THE COLLEGE

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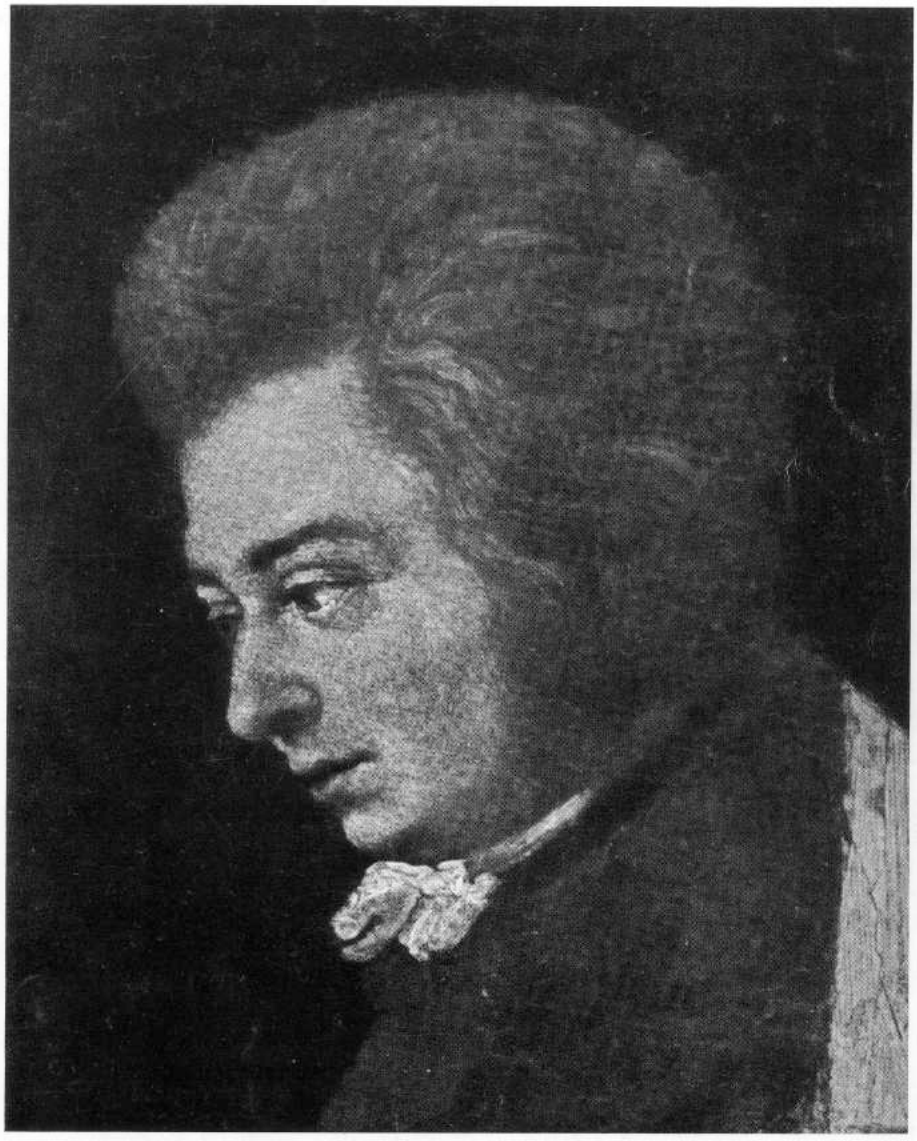

December 1969

The College

Cover: Mozart (1782). From an unfinished portrait by Josef Lange (Mozart Museum, Salzburg). *Inside front cover:* McDowell Hall, Annapolis campus.

The College is a publication for friends of St. John's College and for those who might become friends of the College, if they came to know it. Our aim is to indicate, within the limitations of the magazine form, why, in our opinion, St. John's comes closer than any other college in the nation to being what a college should be.

If ever well placed beacon lights were needed by American education it is now. By publishing articles about the work of the College, articles reflecting the distinctive life of the mind that is the College, we hope to add a watt or two to the beacon light that is St. John's. (Ed.)

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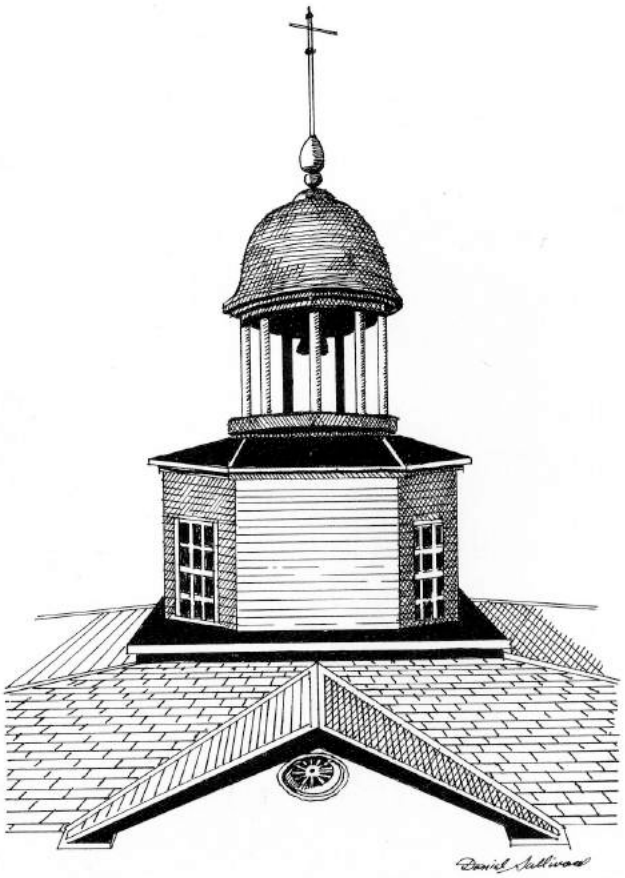
The College is published by the Development Office of St. John's College, College Avenue, Annapolis, Maryland 21404 (Julius Rosenberg, Director), and Santa Fe, New Mexico (Frank McGuire, Director); Member, American Alumni Council. President, St. John's College, Richard D. Weigle.

Published four times a year in April, July, September, and December. Second-class postage paid at Annapolis, Maryland, and at additional mailing offices.

Vol. XXI December 1969 No. 4



In the December Issue:

The Habit of Literature

Commencement Address, Class of 1963

By RICHARD SCOFIELD

It has almost become a tradition at St. John's College for the commencement speaker to be a member of the Faculty. The formal ceremony is transformed for the moment into something intimate and domestic, the last class, as it were. But since it is the duty of a commencement speaker to admonish and exhort the graduates, the tutor becomes a moral tutor and must put on a gravity to which he is little accustomed in his habitual role. I shall be grave, then, but brief. (Perhaps I should remind you of La Rochefoucauld's subversive maxim that gravity is a mystery of the body invented to conceal the defects of the mind.)

Many years ago, in the unregenerate days of the college, when I was still a young man, a student, not wholly master of himself at the time, fell from a fourth story window in Pinkney onto a box bush below, fortunately doing more lasting damage to the box, I believe, than to himself. The President informed me of this regrettable incident and asked me if I taught conduct in my classes. I explained to him, with a certain loftiness, that I thought the college presupposed conventional morality and that its proper concern was with intellectual virtue. I would still subscribe to that statement. But I have come increasingly to see that intellectual virtue in general, which is the goal of a liberal arts college, requires, as a condition for its existence, that sentimental and moral education without which we are barbarians, not fully human.

The student's faults of character interfere not only with his own learning but with that of his fellow students. This is equally true in dormitory and class room. And poverty and vulgarity of feeling, more than stupidity, put humane letters beyond the mind's reach. Philosophy, as understood by the ancients, is the doctrine of wisdom. It always remains an ideal, completely represented in reason, but for the individual man, only the goal of his ceaseless endeavor. No one can claim to possess wisdom, under the assumed name of philosophy, unless he can show its effect on his own person in self-mastery and in devotion to the common good. This was the condition made by the ancients for meriting that high title.

St. John's College with its required reading of the poetic, philosophical, and religious literature of the West, with its emphasis on Plato, on the Bible and Christian theology, on seventeenth century French and English poetry, is concerned with the whole life of reason. It addresses itself to the mind; it teaches—or tries to teach—the liberal arts. But unless the heart is touched, unless manners bear witness, the college must believe that it has failed.

> The mind lives on the heart
> Like any parasite;
> If that be of meat,
> The mind is fat.
>
> But if the heart be lean,
> The stoutest mind will pine;
> Throw not to the divine
> Like dog a bone.[1]

Attitudes and preferences are based on feeling. This does not mean that the field of relevant knowledge is restricted. Reason knows that its judgment of what is right, though grounded in common human needs and capacities, and therefore neither merely conventional nor merely arbitrary, must be sensitive to new knowledge and new possibilities if it is not, by a blind rigidity, to become its own enemy. But with much information or little, the choice itself is an expression of love. This love, in men of sense and good will, as common usage has always recognized, is something of reason. And faith in reason is ultimately faith in the rational creature's immediate seeing and immediate liking, which are more reliable the more experience and discipline and knowledge they have behind them. Love without knowledge is blind; there is no better way to avoid excesses of ignorant and fanatical love than patient study of the causes and consequences of choices. But without love, power and knowledge are worthless and dangerous.

