The most prominent weapon against errors of any kind is reason.
Thomas Paine, the Age of Reason

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But Socrates Goes On: Virtue and Wisdom in the *Meno*

[*Author's Note*: This paper contains a good deal of Greek, even though the volume of words has been greatly reduced from the original version. The reader is asked to keep the Greek words for the English equivalents in mind, as this paper is mainly a word-study for the passage dealt with.]

Virtue is said to be "a sort of wisdom" at 88d3 of the Meno, yet this is not the conclusion the dialogue eventually reaches. What led Socrates to and away from wisdom as the answer to virtue?

Up to the point just mentioned in the dialogue, Meno had given three definitions for virtue, all based upon the action of the virtuous person. Socrates qualified each of these definitions by saying they had something to do with concepts such as justice, temperance, etc., and, because of this, there must be something that is virtue itself common to each and separable from these other "virtues."

"The next point, then, I suppose, is to find out whether virtue is knowledge (i.e. επιστημη, "understanding, skill, experience"), or something different."(87c9) Socrates thus begins the section we are concerned with. Firstly, Meno agrees to Socrates' assertion that virtue is that which makes us good and the good is advantageous (87e1-6). The next point he makes is that everything the human spirit undertakes will lead to happiness when guided by wisdom (φρονησισ, "practical wisdom," 88c1-2), but that all spiritual qualities (παντα τα της ψυχης) in and by themselves are neither advantageous nor harmful, but become so with wisdom (φρονησισ) or folly (88c5-d2). If all this is true, he says, then virtue, to be something advantageous, must be a sort of wisdom (88d2

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through 3).

This argument is strengthened even more when Socrates says immediately following this, at 88d10-e5, that the mind (ψυχη) by its right use makes things profitable, and the right user of the mind (εμφρειν, "right-minded") is the wise man. Furthermore (88e7-89a1), the goodness of non-spiritual assets depends upon our spiritual character (τα τησ ψυχησ), and the goodness of that on wisdom. The advantageous element must be wisdom, and virtue is advantageous, therefore virtue is wisdom (89a1-4). This is the gist of the argument.

Everything here seems fine, and it even looks as if the dialogue has finally come to a solid conclusion. But Socrates goes on. He begins by stating that good men, then, cannot be good by nature, for if so, their good nature would be discerned at birth; but this cannot be, so therefore it must be gotten by learning (μαθησει, "desire or power of learning"). If virtue is knowledge, therefore it is teachable (διδακτον), and if it is teachable, it therefore must have teachers and students (διδασκαλουσ και μαθητασ, 89a6-d7). He concludes from this that if there are no teachers or students of a subject, it cannot be taught, and despite his best efforts, he has never found any teachers of virtue, even though he has had many fellow searchers (89e6-8). He then begins speaking with Anytus, who seems to confirm through his obstinance that there are no teachers of virtue in Athens.

And so virtue is not wisdom. Or isn't it? The argument flows smoothly enough, but several points stick out rather oddly in it. They all have to do with the definition of what is teachable. Socrates seems to state categorically that whatever is knowledge is teachable, and if virtue is knowledge, it must be teachable. Socrates alternates, however, between calling virtue knowledge and calling it wisdom. What, then, is the difference, if any, between επιστημη and φρονησισ? According to Liddell and Scott, they both have to do with the practical side of learning, επιστημη mainly with knowlege of practical things, while the process to φρονησισ is not explicit within the word itself. It seems, however, that επιστημη is more aimed at the gaining of knowledge while φρονησισ is the application of it. Knowledge of practical things (επιστημη) does not necessarily imply wisdom in its execution. Φρονησισ, then, seems to be the practical experience which comes along with the continued use of επιστημη.

The relationship between "διδασκαλουσ και μαθητασ" Socrates speaks of is best imagined, I believe, as a sort of master-apprentice relationship in which the teacher has wisdom which he communicates to the student. What is most likely communicated, however, is the knowledge or skill contained within the φρονησισ, and only through εμπειρια, or "experience in a thing," would a student turn his basic επιστημη into φρονησισ. But is φρονησισ more valuable than επιστημη? Does experience (εμπειρια) have an enriching effect upon it? It is interesting to note that at

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89e8-9, Socrates uses the phrase "εμπειροτατουσ ειναι του πραγματοσ" for the men "most experienced in (these sorts of) practical matters." Does he not mean that these men, and indeed Socrates himself, must be students of virtue? For if he and others seek teachers of virtue, cannot they be called students of it? Or must they first find a master of αρετη ("virtue, excellence"; i.e. what the whole dialogue deals with) before they may become protégés of it? This would most likely be Socrates' answer, but it might at the same time negate the fact that the men who searched along with him were actually "εμπειροτατουσ" (the "most experienced"). Or are they only most experienced in not finding teachers or virtue? This is apparently, and somewhat ironically, so.

