

The "oral examination" turned out to be *Trial by Johnny,* an adaptation of the similarly titled Gilbert and Sullivan opus. The role of Michael Green was sung by Harold Koenig, while the real Michael Green played the portrait of King William. (The set, it should be explained, was a replica of the King William Room.) Christel Stevens played Miss Barbara Leonard, Grant Wiggins the part of Dean Goldwin, Randy Campbell, Jimmy Burress, and Nancy Willis had the roles of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Tutors, Dana Netherton played Mortimer Adler, and Tod Donahue the 1st Midshipman. The remaining seniors sang in the choruses of Amorous Midshipmen and Johnny Women.

The most astonishing part of the whole production was the seniors' success in bringing it to perfection in total secrecy. They wrote the libretto, built the set, and rehearsed this "Dramatic Cantata in One Act" without divulging a single word of what they were doing.

The libretto of *Trial by Johnny* and *Seminar of the Air* (a Real Olympic spoof of the forthcoming television seminars) was subsequently printed by *The Collegian,* the students' weekly newspaper. Copies, while they last, may be obtained by sending $1.00 to *The Collegian,* St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland 21404.



Craig C. Elzey

Plan Under Study For Regional Alumni Associations

St. John's College needs a structure of alumni groups that would serve the mutual interests of its widely scattered alumni from its two remotely separated campuses.

One suggestion is to create regional alumni associations (clubs, chapters) wherever a sufficient number of interested alumni could be brought together. Each of these groups would have the responsibilities and powers now exercised by the St. John's College Alumni Association, which serves so well the Annapolis area: to solicit members, collect dues, elect officers and directors, determine organization budgets, plan programs for the support of the College's educational mission, and nominate Alumni Members for election to the Board of Visitors and Governors.

An Alumni Council composed of representatives from each of the regional associations could provide the overall coordination when needed. The College, of course, would furnish administrative and mechanical assistance to each association in much the same way as it now does for the Annapolis group.

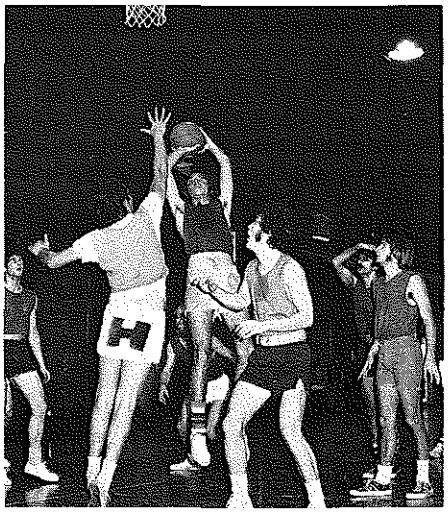
President Richard D. Weigle and Provost Paul Newland would welcome suggestions on how to accomplish the general objective: to strengthen the impact of St. John's College in various centers across the country by the creation of mutually supportive and equal centers of alumni activity.

At left, Thomas Ascik, author and conductor of "Trial by Johnny", receives his diploma.

JACOBSEN HONORED

Tutor and Director of Athletics *Bryce D. Jacobsen '42* this spring was given recognition on the tenth anniversary of the current intramural athletic program.

Inspired by a student petition, the Board of Visitors and Governors, in an appropriate resolution, commended Mr. Jacobsen for the program which he devised, and for



James Grady

the leadership which he has displayed in administering it.

As an additional honor, Mr. Jacobsen, his wife, and their two grandsons were the guests of the student body at a Baltimore Oriole home baseball game. While there they met both All-Star third baseman Brooks Robinson and first baseman John (Boog) Powell.

Tickets for the occasion were presented to Mr. Jacobsen in a surprise ceremony at the last softball game of the year. Miss Barbara Leonard, representing Provost Paul D. Newland, made the presentation.

HOMECOMING 1972

October 13-14, 1972, will be the time for reunions for all decade classes: 1912, 1922, 1932, 1942, 1952, 1962, as well as the Silver Anniversary class, 1947, and the five-years class, 1967. That will also be the time of Homecoming in Annapolis.

And if you want to stay in town on Friday or Saturday night, make your hotel or motel reservations NOW; there is to be a large yacht show in Annapolis that week-end, and rooms will be at a premium. The Alumni Office will be glad to help if you act quickly; we cannot guarantee miracles if you wait until September.

NOTICE

Nominations for the 1972 Alumni Award of Merit are now in order, Alumni Association president William R. Tilles has announced. All nominations should reach the Alumni Office in Annapolis before September 6th, and should contain sufficient biographical data to substantiate the nomination.

