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Silk screen designs by Sam Larcombe
The cover quotation is from an unpublished poem by Jim Walker
EDITORIAL

It was not a good year. But let us be wary of fixing blame. We have had too much of that already--blame itself has helped to corrupt these last nine months. Blame, and accusation, has corrupted even our language, depriving us of every word unleashed in childish sophistry.

Weary, unsatisfied, perhaps embittered, having a short summer only before the possibly ominous sounds of "Convocatum Est", we seem to have little to look forward to. Yet I offer another possibility. Unfortunately, it is not nearly as easy as the flaccid bickering which has characterized our past associations here, but, ultimately, it is much easier on ourselves.

It is, put simply, the awareness of distinction between the self and the other, the recognition of what one can and cannot have and do.

This sounds hopelessly vague, I know, but try looking at a thing--a leaf--for an hour, try listening to a conversation for an hour; then begin to draw the leaf, write down the talk. And then (and you cannot try to do this) that unwieldy concern with the self alone may diminish and you may begin to understand that most of what you have been occupied with is not worth a damn.

Amour-propre does not work.

Another year of self-righteousness will not work.

Let us begin the avoidance of failure first by the cessation of all accusation; then let us try to look and to listen. We--students and faculty--should either begin this at once, or agree to close the school, for St. John's must of necessity be much more than a mere "academic" institution.
POEM

(Death, he says, is no mean grave,
sinking both brave and less with equal grace.)

Strange John whispers immortality in my ear,
crossing the room from Peter's bed.
Achilles takes the sword above his head
and dancing fiercely strikes the eye of God dead.

Eye, mind, heart, the wind scatters brains apart,
collecting breaths for turning waves against the rocks,
then blows itself away.

(he wonders if the dirt seeks our deaths or
just accommodates its guests)

W. R. Butler

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TRIBUTE TO ALICE

"There's a tradition that Lewis Carroll wrote Alice in Wonderland as an allegory for the St. John's program," Mr. Rogers confided deadpan, "and that's why it is fitting that the final seminar is devoted to this book."

His irony, a shade too pronounced, marked a departure for the sake of setting guidelines to replay the classical finale by which the Founding Fathers used to wind up the Program.

After a cautious reconnaissance, fielding untenable and ribald suggestions, Mr. Rogers, still unwontedly tendentious, assuming a manner of a down-to-earth clod expressing commonplaces, said, "The rabbit pulling a watch out of his waistcoat is the sacrificial hare calling attention to Time, dark Time. So Alice pitches into the rabbit hole after him, recalling the descent into the Cave, a theme recurrent through the four years: Ulysses' descent to Hades, Virgil's account of Aeneas' golden bough, Dante, Don Quixote in Montesino's cave, and the Freshman tumbling through the first year."

"But when does the Freshman land on his two feet?" demanded gangling, red-faced Moore who always spoke too loudly, eager to give voice to promptings which had just presented themselves to him.

"Only when he is a freshman no more. The metamorphosis of a fumbling, bungling, overloud and inarticulate freshman into an urbane, graceful, supercilious senior is remarkable to behold, and with a master set of keys in his mitt too."

Serious, sedate Nesbit, hitherto glum, to whom a forlorn melancholy clung, said in his precise manner, which often carried a hint of remonstrance, "All the doors are locked except the one which is too small. That's when Alice wants to enter the paradisal gardens."

As he paused momentarily, Thorpe, intense, nervous, leaning forward on the table, was first with a retort, "Exclusion is a key theme here. Being locked out can be as painful as being boxed in, and is tied up with the question of measure."

The class as ever was aware of contrasts in voice and intonation: Mr. Rogers, with solid aplomb, assured, finding the words he wanted effortlessly, expansive, eliciting the response of wit and energy; Nesbit, dry laconic, apt to sound a trifle offended; Thorpe, glib, polished, fluent, ready to take on any argument
and others, Moore, gangling, ebullient, sometimes thoughtlessly blurting out fragments of sentences, and again making a lucky hit; Spitz, aloof, slightly bored, disinclined to speak, regarding the more garrulous disdainfully, preferring cutting asides. Underneath the courteous ceremony, dislikes smoldered: Thorpe ridiculed Klein's struggle for the right expression; raw, impatient Klein hated Nesbit's hauteur; Nesbit despised Moore's uncontrolled outbursts; A few seemed to sit apart, some apparently hugely enjoying every sally, others sunk in private daydreams.

"Carroll's exercise in projective geometry makes Alice 3 inches high one minute and 9 feet tall another is playing with the notion of adapting to scale," announced Thorpe with an air of one putting the capstone on the edifice, and he looked around as though taken off guard when Nesbit said drily,

"I took Alice's variations in height to be the doctrine of man the measure in operation. When there are no standards, Alice never stays the same size, which puts her at a distinct disadvantage when it comes to sizing up anything."

His points were always allowed but his dry manner subdued all but Moore who burst out, "Remember in Rabelais, sometimes Gargantua is man-size, and then again he looms up as a giant."

The co-leader Hoover, well-schooled, well-tailored, his look a trifle severe behind horn-rimmed glasses, listening doggedly, gave the impression of storing a reservoir of secret reflections.

"Such alterations lead Alice to wonder about her identity: is she herself, or somebody else? And she spends a good deal of time trying to find out who she is, as she is called upon to answer that pointed question several times, and to say where she is going. Maybe you have a better idea, but I take the violent changes to reflect the uncertainty you experience in encountering big minds. When a freshman reads Plato, he puts his hand on his head to feel how fast he is growing. Maybe the access of power makes him too big for his pants, and 9 feet tall, he is larger than life. The campus reduces to the size of Lilliput, much too small for him."

"My reading," responded Thorpe promptly, "is that we're all sizing up the environment all the time and seeing how we fit in. And you never do find out. You hobnob with big minds and big talk, and all the time you're still mostly potential wondering if you're going to actualize."

"That's a good description of how we feel when you start talking," Spitz muttered so that not many heard. Thorpe flashed him a dark look.
"Mr. Thorpe's made an important point there," Mr. Rogers offered soothingly. "Tutors and students are forever engaged in reassessments, and guilty of misgauging often enough. Sometimes you feel you come up no higher than everybody's shins. You pipe up to looks of contempt and disgust, or maybe sheer boredom and everyone shouts you down. When you munch on the other side of the mushroom, you go through the opposite soaring phase of polishing off every Friday lecturer as an intellectual huckster with an old bag of apples. You can usually tell by the looks of upperclassmen when this swagger of superiority is on them. You had to dust off the clouds lest they bump their heads."

"Aw come on, Ned," shouted Moore, "now you're taking an invidious tone" (an accusation which had been directed at him in a prior seminar". He beamed and looked around.

"Well, the tragic hero finally recognized who he is," Hoover recited dutifully, "and I was thinking that we ought to ask each senior when we hand him his diploma, 'Do you know who you are, and where you are going?'"

"And if he answers unhesitatingly, withhold the diploma. Is that the idea?" asked Spitz quietly.

"O we're not as malicious as all that. No, that's one question the candidate should be able to answer, perhaps not when he shakes off the dust of the campus from his heels," Hoover conceded, "but not too long thereafter."

Then the seminar sagged. A vital spark had been momentarily extinguished, and hoping to rekindle the sacred flame, Mr. Rogers found the guideline again.

"The caucus race is the seminar where everybody starts out just at any point they want. After 2 hours the race is declared over and everybody wins."

"The March Hare's tea party is another image of the seminar," Thorpe offered eagerly, glancing to see whether he had everyone's attention. "Correct me if I'm wrong, but the March Hare, the Mad Hatter and the Dormouse are the three seminar leaders. They give short answers and have a crazy logic of their own, and no practical sense. They claim there is no room, although the table is large, and they are all crowded at one corner."

Moore interrupted, and was hushed up.

"That's how the seminar leader drives the discussion in a corner. The Book opens up horizons, but he cabins and confines the enquiry, and poses questions like, Why is a raven like a writing desk? And the Dormouse is the third seminar leader, the one who sleeps through all the talk."
"And drawing a picture of muchness is obviously an allusion to the Aristotelian categories," suggest Klein feeling enlivened.

"How about the duchess nursing the pig?"

"The Admissions Officer coddling the freshman?" asked Spitz.

"No, no, that's a play on the theme of growth," Thorpe offered. "A baby is potentially a rational animal, but the duchess mistakes the natural potentiality, jumps the genera, wants to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, which of course is what Education is all about."

"And the grin on the Cheshire cat?"

"Can I answer that one?" asked Mr. Rogers. "The sense of mockery inherent in all human effort. Can be very disconcerting. You imagine you are being cogent, making a good point, and there's the wide grin. At least three times a semester I have the uncanny sense that the grinning cat is making me out to be a fool not to see myself as others see me - and I dread that revelation."

"So you ended up in a pool of tears, eh?

"Drowning in maudlin self-pity," replied Mr. Rogers stoically, as though commenting with detachment on some remote topic, "suffering from a keen sense of frustration. That's the howl you let up over everyone else's inadequacy."

Fordham, moved by Mr. Roger's confessional mood, added another indictment in subdued voice, "You invited us to dance to the rhythm of the lobster quadrille. Will you, won't you, will you, won't you join the dance? Then you struck us with the schoolmaster's cane. You did a jig and struck again."