But is it really necessary at all to seek teachers of virtue before seeking virtue itself? Are those "most experienced" really looking for teachers of αρετη or for αρετη? Clearly their object should ultimately be αρετη itself. But even if a teacher has wisdom (φρονησισ), and his wisdom is virtue, is it actually possible for any teacher to impart wisdom when wisdom is only gotten through actual experience? At best the teachers can impart knowledge (επιστημη) and leave it up to their students to refine it into actual wisdom. For the master at cabinetmaking may have wisdom (φρονησισ) of making an artful cabinet, but he can only communicate the επιστημη of the right tools, materials, and procedures in making a cabinet to his students. The protégé must develop on his own through experience (εμπειρια) the art of cabinetmaking.

Such would be the use of a teacher in the search for virtue. There is nothing to say that his επιστημη would contain any hint of αρετη, even though his φρονησισ would. This is perhaps why a painter could show you how to make elegant brushstrokes but not how to put the emotion or idea, in short the art, into it.

In one sense there are no teachers for any art. They teach the knack, the nuts and bolts so to speak, of their craft, but not the excellence (cf. "αρετη") within it. Socrates may have been right in saying that αρετη was wisdom, but not that it was simply knowledge, nor should he have used the two words almost interchangeably. Αρετη, if it is to be wisdom, would have to be gotten by way of experience, and experience, it seems, is the one thing unattainable from a teacher.

This is perhaps why there are no true teachers of virtue. One can learn επιστημη which is indeed ωφελιμοσ, or "advantageous," but not φρονησισ, which is ultimately advantageous because it is ultimately αγαθοσ ("just plain good").

Let us restate the argument of this paper, first in its original language and then in ours. If αρετη is αγαθοσ, then it is also ωφελιμοσ, but only ωφελιμοσ with φρονησισ. The φρονησισ of αρετη is gotten through the action of εμπειρια on επιστημη, but επιστημη on its own is not αρετη, and since επιστημη is the substance of διδασκαλια, there can be no διδασκαλουσ of αρετη since αρετη is not επιστημη. The μαθηται of αρετη, finally, are those who seek to use επιστημη to get to φρονησισ, and from φρονησισ, αρετη.

Or, in translation, the wisdom that is virtue is ultimately practical and experiential. As such, it cannot be taught by any master of virtue, for the master would only be able to communicate the nuts and bolts of what good men (αγαθοι) are, rather than the virtue of virtuous men. The virtuous man only becomes so through his actions and the motives behind them; an imitation of them by one wishing to be virtuous would miss the point, unless the thinking behind the deed is actually experienced by him as well.

Perhaps the entire concept of virtue is, as

some have put it, a bad name for it. It could be that we already have a word for virtue (such as φρονησισ) which describes better than the word "virtue" what it is. The argument here is not so much saying that "virtue equals wisdom" (or more specifically practical wisdom) expresses any more of what it is than any of Meno's attempts; rather, the point is more that whatever virtue is, it is not taught as virtue, but probably something else, most probably an επιστημη that is much simpler than anything we would imagine.

Virtue deals with motive and action toward other people, and the person responsible to himself for his actions is, if not virtuous, then at least on the right path. Socrates makes an extremely interesting point in his argument when he says that action becomes advantageous with the addition of wisdom, and that virtue is advantageous. This point, it seems to me, either to the fact that virtue is a component of wisdom, or that wisdom is the main component in virtue. Perhaps this is a compromise to saying that virtue is wisdom and vice versa, but it also points to the inevitable fact that once we concretely define virtue, it will have the word "wisdom" somewhere in its definition.

[POSTSCRIPT: It is interesting to note that Socrates refrained from using "σοφια," or "philosophical wisdom" in his argument. Perhaps this was because σοφια was too ethereal of a word for his purposes, φρονησισ offering a more practical synonym. But I find myself wondering if he had indeed used σοφια if Meno would have responded "But of course, O Socrates, we have teachers of wisdom. They are the σοφιστην, such as my friend Gorgias." Who knows where this would have taken the discussion?]

--NATHAN J. HUMPHREY '94

(This paper was submitted to Mr.Dink's Freshman Greek Tutorial)

The Collegian Speaks for Itself

The Collegian is one of three publications on campus. I do not presume to state the purpose of the other two. On the other hand, I will say by way of comparison that *The Gadfly* deals with news and current opinion, among other things. *Energeia* is a semi-annual showpiece of the best work of the community. *The Collegian* is neither of these. We are a vehicle of review and criticism for our writers and readers.

