

St. John's Collegian

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COLLEGIAN PRIZE

Of the following articles considered in the final judging:

THE REFORMATION

Paul Cree

DIALECTIC AT THE WALDORF

Ranlet Lincoln & Thomas Simpson

MCDOWELL: IDEA AND IDENTITY

Philip Lyman & Dick Edelman

ON A LECTURE ON PAUL

Howard Herman

THE BLUNDERER

Robert Hazo

the editorial committee has awarded its annual prize to Mr. Howard Herman. The article is presented below.

ON A LECTURE ON PAUL

Once upon a time there was a highway to Damascus. It was just an ordinary road until one day a traveler came along. He was on his way to buy chains, but when he came to the place of the brickmakers he stopped and said to himself, "These are better than chains." He began to erect a monument to commemorate his decision, and while he was doing so, others stopped along the road and asked if they might help. Many hands laid many bricks, without plumb-line and without plan. That is how the highway to Damascus came to be called the road to confusion.

Why should a man, inspired to be a herald of the realm of his God, think it necessary to contradict the law of his God? It had been written that God gave law to a people newly freed from slavery. Those people needed a way of life, and their God gave them a means to achieve that life. Certainly Moses knew the purpose of the law, and if Moses said the law was means to health and life, why should any contradict him with talk of sin and bondage?

Once the contradiction has been made, it must be supported, and the safest support available is in the use of interpretation. If the interpretation is believed, the original contradiction is forgotten. What has once been said, what has once been written, what has once been accepted, has been heard, read, and accepted incorrectly. Only the interpreter knows the true meaning of all that has been said, and written, and accepted. Nothing is sacred. No one can think and reason and understand; only the interpreter is endowed with such ability. One interpreter builds upon another, one interpretation is placed upon another, and the whole structure is top-heavy with twisted bricks. The Tower of Babel has been rebuilt. When will it come tumbling down?

Howard Herman

From the "Stundenbuch"
of Rainer Maria Rilke

*Many robed brothers have I in the South
In Latin cloisters where sweet laurel stands.
I know the human Marys they create—
Often I dream of youthful Titians burning
With God who leaps through them as fire.
But when I bend down deep into myself
My god is dark and as a fabric woven
Of hundred roots, drinking in solemn quiet.
I have shot up from this close warmth.
I know
No more, for all my boughs and branches
Lie far beneath, but nodding in the wind.*

-W.B.F.

Mr. Kieffer on Rationality

To deliver some stimulating reflections on the paradox of reason, Mr. Kieffer was welcomed to the college lecture platform on Friday. It is impossible to give all of the details of Mr. Kieffer's argument. In this review I have followed the main outline, emphasizing the points that seem most interesting to me. By this method I hope to engender further discussion and correction on the part of others who were inspired by Mr. Kieffer's remarks.

By discussing a time when rationality was in its infancy, we are given a basis for comparison to later developments. The pre-5th century Greek lived in a world where the use of reason was simply to understand what the gods and myth-makers would tell him. This was no great problem since they both spoke in the Greek language. The poets were sages or teachers who built myths to answer all that man had to know about life. They told him what he ought to be and what he ought to do. So useful were the myths, and so important, that everyone heard them. Each man found the answer to the meaning of his personal experience in them. Poets did not sing for small numbers, but their audiences were large and appreciative of the lessons he had to tell. It was myth then, not reason, to which men looked for instruction.

Another aspect of this world was the lack of the great separations with which we are so familiar. Action and reflection, reason and emotion were not separate aspects of experience. Within each single individual action and reflection occurred undistinguished by the boundaries which allow us to speak of a "man of action" and a "man of contemplation". Man was an unanalyzed whole living in various ways and through various experiences. He lived close to his needs, expecting that that which he wanted most would be available to him. His emotions did not seem to conflict with a plan he had made for himself. The reasonable was not seen as a throttle on the emotional. These two, reason and emotion

did not fight with one another because they were not separated into the two concepts with which we deal so easily. Action and reflection, reason and emotion then, did not raise any problem of defining and adjusting within the individual. To the pre-5th century Greek these were not separate aspects of man's character.

In general, this man was a child about all abstract terms. He did not feel the need to separate things into genus and species by a specific difference. His perception was a direct and an immediate one, not taking place through concepts. The knower and known were one. A table was a table, a man was a man. To define man as a rational animal was impossible because the Greek word for animal did not exist until after the 5th century.

The best example of the lesson this world has left behind is found in the story of Achilles. Everyone reading this story must be struck by the simplicity of the character. Nothing happens to Achilles except the things we can understand, with immediate sympathy, from our own experience. There are no surprises and no artificial suspense. Because of this we cannot set Achilles apart as an oddity or a special contrivance of someone's imagination. He is rich in that he is universal to all men. Within his story is our story which is set in the most simple terms. What difficulty Achilles gets into we get into; and what limits are drawn for Achilles are drawn for us also. If we compare the Iliad to some of the novels of Dostoevski, we see the greatness of Homer emerging. These rather modern novels proceed with an artificial logic that is akin to the detective story. Surprise turns of the plot, sudden discoveries, and solutions give the novels an air of being rigged. They lose profundity by being thus removed from our daily experience. The characters are, for the most part, oddities to which we certainly cannot attach a very large part of ourselves. The most significant feature of Dostoevski's novels is the intensity of the people who take part in the stories. Their wild ramblings, half-intellec-

tual talk, and dark surroundings create a mood of terror and fear. What is the basis for this fear? What is the something that is "in the air"? The creation of a mood that is a reflection of what people today feel vaguely, gives us no better understanding of what we face. Looked at in this way, the characters become hollow. The tremendous and fearful depths, only indicated by the author but never plumbed, lose their mysterious attraction. Without a firm anchor in reason as well as emotion no literary creation can be really appealing.