"All animals are pretty friendly, aren't they?" asked Spitz. "It's a safe universe, with little real danger."

"But the gentle cat that Alice loves is seen as a nasty, spiteful creature, a Fury who persecutes and condemns the mouse to death," Nesbit pointed out.

"Because values are turned upside down," said Hoover promptly. "And Alice, being young, is rather self-important, proud of her convictions, few of which she has learned first-hand. And she is discovering that some creatures live by other rules. Wonderland has its own set of rules, which seems absurd to her. She is astonished to discover no one shares her viewpoint."

Thorpe, listening intently, transmitted the spark. "until Alice tumbles into the Underworld, she is living in a prim,
tidy, self-contained universe where all truths are self-evident, reality is clear and distinct, and everything makes sense. Down she goes in this bizarre world, where she is head over heels: upper-world truths have become absurd, and its facts fictions. The denizens of Wonderland move about with assurance because they only know one world, but Alice is shaken up because, with the transition from the local familiar to the outlandish, values do a somersault."

"The theme is perhaps handled more adroitly in Don Quixote," intoned Hoover heavily, "where the two worlds blend. In Alice they are apart. Don Quixote makes the familiar sun-baked Spanish landscape his Wonderland complete with giants, magicians and beautiful damsels. His truths are absurdities to Sancho, his reality a wild fiction, and yet believable, and so they get on together."

"But are you saying, Mr. Hoover," inquired Klein apprehensively, "that the Saint Johnnie tumbles through the Program and his old, familiar world is shot through with light: he gets a new set of values totally at variance with the ones he enjoyed before?"

Not totally. Some old values may collide and break, just as in Shakespearean comedy, there is a clash between Court and Garden, each turns thumbs down on the others and ultimately they are reconciled: the essence of Comedy is a hero equally at home in both worlds, each of which is the best of all possible as long as he is alive in it."

"But Alice never really accepts the absurdity, does she?" asked Fordham. "She finds their ways silly and wishes they'd be more sensible."

"One has to protest against madcap behavior," and Hoover's severe tone revealed him as an upright moralist. "You have to say, 'I'm Alice and I regard such conduct as inadmissible.' O, she accepts it all the way children do, very gravely." We felt his own toddler must be present to his mind as he spoke. "Her protest is far different from the radical rejection of Ivan Karamazov, much milder, more plaintive."

"But Alice hasn't really changed, has she?" asked Nesbit. A faint disillusion tinted his question. "She's the same Alice as the one who fell in, isn't she?"

"Perhaps that's why the story ends with a trial, Who stole the tarts? There is to be an inquiry about who's being nourished at whose expense."

"We go about our own final examinations more pompously," Mr. Rogers added in his matter-of-fact tone, "but in the long run, our efforts add up to the same measure of solemn confusion."
"What do you make of that cryptic verse the White Rabbit reads?"

"Confusion of relationships, mystery about identity, and She turns out to be not the princess in the fairy tale, but the ferocious queen who throws a fit - well, she really throws an inkstand at the lizard. That's the danger. Instead of offering him the inkstand to keep the records, she has an outburst of frenzy. Rhetoric and poetry and emotional ferment are feminine, and with the mad Duchess crying, 'Off with her head,' the uncoordinated passionate principle gets out of control. That's what tutors dread most of all."

"I'm sorry," roared Moore stubbornly, "I didn't follow why the story concludes with a trial."

"Jurisprudence in action," rejoined Thorpe with alacrity. "A society depends upon its laws, as Socrates explained to Crito, and here not only Law but Justice is lampooned."

"Well, we've all filed up the stairs," suggested Nesbit, "and sat as jurors, passing the Great Books in review, listening to coffee house testimony and bringing in a verdict. But nothing sticks, everything slides and wobbles and wheels upside down. No one agrees about what is vital, sound, relevant, and standard," he concluded sadly, even bitterly.

"O come, come, Mr. Nesbit," remonstrated Mr. Rogers. "Amongst good men and true, don't you find some consensus? Well, I take Wonderland to be one more compressed and slightly lopsided image of the always expanding world where you can wander dazed and lost, or be free. And I think Lewis Carroll is saying it is an essentially comic Grand Duchy, autocratic, completely mad, but a happy world to know."

And again, everyone felt, out of the menacing darkness and troubled din, a sense of having been awarded a strong solace, feeling an exaltation in the sense that mighty intellects of earth could rouse the spirit, cut through tangled brake and reveal a sure path out of the wilderness.

Signs of restlessness were apparent as the hour swung past ten. A few had closed their books, the seminar leaders exchanged glances noticing an impatience in some to spring to their feet.

Fordham said laughing, "Here we are in a lighthearted vein winding up the final seminar, and that was Ford Brown's serio-comic tone in our very first seminar on Homer."

"Confess, Fordham," Moore said to him, "you wanted to walk out of here with a big package containing all the Answers neatly wrapped up, with a ribbon on top, wasn't that it?"
Chairs were being pushed back, feet scuffling, a few sighs offered, and mouths watering for the post-seminar coffee-room milk and pie. "At least I wanted to hear that haunting sound in my ears," Fordham confessed wryly, "like the sound of flutes and bagpipes in the ears of the Corybantes."
Daguerreotypes. In the evening
Life is splintered, buried
In sand. At the beach
Your striped swim suit,
Bicycle spokes, handlebars,
A ferris wheel above the
Palisades, sand pours in your shoe.
At home, the leaves are cold.

In Florida, a spring
Gurgles, rushes through brass
And copper pipes to a
Marble seashell muddy
At the edges, flows
Over swampmoss, leaks
To the sea. Deeply
In the stone, a sediment
Collects the silt
Of our youth.

And the flames, Que?
Golden as his kept lips,
The helmet plunges
Heavy as sails, the sun
Arches where moons
Calm the swamps, a star
Explodes, its still corona
Warms the fertile grave.

On the road, a frog
Shot by a beebee
Dead beside my sneaker,
Guts streaming out, the reeds
Sway, hiding it, you
Were there, wearing I
Think my clothes, and
From the apple tree's top
Saw a raven swoop,
Flinging it, thrusting
An ivory beak; and the black
Box crash against the rocks.

Ken Kronberg
The three laws of both Newton and Descartes are divisible into laws of cause and laws of conservation of momentum. The first two laws of Newton and of Descartes define the natural state of bodies and the cause of change of this state. The third law of Newton describes the conservation of momentum of interacting bodies such as those mentioned in Descartes' third law. The laws of both actually describe the causes of motion and rest in bodies as well as the interaction of bodies acting as forces themselves.

Although the first law of Newton and of Descartes appear to refer to the cause of change of the natural state of a body, they really refer to the cause of this natural state. For can any body be thought of as persevering in the same state of rest or of motion in a straight line from all eternity? Can we not think of any body whether at rest or in motion as having arrived at its present state because of forces impressed upon it and as remaining in its state because of the lack of any new forces impressed upon it? In fact can we not think of a body as remaining in its present state because of the original forces impressed upon it? Can we ever think of a body at rest, in motion along a straight line, or in motion along any other path without any forces being impressed upon it?

Now Descartes' first law includes all possible natural states of bodies, while Newton's first law includes only rest and motion in a straight line as natural states. Newton's law is that "every body perseveres in its state of rest, or of motion in a straight line, except in so far as it is compelled to change that state by forces impressed upon it;" while Descartes' is that "each thing remains in the state that it is in, so long as nothing changes it." Descartes' "as long as nothing changes it" permits one to think of "the state that it is in" as the result of such a change, while Newton's "except in so far as it is compelled to change that state by forces impressed upon it" seems to indicate that bodies in their natural states have not been affected by forces, and ignores the fact that a body moving in say a circular path can be "compelled to change that state by forces impressed upon it."

Descartes has a separate law for motion in a straight line; Newton lists this as one state of nature of a body in his first law and as one consequence of his second law. But Descartes attributes his second law to "God's being immutable and his persevering motion in matter by a very simple operation;" and he never bothers to say what this "very simple operation" is. It is of course the perpendicular motion of a body at a point not on a line of force to the line of force. If a body, A, is at a point, a, and if force is being impressed upon it along a line, B, the body will take the shortest distance to the
line unless another force is also being impressed upon it. The state of rest for example is equilibrium between equal and opposite forces impressed upon a body at a point.

Thus Descartes' second law is a case of Newton's second law: the time-rate-of-change of the product of the velocity and the mass of a body is proportional to the motive force impressed on it, and is effective in the direction in which that force is impressed. Thus the state of rest occurs when the change of motion is zero; and any other state of motion can also be explained by this law. This means that all motive states of bodies can be described by Newton's second law.

The third laws of both Newton and Descartes describe the effects of bodies as forces upon other bodies as forces; Descartes' third law offers two examples of Newton's third law. Let A, B be two "interacting bodies (that) exert on one another forces which are equal in magnitude and oppositely directed." If A is less powerful than B and meets B, unless A rebounds without losing any part of its motion, B would have exerted a force of less magnitude than that of A's; and if B moved to meet A, unless B lost as much of its motion as it gave to A, B would have exerted a force greater in magnitude than that of A's. Thus Descartes' third law is two cases of Newton's third law.