We look for writing which is clear, interesting, and original. We have not set ourselves up as the tribunal of taste in the community. Instead, we ask you to use us a sounding board for your thoughts as they are expressed in writing and the black and white visual arts. Submissions are circulated, with names removed, among our staff, who read them, write brief comments, and rank them with a "yes" or "no." After everyone has read and critiqued the submissions, we discuss what to print and why. No one on the *Collegian* staff is an expert on poetry or math or Plato. We are, we hope, people of common sense. If you would like to see what the average person on campus would think about your work, by all means, submit.

We do not flatly reject pieces which are imperfect. If a piece, in our opinion, needs work, a staff member will propose changes to the author. Sometimes this means postponing a final decision until the next issue. When we choose not to print a piece at all, we return it to the author with a note. The note provides both praise and constructive criticism, based on the opinions of the staff. We go to such great lengths to offer our opinion because we hope that the writer is open to comment.

This is where the reader comes in. Those who dish out criticism must be able to take it. Hence, we encourage comments, both from writers and readers, on *The Collegian* itself. Better yet, if you think the quality of *The Collegian* is low, you can remedy that. You, the reader, can become the writer. Beware, though: you may find that writing is more difficult than criticizing.

I would now like to comment on two important genres. *Notes* are short submissions, not necessarily meant to be tight logical arguments or jewels of literary craftsmanship. Instead, they say, "This is on my mind." In the past, notes have been conversational, dreamy, breezy, melancholy; they have suggested an unobvious connection between apparently unrelated topics; notes have been in letter form. In one case a note inspired a reader to write a fully developed essay. I encourage you both to write Notes and to read and reply to them.

The other genre is poetry. A friend of mine once said that people have written reams of bad poetry throughout history, but this does not mean that people should not try to write poetry. Only time, he claimed, shows a poem's worth. Unfortunately, a magazine with deadlines doesn't have much time. Most of us, too, have similar standards for prose, but we seldom agree on poetry, unless it is outstanding. Some of the poetry we receive is quite good; little of it is exemplary. We work our way through many non-exemplary poems. This does not mean that you should hesitate to send your poetry to us. How else are you to know what the average person thinks of your work? I am not encouraging sloppiness. Do not send us poems written on napkins. Do, however, send us things which you think are good. Use us, I mean, as a source of feedback.

Let me close with two pieces of business. We do not think that writers should be ashamed of their work. Therefore, we do not encourage anonymous submissions. If you would like us to make an exception, talk to us. The editors will keep your name confidential, but we must know your identity in case we want to propose revisions. Let me repeat, however, that we strongly encourage people to accept credit or criticism for their work. In any case, we will not consider submissions unless we, the editors, know the author's name.

Secondly, ALL SUBMISSIONS MUST BE TYPED. Since we failed to make this clear, we did consider handwritten submissions for this issue. In the future, we will not.

We have set high goals for ourselves, and we will miss them again and again. We accept your constructive criticism. Keep in mind that no one accepts destructive criticism. Also remember, if something is on your mind, write it as a letter, a note, or even a full-length essay.

> What are the facts? Again and again and again -- what are the facts? Shun wishful thinking, ignore divine revelation, forget what "the stars foretell," care not what the neighbors think, never mind the unguessable "verdict of history" -- what are the facts, and to how many decimal places? You pilot always into an unknown future; facts are your only clue. Get the facts!
>
> --Robert A. Heinlein, *Time Enough For Love*

--DIANNE J. COWAN, Editor

The Baleful Eye of the Great Horned God

--GREG FRANCKE '92

Riders of the Saffron Sage

Major Armand Delicasey was nodding off on his saddle when he first sighted them. It was eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, and Delicasey was dreaming of the deeds of heroism he never committed in the war between the states, having been a commander of the mess corps supplying the front lines. Nevertheless, he had acquitted himself well in his duties, and was rewarded with this post in the western territories supervising the transport of goods to forts along the Santa Fe Trail. On this day he had ridden ahead of the supply wagons to scout out the path and, as rarely happened, to warn the wagon trains should there be any sign of hostile Indians. As this rarely happened he very frequently acted as scout, an unusual duty for one of his rank, but one which allowed him to pass pleasant moments in reverie, away from the disapproving eyes of his subordinates.

