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ON THE COVER:
"Dejalo todo a la probidencia" (Leave it all to providence), a brush and black wash by Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes, one of the more than 100 master drawings in the collection of Mr. & Mrs. Eugene V. Thaw of New York City. Mr. Thaw is a graduate of the College in the Class of 1967. For more about the collection, see page 21.

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Spring Arrives in Annapolis

IN THE APRIL ISSUE:

How Does One Cure A Soul?

by Wolfgang Lederer, M.D.

Before I do anything else, I think I should explain how I came by the title of my talk:

A good friend of mine, a member of your faculty, invited me to come here and give a sermon—I mean: a speech; and I accepted, being, on the whole someone who loves to hear himself talk. But then the question arose: what should I be talking about? And your dean was consulted. He, as any good humanist would, reached right away for etymology: What would a psychiatrist—a *psychiatros*, a healer of the soul, talk about, if not how one heals or cures a soul? So this was to be my topic and, having a profound respect for deans, I accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Only when, later on, I began to think about the matter more seriously, did misgivings arise:

First, I tripped over the word, or the concept, of *soul*. For despite all etymology, the term is not in common use in the fields of psychology or psychiatry—at least not in English. In German psychiatric writings the equivalent word, *Seele*, occurs quite frequently, and the old-fashioned terms for psychiatry and psychiatrist in German are, respectively, *Seelenkunde* and *Seelenarzt*. But on closer inspection it turns out that this use of the German term, *Seele*, really denotes what we commonly call the *psyche*, namely: the totality of mental and emotional functioning; whereas our feelings tell us right off that the soul cannot properly be defined that way, that soul, as used in literature, poetry and common parlance, is something more special, is both more and less than, the psyche. So we do not, in English, confuse the terms, and indeed, the only psychiatry books I could find which carry the term *soul* in the title are translations from the German.

Thus Carl Gustav Jung wrote a series of essays which were eventually published under the catchy title: *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, but the soul does not appear in it except in the title. The creator of logotherapy, Viktor E. Frankl, authored a book entitled *The Doctor and The Soul*, which first came out in 1955 and is still well worth reading; and in it he expands the notion of psyche in a manner that does establish some overlap with the concept of soul. But the dilemma of psyche versus soul was most succinctly posed by one of the original apostles and apostates of psychoanalysis, Otto Rank, who in his book *Psychology and The Belief in a Soul* (1930) has this to say on the very first page: "Psychology is in a peculiar situation in that it not only knows nothing about its object (e.g. the psyche), but in addition because it strenuously denies and rejects whatever tradition may have to offer it regarding its object." Psychology, he says, takes as the object of its study something the very existence of which it denies, and regarding which it therefore is duty-bound to remain ignorant.

This, of course, is a semantic joke, and means merely this: that psychology studies the psyche, not the soul. But it confronts me very clearly with my own present predicament: since I know nothing about the soul I cannot in conscience either deny or affirm its existence; and not knowing whether the soul exists, how can I know it to be sick? And not knowing about the sickness of the soul, how can I possibly cure it? And further: if indeed I should perhaps, unbeknownst to myself, be engaged in the curing of soul, then how—considering the matter is never discussed in the psychiatric literature—how can I know whether others are equally employed—equal both as to

methods and as to goals? In other words, lacking any sort of explicit consensus, how can I presume to speak in the name of the "ONE" of my title?

So: HOW DOES ONE CURE A SOUL? Of this short sentence, all I am ignorant of is the subject, the object, and the predicate. What a way to start!

But start I must—since I have given my word; and start I did—with a review of all that the word and notion *soul* has meant in the past. But I shall not burden you with that. I shall not speculate with you whether there be just one all-encompassing world soul, or whether there are many souls. I shall not discuss the nature of the soul, whether it be material or immaterial, nor its shape, whether it be that of a beetle, a wasp, a moth, a butterfly, a winged homunculus, or a ghost; nor whether it should be attributed to men only, or also to women; to animals, or also to plants—or even to inanimate things, whether tangible like a rock, or intangible like fire and wind. No, and for the case that we are speaking strictly of man, I shall not attempt to discuss with you whether souls existed for ever, or only since the creation of Adam, or are created specially for each body; and if the latter, I shall lose no time over the exact moment the soul enters the body, or where, or how; nor where in the body it resides, and whether, at the death of the body, it dies too, or survives; and if the latter, whether it migrates to another body, or remains immaterially itself; or whether its immortality is automatic and assured, or must be earned, or is available only through the grace of God. No, I shall not mention whether the soul must expect punishment after the death of the body, or can itself, as a *revenant*, inflict punishment on the survivors; nor shall I worry whether soul can be acquired by eating, or by taking of heads or scalps, nor whether, in any human being, there be one soul or many, whether these be both male and female, and what qualities can be discerned and attributed to the parts. No, all these matters I must leave properly to Religion and Philosophy and Anthropology.

But I can, in consideration of all the above, confidently sum up and state a highly important fact, namely: that the soul, as concept, has occupied the minds, the attention and the imagination of all people, at all times, to an extraordinary degree. And I can, in my own competence as psychiatrist, pose the important question as to what it may be in man that impels such a pervasive concern. And so, looking back over all that I have refrained from discussing with you, I find as the one common denominator that the notion of soul, in every instance, expresses *the belief in and the longing for a connection between the individual and something more than himself.*

It is the soul, in Western belief, that links man and God; or in so-called primitive, animistic societies, that links man and nature. It is the soul, in Shinto belief, that links man to his ancestors and his progeny, and in Hindu belief, to generations of living things past and future. And insofar as the soul, whether through Karma or the weighing of the dead or through purgatory becomes the recipient of punishment for evil deeds, it is also the link between the individual and the moral code of the society within which he has his being.

But it is more, as we can see when we listen to our own language: What is more soulful than the gaze of a lover? What more soul-shattering than unhappy love? The eyes are the windows of the soul, but even a dog, though he may have no soul, can look with soulful eyes, provided only that what shines through them be neither hate nor fear, nor any other negative sentiment such as depression or envy, but only love, and love only. And once more in German, the adjective derived from the word for soul—*selig*—denotes a state of ecstasy associated only with love —whether love for a woman, a man, the world, or God. It is the soul that loves, or better: the soul is that in us that loves, and so it is that which most closely binds the *self* to the *other*.

By way of example, let me remind you of the concept of the *shekinah* among the Hasidic Jews, the *shekinah* being the soul of God, a world soul, a mediator between God and man and capable of penetrating man, so that God and man may have part of each other; and it is on the Sabbath, when man and wife traditionally engage in the act of love, that the *shekinah* hovers over them, and thereby their union is at the same time a union of man and God, and for one blessed moment the world and God, through love, are one, and all's well with the world —a concept very similar to the tenets of tantric Hinduism. And consider, by contrast, that a poor soul is always a lonely person who is unloved, for we would never call a man or woman, no matter how poor in material terms, a poor soul, so long as someone loved them; and that a lost soul is not just someone all alone, but someone dropped from the fabric of human involvement, and out of touch with God.

And so I have, after all, arrived at a definition of *soul* which I, as psychiatrist, can work with, namely: that aspect of the self which demands that the self relate to something more than itself, which makes the self abhor being alone.

In biblical terms, this defines for me when the soul was created, namely: in the second chapter of Genesis, verse 18, when the Lord said: "It is not good that the man should be alone." True, according to the Bible the Lord created then, not a soul, but a woman. But we have always tended to think of the soul as feminine—even the *shekinah*, the soul of God, is feminine, hence a feminine aspect of God—and poetically men have addressed their beloved quite easily not only as "my love" but also as "my soul"—(though women do not address men that way)—and a patrician Roman quite commonly and traditionally addressed his spouse as "*dulcis anima*"—my sweet soul. But let me not be tempted to stray into the intriguing topic of woman as the soul of man, and of woman as saving man's soul, as Gretchen saved the soul of Faust—

for this would lead us into pastures so rich we would quite forget our proper topic, and that must not be. So let me restate quite briefly: the soul is that which binds the self to the other, and any attempt to cure the soul must concern itself with whatever hampers this, its basic function.

Before proceeding, let me try and clarify matters further by stating briefly what, of the topics pertinent to psychiatry, I shall therefore *not* discuss:

I shall *not* discuss the *mind*: neither the defects of it as in mental deficiency, nor the faulty functioning of it as in the schizophrenias or in accidentally or intentionally induced toxic states: for all these have to do with the body, and not with the soul, and are treated by treating the body—which means, for most purposes, by medication. Nor will I deal with those disturbances of the *emotions* which, as in manic-depressive illness or again in the schizophrenias, seem to come from within, and not in response to outer events: for these again arise from the body, and are best handled by therapies appropriate to the body.

In a way, I regret this exclusion: for it is precisely in these areas that my field has registered the most solid advances. You are all, I trust, familiar with Macbeth's appeal to the physician, as Lady Macbeth lay troubled with thick-coming fancies that kept her from her rest:

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?

The poor doctor had to reply:

> Therein the patient must minister to himself

to which Macbeth answers, somewhat illogically, as upset people will:

> Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

Well, today we have physic which, if taken faithfully, will do pretty well against seeing blood on clean hands, and daggers floating through the air, or such like vapors. But these, as I said, are of the body, and our concern is the soul, the treatment of the soul or, as we say today: psychotherapy.

Now you may well object and say: are not body and soul inseparably commingled—at least in life—and is it valid to treat one without the other?

And you are right to object, for indeed: they must be considered together, and neither may the physician of the body neglect the soul—if, indeed, he is a true physician—nor must the psychotherapist proceed as if the body were of no significance. But the approaches are different:

The body, being part of biology and nature, can be studied scientifically. And by science I mean the quantitative study of repeatable and repeated, hence statistical, phenomena involving relatively few variables and minimal participation of the observer in the observed process—an objective study validated by the eventual ability to predict the outcome of the events under study with a high degree of accuracy and probability. Such studies can be made of the body and if, for instance, a person complaining of lethargy and aversion to cold weather should be found to have an abnormally low blood-level of thyroid hormone, then it can be predicted with a high degree of certainty that he will feel much better shortly after the institution of thyroid replacement therapy.

Some aspects of the psyche can also be studied scientifically, and to this end psychological tests have been designed. Such tests can, for instance, differentiate with a high degree of reliability between phenomena which may resemble each other but are essentially different, such as depression and organic brain pathology. But they do not measure the soul, and by and large are of little help in the treatment of the soul.

For in the treatment of the soul, we deal altogether with phenomena which are neither quantifiable nor repeatable: you cannot quantify how much you are in love, nor is any friendship or any grief ever identical to any other. Every personality is quite unique, of every self it can be said that it has never existed before, nor will ever exist again. Hence predictability is minimal; in the absence of reliable objective criteria an objective approach is impossible, and so the involvement of the therapist-observer is personal, intense, and quite inevitable.

Am I then saying that psychotherapy is not a science? Quite so. But then—what is it?

It is an art, much like painting, and it is learned and practiced much the same way. The psychotherapist, just like the painter, cannot learn from a book—he can only learn from the example of a master; and he must spend many years studying the basic rules of the art, the craft underlying the art, as his master or his masters practice it. He must be able to copy the master, and he must eventually differentiate himself from the master, in order to make the best possible use of his tools and his medium which, for the therapist, consist of his own personality. It follows that no good therapist functions exactly like any other, and therapies, by different therapists, even with the same patient, do not resemble each other any more than two paintings of the same object, done by two different masters. In therapy as in painting there are schools of thought and of style, but here as there a good artist will never be totally defined by the school to which he belongs, and will leave his own characteristic signature on his work.

There are, of course, important differences between painting and therapy. Thus painting can give the illusion of three dimensions, but it cannot portray the passage of time; whereas in therapy it is precisely the phenomena of growth and change which are most important, so that in this regard therapy is more akin to the study of history. History is, after all, no science either, but must place its pride in the collection of facts which can never be complete, and in their most meaningful selection and interpre-

tation—knowing full well that the facts can also be selected and ordered in other ways, and that other interpretations may be equally valid. But as compared with history, therapy has a distinct advantage in that it can apply its understanding, and establish fairly rapidly whether a given interpretation of historical facts is relevant in the sense that it brings about a change in the patient.

Lest all this sound too theoretical, let me give you an example:

Some time ago a man in his thirties came to my office in great distress: he was a physician with a thriving practice, a lovely wife and three bright and healthy children. He should have been happy, as happy as any man could expect to be. But his entire existence was threatened and possibly doomed by a series of extramarital affairs he had got into *he did not know how*—affairs he did not seek but apparently could not prevent. They had gone on for years, but lately his wife had found out, and she was now threatening divorce. The good doctor felt that his entire world was about to crumble. Clearly, he could not undo the past, but whether the future would be happy or miserable would depend on whether he could suppress what he considered his "inordinate sexual appetite."

So we studied his past, patiently and in detail, much as a portrait painter studies not just the appearance, but the personality of his subject. And in time the relevant facts began to stand out from the total pattern of his life:

He had no conscious memory of his father, a travelling man who had died in an accident when my patient was only five years old. His mother told him how handsome and strong the father had been, that she had worshipped him even though there had been many a fight. Following his father's death, my patient lived alone with his mother, but when he was ten years old she married a wealthy man considerably older than herself. Her second husband was a kind and gentle man and a good provider, but she more or less overtly disliked and despised him, and the boy never accepted him as a father. As he grew up, he did well in his studies, was popular with his peers and enjoyed the distinction of being voted "the most handsome boy in his high school." He had many girl friends, all of whom he presented to his mother, and she received them kindly; only when, in his last year of college, he introduced to her his future wife, did mother turn cold. She did not come to his wedding. During the next several years he enjoyed an almost ideal marriage, but suffered from the estrangement with his mother. When he visited her, she was scornful, and often used a vulgar term which stung his soul: she said he was (excuse me)—"pussy-whipped"—meaning, of course, that he was too subservient to his wife, that he was not acting like a real he-man.

One day, as he came to his mother's house, he found there an old girl friend of his. She had been married but was now divorced, and he understood immediately that his mother had invited her in order that he might meet her once again. He felt that his mother was challenging him to make use of an evident sexual opportunity, and when she pointedly left the two of them alone in her house, he did so. He did not continue to see that particular girl, but the episode seemed to be the starter for all the escapades which followed. In each instance the encounters were sudden and brief, and each time he thought he only did what any red-blooded he-man would naturally do; yet he was also dimly aware that he did not really enjoy himself, but felt somehow compelled to act as he did. Following each such encounter he left as fast as he could and practically fled home to his wife, much in need of consolation for a distress he of course could not explain to her. Finally, and for the first time, it happened that he felt the stirrings of love for one of the girls he slept with. This frightened him so badly that on the following night, having had much to drink, he told his wife all about it. Her explosive reaction brought him to my office.

