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THE COLLEGE

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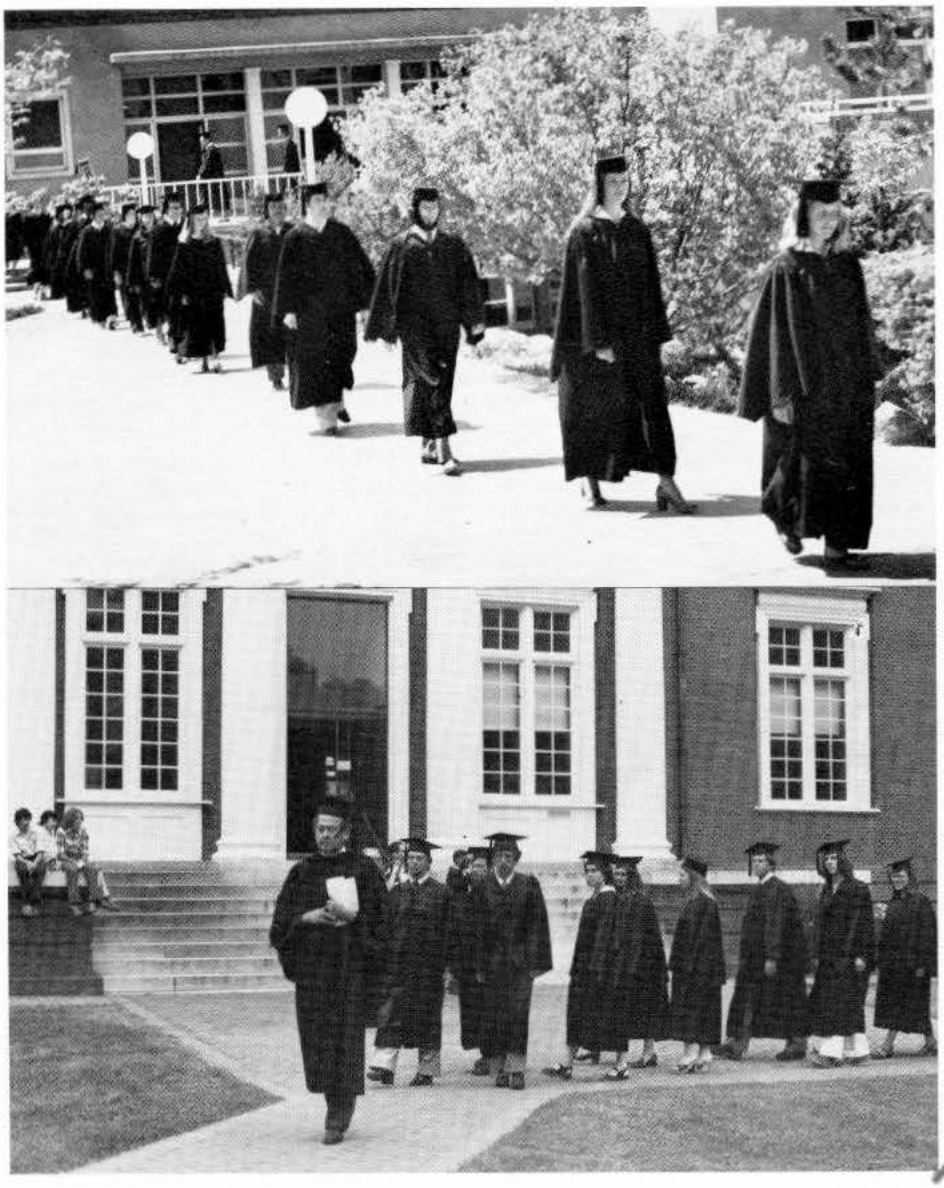

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ON THE COVER:

Academic processions on the two campuses start the 1977 Commencement exercises (22 May in Santa Fe, 29 May in Annapolis).

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Editor's Note

This issue marks the commencement of two new deanships. It includes final statements by the two deans who served four years in Santa Fe and Annapolis respectively: Robert Neidorf's Statement of Educational Policy and Program of April 1977 and Curtis Wilson's Commencement Address. The status of the statement of the Dean of Santa Fe is explained in its introductory paragraph. The document has already been distributed fairly widely; but it will probably be of interest to an even wider audience.

It is my hope that the juxtaposition of the Commencement Address given by Glenn Gray in Santa Fe and Leo Raditsa's Annapolis Class Day speech will provoke written responses.

And I am sure that all our readers will join me in the very best wishes for the St. John's quartet of deans—the two players who now have a rest and the two who start to play—for happy sabbatical years for Robert Neidorf and Curtis Wilson and propitious beginnings for Robert Bart and Edward Sparrow.

B.R.v.O.

IN THE JULY ISSUE:

Commencement Address

Annapolis 1977

by Curtis Wilson

Members of the Graduating Class:

You are glad, I hope, to be crossing the finish-line. If I am not mistaken, to get there has taken a bit of pluck and patience and good will. For those qualities in you, I praise you, and also thank you. They are important qualities anywhere; they can be more important in intellectual work than is sometimes realized; but they are especially important for the community of learning that St. John's tries to be.

We at St. John's are a tiny band. We believe, and at our best act on the belief, that we have been entrusted with something special. Recently a candidate for admission, after visiting the College, wrote of the students he had met and talked with here: they carry a sacred flame. To an older tutor the flame is not always visible, but he must nevertheless acknowledge that he would not be so alive or so moved to exert himself in his own efforts to learn and understand, did he not confront these students day by day, with the light of intelligence and quizzicality in their faces, and the desire and the demand to know in their hearts. Together we have aimed at the high goals of the program. In old books we have sought the wisdom whose price is above rubies. For you and for us, self-education has been a matter of passionate personal concern. That concern, and the quixotic quests it has led us into, join us together in a certain complicity today. We would be hard put to explain it to our visitors. In that respect as in others, Commencement resembles a family affair.

But the bell tolls, and it is as if the great world were calling us to account. Your request and the President's invitation that I should speak here is a great honor, but it has also caused me some trepidation. Of the great world, I have little to say that is not cheap wisdom, readily available elsewhere. I must rather speak primarily of what you have been primarily doing here: learning and thinking. And all that I have to say is simple in the extreme.

For four years you have given a good deal of your time to reading and thinking, and to speaking and writing about what you have read and thought. A certain amount of information you have no doubt acquired; but much of that you have forgotten or will forget—a fact over which you should not fret, for the shadow of things forgotten will protect you from many illusions. If you go now to one of the professional schools, you are likely to have to shift intellectual gears, and to start taking in information at a considerably more rapid pace, in order, I assume, to be protected from yet more illusions. But here at the College you were primarily asked to do something different: to think. To ponder on certain books and paragraphs and sentences; to meditate on certain questions that were posed to you, or that you posed to yourselves; to speak and to write on these books and paragraphs, sentences and questions. What was this engagement of yours, and what did it do for you?

To describe thinking is well-nigh impossible. John von Neumann, the mathematician, compared thinking to riding in an airplane, and now and then going up front to do a bit of steering. We can do this without being able to know what keeps the airplane aloft or moves it forward.

Thinking involves a temporal process. Whatever is accomplished in thinking, whatever is grasped or understood, is grasped or understood on the basis of successive steps. At a certain moment I believe myself justified in saying: "I see; I understand." What led to that? The thing that is understood is a complex of elements, with their properties and relations; if it were only a solitary thing, without any internal complex-

This is the text of the Commencement Address given by Curtis Wilson on 29 May 1977 in Annapolis. The speaker was himself about to cross the finish line in his second round as Dean.

Corry Miller

ity or any relation to anything else, we would speak not of understanding but perhaps of trance. Understanding is therefore always of something that is somehow many. And so in coming to understand a situation, I have presumably been tracing out the relations between the elements of the situation, presumably one by one, and then I say: "I understand now." But at this moment in which I say that I understand, it does not seem possible that all these relations are present to me at once, in their full significance; and it becomes a problem as to *how* they are present. It is evident that the acquisition of any understanding involves *necessarily* a kind of evanescence; different aspects of the situation to be understood have to fall successively into the background, into the past. And when I try to understand my understanding, to grasp reflectively what has gone on in the process of understanding, it seems I must either reactivate the original process, step by step, or else I am liable to fall into superficiality or false generalization.

The problem of evanescence goes beyond any single process leading to any single act of understanding. *All* intellectual work is based on previous acquisitions which have become as though embedded and submerged in one's thinking. Previous acquisitions, in order to be transmittible from one person to another, or even to remain accessible to one person, have in general to be framed in words, written or spoken. And written or spoken words exercise a seductive power. Increasing familiarity with certain words and patterns of words makes possible a certain kind of passive and superficial understanding, which carries us forward to another stage without our necessarily having grasped the full meaning. Even thinking that has seemed satisfying and adequate always involves an interlacing of what is grasped centrally and with a degree of clarity and distinctness, and what is accepted passively as pre-given. Learning never starts from a zero-situation, complaining members of the teaching profession to the contrary notwithstanding.

Now this understanding of understanding has consequences for one who would understand. Whenever I understand anything, I am dependent in my understanding on the manifold of relations and elements that are passively there, in the background, waiting in the wings and ready to appear on stage, should the further progress of my thought require it. Were my understanding not thus surrounded and supported, it would consist of entirely isolated thoughts, which would be incapable of being improved and enriched by further reflection. At the same time, this dependence on a passively maintained background is a danger for thought. What is now passively accepted may be the residue of thought undertaken earlier, thought that has been intense and that has taken account of some of the complexity of things. On the other hand, it may be the residue, and much of it *has* to be the residue, of what has been passively and unthinkingly accepted with the learning of language and with the words of others, that I have somehow absorbed and come to use, from childhood onwards. My dependence on this passively accepted background means that only with effort can I escape the ill or misleading effects of cliché and jargon, of conventional vocabulary or of the deeper assumptions of the culture in which I was raised. To begin to take responsibility for my thought, what is required are circumstances in which my tacit assumptions can be challenged, as rigorously as possible, and then, on my part, not anger or rejection but a special attentiveness and effort to be thoughtful.

A further consequence of this understanding of understanding is that whatever I accomplish in thinking remains open to modification or qualification by a series of future thinkers, including me. If I claim to understand or grasp anything with any kind of completeness, there yet remains the open possibility of grasping further relations, determinations, connections, so that what has thus far been grasped appears as a special case of something else.

Now suppose that, with this understanding of understanding taken for premiss, a program of studies is to be founded, its aim being not simply or primarily the acquisition of information, but rather chiefly the improvement of the mind. The founders will surely know that it is not possible for us to start from a zero-situation. They will know that it is necessary to begin in the middle of things. At the same time, they will warn the participants, namely us, against taking anything for granted; they will ask us to take the vow of poverty of knowledge. This means, not that we should become sceptics, settled in our ignorance, but that we should begin to exercise an alert *scepsis*, a looking that seeks to know *that* and *what* it does not know.

What should be studied, given that there are no absolute starting-points, that we have to begin in the middle of things? Surely we must avoid current fashions and jargon, surely we must allow ourselves some distance, surely we must find the means that will enable us to probe most deeply and to see farthest, that will make us most thoughtful. Is it not evident, then, that we should choose books and paragraphs, sentences and questions, that first-rate minds have rated as first-rate, and that have significantly shaped language and thought? Is it not clear that we should turn to them—questioningly, indeed, and yet with tentative trust, entertaining the possibility that the sense they make could be deeper than we have yet dreamed possible?

So we embark on a course of reading and thinking, speak-

ing and writing. With our companions and our books, we enter into a sequence of interactions. A play of ideas begins.

Always, for each of us, there is the central core of what is attended to; it stands out in a clear pattern against an all-enveloping vagueness. But for each of us, the core is fringed with faint patterns that can be brought to distinctness. Queer things go on in the fringe, sometimes related and sometimes not, to what is occurring at the center. The activities in the fringe include the elements of the play of myth, the goat-play that becomes tragedy, the apparently silly associations of words, the childish *hubris* that appears in every rage. The obscure shapes in the fringe undergo strange evolutions, and there are flashes of significance which emerge from the fringe or from beyond it, the relatedness of ideas emerging from images or out of the blue.