The standard for action and feeling, as Aristotle says, is the wise and good man, and he exists as this man at this time in this place, and not as a pattern laid up in heaven.

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[1] Emily Dickinson.

That an intellectual interest in the Idea of Justice may be unaccompanied by the will to determine and to assume the political and moral responsibilities of our own place and time is evident, in this community, from the frequent crises of the student polity and its failure to establish, firmly and generally, a reign of law.

Let me summarize what I have been saying by an eloquent sentence from one of our graver authors:

> I would address one general admonition to all that they consider what are the true ends of knowledge, and that they seek it neither for pleasure of mind, or for contention, or for superiority to others, or for profit, or fame, or power, or any of these inferior things; but for the benefit and use of life; and that they perfect and govern it in charity. For it was from lust of power that the angels fell, from lust of knowledge that man fell; but of charity there can be no excess, neither did angel or man ever come in danger by it.[2]

I speak directly now to the graduating class.

Ernest Renan once said that there was only one thing worse than never having been in the Church, and that was to remain in it. I do not wish to express an opinion about the truth of this statement as it stands. I substitute for the Church, St. John's College, and I speak less extremely: there is something worse than having been in St. John's College, and that is to remain in it.

I need not linger over the merits of this college. For four years you have had the opportunity to pursue, in the most active way, your education. You have had the best books there are to read and discuss. You have studied the best of the ancient languages and the next-to-best of the modern languages in small, informal classes with constant practice in translation, in grammatical analysis, in interpretation and criticism. You have studied mathematics, both pure and applied, in books written by the masters, moving from the geometry and astronomy of the ancients, through "the century of genius," to the dazzling constructions of modern analysis, again in small classes with daily practice in demonstration, in generalization, and in discussion of the foundations. You have worked in the laboratory with a great variety of living, dead, and inanimate materials, written hundreds of reports and undertaken special projects. You have studied the elements of music. You have listened to one lecture a week, only one, and you have been invited afterward to question or challenge the lecturer. You have carried on this activity in common, learning from each other, with tutors always available, willing and eager to be of help. And, perhaps most important of all, throughout these years you have been engaged in a continuing extra-curricular intellectual conversation. You have been made free of the Republic of Letters. You have been like the sun in Heaven. Everything has revolved around you.

You have been here as in the Abbey of Theleme. Our college does not have the Renaissance splendor of lodging, dress, and diversion of that Utopian foundation, nor is the whole life of St. John's students spent "according to their own free will and inclination." But like the Thelemites you have lived at leisure, secluded from the secular. Rumors of the world have hardly reached you here.

It is perhaps open to question whether the life of a college student should be lived in such isolation from the immediate and the practical. I believe that it should. I believe the reason that guides his life as a student should be speculative, detached, and disinterested. His whole effort should be for self-improvement. The world has no claim on him yet. He is given leisure, freedom, protection, to cultivate, to increase his talent. He is not now asked to present an account. It is good to have been here.

When I say there is something worse than never having been in St. John's College, and that is to remain in it, I am thinking of an attachment to the life you have lived here such that you might never be quite reconciled to leaving it; that you might hold yourselves aloof from the interests and responsibilities of active social life to withdraw into passivity and dreams; that you might be unwilling to condescend to graduate or professional schools, carrying on their pedantries and technical routines in the bottom of the cave, or that, having made the descent, you might quickly issue out to see the stars again.

It is inevitable that protestantism should be self-righteous. The St. John's program began as a reform movement. Its origin and its zeal make it unable ever to forget the ways in which it differs from the curricula of other colleges. Insofar as that conscious superiority is justified, you should feel fortunate to have been members of this college. But you should not attribute your good fortune to yourselves for merit, nor should you exaggerate what the program has accomplished within you. Like all good things, St. John's College has the defects of its qualities, and one of its defects is a tendency to foster in some of its students a certain complacency and arrogance.

There is always danger that the student, giving himself wholeheartedly to learning, in the intimate and timeless society of books, may come to look down on actions, that, under the influence of a pagan sage or Christian saint, he may be seduced by the contemplative ideal, that he may think the possession of knowledge for its own sake, that is, for the sake of the knower, is the highest good. The religious contemplative is saved, in theory at least, from the ultimate, inhuman selfishness of the philosophical contemplative, in that he does not choose his way of life. He is called to it and he follows it in obedience. He prays for the sins of the world, thereby testifying to his sense of the brotherhood of man and his love to his neighbor. However, we may perhaps be

[2] Bacon.

permitted to doubt whether God calls anyone to an exclusively contemplative life. Our indulgence may reach to the anchorite in the desert, but our love and veneration go to men of works like Augustine and Pope John XXIII.

The life of philosophical contemplation with its ideal of self-sufficiency is as sterile and repellent as the life of pleasure, and indeed it is a pleasure, purified from grossness and urgency. The philosopher must talk or write, that is teach, in some way share and help, if he is to be worthy of that happiness which is his goal. Kant writes in an early fragment:

> By inclination I am an enquirer. I feel a consuming thirst for knowledge, the unrest which goes with the desire to progress in it, and satisfaction at every advance in it. There was a time when I believed this constituted the honor of humanity, and I despised the people who know nothing. Rousseau corrected me in this. This blinding prejudice disappeared. I learned to honor man, and I would find myself more useless than the common laborer if I did not believe that this attitude of mine [as an investigator] can give a worth to all others in establishing the rights of mankind.

These four years are a preparation rather than a beginning, a preparation for living in a very different way from the way you have been living here. It is not necessary to choose the life of action as against the life of thought, society as against contemplation. These are arbitrary and artificial alternatives. The life of good will embraces them all. And the measure of good will is what we do, not what we think or feel, though without thought and feeling, what we do had better for the most part be left undone.

The world has always needed its humanely educated young men and women—never more than now and never in more ways and in more places. For many of you, perhaps for most of you, the immediate place of endeavor will be graduate or professional school. But sooner or later you will be called to do the world's work, if not by choice, by necessity, and in any case, by duty. And it is here that I would exhort you, formally and explicitly, if unnecessarily, to remember that you are Americans, that as Americans you have inherited certain basic moral and political principles—self-evident truths, our eighteenth century fathers called them—, that, as humanely educated, young, twentieth century Americans, you are committed to the most generous interpretation and to the most complete actualization of those principles. What in them has been implicit and ideal you must help to make explicit and real. Like all fundamental practical principles they are not a matter of fact, but matter of right. As practical they cannot be verified; as fundamental they cannot be demonstrated.

That men are naturally good, that they are ends, not means, that they should be politically equal and self-governed, that they have inalienable rights,—these are articles of political and moral faith, ours by a kind of instinctive election. As practical principles they supply the rules of action, rules that must be determined in each instance by all the available knowledge relevant to that instance. But the principles must be believed before the rules that follow from them can be found or accepted. Although these principles are the one *rational* hope in a world in which the alternatives seem increasingly to be democratic equality and servile equality, self-government and despotism, the hate or fear or indifference of many and the sublime detachment and prudence of a few will always find reasons for rejecting or ignoring them or for postponing any inconvenient or disturbing action that might be a consequence of them. But you, believing that every man everywhere is your neighbor, will act in that belief, unseduced, unterrified.

I said that I would be brief, but I am unwilling to put an end to these fragmentary remarks without a few words about what you take with you from the college as provision for your journey. "The world," Augustine writes, "is a sea in which men devour one another in turn like fish." This is exactly the view of the world that I hope will not be yours. However, history and experience alike make it impossible for us wholly to reject it. It describes a recognizable aspect of the world. It points to a partial truth about it.

But I would oppose it to another view:

> The world is hard and heavy . . . But we know that this hard and heavy world yet moves, or rather that it only exists in movement, and that it moves by nothing but our united efforts, that each of us, great or small or very small as he may be, in his relation to all the others is answerable for the world.[3]

You will exert what strength you have. But it will not always be enough. You will need consolation and encouragement.

The great traditional sources of consolation are religion and philosophy. But these are divine madnesses, not in the power of the college to bestow. There is, and always has been, a third source of consolation, poetry. Now poetry, too, as a vocation is a divine madness—a kind of contamination of the other two perhaps—and, as such is not in the power of the college. But we may distinguish between religion, philosophy, and poetry as activities, as ways of life, and their literary expressions. The college has given you—or, at least, confirmed in you—the habit of literature, the habit of reading great books.

Can literature console, that is, can it refresh, encourage, and sustain? I think you know already that it can, that it does. Increasingly, as you turn to it, it will exercise its liberating and tranquillizing power. Literature is not a substitute for action. It is an invitation, in the midst of action, to withdraw from it for a moment and to look

[3] Croce.

at it, but as essence and as possibility, rather than as existence. In these moments, as if out of time, there are no decisions that have to be made. "The falcon hood of morality" need not be worn though the discourse itself were moral. Literature makes for serenity and for confidence, not for the passionlessness of philosophy, not for the peace of religion. It may point beyond itself to superhuman and supernatural goods; it does not attain to them. Its consolation arises out of life. It returns you to action, ready, restored. The habit of literature is the college's special and best gift to you.

Now you are leaving the Abbey of Theleme. You are banished from Paradise. Do not look back. The world is all before you. It is for you to show whether St. John's College has a right to the large claims it makes. Some undetermined part of what you are and what you will do will be the fruit of the college. And by that fruit, not by the idea of the program, not by the faith of the faculty, the college must be judged.