Thus it came as a shock to Delicasey, on coming over a rise, to see what looked like an Arabesque sultan sermonizing a sea of women. No wonder that the major fell off his horse at this point, for he was a man unprepared by life for such sights. Whether this innocence of experience makes him a buffoon I leave to the reader.

On coming closer to his object, he realized that it was not at all as it appeared. A man in a wide hat of the sort the Mehicans to the south call a sombryero stood atop an overturned wagon looking down upon a herd of cows. The man jumped upon the cow nearest, which oddly was saddled and bridled like a horse. He rode over to Major Delicasey and bowed awkwardly, saying in a heavy Mehican accent, "Benito Saffron, at your service, senyor." Senyor Saffron was a tall lanky fellow with a sickly orangish-yellow complexion who seemed evermuch like a latter-day Quixote, which resemblance was only strengthened when he fell off his cow. Delicasey in turn leaped off his horse and helped Saffron to his feet.

"I beg your pardon," said Saffron, "but I have eaten little in many days. What kind gentleman have I the honor of being held up by?"

"It is only what any man would do for his fellow man, my friend. My title is Major Armand Delicasey of the-" and here it must be admitted the gentle Armand lied, "of the Seventh Cavalry."

"A noble and brave group of men, Don Armand; yes, I have heard of it. But may I invite you to my humble wagon." Without any motion of Saffron's part, his mount proceeded towards the camp, as if it knew its master's thoughts.

"You are a sweet man, Don Benito," Delicasey replied as they rode down amid the herd. "Were that I could meet more of your kind in this lonely sea of a prairie. And once we are settled, I hope you will feel able to tell me of your misfortunes, and how you come to be out here in such sad condition."

Don Armand and Don Benito dismounted and settled under the canopy of the overturned wagon. Delicasey shared his rations with his new friend and looked over the herd. From this vantage he could see that there were four more Mehican gentlemen amid the herd riding cows in the same fashion as Don Benito. On each of them he read the uneasiness which he had found in the eyes of Saffron.

Turning to Benito, he asked, "I beg your pardon for placing this question again, but how comes it that one such as yourself finds himself in this

Poetical Construction

if
for a moment you
fail to balance
a drop of water upon your
fingertip, beauty will be
its shattering.

--KEVIN JOHNSON '93

forlorn place?"

Don Armand regretted these words, for Benito seemed to faint upon the mention of his past. From behind Saffron a snout protruded onto the canvas and a large tongue rolled out to lick Saffron's face. It was this cow which served Don Benito as a horse. The sight of this apparent fondness between servant and master filled Don Armand with warmth, if also with a slight envy of this bond. Saffron revived.

"Ah, my friend, " said Delicasey with sincere joy, "you are well. Tell me, what is the name of your faithful steed?

"Yes, she is a fine and dependable creature; not fickle like my horse, who ran away when the Sioux attacked. Her name is Booboo."

At the mention of the Sioux, Major Delicasey raised a brow like the raising of a veil. "Indeed she is a fine one. Would that my mount were so affectionate. But I must say, you have piqued my curiosity. If you have the strength, please tell about the Sioux attack."

Don Benito's eyes lowered like the fall of a curtain, but his tongue continued the story at the nudging of his cow, who kept her head under the tent throughout the telling.

"My wagon train headed out a month ago from the Hanging Key Ranch to bring fresh cows to the slaughter houses in El Paso. I had thirty men then, but only a week into our journey the Sioux ambushed us. They killed all but four of my men, and took half the livestock, along with all the horses. I and my four associates were left for dead, but we were able to gather this herd together and one good wagon, on which we loaded the carcass of one of the cows accidentally killed in the ambush."

"Ah, that's the odor," inserted Armand delicately.

"I beg your pardon, friend, " Don Benito continued. "The odor cannot be helped. Last night our wagon lost a wheel and toppled over. Thus we were stranded when you discovered us this afternoon."

"Ah. Your story is a sad one, Don Benito, perhaps the saddest I have ever heard. And as for the odor, I myself never set out on a journey without making provisions for bringing salt to preserve the carcass of any stock that might die along the way."

At this remark Senyor Saffron began crying inconsolably. Not knowing what to do nor what he had said, Delicasey stepped out from under the canopy and looked over the herd. Turning, he saw the exposed body of the cow Booboo stretching out from under the canvas. He pushed his head under the canopy again for a moment to tell Don Benito he was going for a walk. Making his way through the grazing herd like a knight running the gauntlet, he seemed to see a small group of heifers staring at him. He shook his head in disbelief, but on looking again they still seemed to stare at him. Pointing a finger at himself he silently asked, "Me?" He could have sworn they nodded but instead of approaching them he headed the other way, saying to himself, "Ah, Delicasey, you have been out on the prairie too long."