There is a play of opposites. The ideas generally come in pairs, substance and accident, the fixed and the flux, form and function, the actual and the possible, subject and object. If we try to catch these opposites in act, they change shape and multiply, reappearing at different levels.

In the course of our conversation and thought, configurations of ideas form and dissolve. Each configuration is a whole of a kind, but also partial and relative, because there is always more in the fringe and beyond. But one configuration can lead to another, and there are relay effects, configurations which can serve as stepping stones, if we can somehow capture them in words or images. For we need the word and the image to fix our thought, if we are to advance. We cannot be sure that we know what we think, till we see what we say.

Do we in fact advance? Changes in us and in our thinking do, I believe, occur. We are no longer so quick to accept or reject. We become more soberly and critically thoughtful. It is with a changed and no longer eristic spirit that we now engage in the battle of words. We have learned to listen more patiently, to wait, to consider what the progress of the conversation demands. We have become more adept at noting and bringing forth what is in the fringe, or as someone has put it, at "thinking aside." Increasingly, our thinking and our speaking can be governed and guided by the idea of totality, that is, of the world—of a whole not encompassed but to be encompassed. Increasingly, thoughtfulness and wonder can be at the center.

Now and again, in the play of thought, configurations arise which are accompanied by a sense of resolution or completion. This is discovery. It can be preceded by arduous labor, but it cannot be regarded as the simple result of that labor. And the completion of a whole, when carried into full awareness, is accompanied by a sign or mark which may be called beauty or radiance.

Such is my attempt at a description of the process in which we have been engaged.

Now liberal education that is worthy of the name is a quiet affair; it does not operate under klieg lights, or with blaring P.A. systems, or in-circuit television, or anything fancy. It is not easily characterizable. It will never answer its critics once and for all. That is because the issues are perennial and go deep.

Jeff Cothran '69

Callicles in the *Gorgias* says that liberal education is a kind of play that is good for children, but shameful for grown-ups; so much so, he adds, that when he sees a man continuing the study into later life, and not leaving off, he would like to beat him. Now I disagree with Callicles. Yet, contained in his position is a proposition that I believe to be correct. This is the proposition that education occurs under the aspect of play. It is an old thought; in Plato's *Laws* it is pointed out that the words *paideia*, education, and *paidia*, play, are almost the same. Both are derived from the word for *child*. What, Callicles is demanding, do *paideia* and *paidia* have to do with adult life? And he is implying that the answer should be: nothing at all. Adults through the ages have tended to view play as *mere* play, neither serious nor useful. When we become grown-up, we put away childish things.

Yet this opposition between play and the grown-up leads to a play of opposites, such as I referred to earlier; it is dialectical, and is capable of transformation in manifold ways. The notion of play is not adequately defined by the opposition to the serious, the useful, the adult. We can be warned of this if we notice how the business and politics of the world are pervaded by terms that are derived from play. Business men take risks and play the market; sophisticated descriptions of economic behavior are couched in terms of the mathematical theory of games. Politics is the game of politics, and includes the staging of scenarios, beneficent or nefarious; log-rolling, and public contests for votes and approval. War itself has been conducted within recent memory on one side as a game in the allocation of men and materiel, against an enemy that would not play that game, but played another game of wit and will. Playfulness was even attempted, though awkwardly, in the protests against the war. The playful finds its way into art and music and every cultural form. In families and professional life, adults play roles, sometimes grimly and sometimes with flair. Also, they play at play, or work at play, sometimes in ways that may be too emotionally demanding for health and wholeness. So play and the playful are by no means absent from the grown-up world, but appear in manifold forms, sometimes frightening, sometimes pleasing.

We can see farther into the paradox if we examine the play of children. How serious and intent it can be! Child's play is utterly serious because it is an exploration, an

advance into a field of forces and possibilities where chance must be coped with, where the unknown and the unexpected have play, where one's powers and guesses are tested. In Plato's *Laws*, the paradigm of child's play is leaping. Leaping is not done in empty, undifferentiated space. It is only possible in a sufficient gravitational field; it could be very dangerous on one of the small satellites of Mars; I launch myself, I hope, only after having learned that there is that *against* which my leap is launched, and which suffices to bring me back. The mastery of leaping is part of the mastery of the erect bipedal posture, a major fact in human development, a gift of evolution that has to be appropriated anew by each individual human being. With it, one acquires an orientation with respect to what is before and after, above and below, in specifically human ways. The spatially up and down, right and left, forwards and backwards, become metaphors for what is valued and sought, sinister or righteous, rejected or left behind. Mastery of the bipedal mode of locomotion, to the point of free and unrestrained advance, becomes a metaphor for similar advances into quite different realms, where the forces in play are of different kinds.

Wherever play and the playful appear, whether within designated playground or elsewhere, we may expect that there is a field of forces and possibilities within which the play takes place; that chance is involved, and risk, and the unknown, and tension, and possibly joy. If we are dealing with the unknown—and when are we not?—then the playful or something like it is likely to come into play. Walter Lippmann, in his book on *Public Opinion*, while criticizing the notion that reality is a fixed thing to which we must adjust ourselves, points out why the unknown is inevitably present for us.

> The real environment (he says) is altogether too big, too complex, and too fleeting for direct acquaintance. And although we have to act in that environment, we have to reconstruct it on a simpler model before we can manage with it. . . . [So we must recognize] the triangular relationship between the scene of action, the human picture of that scene, and the human response to that picture working itself out upon the scene of action. . . . The range of fiction extends all the way from complete hallucinations to the scientists' perfectly self-conscious use of a schematic model. . . . The very fact that men theorize at all is proof that their pseudo-environments, their interior representations of the world, are a determining element in thought, feeling, and action.

And Einstein, writing about such theorizing, says:

> All our thinking is of the nature of a free play with concepts; the justification for this play lies in the measure of survey over the experience of the senses which we are able to achieve with its aid.

With these quotations, I am seeking to support the notion that thinking and learning involve necessarily the playful, the imaginative arrangement and rearrangement in thought of relations and possibilities, with a view to taking account of the whole of them.

We should hope, then, and strive to make our hope come true, that at the center of our lives there would be an openness to possibility, a playful and inquiring thoughtfulness. Liberal education should be a training in arts and habits that continue through life: the habit of attention; the art of "thinking aside;" the readiness to assume at a moment's notice a new intellectual posture; the art of entering quickly into another person's thoughts; the habit of submitting to censure and refutation; the art of indicating assent and dissent in graduated terms; the habit of precise accuracy where this is required; the habit of working out what is possible in a given time; the art of carrying conflict to high levels of rational articulation; above all, the virtues of intellectual courage and intellectual sobriety. These things we can practice and continue to practice, and so learn to be playful with the playful, as life requires of us.

So learning, we may also learn to be serious with the serious. The playful and the serious, Plato tells us, are twin sisters. We can disengage ourselves from the magic circle of play only by recognizing the playful as playful, and by turning toward the ultimate—two movements that join finally into one. One recognition of the ultimate and the serious that has remained memorable for me occurs in a story told of the aged Immanuel Kant. A few days before his death, two strangers arrived for a visit. They wanted him to stay seated, for he was feeble. He insisted on rising to greet them, despite the effort, the embarrassment, and the time it required. Recovering his breath and composure, Kant explained: "The sense of humanity has not yet left me." So, with the ritual act of greeting, Kant expressed his recognition of that which must ever be treated as an end, never as a means. With some such recognition, I think we could learn to be truly playful with the playful, and serious with the serious. That is what I wish for you.

Go forward, then, and do not look back; and, to echo Socrates at the end of the *Republic*, may you fare well both now and in the journey of a thousand years.

Statement of Educational Policy and Program

by Robert Neidorf

(The Polity of 1976 stipulates that the Chairman of the Instruction Committee, who is alternately the Dean on one or the other campus, shall submit a Statement of Educational Policy and Program to the faculty for discussion after consultation with the Instruction Committee, and that it shall thereafter be presented by the President as a report to the Board of Visitors and Governors. Unlike the case in earlier years, the Statement is thus a letter of report which does not require formal faculty action unless it incorporates a formal instructional proposal; the following does not.)

I.

In 1954 the Dean of St. John's College wrote this statement:

> The intellectual powers of man—of any man—are his highest powers. They make him what he is. To educate a man means, then, above everything else, to help him develop these powers, to help him acquire intellectual virtues.[1]

Somewhat earlier, speaking of reason, Aristotle had this to way:

> We must . . . strain every nerve to live in accordance with the best thing in us; for even if (reason) be small in bulk, much more does it in power and worth surpass everything. This would seem, too, to be each man himself, since it is the authoritative and better part of him. It would be strange, then, if he were to choose not the life of his self but that of something else. And . . . that which is proper to each thing is by nature best and most pleasant for each thing; for man, therefore, the life according to reason is best and pleasantest, since reason more than anything else *is* man.[2]

I believe that these statements are true, that they convey the central purpose of St. John's College, and that largely for those reasons the College provides the finest undergraduate education available.

One may quarrel with the claim that reason is man "more than anything else." We are not always reasoning; we are therefore sometimes told that reason is an instrument which we may decide to use or not, like pliers. Again, reason may be trained and improved; we are therefore sometimes told that it is potentially quite separable from what *we* are, like the ability to shoot a bow. Like reason, desire and emotion are powers of ours, sometimes active and sometimes not, capable of training and improvement; but it would be strange to think of desires as things related to us so loosely that we might put them on or take them off as indifferently as eyeglasses; and no one would think that our emotions are attached to us like talents or acquired crafts, as if we were no more involved with them than with our skills at chess or bridge. Still less is reason separate from what we are. When we seek its betterment, we

Last month Mr. Neidorf completed his four-year term as Dean of St. John's, Santa Fe.

[1]Jacob Klein, 1954 *Statement of Educational Policy and Program.*
[2]Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*, X, 7.

"use" it; it is less confusing to say we exercise it. When we deliberate whether or not to "use" it, we exercise it once again. If it is not literally what we are "more than anything else," it is yet close to being just that, too close for us to tolerate the easy metaphors that would degrade it into a tool or skill that we manipulate or manifest from some dark unreasoning place of self behind the scenes.

It is a mark of the deformity of standards in our time that undergraduate colleges are often characterized, like commercial enterprises, in terms of their offerings and products. That a college should stand for something invites the judgment that it is quaint or sectarian; that it should stand first and last for the cultivation of reason invites contempt, usually genial but occasionally hostile.

Why is reason held in such low esteem? Special pleading, wishful thinking and deceptive persuasion are the most frequent forms of deficient reasoning. When they are so recognized, the dominant presence of the *individual* interests and concerns of the reasoner is vividly manifest; it is then supposed that that reasoning is best which leaves human personhood farthest behind. Calculation and record-keeping can then be taken as paradigms of good reasoning, and the intellect comes to be regarded as a faculty of putting things and ideas at a distance in order, so to speak, to walk round them and scrutinize them, never to touch or be touched. Practice follows theory; institutionally approved reasoning becomes indifferent to dimensions of perception, desire, worth and community; increasingly its exercise is felt to isolate us from what is meaningful in our surroundings and valuable in each other; to resist these consequences, many become convinced that they must either hold "reasoning" in the middle distance as a means to some better end, or press it further away as a threat to all that is alive and human.

However, being human does not require the kind of individuality that makes good reasoning impossible, for "humanity" and "individuality" are not synonyms. Reason by its very nature cannot conform to the idiosyncracies of individuals, and in a sense it cannot *be* individual; it does not follow that it must be non-human, or that its exercise is impersonal and isolating. The misologists among us are like stagemanagers who, noting that the individuality of the actors is spoiling the scene, first replace them with marionettes and then, rightly, despair of the drama. The better course would be to ask them to act better, and primarily this means asking them to act *together*. If we can avoid shallow notions of what intellect is, and escape the dogma that it can have *nothing* to do with what *we* are, then we can at least make trial as to what its limits and powers may be, and what it can be like to exercise it. Actually to reason, frequently, seriously, and cooperatively, is the way to do that; and the College is a place for doing it.