Richard Scofield is one of that small band of teachers who remained with the College when it shifted to the new, that is, traditional, liberal arts program in 1937. He was a Professor of Art and English in the old College. He was an Exchange Fellow at the Université Libre de Bruxelles in 1920-1921, and a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, 1921-1924. In 1959 he was appointed to an Addison E. Mullikin Tutorship. He has been a model of elegance and precision at St. John's College since 1927.

The Problem of Freedom*

By JACOB KLEIN

I have been assigned as subject for this lecture *Men, Machines, and Slaves*. This is the first lecture in a series of lectures on the general theme "Human Freedom." I hope you will grant me the freedom not to speak of machines tonight. I shall speak of Freedom and Slavery, deeply conscious of the vastness of this theme and its immense complexity. The lecture will probably degenerate into a sermon. Grant me the freedom not to apologize for that.

The theme of Freedom has immediate political connotations. And this is as it should be. For Freedom—let me state this at the very outset—is essentially and foremost a political and social problem. It is not surprising, therefore, that right now, for example, in international politics and in the wrangling on domestic issues a great deal of talking is devoted to "Freedom." We hear accusations, protestations, claims and counterclaims on this subject. But let us not forget that all these claims and counterclaims are merely echoes of more universal conflicts. Since I am in the fortunate—or unfortunate—position of delivering the *first* lecture on the Subject of Freedom, I propose to discuss this subject in its *universality*. I am not trying to brush aside the very concrete and burning questions that confront all of us today. I am trying to win the right perspective in which to see them.

When am I free? When nothing *compels* me to act in a certain manner, when nothing *compels* me to do certain things, when nothing *compels* me to think in a certain way. That is to say, we cannot consider Freedom without considering its opposite: Compulsion. Note please: all the symbolism about Freedom is about its opposite. In any account of Freedom the great symbols are chains and fetters. There is no universal and immediately transparent symbol of Freedom as such. The torch of the Statue of Liberty, the Phrygian cap, the gesture of open and uplifted arms—these all symbolize freedom at best indirectly, by way of some historic or sentimental connotations. But *chains*—that's different. They mean directly, always and under all circumstances, compulsion. Why is this so? I think, because, in the most concrete way, we are never free. We are inescap-

* Lecture presented at The Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies in 1952 and reprinted from *Bulletin of St. John's College*, Volume XII, Number 1 (January, 1960), pp. 21-25.

ably bound to the necessities of life, we cannot escape death; we depend intrinsically on everything around us, in the present as well as in the past. We are chained by Necessity with a capital N. We are at best Prometheus-like.

In what sense then is it still possible to say that we can be free of compulsion? Let me answer tentatively: we can be free—or unfree—1) as thinking beings, 2) as beings having a will, 3) as beings living with other beings, i.e. as social and political beings.

In what sense are we free or unfree as thinking beings? We are always immersed in our daily routine, our eyes are closed to many aspects of things, we cannot detach ourselves from our immediate tasks, worries and fears. We do not think about the world we live in, it has been thought through for us by others. We do not think, *others* think for us: customs, current opinions, lawgivers behind some screen, determine what we think and how we think. Moreover, passions obscure any clear vision. They are as much the masters as customs and current opinions are. The world rules tyrannically over our thinking. We are its slaves. This is, in fact, the great theme of ancient philosophy, which has never been abandoned completely in the vicissitudes of the succeeding ages. Here is the classical picture: we are prisoners in a cave; we are chained to our passions and prejudices; we listen to echoes; our speaking is babbling; if we think at all, it is in a shadowy way and about nothing but shadows. To free ourselves from the rule and the chains of the cave, we have to be led out of the cave into sunlight—an arduous task. We become free in our thinking by detaching ourselves from the familiar, the self-evident, by turning away from the easy pillows of our waking sleep. This can only be done by educating ourselves. The very idea of education is the consequence of our striving for freedom in our thinking. The idea conceived in antiquity has ever since dominated the western world. It has suffered modifications, has been made subservient to ends of a very different nature, has even been perverted completely, and yet it is still a decisive factor in our lives. At worst, we pay lip service to it. As long as lip service is felt to be necessary, the idea is still a force.

But once this freedom of our thinking is secured, a grave difficulty seems to arise: Must we not think in the right way, that is, avoid error? Must not our thinking, in which the truth of things is supposed to be revealed to us, be guided by *truth*? Is not our thinking under the authority and rule of truth? To accept its authority, one might say, is to accept a new tyrant. That is what has bothered the "free thinkers," the "free minds" of all ages. It does not seem enough to shake off the chains of the cave. No other authority can be tolerated, if we want to be really free. Free means then—free to err; or free to withhold judgment. There is no freedom in thinking but at the fork of truth and error. At any other point we are not really free in our thinking, so the argument goes. And yet the authority of truth has to be accepted. It hardly matters how we understand "truth"; compliance with some criteria of right thinking seems unavoidable. May we conclude then that freedom in thinking is the freedom to accept this authority of truth? But this again seems to depend on an act of will. Is then this freedom based on another one? Let us examine the next point.

In what sense are we free, or unfree, as beings having a will? We seldom follow our will. We yield to external impulses, we follow trends, we consider ourselves, even while acting, victims of circumstance. Necessity, the origin of which is not to be found in ourselves, seems to dictate our actions. Not merely whims guide us, not merely spontaneous and irresistible desires, but also the trepidation of our hearts, the generosity of our feelings or the cowardice of our flesh—but not the will. The will is not the undisputed master. To make the will free, i.e. to make our own will the very origin of our action or inaction, of our thinking and not thinking, amounts to winning mastery over all necessities, amounts to finding in ourselves something that nothing and nobody can challenge or suppress. This is the great teaching of the Stoics. I am free when I follow nothing but my own will. It is within my power to do so. My bodily existence can be crushed but not my free will. I might *appear* a slave but I *am not* a slave. I enjoy sovereign independence. It is within my power not to be touched by feelings of misfortune, by anger, envy or jealousy. It is within my power, my sovereign power, to be like God.

Needless to say, the freedom of the will is also one of the great themes of the Judaeo-Christian tradition. There is, of course, a profound and unbridgeable difference in the understanding of the very nature of the will in the Stoic and the Christian traditions. But what is common to both traditions (and I may add to the Epicurean also) is precisely the emphasis on the freedom of the *will*. According to the Christian tradition, the will is the only freedom that man has. Man has been created in the image of God, and the similitude is confined to the will. Man himself decides what he wills.

But here again a new sense of unfreedom emerges. This freedom of the will—for Stoics and Christians alike, in spite of their profound and unbridgeable difference—is related to the divine will. Our will is free, paradoxically enough, when it wills *what it ought to will*—in conformity with what is right and good according to the divine decree. We are free to accept or to reject the Good, but this freedom itself is mad, or corrupt, or guided by Satan, *if* we reject it. The authority of the Good determines whether the will is really free or unfree. The will is thus bound by golden chains, but golden chains are still chains. May we conclude then that freedom of the will is the freedom to accept the authority of the Good? This would be the freedom that makes us *moral* beings. And this would still be the case,

if the Good loses its divine connection, and becomes the expression or summary of a "code of ethics," as we are fond of saying. And are we not then enslaved again?

Let us turn to the third point. In what sense are we free or unfree as social and political beings? There is an everlasting experience of mankind—and this is oppression. It has many guises and disguises: the rule of a despot, the reign of an "ideology," the discrimination against groups of people, the "insolence of office," the bullying of a master sergeant. All these and many more are the forms of Tyranny. The paradigm of all tyrannical relationships is the relation of Master and Slave. It is perennial. Perennial also is the rebellion against it.

The relation of Master and Slave is one of the *three* possible relationships between men, in which or by means of which things that are wanted by men can be accomplished. The other two are Friendship and Contract. I may do things or be prevented from doing them out of friendship. I may do things or be prevented from doing them by agreement, by contract. All three, Master-Slave, Friendship, and Contract, are society-building and state-building relationships. If what we do and what we do not do depend on the arbitrary decree of one man or a group of men who have the power of life and death over us, we are slaves under tyrannical rule. The political wisdom of all ages has tried to establish forms of political life which would eliminate, to some extent at least, such arbitrariness of political rule and would make perpetual rebellions unnecessary. It has tried, in other words, to secure a minimum of freedom. For to be free as beings living with other beings means to be free from arbitrary, i.e. tyrannical rule. How can this state of affairs be brought about? How can things be done or left undone if we are *not ordered* to do or not to do them? *Either* in virtue of a commonness of purpose based on friendship. Or by contract. The first possibility, that of friendship, although often enough actualized on a small scale, does not seem to be operative on a larger one. It still remains the dream of anarchists, for example,. The second one, that of contract, is more powerful. Social freedom, that is, freedom from arbitrary rule, can be achieved, if the acceptance of social ties is based on agreements among the persons involved. But an agreement among people needs something that will make it valid, that will set a penalty if a breach occurs. It needs a higher sanction. And this is the sanction of the Law, the sanctity of the Law. To escape arbitrary rule means to accept the rule of the Law. This insight is as old as mankind, as old as Tyranny and Slavery.