As I have said, the relevant facts emerged only gradually, but once they were, so to speak, out on the table, like so many pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, he himself had little trouble putting them together. It became clear that his mother—and, incidentally, his grandmother, too—had liked their men, as they say South of the Border: *muy macho*. Mother's father had already been a man of violent virility and many conquests; she had adored him, and later chose for herself a similar husband—whom she equally adored, though she quarrelled with him viciously when she was sick with jealousy. His death, it turned out, was not exactly an accident, but involved a fight with an outraged husband. After that, my patient's mother, having earlier replaced her idolized father with her husband, now set out to replace her husband with her son. The boy did in fact come to resemble his father to such an extent that snapshots taken of them at comparable ages could hardly be told apart; and in due course he began to live up to his mother's expectations of *machismo*.

But since history never really repeats itself, he was not truly like his father: he was much smarter, more capable and more ambitious; and above all he had a need, not for philandering, but for a close and lasting relationship. There were only two women who ever mattered to him: his mother, and his wife. He wanted to make both of them happy, but unfortunately their needs were incompatible.

He now understood why he had always experienced his infidelities as a compulsion, meaning: as a force acting from within, but alien to the self. He realized that the alien will had been the will of his mother, whom he was trying to please, whose scorn he was trying to disarm. Once this was clear, he could recognize his infidelity as arising not from sexual desire but from a conflict of loyalties between mother and wife; and having posed the dilemma in this fashion, he had no difficulty resolving it. He had, after all, once before consciously decided for his wife. I am glad to report that the supposed temptations have vanished, and that his marriage is, once again, as

nearly ideal as anyone has a right to expect.

So in this manner, in this particular instance, was an illness of the soul, a disturbance of loving, cured. I chose the example at random, not because it is typical, but because no example, and no number of examples, would be typical. Typical is only the careful and patient study of historical facts that can eventually be used to define a particular self or a particular soul; and that, despite the lack of scientific method, such a study can help to determine in what manner this particular soul is ill and what needs to be done—by the patient himself—to restore it to health.

But in stressing the uniqueness of each soul and of the needs of each soul, am I saying that no general statements as to this matter can be made at all? Surely not. It is one of the great paradoxes we live with that, no matter how different we are, we are also in some ways highly similar. To these similarities, as to the soul and its needs, I shall now briefly address myself.

It is not good, the Lord said, that man should be alone. And how is man not alone? Is it enough that there should be other men and women around him? But one can be terribly, howlingly alone in a crowd; and conversely, one can feel quite securely related even when one is by oneself, provided only that one be engaged in some purpose somehow transcending the self, provided one have some function with regard to God or man. And because, as it seems, we have been created—or have evolved—as social animals, therefore a meaningful context for us is by and large constituted by a group of fellows organized into some kind of social order.

Whether we are considering a family, a tribe, a school, a gang, a country, or whatever, we are defined, we define ourselves, in terms of our belonging to that group, and such definition is the more clear and the more helpful the more we have a function in that particular social matrix. In fact, and again regardless of whether our frame of reference be something as small as the family or as large as humanity as a whole, our entire sense of meaning is derived from the role we play, the services we render in that context. And so, if the soul is that within us that needs to reach out to something beyond ourselves, then it is also that aspect of our awareness that demands and furnishes a sense of *meaning*; or that, conversely, if we permit our life to be meaningless, precipitates us into the most painful sense of depression and gloom. It was the merit of the existentialist philosophers to posit meaning as a categorical imperative for the individual, and of Viktor Frankl, with his logotherapy, to have introduced it as a major parameter in psychotherapy.

The need to belong, the drive for integration into a social context, used to be taken care of as a matter of course. A boy or a girl born into a tiny aboriginal tribe find their life's context ready defined for them: they are of such a people who have such a name, and they walk in the footsteps of father or mother or of the teachers of their chosen occupation, and all their actions from childhood to grave are prescribed for them by precedent, and derive their meaning precisely from the more or less ritualistic re-enactment of precedent.

Only yesterday the family was still, for better or worse, the primary base of operations, the primary reference point and purpose; only yesterday, patriotism was an uncontested ideal, and to live and die for the fatherland was sweet; and similarly, one could belong to a well-defined class with its own pride and ambition, its own grievances and struggles.

Today we are not so lucky. Today, sociologists can argue whether classes still exist, and how they are to be defined; countries are more numerous than ever before, but the usefulness of patriotism is everywhere in question. Governments can be trusted less than ever, wars are unjust, presidents turn out to be petty criminals. And the family is in disarray or possibly dissolution.

Well, it may help a little to read that Plato, Tacitus, Seneca all said as much about their own times, and that there was hardly a period in history when Cicero's "*O tempora, o mores!*" would not have applied. However, it is probably true that certain needs of the soul are today in particular danger of not being met, are particularly difficult to meet. What are they?

They go by a number of designations which—and that is already important and indicative of something—today sound old fashioned.* I discuss them almost apologetically. For instance:

If one is to be a member of an order of any kind, one needs to know one's exact place in that order, one needs to know and be able to say where one fits in. This is, in the first instance, achieved through what one does; but within each occupational category it is brought about through some kind of ranking. Such ranking may be tacit and purely functional, or it may be explicit, official, and manifested through titles. But whether we are talking of the Mafia, or of a business corporation, or of academic research or whatever: as members, we need a *place in the hierarchy* just as surely as a chicken in the barnyard needs a place in the pecking order; and if we are denied such a clear place—and experimentally even armies have at times tried to get along without rank or hierarchy—then we feel insecure and restless until, as inevitably as the sun rises, leaders and followers emerge, and lieutenants to leaders, and messengers for the lieutenants—and in no time the hierarchy is re-established after all. And from this need for hierarchy, which prevails even in such emphatically anarchic assemblies as the modern communes, derive some further needs:

* In the following I am leaning heavily on *Simone Weil's* essay "The Needs of the Soul," in the book: *The Need for Roots* (Harper Colophone ed. 1971). She was not a psychiatrist, but she understood a great deal.

The first of these, though clearly implied in the need for hierarchy, is *the need for obedience*. Any administrator in whatever organization will of course consider as self-evident that command and obedience are two sides of the same coin, and that all positions on the hierarchical ladder comprise both functions; even the top man must be able to be obedient, namely to the laws and ideals of his organization; even the bottom man has to be able to command, namely himself, to carry out his assigned duties. On this basis we could consider obedience more of a necessary evil than a need of the soul, but a need it is, and becomes apparent particularly during times of acute threat to an established order, during times of such disorder that an established hierarchy is seen as about to fail.

I have rather vivid memories of such a time, and perhaps you will permit me to remind you of it, for it is really not all that long ago. I grew up in Vienna, in the twenties and thirties; and those, in Austria, were years of revolution and more or less open civil war, of much confusion and unrest and marching back and forth. There were still many survivors of the days of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and one of them was my professor of Greek, a giant of a man with a white mane and Jovian features who would pound the desk with his huge, pink, manicured hand and shout at us in glee the words of Odysseus:

Ouk agaton polykoiranié, heis koiranos esto
Heis basileus . . . (Iliad, II, 204)

No good is the rule of many, one should be ruler, one king . . . and we smiled indulgently—for he was a lesser aristocrat, a "Freiherr von . . ."—and so we could understand, though of course not share, his yearning for a return of some Habsburg to the no longer existing throne. His ravings were innocuous. But at that very same time, in Italy and Germany, things were happening nobody should have smiled at: In Italy, they said *"Mussolini ha siempre ragione"*—Mussolini is *always* right; and they chanted, in delirious unison, the fascist slogan: *"Credere, obbedire, combattere!"*—believe, obey, fight! They loved to obey, but not half so much as the Germans, who at that time were screaming *"Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Fuehrer!"*—one people, one country, one leader! And: *"Fuehrer befiel, wir folgen Dir"*—Leader command, we follow you, we obey you! And it was, in Italy as in Germany, not the few, it was the vast majority of the population that, from fear of disorder, joined in a veritable orgy of obedience. Will Durant said somewhere: When freedom destroys order, the need for order will destroy freedom. That is of course exactly what did happen in those countries then, as well as in Russia, and it has since happened in China, and has and will happen in many other countries, and could happen here. Granted, there are other important issues also involved, the need for food and physical security prime among them; but the need for obedience becomes manifest when it is denied, and by the deep satisfaction, the occasionally delirious joy expressed when it is once again met. It cannot be ignored, or starved, except at grave risk.

I have discussed the need for obedience as a need of the soul, but in the secular realm. In the spiritual realm it has never been ignored: obedience to the will of God, or obedience to some spiritual discipline, has at all times and in all religions been experienced not only as profoundly comforting, but as a state of happiness transcending all others.

But obedience must not be equated with submission. Obedience is not a passive, but an active mode, and as such implies a further need of the soul, namely: *responsibility*. One is not only spoken to, but one answers, one responds, and how one responds, how one is responsible, is a matter of personal skill and experience and willpower and judgment, hence a manifestation of individual freedom. What I described as obedience above, in the context of totalitarian regimes, was no doubt in part submissiveness; whereas obedience properly speaking is, as Paul Tillich phrased it: "an informed consent limited by the scrutiny of a vigilant conscience." Hence voluntary, as contrasted to forced, obedience includes the possibility, and occasionally the duty, to disobedience. As you no doubt recall, this became an excruciating issue most recently during the Vietnam war, when the conscience of many a good man forbade him obedience to the orders of his own government.

To respond to an order, or an assignment, or to anything we accept as a challenge, in terms of our own conscience— this is exercising responsibility, and it is a need of the soul; wherefore those conditions of life which minimize or eliminate responsibility—such as childhood, slavery, or the status of a disenfranchized minority—are considered inferior and, in the adult, degrading to the point of being insufferable. In a revolution—whether this be by a people against a tryant, or by a youngster against his parents—the primary goal is always to throw off the yoke of oppression; it is not always kept in mind or even considered that the secondary but ultimately more important task lies in the free assumption of the responsibilities of freedom. Yet unless the second goal is achieved, victory is transient and can only lead to renewed oppression.

The exercise of responsibility, in turn, must be useful to the community, and thereby acquires its meaning. How much the soul *needs to feel useful* is clearly apparent in the case of the unemployed, or the retired: who, in favorable cases, may be receiving sufficient funds to have an assured livelihood, but who nevertheless are constantly endangered by that grave sickness of the soul which is called depression. And though their numbers are less, it is worth mentioning that the idle rich suffer from the same predicament, and are equally demoralized thereby; wherefore alcoholism is as much of a problem in the great mansions as in the slums.

But further: because the soul is rarely self-assured, it is not content to be responsibly and usefully employed, it

also wishes to be recognized in that capacity. So that *rewards* and *honors* and *respect* are needs of the soul as well as, conversely, *punishment;* and as to the meting out of honors and of punishment, it is a need of the soul that this should be done with *justice*. And again, such need becomes most clearly apparent where it is not met, as when a minority of people are excluded from the honors available in the community as a whole; or wherever authority is exercised without regard to justice. For this leads, in the deprived, to bitterness and hate; and in the privileged, to arrogance and irresponsibility: all of which are sicknesses of the soul that cannot fail but infect the whole order and eventually destroy it.

And this brings us to another group of needs, which are antithetical to the first, and in balance with them. For while the soul needs to belong to an order, it must at the same time safeguard itself as itself, lest it dissolve in the community to the point of becoming a non-entity. The self which gives unhesitating, uncritical consent to the group has thereby abdicated responsibility, it no longer functions as a complete or whole self, it has lost its completeness, its *integrity*.

We can, if we must, lose one or several parts of our body, and still be ourselves; and in that sense physical integrity is peripheral to our being. But if we lose moral integrity we are sick in the soul, and we know it and suffer from it to such an extent that few of our psychic efforts are as frantic as those attempting to conceal our lack of integrity from ourselves. And yet these efforts never succeed altogether; and to the extent to which we must acknowledge lack of integrity we know ourselves to be sick at the core of our being.

It is because of the need for integrity that we need freedom: not only freedom to decide on consent or dissent; but freedom from the constant presence and pressure of the community, so that we can think quietly, and consider our decisions, and maintain a feeling of our selves as over against the group. It is, therefore, a need of the soul to have *privacy*, or, in a modern term: territory. The soul needs its own territory, both literally and figuratively: a "space" of its own—whether that be a room with a door that closes, or a walk through the woods, or just a few moments before falling asleep: but at any rate a space of silence, unintruded, when the soul can converse with itself. And again, the need becomes most clearly manifest where it is not met: as, for instance, under conditions of inevitable crowding, as in a slum, or in a jail. It has been said by survivors of concentration camps who had been exposed to all the horrors the mind of man can invent, that the total lack of privacy, even for one second of the day, constituted one of their most acute sufferings, a pain so severe that it was like a toothache in the soul. And so we can say that the soul needs to belong, and to be apart, and that the proper balance of these needs, while difficult, will be most conducive to its health.

Now all the needs I have discussed so far are, in a sense, horizontal: they are the needs, at any given moment, with regard to the human environment surrounding the self. There are needs in other dimensions, of which you are well aware: the spiritual need to have some form of relatedness to God, or to the world as a whole; the need for tradition, for a rootedness in the history and mythology and in the customs of the group to which we belong, a rootedness that goes back in time and makes us participants and inheritors of something of value. In this regard we have a special problem in the United States, in that so many of the immigrants either lost or intentionally rejected the traditions of the "old country." The result of this loss, with its attending unsettledness, is usually felt two or three generations later, when there emerges in now true-blue Americans an apparently spontaneous itch to learn more about their countries of ancestry, to visit them if possible, to see if kinship can still be felt. Or else there appears an effort to construct new traditions, an emphasis on anything which has acquired a bit of duration and history, as exemplified by the growing profusion of antique stores or even by the only half-jocular advertising that may say: "Serving hamburgers in this location since 1973." In a more serious vein, we see the recent emphasis on Black history, the sudden interest among totally americanized Orientals for Chinese art. The soul, indeed, needs to be connected, not just in the horizontal now, but also in the depths of the past, and in the heights of the spirit.

But I am to talk, not as a philosopher, but as a clinician. And so it is high time that I begin to discuss, not just the needs, but the illnesses of the soul, and their symptoms, and how I encounter them. And there, looking over all the patients I have seen during the last twenty years, I can say that most of them have this in common: that, with regard to some specifics or on the whole, they think little of themselves: they have *low self-esteem*. And that, to one degree or another, they suffer from *depression* or *anxiety* or, sometimes, from both.

Now you have all read in books of psychology, and are aware of the effects of childhood traumata, and the complicated structure of the mind, and the intricate workings of psychodynamic forces, and the amazing mechanisms of symptom-formation; and all of that, or much of it at any rate, is quite true and of great importance for the psychotherapist. But with regard to depression and anxiety, which are the two basic symptoms of the ailing soul, there is a simple and highly useful generalization to be made, namely: that they are the poles of the human existence, that we quite normally fluctuate and oscillate between the two, and can consider ourselves lucky if we never, to any serious and harmful extent, fall into either.