The poet Mark Van Doren could be polemical about the place of the reasoning intellect in education:

> "The more we live by our intellect," said Tolstoy, "the less we understand the meaning of life." This could be true in some obscure and terrible sense for a man of his genius, but it has no meaning when parroted by commonplace persons who fear intellectual education as narrow, cold, or dry—their favorite adjectives, none of which is ever missing from the indictment. Those who thus attack it as "mere," implying some whole of which to be sure it would make a good part, usually want none of it at all, and show in their speech that they do not know what it is. At any rate, they should be asked whether they have undergone it, and if so whether they were able to observe that it had nothing to do with emotion or love. It has everything to do with them, though it respects them enough to desire that they be rescued from cheap judgments of their worth- . . . The arts of the intellect . . . can be taught; and the traditional duty of the college is to teach them.[3]

II.

It would be strange indeed if the typical accusations—"narrow, cold and dry"—were not sometimes directed at the College, and sometimes, too, with good grounds.

1. It should be a cause of joy and not of sorrow that there are more things worth studying than there is time in a lifetime to study them. Not all are equally rewarding, nor equally accessible, nor equally likely to complement each other as parts of a collegiate curriculum whose purpose is the cultivation of the intellect. The curriculum at St. John's is therefore almost entirely prescribed. This reflects the serious-

[3]Mark Van Doren, *Liberal Education*, pp. 61-2.

ness of the choices made in its design, for it is primarily the curriculum which provides common matter for conversation and opportunity for the exercise of reason as a public and cooperative enterprise, which is in accordance with its nature; it also reflects the fact that not all are at the same place in respect to their intellectual powers, there being otherwise no purpose for the existence of a college. That there are almost no choices for students in the curriculum entails several consequences which may be taken as forms of *narrowness*.

There are topics widely studied in American colleges which are treated at St. John's minimally or not at all; for example, visual arts, recent behavioral sciences, Eastern philosophy. Often there are sound reasons, but rarely conclusive ones, for these and other exclusions. In the end, some things must be excluded because there is not room for everything of value; not room, that is, unless variety is pursued for its own sake, in which case the encounter with each piece of material becomes unavoidably casual and impersonal, leading by another road to the dehumanization of reason. There is no ground for the claim that the topics presently enclosed within the St. John's curriculum constitute a uniquely privileged list; but a glance at them, and at the positions represented by the authors studied, will reveal that there is no danger of a narrowness of content.

From another direction, it has been suggested that because the College designs its curriculum out of considerations of intrinsic intellectual worth rather than the requests and requirements of commerce, industry, and graduate and professional schools, its students are too narrowly prepared for later careers. The pragmatic value of specialized training at the collegiate level is contestable; recent national experience suggests that overly specific preparation can become a tragic embarrassment when the structure of society's needs and wants changes unpredictably. There is, however, no reason why the College should avoid concern with the transition of its students from within to without; indeed, since the curriculum is not designed to facilitate that transition in any simple or specific terms, it is all the more an obligation which the College must and does assume to be concerned with it in other ways. St. John's students are suited to and do pursue essentially the same spectrum of activities and careers as the graduates of other colleges. That this is so should occasion no surprise; it is a repeated lesson in the early dialogues of Plato that there is no specialized pursuit which constitutes uniquely the practice of the good and just life. However, students need and have a right to expect the professional acquisition and organization of information and advice concerning opportunities for schooling, employment and enterprise; the matter simply is that complex. For that reason, we must be intensely grateful to the placement officers on each campus who have recently provided expanding services in this domain.

A more serious form of the accusation of narrowness is this: that in its pursuit of intellectual excellence the College neglects moral virtue. The briefest contact with the concrete life of reason in the College—that is, with its conversations—shows to the contrary. It remains to wonder whether the vigor of moral concern in the College is despite reason rather than because of it. It was a widespread dogma of the mid-twentieth century, not unknown in other times, that reason is entirely distinct from that in us which estimates worth; this was of a piece with its depersonalization. We were told, and sometimes are still told, that "value judgments" have no cognitive status, that reason determines what is but leaves to other faculties the determination of what is best. The logical and philosophical grounds for this view are notoriously debatable. Were it correct, the consequences for college education would be enormous. For on this view, what is worthy is so only because of individual likes and wants or because of arbitrary cultural preferences; no matter of worth is appropriate to the intellect because nothing *is* really worthy in itself. It follows that those who would supplement intellectual training with moral education seek to subject students to illusion. Van Doren again:

> Intellectual education . . . scarcely recognizes the distance which some would put between moral education and itself. . . . The danger in separating character from intellect . . . is that men will then be licensed to handle moral ideas as though they were not ideas. . . . A popular form of ignorance is the belief that life can be ordered by those who do not know what they are doing; fervor is enough. Our sincerity depends on our knowledge of what we are talking about. Morals cannot be better than thought. The soundest method of moral education is teaching how thought is done. "Let us endeavor, then," says Pascal, "to think well; this is the principle of morality."[4]

[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 62-3.

There is finally a form of narrowness which threatens the College ineluctably. There must be within the school persons who do not share its fundamental convictions (whether or not I have identified them properly), but choose it for some other qualities which, perhaps rightly, they identify as of equal or of greater importance. That is to say, there must be dissent within the College, and of the strongest kind; without it there is a truly constricting narrowness and the danger of uncritical orthodoxy. On the other hand, one cannot pretend that difference about fundamental matters is unimportant and *makes* no difference, for then the College stands for nothing. In sustaining this tension, the greater hardship falls upon those who dissent from the views most widely held, and to them the others must be correspondingly grateful.

2. I have been appalled to find even a few students at St. John's who confuse seriousness with solemnity, and think that laughter has no proper place in the seminar room. Again, there are some who believe that the feelings and emotions of participants to a conversation are of no legitimate interest except insofar as decency requires that one avoid giving offense. In these respects, I believe that the practice of reason within the College becomes on occasion inappropriately *cold*.

No doubt the classroom is at its best when each speaking participant is more concerned with what he says than with the fact that he is saying it, and when the regard which each has for the others is independent of the regard which the others have for him or her. But the parties to the conversation are not therefore ciphers. I am concerned to know what a student feels about Hamlet, even if he or she cannot at once say why; the feelings of a serious participant in the enterprise of reason are starting-points of consequence and legitimate material for consideration. The elevation of likes and dislikes into items of terminal interest and incorrigible stature is to be sure one way of paralyzing reason; but the exclusion of feelings as "merely" private and as hopelessly opaque is one way to render the activity of reason pointless.

3. "*Dry*" is so frequently a term of opprobrium for austere texts and droning professors that it has almost lost its metaphorical quality in this context and become instead a synonym for "boring." The appropriate images are the closed and dim places of libraries and notebooks, repositories of bits of knowledge which are recondite, esoteric, abstract and—no doubt—trivial. Reason threatens to dessicate whenever it is regarded as a means to the manufacture of products—recipes and formulae—distinct from itself, rather than an activity worthy for itself. This is not to say that the pursuit of truth is better than its attainment; it is to say that the exercise of reason is the characteristic way in which human beings relate to each other and to what is, the acquisition of encapsulated "results" being only a byproduct by comparison. Books are for reading, and re-reading, and conversation; not collection.

In the College we sometimes make reason dry and dead when we allow an emphasis to fall too heavily upon the contents of a notebook, actual or metaphorical. Demonstrable skills, precise theorems and clearly formulated propositions are not to be despised; they are the usual signs of the presence of reason alive, and their systematic absence is cause for alarm; they are the sorts of things usually offered in response to the question, "What have you learned?" But possession of such things does not constitute reason at work. The outcome of the first few propositions in Euclid's *Elements* is a few statements of fact and a few simple techniques of construction which the student could grasp in a few minutes; but what is important is his time-consuming acquaintance with the proofs and their difficulties, an experience usually called "thinking through" the material. In the same vein, the structure of the mammalian body is available in models, books, and movies; but the personal experience of dissection has a deeper learning significance. Again, a student can memorize rules of Greek Grammar, and memorize passages from Homer along with reputable translations; none of these are of as much value as the effort to make one's own translation, or at least to give an account of the suitability of the one supplied. Finally, the informed *listening* to music or poetry is as much or more an exercise of intellect as the development of an analysis, and indispensable for the latter. These are all common examples of situations in which the personal intellect at work constitutes a self-actualizing activity that we treasure at least as much as the "results"; for it is in the reliability of this activity that new results can be obtained and old ones verified, it is in the activity itself that results of any kind are made *ours*, and perhaps it is in the activity itself that we are most alive.

The early dialogues of Plato constitute more sublime models of the same principle. Although they usually fail to exhibit a formulable answer to the question of record that will withstand even simple criticisms, they never fail to reveal important qualities about important matters. They provide, in

short, an experience for the reader of open mind and heart. Sometimes, then, the proper answer to "What have you learned?" may go something like this: "I cannot state *what* I have learned, but I know that during this hour of study or of conversation I was in a fine place where I should like to be again, and which if it has changed me has done so for the better."

Were this not so there would be no justification for our traditional emphasis upon active participation in the classroom, particularly in Seminar. Every "result" available to the student who speaks in Seminar is likewise available to the one who is silent. However, although the College must always be prepared to tolerate the exceptional student whose participation is active though silent, I believe it is right to insist that overt participation in the conversation of the classroom is the primary manifestation of that intellectual activity for which the College exists. We ask students to speak in class not to prove that they have done their assignments but in order that they may have the experience of reason.

There are many intellectual activities of a fairly routine sort, often regarded as uninteresting or "dry" and pursued only to a minimal extent, and then only for the sake of other studies to which they seem to be necessary means; examples are the memorizing of passages and paradigms in Greek or French, the solving of many routine problems in geometry or calculus, the dissection and drawing of a plant or animal, the careful writing of short analytical papers. Yet paradoxically, these *are* elementary experiences in the exercise of reason and we sometimes neglect them at our peril in our eagerness to advance to the high planes of philosophical discussion and poetic perception. No doubt there is a way of emphasizing "exercises" and "drills" so as to dry up the spirit. But there is a joy in them for themselves that is lost when they are held in contempt and neglected as mere means to the "real" goals of thought. The skills which they engender are then present only in appearance, and some of the most accessible and proper pleasures of intellect are foregone. The vitality of reasoning is secured neither through some transparent sublimity of style nor novelty in the objects of thought, but through the cooperative and disciplined spirit in which it is conducted and the quality of the materials presented to it.

III.

Again, therefore, the contents of the curriculum emerge as the crucial determinants of the quality of education that the College provides. But great books do not come so labelled, and the test of time is therefore important; it is primarily for this reason that most of the texts in the curriculum are old books, and not because of veneration of the past or despair of the present. On the other hand, our intellects are imperfect and our circumstances change; consequently, the curriculum must be criticized constantly and revised frequently, lest its imperfections become traditions and that which is new receives less than its due account. There was, after all, a time when Homer had not sung.

Clearly the balance between stability and change *is* a matter of balance. We are currently committed to and at work on a large change in the laboratory part of the curriculum, and always considering other possible modifications; yet the emphasis in the College is primarily upon the continuing study of tested materials. The parts of the curriculum are not arranged in the best possible way nor do they constitute a list of those things most uniquely worth studying; both are impossible. However, what we have been studying is, in practically every part of it, decently arranged and eminently worth attention. That in itself is an enormous gift. In that perspective, we can proceed to curriculum change without feeling that there are fatal diseases thereby to be cured or some uniquely perfect curriculum that we are obligated to find; the process itself may then be a proper pleasure, free of artificial urgency and groundless anxiety.

This must be said bluntly: The contents of the curriculum and the procedures of instruction at St. John's College are excellent. They are that in and for themselves, and only for that reason they are also appropriate preparation for later life. Simply to be content with that fact would be smugness, and this world being what it is, the fact itself would vanish; but if, as I think, it *is* a fact, we have no need to ignore it and ought not to forget it.