The comparison of Homer and Dostoevski points out this fact. What was popular for the pre-5th century Greek was a simple myth, sung by a poet, and containing profound reflections on human character. Today we enjoy novels that are a contrivance of reason and which contain an emotional appeal without reasonable foundation. What have we lost?

The muse lost its hold over the imaginations of men and was replaced by the liberal arts. The development of Athens into an empire around the 5th century gives us a key to the reasons for this change. The rise of an empire means that questions of practical political action must be faced. In the law courts there were juries to be convinced. Lawyers and sophists ought to prove the right of justice of cases from facts within the cases themselves. The appeal to myths no longer sufficed to pass judgement on men and situations. Language became critical, questioning everything. Rituals, of course, could not stand this analytic approach. Lawyers destroyed myths by turning them into concepts. A startling example of this change from myth to concept, though not necessarily connected with the law courts, is the scientific elements. Air, earth, fire, and water were once gods. Later they became the basic scientific elements of the physical world.

The tragedy of Athens is reflected in the trial of Socrates. He was found guilty of corrupting the youth before a jury of citizens. The searching language that the lawyers

used to condemn him made his crime seem a real one against the state. Socrates died, refusing to break the law that the state has the right to condemn. But Plato found him innocent before a larger court. He saw that the adherence to definition can ignore the content of the thing defined. Socrates would break a law, but only a law that had become empty because its basis had not been firmly anchored in right and justice. This tragedy, Plato saw, was the result of a movement away from myths toward conceptual thinking. What was to be done?

Dialectic, through the practice of the liberal arts, was the attempt to discover myths that would re-invigorate concepts. This was not an attempt simply to return to the old mythological world. It was a new thing, a combination of both myth and concept so that each could have meaning. Concepts, always in danger of analytic examination, would have a basis in conceptual thought.

We are used to seeing in the works of Plato a seeming paradox. On the one hand he scorned the poets as teachers and sages, not allowing them a place in his republic. On the other hand Plato himself built myths and used poetic symbols to round out his dialogues. This is explained by the fact that Plato recognized a certain "μῦθος" among the Athenians. He saw the works of poets, such as Homer and Hesiod, being used without meaning. With the coming of conceptual thinking, the true glory of these myths was over. They should be dispensed with as the immediate teachers of the young. But he also saw that conceptual thinking, the attempt to define and to reason abstractly, would end in the same hollow use without meaning. He therefore insisted, over and over again, that myths have as their center man - man's choice, man's discovery, man's understanding. But the myths were only to be used to give flesh to the skeleton of reason. They were to fill reason, done in abstract concepts, with a definite basis for understanding.

Although Plato tried to bridge the gap between pure myths and con-

cepts backed by myths, a certain harm had already been done. The idea of the good had been split into science and humanities. It was withdrawn from the people and placed in the academy. It was only here that the liberal arts were practiced. The removal from political action limited the true value of these arts. The filling of concepts with symbols became an academic task removed from the needs of people. A certain antagonism developed between "town and gown".

This then, is the paradox of reason. While we think we are judging on reasonable grounds, we are in danger of using concepts without meaning. This is certainly true if the liberal arts are practiced only in the academy. Today we find an extreme example of this paradox in Karl Marx. His use of abuse to unmask certain evils develops into an ideology. This ideology has no basis in concepts, being an emotional appeal, almost hysterical, in its approach to political action.

To find a new language to combat this misuse of reason is the problem Mr. Kieffer left with us. This consists in a re-examination of the concepts in which we define our own political action. By this re-examination we will gain a surety that will be convincing far beyond the shouting of demi-gods. Whether this is a difficult thing to do or not depends on how well we apply the disciplines learned through the liberal arts.

T. W. H.

BOOK REVIEW

James Ballard's novel *But a Little Moment* can be considered in three different ways: As a book describing American life, as a social novel, and as a work of philosophy. The first aspect is the most rewarding. Mr. Ballard has a singular gift of description - his houses, landscapes, and towns are drawn with subtlety. He is keenly sensitive to the atmosphere of communities and institutions - the construction sites and the mountain-land where his first hero moves and the college (our college) as well as the C.C.C.

camp which form his son's background are realistically and penetratingly described. The family that forms the center of the novel moves across all of America and Mr. Ballard has created a superb setting for every place they come to. Background characters - construction workers, townsmen, whores, wives, and camp commandants blend in very well with their environments. Strangely enough, Mr. Ballard has achieved to give to casually involved persons much greater humanity and color than to his central figures. All told, the book moves across a magnificent canvas which would, for instance, give a sensitive European reader a colorful and accurate picture of America.

As the story of a family, *But a Little Moment* is much less successful. Adam Allen, the almost successful builder, and his *nouveau* middle-class wife, Jane, are drawn with a wooden hand. Mr. Ballard has attempted to give us the picture of a forceful man with intuitive inklings of greatness and exaltation and of his wife who, though she is fundamentally self-centered, gives up her personality and life for his sake. Although there are enough external indications that this should be so, the actions and thought of these people never match the descriptive framework that has been given them. We find, in Adam Allen, a man endowed with forceful intentions which he cannot carry out, not only because of human or individual limitations, but because Mr. Ballard gives us scant indications of why he could not - he has drawn the image of a man and endowed it with ideas, but there is not much sign that these ideas engender action or human stirrings within it. The sacrifices and stealthy selfishness of the wife are also well described, but not enough motivation or expression is given to actions which these character traits supposedly inspire. Yet it is at her door that the disintegration of the family is laid by Mr. Ballard - she is the cause of her daughter's estrangements and wields the fate of her two sons. Not enough reason is given, however, why anyone should fly or stay with such a

mother since there is so little life in her. Perhaps Jason Allen, the older son and the second hero of the story is somewhat more successfully depicted. He is, I suspect, Mr. Ballard himself and, from the moment he enters the story, we see everything through his eyes. In his ambitions, unhappiness, and love, we have a much truer picture of a complete character than in any other figure which appears. Jason's two brothers Duncan (one of the blood, the other of the spirit) reflect some of his human qualities - though, in a sense, they figure too much as reflections of Jason to be thought of separately. The plot into which these characters are cast is rather unimaginative and standard: The powerful father takes his family all through America, following construction jobs, - his wife and children follow after and, in the course of the journey, one child after the other separates itself from the fate of the house. The cause is mainly the unsatisfactory marriage of the parents and the mother's selfishness. Mr. Ballard has been as unsuccessful in the temporal arrangement of the novel as he was successful in the spatial one. Within the Allen family, parents and children do not age or develop in any possible or thinkable manner. It is rather that they jump from childhood to maturity to old age at undefinable little moments. This creates a discontinuity in the plot which makes the whole social part of the novel a human jumble enlightened only by the framework of the author's conventional idea.