Questions began to arise in Delicasey's mind concerning the tales he had just heard. There was something suspicious in Benito's manner which he could not put a finger on, an uneasiness which is commonly the sign of a

saint or a scoundrel. And there should be no Sioux in the area this time of year. In fact, he realized, there should be no Sioux in this area ever, for this was Navaho territory. For a brief moment, wariness overtook our Major Delicasey, and he began seeing Don Benito's tale as an odd puzzle he must unlock. On reflecting upon his experience with the heifers, however, Don Armand laughed this notion out of his mind. "Ah, Delicasey, you are a queer one yourself."

Coming out of his thoughts, Armand noticed one of Don Benito's men furtively waving him over while grooming a cow with a large comb. Walking over, Don Armand commented on this peculiar sight. "You treat your cows well, don't you now?"

"As you see," replied the hoary, withered rancher, "they demand it, don't they?"

The wizened man winked at Delicasey upon this remark, and Delicasey unintentionally winked back.

"My name is Pepper," the old man continued while grooming the cow. "and this young girl here, she is a fine creature, is she not?"

"Well, yes she is. And fine looking steaks we'll make of her yet. Why, I remember a fine steak I had once in New York. That was during the war, of course, else I wouldn't have gotten into such a fine restaurant. But being a captain during the war, I was admitted into this fine restaurant and had the finest steak I've ever eaten, awash in gravy from the tongue of that same beast. That was quite the best piece of --"

But at this Don Armand noticed an agitation and shifting among the herd, and as if resonating with this motion, Pepper's head shook violently.

"No, no. That's not what I meant at all. Please don't mention such meals again, if you know what's good for you."

Armand was taken aback by this obvious threat,and would have left but that Pepper continued talking.

"No, no. What I meant was that we out here on this prairie become starved for beauty, don't we. And looking at these creatures, don't we find the gentle form of a woman sometimes?"

Armand leaned back to gaze upon the heifer, appreciating Pepper's comment. His eyes traced the muscles of the creature's thigh as though looking at a fine piece of art. Then, as with a sudden insight, he lunged over the heifer at the old rancher. He screamed, "Look here, what you're implying is --"

The heifer prevented the major from getting at Pepper, and his next comment pacified him somewhat.

"No, no. You misconstrue my meaning once again. I only meant that a cow is in part like a woman. Just as we men are dependent upon women for the satiation of one appetite, so we are dependent upon cows for another."

Don Armand became uncomfortable with Pepper's candor, and altogether forgot his former outrage. "Well, I don't know about this analogy. And besides, man does not need the cow. We take it for our enjoyment. Whereas the cow is completely dependent on grass, man, being free, may choose either the grass or the cow. Whereas the cow must eat grass, man may either eat grass or eat cow, or even choose to refrain from eating altogether, being free. Though I admit this freedom is a burden, and sometimes even I wish I had only simple animal instinct, yet this freedom makes us the noblest of creatures, a truly free noble creature, unlike this cow here, and by the way, what are you doing?"

Don Armand's philosophizing trailed off as he became engrossed by the activity of the old rancher. Pepper had caught the comb on an enormous hairball, and as Armand bent over to examine it, Pepper swiftly pulled out a knife from under his shirt.

Instead of plunging the knife into Delicasey's neck, however, as he could easily have done, Pepper used the knife to cut the knot free. On the return swing of his knife, Pepper grabbed the fluff of hair with the ends of his fingers and threw it at Don Armand, whispering, "Quickly, undo this Gordian Knot."

Armand played with the hairball for awhile, but becoming frustrated he threw it to the ground. The cow Pepper was grooming placidly picked it up with her tongue and chewed on it. Pepper fell to the ground weeping, to the great discomfort of Major Delicasey.

"Ah well," he thought to himself, "the man's been out on the prairie too long."

The major examined the cow that was chewing on the hairball. Again he smiled with satisfaction as he followed the creature's muscles back towards the rump. There he found the unique brand of the Dangling Key Ranch. It was composed of a perfect circle and a straight, diagonal line which extended from the lower right circumference of the circle toward the creature's tail. Upon this line in turn were two shorter ones extending perpendicularly from the end of the long line farthest from the circle. Armand puzzled over this brand as over some devilish Apollonian proof, but to no avail. "To what are you the key, my dear?" he asked silently. Finding no lock for his devilish key, and finding himself unable to help the unfortunate if somewhat deranged Pepper, he walked back to the wagon.