There is a memorable hexameter, well known to students of Latin, which goes:

Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim

and it describes admirably the human predicament. The Charybdis, as you recall, was a whirlpool in the straits of

Messina, and whosoever got too close to it was sucked under and down into the nether darkness, ship and all; whereas the Scylla was a fearful, six-headed monster, capable of grabbing a sailor with each of its dragon-mouths at one bite. It was between these two that seafarers had to sail their ships through the straits, and they were likely to fall into the clutches of the one while trying to avoid the other. When Odysseus was about to attempt this venture, Kirke the sorceress advised him of the danger, counselling him to steer close to Scylla, the dragon, rather than risk the sucking whirlpool.

And she was right: for the Scylla, that many-toothed, many-headed monster, is a perfect allegory for anxiety and fear; and Charybdis with its downward sweep into darkness as excellent an image of depression; and the sea-voyage, finally, an ancient symbol for life itself. And what the image conveys to us is this: that if we withdraw from what is frightening, if we give in to anxiety, then we fall into depression, a state of being experienced as being dark and downward, utterly without hope or exit, leading only to death; whereas, if we wish to emerge from depression, we have to face anxiety once again—a frightening prospect but one offering a chance at the future, a chance of survival, of success. This predicament can also be seen in terms of the challenge—of most any challenge: accepting it involves fear and anxiety, backing off from it leads to depression. The proposition holds regardless of whether the challenge involves a physical danger, as in climbing a mountain, or in battle; or a social danger, as in the taking of an examination; or a purely internal danger, as in living up to—or failing to live up to—a promise given to oneself. And so Kirke was right, and is right to this day: given the existential choice between depression and anxiety, the only viable decision is to risk the latter.

But perhaps it is high time for me to give you another clinical illustration.

Alright. I am choosing, again more or less at random, a man in his thirties who came to me in a state of deep despondency and self-contempt. He was an officer in a corporation, highly skilled in his work, though not as high in rank as he felt he should be. In his personal life he described himself as materially comfortable, but socially isolated and friendless. After some weeks of therapy he presented the following dream:

> "I am in a railway station, in a waiting room marked: departure. My father is giving me numerous pieces of baggage, I don't know how I am going to take them all. Then it starts raining, and I hold my umbrella over a girl walking by—I experience this gesture as hypocritical."

Through his associations to this dream the following emerges: His father, a highly irascible, opinionated, bigoted autocrat had, until a few years ago, run his life. He had indeed at times given him presents, such as large sums of money, but always insisted on telling him what to do with them. My patient had increasingly experienced these gifts as burdens. In the last discussion with his father matters involving property had again come up, but this time in the context of an eventual inheritance: what my patient could expect to receive once his father had *departed* this world, an event for which he would surely not have to *wait* very much longer. The waiting room marked "departure" thus acquired a double meaning—on the one hand the awaited departure of the father, on the other hand the life-journey of my patient, a journey on which he would have to take along baggage given him by his father which he felt to be a burden. But the full meaning of the dream emerged from the last element: holding an umbrella over a girl was the sort of thing his father would expect of him, it was part of the code of chivalry his father lived by and which he had impressed on his son. But the hypocrisy lay in this, that my patient was in no way interested in girls, but had a lifelong awareness of purely homosexual interests. The chivalrous behavior toward the girl was, in other words, one of the pieces of baggage the father was bequeathing to him and which was only a burden because, given his sexual inclination, it was hypocritical. This opened the way to the recognition of other pieces of "baggage" my patient had inherited from his father and taken along through life, and which were only burdensome to him: a snobbish elitism which made everyone he worked with—meaning: everyone he knew in our town—socially ineligible for him; an awe of powerful personalities such as his father, which made him live in dread of his superiors and curtailed his assertiveness, thus explaining his lack of promotion; and such a distrust of strangers, such a need to maintain a dignified front, that he had suffered in silence and isolation for years rather than risk consulting a psychotherapist. I then understood the deep blushes that would at times suffuse his face as visible expressions of his intense shame at revealing himself to me.

You will recognize without difficulty to what degree, in how many different ways, his soul was sick and suffering. He had been, not so much obedient, as submissive to his father's values; he had lacked the courage for rebellion and so, conformist in his conduct, he could neither participate in his father's social circle—where everybody kept asking him when he would marry—nor in a homosexual society, the members of which would automatically be unacceptable to his father. Because he demanded a degree of integrity of himself, he could not have any friends—for he would not trust anyone with the truth of his feeling, and in that sense would have to deceive them. As a consequence, he not only lived in total social isolation but, in time, convinced himself that he was truly incapable of loving. Professionally, though he had status in a hierarchy and responsibility, he had no honors, and he perceived the punishment meted out to him—the lack of promotion—to be unjust. He fell into ever deepening despair, and it was this despair itself, when he felt that nothing could be worse, which finally gave him the courage to consult

someone like myself.

But before I say a word or two about the principles of therapy with a man such as this, I should like to present to you the case of a much younger fellow, as it may interest you more immediately:

This patient, in his early twenties, came to me in a state of depression so profound he could hardly speak; he did indicate that he felt life to be totally meaningless, that he only wished to be dead. He did not have the slightest expectation that I could help him, he came because his parents wished him to, he himself had no hope whatever.

The history which emerged in time was this:

He had been an exemplary student in grammar- and junior high school, popular with his fellows, a leader in every way. His parents had been proud of him: they were gentle and intelligent people whose main endeavor was to offer him every possible opportunity and not to stand in his way. They themselves were politically active, but though they were deeply involved in the social issues and causes of the day, they carefully refrained from pushing their values on him.

His trouble started in high school: without apparent cause he became withdrawn, his grades suffered, he lost interest even in mathematics and music, his best subjects. In his senior year he felt that he was wasting time and left school before graduation. He travelled to Europe, hoping to live by his own efforts, but the project was ill prepared and pursued without conviction, so that he soon had to return home. During the following years, obedient to expectations, he attended a number of colleges, majoring this time in religion; but he only went through the motions, remaining shut off from reality, he said, as if by a pane of frosted glass. On two occasions he had required psychiatric hospitalization. By the time he came to see me he was halfheartedly trying for a bachelor's degree at a local college—a goal which to him had no meaning whatever. Nothing he could do, he said, would ever be sufficient.

Sufficient for what? For whom?

This took some time to dig out. At long last he said: sufficient to meet the expectations of his parents.

But they had never voiced any expectations?

True enough. Yet by virtue of the very fact that they had always refrained from verbalizing demands—and because, in order not to influence him, they had neither scolded nor praised—it was left up to him to imagine what they wanted. He wished to be obedient to their demands, whatever they were; and out of their evident admiration for his scholastic brilliance, together with their persistent, though ineffectual, devotion to the betterment of mankind, he had synthesized his notion of what they really wanted of him: they wanted no less than *that he save the world!*

He was deeply ashamed to admit it—yet that was what he felt to be his assigned task. And of course, he knew himself totally inadequate to it, he did not have the faintest notion how to begin and so he, for whom everything difficult had been easy, was suddenly face to face with the impossible. His reaction was to drop out, not just from the framework of society but, off and on, from reality itself. When he returned, he sought answers in the study of religion, but whatever it was he learned still failed to make him into the messiah he expected himself to be, and so he again abandoned all hope.

It is possible that you will think his reaction quite absurd and exceptional; on the other hand you may know that we all start out in life with the secret conviction that we are all-powerful, a conviction we surrender bit by bit under the pressure of life-experiences—until there is usually nothing left of it but a few scattered remnants of magical thinking. It is therefore not rare for a child who is both spoilt and very gifted to carry his "omnipotence phantasies" into adolescence, and to have correspondingly high expectations of himself. They are bound to confront him with overwhelming tasks, and you are probably well familiar with the feeling of utter helplessness which an overwhelming challenge can generate.

In this context you may remember prince Hamlet's complaint:

> The time is out of joint: O cursed spite
> That ever I was born to set it right!

That seems to be the plaint of many young people today—as indeed it has been many times in history. What makes it excruciating in our time is the fact that all the remedies which but yesterday one could look to with great hope and faith—the dazzlingly successful exact sciences, the promising social sciences, the inspiring fervor of various political ideologies—all these, in their recent application, only seem to have lifted our time out of joint more than ever, and there is at the moment no clear remedy that could be adopted by any but the most fanatical believers. And so the feeling of my young patient: that something must urgently be done to save the world, but that there is no apparent way of doing it—this feeling is today quite common. Among students it often takes the form of an inability: what *can* be done, it seems, has already been done or is being done by someone, and it is futile; whereas what *needs* to be done cannot be done at all. So they do not see how they can achieve integration into the social matrix, how their lives can ever acquire meaning; and according to their character they either, like my patient, get depressed, or they attempt to cover up their anxiety with all kinds of frantic activities—in which case, if they ever stop to reflect, they are haunted by the awareness of wasting time.

So—what can be done about it? Or, in terms of my title: how does one cure a soul?

The way I see it, there are two steps involved: the first is *understanding*, and the second is *doing*.

The understanding is none other than the Delphic *gnoti seauton*—know thyself. It is still the basis of all our wisdom, and it is still as hard to come by as ever, and at

best a partial achievement. But even a little bit helps:

In the case of the homosexual executive, knowing that he had permitted himself to be guided by values of his father's which did not properly apply to him suggested for the first time the possibility of some alternate code of conduct more compatible with his needs. In the case of the student his formulation: "I must save the world," once made explicit and spoken out loud, became so clearly absurd that it could be abandoned; he could content himself with a more realistic and still most worthy goal, such as a return to higher mathematics.

In this and in many similar ways an awareness of how one is blocked opens up the possibility for new actions; but do not think that it is easy to move from insight to change!

The old patterns of perceiving the world and of acting in it, though flagrantly unsuccessful, die hard. They came about in the first place both in response to fears and anxieties and as defenses against them. An obviously self-defeating behavior pattern may yet, to the individual, be like a strong fortress the shelter of which he is loth to forego. Thus the young executive, though suffering bitterly from his isolation, was fully aware that this same isolation protected him from the emotional hurt that could come with relationships; and the student, in the very misery of his meaninglessness, was protected from the possible defeats his brilliance might suffer in the actual confrontation with a specific challenge. And so each of them was reluctant to forego the very sickness for which they sought a cure! Otherwise put: in emerging from the Charybdis—depression—they had to face the Scylla—fear. And that takes courage.

Now courage, to my mind, is the most basic human virtue. And while, as a therapist, I can help my patients to gain understanding, I cannot give them courage. I can help to dispel some fears, I can assist in the analysis of some anxieties—but precisely if therapy goes well there comes inevitably the moment when the patient, determined on a change in his accustomed behavior, needs courage—and the courage must be his own.

So it comes that most patients, having seen what they *should* do, begin to stall; and perhaps I can illustrate this best with another dream, this one told me by a girl-student of psychology who was my patient—in part because her training required it and in part to relieve certain bothersome symptoms. The dream she related was the following:

> "I am in the basement of my family's home. With me are a young man and a young woman about my age. We know that there are antiques, probably Assyrian, in the bricks of the chimney. We decide to break them out and indeed, each brick contains a silver disk, inscribed and of antique origin. We assemble these disks into a mobile à la Calder. It is dazzlingly beautiful, but I now become aware that we are being mesmerized by the mobile, and unless we escape rapidly, we shall never get out. The three of us hold hands, and with supreme effort we manage to emerge from the basement. I go to my father and say: I just barely managed to get out."

You will surely see through some of this dream right away. The image of psychoanalysis as a form of archeology is an old one and has frequently been used by Freud—as my patient well knew. Even so, her particular version of the metaphor is exceptionally enticing, and fits the often amazing results of our research into her and her family's past. But it also conveys that the construction of shiny psychodynamic formulations out of the facts and memories she had unearthed had become for her a game she much preferred to reality: it had become a rewarding pastime, like playing the piano or going for a contemplative walk through the woods. By comparison, the reality about to confront her—a career as a clinical psychologist—seemed to her a bit awesome: it would not only involve seeing patients all day long, but perhaps the simultaneous attempt at being a wife and mother. As the dream indicates, it took a real effort to give up the underground research-game and to force herself up into the light of day—into that daylight where for her psychology would become real work. In the dream she told her father: "I just barely managed to get out." In reality she told me: "I hate to leave therapy, but I must," and a few weeks later she did so. It was like a graduation ceremony for her, like a rite of passage: from the shelter of childhood, of school, of therapy, into "life."

So courage is needed if the soul is to receive that which it needs to be healthy, namely: a meaningful position in the fabric of human involvement; and the examples I have given, of four people each trying to find his or her own particular way of life, illustrate the point. But while courage is needed to enter the social matrix and to maintain oneself there with integrity, an even greater courage may be required at the point where one has to face the loss of, the expulsion from, the accustomed context.

In the last analysis, behind all fear and all anxiety there stand two great terrors: loss of sanity and loss of life.

Anxiety always suggests the possible loss of control, threatens blind rage or blind panic, threatens madness. It is one of the great functions of the therapist to teach that anxiety is not harmful in and of itself, that one can and must learn to live with it and to proceed in the face of it, and that, the less one fears anxiety, the less anxious one will be. But anxiety is inevitable when an important context is ruptured: in case of severe illness, or the loss of a job; when a marriage comes to an end, or a career, or the life of someone who is close; when the end of one's own life comes into view. It is not surprising that retirement is dangerous, and sometimes fatal; nor that there develops frequently a passion for history in old age, or a resurgence of religious feeling. For the definitive withdrawal from one's life-context, which in other times and cultures was

given its own distinguished meaning and dignity, in our culture confronts the self with serious doubts: whether there will ever again be anything truly worthwhile; and whether, in retrospect, the life one has led was worth living. Both past and future are thrown into question just at the point where the horizontal relatedness has to be surrendered. The fear of meaninglessness tends to become acute precisely in the imminence of death: when I die, will I even be missed? Retired men cling to a few hours a week at the office; old women become anxiously concerned for their great-grandchildren; sick people make a ritual out of their medications and treatments and doctor's visits. The soul seeks a context—any context—anything but to face the possibility of an ultimate lack of context:

Animula vagula, blandula
Hospes, comesque corporis
Quae nunc abibis in loca
Pallidula, rigida, nudula;
Nec ut soles, dabis jocos . . .
(Spartianus, Hadrian 25,
Script. Hist. Augustae)

Or, in Byron's translation:

Ah, gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region born
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wanted humour gay
But pallid, cheerless and forlorn . . .

Not even Emperor Hadrian, though a great and philosophical man, could face death without a shudder—why expect it of us lesser ones? The task of curing the soul of fear and trembling in the aspect of death is one of the hardest for the therapist, because more than any other it arouses his own fear. And yet, even the patient with a terminal cancer can still be comforted: perhaps best, and most traditionally, by the priest; but in our age when, it is said, God is dead, the psychotherapist has his function even there, at the deathbed: he can allay the panic that, in despair, wants to rub out the value of the past, of the lived life; and can remind the patient, at the hand of his own memories, that he has not lived in vain. And he can remind the trembling soul that, even if it is to vanish altogether, like a dream—even then this too can and must be accepted as part of the great order of things, of the self-same order of nature and of the universe which granted the soul its fleeting instant of being.