Perhaps the saddest thing about *But a Little Moment* is that it was supposed to be a philosophical novel. The aspiration towards higher ideals which manifests itself intuitively in the bridge-building obsession of the father is repeated by the son in conscious rational terms. While Adam Allen builds because he must turn matter to human use, Jason becomes slowly aware of the need for human brotherhood through a tedious series of *Lehrjahre*.

"Was Du ererbt von Deinen
Vatern hast
Erwirb es um es zu
besitzen,"

said Goethe, but the acquisition here is so painfully slow, the development of simple ideas so labored that it makes the reader wonder whether the inheritance was worth the struggle. Jason is taught that he is not alone in the world by his experiences at college, at the C.C.C. camp, and by his affairs with an elderly whore or two as well as with a genuinely nice girl who loves Beethoven. Mr. Ballard has introduced as *dei ex machina* a wealth of quotations and grave dialectic exercises to accompany Jason's insights. Unfortunately, their great number produces a confusion of thought in the reader which leads him to forget, during entire parts of the story, that the hero is supposed to end up anywhere. In the garbled hodge-podge of Jason's rise to consciousness, it only becomes apparent that Mr. Ballard exhibits a preference for American folk-songs, and recognized classics of determined merit over such vicious influences as Freud or modern French literature. Jason receives his insights from Plotinus, Shakespeare, and "Green grow the rushes Oh." Psychoanalysis or Matisse prints on the wall are reserved for the villains of the piece. There is a clumsy attempt to make of *But a Little Moment* an allegory - the C.C.C. camp is called Camp Speos, Camp Cave, and we are forced into thinking that the name Adam and Jason for the heroes are of symbolic significance. Yet never, with all Mr. Ballard's philosophical prejudice, quoting, or symbolizing are we shown an insight that could not be said in one sentence if it is to be said at all. I sincerely hope that Mr. Ballard will not take his hero's great conclusion: "One is one and not alone and nevermore shall be so" as a valid judgment on this philosophical attempt.

In conclusion, I would like to say that my stringent judgment on *But a Little Moment* has not led me to question Mr. Ballard's talent in any

way. I feel that an author with such a magnificent gift of description must sooner or later produce a work that will show forth this specific talent. This would be probably a very good book. As for writing about people and families, I would suspect that Mr. Ballard can easily make up for his present faults simply by living a little longer. The woodenness of the Allen family was owed mainly to the reader's impression that they had been lifted bodily from other novels or copied from a manual for writers. Art is an imitation of nature and, since Mr. Ballard is a good observer, it will not be long before we will find realistic people in his books. The only part of Mr. Ballard's scope which I must question closely is his ability to write a philosophical novel. The shallowness of the hero's insights in *But a Little Moment* coupled with the random and confused selection of philosophical precept that we find there leads me to think that the author has not yet attained sufficient discriminating ability and self-knowledge. I feel he cannot display general conclusions about humanity before he has not himself studied them with ardor and discipline and before he has not lived long enough to see their working in life. It will be necessary for Mr. Ballard to undergo a true philosophical awakening before he can make his characters think in a way that will provoke assent. If this happens, I foresee for him a future as a most outstanding American author.

-W. B. Fleischmann

PAVANNE
POUR UN ROI DEFUNT

*Beneath the battlements, the shade
Precipitates. The cooling air
Is blotted where your bier is laid,
Enormous, soft and everywhere.*

*The earthbound philistines in black
Ascend your walls to claw and preen,
Inspect your vacant throne, drop back
And strut the uncontested green.*

*In days to come, the buttercup
Will hold its golden chalice,
And lift a scented tribute up
To the gods above your palace.*

*Now lie in state, as kings require;
Carrion beetles for your hearse.
That drop of blood, your crown of fire
Was center to the universe.*

**wt

JOHN SANBORN

To my second and most recent appraisal of "The Dreams Money Can Buy" I gave less attention. I mumbled, and could not hear the sound track. I was not, Not there to see the movie Dreams M.C.B. I was there because I wanted to stay with the people I was with before the movie. Who it happens went. Two years ago on my seeing the movie, D. M. C. Buy, I heard the sound track, also.

& I don't meet it coming back wherever I go in my mind.



Dear Editor:

Seeing that a prize is being offered for a bit of creative writing, I purpose to write out a little story that has long been in mind. But first, I would like to tell you about it. After reading the outline, please let me know if you think it will measure up to standard. If no, I will not even bother to write it all out.

My training in the art of writing a short story has impressed me with a simple formula. The essence is this. Put a man in a difficult situation, build up a crisis, and then resolve the problem in a few short sentences. is all there is to it. So, editor, here is my man in a difficult situation.

He is seated in a big easy chair reflecting deeply and smoking a cigarette. As he inhales, the smoke knives through his windpipe, into his bronchial tubes, and curls around the vessels in his lungs. After making the circuit, enters the bronchial tubes, goes into the windpipe and comes out of his nostrils. He coughs.

This cough is very significant. He does this because the bitter taste of the circulating smoke reminds him of the dinner he had last night. The dinner was cooked by his girl instead of his favorite cook -- his mother.