Words to the Class of 1977

by Leo Raditsa

In my dreams and fancies I am always giving speeches, which is perhaps why I came here to teach where teachers are supposed to listen. For me that is a lot harder than talking, as a lot of you have had to find out. But today you have offered me a chance to say something and that on the eve of your last day as undergraduates—and indisputably on your own time. I am mighty pleased.

You have probably begun to understand that most men, including yourselves, to the extent that you have learned anything, are self-educated and that knowing is as much a reaching out for life as love. Also, that it is as natural as breathing. That it is one of the areas of deepest freedom where everything is unexpected and yet at the same time turns out somehow to fit and to be appropriate—an area where a man if he moves at all moves of his own. As a result it is an area where a man experiences all his slavishness if he is at all slavish, an area where he experiences all that keeps him from loving life, if he does not love life entirely. In this sense all knowing involves self-knowledge.

I expect also you have had some inkling of the dread which accompanies knowing. It is a dangerous business, but not half so dangerous as ignorance. Knowing requires courage and self-respect and is not to be taken for granted, although we do in fact take it for granted much of the time. I mean especially most of you—you take it for granted, as if knowing is something you do at your stage of life if you want, a convention and, therefore, entirely safe.

Perhaps we take knowing for granted because it is too much for us, and because we wish to deny it is too much for us. Besides the dread, knowing affords too much pleasure, demands too much struggle. Taking knowing for granted means pretending it is neither pleasurable nor fearful—when we know very well it is both.

Knowing seems too much for us, because we find it difficult to accept that it like life is bigger than we. I think that is what Socrates' blunt experience of his ignorance is all about. It reminds himself that life is bigger than he. Because of this experience of his ignorance, Socrates knew that life would have to teach him and not he it—if he was to learn at all. In other words reasoning and for that matter living has a good deal to do with letting things occur of their own. Goethe's Egmont meant this too when he said the best things in life come unasked. But all these things are much easier to talk about than to allow to happen. If in four years of talking and attempted conversation some truth stirs of its own, once or twice, and surprises you—that is a good deal. So hard is it for us to do the simplest things.

I suppose also that you have experienced in these years something like isolation from the tradition, although—and because—you have been in continual contact with it and felt close to it. The voices that speak to us from the past are very distant. They are clear, distinct, but distant. This is partly because perhaps we are more trapped in our times than most times, because we are trapped in our assumptions, precisely, because our ideal is to operate—I explicitly do not say, live—without assumptions. It does not seem to us that we speak the same language as other times. In fact we fear to speak the same language as other times, lest we discover how different we actually are from them.

This isolation means you can visit, inspect and become familiar with the words of the past, but that it is difficult to inherit them and to imitate them, to learn from them. We can remember the past, admire it, but from a distance. And yet we draw sustenance from it. Aeschylus, for instance, can teach us courage and the distinction between rational aggression and murder. But that kind of sustenance somehow remains private—it rarely becomes a part of our public life, which seems to function with almost no memory of any past, even of the recent past. So afraid are we of ourselves.

In part this reluctance to remember the past is because our poets and historians no longer seem to know how to imitate the ancients, to learn how to make comedies or tragedies from them. But there is no reason why this has to continue to be so or why it should be so. I am simply suggesting those of us who are interested in making things, dramas, histories or

This is the text of the Tutor's address given at the Class Day Exercises in Annapolis on May 28, 1977.

Ann Browning and Brad Davidson at May Cotillion

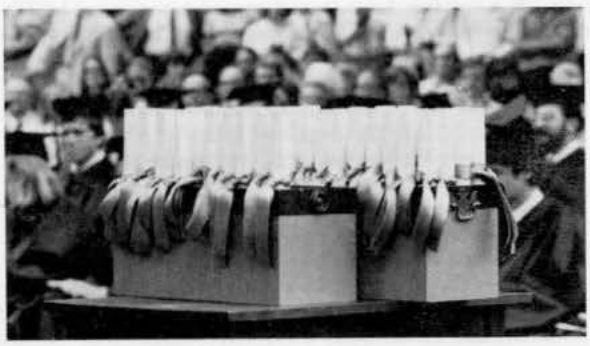
treatises, might turn to the works of the past we admire as models—rather than as objects simply of astonishment.

As I have followed your education these four years, teaching most of you, I have constantly compared it to my own undergraduate education. It was not a willing comparison but one that forced itself upon me as I tried to keep up with what was happening to you—and to me.

As you well know the rules are changed here—in fact some would claim that there are no rules. It struck me when I first came that the education you were about was close to the one I dreamt of having when I was an undergraduate. But when I came here I had grown old enough to be pretty suspicious of dreams—and especially of getting what you dreamt. I mean, I knew the trouble really starts when you get what you desire.

Above all, I was wary of believing too much in what I was doing, because beliefs, as opposed to convictions, too often get in the way of doing anything, because beliefs had too often proved to be merely disguised shackles. To put it in the devastatingly Freudian manner which made up the air I breathed as an undergraduate, principles are largely unfulfilled desires. I remember sometime in my first few weeks here—which were also your first few weeks—Winfree Smith asking how I found myself at St. John's, and my answering that it was an enchanted island and that that meant you had to keep your wits about you lest you turn into a pig.

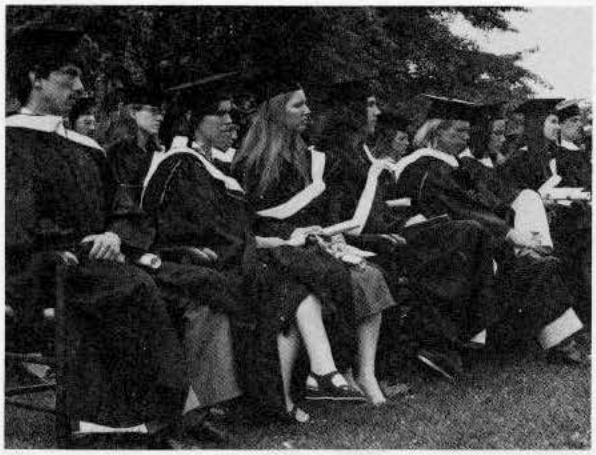
I still feel that way—but four years ago, I had no idea of how much wit it took. In fact as some of you know, I have found it necessary to retire to the Pacific next year in order to catch my breath, to sharpen my wits and to shake the trail of students. In fact at this place the demand for wit is cumulative. The reason it takes so much wit to survive here is, of course, that the lines defining student and teacher are remarkably fluid. In fact, sometimes they appear to me to be written in water. But for all that, as we all know, there are students and there are teachers. The question is who are the students and who are the teachers. It probably seems to you pretty late in the day to start talking about that.



Of course, for you, for the students, it is very convenient to pasture in the illusion that all are teachers and students at once, but it is not very beneficial to you—and, of course, no teacher worth his salt could put up with it. The question is how not to put up with it and that is not easy in the masked-ball atmosphere in which education goes on here.

Underneath it all, we all know that what is going on here is a life-and-death struggle—we ignore it, we deny it, you wail aloud that it is not so, that such things are not even thought of here, that your thoughts are only honourable (which is hardly what I would say about all of mine), that this place is different—as if all places were not different. But no matter how much we deny it, we all know it is a life and death struggle. A life-and-death struggle in the way life-and-death struggles are carried out in the few nations on the present shameful face of this earth that know the sweetness of freedom. That is, nobody is murdered, but the stakes are nevertheless our lives and yours, whether you are going to let your eyes run wild in their beholding or live forever wandering in the shades, as Freud put it,—and drag us down back into them.

What I mean is that some of the best of you and some of the worst of you are pretty much bent on finding out whether



Rachel McKay

Jonathan Wells

we really are adults or are simply types that have done more time than you. Now it seems to me that that is a legitimate question and a question that you with all your ostensible devotion to words know very well cannot be asked directly in words. It must be asked and answered in controlled experiments of which you are past masters. In fact, some of you make Zuleika Dobson look like an amateur, which, of course, serves Oxford right. Considering the fact that according to some of you the catalogue prohibits testing, you do a great deal of it and with more success than I would like—for your successes make it all the more difficult for you. That is the worst of being young, that your triumphs, especially the ones you engineer by your own devices, tend to undo you. It is our job to foil these triumphs and sometimes we succeed.

In some ways these last four years have made up my second undergraduate education—my first one took place almost exactly twenty years before—I consider them both unsatisfactory.

I hope you consider yours unsatisfactory also—otherwise you will hardly understand why we are in the midst of celebrating a beginning.

The time of my first undergraduate education was the time of the Cold War, now almost universally considered a mistake, for reasons I have never been able to understand. In many ways it was a stifling time—that is, if you think it is stifling not to suffer fools gladly. For those who had the daring to criticize, it had the utmost respect—that is, it did not encourage them.

I think the most striking difference between my undergraduate years and yours is that you appear to be innocent of thinking psychoanalytically. For me and, I think, for many of my contemporaries psychoanalytical ways of thinking were the air we breathed. In fact it might be said that the amateurs drove many of us to the professionals. We felt that until we came to terms with psychoanalytic thinking, all our interests were somehow evasive. Of course, this was not true of all of us. But all of us had to face psychoanalytic thought in one way or another, if only to learn the difference between a reason and a rationalization. It was the stuff of our manners and of our frankness and behind it all there was a desire for ruthless honesty which had at times more than a touch of nobility about it. It seems to me that that is all different with you and that seems to me significant. I do not mean that you do not want to be honest—but that you think you can do it without tangling with psychoanalysis. That gives me pause.

In closing I should like to say something about the Republic—for that is something that we all have in common besides St. John's—and which this college makes it easier to love. I think we take it too much for granted. I think we take it too much for granted because some of us, perhaps all of us, suspect it is too good for us. Of course, we say it is not good enough. But what we mean is that we are not good enough. I am baffled that I find the deepest appreciations of freedom in the writings of men living in totalitarian countries whose every word risks their lives. I should like to read you a passage from an essay by one of these writers, Mikhail Agursky:

> A man who has been accustomed to breathing fresh air all his life does not notice it, and never realizes what a blessing it is. He thinks of it only occasionally when entering a stuffy room, but knows that he need only open the window for the air to become fresh again. A man who has grown up in a democratic society and who takes the basic freedoms as much for granted as the air he breathes is in much the same position. People who have grown up under democracy do not value it highly enough.

The Sense of It All

Commencement Address

Santa Fe 1977

by J. Glenn Gray

Mr. President, faculty colleagues, parents, friends of St. Johns, graduating Seniors especially.

I.

It is an honor to be asked by you to speak a final word at this nodal point in your careers. Though the ritual of Commencement is hardly important in itself, what it commemorates is a significant change in your lives. After these many years of study, *Lehrjahre*, as the Germans call them following ancient Greek usage, you are about to embark on years of wandering, *Wanderjahre*, in either a literal or metaphorical sense. The classical tradition has it that after you complete the *Wanderjahre*, having studied sufficiently "the great book of the world," you will return and settle into productive lives of service to your generation. The present age is hardly classical, however, so that this third stage may be indefinitely delayed! In fact I have been impressed and depressed of late by the perception of how disorienting the college experience tends to be, at least for many of my students at Colorado College. A generation ago we college students enjoyed the pleasant illusion that a college education was supposed to orient one for the future. Nowadays I am frequently visited by former graduates who after three, four, or five years of wandering are still trying to discover what to do with their lives.

I am highly sympathetic with their plight. Things are doubtless more difficult today than they were for us even in the Great Depression years of the Thirties. For one thing the scarcity of opportunities for employment makes a decision about vocation harder and drives many graduates into professional schools which increasingly signifies merely a postponement of the search for a suitable career. For another the state of marriage has become more problematic than it used to be. When I asked the other day one of our Seniors who is marrying this summer whether marriage upon graduation is in or out of fashion again, she answered quickly: "definitely *out*." From her defensive attitude I gathered that she has been twitted a lot about fleeing into marriage as an escape from "the real world" as students still call the life outside academia.