Well then: Considering that, as I pointed out initially, I did not know what I was talking about, I did manage to talk for quite a while. And now that I have started, I could easily go on—but rest easy, I won't, I have tired your attention quite long enough. But as to the soul, and the curing of the soul, I find myself, thanks to your dean, in the self-same happy situation as Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* who, as you recall, being tutored in order to overcome his abysmal lack of erudition, discovered to his surprise and delight that, quite unwittingly, he had been speaking *prose* all his life!

This is the text of a lecture given at St. John's, Annapolis, on 31 October 1975. Dr. Lederer is a psychiatrist who practices and teaches in the San Francisco area. His publications in print include *Dragons, Delinquents, and Destiny* (Monograph 15 of *Psychological Issues*, International Universities Press, Inc., New York, 1964), and *The Fear of Women* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., New York, 1968).

Excerpts From The History Of The Desert Fathers

Introduced and Translated

by Brother Robert Smith

To T.M.Q.: e *silice ignis.*

The History of the Desert Fathers by Palladius is one of the principal sources of our knowledge about early Christian monasticism. Palladius has been called the Herodotus of the desert monks. He deserves this title because he made journeys to the remote places where these ascetics lived, spent a long time with them, and wrote an account of what he saw. He also, like Herodotus, recorded not only all that he saw and could vouch for personally, but also what he had heard from other sources.

After his years in the desert, Palladius became a bishop and was involved in the ecclesiastical and civil politics of his time. The book from which these lives are taken was written about 420 A.D. It is dedicated to a court official named Lausus, who had the title of Superintendent of the Imperial Apartments. Anyone who held that position controlled access to the emperor. In dedicating his book to him, Palladius is conscious of addressing someone of great influence. For example, a few years later a successor of Lausus was a determining influence in the convocation of the ecumenical Council of Ephesus. This Council settled questions of lasting importance for the church and the empire. It is mainly remembered for having decided that Our Lady is the Mother of God.

There were particular reasons for political concern about monks at the time Palladius' book was written. Monks had great significance in the minds of many citizens of the Empire. The earliest monks, starting with St. Anthony, had captured the imaginations of thousand of men and women who, for at least three generations, had been following St. Anthony's example in going off to the desert to practise a life of prayer and asceticism. Thousands more who did not follow them admired and were influenced by monastic example. On some occasions, monks intervened directly in political matters by appearing several thousands strong to demonstrate in the streets of Alexandria.

Palladius, in writing a book about these dwellers in the desert, was telling stories, some familiar and some probably new, about popular figures whom everyone had heard about. But he had a very particular reason for writing such a book when he did.

His own hero and teacher is a man named Evagrius. He is important because he collected and synthesized the opinions about the spiritual life and the experiences of the famous monks. Many of these men were illiterate or opposed to learning and to writing books. One main source of our knowledge about their opinions are the writings of Evagrius and of others who, like Palladius, had become his disciples.

If this were the whole story, Palladius would be merely the witness to a famous and widely admired tradition of the early centuries of the church. But Evagrius, besides being the collator of the experienced wisdom of the desert monks, was also a proponent of a set of opinions, usually connected with Origen. They are of a special and quite heterodox character. Holders of these opinions were being prosecuted by church authorities at the time when Palladius' work appeared. A book that inserts lives of these suspected men amongst the biographies of the widely admired heroes of orthodox monasticism, and by implication equates one group with the other, has by its nature political implications.

The doctrines that Evagrius taught, and which were

later condemned by a church council, include the view that each man's soul exists before this life. Its present association with the body is the result of a fall from a primal unity with other souls, all of whom saw God and were occupied uniquely with him. Through inattention they fell off from this knowledge. These fallen souls are now either angels, men, or demons, depending on their degrees of remoteness from their original condition.

The return to God, the vision of God, is possible to all. Bodies are given for that purpose. Knowledge obtained with the help of the senses contains hints of what lies behind nature and is a beginning of our climb back. Prayer and meditation on the Scriptures are other and more important means. What is essential is to separate oneself completely from all ordinary human concerns—family, politics, earning more than a bare living—so that one may pass one's time in solitary prayer, meditation, and manual labor. When one tries to do this, one will be assailed by thoughts, that is, memories, which will incite one to turn away from the austere path one has chosen.

These thoughts are catalogued by Evagrius in a book that has had great influence. The seven ledges of Dante's Purgatory *derive from it, for instance. For Evagrius they are dangers that threaten our return to our natural position of sharing in a knowledge of the operations of the Holy Trinity.*

The Ascetics that Palladius tells us about are all at one stage or another of this return journey. He first meets Isidore, who weeps because he has to eat material food. His true food is a sight of things far from this world. In Palladius' account, Evagrius accuses of blasphemy the man who tells him that his father is dead. A soul that existed before this life and is temporarily in the body can acknowledge no man as his father. Potamiaena's edging herself inch by inch into heated oil is a triumphant assertion of how accidental the body is.

All these stories have the fascination that comes from seeing people make stark choices. They take great risks for goals they believe in but cannot clearly see. Some see farther than others and so inspire those behind them. Palladius tells of Macarius in a way which shows that he served that role for many. None of his heroes or heroines are trivial. All are marvellous and strange.

ISIDORE

My first visit to Alexandria was during the second consulate of the great emperor Theodosius (now dwelling amongst the angels because of his faith in Christ).

I met there a man named Isidore who was remarkable both in his practise and his knowledge.

He was a priest and the director of the hospice maintained by the church of Alexandria.

Rumor had it that his first youthful combats were fought in the desert. Sometime later I saw the cell he had occupied in the Nitrian mountains. He was seventy-five years old when I first met him and he had fifteen more years to live before death came peacefully to him.

Right up to that moment he refused to wear clothes made of linen. The only exception was a covering for his head. He never visited a public bath nor ate meat. Nevertheless his body was so marked by grace that those who did not know his manner of life imagined that he ate only the finest food.

It would take too long to describe the virtues of his soul. Let it suffice to say that he was kindly and peaceable to such an extent that all—even his enemies amongst the unbelievers—revered the shadow of this extraordinarily good man.

His understanding of Holy Scripture and of the divine teaching was so profound that his thoughts often wandered and left him silent and unaware of the brethren when they were all assembled to share their evening meal. If they asked him what he had seen in his ecstasy, his answer was: "My thoughts carried me off. What I saw had hold of me."

I know from observing him that he often wept at table. When asked about this he explained (in my hearing): "It is a shame for a rational man to eat irrational food. Worse still for me who am called by Christ's generosity to live in a garden of delights."

Isidore went to Rome twice, once with bishop Athanasius and later with bishop Demetrius. All the Roman Senators and the wives of many important men got to know him while he was there.

When he died he left no will, even though he still had some of his fortune and a quantity of useful belongings. He left neither money nor goods to his two sisters (who were consecrated Virgins), but he entrusted them to Christ with these words, "He who created you will provide for you, just as He has for me." There were seventy women in the community to which his sisters belonged.

I was young and vigorous at the time and wanted to take up the life of a solitary, so I asked his advice. He knew well how young colts should be trained and that young men do not need words or instruction as much as bodily discipline. So he took me to a lonely place five miles from town.

Dorotheus

He left me in the charge of an ascetic from Thebes named Dorotheus. He had been living in a cave for sixty years. My instructions were to spend three years with this man. Isidore knew that his way of life was very austere and would overcome my passions. After the three years were up I was to return to Isidore for spiritual instruction.

I was too weak to stay the whole three years. Finally, I left Dorotheus because the food he had me eat was disgusting and exceedingly dry.

All day long in the desert sun he moved rocks and built cells along the sea shore for those not strong enough to build for themselves. Every year he completed another cell.

One day I said to him: "Father, you are an old man. You are killing your body in this heat. Why?"

He answered, "It kills me; I kill it."

The truth is that he ate only six ounces of bread and some ears of a millet-like grain each day. He drank a proportionally small amount of water.

I testify before God that I never knew him to rest his feet or sleep on a mat or bed. Instead he sat up all night weaving palm-leaf ropes to pay for the food he ate.

I thought he might be doing all this just to impress me, so I asked about him of various of his disciples scattered here and there. I was glad to learn that he had lived in the same way from his youth on.

He never purposely went to sleep. He would fall asleep sometimes while working at something or when he was eating. Sometimes he was so sleepy that the bread fell out of his hand and onto the mat. He was somewhat offended and said, "When you persuade the angels to sleep, you can convince their pupil also."

One day a little before three o'clock (his usual time for drinking water) he sent me to the well to fill his drinking gourd. When I got to the well I found an asp in it. I stopped drawing water and ran off to tell him. I said: "Father, we are going to die. I saw an asp in the well." First he smiled. Then he looked at me seriously, shook his head and said: "Suppose the devils turn themselves into snakes and turtles and then fall into all the springs in the world. What will you do: give up drinking?"

He went to the well, drew some water, and drank it on an empty stomach. Before doing this he said, "Where the cross has just passed, evil has no power."

Potamiaena

Isidore told me a story that I ought to write down. He had heard it from blessed Anthony. It is the story of a beautiful servant girl named Potamiaena, who lived at the time of the persecutor Maximian.

Her master tried time and again to seduce her. He made all sorts of promises without any result. At last he was so frustrated that he turned her over to the imperial governor of Alexandria on the grounds that she was a Christian. He accused her also of speaking disparagingly of the times in which they were living, and of the emperors for persecuting Christians.

He gave the governor money and said: "If she will let me have her, don't punish her. If she won't, carry out the law. Don't let her live if she keeps on mocking my enslavement to her."

To break her spirit the judge had various instruments of torture brought before the tribunal. One was a huge basin filled with pitch. He ordered the attendants to light a fire under it. When the pitch began to bubble and then come close to catching on fire, he offered her a choice. "Either you do what your master wants, or I will order you to be thrown into the basin."

"I hope a judge is not going to ask me to destroy myself," she answered.

He was enraged and ordered the attendants to take off her clothes and force her into the basin.

Drawings by Anne Buchanan Crosby

"If you have decided to punish me that way, order them by the head of the emperor of whom you are so afraid to let me put myself in slowly. You don't know Christ, but you'll see how much courage He gives."

It took her an hour to sink little by little into the pitch. She died when it reached her neck.

Didymus

Many men and women in the church of Alexandria had achieved perfection. They are part of the meek who, Scripture says, will inherit the land. Such a man was the blind writer Didymus. I met him on four occasions during the years I spent in Egypt.

He was seventy-five years old when he died. He told me that he lost his sight when he was only four years old, before learning to read or receive any instruction.

Within him, though, he had a powerful teacher, his own conscience, and he became so completely rich in knowledge that the words of Scripture, "The Lord makes wise the blind" (Psalm 145.8), were fulfilled in him.

He interpreted both the old and the new testaments word for word. By his careful attention and perceptiveness he grasped their meaning better than his predecessors.

I was unwilling to recite a prayer in his cell one day when he pressed me to do so. So he said: "Blessed Anthony came here to visit me three times, and when I asked him to pray, he knelt down at once and didn't force me to ask him a second time. That is an example of obedience for you. If you really want to live a hermit's life as he did, you will be, like him, a good guest instead of a stubborn one."

He also told me this: "One day I was gloomily thinking about that wretched persecutor the emperor Julian. I let the whole day and most of the evening go by without eating anything. Instead, while I was thinking about him I fell asleep here in my chair and saw a vision of riders on white horses rushing by and shouting: 'Well, Didymus, Julian died today at the seventh hour. Get up and eat something and let bishop Athanasius know too.' "

He said he took note of the hour, the month, the week, and the day, and found that they corresponded to fact.

Alexandra

Didymus told me about a servant girl named Alexandra who lived outside the city in a locked tomb for ten years without seeing anyone, woman or man. Food was passed to her through an opening. Toward the end of her life she began to wear the monastic habit. We broke down the door of the tomb when the one who normally brought her food told me that he had gotten no response from her. We found that she had gone to her rest.

The thrice-blessed Melania (about whom I will speak later) had this to say about Alexandra: "I never saw her face to face, but I went out to the tomb and asked her why she was locked up there. She called out through the opening: 'A man lost his head over me. I didn't want to go around causing him suffering or to calumniate him. Rather than lead into sin someone created in the image of God, I chose to lock myself up with the dead.' "

"I asked her," said Melania, "how can you overcome *Accedia* without ever seeing anyone?" She answered: "From morning until three in the afternoon (the hour None) I pray each of the hours while I keep on spinning linen thread. As the remaining hours pass I think about the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs. Then I eat my bits of bread and pass the remaining hours prepared to welcome that precious hope, death."

The Rich Girl

I do not intend to omit the stories of those who lived shameful lives, since what they did serves for the praise of the good and can be a warning to anyone who happens to read this.

In Alexandria there was girl who seemed humble but had an arrogant mind. She was excessively rich, but never gave a cent to traveler, virgin, church, or poor man. She paid no heed to the warnings of our fathers to turn away from material things.

She still had relatives living, and had even adopted one niece, her sister's daughter. A glimmer of a desire for heaven showed through in a promise she repeatedly made to leave her money to this girl. This was plainly an illusion from the devil, who leads us deeper into covetousness on the pretence of love for relatives. His real teaching is that we should murder our brethren, our mother and our father, and not care for them. When he does inspire us to look out for relatives, it is not out of concern for them, but in hope that we may turn to injustice. He knows well that "the unjust man shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

God can inspire us with a concern for relatives who are in need. This does not involve danger to our own soul, but anyone whose whole mind is turned toward the interest of his relatives has turned away from the law which tells us not to neglect our own soul.

When the Psalmist asks, "Who will ascend the mountain of the Lord?", he is insinuating that the answer is "Few"—namely, those who out of the fear of God take thought for their own soul. When he asks, "Who shall abide in his holy place?", the answer is, "Whoever has clean hands and a clean heart, who has not been given his soul in vain." Those who are not bent on acquiring the virtues have received their soul in vain. They think it will perish with the body.

There is a widely-told story of how the very holy man Macarius schemed to lighten the burden of this girl's covetousness. He was a priest and the director of a hospice for

poor cripples. As a young man he had been a jeweler who dealt in precious stones. When he met the rich girl he said: "Some jewels you cannot afford to pass over have come into my hands. They are choice emeralds and hyacinths. I have no obligation to say whether they have been found or stolen. They are being offered for 500 coins, a price that has no relation to their real worth. It is not even possible to set a fair price on them, since they are really priceless. If you take them, you can get your 500 coins back from one stone and use the rest to dress up your niece."

The girl was so enraptured that she took the bait. Falling at his feet she said, "By all that is precious, don't let any one else have them." He urged her on, "Come to my house and see them." But she couldn't restrain herself. She threw the money at him! "Get them any way you want. I do not want to see who is selling them."