Now this man is deeply in love with this girl. But she simply cannot cook. He dearly loves his food and he can't imagine how, even though he loves the girl like Romeo loves Juliet, he is going to break away from his mother's good cooking.

Visions of his mother's dinners arise in his mind. He slowly rubs his plump little tummy and pinches its fatness. Nothing is so good as reflections on the succulent meats and steaming vegetables which his mother prepares. Ah life, ah love, ah dinners, he thinks.

Now, editor, we have the problem. The boy loves the girl but can't marry her because he is unhappy with her cooking. Should he marry the girl and sacrifice his mother's wonderful dinners? Or should he keep the dinners and say goodbye to the girl? His virile red heart fights with his pampered

pink stomach.

I build this up for a few pages and then introduce the crisis. His girl has invited him for another dinner. She has indicated this will be a special affair. He sees it as a true, last, and supreme test. If she fails to cook him a good dinner, he will leave her flat.

As our hero treads up the steps to his girl's apartment his heart is heavy. Suddenly an odor enters his nostrils, goes down his windpipe, enters his bronchial tubes, and curls around the vessels of his lungs. It comes out of the lungs, into his bronchial tubes, enters his windpipe, and comes out of his nostrils. This time he does NOT cough. He says "Ah."

Rushing into the apartment he grabs the girl and kisses her. Heart and stomach join hands within our hero. Together they march to the altar. He asks the girl to marry him. And all this happens because he sees the girl serving a steak cooked just the way he loves it.

Now editor, let us find the reason for this happy solution to this real problem. In a few short sentences, I will explain that his mother cooked the steak and sent it across the alley on the clothes line. She wanted to see her dear son married.

There, dear editor, you have my story -- problem, crisis, and solution.

Well, just thought I'd try.

Yours truly,

Hendricks



NIGHTMARES THAT YOU CAN KEEP

It seems to me that *Dreams That Money Can Buy* is least flimsy when it is most filmy. The purely cinematic sequences give one cause to pay serious attention to the possibilities of the experimental film. Calder's mobiles, with more successful lighting, are provocative material for cinema, as are Duchamp's discs. Certainly the film discs are an improvement over the mustache paintings and fur-lined teacups of Duchamp's earlier practice. I confess that, engaging as the textural and rhythmic contrasts are which the filming of "The Nudes" attains, I do not understand why Duchamp permitted this kind of translation of his already existing painting. While the translation affords to Duchamp's basic idea the mobile dimension of cinema, it does so at the expense of whatever merit the original painting has; the filming of women eliminates the special problems which cubist painting poses for itself--the representation of three dimensional lighting in two dimensions and of movement in a static medium.

It is the Richter part of the "pichter" about which I have most to say--the plot parts, because these seem to me to be really bad art. They are not art works but puzzles to be solved. You have to have the key. A "Wasteland" or a "Faery Queen" or a "Divine Comedy" may present puzzles intended to be solved but they are nevertheless intelligible unities which may be responded to immediately and on their own terms. Not so, Richter.

That this brand of surrealism is mainly a trick becomes eminently clear when one reads Richter's notes to the sequences mentioned. For instance we find that "Desire" is a kind of essay in erotic history--Sex in 1850; suitable footnotes for translating the business are given. In notes to "Narcissus" we discover that Joe has just met himself standing amid ice-cubes outside his office door, that his self-knowledge is expressed by his turning blue, that the bust of Zeus is "suggestive of Joe's dearest memories"

(a kind of Rosebud with whiskers), and that the color compositions at the end represent Joe's life-work - all that remains after the dissolution of his personality.

Now a work of art which is only intelligible when followed with a Baedeker is not a work of art at all: it is a mere tour, whose only unity is that the same guide stays with you. It cannot be a work of art because the essential of such a work is that it be one thing, and I don't mean obviously that it must be one numerically (on the contrary it may be a quartet or a triptych or a group of seventy-odd cantos); I mean that it must have an *eidōs*. This I believe is the basic meaning of the classic statement that art must imitate nature.

There would not have been a "Mona Lisa" at all if Da Vinci and the high renaissance generally had not applied the axiom literally, and the "Mona Lisa" would not be a good painting unless it were executed according to the basic meaning of the axiom. Duchamp's mutilation with a mustache would not have occurred unless he so despised the literal axiom and art which is merely representational that he could not find in any representational painting an application of the basic meaning of the axiom. The whole Da-Da movement serves to dramatize that artists no longer are chained by a merely representational understanding of the common axiom of aesthetics.

For a modern plastic art which has lasting validity, we must look to expressionism--to the heirs of El Greco and Cezanne, and to the thesis that it is the form which must be sought by the artist while surface reality is unimportant. Naturalism commits the semantic error of translating *eidōs* as though it had no other connotation than that of *μορφή* and (showing the connection between semantics and metaphysics) produces horrid objects like *Nana* and Hollywood documentaries. In its milder forms this aesthetic finds itself called magazine illustration or photographic art.

Abstractionism commits the opposite error of translating *εἶδος* as though it had no connotation of *μορφή*

at all, but this excess, as Aristotle would say, is the one to which we do not naturally tend and hence is less distant from the mean. Thus it results in unfortunate but seldom totally unpalatable things like Kandinsky at his worst.

The full flowering of modern expressionism, as in the paintings of Marc and Kokoschka and the sculptures of Eric Gill, understands the basic axiom of aesthetic to be the command, "embody form!" This I interpret to be the real meaning of "art must imitate nature."

Now to come back to reasons why *Dreams That Money Can Buy* is largely *Nightmares That You Can Keep*. In the first place, men under internal conflict are the subjects of drama, but visual surrealism presents us with the metaphysical horror of a man surrounded by his insides. Joe has his μάθησις painted on his face, his μνήμη under his arm, and his ἔρος in a cupboard drawer. Secondly, dramatic incidents must unfold credibly and should not turn on accident, but the sheer mechanical problem involved in surrealist drama makes it intractable. Joe must take the plaster Zeus right into the girl's room, which must be furnished with a rope; also she should have a knife handy. The presence and distribution of external objects becomes the central problem of dramatic writing--a situation the exact reverse of classic or Elizabethan drama.