Therefore the three laws of Newton and of Descartes describe the forces causing the natural or present states of bodies, the effects of forces changing these states, and the effects of these bodies as forces upon other bodies as forces. Descartes' first law is a description of the natural or present state of bodies mentioned in Newton's first law; Newton's second law is an explanation of the motion mentioned in Descartes' second law; and Descartes' third law is an example of the interaction mentioned in Newton's third law.
In this paper, I should like to examine two extreme situations. An extreme situation may be defined as one in which a man's fundamental assumptions are challenged. Here I shall attempt to compare the situation of Job with the situation of modern man as illustrated by Albert Camus's *The Myth of Sisyphus*. Sisyphus illustrates man's failure to find meaning through use of his intellect. Job's is the failure of man's moral systems to provide meaning - the moral system in question being the Hebrew Law.

Before I examine Job and the Law, I shall discuss Camus's *Sisyphus* and the failure of intellect. I think that there are three assumptions to be found in Camus upon which his work is built: that essences cannot be known; that knowledge gives its possessor transcendence; that transcendence is man's ultimate desire. Knowledge, understanding, and meaning then become synonymous terms. However knower and known must be commensurate with each other; or in other words "all knowledge is anthropomorphic."

However if the universe is not anthropomorphic, and if understanding synonymous with meaning is man's deepest desire, then man is in ultimate, irreconcilable conflict with the universe. Camus calls the recognition of the conflict the "absurd".

To illustrate the absurd and its consequences, I shall begin with the story of Sisyphus. In one Greek legend, Sisyphus was the wisest of men; in another, he was a highwayman. As Camus points out, there is no contradiction between these stories. In life he remained faithful to the earth and had little use for the gods. To test his wife's love, he ordered her to cast his body into the public square instead of burying it. His wife, either from lack of love or from too much obedience, followed his last request to the letter. The gods granted him permission to leave the underworld to go punish her. However once back on earth, the warm rocks and sunbaked earth, the sea and sky, seduced him. He refused to return to the underworld. The gods threatened him but he refused to return. Finally Pluto sent Mercury to seize him. For his escapade, the gods set him rolling a huge stone up a hill. When he reached the top, the stone rolled down, beginning the process over again. There were no respites; Sisyphus was to do this forever.

Each of us, like Sisyphus, is condemned by his very being to roll the boulder uphill. Each man attempts to discover, in his own terms, an order in his existence. Yet, as we have seen, he fails. He cannot force the universe into the categories of his mind and thus unify his experience. Our boulder
is our experience which we roll uphill by systematizing. Our systems fail and because of our innate desire to know, to unify, we begin again to build. The parallel between our plight and that of Sisyphus is, I hope, clear.

Man's failures to master his existence are as various as his experiences. In physics man describes the action of matter but cannot penetrate its essence. He can describe the way the "stuff" of the universe acts, but there can be no formulation of what it is or why it behaves in the way that it does. He is living in a universe which is foreign to him. The beauty he may see in nature is ultimately something which he creates for himself. It does not lie in the things out there.

Other men, too, are strange to us. We can never know them in their ultimate subjectivity. We can never see them in their uniqueness in their particularity, which lies beneath the universal.

We are even strange to ourselves. Our daily motions we suddenly realize have no unity. They are done, and they point to nothing beyond themselves. We look at ourselves in a mirror during an insomniac night, and realize that we shall die. All the hopes we have cherished for discovery of eternal truth vanish when we realize that we are caught in time and shall surely die. We find no reason for our existence. Further our existence is contingent upon things surrounding us which we shall never understand. AND WE SHALL DIE AND OUR WORK MEANS NOTHING. Death is the final particularity. We die alone as particulars, without systems.

Yet Camus imagined Sisyphus happy. Sisyphus is aware of his fate, and in his awareness lies his triumph. Let us examine how triumph arises from realization of failure. In the terms which I set out at the beginning of this paper, Sisyphus who knows there is no hope is Sisyphus who understands his experience. Sisyphus' crime lay in his preference for the human order to the divine order. The human order, if its essence is to unify its experience, consists of understanding. Sisyphus understands; therefore, Sisyphus triumphed. Likewise, said Camus, man triumphs through realizing the absurd. Even though man can build no eternal system, the realization that there can be no understanding is a kind of understanding.

I have said previously that the Book of Job illustrates the failure of a moral system to unify experience into meaning. Let us begin to understand this statement by looking at Job before disaster strikes him. Job is rich and happy, with seven sons and three daughters and herds of many oxen and camels. He fears God and offers sacrifice constantly. Satan presents himself before God and asks:

"Doth Job fear God for nought?"
God thereupon gives Satan power over all Job's possessions—his sheep, oxen, and camels, his sons and daughters, are killed. This is the beginning of Job's story. The opening dialogue between God and Satan, and the position of the comforters make it clear, I think, that the story of Job is the failure of another human effort to find meaning or order within existence. It is the failure of what I shall call "the contractual relationship with God." The contractual relationship with God is possibly best illustrated by the words of one of the comforters, Eliphaz the Temanite:

"Remember, I pray thee, who ever perished, being innocent? or where were the righteous cut off? Even as I have seen, they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same."

As is probably evident, the term "contractual relationship with God" refers to the assumption that man and God have a contract by which there is the implication that if men follow God's laws, God will reward them. Thus men have a system by which to organize their existence. They have a certainty—if they are good, if they follow God's rules, they will benefit; if they do not, they will suffer.

If man has certainty, then he has a system. He is master of his existence. He can understand why things happen, and as I hope I have shown, understanding is a kind of mastery. While understanding the world in terms of moral law is different from understanding it in terms of essence, the idea of unification of experience and mastery through unification is the same in both. If God rewards justice and punishes injustice, then all is clear. God the creator of the universe is moral. This means that God can be defined. If God can be defined, then man is master of his fate, for all that is left for him to do is act in accord with his understanding.

If devotion to God is a means to mastery, then what means Job's devotion to God in face of disaster? Phrased a bit more succinctly, by Job's wife, why not "curse God and die?" If Job remains faithful when God breaks the contract, then it is implied that he does not believe in the contract. If so then Job sees himself as a creature who as creature cannot understand his creator. On the other hand if God is definable, if the contractual theory holds, then man is God's equal because man can understand Him and can deal with Him. If man is God's equal and can deal with Him, then man is a god.

Let us momentarily return to the story of Sisyphus to explore the implication that understanding man is a god. Sisyphus rolls his stone uphill, yet it always returns to its place. The stone is placed in its original position by the gods, and it always returns thither. Sisyphus, by moving the stone, substitutes his own order for that of the gods. By substituting his order for that of the gods, Sisyphus attempts to become a god. Except, of
course, he is aware that it is impossible for him to succeed. It is implied then, since Camus takes Sisyphus to be Man, that man attempts godhood by attempting to unify experience into a system. For Camus man becomes a god by his awareness of the absurd. By godhood, I mean being independent of fate.

It is clear from the moment that Job answers his wife that he does not feel himself to be a god:

"Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speakest. What? Shall we receive good at the hand of God and not receive evil?"

Job's faith is more than a faith which uses God's law for its own ends, which assumes that man and God have a contract for the mutual benefit of both parties. Job believes in a God much greater than human understanding. Job has a sense of awe which his friends do not share. He is aware of the limited nature of human understanding. In the ninth chapter, Job laments, but does not attempt understanding. God shakes the earth and stops the sun—powers which Job never dreams of possessing. Job sees that God has made the universe and rules it in totally unknowable ways. Since God is all-powerful, while humans are finite, Job knows the foolishness of pleading justification as if he and God had a contract.

"For He is not a man as I am that I should answer Him and we should come together in judgment."

Job recognizes that he is dependent upon God, and as one of God's creatures, cannot expect to know its creator. Chapters 40 and 41, God's answer to Job, are basically reiterations of chapter 9. God does not answer Job except to restate Job's own awareness, an awareness which I shall call creaturely awareness.

Creaturely awareness knows itself to be wholly other than its creator. One must define it in terms of negatives. It cannot create. This is why Elihu's comparison of God to a human king missed the point. A human king acts in seemingly arbitrary ways, yet he is a human being and thus finite. He must act in accord with the possible. He cannot change the situation within which he acts. Creation, however, implies the making of a situation. It thus implies independence of situation.

Human creaturely awareness comprehends that it cannot comprehend its situation. It knows that it cannot know the essence of the universe.

"Where is the way where light dwelleth? and as for darkness, where is the place thereof?"
This is a passage taken almost at random from the thirty-eighth chapter of Job, in which God speaks of the limitation of human understanding. By the limitation of human understanding, I mean several things. A man cannot see the essences of phenomena around him. He cannot see the "way where light dwelleth;" he cannot "penetrate the shimmering mirrors of phenomena" to the numena which lie behind them. Then, too, a man is limited by being in time and space. He is aware only of the events around him. He cannot reach beyond his position and be conscious of the whole universe. In short, creaturely awareness is, in part, a consciousness of the limitation of consciousness.

Creaturely awareness knows the finitude of human power. Not that man cannot create, but that he cannot deal with the power of God's other creatures. Behemoth and Leviathan are God's works; He made them and He can destroy them. Yet man cannot deal with them.

"Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? ... or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Will he make many supplications unto thee? Will he speak soft words unto thee? Will he make a covenant with thee? Wilt thou take him as a servant forever?"

Man cannot deal justly with other men. The proud flourish and the wicked prosper, yet man cannot bring them low. Man, then, is dependent not merely upon his Creator, but also upon his fellow creatures.

"Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath: and behold every one that is proud and abase him. Look on every one that is proud and bring him low; and tread down the wicked in their place. Hide them in the dust together; and bind their faces in secret. Then will I confess unto thee that thine own right hand can save thee."

Man is as nothing in the face of this: "Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

If man sees himself as nothing in the face of the universe, one might suspect a kinship between creaturely awareness and absurd awareness. Both see the human condition as one of helplessness and finitude. It may be that both see the human condition clearly; yet the absurd rejects or rebels against the condition, while creaturely awareness accepts it.

Let us analyze the rebellion against the human condition. Rebellion is the expression of a desire for mastery. This may
take one of two forms: conscious and unconscious. Conscious
desire is the desire to understand essences, to unify experience
into wholeness. For to possess a unifying system is to escape
finitude of experience. Insofar as one works within a known
framework - say a framework of moral law or physical law - one
is independent of situation. In effect one creates his situation.

Insofar as one has a perfect system, one understands all
events it all times. The difference between conscious and un-
conscious desires is the difference between open rebellion
against the gods, as illustrated by Sisyphus, and the comforters'
reduction of God to a man-like partner in a contract. The com-
forters profess to worship God, but, by attributing qualities
to Him, define Him. By defining Him, they make Him pre-
dictable. God is turned into a thing to be manipulated for
man's ends.

I am, it appears, talking about a consciousness which because
it desires mastery, reifies all experience. This means, then,
that it cannot recognize the existence of other subjects.
When Camus speaks of the strangeness of others, and even our
strangeness to ourselves, I think he means that knowledge
which may be unified is knowledge of objects. If one speaks
of our desire to know, I think he means desire to know objects.
Our desire to know other subjects, in the sense in which Camus
uses the terms, is a desire to rob them of their subjectivity.
It is a desire to make objects of them. If we desire to make
an object of something, it is because we desire to master it.
It is clear then, I hope, that the desire to unify, to know,
is ultimately the desire for infinity, for total mastery.
The desire to be infinite is also the desire to be the only
subject in a world of objects.

Rebellion is driven by the limits of the possible into an
acknowledgement of finitude. Camus argues that by living a
life in which one is constantly aware of the conflict between
rebellion and the possible, one surmounts one's fate.

"There is no fate that cannot be surmounted
by scorn."

What of creaturly awareness? I have defined it as the
acceptance of finitude as opposed to the rebellion against it.
If one accepts his finity then he has no desire to objectify.
He has no desire to capture the numena behind phenomena. The
rebellious mind's desire for infinity can be said to be its
innate belief in its own infinity. It believes itself to
be an infinite consciousness imprisoned behind impenetrable
walls. The creaturely consciousness knows better. It feels
itself finite. Job's words are an example:

Thine hands have made me and
fashioned me together round about:
yet thou dost destroy me.
Remember, I beseech thee,
that thou hast made me as the clay;
and wilt thou bring me into the dust again?
Hast thou not poured me out like milk
and curdled me like cheese?
Thou hast clothed me with
skin and flesh and hast fenced
me with bones and sinews.
Thou hast granted me life and favor,
and thy visitation hast preserved
my spirit.

The creaturely awareness, because it feels itself finite,
feels akin to finite things. It feels at home in the world,
as rebellious man does not. The rebellious man, or the
rebellious consciousness, feels that he is an alien in the
world because he cannot possess it. The creaturely conscious
man feels himself a creature in a world of creatures. He
accepts other men in their subjectivity without desiring to
possess them. He can accept them as creatures much like him
and therefore can feel much closer to them than can the rebel
who desires to incorporate them into himself. In the matter
of relating to the world of matter rebellious man who feels
that all the qualities which he ascribes to nature lie in
himself and who thus feels alien in it, gives way to creaturely
man who feels at home in it and thus does not worry whether
the beauty he sees in a rose lies in him or in the flower.

James Walker
"But it does seem feasible not to be afraid." Arthur Miller

"Just scratch 'em once, and there's a savage underneath," she said.

And I said, because I know, and knew I dared to say it,
"But I'm that savage too. I kill in different ways.
"I do it with my words and sidelong glance.
"It may seem civilized, but I'm just the same."

"In subways," she said, "in subways when they push and shove,
What do you do?"
"I take it all, immobile and with outside calm,
But inside rant and roar and stab, still smiling with the mask of love,
I hate them, scratch, and bite, and shout with fury.
Whelped out of self-importance by self righteous zeal.
It's all the same, hidden, cloaked, in pious poise."

Then having said it, I was once again afraid.
I split the hairs of conscience and the will to power.
In those few words, again dread fear I faced.
Layer under layer I peeled the skin of self.
The shabby show of shame stood naked, teased, and stripped for what it is:

The impious epiphany of pride.

2/1/64
While I slept and deeply
Through the grateful night
One, Yuri, was transfixed, immobile,
Upthrust in Phoenix flight.
In a trace, a trice of minutes
Weightless, feather-free,
Bound down to twice five thousand pounds of steel
He flew, or was transported
Circaported
Catapulted
Global, ring of comet,
Crobouros, head and tail.
Mercurial man
Hermetically sealed
Fooled Phaeton and reported to this planet his unearthly reel.

What a day to make old Daedalos smile
And Leonardo weep.
We sense Sir Isaac Newton's sigh;
No apples fall.
The shallow oceans sleep.
Hear the earthlings marvel
The million minions who made the rival grovel
Cry, motionless in awful pride, or fear,
"Space, more space,"
While inner chaos circles
Outer cosmos,
And Job astounded listens to the swinging sphere.

Ingeborg Lincoln Lorenz
"Good morning." I have given you a pebble. You turn it over in your hand, a small pebble, but smooth and round. In the air under your hand holding my good morning pebble a spirit with gauzy yellow wings dances a light dance. But you do not see it.

"How was your seminar?" I have given you another pebble; this one is larger and has glittering specks of some silvery metal. Below, unseen by you, several spirits in blue flowing robes dance in unison.

"Ours was frustrating as usual; we talked at each other, you know what I mean?" I have given you a green and yellow painted bead. Its prettiness is mocked by a circle of spirits in deep purple, dipping and waving sedately. You notice how neatly the hole in the bead is bored.

"But there was one interesting thing. We were talking about the introductory part where Apollodorus explains that he is going to tell the story as he heard it from Aristodemus. You know? Someone suggested that Plato purposely set the reader apart from the actual event of the dialogue to remind us that the words as we read them are distant from what he, Plato, actually meant." A little cut ruby glints in your fingers; you turn it, watching the cold light dancing in its facets. Just beyond your hand hundreds of spirits, with wings that catch the colors of the rainbow, dance incredibly intricate figures; and yet each spirit smiles its own smile. You hold the ruby up to the light; it almost slips through your fingers because it is so small.

"That's the way communication really is. Don't you think? When someone talks to you their words are as far from their real thoughts as a re-told story is from its basis in history. It's unlikely that you will get the truth in either case. Plato is telling us to try to figure out what his original meaning must have been before it got translated into words and put down on paper." It is a pearl this time. But underneath, the dance of the rainbow-winged spirits whirs into a frenzy, and the patterns of the dance expand before you until, finally, the spirits die of exhaustion and loneliness. The pearl rolls easily from side to side of your cupped hand.

I give you another pebble. But it does not matter because the spirit is dressed in a brown leotard and is doing dancing exercises.

Anne Harlan
DON QUIXOTE AND THE MEASURE OF TIME
(Approaching an interpretation of the Quixote)

Part I: a question of time

"... the physical concept of time rests on the observed concordance of the motion of independent physical systems ... time measurement is the comparison of motions."

The Junior Lab Manual

"... I do think your Ladyship ought to bear in mind that we were flying by enchantment," says Sancho Panza to the Duchess, concerning the ride on Clavileno. So it is throughout Don Quixote. Enchanted princesses, enchanted caves, enchanted rides--through this mad world travel Don Quixote and his squire, and the reader is left to wonder, "What is the meaning of all this?"

An interpretation of Don Quixote is required. But before that an approach, a method of interpretation, is needed. This paper will suggest such a method. (The interpretation itself will be left for a future time and a future book).

Infinite points of view tangent to the story present themselves for discussion. Let us choose one: the measure of time in Don Quixote. From this we may derive our approach.

Now few instruments are less disputed in the objective world than the clock. Twenty-four hours compose a day, sixty minutes compose an hour, and sixty seconds compose a minute. This is the measure of time, and it is the clock which records it. But these facts are disregarded in Don Quixote. Sancho Panza, in a fit of fury at the author of his misadventures and beatings, decides to take leave of Quixote and his world and return home. He demands that he be payed for his services, the amount to be reckoned from the date the Knight first promised him the island government:

"Well," said Don Quixote, "and how long has it been since I made you the promise?"
"If I'm not mistaken," replied Sancho, "it must be more than twenty years and three days, more or less."
At this Don Quixote slapped his forehead with his hand and burst into a hearty laugh.
"Why," he said, "with my wanderings in the Sierra and all the rest barely two months have gone by. And are you trying to tell me, Sancho, that it was twenty years ago I promised you that island?"