He took the 500 coins and spent them to pay the expenses of his hospice.

Time passed, but she was ashamed to remind such a prominent man, since every one in the city seemed to respect him greatly on account of his love for God and compassion. (He was in fact very vigorous up to his hundredth year. We spent some time with him.)

Finally, she met him in church one day and said, "Please tell me what you decided about those jewels I gave you 500 coins for."

He said: "I spent the 500 coins for the stones right away. Please come and look at them in the hospice, for that is where they are. Come and see whether they please you. If they do not, take your money back." So she set out happily. In the hospice poor women lived on one floor, poor men on another. He said to her, "What do you want to see first, the hyacinths or the emeralds?" She answered, "Which ever you prefer."

He first took her to the upper floor where women who had been mutilated or whose faces had been scarred were living. He said, "Here are the hyacinths." Next he took her downstairs, and showed her the men. "Do you like our emeralds? If you don't, take your money back."

She went away ashamed. Later she regretted that what she did had not been done from love of God. When the niece she was so concerned about died after a childless marriage, she thanked Macarius for what he had done.

Apollonius

Before he came to live on Mount Nitria, a man named Apollonius was a business man. He was too old to learn a trade or work as a copyist. Instead, he earned money by doing household work and then used it to buy medicine and food in Alexandria for any brothers who were sick. For twenty-one years he could be seen from early morning till the hour of None going the rounds from monastery to monastery, and opening every door to see if someone was sick. He carried raisins, pomegranates, eggs, white

bread, and anything else a sick man might need.

The mountain was a wild place with five thousand monks scattered about it. So Apollonius had hit on work suitable to his old age and in need of being done. When he died he left his medicines to another like himself and exhorted him to continue his work.

Paissy and Isaiah

Two brothers, one named Paissy and the other Isaiah, were also there. When their father, a Spanish merchant, died, they divided up the inheritance. Besides real estate this consisted of 5,000 small coins, clothes, and household servants. They made a careful inventory of what they had and then started to talk things over with one another. Each said to the other:

"What way of life should we follow, brother? If we take up our father's business, we too will have to pass on the fruit of our efforts to others. Worse, we may fall prey to robbers or drown in the sea. Better take up the monastic life. We can put our father's wealth to good use and avoid losing our own souls."

The monastic life seemed good to each of them as a goal, but that was all they agreed on.

When it came to choosing ways of fulfilling their desire, one was drawn in one way, the other in another. So they divided up their wealth and strove to please God, but in diametrically opposite ways.

The first gave all his money to monasteries, churches, and prisons. He then learned a trade to support himself and took up a life of prayer and penance.

The second kept control of his money and used it to build a monastery with some other brothers who came to live with him. He received any stranger, any sick man, or

anyone who was old or poor. On Saturday and Sunday he provided meals for three or four tables full of people. That is how he spent his money.

In due time the two brothers died and each was spoken of as a perfect monk. The monks living in the mountain began to quarrel among themselves about which one was better. Partisans of each side went to see blessed Pambo and asked him which one had chosen a better way of life. He said: "Both were perfect. One acted like Abraham; the other like Elias."

They insisted on a better answer: "How can they be equal in virtue? Please do not keep us in suspense." Those who preferred the ascetic said: "He did what the Gospel says. He sold what he had, gave it to the poor, carried his cross every hour, day and night, and imitated the Saviour through his prayers."

Partisans of the other opinion said: "Isaiah also gave what he had to the poor. He even went out to the highways and by-ways and brought in those who were suffering. He found rest not only for his own soul, but for the souls of the many sick and needy whom he helped."

Blessed Pambo said: "I will say it again. Both are equal. Let me assure each one of you. If Paissy had not been such a great ascetic, his extreme goodness would not compare with that of his brother. Isaiah, by finding rest for the souls of others, found it for himself as well. He seemed to be worn down by a painful burden, but through it brought himself rest. But wait till God shows me how this puzzle is solved. Come back, then, and I will tell you."

Some days later they returned, and asked him once more. Speaking as if in the sight of God, he said to them, "I saw both of them living in Paradise."

Macarius the Younger

At the age of eighteen Macarius the Younger had accidentally killed a man. The murder happened while he, with other young people, was playing a game on Lake Mana where he tended sheep and goats.

Without a word to anyone, he went off into the open desert and remained there frightened senseless of God and man for three years under the open sky. Everyone knows, either by his own experience or hearsay, that no rain falls in that desert.

Then he built himself a cell and lived in it for twenty-five more years. By that time solitude had become his joy, and the Devil, by God's judgment, something he could laugh at.

After I lived with him a long time, I asked him how he felt about the sin of murder he had committed. He said he was grateful that he did it, not sad. That involuntary murder had been the beginning of his salvation.

He drew on the Scriptures to show that Moses would not have been found worthy of seeing God, and of writing down God's word, if he hadn't killed a man in Egypt and then fled to Sinai from fear of Pharaoh.

I am not trying to smooth the path for murder when I say this. I only mean that circumstances sometime lead us to virtue when by ourselves we wouldn't have tried to attain it.

So, some virtues are the result of choice, some of circumstances.

Macarius of Alexandria

I did meet Macarius who came from Alexandria. He was the priest for the settlements that we call the Cells. I stayed there nine years, and he was alive for three of those years. So I myself witnessed some things he did. Others I heard of, and still others I learned by questioning those who knew him.

This was his *askesis*. Whenever he heard that someone, somewhere, was doing some penance, he immediately practised it in its most extreme form.

For example, when someone told him that for the forty days of Lent the Tabennesiotes ate only uncooked food, he resolved to eat only raw things for seven years. He ate nothing but salad, when he could find greens, and beans soaked in cold water.

After he had succeeded in mastering this kind of austere practice, he heard of someone else who ate only a pound of bread a day. Marcarius thereupon decided to drop his loaf of bread into a narrow-necked jar, and eat only what he could get out in one handful. He would joke about this, saying: "I could get hold of a big enough piece, but then I could not get my hand out because of the narrow neck. Like a tax collector, it wouldn't let me escape."

Thus for three whole years he ate only four or five ounces of bread a day and he drank about the same amount of water. Less than a pint of oil lasted him a whole year.

Here is another thing he did. He thought it was a good idea not to sleep any more. So he stayed outside for twenty days. During the day he was scorched by the sun and at night he shrivelled up on account of the cold. Later he said: "If I had stayed out any longer, and kept on refusing to sleep, my brain would have so dried up that I would have gone mad. In short, I won so far as what is properly myself is concerned; but, since nature needs sleep, I was defeated."

One morning when he was sitting in his cell a mosquito lit on his foot and bit him. Smarting under the pain he struck it with his hand. The splattered remains were red with his own blood. Realizing that he had acted in anger, he sentenced himself to remain for six months naked in the swamps of Scete in the open desert. There the mosquitoes are like wasps and they can pierce a wild boar's hide. He had bites all over him and such huge lumps that some thought he was suffering from elephantiasis. When he returned to his cell six months later, the only way people could know him as Macarius was by his voice.

There was a story that he once wanted to visit the garden-tomb of Iannay and Iambray. This garden-tomb belonged to magicians who had been all powerful under the Pharaohs. Since they maintained their power for a long time they were able to build this tomb out of dressed stone. So their hero's tomb was even decorated with an abundance of gold. Also they planted many trees, since the place has some water, and under those trees they dug a well.

Since the holy man did not know the way, he crossed the desert as one does the sea, by the movement of the stars. In order to find his way back, he carried a bundle of rushes and put one down every mile so that the path would be marked. After a nine-day journey he drew near his destination. At that point the foe of man, ever anxious to thwart the athletes of Christ, gathered all the reeds once more into a bundle and put them under his head where he was sleeping—a scant mile from the tomb.

When he woke up and found the reeds, the thought occurred to him that this had happened by God's permission, in order that he would not put his hope in a reed, but in the cloud and pillar of fire that had guided Israel for forty years in the desert.

He said: "Seventy demons rushed out of the tomb to meet me. They shouted and flapped their wings like ravens, flying at chin level, and screaming, 'What do you want, Macarius? What do you want, monk? Why do you come to this dwelling place that belongs to us? You can't stay here.' " He answered, "I will just go in, look around, and go away."

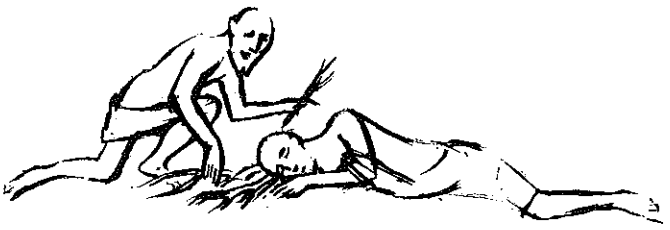
He said that when he got inside he found a small bucket hanging up, and an iron chain on the edge of the well—both disintegrating with age and some dried up pomegranates all hollow from the heat of the sun.

So he started back. He walked for twenty days. Then the water he had been carrying gave out and his supply of bread gave out, leaving him near collapse from hunger and thirst. Then, according to his account, a young girl appeared before him dressed in spotless white linen and carrying a vessel from which drops of water were dripping. For three days she kept continually in front of him at a distance of two hundred yards. He saw her clearly with her hovering jug but, as if it were in a dream, he could never catch up. He kept on following, nevertheless, in the hope of getting something to drink.

When she disappeared he next saw a herd of large antelopes. A cow and her calf stopped by him (they are in fact numerous in that region). Macarius said her udder was heavy with milk. Sitting down under her, he drew for himself ample milk. The antelope accompanied Macarius all the way to his cell: she even shoved her own tiny calf aside to favor Macarius, and bore him company until he reached the cell from which he had set out.

Another time he was digging a well near some dry brush and was bitten by an asp. Such a bite can cause death. He took hold of it with both his hands, and controlling it by keeping its jaws apart, he then tore it to pieces, saying "How dare you go where God didn't send you?"

He had cells in different parts of the desert—one in Scete, the deeper open desert, one in Lipe, one in the place called the Cells, and one on the Nitrian mountains. Some are windowless, and here, it is said, he spent Lent in darkness. There was another, narrower, one, where it was impossible to stretch out one's legs. And there was a wider one where he met people who came to see him.



He cured a countless number of people who were possessed by the devil.

Once, when I was present, a girl of noble birth, suffering from years from paralysis, was brought from Thessalonica. He rubbed her with holy oil and recited prayers over her for twenty days, and then sent her home cured. Afterwards she sent him a generous supply of fruit.

He learned that the Tabennesiotes have an exceptional mode of life, and so he changed from his own habit into the secular clothes of a day laborer, and traveled 15 days across the desert to the Thebaid. When he came to the place where the Tabennesiotes carry their practices of penance, he asked to see their abbot, Pachomius, a man of great experience, who had the gift of prophecy, but to whom it was not given to know about Macarius. When they met, Macarius said, "I beg you let me enter your monastery so that I can become a monk."

Pachomius said, "You are too old to begin. You can never learn to practice asceticism. The Brothers here are ascetics, and you cannot imitate them. You will only be scandalised and go off cursing them." For these reasons he did not accept Macarius on the first day, nor the second, nor even when seven whole days had passed. Since Macarius had the strength to go on fasting, he held out and said: "Accept me, father. If I don't fast and work like the others do, order me to be expelled." Thus he persuaded these brethren to accept him. There are four

thousand of them, even now, in that single monastery.

So he entered. In a short time Lent came. Some ate in the evening, some every second day only, others on the fifth day. One stood up all night but sat down during the day.

Macarius first soaked a large number of palm branches in water, and then stood up in a corner for the whole forty days until Easter came. He took neither bread nor water, nor did he bend his knees or lie down. The only thing he ate was a few cabbage leaves on Sunday, and he did this only to make it appear as though he was taking something.

He left his cell only because of some necessity, and came back as soon as possible without talking to anyone, or doing anything except praying in his heart and braiding the palm leaves he carried in his hands as he walked. As a result all the monks who saw him turned against their abbot, saying: "From where have you brought this fleshless marvel for our condemnation? Either you send him away or we inform you that we are going." When Pachomius heard all about his practices, he prayed that God would tell him who the visitor was.

When it was revealed to him, he took Macarius by the hand, and led him to the church and up to the altar. Then he said: "You are Macarius and you have hidden yourself from me. For years I hoped to meet you. I am thankful that you have shown my little children what it means to be in fighting trim so that they won't feel proud of their penances. Go back to your own place now; you have done enough to edify us. Pray for us." So he went away.

On another occasion he told us the following story: When I saw that I had been successful in living out every form of rule I desired, I undertook another venture. This time I decided with the help of God to keep my mind free from distractions for just five days. After I made this decision, I closed the door of my cell and of the entry way, so that I wouldn't have to talk to anyone. On the second day I began to stand up. I said, "Mind, don't come down from heaven. You have angels and archangels there. You have the powers from on high, and you have the God of the Universe. Don't go below the heavens." I held out for two days and two nights. I made the devil so angry that he turned into a burst of flame and burned up everything in the cell, including a little rush mat I was standing on. I began to think that there might not even be anything left of me. Finally, on the third day, I was so afraid that I gave up. I just wasn't able to keep my mind away from distractions. To keep from having pride chalked up to me, I settled for thinking about the world."

Once I went to see this same Macarius and I found the village priest lying outside the door of his cell. His head was eaten away with cancer. You could see his skull all the way to the top of his head. He had come to Macarius to get cured, but he hadn't even been given an interview. I besought him, saying: "I beg you, please help him. At least give him an answer."

He said, "He doesn't deserve to be cured. He has been sent a lesson. If you want him to be cured, persuade him not officiate any more. Even though he is a fornicator he has been officiating at services. That's why this lesson was sent to him. God Himself is curing him." When I told the wretch this, he agreed, and swore not to exercise his priesthood any more. Macarius admitted him then, and said, "Do you believe that there is a God?" "Yes," he answered.

"Weren't you able to fool God?"

"No," he answered.

"If you admit your sin and the lesson God has given you, correct your ways."

He confessed his guilt, and gave his word not to sin any more and not to act as a priest, but instead to live as a layman.

Then Macarius layed his hands on him. In a few days he was cured. Hair grew back on his head, and he went off in good health.

I saw a young boy brought in under the influence of an evil spirit. Macarius put one hand on his head, and another on his heart. He then prayed long enough to make the boy hang motionless in the air. He swelled up like a balloon and got so hot that his skin was all wrinkled. Then he began to shout, and water came from all his sense organs. Then he calmed down, and reverted to his normal size. Macarius rubbed him with holy oil, poured water over him, and told him not to touch meat or wine for forty days. He then gave him back to his father.

That was the way he healed him.

One day thoughts of vainglory crowded in on him and drove him out of his cell. They implanted in his head the idea that it was part of the divine plan that he should go help the sick in a hospital in Rome. For it was true that grace worked mightily in him against spirits. For a long time he didn't heed this, though he was greatly agitated. Finally he fell down on the threshold of his cell, pointed his feet toward the outside, and said: "You pull me, devils; you drag me. I won't go on my own legs. If you move me that way, all right." He made this oath to them: "Until tonight I'll lie here. If you don't succeed in moving me, there's no chance that I will listen to you."