Finally, and most disastrously, surrealist drama together with surrealist painting, is not art at all because it does not have an *εἶδος*. It may not contain within itself its essential unity, but is ontologically dependent. You have to have the producer's notes. Without them, what you have is only the highly ridiculous sequence in which a blue-faced man totes a bust of Zeus up a broken ladder and in through the window of some girl's flat. If you are lucky enough to have a senior sitting beside you, it turns out that what happens next is this: the fellow assaults a gorgeous mother-image with a phallic symbol and descends to the street via umbilical cord. The mother-image now cuts the

cord-image with the phallus-image and the man-image plunges into the depths of his subconscious. (Now this is not necessarily tragic, for he may scale the formidable walls of himself if a psycho-analyst tosses him a new umbilical cord, that is, brings about transference.) What is left of Joe now? A busted bust and colored ink diffusing in an aquarium.

In surrealism there is plenty of alley and plenty of gory but not true double meaning--only a ridiculous farce on the one hand and a Freudian case-history on the other.

The coup de grace for the medium of surrealist drama is this: if you happen to have the manual, you can translate the symbols and come out with the propositions, which are the essential meaning of the thing. But I ask you, what kind of art is it whose meaning may be found in a paraphrase? It is neither drama nor poetry nor painting nor cinema, this bastard art: it's visual literature. No, on second thought the one word is misleading, for in the surrealist sequences of *Dreams That Money Can Buy* we have the self-contradiction of art with a hyphen. Having established this much, I defer to the critical acumen of fond old Polonius.

John Logan

"I ONLY CREATE," DEPT.

What right, what right
Was the cry of the night
When the dreams has all been sold:
'Then give us the story and glory of
sight
So that all of us might be bold...'

'Now the Father and Son and the Holy
Ghost
Are too much for one man to portray,
And I beg as a host to offer a toast
To my homemade, heartless dismay.'

I wrote a scenario, lived in a zoo,
Descended a staircase and ended up blue.

So

Consider the native, consider this plea:
Consider my movie, but don't pick on me.'

Powleske

On the following pages, the Editors of the Collegian present the Academic prizes for 1950: Mr. Simpson's summary of his thesis, Mr. Wend's Junior-Senior Math. Proof, Mr. Pierot's Freshman-Sophomore Math. Proof, and Mr. Fleischmann's Sonnet. The Undergraduate essay was not available to us at the time of publication.

DON QUIXOTE
FICTION AS A MORAL PROBLEM

When we act, we are in the position of the artist, who begins his work upon some unshaped substance, the medium of his art, which brings with it certain potentialities of its own. Taking into account these potentialities, the artist contrives to impart to the medium that shape or motion which is the end of his art. When we act morally, we shape some substance which is the medium of moral action, through deliberation contriving to impart to it a shape or motion which is good. Common sense supposes that the medium of moral action is physical substance, and that the good is some state of physical substance. For Don Quixote, the medium of moral action is a fiction. He bases practical deliberation and action upon a transformation of common sense reality, and thereby lives a fiction. Living a fiction, he acts in contradiction to commonsense morality, and fiction thus introduced into the realm of action becomes a serious moral problem.

Fiction is a transformation of historical reality which seems half-real, half-false: watching a play, we half-believe that the fiction is real, and yet are half aware of the reality of the stage. Fiction in itself is idle; it is the dimly-lit Limbo of enchantment. But it has power to reach in two directions: through allegory, it reaches upward to the simplicity which is characteristic of symbol; through verisimilitude -- the "guise" of reality --- it reaches downward to

the complexity and individuality of substance. Verisimilitude gives substance to a theory or a dream, thereby realizing its significance or revealing a contradiction.

The Age of Chivalry is the realm of fiction, while the Present Age is the realm of historical reality. By imitating Amadis in the Present Age, Don Quixote is bringing the romance of chivalry into being in reality, thrusting the dream into explicit conflict with the rock and earth of La Mancha. The fiction of chivalry is a moral medium in which it is possible to act for the sake of love; within the fiction of chivalry, deeds can be performed to restore an age of perfect love and to win the hand of a supremely beautiful lady. As this dream assumes verisimilitude in the mind of Don Quixote, he comes near to believing that a Dulcinea is to be found in El Toboso, and that adventures await him in which perfect innocence may be defended. Only this belief in its reality makes it possible for him to live the fiction.

Don Quixote gradually ceases to look for a Dulcinea in this world, and becomes aware that the fiction of chivalry is an allegory of Christian love, in which the Golden Age for which he fights is Heaven itself. By living the fiction of chivalry, he has spanned the distance between Heaven and earth, and found a link between the simplicity of love and the complexity of practical action. The irony revealed in each adventure of the knight-errant in the Present Age is the contradiction of the kingdom of Heaven and the kingdom on earth. But as he sees more clearly his own life as an allegory, Don Quixote loses the sense of verisimilitude which alone has given him real being as a knight-errant; the earth is revealed as a stage of no interest in itself, and Don Quixote dies as simply as a play ends. The play has accomplished its purpose, the transition from the stage to Heaven.

Love is essentially simple, and in principle irrelevant to the world of substance and commonsense morality.

The knight-errant in the Age of Chivalry lived under a law of substance and was rewarded with a kingdom on earth; but the knight-errant in the Present Age lives under a law of the heart, for which the reward on earth can be no more than a fiction. In the performance of his chivalric duties, Don Quixote commits many crimes, and is rescued from committing more serious ones only by the vigilance of his author. Yet perhaps this contradiction with commonsense morality stems from the law of love as well as from the life of fiction.