Sancho is telling him exactly that.

Don Quixote himself supplies another measure of time in the adventure of the Cave of the Montesinos:

"How long has it been since I went down?" asked Don Quixote.

"A little more than an hour," Sancho told him.

"That cannot be," said the knight, "for night fell and day dawned, and it was day and night three times altogether; so that, according to my count, it was three whole days that I spent in those remote regions that are hidden from our sight."

What is the meaning of such discrepant values? The question may be phrased another way. By what clock do Don Quixote and Sancho Panza measure time? Such an instrument must indeed be enchanted to record those marvelous results. (And who, by the way, enchanted the clock)?

Part II: a calculus for Quixote

"It is therefore to be expected of the poet that he will resort to mythology in order to give his experience its most fitting expression ... The primordial experience is the source of his creativeness; it cannot be fathomed and therefore requires mythological imagery to give it form."

C. G. Jung

In trying to solve this problem of time, it is well to remember that the question having arisen in a world of enchanters, the answer will also lie there. Logic, unfortunately, has little repute among enchanters. So, in seeking a solution, it will be necessary to use a reasoning almost as mad as that in the world of Quixote.

The first step must be to determine the category of the question which has been raised. The answer is obvious: by what clock do Don Quixote and Sancho Panza measure time? The word "what" indicates that knowledge is sought. We are, moreover, seeking to determine the nature (i.e., what kind) of the clock, so the question falls under the category of philosophical knowledge. Let us, then, turn for aid to that most knowledgeable of all philosophers, Socrates.
A moment's consideration confirms the wisdom of that choice, for Socrates immediately names the enchanters of Don Quixote's clock—the poets. Is it not the poets who, through the beauty of their verses, make time lose its regularity and even make the false to seem the true? Such, at any rate, is Socrates' argument in Book II of The Republic.

Socrates, in the Ion, also delineates the nature of Don Quixote's clock. He informs Ion that he is "possessed through Homer." Imitating the philosopher we may inform the squire, "You, too, friend Sancho, are possessed through Homer. For like Odysseus, you were faithful for twenty years and three days (more or less) to your dream of an island kingdom. Through hard battle and fantastic adventure you remained true to the promise made you so long ago, and, like Odysseus, lived to see your hope realized." Similarly, we may say to Don Quixote, "You, brave Sir, are possessed through Jesus of Nazareth. For like that noble errant knight of ancient tradition, you descended for three days and three nights into those remote regions that are hidden from our sight." Jesus was a prophet for an order new in his time, and you are the prophet of an order old in yours. Scorned in Israel as a madman, Jesus grew in fame for his exploits beyond the borders of his native land. So too, you are thought a madman in La Mancha, yet are loved and revered for your worthy deeds beyond the borders of your native province."

Thus through the path of enchanted reasoning, a goal has been reached. The similarities between the wily Sancho and Homer's Odysseus are evident, as also are the similarities between Don Quixote's Cave of the Montesinos adventure and Jesus' descent into hell. In this case of Don Quixote and the measure of time, therefore, both questions raised in Part I have been answered: 1) The knight and his squire measure time by the hours of myth, and 2) It is the poets who enchanted the clock which recorded those hours.

Part III: taking the limit

Mathematical limit: a fixed value or form which a varying value or form may approach indefinitely but cannot reach. Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary

Having expanded the two examples above, we found the slope of their interpretation pointed to myth. Let us take their limit, and in so doing derive an approach for an integrated interpretation of the entire Quixote.
The approach may be stated simply. *Don Quixote* is a function of myth, and myth, as such, is the independent variable. Discover the mythological motif underlying the book and the interpretation becomes apparent. Put in the terms of Socrates, if one truly understands the poet, one is "possessed through him." So that to understand Quixote, one must be possessed through Cervantes. One must put on the garb of knight-errantry and go forth into the enchanted world of the poets, seeking to understand, through such battles and fantastic adventures as are to be found only in the intellectual quest, the primordial experience which Cervantes has portrayed.
Les abîmes de Phèdre et d'un essai annuel

M'etourdissant sur les regrets, les chagrins, les ennus d'autres jours, d'autrefois
M'etourdissant sur ce noeud embrouillé
Je retourne, je reviens
Au soleil, en plein air
Voir le ciel, la terre
Voir
Tous ces choses sombres
en pleine lumière

Peu à peu
Au soleil luisant
mes yeux s'habituent
Jouissant d'un plaisir
Un bonheur ravissant
Dans l'air pur
En extase, en haletant
Je respire
l'ordre
éclairé

Seulement
Il faut se rappeler
De temps en temps
Le chaos abandonné, les chagrins, les ennus sombres
Noirs souvenirs
Sans lesquels
Le soleil
N'aurait jamais
de la lumière

Antigone Phalares
ARTIFICIAL PARADISES continued:

THE POEM OF HASHISH

II

What is Hashish?

The accounts of Marco Polo, which were wrongly mocked, like those of other ancient travellers, have been verified by scholars and merit our credence. I will not recount, after him, how the Old Man of the Mountain set those of his younger disciples whom he wished to give an idea of paradise into a garden full of delights, after having intoxicated them on hashish (from which word come both the words 'hashishins' and 'assassins'), as a recompense glimpse, so to speak, for passive and unthinking obedience. In regard to the secret Society of Hashishins the reader can consult a book of M. de Hammer and the memoir of M. Silvestre de Sacy, contained in volume XVI of Memoire de l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, and, related to the etymology of the word 'assassins' his letter to the editor of Moniteur, inserted in number 359 of the year 1809. Herodotus recounts that the Scythians piled up hempsed beneath which they threw red hot stones, producing a vapor bath more fragrant than any Greek steam room; and that the pleasures were so vivid as to tear cries of joy from them.

Hashish, in fact, comes to us from the Orient. The stimulating properties of hemp were well known in Ancient Egypt, and its use, under various names, is now common in India, in Algiers, and in Arabia Felix. But we have close to us, under our eyes, interesting examples of the intoxication caused by plant emanations. Aside from the lightheadedness children often experience after playing and rolling themselves in stacks of mowed alfalfa, it is known that laborers, both men and women, undergo similar effects when harvesting hemp. One could say that a miasma rises from the harvest to mischievously cloud their brains. The harvester's mind fills with whirlwinds, or sometimes grows heavy with dreams. At times his limbs refuse use. We have heard of quite frequent attacks of clairvoyance in the homes of Russian peasants which, it's said, should be attributed to the use of hempseed oil in preparing food. Who does not know the vehemence of hens fed hempseed, of the fiery enthusiasm of horses peasants prepare for point to point racing, at weddings and patron festivals, with a ration of hempseed soaked occasionally in wine?

However, French hemp isn't suitable for refinement into hashish, or, at least, after repeated experiments, isn't fit to yield a drug equal in strength to hashish. Hashish, or Indian hemp, cannibas indica, is a plant of the urticaceae family, in toto
similar to the hemp of our climate save that it doesn't grow to the same height. It possesses extraordinary inebriating properties which for some years in France have drawn the attention of the well informed and of men of the world. It is appraised better or worse according to its various sources: that of Bengal is the most prized by officianados; nevertheless, those of Egypt, of Constantinople, of Persia, and of Algeria enjoy the same properties, but to a lesser degree.

Hashish (or herb, that is to say, the herb par excellence, as if the Arabs had wished to define in one word 'herb' the source of all immaterial pleasure) carries various names according to its composition and the manner of preparation in the country of its harvest; in India, bangie, in Africa, teriaki, in Algiers and Arabia Felix, madioun, etc. The time of harvest is also of importance, for its power is greatest when the plant is in flower. Consequently, the flowering top is the only part used in the various preparations I will now speak of.

The oily extract of hashish, as the Arabs prepare it, is obtained by boiling the tops of fresh plants in butter with small amounts of water. It is strained, after the moisture has been evaporated, yielding a preparation that resembles a yellow-green pomade but retains the offensive odor of hashish and rancid butter. In this form it is taken in pellets of two to four grams, but because of the repugnant odor, which continues to increase with time, the Arabs make the oily extract into a form of preserves.

The preserve in greatest use, dawamesk, is a mixture of the oily extract, sugar, and various spices, such as vanilla, cinnamon, pistachio, almonds, and musk. Occasionally even an aphrodisiac is added, but with an intent that has nothing in common with the usual results of hashish. In this secondary form hashish is not at all unpleasant, and one can take it in doses of 15, 20, and 30 grams, either spread on a cracker or in a cup of coffee.

The experiments conducted by MM Smith, Gastinel, and Decourtive, were aimed at discovering the active ingredient of hashish. Despite their efforts, its chemical composition is still little known; but its properties are generally attributed to a resinous material present in the considerable percentage of one in ten. To obtain this resin, the dry plant is reduced to a coarse powder and washed several times in alcohol that is later distilled out; it is then evaporated to almost the consistency of an extract; this extract is treated with water to dissolve the extraneous gummy substances and the resin then remains in its pure state.