He stayed down a long time, and then got up. When night came, back came the demons against him. He filled a two-bushel basket full of sand, put it on his shoulders, and started moving across the desert. Someone named Theosebius, a street cleaner from Antioch, met him and said: "What are you carrying, father? Let me carry it. Don't you worry about it."

"I worry about what's harrassing me. It's wild, and whispers that I should escape to a foreign land." Finally after moving around for a long time, he went back to his cell. His body was worn down.

The holy Macarius—he was a priest—told us this: When I was giving communion I noticed that I never gave the

host to Mark, the ascetic. An angel took it from the altar table and gave it to him. All I could see was the wrist that was giving the host.

Mark was a younger man. He had memorized both the old and new Testaments. He was meek to a fault and circumspect if any one ever was.

One day when I was at leisure in the last days of that old man, Macarius, I went and sat down outside his door. I thought of him as superior to other men, so ancient was he, and I wanted to hear what he might say and see what he might do. He was all alone inside, nearly a hundred years old, without teeth, and still struggling against the devil and himself. He was grumbling: "What do you want, you evil old man. You have already had your taste of oil and your sip of wine. What more do you want, you aged glutton?"

Turning to the devil he kept saying: "Do I owe you something right now? You can't think of anything? Go on then; get away from me."

Almost as if he were humming he would say to himself: "Come on, you ancient glutton. How long more am I going to be with you?" (Matthew 17.16).

His disciple Paphnatius told us that one day a hyaena brought her blind cub to Macarius. With her head she pushed open the door of the entry way where he was sitting, and dropped the cub at his feet. The holy man lifted it up, spat upon its eyes, and prayed over it. "*Immediately it began to see.*" (Luke 18.43). The mother gave suck, and then took it and went away.

The next day she brought the saint the fleece of a large sheep. The venerable Melania told me: "From Macarius I received this fleece as a parting gift."

What is strange about this? He who tamed lions for Daniel can also make a hyaena intelligent.

Macarius said that he never spat on the ground from the day that he was baptized; when he said this it was sixty years after his baptism.

As far as his physical appearance goes, he was a little stunted and had very little hair. There were only a few strands on his upper lip and on the point of his chin. The hair on his cheeks never grew, because of his excesses in asceticism.

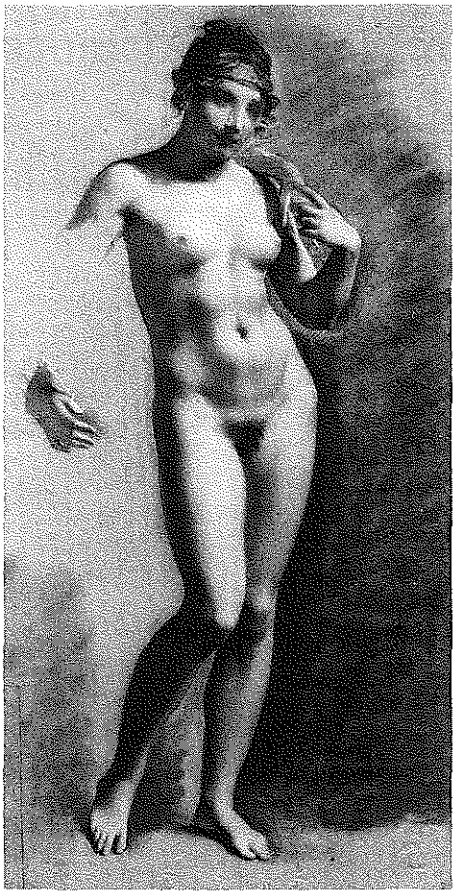
Once I went to him in a state of listlessness (*accedia*) and said: "Father, what must I do? Thoughts are troubling me. They keep saying: 'You aren't accomplishing anything here. Go away.' "

He said: "This is what you tell them: 'I am staying inside these walls for Christ's sake.' "

The deeds of St. Macarius that I have pointed out are only a few amongst many.

Brother Robert Smith, F.S.C., is a tutor at St. John's College, Annapolis. He is engaged in preparing a new translation, with notes, of the *History of the Desert Fathers* by Palladius. This article represents selections from the work.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. & MRS. EUGENE V. THAW



Pierre-Paul Prud'hon, *Female Nude*

Eugene Delacroix, *Royal Tiger*

Honoré Daumier, *"Deux Avocats Conversant"*

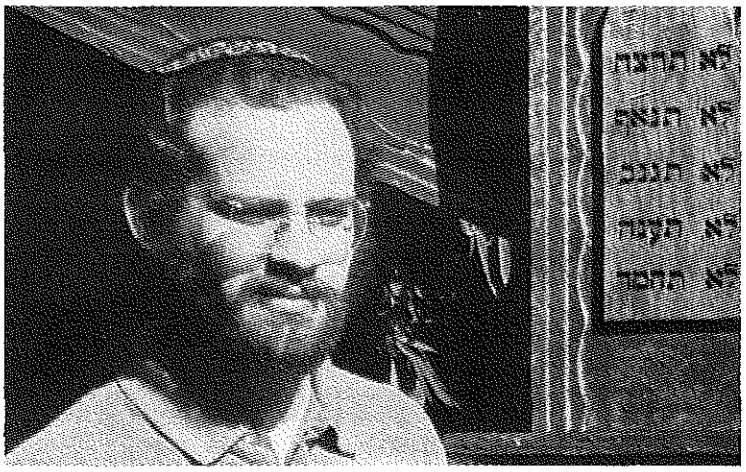
He has been called by *Time* "probably the most successful private art dealer of his generation." Although he buys and sells art in many forms, Eugene V. Thaw '47 has a special interest in one aspect of art: he collects master drawings.

In his art dealings he has always taken pleasure in helping museums "fill gaps" in their collections. So it seems appropriate that the drawings which he and his wife, Clare, have collected since the 1950's should be destined eventually to become the property of the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York.

The collection is a highly personal one, as private collections are apt to be, and reflects both Mr. Thaw's interests and his antipathies. By his own admission he does not care particularly for Italian baroque drawings, for instance; he generally likes drawings which are pictures in themselves, not preliminary sketches, and prefers works which reflect a distinct and recognizable style. Hence the collection features many drawings by Watteau, Rembrandt, Daumier, Claude, Cézanne, and Goya, as well as by Van Gogh, Degas, Delacroix, and the Tiepolos.

The public is most fortunate that Clare and Gene Thaw have put their marvelous collection on tour this year (it appeared first at the Morgan from December 10th to February 15th, and will be at the Cleveland Museum of Art from March 16th to May 2nd, at the Art Institute of Chicago from May 28th to July 5th, and at the National Gallery of Canada from August 6th to September 17th), for it is a rare privilege to see such drawings "in the flesh."

And the public is even more fortunate that the Thaws have announced plans ultimately to give the collection to the Morgan Library, where it can be enjoyed by generations to come.



David Moss: Profile of an Alumnus

Perhaps he should be called an experimental traditionalist. He was a member of the pioneering class, the first to graduate from Santa Fe, in 1968. Then David Moss turned to Jewish studies and the graphic arts; and he revived and has brought to a high degree of perfection and interest the art of making *Ketubot*, the contracts given by Jewish grooms to their brides. These documents, with their traditional Aramaic text, do not fall under the prohibition against imagery. Moss makes the most of the liberty thus granted to an artist and craftsman of imagination and aesthetic sense. Indeed, even for those who cannot read the language, the *Ketubot* are beautiful objects of strong and elegant design.

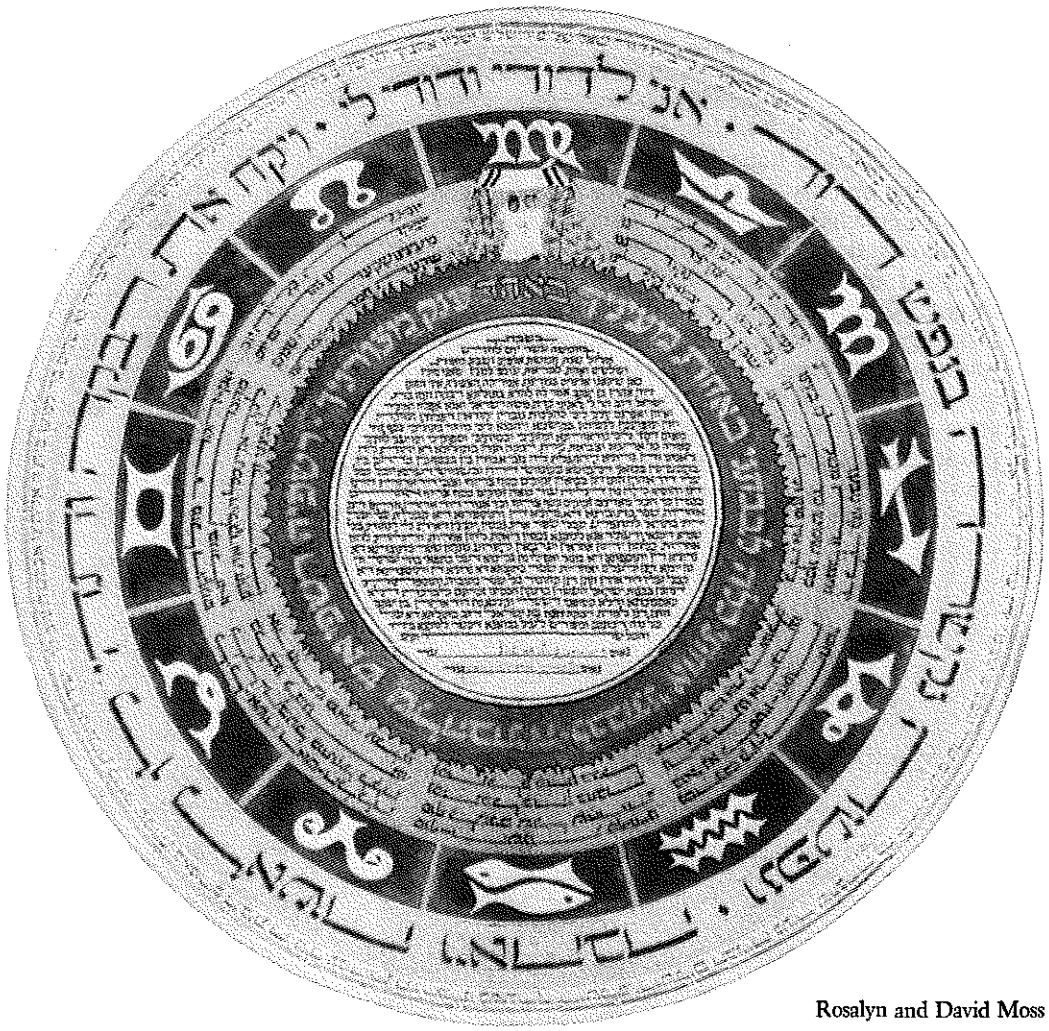
In pioneering the artistic revival of *Ketubot* Moss is clearly animated by a love of the Jewish tradition and by the important place marriage has in that tradition. The text of a *Ketubah* gives the bride certain assurances regarding her material welfare. But it is on the emotional, intellectual, and spiritual aspects of matrimony that David Moss exercises his empathy and inventiveness.

Each *Ketubah* is individually commissioned, conceived, and carried out. Moss acquaints himself with the interests and activities of the couple and incorporates them in the imagery and design of the *Ketubah*—with the result that it can come in all kinds of shapes and forms. The shape, for instance, may be influenced or even determined by the piece of parchment supplied when the *Ketubah* is commissioned; even a hole in it was, on at least one occasion, made part of the design, just as an "accidental" slip of the pen is capable, in the hand of David Moss, of giving rise to more invention, being treated almost as an *objet trouvé*.

The results of this dedicated work are of a surprising and touching beauty. The real *trouvaille*, however, was undoubtedly the initial discovery that the *Ketubah*, the traditional document still in use, had become the victim of mass production and was awaiting its rescuer.

Moss's commitment to Judaism had already happened while he was at St. John's, where he observed Jewish ritual and law. After graduation he went to Hebrew University to prepare for the entrance examination of the Jewish Theological Seminary. There he was introduced to the Hebrew scribal art, which exerted an immediate fascination upon him. In work with Hebrew letters he found an almost mystical pleasure, a meeting of the abstract and concrete, and the symbolic capturing of "the ethereal in a physical reality."

It was a writer of scrolls in Jerusalem who introduced this young man from Dayton, Ohio, to the forms of the 22 Hebrew letters and to calligraphy. He began to practise it, and his first *Ketubah* was a marriage contract he gave as a wedding present to friends. After studies at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York he returned to



Rosalyn and David Moss

Dayton. There he divided his time between work in his father's family business and his own development of *Ketubot*.

The division suited him well, because he did not want to let his livelihood depend on his religious craft. But an exhibition of his work in 1972 changed his mind. It started at the Judah L. Magnes Museum in Berkeley, California, consisted of about twenty *Ketubot* lent by their owners, and was then sent to various museums around the country. We are grateful to be able to reproduce some examples from the catalogue of that exhibition, and we thank the owners who allowed them to be exhibited.

The director of the Magnes Museum, Seymour Fromer, not only arranged the collection, but also appointed Moss artist-in-residence there. David Moss and his wife Rosalyn moved to Berkeley in early 1974. He works in a studio in a building next door to the museum, where he also teaches Hebrew calligraphy. His workshop bears the name *bet-alpha*, the house of the Hebrew letter. On the average a *Ketubah* takes him a week to do, and of course David did his own when he and Rosalyn were married. Their first child, a daughter, Elyssa Sharon, was born on July 27 last year. (They live at 1235 Peralta, Berkeley, California 94706.)