Thomas Simpson

GIVEN: Three golden rectangles intersecting one another in the manner of the accompanying figure, to prove that, if the angles are joined by straight lines, the resulting figure is a regular icosahedron.

$$\begin{aligned} AB+BC:AB_2:AB:BC & \text{ (given)} \\ AB, BC+BC = \overline{AB} & \text{ (VI.16)} \\ \therefore \overline{BC} = \overline{AB} - \overline{AB, BC} \\ ZY = \frac{(AB_2 - BC)}{2}; ZX = AB/2 & \\ \overline{XY} = \overline{ZY} + \overline{ZX}, \text{ and} & \text{ (I.47)*} \\ \therefore \overline{XY}^2 = \left[\frac{(AB - BC)}{2}\right]^2 + \left[\frac{(AB)}{2}\right]^2 \\ \overline{YC} = \frac{BC}{2}, & \\ \overline{XC} = \frac{YC}{2} + \overline{XY}^2, & \text{ (I.47)} \\ \therefore \overline{XC} = \frac{(BC/2)}{2} + \left[\frac{(AB-BC)}{2}\right]^2 + \frac{(AB/2)^2}{2}, & \\ \overline{XC}^2 = \frac{BC^2 + AB^2 - 2AB, BC + BC^2 + AB^2}{4}, & \\ \overline{XC}^2 = \frac{BC^2 + AB^2 - AB, BC}{2}, & \\ \therefore \overline{XC}^2 - \left(\frac{BC}{2}\right)^2 = \frac{AB^2 - AB, BC}{2}, \text{ or} & \\ 2\overline{XC}^2 - \overline{BC}^2 = AB^2 - AB, BC. \text{ But } \overline{BC}^2 = AB^2 - AB, BC & \\ \therefore 2\overline{XC}^2 - \overline{BC}^2 = \overline{BC}^2, \text{ or } 2\overline{XC}^2 = 2\overline{BC}^2, & \\ \therefore \overline{XC}^2 = \overline{BC}^2, \text{ and } XC = BC. & \end{aligned}$$

Since Y bisects BC, and BC=AD=XV=WT=HJ, we can similarly prove all the lines connecting the angles such as CH, CI, CX, CB, TC, TB, DH, DV, AG, AF, &c., equal. Therefore we will have a figure made out of twenty equilateral triangles which are congruent.

TV=WX=HF=GI=AC=DB (diagonals of equal and similar rectangles), and they also bisect each other. (Given)

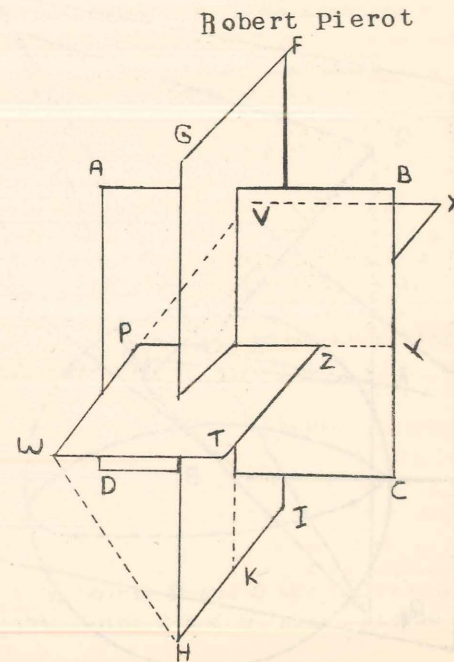
The diagonals are the diameters of a sphere, and the figure is comprehended in a sphere. Therefore there results a figure of twenty faces being equal equilateral triangles, and it is comprehended in a sphere, which defines a regular icosahedron.

Q.E.D.

*LEMMA: To prove that triangles XYB, XYZ, XZY, XZB, and XZC are right triangles.

XZ is perpendicular to the plane BD. (given)
 ∴ TZ is perpendicular to ZY, and CZ and BZ to XZ. (XI.def3)
 BY=YC; ZY is perpendicular to BC, (given)
 ∴ triangle ZCY ≅ triangle BZY, (I.4)
 ∴ DZ = CZ (I.26)
 ∴ triangle XZB ≅ triangle XZC, and (I.4)
 ∴ XB = XC, and XY = XY. (I.26)
 ∴ triangle XYB = triangle XYZ, (I.8)
 and angle XYB = XYZ, (I.26)
 and angles XYB, XYZ are each equal to a right angle. (I.13)

Q.E.D.



PRIZE PROBLEM

PREFACE: Presented here are a proof to the problem and a Lemma showing that the problem has a solution. All references to other propositions refer to the propositions of Euclid.

GIVEN a sphere S and two points P and Q outside it, to prove that if two lines are so drawn to a point X on the surface of the sphere that $PX + XQ$ is a minimum, the angles formed by these lines with the surface of the sphere are equal.

Let such a sphere S be given and any two points P and Q outside it. Let S be the center of the sphere and X be a point on the surface of the sphere. If line PQ either touches (Case 3) or cuts (Case 2) the surface of the sphere, let PQ be joined and call one of the intersections of PQ with the sphere X , and if PQ touches the sphere, call the point of contact X . If the line PQ falls (Case 1) outside of the sphere, let a point X be placed on the surface of the sphere in such a way that it is in the plane of P , Q , and S . Hence it is on a circle formed by the intersection of the plane and the sphere. Also let QX and XP form equal angles with the tangent of the circle at X in the plane of P , Q , and S and therefore forming equal angles with a tangent of the sphere. (Lemma I)

I say that $QX + XP$ will be a minimum.