But here again the question arises: is not the Law a new kind of tyrant? Cannot laws rule as tyrannically over us as despots do? Was not even slavery a lawful institution? That is, construed as the result of a contract or as the application of the laws of war? Is there a way to make the law or the laws, be they written or unwritten,

the safeguard of freedom without any tyrannical ambiguity? This is the real political problem of all ages. It has been actually solved in modern times, in the 17th and 18th centuries. And this solution is one of the great achievements of the modern age, rivalling the only other one: the conception of a mathematical science of Nature. In what does this solution consist?

The danger of laws becoming tyrannical has its root in the fact that laws can be *imposed* upon people, be they bad or even good laws. In other words, the *law-giving* is the problem. To avoid the danger, the law-giving itself has to proceed in terms of a contract. The very notion of a contract has to be generalized. Two men entering a contract do so out of their own free will, and the procedure of contracting is prescribed and protected by the Law. Roman Law had set the precedent. The political philosophy of the 17th and 18th centuries generalized the contractual procedure in applying it to the Law itself. The law itself has to be understood in terms of a contract in which the two partners happen to be one and the same. The people as a whole makes a contract with itself to observe certain rules. By this very act *Law is generated.* It cannot henceforth be understood as imposed upon men—it is self-imposed. I obey

the law because I participated in the lawgiving, I gave it to myself. In recognizing the authority of the Law I remain free because it is my own authority that I recognize. This primordial political act of lawgiving, in constituting the social and political body, establishes once and for all political freedom. Nothing compels me in this act but myself. The political body, the state and all its manifestations, are a free creation of man. The state and its laws, far from endangering the social freedom of man, is the very embodiment of this freedom. Such is the grandiose conception of the thinkers of the 17th and 18th centuries. The primordial act of lawgiving is perpetuated in all succeeding lawgiving operations.

It is important to understand that what this theory of lawgiving is primarily interested in, is not the giving of good laws but the securing of the *lawfulness* of the law itself. The emphasis is altogether on the procedure by means of which laws come into being, the procedure of self-imposition. The emphasis is on the way in which a law is being enacted, the way in which its constitutionality can be tested and secured in terms of the primordial lawgiving act, and on the machinery of representative government. The content of the law, its goodness or badness in terms of human welfare, in terms of the common good, is not the ultimate concern. Here in the United States, this fact is somewhat obscured by the maintenance of the spirit as well as of the letter of the Anglo-Saxon common law. But at the very root of the modern understanding of political life is the desire to be free from arbitrary, tyrannical rule. That is the idea of Freedom.

Let me pause here for a moment. There is something admirable in this solution of our problem. Freedom appears as a free creation of men. Oppression and Tyranny appear crushed forever. The indignation of man facing the perennial phenomenon of enslavement seems to have had its way. The lawfulness of the law is not only the safeguard of freedom but also of justice. There is something not only admirable in this solution, but also something deeply fascinating. And to this fascination let us now turn our attention.

The fascination exerted on human minds by the problem of freedom and especially by this solution of the problem accounts, I think, for the fact that the problem of the content of the laws has been seriously neglected. The content of the laws was supposed to emerge as a result of the fights between the contending interests of men. The lawfulness of the lawgiving once secured, the laws themselves had to come out by way of trial and error, by way of compromise among those contending interests. The idea of a political art, of Politics, based on practical wisdom seemed to transform itself into the idea of tactical maneuvering for votes, for parliamentary advantage, for bargaining positions. Witness the strange modification in the meaning of the term "politics."

But what is perhaps more important is the influence that the political solution of the problem of political freedom has had on our understanding of our freedom as thinking beings and as beings having a will.

Let me retrace my steps. When I spoke of these two freedoms, I constantly used, and had to use, terms derived from the political domain. I spoke of the authority of the truth and the rule of truth, of tyranny and slavery in the relation of the Good to the will, of truth to thinking. Freedom in our thinking, I had to conclude, was freedom to accept the authority of truth. Freedom of the will—the freedom to accept the authority of the Good. I could not help using these terms because our terminology, our thinking itself, is deeply influenced by considerations derived from our experience as political beings. This is nothing new or exceptional, of course. The problem of Freedom is, as I said in the beginning, a predominantly political one. More generally, almost the entire body of traditional philosophical terminology is derived from the language of political life, and especially from the language of the courts. This shows the general preponderance of political interest in all our thinking. It was primarily the questioning of political patterns and habits which gave rise to an inquiry into the nature of things, gave impulse to philosophical questioning, led to the idea of a contemplative life. Classical philosophy arose out of the preoccupation with political problems and tried to give guidance to political thought. Its dependence on politics is of a genealogical, not a logical, nature. Kings always needed wise counsellors, and the wise counsellors could not live without the kingly purse, but the wisdom of those counsellors was quite independent of the kings and their purses. It was meant to guide them and not to be guided by them. The fascination with the problem of freedom and the solution I have spoken of seems to have changed this relation of wisdom to political action profoundly. Moreover it changed our understanding of our freedom as moral and as thinking beings.

As far as our *free will* is concerned, the political solution showed the way to a re-interpretation of the relation of the will to the Good. The Law, to safeguard our political freedom, was understood as self-imposed. Why cannot that which the will *ought* to will be also determined by the will itself? If the Good is not given to the will from the outside, as it were, but set by the will itself, man as a willing being, as a moral being, can dispense with those golden chains, can be completely free, completely autonomous. This is possible, if the willing itself is identified with the self-imposition of what ought to be willed, if the character of the categorical demand is identified with the very freedom of the will. This is Immanuel Kant's solution, the influence of which on all of us is greater than many seem to realize. And there can be no doubt here that Kant transposed deliberately and consciously the political solution of the problem of freedom, especially in the form given to it by Rousseau, into

the moral sphere. There can be no doubt that here the fascination with the problem of freedom has done its work. The lack of content in Kant's understanding of the Good is apparent. But far beyond the Kantian teaching goes the understanding of the will as setting its own goals and determining as good whatever it wills. It does not make much difference whether the will is understood as the will of an individual or as the collective will of a people or a culture. This teaching is current in the schools the world over, in the form of historical sociology or sociological history or history of cultures. Here again the fascination of freedom is at work. This teaching makes us morally free indeed, but rather empty.

As far as our freedom as *thinking* beings is concerned, it seemed to be endangered by the compelling nature of Truth. But what if truth itself is of our own making? Could not truth be the product of our thinking? a "construction of our mind"? Could not the fullness of our thinking be identical with truthfulness? This possibility has not merely been envisaged. You will have no difficulty in recognizing the prevailing philosophical opinion of today.

I said these consequences of the fascination exerted by the problem of freedom are more important than the impoverishment of our political life. In fact, it is these consequences that contribute the most to it. How can the art of politics flourish, if it is not guided by political wisdom? But the availability of this wisdom depends, in turn, on our ways of thinking and our ways of willing. The three freedoms I spoke of in the beginning cannot be neatly separated from each other. That is what makes the problem of Freedom so immensely complex.

Let me raise a strong objection to what I am saying. The art of politics, as I understand it, namely guided by political wisdom, has never existed. There were some writers who propounded it and some pupils and apprentices in this art who failed miserably. It might be proper to recall the saying of that old Swedish chancellor to the effect that one can hardly imagine with how little wisdom this world is actually governed. Will that not always be the case? Should we not be satisfied with the practice of political freedom that we have inherited and defend it as best we can?

But the point is that what we have inherited is indeed our own creation of freedom, a most precious thing which it is in our power to preserve or to lose. The state of affairs we live in is itself a product of art, a manifestation of freedom and perhaps one of the greatest manifestations of that freedom. We have gone far beyond the realm of natural life lived by our ancestors. Once again, it seems to me, we should examine our assumptions, try to discover at what point our thinking and willing enter the mechanism and automatism of our political practices or are subjugated by them. Once again, we have to face the immense task of education which such an exploration entails. Once again, we have to picture ourselves in a cave, perhaps a deeper and vaster one than our forefathers ever imagined. The freedom we enjoy has perhaps created more chains and chains of a novel nature that hold us down. Once again we have to try to disentangle ourselves. We might fail in this enterprise, of course. But in failing we would still be exerting our freedom.

Jacob Klein has been a Tutor at St. John's College since 1938. He was Dean of the College from 1949 to 1958. Born in Russia, Dean Klein studied philosophy, mathematics, and physics in Berlin and Marburg, Germany, where he received his Ph.D. degree. Before leaving Germany in 1937 he completed *Greek Mathmatical Thought and the Origin of Algebra* (translated from the German by Eva Brann, Massachusetts Institute of Technology Press, 1968). His *Commentary on Plato's Meno* was published by the University of North Carolina Press in 1965; his "Introduction to Aristotle" may be found in *Ancients and Moderns* (Basic Books, 1964). He has lectured on "Ptolemy and Copernicus," "Leibniz," "The Nature of Nature," "On Precision," and others. It is difficult for students and tutors at St. John's College to dissociate their understanding of the meaning of dialectic from the activities of Jacob Klein.

The Magic Fire and the Magic Flute*

By ELLIOTT ZUCKERMAN

In some ways the title misrepresents what this lecture will be about. Students and at least one colleague have asked me whether they should listen to all of *The Magic Flute* in preparation for this lecture. I saw no reason why they should be deprived of that pleasure. But actually I am going to talk about only the first two minutes of that work. As for Magic Fire, I am not going to talk about it at all. I must therefore apologize to those Wagnerians among you whose favorite part of *The Ring of the Nibe-*

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* Lecture given in Annapolis, May 31, 1968, and in Santa Fe, November 1, 1968.

lungs is the last scene in *The Valkyries*, and who came here expecting to hear, or to hear discussed, that lively chromatic glitter with which the firegod Loki surrounded the peaceful slumber of the demigoddess Brynhilde.