Important as they are, I suspect that marriage and career are only aspects of a larger problem confronting many of us and not only the youth. It is the problem of making sense of our lives. And it is about this effort to make sense of it all that I wish to speak to you. The theme has been near the center of my reflections in recent times; in fact ever since my late friend Hannah Arendt taught me a distinction between truth and meaning which seems to be of cardinal importance. Indeed I hope to articulate the distinction more explicitly than she was able to do because of her untimely death a year and a half ago. I trust that you will forgive me for broaching this weighty theme on such a festive occasion. By issuing the invitation you might have known what you were in for! You

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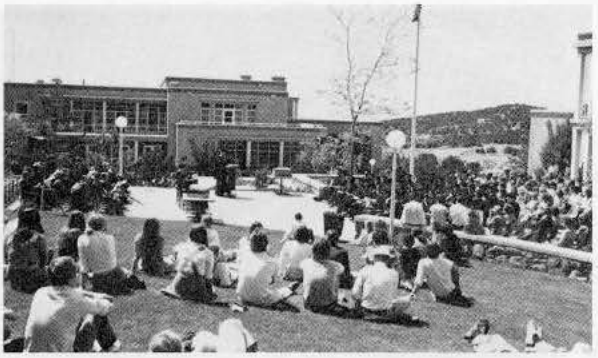
This is the text of the Commencement Address given at Santa Fe on May 22, 1977. J. Glenn Gray is Professor of Philosophy at Colorado College. He is also General Editor for Harper and Row of the translations of Heidegger published and to be published by that house. His books include *Hegel and Greek Thought* (Harper Torchbooks, 1969); *Understanding Violence Philosophically and Other Essays* (Harper Torchbooks, 1970); *The Promise of Wisdom: A Philosophical Theory of Education* (Harper Torchbooks, 1972); and *The Warriors: Reflections on Men in Battle* (Harper & Row, 1973). His editions include G.W.F. Hegel, *On Art, Religion, Philosophy* (Harper Torchbooks, 1970).



should have guessed that I would give you a somewhat humorless little lecture on a philosophical subject I am trying to clarify for myself.

Stated quite simply in my own words, the distinction between truth and meaning runs this way. In the first instance the search for truth is a cognitive enterprise, our attempt to discover the way things are in the world and in ourselves. It is what engages us as students and professors in laboratory and classroom. In the Humanities we seek truth through reading and discussing the lasting books of our heritage; in the sciences we endeavor to discover the secrets of nature by controlled observations and experiments. We think of truth in this way as what results from knowledge, and the acquiring of knowledge is what engages the ratiocinative elements of our minds, our intellects. However, beyond the desire to know, which Aristotle declared to be "by nature" in all of us, is the quest for meaning. Once we have acquired a considerable stock of knowledge about whatever subject matter, we can still be haunted by the question: what does it matter to me, what is the sense of knowing all this? Then comes the dismaying awareness that it is possible to *know* everything about a subject and to *understand* precisely nothing. Recognition of the vast difference between knowing and understanding tends to increase as we grow older, especially if one guards against becoming a confirmed academic! While in school and college it is tempting to believe that the desire to know, in the sense of knowing I have just mentioned, is the chief motivation of humankind. But in lucid moments we realize that the need to discover the place and purpose of our lives has a higher priority.

A colleague of mine at Colorado College said to me the other day with nearly comical seriousness: "These students of ours really want to know the truth about the world." With some effort I refrained from responding to her aloud with what was in my mind. "I don't believe it for a minute. What they want instead is to make sense of their experience, to learn what and who they are, and where they fit into the scheme of things. A tiny minority may give first place to truth, but even they can do so only if they already know their place in existence."

Though related to the search for truth about the facts of nature and history, the quest for sense or meaning engages different powers of the mind than our intellects. I refer to that meditative or musing power which we call thinking and which Plato defined as "the discourse which the mind carries on with itself." According to him, thinking is "the mind simply talking to itself, asking questions and answering them, and saying yes and no. When it reaches a decision—which may come slowly or in a sudden rush—when doubt is over and the two voices affirm the same thing, then we call that its 'judgment'." (*Theaetetus* 190) As you know, he ascribes this creative power to memory or rather to Mnemosyne, who is the mother of the nine Muses, not to our impoverished definition of memory as merely the power to recall something in our pasts. It is to this silent dialogue within us, going on incessantly, that we owe whatever sense and significance our lives may possess. I am fond of the verb 'to muse' for this activity because of its etymology: "to sniff around or cast about for a scent."

Interpretation of our experience, whether it be first-hand or vicarious, requires in any event more of us than knowledge gained by sense observation and intellectual calculation. If, for example, we have achieved a genuine friendship or suffered an unhappy love affair, intellectual knowledge alone will never enable us to assess the significance of these events. Their factual truth is not the same as their meaning. When we read Dante's great poem we are hardly concerned with the truth of its Christian cosmology, completely unacceptable to us moderns as it has become; rather with how we can interpret the sense of the *Comedy* in ways that will make it present to us and thus give our daily experience a deeper dimension. This life-long effort to appropriate and interpret what happens to us, nowadays going under the fashionable name of hermeneutics, is in short a different kind of effort from acquiring cognitive truth. Whereas truth is knowledge of the actual state of affairs in the world, meaning is my attempt to belong to that world.

At long last I have begun to realize that the chief business of philosophy is not the attainment of knowledge about man and world. To this worthy enterprise the sciences, natural and social, are devoted. Most of them, to be sure, have sprung from philosophy but now they rightly claim autonomy from their parent. Instead, philosophy—and by that I understand much more than the academic discipline by that title—is primarily directed to the search for the meaning or sense of human experience. My wise old friend, Hannah Arendt, whom I think of as a modern Diotima, helped me to understand that the meaning of meaning is belonging. But alas, she did not live long enough to explain how belonging in turn is to be understood. Certainly she did not think of it as adjusting ourselves to our current environment or accepting a comfortable niche in an economic class in suburbia. Surely it cannot be the goal of a thoughtful person to be a well-adjusted member of the species self-styled *homo sapiens*. The story is told of a college president in the East who was so well adjusted to his environment that one couldn't tell where the environment left off and the President began! To become really at home in modern society is at once more than many of us can achieve and less than we really desire.

II

What then do I mean by belonging, if not to one's society and to one's age? It is a hard question, the answer to which still eludes me in any concrete sense. But let me hazard a general answer and then try to make it as concrete as possible by illustrations. I believe that to learn to love the beautiful is what it means to belong to the world. Learning to love visible and invisible beauty in all its myriad manifestations in the events of history and the spectacle of nature is to make sense of our lives. The more we learn to love the beautiful, a difficult learning indeed, the more sense our lives will make to us and to others.

Since college days I have been pleasantly haunted by those famous words of the poet John Keats: " 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know." They occur at the close of his *Ode on a Grecian Urn* and are the outcome of his musing on the scene depicted there of a sacrifice to the gods that is at the same time a celebration. At the beginning of the Ode he wonders aloud:

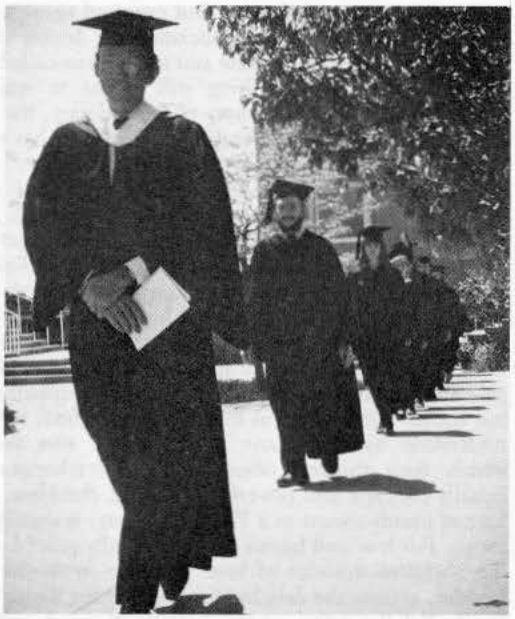
> What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
> What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
> What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

And as he continues to muse on these mysteries, the great age of the urn, its preservation by good fortune for the enjoyment of countless generations before him and probably for more still to come, he ponders his own transience and imminent end. The poignant contrast causes him to exclaim:

> Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
> Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare.
> Bold lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,
> Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve:
> She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
> For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

As he continues to meditate upon this strange and wonderful scene, he is suddenly caught up, in the concluding stanza, by an epiphany beyond reflection. In his language "that Attic shape, that silent form, dost tease us out of thought as doth eternity." Then in a lightning flash the urn speaks to him the words: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." That the words come from the urn, not from the poet, he attests by putting them between inverted commas.

As a college youth I was vaguely thrilled by these words but could not begin to understand them. By reading some commentaries recently I discover that others have had a like difficulty. Even so perceptive a poet as T.S. Eliot declared that these concluding lines seemed meaningless or at least their meaning escaped him. However, I have been fortunate during the last decade in being closely involved with the thought of Martin Heidegger. He takes poetry with ultimate seriousness as a disclosure of truth. According to him, great art is a setting into work of truth; and one form which truth assumes is the radiance which shines forth from the work of art. This



radiance he calls beauty. For him beauty is not some aspect or attribute of the genuine work, much less something we the beholders supply or even the artist who brings the work into being. On the contrary, beauty is a disclosure of reality itself or in his language an appearance of Being as such. In other words, beauty speaks to us in the art work of the truth of Being, a non-cognitive truth to be sure and one most of us are oblivious to most of the time. Though Heidegger did not know Keats's *Ode* in all likelihood, he has helped me to understand what the urn revealed to that greatly gifted young poet.

Let me try to state this understanding in my own more prosaic language. Beauty is not truth in truth's usual connotation as the correspondence of our ideas with a state of affairs existing independently of us. That is to say, the truth which Keats learned from meditation on the urn is not the truth of fact and knowledge that we acquire from our senses and intellects. Rather the truth that is at the same time beauty is a way of being *in* the truth. It is the correspondence of the entire human being, not simply his logical propositions, to the world about him and within him. Beauty as truth is the momentary fusion in thought and feeling of the greatest subjectivity with the greatest objectivity. At such moments when we judge the events and spectacles of the world to be beautiful we are suddenly aware how we belong to and in the order of things. Being *in* the truth in contrast to "having" the truth is what I understand by meaning as belonging.

Contrary to common notions of the beautiful as synonymous with the pleasant, such disclosures of beauty as truth may often be terrible. At some level of awareness most of us acknowledge this, for we have experienced such a fusion in ancient and modern tragedies like *Oedipus at Colonus* or the

concluding scenes of *Hamlet*. But ever and again we tend to suppress this awareness by associating the beauty of tragedy with artistic productions alone and not with so-called real life. However, there is something still harder to realize than terrible beauty. It is the beauty of the ordinary, the familiar, the commonplace. For in reality, as Heidegger has remarked: "the ordinary is not ordinary; it is extra-ordinary." Alas, we usually lack both the senses to perceive and the minds to meditate these visible and invisible beauties which lie about us. Rather we are ensnared in dailiness and its practical concerns, being neither sufficiently subjective nor sufficiently objective to appropriate the extraordinary beauty of the ordinary.

It has frequently been observed how difficult it is for moderns to fathom what beauty meant to the ancient Greeks. To them beauty was a concrete and mighty power rather than the pale abstraction it has become for us. Not frequently observed but equally difficult for us to understand, I fear, is what they understood by love. Love or friendship, *eros* and *philia*, which their thinkers often employ interchangeably, was equally concrete and powerful. To grasp, therefore, what the love of beauty meant to a Plato, let us say, is doubly difficult for us. For love and beauty are dialectically related. Beauty is the objective stimulus of love: it incites in us the sense of wonder, at once the delight in seeing and the desire to understand. Yet the origin of this activity of mind and sense is remote from its full development. Both love and beauty exist in innumerable gradations or degrees and hence require great discipline of eye and mind to become actual to any extraordinary extent. It is easy and natural as we say, to *fall* in love, but to *be* in love with the truly beautiful as a state of mind and character—this is anything but easy or natural. Only as we learn to love are we able to perceive the beautiful in any depth and only when we perceive the beautiful are we able to advance from the lesser to the greater mysteries of love, as Diotima put it. Each requires the other if either is to become more than a mere capacity. To become fully subjective, in other words to become what we truly are, is a task comparable in difficulty and dialectically related to becoming fully objective.