As Major Delicasey approached the wagon, Don Benito came out to greet him with a smile so welcoming and so sincere that what vestiges remained of Delicasey's former suspicion left him altogether. They embraced one another as sailors do who have just returned from a long voyage.

"So good to see you again, my friend," said Saffron. "And how was your walk?"

Don Armand explained that it was quite pleasant except for the incident with Pepper, which he proceeded to recount.

"Pepper is a lunatic, I'm afraid," was Don Benito's comment on this story. "Won't you eat something while I have my hair combed?" he asked.

Don Armand joined Saffron under the canvas, where was laid out a large plate of sliced meat.

"My cook," Saffron explained, "has made this meal for us from what was left of the cow carcass. I hope you enjoy it. As for myself, I won't be eating while I have my hair combed."

As they sat down on either side of the plate, Booboo's head again protruded from under the canvas. She began licking at Saffron's hair. In turn, Major Delicasey began repasting on the meal.

"Well, this is very good meat, you know. The flavor is a bit unusual, but I suppose that's due to the aging. Are you sure you won't have some, Don Benito?"

Again Saffron chose to abjure, and he chose not to explain why, though his face bore a look almost of disgust as Delicasey finished off the meal.

"Ah, this was wonderful. But mayn't I have some milk to wash it down?"

The cows outside the tent shuffled about again, this time almost pushing over the makeshift tent. "I'm afraid that would be out of the question," responded Saffron.

"Oh well, yes, yes, I understand the sentiment," said Delicasey, although he did not. "By the by, don't you think these cows are packed a bit too close to the tent?"

"If they are so, then I chose that they be so."

"Yes, yes, well, I understand. Hmm. Well."

At Booboo's nudging, Don Benito changed the subject. "How comes it that you choose such a life of solitude, major? Do you not miss the company of your wife?"

"No, I'm not married," Delicasey explained. "I'm a happy bachelor."

"Indeed," continued Saffron, "but do you not miss the society of women during your long periods out on the range?"

The tone of Don Benito's questions reminded Major Delicasey uncomfortably of Pepper's earlier interrogation. "Not really. The company of my fellow man is enough for me. In fact, I prefer this isolation from the company of women. I am able to think for myself. Only in such isolation can a man be truly himself, you know."

"I see," was all Don Benito said.

"Listen," started Major Delicasey, "I'm leading a supply train through this area. The wagon train should arrive soon, and I'm sure we can leave one behind for you with enough supplies to take you wherever you need to go."

At this, Don Benito's face lighted up. In his eagerness, he leaned forward to whisper something to Armand, and a tuft of his hair was torn out accidentally by Booboo's closed mouth. He screamed in pain with a look of horror on his face as he fell backwards onto Booboo's head.

He straightened up again, and Booboo continued her job. A pallor had formed on Don Benito's face. "This is very kind of you, sir. I don't know how I could repay you."

"Ah well, not at all. In fact, you can help me greatly by reporting my deed to the nearest fort, after you have recovered, of course. Who knows, perhaps I'll get a promotion. I've always wanted to be a Colonel Delicasey. Perhaps one day I'll even become a General Delicasey."

At this Saffron burst into a mad fit of inexplicable laughter. Once more embarrassed for his friend, Armand stepped out from under the canopy.

The light of the late afternoon at first blinded him. He soon found himself looking at a baby calf nursing.

"What a fine sight," thought Armand. "They breed themselves for our pleasure. That calf will one day grow up into a fine cow, and perhaps one day I will find set before me a piece of that rump. Indeed, nature is wonderful."

From behind him came a call, and turning around Armand saw one of his soldiers accompanied by the sound of the supply wagons passing on the other side of the ridge. He mounted his horse and rode out to make arrangements for one of the wagons to be left behind. He returned to Don Benito's leading a wagon headed by two horses.

Looking down on Don Benito, who had left his tent with Booboo close by, now with a tuft torn from her head, Armand said, "I will leave you this wagon with these two horses. May luck be with you this time, my friend. I grieve that I cannot spend more time with you, but the last wagon of my supply train is passing, and I must leave with it. Farewell."

Instead of bidding farewell in turn, however, Don Benito leapt atop Booboo and accompanied Armand

Pseudointellectuality

There's a place in my heart for pseudointellectuality
Although I find it suffocating in actuality
Like some insidious and insane root
That chokes my brain with too much verity
O'ergrown with pedantry
This pensivity and this excess
But I love it nonetheless!
So come you black turtlenecks
Take me one by one
Between words on Warhol
And Dutch-Romanian sculpturing
And the significance of the second left toe
In the works of Michelangelo.