Not fire but water provides the Wagnerian half of my subject, and this lecture, like the vast music-drama of *The Ring* itself, shall begin and end in the river Rhine. Excluding intermissions, it usually takes about fourteen hours to get from the opening tones of *Das Rheingold* to that elemental catastrophe in which Valhalla goes up in flames, the river floods its banks, and the magic ring is restored to the robust Rhinemaidens. I have allotted to me one fourteenth of that time, in which to make a different sort of circular journey.

Let us take the plunge into the river. Or, to be more exact, let us imagine ourselves at an early performance of *Das Rheingold*, waiting for the curtain to reveal the underwater scene. This, according to Wagner, is what the scene should look like:

> *At the bottom of the Rhine. Greenish twilight, lighter above, darker below. The upper part of the scene is filled with moving water, restlessly flowing from right to left. Toward the ground the waters distil into a fine mist which flows like a train of clouds over the gloomy depths. Everywhere steep points of rock jut up, while the ground is a confusion of jagged pieces, with no place level.*

It is clear that the Rhine shall be represented in front of us as realistically as the picture-frame of the proscenium stage can allow. We have to remind ourselves of this fact, because nowadays the fashion is to stylize the settings of Wagner—to simplify and to symbolize. Wagner's intent, however, was to present the visual setting in every detail, giving us a picture as finely chiseled as a pre-Raphaelite canvas and as sociologically complete as any stage-setting of Ibsen. In the case of *The Ring*, of course, "sociologically" may not be the best word, for the time is legendary, and the society includes dwarfs, dragons and talking birds. Still, every rock ought to be solidly in place, and every action articulated with the correct gesture —repeated and reinforced by Wagner's special sort of imitative music.

As you all know, Wagner devised a technique for his marvelous musical imitations of what was going on on stage. This was the system of "leitmotives" or leading-motives—the use of thematic tags which represent the various people and props and actions. In *The Ring*, for example, there are tags that represent such things as Siegfried's sword, and Wotan's helmet, and Brynhilde's horse. At the other extreme, certain stretches of tune are linked with emotions and states of mind—the resentment characteristic of the dwarf Alberich, for example, or the love that the gentle Sieglinde feels for Siegmund, her twin brother. These motives are always memorable and always apt—and their aptness is properly the object of praise on the part of those listeners who take pleasure in such appropriatenesses. Moreover, the motives are capable of extension, transformation, combination, and even parody—so that related people and related things and ideas will be heard to have related musical signatures.

It is my rather obvious contention that the system works best when the motives are associated with states of mind—when the music is not simply imitating what can easily be seen to be happening on stage, but is adding a dimension to the action (or, in some cases, inaction) of the characters. Thus I would suggest that Wagner's masterpiece in the use of leitmotives is the third act of *Tristan und Isolde*, where only the music can fully tell us of the intermingling of fantasies during the profound self-analysis of the delirious Tristan. When the orchestra is simply underlining the actions that are going on before our eyes—and they usually happen slowly enough so that there is no danger of missing them—the system seems wearisome to me, and somewhat naive. It is open then to the criticism put best by the composer Saint-Saëns, who observed that the repetition of the action in the orchestra reminded him of idiots presenting their calling-cards in person.

But at the beginning of *Das Rheingold* Wagner does not undertake to imitate the rocks, the mist and the twilight. Indeed, the music begins well before the curtain rises, and in that music Wagner simply represents the water in which the immense action of the tetralogy is about to begin. And since water is also the source of life, the music might also be heard as representing an even more universal genesis. Let us listen to that opening music, up to the point where the Rhinemaidens begin their rollicking chant. The very opening, played by the double-basses alone, is extremely low; but within a few moments we shall be inundated, with eight horns playing in their natural key:

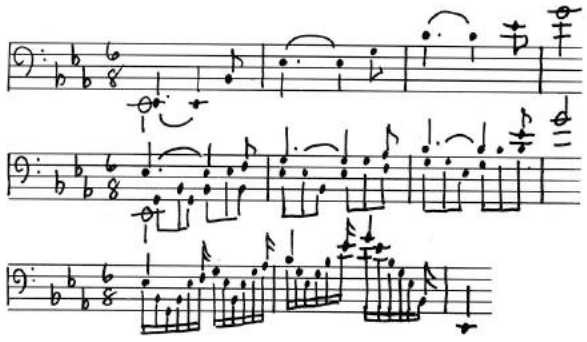
[Tape recording of the beginning of *Das Rheingold*.]

You have just heard an extraordinary stretch of music. Up until the first Rhinemaiden began to sing, you heard only a single chord, the tonic triad of E-flat major. I think I can safely say that nowhere else in the repertory of modern music is a single chord held for so long—unless I am overlooking one of those prolonged chords with which Anton Bruckner liked to end his symphonies. In the Wagner passage, the triad goes on for 136 measures—the curtain, incidentally, rises during the 126th. The appropriateness of this grand *tour de force* hardly needs to be pointed out. Nevertheless I shall do so—not in my own words, but so that you will get the chance to hear the prose of a true Wagnerite, in this case the author of one of those reverent and very explicit manuals of Wagnerism that people used to take with them to performances of the music-dramas at Wagner's own festival theater at Bayreuth. The author is Albert Lavignac, who was also a professor of harmony at the Paris Conservatory:

The prelude of Das Rheingold *consists exclusively of that colossal hold of a single chord, the chord of E-flat. . . . This sustained note is in itself a Leitmotiv of the most expressive, descriptive, and philosophical character. It symbolizes the primitive element, water, in a state of repose; the water from which, according to the teaching of mythology, life springs complete with all its struggles and passions. During this long sustained note we hear the beginnings of life; but those are things which are outside the province of words, and which music alone, speaking without an intermediary to the intelligence, can hope to make us comprehend.*

First, we hear a single mysterious note, very grave and greatly protracted: this is Nature asleep; to this fundamental, single, and primitive tone is then added its fifth; and, after a long interval, the octave; then, one by one, all the other harmonies in the same order in which Nature produces them; then, passing notes, more and more frequent; then appear rhythms, at first rudimentary, which mingle and assume complicated forms; organization has already commenced; at long intervals new instruments are added; a kind of regular and cadenced undulation is established, giving the feeling of water in movement; the sound gradually swells out and invades the orchestra like a torrent; the movement of the waves is accentuated, a trembling arises and increases, bringing the prescience of life; and, when the curtain rises, we are not in the least surprised to find ourselves at the bottom of a large flowing river, full to the banks; our mind has already pictured what the scenery reveals.[1]

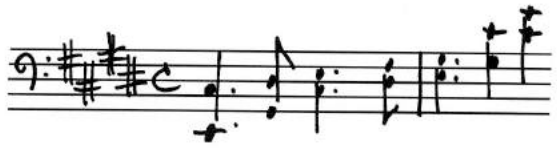
M. Lavignac then illustrates the principal musical ingredients of the motive which he considers "a marvel of boldness and genius." I shall play his three examples on this piano of rather un-Wagnerian proportions:



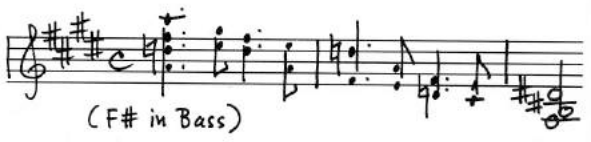
[1] *The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1898).

Our commentator goes on to discuss the significance of the motive for the entire *Ring*. He points out, for example, that the motive reappears in the opera *Siegfried*, when that boyish hero happens to be talking about fish. But more important than the use of the motive to underline references to water, is the fact that it generates other motives which will figure prominently later on—motives which, like that of the Rhine itself, are also based on the triad, major or minor, and more or less ornamented. Lavignac lists some of them, and here they are: "The Rhine-Daughters, the Rhine-Gold, the Golden Apples, the Norns, the Fall of the Gods, the Incantation of the Thunder, the Rainbow, the Sword, the Ride of the Valkyries, and Brynhilde's Sleep." The meaning of all these motives, according to Lavignac, "whether material, psychological, or metaphysical, always allows some relation or other to be established between them and the idea of the primeval element."

Let me give one easy example of what he means. Later on in *Das Rheingold* we meet the earth-goddess Erda, who rises from the ground in order to warn Wotan about something and who, needless to say, has something primeval about her. Here is her motive, which also happens to be that of the Norns, another trio whom we meet three operas later and who are Erda's daughters:



You will notice that this motive is the Rhine-motive trans-modified into the minor—a transformation which suits the lugubrious implications of Erda's warning and the doleful contralto of her voice. When Erda refers specifically to the ultimate downfall of the gods, the orchestra introduces the motive of that unfortunate event, which turns out to be the Rhine-, or Genesis-motive again, this time transformed by the appropriate contrary motion:



Now that we have learned a little more about the music, I hope you won't mind if we take a second dip into the Rhine. One can, indeed, step into the same river twice. You may not have caught the words of the passage sung by the first Rhinemaiden, whose name is Woglinde. Here they are (you may recognize the refrain, as it is quoted in *The Waste Land* of T. S. Eliot):

Weia! Waga! Woge, du Welle, walle zur Wiege!
Wagala weia! Walala weiala weia!