III

Having said this, I am still troubled by the abstractness that clings to the word beauty and to my efforts to think the beautiful as an ontological power of things. A similar difficulty afflicts me with the word love when I try to consider it as a separate power in its entire range from the procreative drive of all living creatures to its creative dominion in all the arts and sciences. Yet this abstractness is ameliorated at least when I succeed in thinking love and beauty together and perceive their interconnection in sense experience. In rare moments this abstractness disappears altogether when I am able to leap out of the daily round, divest myself of intellectual preoccupations, become really open to the beautiful. I am persuaded that these rare pre-reflective and post-reflective moods disclose the world to us and provide whatever strands of

Debbie Carroll and Robin Riddel

meaning our short lives can attain. At such moments we hold at bay the continual threat of the meaningless and absurd, the blind contingencies and sheer evils of existence. Inevitably we cannot sustain these epiphanies; at best we can hold fast the recollection of them during the long interim periods.

For beauty is by no means the only power in the world as love is not the only force in us. As I see it, beauty pervades the world, it does not encompass it. If we are to learn to belong, we must discover beauty in the midst of the disorder of events and spectacles. If we are to make sense of it all, that sense cannot be won by refusing to acknowledge the senseless and the radical evil which are also present and real. If the world were only beautiful and our hearts and minds solely directed by love, we would not require the discipline of long education and experience to make progress in the difficult art of belonging. Instead, meaning must be wrested from the encompassing realms of the indifferent and the meaningless. Love must assert itself painfully, sometimes tragically, in an environment of the uncaring, even the hateful.

Once we recognize that love of beauty is a pervasive rather than an inclusive power in life, it tends to become more concrete. Then too we realize that belonging is not an absolute goal whose achievement at some ripe age marks our careers as complete. On the contrary, the love of beauty must be won anew during every stage of life and belonging is at most a partial attainment, varying for each of us in the enduring struggle with estrangement or alienation.

There is indeed one further stage in the endeavor to make the love of beauty a concrete power in our lives. Unlike the rest of us, artists possess the gift for incorporating the beautiful in their works, from which it radiates to us as the invisible made visible. For them the love of beauty is an activity; they learn to love it by making beautiful things, symphonies, poems, sculptures, dances. For thinkers, on the other hand, the temptation is to take the love of beauty as a contemplative idea only, something to be talked about as I have been doing to you. We who are not artists and only on occasion philosophers should strive to *enact* the beautiful in our deeds and characters. In fact we must do so if we are to escape a final abstractness. Even then, I fear, we are able to do so only in privileged moments. For action like theory also can become abstract. It becomes so when the specific goal of any act is lost

from sight or when uncreative repetition sets in, or when tiredness threatens to make our actions mechanical, and so on. There is probably no final victory in our incessant struggle to attain the concrete love of beauty; there are only tactical and momentary triumphs. *Living* the love of beauty will not provide us with immortality as making beautiful things can sometimes provide for artists. But living this way can save us, or so I believe, from the fear that life is a mad experiment and that man, in Sartre's dreadful words, is "a useless passion."

In conclusion, let me wish for you, graduates of St. Johns, good fortune in your search for the sense of it all in the *Wanderjahre* before you. Thinking and doing may not add as much to your store of knowledge as have these undergraduate years. But with the requisite discipline and patience, they may bring you something even more important, if I am right in what I have just said. They may bring you a gradual recognition of how and where you belong in the world.

I salute you with the fine old Latin greeting: *ave atque vale*, hail and farewell!

COMMENCEMENTS

Upper right: Vice President Burchenal Ault waits with students for graduation ceremony. Lower right, Michael Greer and Susan Otto.

Santa Fe Commencement

The tenth commencement on the southwestern campus took place on Sunday, 22 May 1977. Forty-three members of the class of 1977 received their degrees from President Weigle, and heard an address by Professor J. Glenn Gray of Colorado College (see elsewhere in this issue).

Recipients of the degree of bachelor of arts were:

Samuel Gorton Atwood, Lauren Keir Baillard, Marlene Benjamin, Paula Jane Brumley, Luis Alberto Cabanillas Ramírez, Debra Deanne Carroll, Jane Frances Ruth Chambers, Kim Brian Childs, Lawrence Hume Clendenin, Elizabeth Cochran, Thomas Eliot Conroy, Steven B. Corneli, Catherine Ann Crimmins, Rebecca Anne Davis, Stephen Ellison Deane, Michael Edgar Dubetz.

Walter T. Featherly, III, Susan Margeret Ferron, Arma Flamand, Stephanie Forrest, Michael Gordon Greer, R. James Ham, Keith Michaele Harrison, Laurie Amory Haskell, Janet Lynn Hellner, Carol Anne Highsaw, Michael Rutherford Jones, Judy Kay Kistler, Paula Lundy, William Andrew Malloy.

Michael Edward Nolan, Lydia Mikhailovna Ossorgin, Susan M. Otto, David Allen Pex, Robin Ann Riddel, Margaret Ann Ryan, Nancy Gay Sample, Joseph Burner Smith, Jr., Thomas Walter Stepnowski, Andrea Williams, Gragory Reinhold Winter, Eric Woods, Ann Elizabeth Worth.

Awards and Prizes—Santa Fe

The awards and prizes presented during the Santa Fe commencement ceremonies were as follows:

The Duane L. Peterson Scholarship for a Junior—*Ronald Wesley Mawby*. The Bromwell Ault Memorial Scholarships—juniors *Victor Lee Austin, Teresa Engler, Ronald Wesley Mawby, Michael Gerard Theriault*; sophomores *Elaine Bomford, Nigel Alan Hinshelwood, Allen Dean McCollaum, Donald Howard Schwimmer.*

St. John's Community Scholarships—juniors *Emlyn Higa, Suzan Porter, Colleen Regan*; sophomores *Betty Hussander, William Steadman* III,; freshman *John Watkins*. The Senator Millard E. Tydings Memorial Prize for

May Cotillion
in Great Hall

Ted Hendricks

Nancy Coiner, Rhodes Scholar

Chris Rote

excellence in speaking, for a senior—*Carol Anne Highsaw*. The Alfred J. Verratti Science Scholarship—junior *William Randall Fryer*.

Acknowledgements of Excellence for performances as indicated: Senior Essay (Margo Dawn Gerber Memorial Prize)—*Susan Ferron;* Junior Essay—*Philip Regier;* Sophomore Essay—*Joan Haratani* and *Donald Harold Schwimmer;* Freshman Essay—*Anne Wu*. Poems (Henry Austin Poetry Prize)—sophomore *Lisa Rappaport*. Musical Composition—junior *Michael Gerard Theriault*. English translation from Greek—sophomore *Nigel Alan Hinshelwood*. English translation from French—junior *Leland Giovanelli*. Essay on Mathematics—junior *Gary Fletcher*.

Annapolis Commencement

The 185th Commencement exercises in Annapolis were held under the venerable Liberty Tree, on the front campus, as they have been, barring inclement weather, since 1929. It was an especially noteworthy occasion, it featured the largest group of degree recipients since the start of the present academic program, as well as the first class to graduate without any designation of honors degrees. (The joint decision of the two faculties was linked to the role which grades play—or do not play—at St. John's. After many years of dissatisfaction with the honors system, it was concluded that granting of honors degrees ". . . could not be carried out with a sufficiently strict and clear justice," to quote Annapolis Dean Curtis Wilson).

The graduates then, in alphabetical order, were:

Cliff Bowen Adams, Sara Maria Anastaplo, Karen Elizabeth Bent, Charles Woodbridge Borden, Timothy Walker Born, Mary Geraldine Brandon, Ann Browning, Edward Theodore Burke, William Martin Castner, Cathy Anne Chester, Stephen Randolph Chew, Deborah Cohen, Nancy Lee Coiner, Catherine Anne Craig, Richard Bennett Davenport, Girard Bradford Davidson, Susan Fitzpatrick DeBacker, William Doherty, Harriet Dopkin.

Robert Charles Elliott, Rollie Stephen Feuchtenberger, Grant Hall Franks, Lynne Frances Gately, Steven Alan Gilbert, Rosanne Gleason, Robert Bruce Godfrey, Leslie Kerin Gombiner, Patrick Allen Goold, Juliet Elizabeth Goslee, Edward Francis Grandi, Jennifer Susan Haggerty, Ellen Littlefield Hamilton, Cherie L. Harpell, Theodore William Hendricks, Elizabeth M. Hennessey, Andrea B. Hollander, Susan Valerie Holton, Daniel Lee Jerrems, Edward Joseph Kaitz, Kenneth Kimble, Joel Jean-Pierre Klein, Paul Kneisl, Elizabeth Kocsis, Erica Lerner, Pamela Maxon Lobdell.

James Clyde Mackey, Jack Terence McArdle, John Edward McConnaughy

Annapolis prizes and awards: upper left, Grant Franks receives silver medal from Charles Nelson '45, vice chairman of the Board of Visitors and Governors; above, Sara Anastaplo submitted the best Senior Essay; upper right, Pamela Lobdell, and lower right, Robert Elliott, receive their maroon blazers from Association president William W. Simmons '48; Rodney Anne Strabucchi wrote the best original English poem.

III, John Todd Vanderpool McDowell, Rachel Gardner McKay, Maureen Patricia Meidt, Peggy Wells Meyer, Cornelia Petronella Johanna Miller, Cynthia Denise Nash, Edward Charles Nelson, Jody Rae Nesheim, Frank Thomas O'Brien, Maura O'Connell, William Henry Owen, Julia Perkins, Vicki Cass Phillips, Richard David Plaut, Gerard Alcide Poissonnier, Janis Sara Popowicz.

William Joseph Rada, John Christopher Rote, Linda Jane Rutkowski, Eric Michael Salem, Carla Sue Schick, Christian Jenifer Melinda Smith, Richard Daniel Smith, Rodney Anne Strabucchi, Marlene Frances Strong, Michael Murray van Beuren, Carolyn Wade, Chela Roy Weiler, Jonathan Russell Wells.

As of the Class of 1973, James Carlyle; as of the Class of 1969, B. Jeffries Cothran, Jr.

Awards and Prizes—Annapolis

The granting of honors degrees is now a thing of the past, but the awarding of prizes for noteworthy performances in various activities still flourishes. At the Annapolis commencement exercises the following honors and prizes were presented:

A silver medal from the Board of Visitors and Governors to the Senior who has the highest standing—*Grant Hall Franks.*

The Duane L. Peterson Memorial Scholarship to a junior to be applied to senior year fees—*Michael Joseph Ciba.*

The C. Markland Kelly, Jr., Memorial Scholarships; for 1976-77—junior *Terry Schuld,* sophomore *Kimberly Ann Schraf,* freshman *Harold Patrick Pugh;* for 1977-78—*Kimberly Ann Schraf, Harold Patrick Pugh,* freshman *Florence Marie Roessler.*

The Joan Yvonne Ronay Memorial Scholarship—sophomore *Eloise Peeke Collingwood.*

The Senator Millard E. Tydings Memorial Award for excellence in speaking—senior *Eric Michael Salem.*

The Susan Irene Roberts 1966 Memorial Prize for the best senior essay—*Sara Maria Anastaplo.*

The Kathryn Mylroie Stevens Memorial Prize for the best junior essay—*Don Raymond Edwards.*

The Judge Walter I. Dawkins 1880 Memorial Prize for the best sophomore essay—*Charles Norman Hurt.*

For the best freshman essay—*Stephanie Ann Nelson.*

The John Spangler Kieffer Memorial Prize for the best English translation of a Greek text—sophomore *Christopher Daniel Borden.*

For the best English translation of a French poem—junior *Rebecca Latham Brown.*

For the best original musical composition—sophomore *Scott Michael Cooper.*

For the best original English poem—senior *Rodney Anne Strabucchi.*

The General Amos W. W. Woodcock 1903 Freshman/Sophomore Mathematics Prize—sophomore *Kevin William Parker.*

The James K. McClintock 1965 Junior/Senior Mathematics Prize—junior *Mark Bernard Fabi.*

The Alumni Association athletic blazer awards—seniors *Pamela Maxon Lobdell* and *Robert Charles Elliott.*

EIGHT-YEAR TITLE INDEX

CAMPUS—ALUMNI NEWS

On the Friday immediately preceding graduation the faculty and staff are traditionally invited to have lunch in the College Dining Hall. The students chose that time to present Curtis Wilson with a departure gift. Actually it was two gifts: a matched set consisting of a ship's clock and a barometer. In the pictures above: (left) Mr. Wilson has just received the first gift, the clock. (left to right are freshman Catherine Sims, Mr. Wilson, senior Cliff Adams standing, and Marianne DeCamillis Braun '58, of the placement office.) Mr. Wilson displays the gifts in the next two pictures.