This yield is soft, dark green and has to a great degree the characteristic odor of hashish. Five, ten, fifteen centigrams suffice to produce astonishing results. But the effects of this cannabin, which may be administered in the form of chocolate drops or small ginger tablets, are, like those of dawamesk and the oily extract, of varying strengths and diverse natures, depending upon the individual's temperament and nervous suscepti-
bility. What's more, the results vary for the same individual. At one time, excessive mirth, at another, a sense of well-being and the fullness of life, at others, an uncertain sleep crossed with dreams. It nevertheless encompasses some phenomena that occur quite regularly, particularly among people of similar temperament and education—there is a unity within this variety that will allow me to write the before mentioned "monograph of intoxication" without too great difficulty.

In Constantinople, Algeria and even in France, some people smoke hashish mixed with tobacco; but then the phenomena in question are produced only in a very moderate and, so to speak, slothful form. I have heard that an essential oil recently extracted from hashish by means of distillation appears to possess a quality far more active than all the preparations known up to the present; but it has not been studied enough for me to speak of its results with certainty. Is it necessary to add that tea, coffee, and liquors contain powerful catalysts which quicken by degrees the blossoming of this mysterious intoxication?

translated by Ken Kronberg

(NOTE: Baudelaire saw the search for the infinite as ennobling although necessarily anti-social; as the individual's foremost good it is at odds with the more reasonable values necessary for the maintainance of society. But the creative freedom of the artist symbolically fulfills his society's desire to break out of its self-imposed morality and to celebrate anarchy. Thus the artist is both worshipped and chastised by his contemporaries; and a mutual parasitic* arises between the artist, who, like a voyeur, enters the souls of his fellow citizens, and the society, which draws vitality from the intensity of its enfant terrible. The mocking irony in Baudelaire's vision is that once one has divorced himself in order to see, he can no longer be an object to be seen. In the end his imagination cannot console him and he lives in a world of boredom and loneliness, delighting only in an occasional flower.

* parasitism
"Troilus," wailed someone in seminar, "hardly knows Cressida; all he knows is that she is beautiful, virtuous, etc." This, however, sums up what Cressida attempts to be for herself. Romantic love is a responsibility. (Note: this is Chaucer's Cressida).

It struck only after putting it down that I. Claudius is improbable. It treats the intrigues of Empire as if they were boarding-school games. Perhaps this is only a subtle bending of the entire point of view, since Claudius in the part of the book I am reading is young, and the intrigues would have seemed so to anyone growing up in their midst; as for the adults, Empire is the one boarding-school whose graduates all become faculty.

Oh, but I don't know that. This is not a sensible discussion, but a decoration of sentiments with Sartrean phrases.

How I hate this world! How I hate its vagueness, its inaction, its purposelessness! If there were no lunchtime, if a war were being fought near here, if I were having an affair with Charles de Gaulle, if doomsday were tomorrow, I shouldn't have had to remember how unperceptive and inarticulate I am beside X-- and Y-- when the three of us sat together at lunch today. As it happens, I am supposed to be working at my own doomsday (or n.l., w. b.f.n.h., a. w. d.G., etc.) right now--my annual essay--but one can't really stage such a thing and believe in it.

The sky greyed, and lightning flashed over the painted mountain. A-- (the eight-year-old daughter of a tutor), Frank Marble, and Jesse Tepper were sitting at the picnic table with me. A-- climbed a tree.
"I'm going to climb this tree."
"Don't climb the tree," said Jesse, assuming his manner-for-children. "Don't you know the rules?"
"What rule?"
"Rule eighty-four. It says little girls in white dresses can't climb trees. Hasn't your father ever told you about Rule eighty-four?"
"That's not true."
Frank, who seemed to feel A-- had had enough, tossed off, "Climb d' tree, kid. Go ahead."
It was very grey now, with yellow patches of light from the house shining on the trees. Thunder sounded, and the rain began. "It's raining," said A--, apparently determined to make an uncontestable statement.

"No," said Jesse. "Rule number eighty-seven: it never rains on Monday nights."

"It does so," pouted A--, exasperated. "God can make it rain any time he wants to."

(MORAL: Although the more intellectual groups in society may put into practice the lip service rendered to liberalism and tolerance, the general public will always prefer some form of absolutism).

All this is simply invective. I am trying to fortify myself against approaching disaster. Tomorrow, hopefully, this paragraph will serve me as a shield. Against the irrationality of what he will say, I will need--the opposite irrationality.

X--- talks of pushing me into the social world this summer. Ha, ha. Why not? Actually, Miss Nielsen, it's not time to ask for your last--or first--cigarette. What you saw could have come out of a Honda advertisement--a girl in an unlikely position on the back of X--'s future motorcycle, with him driving. I do not think there is chance of your being able to use the magazine advertisements for a mirror.

It has been said that we are all partisans, but many of us, I think, are not partisans of anything larger than ourselves. We throw in our lots with different causes larger than ourselves, but we really want only to benefit our own reputations. We are not actually more zealous than betters at a horserace.

There is another sort of person, too, who could not actually list his beliefs; but these beliefs appear whenever they are needed. They resemble theories less than passions. Passion is their father and intellect their mother. (Are real "theories," then, delivered from their father intellect, as Athena was delivered from Zeus? Yes; Athena had a mother; Zeus swallowed her).

Nothing alleviates this depression. I tried to write poetry and it was syrupy stilted melancholia.
the school itself
Next year's Freshman class was a topic for discussion at the last SCC meeting and there were several decisions made to try to solve the problems faced by the newcomers.

The present coordinating committee will continue to function for the first month of the next school year to allow the freshmen time to get to know one another well enough to elect representatives intelligently and to acquaint themselves with the phenomenon of student government before elections are held. This will also enable the SCC to help the administration eliminate some of the tensions of freshman acclimatization (a process more basic than orientation, since it involves a state of being rather than a state of knowledge).

The resolution that freshmen be housed on every dormitory floor, resulted from an S.C.C. consulting committee discussion with Mr. Skeele and Mrs. Lorenz. Also, the committee plans to ask available seniors to act as guides during freshman registration.

We are concerning ourselves with a class not even in existence because its problems are likely to begin as soon as it arrives. The greatest attrition here is in the first six weeks of the freshman year. Many of those who leave are as much disturbed by loneliness, insecurity, and fear, as by class work. Perhaps if we who have managed to overcome these difficulties can mix our wisdom with the innocence and enthusiasm of the freshmen in the opening weeks of the fall term, a general stability can occur. Not only will we help the freshmen, but at the same time invigorate the academic community.

I invite all to join with the Committee in efforts to make the freshman welcome.

Don Schell
IN DISAGREEMENT WITH THE FRESHMAN LABORATORY

It is interesting to speculate about the future of the laboratory program at St. John's College. There are many problems to be solved, and I am sure, just as many solutions have been voiced either by students or by faculty and administration. With my background and experience with this particular course I would be interested in presenting a few of my own ideas as to the validity of the tutorial as it now stands, and the changes which I deem necessary.

It has come to me as I have listened to more or less violent complaints about the quality both of teaching and of material taught within the lab tutorials, that the answer to the problem lies within a radically different approach to the freshman lab. This different approach, which I shall shortly attempt to identify, must have as its emphasis, the education of a workable, applicable and fundamental knowledge of chemistry into the most obdurate of students. It must (1) instruct the student to feel at ease within the laboratory; (2) develop a sound and natural acquaintance with the pre-atomic theories of chemical properties, placing greatest emphasis on the work of Avagadro, Guy-Lussac, and Dalton; (3) directly relate this material to simple atomic theory with emphasis upon electronic structure and chemical bonding; and (4) thoroughly acquaint the student with the periodic classification of the elements.

This simple outline must no doubt be expanded and filled with the appropriate reading material and laboratory training.

There are undoubtedly parts of the existing lab program which should be allowed to remain. The fundamentally basic approach to an understanding of atomic theory which is used at St. John's is a superior method, although the fanaticism on the part of some of the tutors as to how far this program should be pursued is completely unwarranted. Its usefulness extends only in so far as it completes the framework for a necessarily more thorough investigation of the structure of the atom. It is difficult for me actively to criticize this approach. Instead I would much rather define a new one, sloughing off the old program in the process. Yet it is necessary that I make a few critical comments about the validity of this present system. Recently I happened to mention the applicability of the periodic table of elements in determining the oxidation numbers or valences of the elements to another freshman—a freshman who was, it seemed, subjecting himself to the strenuous activity of a "special" lab program,
one which was involved in rebuilding the already existing program. And the fellow merely stared at me with a blank look on his face, and asked me what I was talking about. Not only do the students who have faithfully followed the small garbled message which is contained within the St. John's lab manual, not know the three basic gas laws, which are certainly important even to St. Johnnies, but the student, the advanced and "privileged" student, does not know the most basic structuring of the atomic and molecular theory.

Up to this point I have mentioned only the lack existing in a particular curriculum. But perhaps, equal in importance, is the difficulty incurred when it is demanded of a Ph.D in Philosophy or English that he conduct a tutorial in freshman lab. In a situation of this sort, it is often true that the tutor either does not know enough about this particular subject to conduct a satisfactory tutorial, or he is unable to communicate any sort of scientific knowledge to the student or to instill any enthusiasm into class discussion. I was distressed by the poorly prepared and morosely accepted lab which seemed to achieve nothing but confusion and badly written laboratory reports, even among those few students who seemed to be interested.