I have translated this into English, using only the "W" section of a German-English lexicon:

Weia! Waga! Roll us, O waters, rock us and cradle us!
Wagala Weia! Walala weiala weia!

I am sure you have already remarked the power of the change of harmony that occurs when the maiden starts singing. The move has been from the E-flat triad to a triad with the root A flat. This is, of course, a shift from the tonic to the subdominant in E-flat major. But the A-flat triad can also be heard as a tonic, in which case the long passage of E flat becomes a prolonged introduction on the dominant:

[The *Rheingold* tape is repeated.]

Let us turn from *Die Flut* to *The Flute*. My juxtaposition of the opening of *Rheingold* with the opening of *The Magic Flute* is not entirely arbitrary. There are some similarities between the two works, and although these similarities are superficial, some of them are surprising. They are both, first of all, operas in German written by the masters of opera in German. Mozart, I should add, was also a master of Italian opera, as well as everything else. Second, neither is strictly speaking an opera. Mozart's work is technically disqualified from the category because the dialogue between the formal musical numbers is spoken. And Wagner, as you know, insisted on the far grander name of music-drama for his works, and even, when he got to his final work, *Parsifal*, called it a stage-consecration-festival-drama. Both works, too, are symbolic—and they are symbolic in such a way that no one is entirely certain what they are symbolic of. We know, for example, that Bernard Shaw was able to interpret *The Ring* as a parable of revolutionary socialism. At the other extreme, a recent Jungian has re-interpreted the tetralogy in terms of the collective unconscious. With *The Magic Flute*, there is no doubt that in the course of the work the coloratura Queen of the Night turns out, oddly enough, to represent evil, while justice is embodied in the bass Sarastro, who does indeed, as Shaw once put it, sing the only music fit to be sung by the Lord himself. But most people find *The Ring* too vast and too general to allow for sure interpretation, and, as for *The Magic Flute*, I do not know of anyone who has made complete sense of the odd minor characters and the unexpected events that keep occurring in Mozart's masonic mélange.

These odd characters and sudden events abound in the opening scene of *The Magic Flute*, and one set of characters might remind us of another set whom we have already met this evening. I refer to the three ladies who, almost immediately after the opera begins, save the hero from a serpent. We meet that hero, the ingenuous Tamino, as he rushes on stage, pursued by the snake. Tamino is not simply a prince—he is, according to the stage direction, a Japanese prince, or perhaps an Egyptian prince who is dressed in a Japanese costume. But his nationality hardly matters, for I believe it is never referred to again. What does matter is that he is a tenor, and that he is saved by ladies. In *Rheingold* the three mermaids were swimming around their treasured gold; in *The Flute* the three ladies carry silver javelins. Furthermore, as you shall hear, the entry of Mozart's ladies is also marked by a sudden shift in the harmony—which happens to be that same triad of A flat, C, E flat—although in this case it bears a very different harmonic relationship to what has preceded.

Let us listen to the opening pages of the first act of *The Magic Flute*. This music has of course been preceded by an overture, whereas *Das Rheingold* is *itself* an overture, the whole music-drama having been conceived as a prologue to the *trilogy* of *The Ring*. But happily enough for justifying my juxtaposition, the overture to *The Magic Flute* is also in our key of E-flat major. The music we are about to hear, the start of act one, is in the relative minor of E flat, C minor. Tamino rushes in, pursued, and says something like this:

Help, help, or else I am lost. Chosen as victim by the deceitful snake, help me, ye compassionate gods. It's getting close! Ah, save me, protect me!

The passage is very short, and we can hear it twice:

[Tape recording of the beginning of the first act of *The Magic Flute*, played twice.]

Let me review what has just happened. If the musical analysis is confusing, it can be ignored; nothing essential hinges upon it. While Tamino is singing, he is pursued through a variety of modulations. When he is about to end on a full cadence in his original key of C minor—and also presumably about to be himself brought to his mortal end by the snake—the ladies enter on a deceptive cadence. This deceptive cadence happens to be that A-flat triad, which is the sixth degree of C minor—the standard but always effective deceptive cadence. It is then reinterpreted as the fourth degree of E-flat major. The ladies then slay the snake on the dominant-seventh chord of E flat, and finally settle on the tonic of that key to sing their triumph.

[This is illustrated on the piano.]

That the ladies should sing their triumphant music in E flat is appropriate not only for my comparison, but in the nature of things. It is apt that they have settled on the ur-key of the Rhine. It was more consciously Mozart's plan that they should settle on the key which is the relative major of the key of Tamino's trouble, and that it should be the same major as was heard in the preceding overture. But it must be in the nature of things that the key of their victory should be the same one which Beethoven was inevitably to choose as the key of the symphony

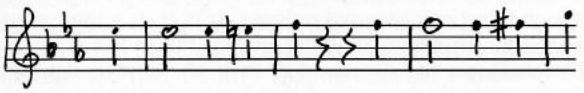
which he called Heroic. Let's hear our passage once more, again stopping shortly after the ladies have begun to sing. I stop there with regret:

[*The Magic Flute* tape is played for the third time.]

You have now heard two passages of music this evening and I have said something about what they might have in common. The differences between them are obvious, and for the most part I need not list them. But there are some differences which lie deep, and I want briefly to discuss two of them. The first is paradoxical, and the second is a source of mystery to me.

First, the paradoxical one. If any musician were asked what the chief harmonic difference might be between a characteristic passage of Mozart and a characteristic passage of Wagner, the chances are that he would want to contrast the luxuriant chromaticism of Wagner with Mozart's diatonic purity. This is not to claim that there are not passages of chromatic prophesy throughout Mozart's later operas—but probably what would come first to mind would be those wonderful arias in which the deepest and most subtle expressiveness seems to have been achieved with a remarkably minimal harmonic vocabulary: arias like Sarastro's sublime invocation to Isis and Osiris, or the poignant aria of the countess which begins the second act of *The Marriage of Figaro*. On the other hand, the sort of Wagnerian passage that would come to mind would be one in which the listener is overwhelmed by the full resources of chromatic harmony—something from the Prelude to *Tristan*, for example, or from the crimson modulations that depict the festering wounds of the guilt-ridden Amfortas, in that peudo-religious redoing of *Tristan, Parsifal*.

In our two passages, however, the presumed hallmarks are reversed. The chromaticism you have heard this evening has been in the passage of music between the entry of Tamino and his salvation by the javelin-ladies. One part of Tamino's vocal line is a chromatic ascent which is akin to the motive of "Desire" which dominates *Tristan*:



The accompaniment below this vocal line moves through a variety of keys—or at least a variety of scale-steps. And within the span of a very few measures we hear a full quota of the chords which are the standard vocabulary of chromaticism. There is the chord of the augmented sixth. There is the chord of the Neapolitan sixth. And there are two chords of the diminished seventh, a half-step apart. (I know these names have a familiar ring to everyone who has been through the music tutorial.) And of course there is the central deceptive cadence which we have discussed, and which represents an effect which occurs on almost every page of *Tristan*.

In contrast, the passage of Wagner that we have listened to is, needless to say, as unchromatic as music can be. It does not seem as though one had to be the master of mid-nineteenth-century chromaticism in order to give us 136 measures of a single triad. Yet the Wagner passage is nonetheless Wagner, and the Mozart is Mozart. In this case, the characteristic differences must be other than harmonic ones.

Which brings me to the difference that I find mysterious. Even though the Mozart passage is by no means one of his most magical, I delight in it, and I think that the delight is indestructible. On the other hand, although the Wagner passage is without doubt one of his grandest conceptions, and although I like it and admire it, my fondness for it is a source of some discomfort to me, and my admiration seems somehow to have been forced out of me, against my will.

It is quite possible, of course, that just now I have merely described a prejudice. I must assume, however, that matters of taste are not merely matters of taste. With this in mind, I look for clues that might serve to explain my choice. And I shall briefly consider three of these clues before I conclude this lecture.

Those of you who have already read *The Birth of Tragedy* know that as a young man Nietzsche celebrated what he called the Dionysian in art. Of all the arts he thought music was the most Dionysian, and he hoped that the new music of Wagner—which Wagner had already begun to call The Music of the Future—would save the art of opera from what Nietzsche called the Socratic formality to which it had, in his opinion, degenerated. It is well known that after this early enthusiasm for Wagner, Nietzsche repudiated his adherence to the man and his ideas, and turned against the music. This unconversion was perhaps partly the result of personal bitterness; and it certainly had much to do with a reaction against the vulgarity of Wagner's success with the educated Philistines of the European middle class. But there were less ephemeral reasons for it, too. I have time for only a few quotations that show how the reformed Nietzsche articulated his anti-Wagnerism, and I have chosen from among the least vitriolic of his collected remarks:

> *My objections to the music of Wagner are physiological objections: why should I trouble to dress them up in aesthetic formulas? After all, aesthetics is nothing but a kind of applied physiology. . . . I no longer breathe easily when this music begins to affect me; . . . my foot soon resents it and rebels: my foot feels the need for rhythm, dance, march . . .—it demands of music first of all those delights which are found in* good *walking, striding, dancing.*[2]

Again—and here he is describing Wagner's melody,

[2] *Nietzsche Contra Wagner*, "Where I Offer Objections".

which was highly praised by Wagnerians as "infinite melody":