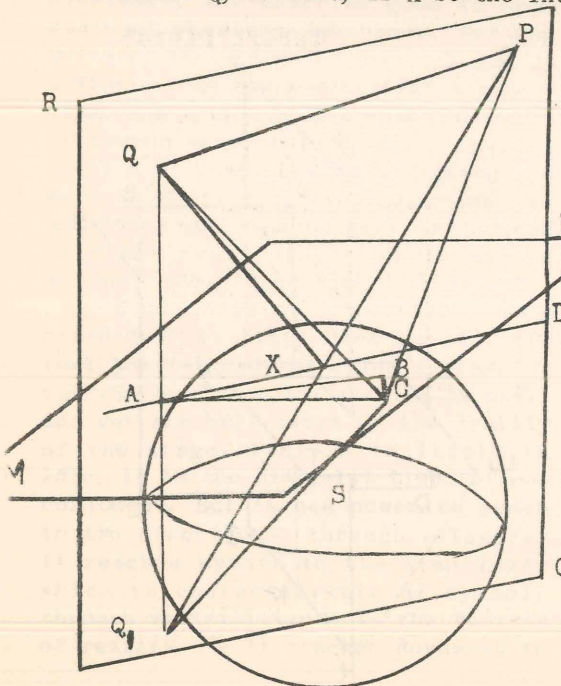
For let plane MN be tangent to the sphere at X , and let plane RO pass through P , Q , and S .

RO , then, is perpendicular to plane MN .

(Lemma II)

CASE 1:

From point Q let there be dropped a line perpendicular to MN and let it be extended to Q_1 , so that, if A be the intersection of QQ_1 and MN , Q_1A equals QA .



Q_1 will be in plane RO for Q is in RO and both RO and QQ_1 are perpendicular to MN .

Let Q_1 and X be joined. Also let AX be joined and extended in MN in the direction of D . AD will then be a tangent of the sphere at point X .

In $\triangle QAX$ and $\triangle Q_1AX$, $QA = Q_1A$ for it was constructed so. $\angle QAX$ and $\angle Q_1AX$ are right for QAQ_1 is perpendicular to MN and AX is from intersection A in MN .

AX is common to both triangles; therefore $\triangle QAX \cong \triangle Q_1AX$ (1.4)

And since $\angle QXA = \angle PXD$, (given) and $\angle QXA = \angle Q_1XA$ because of congruent triangles

Then $\angle PXD = \angle AXQ_1$ and since both PX and XQ_1 are in plane RO , then PXQ_1 is a straight line.

Let C be any point on the surface of the sphere other than X .

Since MN touches the sphere only at X , any point C will lie on the same side of MN as Q_1 does.

Join QC, Q_1C, CP, AC

From C drop a perpendicular to B on plane MN .

Join AB

Both $\angle QAB$ & $\angle Q_1AB$ are right angles

for QQ_1 is perpendicular to MN and AB is from intersection A in MN .

$\angle QAC >$ a right angle

$\angle Q_1AC <$ a right angle

Therefore $\angle QAC >$ $\angle Q_1AC$

and since in $\triangle QAC$ and $\triangle Q_1AC$

QA equals Q_1A and AC is common,

therefore $QC >$ Q_1C (1.24)

In $\triangle Q_1PC$

$Q_1C + CP >$ Q_1P (I. 20)

and since $QC >$ Q_1C

then $QC + CP$ is much greater than Q_1P .

Now because of congruent triangles,

$QX = Q_1X$ and

therefore $QX + XP = Q_1P$

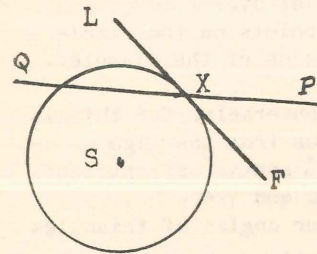
therefore $QC + CP >$ $QX + XP$

$QX + XP$ is the minimum sum.

Q. E. D.

Case 2:

The straight line QXP is the shortest sum of distances between Q , P and X as was specified. For a straight line is always the shortest distance between two points.



Let LF be tangent of sphere at point X in plane RO .

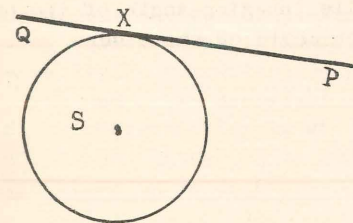
QXP forms equal angles with LF (1.15)

But these are the angles QXR forms with the sphere.

And the same may be shown about the other intersection of line QXP with the sphere.

Q. E. D.

Case 3:



Again QXP is the shortest sum of distances $QX + XP$. Since QP touches the sphere, it is tangent to the sphere and hence forms no angle with the sphere. We may then, speak of a kind of equality of angles.

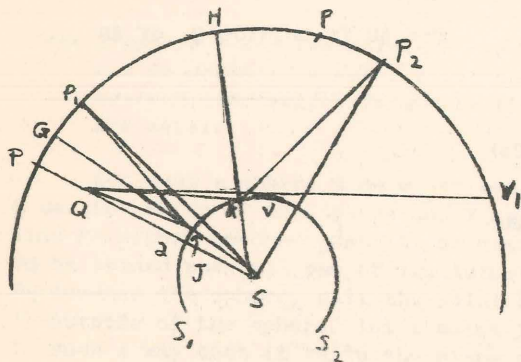
Q. E. D.

Lemma I:

In which it is shown that from any two given points P and Q which lie outside a given circle and of which the line that joins P and Q falls outside

the circle, that there is a point X on the nearside of the circle such that the lines QX and XP form equal angles with the circle.

Let circle S_1S_2 be given as the intersection of plane RO with the original sphere. Also given are Q and P in the same plane, RO.



With center S of circle S_1S_2 and radius SP construct circle P_1P_2 .

Construct QV from Q tangent to S_1S_2 on same side of QS as P is.

Join QaS.

Between a and V take any two points J and K,

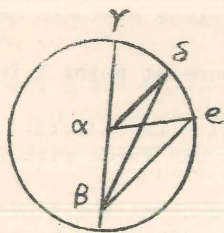
then join QJ and QK, also join and extend SJ and SK to G and H on circle P_1P_2 .

Construct JP_1 from J forming $\angle GJP_1$ equal to $\angle GJQ$, likewise

construct KP_2 from K forming $\angle HKP_2$ equal to $\angle HKQ$.