I feel that it is quite necessary that these faults be pointed out, criticized, and that suggestions for improvement immediately studied. Furthermore this change must not occur in the direction in which it is being allowed to move; i.e. the occurrence of "special" lab groups using nothing but original manuscripts as their reading text in the studying of pre-atomic theory, and atomic theory including inorganic and organic chemistry. This all in one semester. The reading and consequent meticulous digestion of such original papers as those by Dulong and Petit, Newland, Clausius, and van't Hoff, are interesting only in historical and chronological perspective, and even then, only as secondary to a formal knowledge of basic chemical concepts.

I would like to see the freshman laboratory tutorial altered in the following ways: First semester work should be centered about a formal education of pre-atomic theory until 1900. Woven into this basic material would be much of the existing first semester lab manual of theory of measurement, with special attention to that section on significant figures and estimation of probable error, that on the slide-rule, and that on musical intervals and the chromatic and diatonic scales. Furthermore, a student beginning his second semester should be well acquainted both with the slide-rule and the analytical balance. There would be some but not much, laboratory work this first semester.

Beginning second semester, the student would be ready to attack from a different attitude, the problem of elemental classification. At that time, employing as a useful tool the periodic table of elements, the student will be prepared to tackle such questions as those involving molecular and atomic bonding, the theory of
acid-base reactions, and electro-chemistry. Laboratory work would be fairly extensive and demanding, and yet lenient enough to allow the student some choice of experiment. The basic text for the second semester might be a well written and very comprehensive lab manual, but I would suggest that a superior (and there are some) first year college chemistry text be used in conjunction with a good outline of proposed experiments.

I feel very strongly about the necessity of instigating these or similar changes in the St. John's curriculum. If this does not occur within the near future I predict intense student dissatisfaction. It must be remembered that even students of 17 and 18 years of age are, at times, acutely interested in the quality of their education.

Robert Massey

(ED. NOTE: We hope that some one, tutor or student, will have a reply to this piece ready for the September issue. We wish to point out that Mr. Massey wrote this as a language paper in the Freshman Language Tutorial.)
"Children should be seen and not heard."

Arguing about the various and sundry merits of bare feet is absurd.

It should be required that all prospective St. Johnnies have in some manner had a good look at the "real world" before they are permitted to try to mold this institution to fit their fondest dreams--otherwise, we should not have to listen to their irate speeches as if they were worthwhile; they certainly do not tend to be constructive.

"If someone is going to 'drop out,' there has to be something to drop out of."

Visiting hours are not just given, as a plaything for children; there has to be some evidence that children are not asking for then, and that, should children happen to come into contact with them, they will not be misused through childish "ignorance."

There seems to be an attitude on this campus that no one should be able to live without some sort of problem--personal or public--about which they can spend every minute of their spare time being quite vocally upset.

More people should go out and work on the corral--there would be less time and energy for being annoyed or feeling "oppressed" if they did.

Certainly there are problems involved with living in the St. John's community--the largest one being that most of us behave most of the time as children sometimes do--once we have solved that problem, then we will be in a position to discuss the others (or maybe most of the others will have disappeared).

We are here to try to learn how to live with people. Surely the "Great Books" are about nothing more important than that. We are also living in a community, together. A large part of living with other people is something which is often called "mutual responsibility." This is an idea which should not be foreign to us; we should not grimace when it is mentioned in conversation, or brought up in college meetings. Responsibility is not something which must be learned, not something which is looming threateningly over us, must be "taken;" rather it should naturally be part of our lives, because we are living together.

Ellin Barret
Note: Sam and company asked me to write a "résumé" or review of the year for the magazine, as if it were a play before the critic's bench awaiting sentence. And make it long. I have the temerity to try such a thing; that is just the trouble. Who wants to hear Hassig grind the same axes yet again? And isn't there something ironic . . .

I don't propose to take these questions on, head on anyway. Notes that preface articles (or annual essays, for that matter) are usually cop-outs of some sort, and so is this. Let me just make random observations and occasional arguments. If they touch home, fine; we have terms for our situation. If not, feel free to ascribe my attitude to a private nuttiness you have the good fortune not to share. Life is perilous, or so we, Americans especially, feel; we need our defenses.

My organizing principle, such as it is, is a private scheme of dedication to specific friends of specific sections. I say this not to start guessing games, but because I can't start from the catalogue and work inward, but have to start with people and work outward. This is to say, I go with Dewey and not with Aquinas on the matter of education, by temperament, and for all my strong classicist bent, probably by conviction. The point is that if there are echoes of something radically personal about my remarks, it was never a formal view I had in mind.

The logical terminus of any strong feeling is death. The fear of death is the agent of self discipline. Let he who aspires to transcend the fear of death by personal exercise leave the college; he does not belong where transcendental aspirations are more modest, where the root of our desire is more obscured. Desperation is an unworldly phenomenon; the pace of things is not conducive to spiritual exercise. St. John's derives its justification from the plausibility of Aristotle's Ethics, the self regulating a man can accomplish for himself by knowledge, with something secular, altogether worldly, for the point of departure, the frame of reference. Society is an oversized construct designed to enforce the worldliness that permits this secular self regulation, this freedom. That "society" is quite possibly a self defeating idea, or construct; that it creates something false, as Rousseau thought, is not the point here.
The college has elected to stand by Aristotle, by Aquinas, in these matters; romantic yearnings have to be suppressed, sublimated, or expressed in some contrapuntal fashion. There is no way to carry religious yearnings into the heart of the program; they must find a form suitable for public consumption, or be expressed in their radical form in private. Or elsewhere.

A St. Johnnie is somebody who has elected to be primarily not good, but civilized.

II

A certain austerity of personal style necessarily follows from a classicist conception of education. Hence the ostensible Spartan character of the style of living in the community is enforced by the requirements of residence, the minimum of options about what one studies, the negligible opportunities for taking private action in concert. To be responsible, the debate about the rightness of this classicist scheme would have to take place on the level of Dewey and Aquinas. The rest is so much carping (dressing for dinner, etc.) in the direction of evasive adjustment, modification.

Or, to take another referent for the problem, one has to look at Pascal's distinction between the esprit de geometrie and the esprit de finesse. Is it decisive? Does it demarcate two "eternal" types of people, who therefore shouldn't be shoved under one educational umbrella? How much respect shall we have for the heart's reasons, which reason knows not of?

The college has decided already, in 1937. (Which is fine). The undecided must either decide, and then stay or leave, or leave, and then decide. One thing is certain: only the very serious deserve to be permitted to come here to have at the problem at all. The rest should leave because they are not up to the all-inclusive monasticism the program calls for, and in which it can only be fruitful.

The McCall's survey is quite accurate; we are the squarest college in the country.

III

How did we get through the year? My answer is, badly. The heart's reasons, in various levels of respectibility, asserted themselves again and again, in ways the variety show, for example, is specifically designed to exploit. Not one student in ten has seen the seriousness requisite in staying here, let alone lived it out. The call of the catalogue is answered, in
the sixties, by those who confuse their own paranoia with the high calling (the calling of seriousness, again) that the catalogue is actually talking about. This paranoia, which takes the form, of extreme suggestibility, of a bad conscience, leads the majority into unworldly exercises that have little to do with talking about Plato when one scheduled to talk about Plato. And this, inversely, has the effect of dislodging the talk from its moorings in the things that matter, and transposing it to a purely linguistic sphere where people are deluded into believing that if they but get terms in line, they have reached the same opinion.

Seminars are superficial, talky. In that particular way.

IV

If you want to beat this, you must love your friends and you must let them talk for hours and hours when they need to. And you must understand them with your stomach and not with your terms. And I do not mean only that lawless intimacy of pure confession, I mean Kant and Plato. If this succeeds the handful of authentically responsive people will increase, and this will reach the seminar by the back door I so insistently believe in. In an institutional situation, friends assume the functions other ages assigned to the family. I am not prepared to defend this arrangement, or to attack it; it is merely the given. Our hopes for negotiating the austerities of the program devolve on the success of making ourselves clear, to one another, in private, in the greatest scope (relative to the books) that we can accomplish. The administration and faculty have nothing to do with it, for they can only properly take the given of the seminar, the talk, the responsiveness proffered, and assume that it is the authentic; gentlemen have always done this. The cautious probing of don rags does not compensate.

Undeniably, we need more time to do this.
We were sitting on the office porch some months ago watching Chrissy girl scare the chickens out of the yard when a plain brown envelope arrived in the mail. We thought it was another seed catalogue. Weeks later, while stoking the fire, Davey boy reached into the scrap pile, discovered the envelope, opened it, and with a holler called us all round to see what he'd found. It was a magazine from our city cousins in Annapolis. It was nicely typed.
Preliminary Notes:

Peter mocks Hubert: "virgin complexes," "complex virgins," and "with child." In the situations that follow questions are raised about the physical, psychological, and moral dimensions of the relationships we see onstage. Is Seraphina pregnant? ("What about all the others?") Is a virgin? Does Horace deserve his reputation? ("But if he was lying . . .") Rabbits! Shot in the ear and pulled out of hats. Bunnies in a Playboy Club. Stuffed furry rabbits carried by babies. The two rabbits in the first act are hermaphroditic magician's tricks. The rabbit in the second act is a person dressed as a rabbit. The rabbit in the third act is stuffed. Even in the aspect of love as rabbit there is pervasive illusion. From complex virgins the play moves to two days after Christmas and Clara, the mother both with and without child and from there to Alise the complex virgin herself with child ("but of course dear, what else is marriage for?")