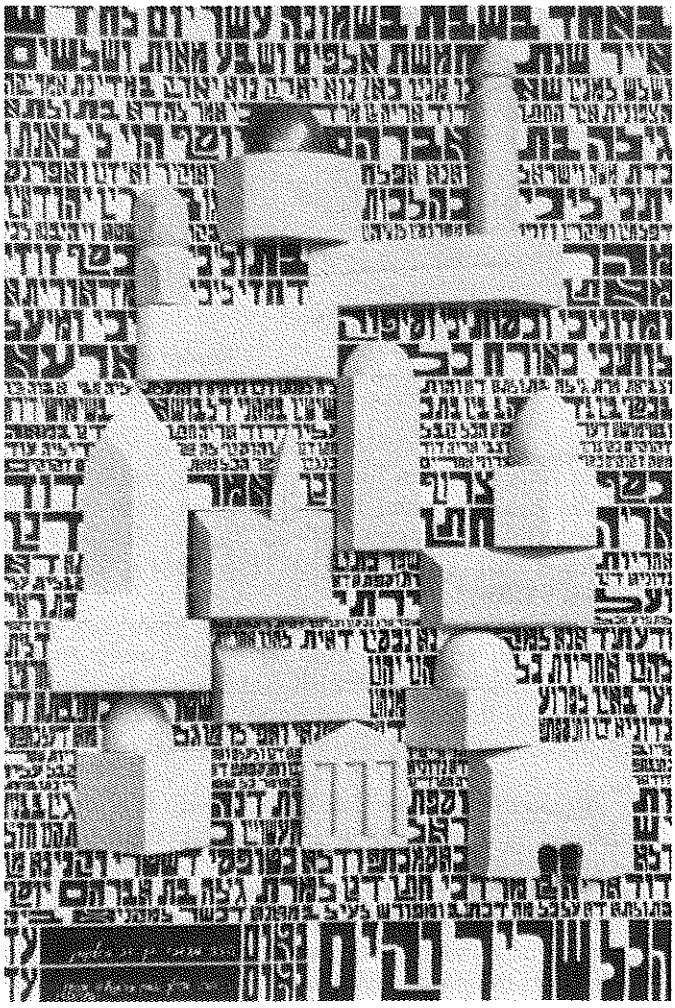
David Moss has not yet written much *about* his work, but there is an article by him on "The Lovely Art of Ketubah-Making" in *The Jewish Catalogue*.* Perhaps we should close with words he wrote for the catalogue from which the accompanying illustrations were taken:

> My *Ketubah* revival has brought with it a joy I did not anticipate when I began experimenting with *Ketubot* five years ago—the joy of the bride and groom who write me about each other and about the life they dream of building together; the joy of a proud parent ordering a *Ketubah* for his about-to-be-wed child; the joy of a child glow-

ingly describing his dear parents he wishes to surprise with an "anniversary *Ketubah*." The special privilege I have had reading these sweet, warm outpourings of love, respect, and affection is something I cherish. The exciting challenge of working out the ideas for a *Ketubah* and translating them into something I hope will please the recipient makes the tedious work of calligraphy and illumination a delight.

The experience of reviving this traditional Jewish art form has been fulfilling. I have grown through it and learned from it. I have been able to bring joy to others. This has made me wish to expand and deepen my commitment to creating Jewish art. I hope to broaden my work into other areas of Hebrew calligraphy—Mizrach and Shiviti plaques, a Haggadah, Megillah, or Siddur. I also plan on exploring other media such as ceramics, textiles, and metal work.

Gail and David Resnick



Etta and Ron Paransky

My experiments with *Ketubot* have convinced me that America is ripe for a revival of Jewish art and Jewish craft work. I envision a group of dedicated Jewish artisans working and learning together, sharing ideas, skills, and knowledge. Our entire tradition is awaiting a careful, thoughtful, and loving search for the wealth of inspiration it can provide the Jewish artisan. A visual Midrash is waiting to be expounded . . .

"Great is the study of Torah combined with manual work," said Rabban Gamliel. To which I can only say, Amen.

* *The Jewish Catalogue*. Compiled and edited by Richard Siegel, Michael Strassfeld, and Sharon Strassfeld. Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.

A good deal of information for this article comes from an article by Bruce Kadden, "The Sheer Delight of a Hebrew Calligrapher" in *On One Foot*, volume III, number 1, April 1975. We are also indebted to Jack Moss, David's father, for supplying information, newspaper articles about the exhibition, and two issues of *The National Jewish Monthly* (April 1972 and April 1973) containing articles about David's work.

CAMPUS—ALUMNI NEWS

Alumni Summer Seminars

As announced in January, Summer Seminar programs for alumni and their spouses will be held again this year on both campuses. The dates are: Annapolis—June 13-26; Santa Fe—August 1-14. Only the Annapolis program was available in detail as this went to the printers; a separate mailing to all alumni will cover all details of both programs.

Annapolis

First Week, June 13-19:

Seminar: Sophocles, *Electra*
Euripides, *The Bacchae*
(Curtis Wilson, Joe Sachs)
Tutorial A: Poems by Donne, Shakespeare, T. S. Eliot
(Geoffrey Comber)
Tutorial B: Aristotle, *Ethics V*
(Joseph P. Cohen)

Second Week, June 20-26:

Seminar: Molière, *The Miser*
Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*
(J. Winfree Smith, Benjamin A. Milner)
Tutorial A: Poems by Marvell, Milton, M. Moore, Edwin Muir
(Samuel S. Kutler)
Tutorial B: J. H. Van Denberg, *The Changing Nature of Man*
(Alan H. Dorfman)

There will be picnic suppers scheduled, as well as motion pictures and seminar parties. On June 16th the University of Maryland Trio will give a concert; on Friday, June 25th, there will be a lecture by former tutor Carl Linden of the department of political science, George Washington University.

Santa Fe Inaugurates Alumni Fund Campaign

This year, from October through February, the Santa Fe campus conducted its first formal Alumni Fund Campaign. As the results below indicate clearly, the Santa Fe alumni are off to a flying start.

Class	Agent	Dollar Totals	Donors	Average Gift
1968	Bettina A. Briggs	$ 100	1	$100
1969	Frank H. Adams	380	11	34
1970	Christopher & T. K. (Thomas) Nelson	22	3	7
1971	David Esdale	1,470	6	247
1972	Anthony & Elisabeth (Dean) Jeffries	88	4	22
1973	Galen Breningstall	145	7	20
1974	David Gross	182	11	16
1975	Denis Yaro	1,077.50	5	215
		$3,479.50	49	$ 71

Highest Donor Total: Frank Adams 1969—11
David Gross 1974—11
Highest Dollar Total: David Esdale 1971—$1,470

In the Class Notes section, at the start of each Santa Fe class listing, there appear the names of all contributors to the Alumni Fund for that class.

History Committee Reports

Roland R. Most '34, chairman of the committee gathering material for an "anecdotal history" of St. John's, reports a very small response since the project was announced in the November 1975 issue of *The Reporter*. Progress has been made in the form of taped interviews with Luther S. Tall '21 and Ridgely Gaither '24; Mr. Most and his fellow committeemen, Bernard F. Gessner '27, and A. Irwin Rusteberg '31, plan further interviews. Mr. Most also reports a very interesting letter from Mrs. Milton G. Baker, whose husband was a member of the class of 1921, as well as material from Louis L. Snyder '28.

Alumni Representatives Elected

In the mail balloting which was completed on March 15th, in which Stephen Benedict '47, Sharon L. Bishop '65, Julius Rosenberg '38, and Thomas E. Stern S68 were competing for two positions on the Board of Visitors and Governors as Alumni Representatives, Sharon L. Bishop and Julius Rosenberg received the largest number of votes and hence are considered elected.

The Klein Essays

Two years ago this month we reported on the Essays assembled in honor of Jacob Klein's seventy-fifth birthday. Now we have decided to move ahead by reviving the St. John's College Press as publisher of this volume.

The printed book will be the same size as this magazine, 8½" x 11", with soft covers, printed in the same general style, and will be approximately 195 pages in length. The contents are as follows:

ESSAYS IN HONOR OF JACOB KLEIN

As Presented to him on the Occasion of his Seventy-fifth Birthday

Introductory Letter by Richard D. Weigle

Preface by Curtis Wilson

Contributors:

Douglas Allanbrook—Study in Black and White (for harpsichord).
Robert Bart—The Shepherd and the Wolf: On the First Book of Plato's *Republic.*
Seth Benardete—Euripides' *Hippolytus.*
Laurence Berns—Rational Animal—Political Animal: Nature and Convention in Human Speech and Politics.
Eva Brann—An Appreciation of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason:* An Introduction for Students.
Anne Buchanan Crosby—Eight Sketches.
Robert A. Goldwin—The State of Nature in Political Society.
Simon Kaplan—Plato in Hermann Cohen's Philosophy of Judaism.
John S. Kieffer—Mythos and Logos.
Samuel S. Kutler—The Source of the Source of the Dedekind Cut.
David R. Lachterman—Self-hood and Self-Consciousness: An Inquiry into Kantian Themes.
Margaret W. Rottner—Politics and the Constitution.
Beate Ruhm von Oppen—Bach's Way with Words.
Robert Sacks—Ptolemy as a Teacher.
Richard Scofield—The Christian *Phaedra* or Farewell to Tragedy.
J. Winfree Smith—"Watchman, What of the Night?"
Brother Robert Smith—Lear and the Story of Eden.
Leo Strauss—On Plato's *Apology of Socrates* and *Crito.*
Robert B. Williamson—*Eidos* and *Agathon* in Plato's *Republic.*
Curtis Wilson—Newton and the Eötvös Experiment.
Elliott Zuckerman—Four Sketches for a Study in Prosody.

Editorial Board:
Samuel S. Kutler, Chairman
Eva Brann Robert B. Williamson
J. Winfree Smith Elliott Zuckerman

In order to assist in planning for publication, the board is anxious to determine how many alumni, parents, or other friends of the College might be interested in purchasing a copy of *Essays in Honor of Jacob Klein.*

If you want to purchase a copy, please send your name, address, and a check for ten dollars ($10) to:

Essays
Office of College Relations
St. John's College
Annapolis, Maryland 21404

This will reserve your copy, which will be sent to you as soon as it is printed; a publication date of June or July is hoped for. We have a further hope that this will be the first of a series of books to be produced by the St. John's College Press.

Annapolis Annual Fund Report

On March 31 the Annual Fund drive for the Annapolis campus, spurred on by matching challenge grants totalling $150,000, had reached the sum of $349,000. That is about 37% ahead of last year, and puts the College in Annapolis well on its way toward this year's goal of $522,000.

In specific categories of donors, alumni giving is 42% ahead, parents are 25% in advance of last year, and individuals—other than alumni and parents—are ahead by 17%.

Letters from Dr. Thomas Turner '21 and William Simons '48, announcing the challenge grants, have inspired a great many repeat gifts; that is, second and third and even fourth gifts from the same donor.

As a result, the special gift categories —King William Associates, $100-249; Francis Scott Key Donors, $250-499; St. John's Sponsors, $500-999; and President's Council, $1,000 or more—are growing at a most gratifying rate.

Vice president William Dunham, in expressing appreciation for the fine showing thus far, had a special word for alumni, the younger ones in particular. "We must also increase the percent response from our alumni," he said. "Repeat gifts are great, of course. But we must remember as well that they still count only as gifts from one person. In addition, we need gifts from more alumni in order to build up the percent participation. To that end, believe me, every gift is most welcome and none is too small.

"The alumni response last year was 27%," Dunham continued. "Our goal this year is 40%. It's not that we aren't interested in the total dollars—you can be sure we are—but we know that they will follow increased numbers of donors. And foundations and corporations are much more apt to be responsive to St. John's needs if we can show that our 'family' is doing all it can."

The closing date for the Annual Fund is June 30, about two months away as you read this. On March 31 there was still about $173,000 to be raised. All alumni, parents, and other friends of St. John's who have not yet contributed are urged to consider the help they can still give the College by taking advantage of the challenge gifts it has been offered. With your help we can finish yet another year in the black.

Santa Fe Sustaining Campaign

The Third Annual Sustaining Campaign for the Santa Fe campus closed in early February with a total of

$38,009.86—from 187 gifts and pledge payments.

Four chairmen, nine vice-chairmen and forty-five solicitors worked on the drive which annually solicits gifts and pledges from supporters in Santa Fe and Los Alamos. For the past two years the campaigns have been conducted mainly through personal visits and telephone follow-ups. Prospects are divided by occupation or profession with a vice-chairman heading each category.

Last year's drive brought in a total of $31,666.82. It was gratifying that there were increases in a number of areas this year: Total number of gifts rose to 142 compared to 108 last year. This number included 74 new gifts and 8 new pledges. In the last local campaign 56 donors gave for the first time; there were 6 new pledges.

Books Wanted

Charlotte Fletcher, Librarian in Annapolis, is very anxious to obtain copies of William Ostwald's *Outline of General Chemistry* (Annapolis, St. John's College, 1940). If you have a copy you would like to donate to the Library, Miss Fletcher would be most appreciative.

Santa Fe Hosts Bicentennial Events

The western campus of St. John's College hosted two bicentennial events as part of the February Festival of the Arts Bicentennial Celebration in Santa Fe.

The first was a symposium in the Great Hall on February 15 on the theme, "Spirit of the Southwest." The second was a concert on February 29 featuring the world premiere of Rio Grande Sonata by Indian composer Louis W. Ballard. Pianist Manuel P. Maramba and violinist Scott Hankins, two members of the Yale/St. John's Consort, performed the work.

Both celebrations were made possible through the cooperation of the New Mexico American Revolution Bicentennial Commission.

Three papers were read at the symposium, exploring the response of both Spanish and Indian populations in New Mexico to the condition of becoming a part of the United States in 1846 and, the other side of the coin, the response of the United States to finding itself in possession of great parts of "empires" formerly Spanish and Indian. It was not solely an historical enterprise as responses extended to the present day.

Dean Charles Poitras of the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe presented the paper on the Indian section. Dr. John Aragon, President of New Mexico Highlands University, and St. John's Tutor Robert Bunker spoke to the Spanish question. Tutor Thomas K. Simpson talked on the Anglo-Saxon aspect of the question. Dean Robert A. Neidorf served as moderator. Following reading of the papers there was a discussion in which both members of a panel and members of the audience participated.

After the symposium there was a social hour followed by dinner. Some 250 Santa Feans enjoyed the event.

In addition to the Ballard premiere, the February 29 concert featured mezzo soprano Mary Neidorf in a selection of songs by Charles Ives and the third member of the Yale/St. John's Consort, oboist Frank Lynch, playing with Manuel Maramba *Sonatina for Oboe and Harpsichord* by Gordon Jacobs.

Ballard is a prolific creative artist who has lived and worked in Santa Fe for a number of years. He is recognized not only as a composer but also as a conductor, pianist, tympanist, choral director and music educator. His symphonic compositions, ballets, choral cantatas, and instrumental ensemble pieces have been performed widely both here and abroad.

In 1974 the world premiere of his *Incident at Wounded Knee* was presented in Warsaw by the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra during their State Department tour of Europe. It will be performed in Washington, D. C. on April 30 at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

Rio Grande Sonata was originally conceived as an unaccompanied violin sonata. It was rescored for the St. John's performance as a major work in four movements for violin and piano.

CLASS NOTES

1928

Varieties of Nationalism: A Comparative History, by *Louis L. Snyder*, professor of history at The City College and The City University of New York, has just been published by Dryden/Holt, Rinehart & Winston. The book summarizes the work done on nationalism during the author's entire academic career.

1932

Frank Gilbreath is vice president of the *News-Courier* in Charleston, S.C. The corporation which owns that paper has recently acquired the *Banner* in Cambridge, Md.

1936

Robert J. Lau writes that he has been re-elected for another three-year term on the executive board of the Ewing (N.J.) Township Democratic Club. This marks the beginning of Bob's fifteenth consecutive year as a board member.