The Award, up to three of which may be given each year, is made at the discretion of the Association directors to an alumnus for "distinguished and meritorious service to the United States or to his native state or to St. John's College, or for outstanding achievement in his chosen field."

CLASS NOTES

1921

LtGen *Milton G. Baker,* retired from his position as Superintendent of the Valley Forge Military Academy and Junior College, continues as President of the Board and of the Foundation.

1929

On April 1st *John W. Boucher* ("Long John" of lacrosse fame) retired from his position as regional manager for the Pepsi-Cola Company in Birmingham, Ala. In a recent visit to the Annapolis campus, he revealed his plans to renew his teaching credentials in preparation for entering secondary school teaching.

Dr. *Eugene N. Cozzolino* was elected to membership on the Board of Visitors and Governors of the College, for a three-year term which began in May. He is one of six members elected by the Alumni of the College. Gene and his wife Barbara, parents of *Robert G. Cozzolino* '63, live in Woodbridge, Conn.

William A. Gross, Jr. brought more than 40 years of Federal service to a close when he retired in February. At that time he was chief of the Automotive Division of the Materiel Testing Directorate, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. Bill spent his entire career at Aberdeen, starting as a laboratory assistant and gaining national recognition for his work in automotive testing.

1937

One of the by-products of the Annual Giving Campaign is the information we receive from class captains about their classmates. A case in point is a letter from *Asbury Lee III,* sent along by *Marcus Smith.* Asbury is president of the Clearfield Bank and Trust Company, Clearfield, Pa. He and his wife, the former Sally Hoffman, have six children and six grandchildren. (For classmates, Sally was the girl Asbury was 'courting' while he was at St. John's.) We were pleased to note that, although Asbury graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, he really feels much closer to St. John's.

1941

Another alumnus elected to the Board of Visitors and Governors this spring was *Victor G. Bloede, III,* chairman of Benton and Bowles, a New York advertising agency. Vic was vice president and copy chief of French and Preston of New York before joining Benton and Bowles in 1950.

1943

The old Oconomowoc flash, *A. Scott Abbott,* has embarked on a new career. Since late last year Scott and his wife Kate have been living in Mt. Edgecumbe, Alaska, where he is teaching high school for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. He writes that his students are wonderful, although teaching is different from what he did at college level. The Abbotts are enjoying their proximity to Sitka, apparently quite a cultural center, where many people remember Michael Ossorgin with great fondness.

1950

On April 6th *John L. Williams* and his wife, India, held a reception at their home in Kentfield, Ca., for President and Mrs. Weigle. Alumni in attendance were *Stephen W. Cantor* '63, *Edward B. Cochran* '44, *Sanford Feman* '64, *Stephen Fineberg* '64, Mr. & Mrs. *Bruce F. Glaspell* S72, Mr. & Mrs. *Philip Holt* '69, *Kieran C. Manjarrez* S68, *J. Morrow* and *Carol (Dimit) Otis* '63-'64, Mr. & Mrs. *Pasquale L. Polillo* '56, Mr. & Mrs. *Robert N. Sperber* '50, Mr. & Mrs. *Michael V. Trownsell* '60. Also present and honoring the Weigles were Mr. & Mrs. Chapman Burk, Dr. F. M. Hinkhouse, Alan Fox, Susie Weigel, and Mr. & Mrs. James C. Mackey, parents of *Susan J. Mackey* '72.

1954

Last winter *Bernard E. Jacob* became a member of the law firm of Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver, and Jacobson of New York.

1955

James W. Stone reports that he received a Ph.D. degree in linguistics last fall from the University of California at Berkeley. He still supervises the teaching of South Asian languages at the Foreign Service Institute of the State Department.

1958

Thomas S. Yoon is serving as a special assistant to the Speaker of the Korea National Assembly on Parliamentary Affairs. For some time, Tom has lectured in philosophy at the Far Eastern Division of the University of Maryland. For classmates, Tom's address is #106-13 Hoekidong, Dongdai mun-Ku, Seoul, Korea.

1961

Harrison Sheppard writes that he is now living in the Seattle area (Vason, Wash.) where he is Assistant Regional Director of the Federal Trade Commission's Northwestern Regional Office.

Stephen Morrow is taking a year's leave of absence from United Press International in order "to learn a modern language or two."