The most obvious thing about Many Loves is its use of dramatic introspection, drama looking at drama. And this is dramatic introspection with a peculiar for Hubert would have the audience see themselves in a play. In Many Loves the audience's self-sight is a seeing of the dramatic illusion and reality of love.

Somehow drama is real. Hubert's second play came from the power of a tension he could see on a farm porch in New Jersey. "... and I conceived the play. I'd already passed and had to back up a bit to make my notes on it." The play is a real place and a real event—a reality presented by actors—illusion. The actors are real human beings pretending to be in a fictional situation—illusion.

Any production of Many Loves should deal as a production with the problems of reality and illusion in Williams's script. The opening improvisation in which real stagehands were doing real stage chores and real actors were working on real lines is an example of this production meeting the play on its terms; the problems of this kind of acting are tremendous, particularly for the actors who must improvise natural speech in a style consistent with Williams's verse.

On opening night, the strain of the acting in that part showed.
Sunday night I think it came off quite well and was very convincing. The "blown breaker" that cued the beginning of the play was not recognized by many of the people as anything but an electrical failure. Peter's entrance, in marked contrast, reminded the audience of theatrical allusion, at much the wrong time I think. The downing of the houselights for Peter's entry was startling and obvious; the whole illusion of stage reality was broken by the reminder that we were the audience, those who must sit in darkness.

A second rather startling aspect of the production is the general lack of sound effects other than the recorded music in the three plays rehearsed, and the last scene. In glancing over the script I noticed rather detailed directions for extraneous noise in the first play, a baby crying, traffic noises, a street musician, and other noises from the world outside the bar and the apartment lobby. This would be the world outside the theater (in the sort of small theater in which Hubert would be working taxi horns and other such street noises would be audible in the theater during production). These off-stage noises would function to raise the questions of the place of the real world: is it the world off the stage or out the real EXIT door? I think the omission of these noises was unfortunate.

The terrible comedy of the opening of the second act seemed to demand that the curtain be opened on the farm porch scene with the play under way, yet still it seemed to be an inconsistent use of the curtain. Were we to think we were watching a rehearsal or a play? The final problem of this sort to my understanding was the thoroughly theatrical ending--music, curtain, curtain calls and all. I say "theatrical" in that it was an appropriate ending for a play as opposed to a rehearsal. The general intention of these comments is to say that the opening improvisation was getting at something important in the play, the production here was making something basic to Many Loves stand out with appropriate clarity, but that a departure from the script in one place and an undue adherence to it in another place blurred this basic aspect.

In general the acting was good. Most lacking was a precise delineation of voice in the individual actors between their speaking as actors at a rehearsal and actors in a rehearsal, that is between natural and stage voice. In the improvisation this delineation was handled well; there was natural speaking voice broken by full projecting stage voice. I noticed a kind of shock come over the audience when Christie Chapin slipped from playing herself as actress to rehearsing Ann of the second act during the improvisation on Friday night. They thought something had begun.

This kind of differentiation between acting a part in one of the plays rehearsed, and acting as if not acting is admittedly very difficult. It came across well in the improvisation and not so well in the dialogue involving Peter, Hubert, and Alise.
In general I would say that the actors did better playing parts than playing actors, and the acting in the playlets was surer than that in the continuing play. More specifically, I would say that while Hubert was consistently good, Peter seemed to be an elusive sort of character with time gaps in his presence on stage, although when he was there he was good; and Alise as a real identity seemed to lack definition, particularly in comparison with Seraphina and Clara, both well-defined, well-presented characters. One further comment along this line: the entrance of Uncle George, his angry exis as Craig Fansler, and his re-entrance as Uncle George was very, very well done.

In looking at Many Loves I see an interesting play, a good play, with generally good and sometimes very good acting, marred a little in the production by inconsistent application of interpretation of the whole. Many Loves was an important step toward the development of a theater tradition for St. John's in Santa Fe, and the evolution of a sophisticated, aware audience to support that tradition.

Don Schell
Tis hard to say if greater want of skill appear in writing or judging ill none-the-less to this reviewer what appears most from Williams' Many Loves is an allusion to the illusory nature of love there is no beginning nor properly speaking any end for the common place distinction between real and imaginary is never made in space and time there does not seem to me to be any ground for whatever happens in the play there is only love and one peut sonder la profondeur ni percer les tenebres de ses abimes là il est couvert des yeux les plus penetrants il y a fait mille insensibles tours et retours and pretty soon we'll all be dead forever and never have opened our eyes and all the shyness and all the prudery and all the moral carpings are no more than so much heartburn from our chronic emptiness Doc holds out for us a hand of understanding and purposefullness all we can do is open our eyes to one another virtue she finds too hard to endeavor content to dwell in decencies forever elle est souvent invisible a lui-même ... elle en forme de si monstrueuse que lorsqu'elle les mises au jours il les méconnait qu'il ne peut se resoudre à les avouer Many Loves should play in a palladian setting

Many Loves should play in a palladian setting

Kieran Manjarrez
Many Loves is apparently the dramatization of some anthology called The Best of Modern Love, and while one must commend its remarkable job of condensation one can say little else about it, either good or bad. There can be no question of plot or character development in four plays of different subjects and no theme which takes place during the time of the play. In two of the playlets nothing happens at all; in the remaining playlet an old man dies of a heart attack, and in the counterplay the antagonist wins a dreary, bleary argument with the protagonist and carries the loser (rather than his woman) away as the prize. The four sections are united only by the same limp, half-finished atmosphere in which love, like an anti-deus ex machina, keeps creaking down to stymie resolution.

This atmosphere by itself does not make bad theater, though it may easily be confused with, or even more easily become, bad theater. Not all audiences require entertainment and simple-minded material, as the antagonist says they do in the play; but one would suspect that the requirement of polish and finish, effort and concentration and clarity, is a more universal thing. Whether Many Loves itself is simply too "realistic" to admit of any artifice, or the cast failed the play, would be difficult to say finally; but what was presented on the second of June was definitely not good theater in any meaningful sense of the word "theater."

The beginning of the play is a case in point. Williams begins with the half-completed set, requiring the actors to rehearse and the stage crew to paint and hammer in it. Apparently Williams thought this would be most exciting and mysterious for an audience; he says in the stage directions (interesting that he includes the audience in the stage directions) that after a few minutes of this actor's-eye view the audience will become uneasy and wonder if it is to be let out by a side door in a few minutes. One can only call this an overestimation of the naivete of theatergoers, not to mention an underestimation of their experience with play production. The audience did seem to be looking uneasily for side doors, but probably not for the reasons Mr. Williams mentions.

The performances perhaps were deliberately meant to look as if opening night were yet a week to come; if so, they succeeded admiringly. With the notable exception of Miss Bornstein's, they were universally lustreless. Mr. Kronberg growled out his lines about the poetical transformation of the theater like a husband
to his mother-in-law. Peter, in the play, is supposed to be a distinguished, silver-haired millionaire, crass but steely. As Mr. Miller represented him he was all bombast, almost buffoonery, and practically shouted his way to victory. With this development all coherency simply drops out of the play. Peter is a kind of fiend of love whose confidence comes from his knowledge of amorous foibles and his attitude towards them. He, like love itself, rules in the play by making things complicated; after he does this, however, he irons them out again as he wants them. For him simply to force himself on Hubert and Alise with friendly affrontery makes the wedding scene unintelligible; the man Mr. Miller portrayed would not have thought of the wedding.

The staging was undoubtedly good in view of St. John's limited resources, but it was even with these extremely unimaginative and confused. One scene served for all, a large grey slab which might have been the wall of Sing Sing. On one occasion a large trapezoidal solid, colored in San Francisco modern, appeared; this apparently represented a juke box. The lighting apparently had two positions: on and off. No attempt was made, during the scenes entirely at stages right and left, to darken those portions of the stage on which nothing was happening, or which represented a location four blocks over. It is very likely, however, that the necessary equipment simply could not be procured.

No one could deny that Many Loves is difficult to act and produce, or that it was a better choice than Our Town or The Diary of Anne Frank. Its atmosphere, in addition, rather harmonized with that of the college; at times it bore definite resemblance to one of our more inferior seminars. But altogether it was undone, an anthology that did not really fit together, like a reading of Books I, III, and XIII of Aristotle's Metaphysics. One searches deeper and deeper for what one supposes to be the infinitesimally subtle unity, simply because its absence is so grossly obvious.

Sigrid Nielsen
NOTICES:

*We hope to have the first Fall issue out at the end of the second week of school. This necessarily means that much of the writing will have to be done over the summer. All those who manage to come up with material should send it as soon as possible to the editor, care of the school.

*Subscriptions remain a bargain at $3.00

*The editor and staff regret to say that the magazine is losing the help of Jim Walker, who is transferring to the University of Texas.