-- JEAN HOLMAN '94

to the first wagon, precariously reaching out and grasping Major Delicasey's hand. With his hand still trapped in Don Benito's, Armand with difficulty dismounted and tied his horse to the back of the wagon. Again he bid farewell, but Don Benito would not release his hand; rather he dismounted and with his free hand grabbed Booboo by the ear. As Booboo mooed, attracting the attention of the herd below, Armand signalled the last wagon to catch up to the train, and leapt onto the back of the wagon. Instead of releasing his hold on Major Delicasey, Saffron released Booboo's ear and jumped onto the moving wagon. All of Delicasey's former suspicion returned suddenly and he grappled with Saffron. Booboo also grabbed onto Saffron's exposed foot, as if helping the major. With a hand at his throat, Benito repeated something incomprehensible. Just as Major Delicasey was about to hurl Benito from the wagon he understood these words and kicked Booboo between the eyes. What Benito had been trying to say all afternoon was simple, and came to Delicasey as a revelation: "We serve the cows," he'd said. "We serve the cow!"

-- JAMES ASHLEY '92

The foregoing was a parody of Melville's Benito Cereno.

Notes:

On Being a Victorian Gentleman

I heard a story once that Victorian gentlemen, if they were truly such, worshipped in the Anglican church, and, like good Anglicans, refrained from sexual, let alone any even slightly risqué activity until marriage. It is said that many Victorian gentlemen, upon the occasion of their consummation, were often quite shocked by the fact that their brides had pubic hair. It seems there was a reasonable explanation for their dismay, as, being proper gentlemen, they were also cultured in the world of art. As a matter of course, nudity was the subject of much art extant at the time, with the subject usually devoid of all body hair. It was quite natural, then, for gentlemen to assume that women came quite naturally in the state of hairlessness, at least in the pubic area.

For some reason this reminded me of an English joke my nana had told me some years ago. Her mother, a proper Victorian lady, had told her the story of a gentleman courting a young woman of the era who always wore a purple satin ribbon "round 'bout her neck." The gentleman kept pressing his beloved to tell him the reason why she always did so, and the young lady kept putting him off, until they were married. In the honeymoon suite after the ceremony he told her that he really had to put his foot down now, as it was proper that the wife should keep no secrets from her husband. In compliance, she removed her satin ribbon, and her head fell off.

I wonder sometimes if these two anecdotes aren't rather related, as they both deal with innocent young men who don't fully understand their female counterparts. Indeed, there is no doubt that Victorian gentlemen soon recovered from their original surprise, for if they did not, the entire British race would soon have gone extinct. Besides, it is quite unimaginable that a young man, depriving himself so long of sexual gratification, should let a bit of hair stand in his way. A wife without a head, however, is a slightly more serious problem, but hopefully the poor lad was in any event able to reassemble his poor sweet bride and live happily ever after in Victorian bliss.

The more serious implication from these two stories is the common misunderstanding between the two genders, represented in quite graphic ways. The solution to this offered in the modern era is a general permissiveness about male-female relationships, as it is almost expected in secular circles that by the time of your honeymoon you will have already seen your share of pubic hair and unclasped, proverbially speaking, your share of satin ribbons. As a consequence, unfortunately, we have fallen into a maelstrom of sexual stress. Should one "get it" before or after the prom? What is the relationship between one's first orgasm with a partner and adulthood? The list of psychological questions related to each other in this way will certainly not be answered by me, and if so certainly not in any definitive sense, but they are of a nature that no person can ignore.

The difference, however, between hair and heads is large, and it seems to me that the moral, so to speak, of these two stories lies not so much in the sexual backwardness of a bygone age, as has been the accusation of many regarding the Victorian era, but rather in the simple fact that understanding of both the bodies and the minds of one's fellow persons was seriously neglected. As a thoroughly "advanced" society, we like to imagine that this deficiency has long since been sufficiently diminished. We were all hopefully educated in the biological workings of ourselves and others, and taught the equality of all people regardless of gender, etc. Yet why is it that we often hear that locker room cliché, "did you get any, man?"

What we know in our brains is not always communicated in our words and actions. Why this is so is beyond me. I suppose that a distinct peculiarity about humans is that, try as we may, we cannot join the rational and the emotional in a cohesive way. This is certainly the case with sex. I keep thinking back to the poor young lady with her head at the side of her marriage bed. Could it be that her dashing husband did not stop for a moment to get to know its contents? Perhaps that is our problem, too. We are so concerned with the quickie that we forget our partner is not inflatable. This is not to say that we are exactly as badly off as our Victorian counterparts, but we do act before we think, while the Victorian gentlemen apparently did neither.