Ford Brown Receives Key Honor

Key School in Annapolis personalized a small but vital facility last month and named its upper school library after Ford Keeler Brown as a way of expressing its appreciation and affection for the retired St. John's tutor, a board member there for fifteen years.

Friends of the preparatory school and of Mr. Brown gathered in the amphitheater for the event, which was followed by a reception at which a bust of Mr. Brown, executed by Eric Dennard of the Key faculty, was unveiled. The 82-year-old tutor was accompanied by his daughter Janet, a New York attorney, for the occasion. Mrs. Brown's health made it impossible for her to be there.

Thomas K. Simpson '50, St. John's tutor now with the Santa Fe faculty, who was one of the Key founders and a student of Mr. Brown at St. John's, said no one had worked so continuously and steadfastly as Mr. Brown. He spoke of the fitness of the library in honoring Mr. Brown: frequently crowded and located in the campus building known as "the Barn," the library is a "place where Key School people come together and learn," Mr. Simpson said. "It is modest but at the center of the school."

Felix Morley, former editor of *The Washington Post*, former fellow Rhodes Scholar, and friend for half a century, spoke eloquently of Mr. Brown's influence on both Key School and St. John's College.

(continued)

SECOND ANNUAL SANTA FE ALUMNI FUND CAMPAIGN REPORT

1976-77 (3/1/76 - 2/28/77)				1975-76 (for comparison)		
Dollar Totals	*Donors*	*Average Gift*	*Classes*	*Dollar Totals*	*Donors*	*Average Gift*
$ 88	4	$ 22	1968	$ 100	1	$100
905	9	10	1969	380	11	34
35	2	18	1970	22	3	7
2,084	8	261	1971	1,470	6	247
85	5	17	1972	88	4	22
185	9	21	1973	145	7	20
154	9	17	1974	182	11	16
561	9	62	1975	1,078	5	215
142	9	16	1976	—	—	—
15	1	15	1977	—	—	—
320	2	160	Annapolis Alumni	—	—	—
68	4	17	Grad. Inst. Alumn.	—	—	—
$4,641	71	$ 65		$3,480	49	$ 71
1969, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976 (tied with 9 each)			Highest Donor Total	1969 and 1974 (tied with 11 each).		
$2,084—1971			Highest Dollar Total	$1,470—1971		
$ 261—1971			Highest Gift Average	$ 247—1971		
One $1,400 gift			—	Two $1,000 gifts		
Three $ 500 gifts			—			

The College community paid tribute to Dean Curtis Wilson and his wife, Becky, on Saturday, 30 April. New Santa Fe Dean Robert Bart and his mother were hosts at a reception in the lobby of the Francis Scott Key Memorial Hall. Following the reception there was a dinner in the College Dining Hall. In the pictures above: at left, Board member and former chairman J. I. Staley chats with Mr. Wilson; right, Becky Wilson enjoying her party (with outgoing Santa Fe Dean Robert Neidorf at right).

St. John's president Richard D. Weigle spoke on the importance of a library.

"It is most fitting that Ford Keeler Brown should today have his name attached to the library at Key School," he said. "No one better than he understands and appreciates the role of the library in the life of a school or college. Mr. Brown has been an outstanding teacher since 1925. . . . He has been with us a long time, and I hope for a long time to come. The inspiration of his name will inspire students for many years to come."

CLASS NOTES

1929

Just in case there are some who doubted the news about *Everett Amos*'s running (April 1977 issue), be advised that he has done it again! This time it was the Boston Marathon in April; he covered all twenty-six miles and 185 yards in five hours and forty-nine minutes, the oldest entrant and the oldest finisher. At age seventy-five that's a fair bit of running, even if he did finish with ten blisters. Our congratulations to Dr. Amos.

1938

George Tyler Coulson and Dorothy Holtman Lyon were married on 27 April 1977 in Round Pond, Maine.

1942

In a kind of running quite different from that of Dr. Amos (see above), for the first time in his life *Ernest J. Heinmuller* ventured into politics, and on 2 May found himself the new councilman from the Fourth Ward in Easton, Md. Ernie runs the Easton office of Monroe, the calculator company.

1943

From the spruce-covered shores of Baranof Island, Alaska, to Arizona's Painted Desert country—that's the move A. *Scott Abbott* made last summer. Although still teaching high school for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Scotty is now working with Hopi and Navajo Indians in Tuba City, Ariz., rather than with Eskimos. He and his Kate plan to be at Oxford this summer, she studying 19th century English literature, he the English medieval town. The Abbotts have daughters in far-off Nepal, icy Alaska, and with the Peace Corps in Guatemala.

1949

Allan P. Hoffman, vice president of the Handy Andy Specialty Company, Inc., of New York City, on 1 June joined the board of directors of the National Bath, Bed, and Linen Association for a three-year term.

1953

President Weigle, on a March trip to the West Coast, visited with *C. Eugene Dietrich* and his wife, Dorothy, in Santa Barbara, Cal. Gene is in charge of the Equipment Development Department for Allied Magnetics Corporation in Golita. He has built an electric car which he hopes to put into production in the not-too-distant future.

1954

Mr. Weigle also reports a visit with *Merle* and *Priscilla*('55) *Shore* at their Santa Barbara home. She continues to teach art at the City College there, and they are about to open a second shop in downtown Santa Barbara. For some years they have operated the Village Frame in Montecito.

1961

Martha (Goldstein) Wyatt has been appointed an associate in the Annapolis law firm of Legum, Cochran, and Chartrand.

1962

One of the nice events of the early summer was a visit from *James W. Forrester*, his wife, Mary, and their children, Jim and Sarah. Jim, senior, is an associate professor of philosophy with tenure at the University of Wyoming, where he has been for the past four years. For the preceeding seven years he taught at Columbia University, after earning his Ph.D. degree from Johns Hopkins University. Mrs. Forrester is a graduate of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, and also has a doctorate in philosophy from Hopkins. The Forresters make their home in Laramie, Wyoming.

1964

Last winter *Sharon (Kaplan) Wallis* represented before the Supreme Court a Philadelphia girl who sued because she was refused admission to an all-boy high school, Central High of Philadelphia. We are not aware of the outcome of the case.

1967

Thomas H. Farrell, his wife, Ann (Lyons) '69, and their daughter Nell, four years old, are living in Santa Fe while Tom completes his dissertation in analytic philosophy for the University of Colorado.

Just in time for inclusion in this issue comes a card from *Mark Seglin*. Mark is starting work on his dissertation in psychology at the New School in New York, and is working at Rutgers University.

1968

From *Joel Fineman*, who left St. John's after his sophomore year, comes some welcome news of his activities since 1966: he received a B.A. degree from the University of California at Berkeley, and then a Ph.D. degree in English from the State University of New York at Buffalo. Joel has taught in Jerusalem and at Hunter College in New York, and is currently an Andrew W. Mellon Post-

ALUMNI AWARD OF MERIT

William W. Simmons, president of the Alumni Association, has issued the annual invitation for alumni in good standing to submit confidential letters of nomination for the Alumni Award of Merit.

The Award was first authorized at the Annual Meeting of the Association on 22 October 1949. The enabling resolution, as subsequently amended, reads as follows:

Resolved:

1. That no more than three Awards of Merit, in the form of written scrolls, may be made annually by the Alumni Association and presented by the President thereof on Homecoming Day to alumni of the College for distinguished and meritorious service to the United States or to their native states or to St. John's College, or for outstanding achievement within their chosen fields.
2. That the recipients of the Awards be selected at its discretion by the Board of Directors of the Association from among confidential letters of nomination sent to the President of the Association by members in good standing of the Alumni Association.

(To be in good standing is defined by the Association By-Laws as having paid current dues.)

The first award was presented to Dr. Amos F. Hutchins of the Class of 1906 on Commencement Day, 12 June 1950; the occasion for the presentation was specified by the original resolution. That was subsequently changed to Homecoming Day, and since 1954 the Awards have been presented on that Day, with the exception of 1963, when no award was made. The number of awards, originally one, was changed to not more than three in 1970; as a result, there have been thirty-five awards in twenty-seven years.

Letters of nomination should be addressed to Mr. Simmons in care of the Alumni Office, St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., 21404, and should arrive *no later than* 1 September 1977.

Doctoral Fellow at The Center for the Humanities at Weslyan University in Connecticut. Next year Joel has an appointment as assistant professor in the English department at The University of California at Berkeley.

From *Bart Lee*, who also gave us the information about the Farrells (see 1967), comes word that Dr. *John Falenki*, after an internship at Yale, has finished his residency in family medicine at the Seattle Group Health Organization. John and his wife Edye have a four-year-old daughter, Emily.

A note from *Michael Ryan's* father reveals that Mike is a doctoral candidate at Harvard, presently abroad on a Fulbright Fellowship.

1968—Santa Fe

1976-7 Alumni Giving: Mr. & Mrs. Richard W. Flint, Augusta Goldstein, Thomas Keens, Frederick L. Wicks.

Bruce R. Baldwin is a resident of Annapolis these days, working for the Anne Arundel County Housing and Community Planning Office. He is currently developing a housing rehabilitation program.

Christopher Ballmer, we learn from the Santa Fe campus, was severely hurt in a mining accident near Grants, N.M., last November. Although it appeared for a time that he might lose one or both legs, skillful surgery and prayerful support of family and friends pulled him through. Chris, his wife, Leanne, and their two-year-old Danny rent a small house near St. Joseph's Hospital in Albuquerque, where he goes for physical therapy twice a week. He has been asked to join in a panel discussion before a clinical psychology class at the University of New Mexico on the part religious faith plays in recovery from severe accidents. The Ballmer's address is 501½ Aspen S.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87102.

Vicki Sue Brown is spending a year in Taiwan, doing editing work under Professor Garma Chang, a well-known Buddhist scholar and author. She writes that it would be nice to hear from friends; her address is P.O. Box 86, Hsinchu, Taiwan, Republic of China. Vicki plans to enter graduate school in journalism at the University of Wisconsin in the fall of 1978.

"A couple summers ago I went bicycling in England and fell in love with both England and bicycling," starts a note from *Anne Harlan*. She goes on to say that she has not yet been able to return to England, but that she rides a bike to work, four miles, from New Haven, Conn., where she lives, to Hamden, where she is the children's librarian at the public library.

Kieran C. Manjarrez is a deputy district attorney at Tulare County courthouse, Visalia, Cal.

1969

After eight years and, according to him, two previous failures to write an acceptable essay, *B. Jeffries Cothran, Jr.*, finally did just that. On 6 May he publicly defended his essay, most ably, we should add, and on Sunday, 29 May, received his Bachelor of Arts degree with the Class of 1977. Congratulations, Jeff.

1969—Santa Fe

1976-7 Alumni Giving: Frank H. Adams, Margaret L. Blum, William J. Cromartie, Jr., Margaret M. Gaffney, James Morrow Hall, Peter Naumberg, the Rev. & Mrs. John H. Strange, Allan Lee Swartzberg, Joseph H. Tooley.

1970

On 14 May 1977 *Theda Braddock* and Allan A. Hitchcock were married in Piedmont, Cal.

1970—Santa Fe

1976-7 Alumni Giving: Beth Kuper, Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Nelson.

1971

Thanks again to Mr. Weigle, we learned that *George H. Elias* and Karen Evjen were married this past spring. The Eliases are living in Berkeley, Cal.