As a reminder to the Class of 1936 (and to let others know what this class is up to), don't forget the June 5th reunion at *Junie Clark's* home on South River. Junie, *Bob Miller*, and *Jack Hodges* have arranged all the details of a most attractive event, and hope for a maximum turn-out of classmates and their spouses.

1937

February brought a fine letter from *Asbury W. Lee III*, now chairman of the board of the Clearfield Bank & Trust Company of Clearfield, Pa. Asbury writes that he is in the "waning years" of his active business career, and plans to retire in December 1977. That will mark thirty-one years with the bank, sixteen as president. One very sad note in the letter: Asbury's wife, the former Sally Hoffman, died last October 16th after a long illness. We know his many friends and classmates join us in sending most sincere if late condolences.

1945

President Gerald Ford has nominated *Charles A. Nelson*, a principal of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co., who heads the company's higher education consulting practice, to be a member of the National Council of Educational Research for a three-year term. The purpose of the Council is to establish policies for the National Institute of Education and to advise the Assistant Secretary for Education and the Director of the National Institute on development of the Institute's programs. Chuck is one

of the two vice-chairmen of the Board of Visitors and Governors of the College.

1946

Former St. John's tutor and Santa Fe dean *Clarence J. Kramer* teaches in what sounds like a rather St. John'sian Program in Literature, Religion, and Philosophy at Marlboro College. Also teaching in the program is *Neal O. Weiner* of the class of 1964.

1947

From *Francis S. Mason* '43 comes news of *Robert Courtright*, who has lived in France for many years. An exhibition of Bob's masks and collages in Paris was recently most successful. Entitled "De la voix," the exhibition consists of masks shown in the context of a program of "manifestations" concerning the voice, audio poetry, and *poésie musique*.

H. Gerald Hoxby reports from Australia that the company he started up "down under," Dubois Chemical Pty. Ltd., is developing nicely and should double its growth next year. The Hoxbys had planned to return to the States last December, but, finding Sydney a very pleasant place in which to live and work, have decided to stay another year.

1949

Anton G. (Tony) Hardy informs us that by virtue of a recent job change he is now a psychologist at the Veterans Hospital in Albany, N.Y. He is also writing professionally. Tony claims St. John's shows its influence: he's "trying to combat arid positivism with some healthy doses of Kant."

1951

On March 19th *Howard V. Herman* represented President Weigle and St. John's College at the College of Charleston (S.C.). The occasion was the celebration of the 206th anniversary of that college's founding and the honoring of fifteen other Colonial colleges, St. John's among them.

1958

Mary (Bittner) Wiseman, current head of the St. John's New York Alumni Group, is an assistant professor of philosophy at Brooklyn College of the City University of New York. She earned an A.M. degree in philosophy from Harvard University and a doctorate from Columbia University. Mary is an active member of the Society for Women in Philosophy and a member of the board of St. Michael's Montessori School. She lives in Manhattan with her husband, Charles, and her twelve-year-old daughter, Emily O'Connor.

1960

Mary Gallagher, elected to the Board of Visitors and Governors at its January meeting in Santa Fe, is the co-author (with Thomas Brown and Rosemary Turner) of *Teaching Secondary School English: Alternative Approaches* (Columbus, Ohio: Charles E. Merrill Publishing Co., 1975). While Mary holds graduate degrees in linguistics, and has taught in that field at college level, she is also a graduate of Harvard Law School, and is currently head of the Appellate Division of the Office of the District Attorney of Suffolk County (Boston), Massachusetts.

1963

Educational Experiences, Inc., of Milton, N.H., headed by *Frederick A. Gauteson*, combines Fred's interests in teaching and sailing. During the summer he takes high-school age students on ocean trips, where the emphasis is on oceanography, sailing, and education. In addition, Fred and his seventy-year-old yawl, *Maruffa*, have worked with scientists from the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute, recording the sounds of sperm whales.

One of the seven recipients of the 1975 Awards of Merit from the San Francisco Bar Association was *J. Morrow Otis*. A member of the firm of Cotton, Seligman & Ray, Morrow was recognized for his continuous efforts to improve the organization of the County Clerks' Office. He and his wife, Carol (Dimit), make their home in Greenbrae, Cal.

Gerald F. Zollars '65, Director of Admissions on the Santa Fe campus, forwarded an interesting letter from *D. Michael Trusty*. Michael is now a consultant to the City of Eureka Springs, Ark., and he and his wife are converting an "enormous old round stone fortress from an industrial building of 100 years to a house."

1965

Joseph P. Gonda received his doctorate in philosophy from Pennsylvania State University last November.

The *New York Times Book Review* for January 4, 1976, contained a review by *C. Grant Luckhardt* of the book *Animal Liberation*, by Peter Singer (New York: A New York Review Book, Random House, 1975). Grant teaches philosophy at Georgia State University.

Note: In view of the increasing amount of material we are receiving from and about Santa Fe alumni—and we are glad this is the case—we have decided to list separately the Annapolis and Santa Fe classes from 1968 on forward. We believe this will make it easier for alumni of the two campuses to locate items of specific interest to them.

T. P., Jr.

1968—Annapolis

Elizabeth Dobbs this semester is an assistant professor in the English department at Hampton Institute in Hampton, Va. She has finished her Ph.D. degree work at the State University of New York at Buffalo. Her dissertation bore a title somewhat reminiscent of senior essay titles at St. John's: "Space in Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*; The Theory'll Fit or the Ethereal Fit."

Sandra Hoban, according to a recent note from *Bart Lee*, is pursuing a Ph.D. degree in poetry from the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. She received her master's degree from Fresno (Cal.) State University last June.

1968—Santa Fe

1975 Alumni Giving: *Bettina A. Briggs*.

Bruce R. Baldwin sends along information on what he has been doing since graduation: in 1970 he received the degree of Master of Urban Planning from the University of Michigan, and then spent two years in the Peace Corps in Honduras. He and Ena Prado were married in August 1973 and worked as apartment managers for a year in San Jose (Cal.). Since 1974 Bruce has been an assistant planner with the City of Fort Wayne, Ind. He and Ena are continuing their education through the Indiana University—Purdue extension courses, and are enjoying fixing up their old house. Bruce encourages old friends and acquaintances to write: 1232 Nuttman Avenue, Fort Wayne, IN 46807.

Philip P. Chandler II is in his second year as an instructor in the Collegiate Seminar Program at the University of Notre Dame. Phil recently had published in the *Annals of Science* 32 (1975) an article entitled, "Clairaut's Critique of Newtonian Attraction: Some Insights into his Philosophy of Science." Last year Phil received the Ph.D. degree from the University of California at San Diego.

Marilynne (Wills) Schell is living in rural Connecticut, teaching in a "lively, innovative elementary school" parttime, and working evenings in a pet shop. Maurie received her master's degree in elementary education from the University of Connecticut, Storrs. She reports still enjoying creating with her hands, and has "rediscovered reading as a pleasurable activity!" Daughter Sasha, now in kindergarten, professes no interest in college because "it's too much work." Maurie adds that she would love to hear from Allison and Leslie.

1969—Santa Fe

1975 Alumni Giving: *Frank H. Adams, Margaret Blum, Anne Chapin, William Cromartie, Jr., Mr. & Mrs. Craig Fansler, James Morrow Hall, Dorine Real, Carlton and Regan (Mensch) Severance, Melissa Smith, John Strange, Lee Tepper, Carol (Lightner) Tucker.*

Frank Adams writes, "in the midst of the Bicentennial ballyhoo around here (Boston) about Boston and the British, it is fun to think back to the Southwest and to know where actually it all began." Frank has spent the past year studying computers and writing programs for groups in the amnesty and antipoverty movements.

1970—Annapolis

Our man in London, *John R. Dean*, finds that his post as editor of *Sennet*, the largest university publication in Europe, is difficult, challenging, and rewarding. In between editorial duties, his graduate studies apparently progress well.

1970—Santa Fe

1975 Alumni Giving: *Jerry Beaton*, Mr. & Mrs. *Donald Hamilton, Susheila Horwitz.*

1971—Santa Fe

1975 Alumni Giving: *David Esdale, Bonnie Gage, Gail (Hartshorne) Haggard, Dennis Plummer, Rebecca Schwab, Dolores Strickland.*

David Esdale reports that he worked as a letter carrier for the Postal Service until November 1971, at which time he entered the Army for a four-month stint with the National Guard. He then taught junior high school, took graduate courses at Bridgewater State College for secondary school certification, and from September 1972 to June 1974 taught physics, environmental science, and earth science in Hyannis, Mass. He then entered the industrial engineering program at Northeastern University in Boston, as preparation for his present employment as assistant to the production manager at the Daystar Corporation, a manufacturer of solar energy equipment.

1972—Annapolis

Jutting from the southwestern tip of Ireland into the North Atlantic are a number of barren, rocky islands; one of them, narrow, three-mile-long Blasket, since 1974 has been the home of *Anne Kilborn*, formerly of Annapolis. Employed by the American owner of the island as caretaker and innkeeper, Anne leads a very busy life in the summer with the influx of visitors. Then she can easily work a sixteen-hour day, cooking and caring for mainlanders who visit the remote spot, first settled more than a thousand years ago, but now essentially abandoned. Anne raises vegetables in a large garden, eats what the rabbits leave her (and eats the rabbits as well), hauls by boat from the mainland what she cannot raise or make, and relies on seagulls for eggs. In the non-summer months she chops wood, cuts sod to burn in the furnace, repairs the house, knits by candlelight, and sews and writes letters and listens to the radio and plays the tin whistle. Indeed, she finds the summers more lonely than the other months, for with so many visitors she has almost no time for herself. Interviewed on a recent visit to Annapolis, Anne says she plans to return home again after this next summer season.

1972—Santa Fe

1975 Alumni Giving: *Glenn C. Gladfelter, Jr., Grayson D. Hendricks, Anthony* and *Elisabeth (Dean) Jeffries, Herley D. Sharp.*

Theresa M. Baca since graduation has attended law school at the University of Pennsylvania, and has worked with different organizations and law offices in the area of civil rights. She graduated from law school last year, and is now living in Santa Fe and working for the New Mexico Human Rights Commission.

1973—Annapolis

Deborah Achtenberg wrote in December that she is now living in New York City and studying philosophy at the New School.

Peter Davis lives in a "quaint house" in the mountains of southwestern Virginia, works as a reporter for the Roanoke *Times*, and says he is generally recovering an interest in reading "but not yet in the Great Books."

After teaching mathematics in an Israeli *kibbutz* for two years, *Deborah Schifter* is now enrolled as a graduate student in mathematics at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

Shiu Wong, doing graduate study in mathematics at Rutgers University, finds the work tougher than he had imagined, in terms both of the study loads and "the impersonal competitive environment."

1973—Santa Fe

1975—Alumni Giving: *Galen* and *Jena (Morris) Breningstall, Robert M. Hampton, Barbara A. Harry, Mark D. Jordan*, Mr. & Mrs. *Paul Knudsen, Kenneth Richman, Eric O. Springsted.*

Richard Cohen writes: "I've been employed since May 1973 at the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco as a reports analyst in foreign exchange and foreign currency. It is a rough form of systems analysis, not utilizing the tools of economics, but the fundamental tools of logic and reason I developed at St. John's. I am two-thirds completed with the Masters in Public Administration program at Golden Gate University. . . . My main outside interest is in music, mainly blues. However, outside of the blues, I have become impressed with an astonishing musician, Robbie Basho. His attempt to forge classical, Eastern Indian, Persian, American Indian, and American music into a coherent whole as a *raison d'être* for the steel string guitar has succeeded, in my opinion."

Seth Cropsey is working in the editorial department of *Public Interest* magazine in New York City.

1974—Santa Fe

1975 Alumni Giving: *Ymelda (Martinez) Allison, Mark Belanger, Sally R. Bell, Daniel L. Blake, Barbara R. Fishel, Catherine A. Gordon, Elliot A. Marseille, Daniel E. Matelski, Donald Merriell, Lester S. Silver, Phillip B. Weathers.*

Maria Kwong informs us that a newly-published book, *Handmade Toys and Games*, by Laury and Law, features many of her early toys. Included are a few wooden dolls she made during her sophomore year on the Santa Fe campus. Also, one of her fabrics was accepted by an international student design show at the University of Kansas this past winter. Maria graduated in January from Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles with a major in art. She celebrated the event with *Denis Yaro* S75, *Bob Hampton* S73, *Larry Dutton* S74, and *Steve Goldman* S73.

Harvard Law School, says *David Gross*, is "hectic beyond belief," with an incredible volume of things to learn, and little time in which to learn them. He thinks the faculty are a real "plus," and the students generally of very high caliber. One aspect he finds different from *Shiu Wong's* experience (see 1973—Annapolis): he believes his law school classmates are too busy competing with the material to compete with each other!

Kate Gordon, also at Harvard, is studying Russian and working at the Harvard Center for Population Studies.

1975—Santa Fe

1975 Alumni Giving: *David Alcott, Gershon A. Ekman, Rani Kalita*, Mr. & Mrs. *Thomas J. Myers, Boyd C. Pratt.*

Elizabeth (Strider) Dain is married to *Westy Dain* S76 who is studying physics and mathematics at Cornell University and working in the astronomy-space sciences laboratory. This is a far cry from St. John's, but it is what Westy wants to do and he enjoys it. Betsy had a wonderful job last summer and fall at a tree and shrub nursery outside Ithaca, and is also working at the Cornell Bookstore.

Denis Yaro and his brother have been operating a snack food distributorship in the San Diego (Cal.) area, but recently sold out to a larger distributor, the Finch Company. Denis is now working for Finch.

Staff Notes—Santa Fe

David Irwin, a clarinetist who was a member last year of the first Yale/St. John's College Consort, has been at Andover this year. In addition to teaching an introductory course in music, he gives private lessons on clarinet and saxophone, has three guitar classes, one recorder class, teaches a course in film animation, directs the Jazz Band, and generally manages to keep busy musically. He reports that the other members of the first Consort—Mary Posses, Manuel Maramba, Richard Weinhaus, and David Gordon—all seem to be doing well.

In Memoriam

1900—B. Lee Hutchinson, Park Hills, Ky.

1915—Col. Philip K. Moisan, Baltimore, Md., March 21, 1976.

1922—Dr. James C. Owings, Baltimore, Md.

1923—John W. O'Brien, Laurel, Md.

1926—Dr. Cedric C. Carpenter, Morristown, N.J., January 26, 1976.

1927—Fulton Catlin, Almond, N.Y.

1931—Lawrence L. Monnett, Jr., Brookfield, Conn., March 21, 1976.

1933—Samuel L. Bare, Jr., Westminster, Md., February, 1975.

1933—Daniel J. Ward, Glen Rock, N.J., November 12, 1976.

1935—Benjamin S. Elliott, Laurel, Md., March 25, 1976.

1952—Ernest T. Tibbetts, Cambridge, Md.

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