--NATHAN J. HUMPHREY '94

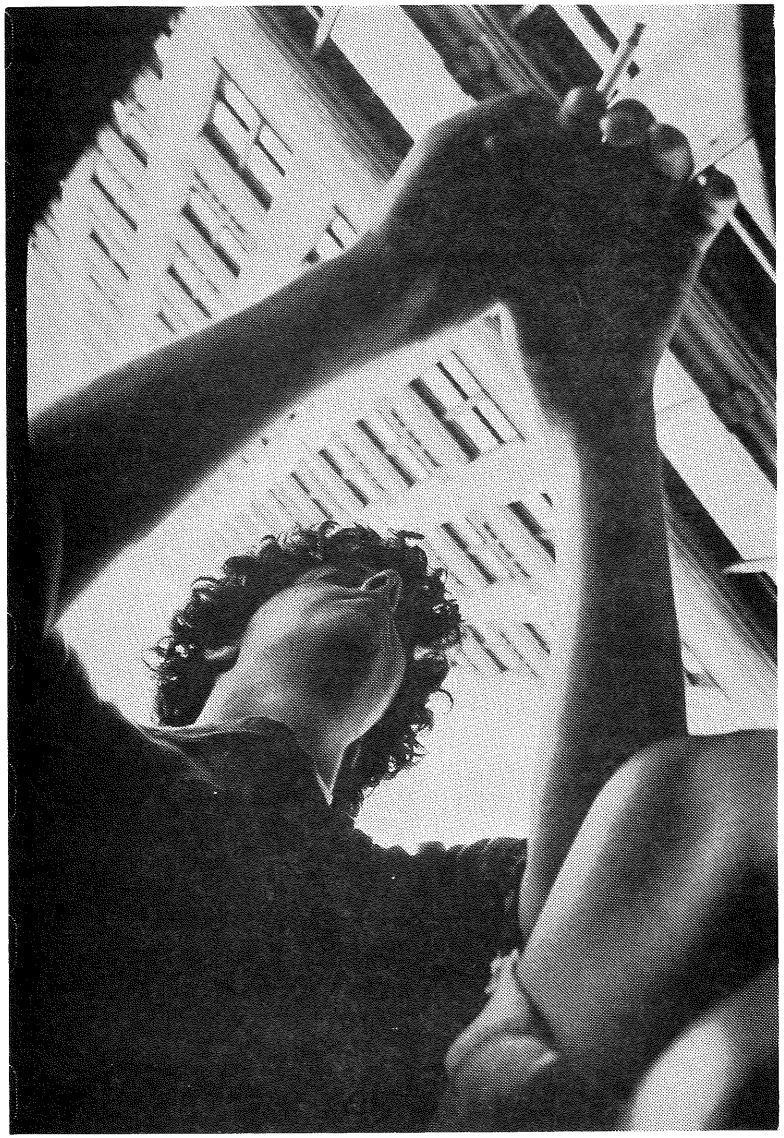
Sketch of Wind and Trees 1.2

there is a time
in evening, in which people
stumble out of bars,
change into silkier clothes,
deeper enchantments,

there is a space
in the soul, still filled
with the primordial perfume
of that strange alchemical void
which gave birth to countless generations,
asses, stumps, and cauldrons,

homeysuckle, grapes,
an antelope.

-- KEVIN JOHNSON '93



--GREG FRANCKE '92

Organic Forms in Mathematics

Accompanying this essay is a plot of a sequence of points. This type of sequence is called an iterative fractal, and it is defined by a group of transformation equations. Before one can understand fractals, one must know how transformations are mathematically defined. An example of a transformation is an equation which finds a new point half as far away from zero as a given point.

$$x_{new} = \frac{x_{old}}{2}$$

This equation states that the new value of the variable ***x*** is equal to the old ***x*** value divided by two. If ***x*** begins by equaling one, then the new value would be one half. One fourth is the result of applying the equation a second time. Repeated applications of this equation result in an endless sequence of numbers which continually approach zero. A different transformation equation can be used to create a sequence which approaches the number one. More specifically, the equation reduces the old value of ***x*** by one third of the difference between one and the old ***x*** value.

$$x_{new} = x_{old} - \frac{|1 - x_{old}|}{3}$$

With these two equations and a starting point, a simple fractal can be defined as a sequence of points on the number line. A coin is flipped or some other method is used to randomly pick which of the equations shall be used to calculate the second point. Another random choice decides the equation to calculate the third point, and so on. Whenever the first equation is used, the next point is closer to zero, and when the second is used, the next point is nearer to one. The sequence reflects