Under the head of 'sloppy reporting' in the April issue, we attributed a number of things to *David P. Rosenfield* which are incorrect. Item: the young lady with Dave last fall was *not* his wife; he is "happily unmarried." Item: the correct name of his other alma mater is the Wheaton School of Commerce and Accounts. Our apologies for our errors. Meanwhile, Dave suffered a heart attack in December, and was (April) in the "late stages of recuperation." We wish him well.

1962

A good letter from *Edward C. Green* tells us that he is working in Baltimore as a psychiatric social worker in the Cherry Hill office of the Inner City Community Mental Health Program. *Pali* is currently housewife-mothering Sanya, 9, Lianne, 8, and Nona, 3, but Ned thinks she looks forward to further education, perhaps in psychology. They both hope to see lots of '62-ers at their tenth reunion at Homecoming.

1963

Our former managing editor, Mary Felter, called our attention to the catalog of the Catonsville (Md.) Community College, wherein *Alan Dorfman* is listed as an assistant professor of mathematics.

Another lawyer is working his way up in the legal world: *J. Morrow Otis* on January 1st became a member of the firm of Cotton, Seligman and Ray in San Francisco.

Jed R. Stampleman and his wife Suzel are the proud parents of a son, Luc Jeffrey, born last November.

1964

Peter H. Crippen (see April issue) is in Nigeria, with his wife and son, as an employee of the U. S. Public Health Service, working with USAID on mass immunization programs and infectious disease surveillance. Peter covers the three eastern cities of Nigeria, working out of Enugu.

Jeremy Leven and his wife Linda became the parents of Zachary John on March 16th, which happens to be the birthday of daughter Zoe. Jeremy works for *John Bremer* (MA '58), academic dean of Newton College, where Jeremy is an assistant professor of education in the Institute of Open Education.

Pierre de la R. du Prey and his wife, *Julia (Busser)* '66, stopped in the Alumni Office for a short but delightful visit this spring. He is teaching art history at Queens College, Kingston, Ontario; Julia is studying voice.

Also in Canada, but a distance from the du Preys, is *David E. Rasmussen.* Dave, his wife Tamara, and son Aran, live in Meat Cove on Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. He is teaching school there, and writes that he lacks only completion of his dissertation for an Ed.D. degree from Harvard Graduate School of Education.

1966

Ian M. Harris, whom some remember as hobbling through his commencement exercise on crutches, has been teaching science at an alternative high school in Philadelphia, the School for Human Services. In April he passed his doctoral comprehensive examinations at Temple University, and plans an early start on his dissertation. He will work this summer under a grant from the Philadelphia School District, developing an urban high school curriculum entitled "Science for Survival."

Christopher Hodgkin has taken a position as business manager of the Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Somewhat late, because we were late finding out about it, we announce the wedding, in Great Hall on February 2nd, of *Susan Kennedy* and Alan Hile, Jr., a graduate of the University of Virginia. The Rev. J. Winfree Smith, also a graduate of 'The University', officiated at the ceremony.

1967

A very newsy letter from *Helen (Hobart) Feeley* brings us up to date on her activities since graduation: she taught school in San Francisco for a year, then spent 2½ years hitch-hiking around the world. In Hong Kong she met her English husband, and they were married in March of 1971. She spent three months in Greece, a "devastating six months in India and Ceylon", then taught English in Japan for three months. Helen points out that this latter activity is a good opportunity for St. Johnnies. In England for at least another four years, she and her husband are doing academic work, he toward a B.Ed. degree, she in social work.

In this day of non-involvement, it is rare indeed when a private citizen is willing to help maintain law and order.

Last winter, in downtown Annapolis, *Robert A. Heiniger* witnessed a purse-snatching, and pursued and apprehended the suspect. The Annapolis City Council recognized Bob's action with a certificate of merit. Our admiration, and congratulations, to you, Bob.

Nancy (Zimmerman) and Gregory Scott asked that we let their friends know of the death, of serum hepititis, of their eight-month-old son, Albert Jolyon, last August. When Nancy wrote in April, she was expecting another child the following month. We join the Scott's many friends in both sympathy and wishes for great joy.

1968

Bettina Briggs (SF), last reported in these pages a year ago when she graduated in law from Boston University, passed her Massachusetts Bar examination during the winter.

Linda Jean Farrell (SF) writes that she is now married to John Sanders, and is living in Gainesville, Fla. She received a B.A. degree in psychology last August. She, John, and their daughter Charlotte "live out in the woods and try to do as much exploring of all sorts" as they can.

Thomas G. Keens (SF), in his senior year at the University of California, San Diego, School of Medicine, has been involved in emphysema and chronic bronchitis research for the past two-and-one-half years. In April Tom presented a well-received paper on his research at the national meeting of the American Federation of Clinical Research. He has also served as a member of the San Diego and Imperial Counties Board of Directors of the National Tuberculosis and Respiratory Disease Association.