1971—Santa Fe

1976-7 Alumni Giving: Gail (Hartshorne) Haggard, Margaret Jacobs, Mary Pat Justice, Vicky (Manchester) Miller, Gerald P. Peters, III, Mary Rebecca Schwab, Capt. & Mrs. Carlton Severance.

1972

Janet Ann Nelson and *James Kent Guida* '71 were married on Saturday, 21 May, in New York. Among the old gang present were *Shire Chafkin* '71, *Chris Lee* '71, *Dennis Dort* '71, and *Jane Sheret*. Janet is getting her M.B.A. degree from the University of Maryland this month, and will be keeping her maiden name, Kent is involved in a new business venture, Bay Contractors, a marine construction company.

An "Alumni Communicard" from *Dana E. Netherton*, now a lieutenant in the Navy ("equivalent to but of course slightly better than an Army captain"), also tells us that his ship, nuclear submarine the U.S.S. Nathan Hale, is now based in Charleston, S.C. He has made several Atlantic patrols, one of which took him to Edinburgh, Scotland, for a few days. Dana has been studying for certification to direct the maintenance, training, and operations associated with a nuclear propulsion plant, and was due to take his examination in April.

1972—Santa Fe

1976-7 Alumni Giving: Seth Cropsey, Glenn C. Gladfelter, Jr., Charlotte H. Gray, Janning D. Kastler, Louise Romanow.

From *Seth Cropsey* comes all sorts of news about his classmates; we will pass this along essentially as we received it (with only occasional editing); the date-line was 1 December 1976:

COMMENTS ON THE ALUMNI REGISTER

As our alumni have probably noticed, the 1976 edition of the *Register of Alumni* has been printed and distributed. New in this edition, in addition to bringing up to date the Annapolis classes, is information on the Santa Fe classes since that campus opened, degree recipients of the Graduate Institute in Liberal Education, and, where such information was provided by the people concerned, occupational data for alumni and alumnae. Just how useful this Register will prove to be depends largely on the reader understanding something about registers in general and this one in particular.

First, the accuracy of entries is almost directly proportional to the validity of the information on file in the Alumni Office. (That doesn't count typographical errors, of which there are some; for these, I apologize.) Where information did not come directly from the person concerned, there are liable to be errors.

Second, transfers between campuses have caused some problems in the class lists, and we are now aware of several mistakes in the *Register*. (In determining the class to which a person belongs, the guidelines shown in the section "How to Use the Register" are followed by this office.)

Third, what should be the most useful part of the book, the addresses, turns out to be the least accurate: since we process about seventy-five address changes a month for alumni, you can see what has happened in the five months since the *Register* went to the printer. By next March perhaps one-third the addresses will be worthless, so use addresses with caution, and where you have reason to doubt, double-check with the Alumni Office.

Recognizing these limitations, and despite them, we hope you will enjoy the 1976 *Register of Alumni*. When you find errors, please let us know, and if you send an address, we ask you to be specific: "Fred told me Jane Smith lives in New York" is not really of much help. In short, we must have a complete mailing address for it to be of use.

One last word: please help by keeping us informed of where you are, what you are doing, and yes, even what your name is. Unless you tell us these things, we often have to rely on well-meaning but often inaccurate friends.

Thomas Parran, Jr.
Director of Alumni Activities

Ebenezer Cooke reports that his writing career is progressing; his current project is planning a long poem on the subject of Maryland history.

Marc Haynes after graduation served as a teaching intern on the Santa Fe campus, and last fall resumed his graduate studies in philosophy and classics at the University of Texas.

Juan Hovey is a reporter for the Oakland (Cal.) *Tribune*.

Edward G. McGrath, after leaving St. John's, organized anti-war demonstrations; moved to Canada and built a cabin in the Yukon; came south to the University of Colorado at Boulder to study classics; went back to the Yukon again, where in the company of hippies he built geodesic domes; then moved on the Alaska, where, in Fairbanks, at the University of Alaska, he is studying journalism and French. He is working on a book, and expects to have another published soon by Celestial Arts of Millbrae, Cal. Ed is married to *Catherine Elizabeth Givens* S73.

Martha Nordstrom met her husband, Stephen Fay, in Greece, and has been married for three years. She lives in Great Barrington, Mass., and has been assisting journalist and author William Shirer in writing his memoirs.

Louise Romanow graduated in January 1976 from the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, and is now studying ecology at the University of North Carolina at Raleigh.

Jared R. W. Smith received B.A. and M.A. degrees from New York University, and informs Seth that he has published 150 poems, essays, and stories in "national literary magazines since 1970."

Joseph M. Wrenn is studying management training in Chicago.

Catherine T. Ingraham is at Johns Hopkins University studying comparative literature (including Plato) as a graduate student.

1973

A nice note from *Peter Fairbank's* wife Cenita tells us that Peter is an auctioneer and is in charge of the paintings at the Wm. Doyle Galleries, Inc., New York City, *and* that they are the proud parents of Antonia Elizabeth, born 23 March, weighing six pounds six ounces. Our congratulations to the Fairbankses on all counts.

Robin (Chalek) Jannes is the editor of *Tattwa Katha: A Tale of Truth, Part I*, from the teachings of Guru Purnananda Paramahansa, et al., New York: Ahapa Yoga Foundation, 1976.

1973—Santa Fe

1976-7 Alumni Giving: Mr. & Mrs. Galen Breningstall, Margaret Creighton, Mark D. Jordan, Mr. & Mrs. Paul D. Knudsen, Michael Mongeau, Kenneth W. Richman, Jr., Mr. & Mrs. Eric O. Springsted, Mary Tarail, David Weaver.

Stephen Slusher was due to graduate from the University of New Mexico Law School in May. He is joining the law firm of Branch and Coleman, P.A., in Albuquerque.

1974

Thomas J. Dolan, Jr. is a technical information specialist for the Federal Food and Drug Administration in Silver Spring, Maryland.

An April press release from the Fund for Theological Education, Inc., announces that one of its fellowships in its North American Ministerial Fellowship Program for 1977-78 has been awarded to *Patricia Pittis*. The program is aimed at encouraging a deepening concern for the Church in anticipation of a vocation of ministry within the Church and leadership in the Church's mission in the world, states the release. Patricia, one of eighty-five selected from more than five hundred applicants, will attend Union Theological Seminary for the next academic year.

1974—Santa Fe

1976-7 Alumni Giving: Sally R. Bell, Jennifer (Jordan) Bredell, Thomas Byrnes, Catherine Gordon, Jon Hunner, Donald Merriell, Rachel Trueblood. Celia Yerger, Anne (Whiteside) Wein.

Janet Braziel was scheduled to receive her degree from the University of New Mexico Law School in May.

We apologize to *Elliot Marseille* for incorrect information on what he has been doing (January 1977 issue); our information came from a classmate who obviously erred. So, rather than a degree in city planning, in June Elliot was scheduled to receive his master's degree in public policy from the University of California at Berkeley. His principal areas of concentration have been school finance, desegregation, container recycling, and consumer protection. Elliot also tells us that he and *Judith Sharlin* plan to be married in July, and will leave in August for a year in India. He has a research position at Nehru University, while Judith will work with young children at a Montessori school. She has been substitute teaching at a Montessori nursery school in Berkeley, and will undertake formal training when they return from India.

1975

Sometimes mail is well worth waiting for, as in the recent instance of a long letter from *James N. Jarvis*: two pages of most interesting "gossip" (Jim's term) about classmates and friends. Jim himself is studying medicine at the University of Vermont (finishing second year, we think); he completed three months of surgery in March, a like amount of internal medicine in June (not wild about the former, loved the latter). His feeling now inclines

The largest graduating class under the "new" program poses for a somewhat informal portrait on the front steps of McDowell Hall, Annapolis.

toward a career in academic clinical medicine.

Jim reports that *Jane Hudson* '76 is also living in Burlington, taking chemistry and anatomy courses to strengthen an anticipated application for medical school. Jim also hopes to see *Joseph DiGeorge* '76 in Burlington this summer.

In March Jim had a visit from *Michael Dink*, on vacation from his studies at Catholic University.

Another classmate, *Paul Fishleder*, visited last September, and has tentative plans for graduate school this fall, perhaps at Columbia.

Jim's final bit of gossip concerns *Janet Hellner*, who graduated from Santa Fe on 22 May; she plans to take a year off before entering the seminary.

The lengthy epistle closes with this: "Let me hear from some of the alums! This summer I'll be doing a rather low-key psychiatry rotation, and will have lots of time for visitors." The address: 433 Main Street, Burlington, VT 05401.

The News Bureau of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill tells us that *Nancy (Polk) King* has been awarded a Morehead Fellowship in Law at that institution. Three of these are awarded annually by the John Motley Morehead Foundation, and each is valued at $3,000 plus tuition and fees, to cover three years of study at the School of Law. The purpose of the fellowships is to attract to the School of Law, in each year's entering class, students of superior character, academic achievement, and potential, according to the announcement. Nancy is currently a copy editor for the publishing house of Williams and Wilkins in Baltimore.

Peter and *Mary (Rogers) Kniaz* are happy to announce their first wedding anniversary. They were married on 19 June 1976 at St. Anne's Church in Annapolis, the Reverend J. Winfree Smith officiating.

1975—Santa Fe

Ann Claassen, Margaret Donsbach, Kristin R. Lucas, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Myers, Judith Sharlin, Meg Sheehan, Richard Skaug, Mr. & Mrs. Jonathan Teague, Wendy Wells.

From the southwestern campus comes word that *William Unbehaun*, captain of the Search and Rescue team during the 1975 rescue near Taos (April 1975 issue), completed his essay, was examined and passed, and in a family-type ceremony in President Weigle's office, last March received his Bachelor of Arts degree. To Bill, our congratulations.

1976

Marion Iris Wolfe and *Arthur Roy Dixon* '74 were married in St. Anne's Church, Annapolis, on Tuesday, 31 May. The Rev. J. Winfree Smith of ficiated.

1976—Santa Fe

1976-7 Alumni Giving: Khalil Ayoub, Mr. & Mrs. Christian Burks, Pablo Collins, Eric Freeman, Charles Gunter, Bridget Houston, Alan C. McVay, David Shapiro, Barbara Skaug.

Additional information about *Katya Shirokow* (April 1977 issue): she is writing for a magazine called *Eltern* in Munich, Germany, and has decided to apply to business school for the fall of 1978; apparently a minimum of sixteen months' work experience is desirable, and most European business schools prefer their applicants to be slightly older than Katya, she says.

In Memoriam

1911—Wilbur L. Koontz, Baltimore, Md., 4 May 1977.

1917—Dr. James Brown, Jr., Brooklyn Park, Md., 19 May 1977.

1919—Eugene H. Beer, Jr., Baltimore, Md., 30 March 1977.

1919—Edward E. Hargest, Jr., Baltimore, Md., 24 October 1976.

1921—Dr. J. Elmer Harp, Middletown, Md., 9 October 1976.

1927—Howard W. Gilbert, Annapolis, Md., 19 May 1977.

1931—William J. Harrington, Cambridge, Md., 5 June 1977.

1933—William C. Sandrock, Pasadena, Md., 19 March 1977.

1937—Carl B. Howland, Jr.

Former Board:

Robert Maynard Hutchins, Santa Barbara, Cal., May 1977.

TENTATIVE PROGRAM, HOMECOMING 1977

Friday, 30 September:

Evening . . .Lecture: (Speaker to be announced)

Post-lecture .Alumni Welcome Aboard Party

Saturday, 1 October:

Morning . . .Registration; Annual Meeting and Election of Directors.

Afternoon . .Student/Alumni Counselling
Alumni Seminars
Student/Alumni Soccer Classic

Evening . . .Homecoming Reception and Sesquicentennial Dinner, Annapolis Hilton Inn

The complete and detailed schedule will be mailed to all alumni about mid-August, and will reflect any changes from the above. If you plan to stay in Annapolis that week-end, you are urged to make your room reservations immediately: the day has long since passed when one could simply drive into town and find a room.

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

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