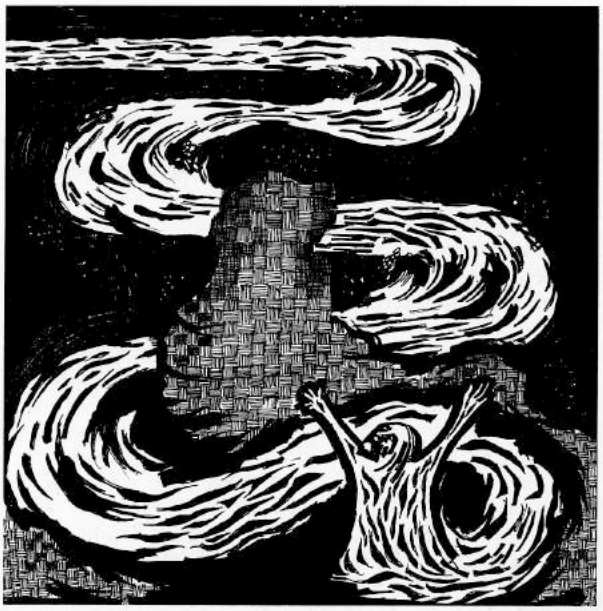
> *One walks into the sea, gradually loses one's secure footing, and finally surrenders oneself to the elements without reservation: one must swim. In older music, what one had to do . . . was something quite different, namely, to dance.*[3]

And again, in an impressionistic attempt to indicate the antidote to Wagnerism, Nietzsche gives us the following recipe: "light feet, wit, fire, grace, . . . logic, the dance of the stars, exuberant intellectuality, the vibrating light of the South, calm sea—perfection"[4]—all the characteristics of what Nietzsche called, in Italian, *la gaia scienza*, joyful wisdom; and all of them, I may add here, characteristics of the music of Mozart. It might seem inconvenient for me that Nietzsche should have included something watery in his list—namely, the "calm sea." But I am sure that the sea he had in mind was the Mediterranean.

My second clue comes from the biography of Wagner, and it has to do with the manner in which he conceived the very passage of music which we have heard twice. He had already written the complete text of *The Ring*, and he was waiting, as he put it, "to plunge head and ears . . . into the fountain" of music. The way to begin came to him, unbidden and unanticipated, during a disturbed half-sleep on a hard couch in a hotel at Spezia. Falling into a kind of cataleptic state which Wagner's best biographer oddly enough calls "the prime condition for all artistic creation of the highest kind," he suddenly felt as though he were sinking into a mighty flood of water. Here is Wagner's own description of what happened:

> *The rush and roar soon took musical shape within my brain as the chord of E-flat major, surging incessantly in broken chords: these declared themselves as melodic figurations of increasing motion, yet the pure triad of E-flat major never changed, but seemed by its steady persistence to impart infinite significance to the element in which I was sinking. I awoke from my half-sleep in terror, feeling as though the waves were now rushing high above my head. I at once recognized that the orchestral prelude to the Rhinegold, which for a long time I must have carried about within me, yet had never been able to fix definitely, had at last come to being in me: and quickly I understood the very essence of my own nature: the stream of life was not to flow to me from without, but from within.*[5]

Twenty years after this initial inspiration Wagner completed the four works of *The Ring*, and had already begun to build his great festival theater at Bayreuth. There text and scene, myth and music, would be properly combined to make a concerted assault on a devoted audience. If it had been at Bayreuth that we were all waiting for the curtain to go up on *Das Rheingold*, we would have been surrounded by an audience of pilgrims, who had come to have the experience of watching and hearing a Total Work of Art. This is my third clue, the *Gesamtkunstwerk*—that ideal of Wagner's to present the German folk with a work of art in which all available machinery would simultaneously appeal to every available sense. Today the ideal seems old-fashioned, and it is hard to remember that it was once fresh enough to enrapture the youthful Baudelaire, who had what he thought of as similarly synaesthetic theories of his own. Today, I would think, even the Bayreuth-goers could do without the extra-musical ingredients of the totality: if they must put up with the alliterative doggerel of the text, they have at least simplified the stage-sets to a tasteful nothingness. Only the music remains as a power. But surely that music is Total enough. And perhaps one reason for my discomfort is that I am not sure I want anything to be Total.



Nietzsche had opposed the play of the mind to this total immersion—the dance as opposed to the swim. It seems to me that this choice is perennial, and in order to indicate this, lightly, on the last page of my lecture, I must ask you to move with me to a musical setting perhaps less dignified, and perhaps more familiar, than those we have been in so far this evening. Let us move from the opera house to the boat house. We are still appropriately near the water. There is music playing, and it is extremely loud.

[3] *Ibid.*, "Wagner As A Danger".
[4] *Der Fall Wagner*, X.
[5] Quoted in Ernest Newman, *The Life of Richard Wagner*, II (New York: Knopf, 1937), p. 390.

I ask one of the listeners why. It is necessary, he tells me, that we feel no distinction between the sound waves outside the body and those within. I look around at the lights—and the darknesses— which seem designed to be part of some *total* effect; and I wonder whether the *Gesamtkunstwerk* is old-fashioned after all. In some ways it is the Wagnerian wish fulfilled—except that the music is not *his*.

But when my eyes have become accustomed to the lights, and my ears have learned to tolerate the sound, I hope I can discern some of the qualities of Nietzsche's catalogue. Light feet?—well, the dancing seems light-footed enough. There is grace and rhythm in the beat. Wit?—well, there are words to the music, barely discernible, and someone insists on my trying to catch the import of a clever turn of phrase. Finally and most important, I look at the faces of the dancers and listeners. And I can see that not all the fires have gone out of the eyes.

Elliott Zuckerman has been a Tutor at the College in Annapolis since 1961. He was a Kellett Fellow in Humanities at Clare College, Cambridge; received his Ph.D. from Columbia University; and lectured in history and music at Columbia and the New School for Social Research in New York before coming to St. John's. He served as Director of the Graduate Institute in Liberal Education of the College for the past two years. He is the author of *The First Hundred Years of Wagner's Tristan*, Columbia University Press, 1954.

An Address for the Rededication of the Library

October 18, 1969

By HUGH P. McGRATH

We are here for a re-dedication, a re-consecration to some high power, a solemn re-declaration of purpose—for a ritual of repetition. To accept the honour and the responsibility of speaking on this occasion is to make a tacit engagement to say absolutely nothing that is new. I have accepted that honour and that responsibility and have consequently entered into that agreement. I am firm in my determination and confident of my power to honour it.

It is not, then, necessary to speculate about the origins of such a ritual of confirmation as this. We need not ask whether we intend to expiate some great fall from some mysterious height, or to avert the danger of such a fall hereafter. It will be enough to try to recollect and recognize to what power our rite should be addressed, in what name the heifer's horns should be gilded, the lustral water poured, the thighbones wrapped in fat, the invocation pronounced.

Two great powers appear to contend for first place: This World and The Other World. Though not ascertainably coeval with man, this is certainly a very ancient distinction. It has long been a custom to indicate this world by pointing at it with the index finger, though Doctor Samuel Johnson, in a burst of polemical enthusiam, once did so by kicking a stone with such force that he rebounded from it. There has always been disagreement about the other world, and its relation to this world. On one occasion of uncertain historicity, they were set in opposition to each other in the manner of Gods against Giants. I shall offer as a mark of distinction, if not as a description, of the two worlds, that This World is the world we are in, while The Other World is a world that is in us.

We may look for either world in the books we read. Some historians, for example, regard the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* as a usable repository of somewhat obscured facts about a dark portion of the Greek world, a portion of this world that has passed away; others are more impressed by the obscurity than by the usefulness of the repository. Here are the words of one of the former historians.

"The serious problem for the historian is to determine

whether, and to what extent, there is anything in the poems that relates to social and historical reality; how much, in other words, of the world of Odysseus existed in the poet's head and how much outside in space and time."

And again:—"The poet transmitted his inherited background materials with a deceptively cool precision. That enables us to treat his materials as the raw materials for the study of a real world of real men, a world of history and not of fiction."

It is clear that the historian, in his official capacity, would welcome the assurance that Homer had faithfully transmitted his inherited background materials without anything whatsoever going on in his head; indeed, for all practical purposes, without a head at all. When not exercising his profession the historian may be the most humane of men; as a historian, however, he is ruthless as the Red Queen or as King Ekhetus of Epirus, the mutilator in, not of, the *Odyssey*. He must off with Homer's head for the sake of a portion of this world that has passed away.

As with books, so with libraries. The dedication of the library to this world is fully expressed in a recent manual of guidance for a contemporary figure called "The Modern Researcher." His goal is to produce a peculiarly modern form of writing, as well regulated as the sonnet, and called "The Report"; "without it modern life as we know it would come to a stop." The researches of a student in freshman English preparing a book report, of the graduate student preparing a thesis, of the assistants to the President preparing matter for his report on the State of the Union, are essentially one activity. The researcher as such, no matter what his subject matter, is essentially a historian. History is not only the story of past facts, but also a way in which we think. It is advantageous to the researcher to regard man as "by nature" a historical animal, endowed with a "historical sense," that is, a specialized sense of time and of man's relation to it.