David I. Moss (SF), about whom we wrote in the April 1970 issue, now works for Key-Rec in Dayton, Ohio, where he is also continuing his studies in conceptual design. The April issue of the National Jewish Monthly featured David's work designing and painting *ketubot* — hand-painted marriage contracts — for his friends, and for friends of friends.

1969

Also from Ian Harris, we learn that *Linda (Torcaso) Bernstein* has finished law school at the University of Pennsylvania, while husband *Mark* has completed his second year. Mark's major achievement, Ian writes, has been in his work for Senator McGovern in the Philadelphia area.

Maya Hasegawa has been working as a temporary office worker in Richmond, Va., and has also been working for Senator McGovern. She was elected a delegate to the Virginia State Democratic Convention. In September Maya will join the first class of the new Antioch Law School in Washington, D. C. She also writes that sister *Kimi* '73 is in Tokyo studying Japanese and the Japanese flute.

Michael J. Hodgett (SF) received the Bronze Star medal while serving as a security clerk with the U. S. Army Medical Command in Vietnam this past spring. He has since been discharged, and is employed at a bank in Santa Fe.

1970

SP/4 *David D. Cicia*, a graduate of the National Defense Institute in Monterey, Ca., as a specialist in Russian language, is now stationed in Germany. We are grateful to his father for this information.

Jeffrey D. Friedman is working toward an M.A. degree in the Philosophy Department of The Hebrew University, Jerusalem. In his spare time he is studying the Talmud with *Harry Sinoff* '74. Jeff hopes to see *Steve and Nancy (Goldwin) Harvey* '70-'68 in Israel this summer. Jeff is very anxious to enter into a discussion, with anyone, of the relation between Jewish and Western thought, especially regarding liberal education. (A third St. John's in Israel?)

1971

Maya Narayan Contractor (SF) and *Jonathan L. Brewer* (SF) were married last March at Shree Gurudev Ashram, Ganesch Puri, in India, in a traditional Hindu ceremony. After a brief honeymoon, the Brewers were to go to Thailand, where Jonathan is to teach English and English literature at Phet Buri, near Bangkok.

As a brief follow-up to our April report of the planned wedding of *Jane Sarah Goldwin* to Donald K. Bandler: the wedding took place on March 24th in the Paris suburb of St. Maur. The Bandlers had the distinction of being the first Americans to be married in that town.

Bonnie Louise Gage (SF) is now a staff assistant at The White House; perhaps this balances out all the McGovern workers mentioned earlier.

1972

Information from his mother reveals that summer graduate *David H. Carey* will be studying at the Gregorian University in Rome until 1975.

Christine (Ferrarini) Constantine has been appointed to the newly-created position of Development Intern on the Annapolis campus. In this job Chris will help with almost all phases of the work of the Development Office.

In Memoriam

1906 - Elmer G. Parsly, New York, N. Y., March 12, 1972.

1907 - Charles E. Tilghman, Salisbury, Md., May 23, 1972.

1909 - Christian F. W. Dammeyer, Annapolis, Md., June 6, 1972.

1910 - Isaac B. Jones, Washington, D. C., January 1972.

1911 - Henry L. Johnson, Cambridge, Md., March 19, 1972.

1913 - Edgar A. Jones, Princess Anne, Md., May 1, 1972.

1918 - W. Duncan Deringer, Chestertown, Md., April 9, 1972.

1919 - Herbert E. Fankhanel, Baltimore, Md., April 21, 1972.

1920 - Garland G. Brown, M.D., Chicago, Ill., December 29, 1971.

1928 - Col. Charles D. Wiegand, Fort Collins, Col., March 7, 1972.

1929 - Hyman Schiff, M.D., Baltimore, Md., April 26, 1972.

1931 - H. H. MacDonald, Oakland, Cal., April 12, 1972.

1931 - Leonard H. McGlincy, Bridgeport, N. J., January 1972.

1934 - Edmund P. Wells, Augusta, Me., May 21, 1972.

1972 - Mordecai Gist Welling, Jr., Annapolis, Md., June 28, 1972.

Craig C. Elzey

Recessional closing the 1972 Commencement at Annapolis. The Tutors moving toward the camera are, from left, Mr. Klein, Mr. Smith, Miss Fletcher, Mr. Bart, Mr. McGrath, Mr. Thoms, Mr. Sparrow, and Mr. Allanbrook.

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

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