Let P_1P_2 be the intersection of JP_1 and KP_2 with circle P_1P_2 .

I say that there is a point X on the circle S_1S_2 such that QX and XP form equal angles with the circle.



Let $\gamma\delta\epsilon$ be a circle with α as center and $\gamma\alpha\delta$ as diameter and ϵ as any point on the diameter on the other side of $\alpha\gamma$.

Let δ and ϵ be any two points on the circle both being on the same side of the diameter.

If $\angle\gamma\alpha\epsilon > \angle\gamma\alpha\delta$ then, and conversely, for this is obvious from the figure, as $\angle\delta\gamma\alpha\delta$ and $\angle\epsilon\gamma\alpha\delta$ are parts of $\angle\delta\gamma\alpha\epsilon$ and $\angle\epsilon\gamma\alpha\delta$.

$\angle\gamma\alpha\delta$ and $\angle\gamma\alpha\epsilon$ are exterior angles of triangles $\alpha\beta\delta$ and $\alpha\beta\epsilon$.

We may say then, that given two triangles with two sides equal to two sides ($\alpha\delta = \alpha\epsilon$, $\alpha\beta = \alpha\beta$) and an exterior angle adjoining the intersection of the equal sides of one triangle is greater than the corresponding exterior angle of the other triangle, then an opposite interior angle of the one triangle is greater than its corresponding interior angle of the other triangle, and conversely.

$\angle QSK > \angle QSJ$ as given, and
 $\angle QKH > \angle QJG$ by the previous proof
 and since $\angle P_1JG = \angle GJQ$, and
 $\angle P_2KH = \angle HKQ$ also given

then $\angle P_2KH > \angle P_1JG$
 Therefore $\angle HSP_2 > \angle GSP_1$ by the previous proof.

Since also $\angle HSQ > \angle GSQ$, and
 $\angle P_2SQ = \angle P_2SH + \angle HSQ$, $\angle P_1SQ = \angle P_1SG + \angle GSQ$,
 then $\angle P_2SQ$ is much greater than $\angle P_1SQ$

By like reasoning we may show that if any point E be chosen on S_1S_2 between J and K and if P_3 be constructed from E in the same way P_1 and P_2 were constructed from J and K, then P would fall between P_1 and P_2 for $\angle QSP_2 > \angle QSP_3 > \angle QSP_1$.

By points of circle S_1S_2 corresponding to points on P_1P_2 it is meant that if there be a point on S_1S_2 and another on P_1P_2 that the line joining them will form the same angle with S_1S_2 as the line joining the point on S_1S_2 and Q forms with S_1S_2 .

Having shown that for every point on S_1S_2 between a and V there is a corresponding point on P_1P_2 and that any point between any two other points on S_1S_2 has a point on P_1P_2 between the two points on P_1P_2 corresponding to the two given points on S_1S_2 , it shall be shown that for every point on P_1P_2 and therefore point P, there is a point on S_1S_2 corresponding to it.

If there is a point P on P_1P_2 between a and V such that there is no corresponding point on S_1S_2 , then the nearest points that would have points corresponding on S_1S_2 are W_1W_2 from P in both directions on P_1P_2 would be a finite distance from P. For if they were not, either W_1 or W_2 or both would coincide with P and hence there would be a corresponding point to P on S_1S_2 .

But if both W_1 and W_2 be a finite distance from P, then W_1 and W_2 will be a finite section on P_1P_2 .

So then, the points on S_1S_2 corresponding to W_1 and W_2 would have a finite distance between them as was shown earlier.

But as we have also shown, we may choose a point on S_1S_2 between any two points and find a corresponding point on P_1P_2 between the two points on P_1P_2 corresponding to the two points on S_1S_2 .

Therefore no matter how small we choose the section W_1W_2 about point P, a point can be chosen on S_1S_2 which will fall between W_1W_2 .

Hence, there is no section W_1W_2 on P_1P_2 that does not have points on S_1S_2 corresponding to them. Therefore for every point on P_1P_2 there is a corresponding point on S_1S_2 .

Q. E. D.

Lemma II:

A plane passing through a given point X on the surface of a sphere and through the center S of the sphere is perpendicular to the plane tangent to the sphere at X.

Let MN and the plane tangent to the sphere at X and OR be the plane through points S and X.

I say MN is perpendicular to OR.

Join SX.

Construct any two lines XT and XU not forming a straight line on plane MN. Any line from X on MN is tangent to the sphere, hence tangent to the circle with same center S and in same plane as given line from X.

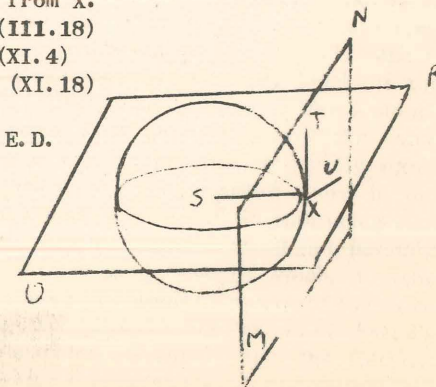
$\angle SXT$ and $\angle SXU$ are right angles (III.18)

SX is perpendicular to MN (XI.4)

Any plane through SX is perpendicular to MN (XI.18)

Therefore OR is perpendicular to MN.

Q. E. D.



SONNET TO A LADY WITHOUT COURAGE

It is often when you smile that, far behind
The focal point which indicates dissent
Knowledge touches the jesters - those of your kind
Their answering glances bind up the event
And seal it into bleeding data-sheets,
Tear at its heart with ivory heirloom spoons
And, looking outward, fortify their fleets
For voyages which strive to other moons.
And yet you *know*, and that is just my point,
How cheaply ambiguity is sold
How, far beyond, Areopagites anoint
Only the golden-tongued, where truth is gold,
Still, if I turn quickly, I can see the guile
The knowledge having knowledge of your smile.

W. B. Fleischmann