The advantages of historical thinking are many. It provides vicarious participation in actually lived as opposed to merely fictional experience. It furnishes knowledge of facts essential as a guide to intelligent action in the making of future history. It satisfies, in an exciting way, man's insatiable curiosity about the things of this world. It is a source of elevated pleasure. By solving the mystery of "what was the case," it gives to man a unique kind of reassurance and peace of mind. Some enthusiasts may claim that it teaches everything; others that it fosters generosity of heart and understanding.

Whatever the rewards of the product, there is no doubt about the nature of the activity that produces it. All research is essentially a historiographical activity, and "historiography is armchair detection par excellence." For the researcher the library is a collective institution, a sort of Interpol, constituting "the repository of by far the largest part of our recorded knowledge."

We see the picture. The researcher approaches the library as a detective, metaphorically equipped with deerstalker cap and bull's-eye lantern, crouched in a historical attitude, filled with a sense of urgency, a spirit of system and rules for the direction of the mind. He prays for luck and cunning to aid him for his search for clues to his given subject, and cultivates the virtues which will make him expert at finding needles in an ever expanding haystack. Impedimenta, such as an interest in the other world, he checks at the door.

How different is the way in which Niccolò Machiavelli approaches his library, as he describes it in that often-quoted description of his life on his little farm outside Florence, during one of his periods of "bad luck." After days habitually spent in mean occupations he returns home.

"On the coming of evening, I return to my house and enter my study; at the door I take off the day's clothing, covered with mud and dust, and put on garments regal and courtly; and, reclothed appropriately, I enter the ancient courts of ancient men, where, received by them with affection, I feed on that food which only is mine and which I was born for, where I am not ashamed to speak with them and to ask them the reason for their actions; and they in their kindness answer me; and for four hours of time I do not feel boredom, I forget every trouble, I do not dread poverty, I am not frightened by death; entirely I give myself over to them." (If the translator's last words are to be trusted, we shall not be betraying Machiavelli's thought in saying that he dedicates and rededicates himself to the princes and courtiers in his study.)

Entering a library as Machiavelli enters his study, we should certainly be distressed to find Homer without his head. For in that head there is a world, which, though it may have some roots in the Greek world that has passed away, has not itself passed away. That world we may explore both in ourselves and in the mirror that Homer presents to us. It is, to be sure, a somewhat unfamiliar mirror, and we might sometimes appreciate having a few facts, if anyone could provide them.

The historian and the researcher, in speaking for themselves, have, with a little gratuitous assistance, stressed the exclusiveness of their interest. The exclusiveness is good and necessary to the extent that the results are desirable. To the extent that research enables us to substitute intelligence for routine and knowledge for guesswork it is surely useful. If the study of history fosters generosity of heart and understanding, that is excellent. One may think, however, that the pursuit of satisfaction for man's insatiable curiosity may sometimes terminate in the collection of factual bric-a-brac. The elevated pleasure may rise no higher than a calm Gibbonian contemplation of the record of the *past* follies of mankind. One may question the claim to knowledge of acquaintance with "what was the case." One may be tempted not to esteem very highly the unique reassurrance to be derived from mere factuality. It seems extravagant to suppose that our peace of mind may be linked to knowledge of the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask. And finally, as the researcher himself acknowledges, fact may become a fetish, worshipped for its own sake, resulting in an unintelligent routine of bringing in the facts, to hasten the millennium when "all the facts are in." Fact becomes the only value, and the medium turns into the message.

Assertion, on the other hand, of an exclusive interest in the other world, would find the countercharge from this world prepared and ready. It can be simply summed up in that rather decayed image of the Ivory Tower, sitting up like a solitary tooth upon a barren plain. Though the image is not sound, the thing imaged is, and it is far from exclusive, for in its own way it has everything in it. It is a refuge and a strength. Machiavelli may find in his study simple solace for the terrors and disappointments of this world. He also finds these his proper food, which satisfies his insatiable hunger for knowledge of the reasons for and not merely the facts of, action. Despite his vivid appreciation of the not-so-elevated pleasures and rewards of action in this world, he regards as especially his the pleasures of courteous conversation in the courts of the other world. He notes what he finds profitable in these conversations, and composes a guide for intelligent action in this world. In so doing he gives a new turn to the conversation, of unavoidable concern to us all, about the nature of intelligent action and its relation to facts. The question itself cannot be illuminated by fact. If it is to be illuminated, it will be by such acts as participation in the conversation in the *Republic*, or reflection on the image in the mirror of *Don Quixote*.

The apple that fell upon Isaac Newton's head did not, despite its factual impact, really teach him how to take the measure of the world. To deal with the motions of this world he had to withdraw to the Looking Glass world, the home of the vanishing smile and the vanishing quantity, where he was later joined by the Cheshire Cat. As the Cheshire Cat was able to furnish us with the unexampled spectacle of a smile without a cat, so Newton was able to fashion a looking glass, his famous microscope, with which he was able to show us the unearthly spectacle of ratios without quantities. With his looking glass as part of his equipment, he was able to compose rules for the action and reactions of this world, of a clarity and completeness not to be attained by even the most perfect induction.

It is needless, even dangerous, to multiply examples. Enthusiastic celebration of the beauties of the other world may lead to an endless cataloguing of bric-a-brac—for the other world has bric-a-brac—just as surely as any other unregulated enthusiasm. Moreover, here and now, it may lead to a forgetting of this library, in this world, on this campus, about whose particular "thisness" there is much to say. For its design, its contents, its furnishings, its guardians, show us that it is not an exclusive, but essentially a most hospitable place. You may repair thither with courtly robe, with deerstalker cap, or with neither—you will always be welcome. Should you wish for conversation, there are armchairs; if for detection, there are carrels. There are many princes and courtiers; there are many, many reporters and professional informers to put the facts about the more remote and the immediate past at your disposal; and the guardians will be happy to use their links with Interpol on your behalf. Furthermore, there is no demand that all of your pleasures be of the highest order. This library may even offer a refuge from what may come to seem a corvée of sustained elevation of pleasure. Its Siren song, if it has a Siren song, is not an invitation to leave your bones whitening on the shores of the sea of thought. Instead of the thrilling call, "Come to me and I will give you all knowledge," you may hear the murmur of that modest but extremely difficult wisdom: "Nothing too much."

Nothing too much! The very words are like a knell. There can be too much repetition. I have repeated enough about the ambiguities of the search, and more especially the re-search, for truth. All that remains is to repeat the formula—simple, perfectly adequate, and never to be forgotten—invoking the purpose of this library. It is dedicated to: "The habit of reading good books."

Hugh P. McGrath has been a Tutor at St. John's College since 1948. He studied at the University of Liverpool and in London, Paris, and Dijon. He has lectured on "The Brothers Karamazov," "Plato's *Georgias*," *et al.*, and is especially interested in questions of language. Students and tutors have found his dramatic readings of Shakespeare unforgettable.

NEWS ON THE CAMPUSES

Moratorium Day

A number of tutors and students at the College organized and participated in Moratorium Day activities in Annapolis. "Tutors and Students for Peace," under the leadership of Tutor Benjamin Milner with the assistance of students Peter Fairbanks, Alan Plutzik, Thomas Casey, and others, organized and directed most of the day's activities. They were joined by area citizens and by Anne Arundel Community College and high school students.

Homes were canvassed for signatures for a petition to be sent to the President of the United States, and a march through the city ending with ceremonies on the Statehouse steps took place. The ceremonies were organized by freshman Peter Fairbanks. The names of Maryland war dead were read by student veterans of the army and the meeting ended with a prayer. Great stress was put by its organizers on the solemnity, dignity, and formality of the occasion and from almost all reports such a spirit characterized all activities in Annapolis.

That evening (October 15th) the College Forum held a panel discussion on the significance of Moratorium Day activities. The Forum was in no way part of the Moratorium movement. Its panel consisted of critics as well as proponents of the movement. Its aim was to discuss as fairly as possible what the movement was trying to accomplish and whether its objectives were in fact desirable.

The Forum discussion was chaired by its leaders, James Spirer ('70) and McKee Lee ('72). The panel consisted of Tutors Laurence Berns, Eva Brann, Benjamin Milner, and Edward Sparrow; and students Peter Fairbanks, Richard Ferrier, Ronald Fielding, Denise Fort, and Elisabeth Jackson; and graduate Michael Ryan.

A professor from Anne Arundel Community College gives an extemporaneous speech during Moratorium Day activities at the Maryland Statehouse. *(Photo by Joe Gruver/The Evening Capital.)*

The discussion was opened by Mr. Spirer with a seminar styled question based on the interchange of letters on Moratorium Day between President Nixon and Randy Dicks (a student at Georgetown University). The discussion centered on questions concerning the will of the people, the reason of the people, policy initiation and the consent of the governed, what conditions allow for the most reasonable deliberation of political matters, *et al.*

After about one hour and a half the discussion was opened to all present. This meeting, attended by all parts of the College community as well as by citizens of Annapolis, was the best attended Forum in many years. Most participants, including proponents and critics of the Moratorium movement, agreed that this was perhaps the most reasonable public discussion of Vietnam policy and the Moratorium they had ever attended.

(We hope to publish transcripts of tape recordings of the discussion in a future issue.—Ed.)

The official position of the College was set forth in an open letter to all members of the St. John's College community by the Dean, Robert A. Goldwin:

October 10, 1969

As you all probably know, October 15 has been designated as a day of Moratorium, at which time many people throughout the nation intend to demonstrate their opposition to United States policy in Vietnam. Some tutors and students have asked me about the position of the College with regard to the Moratorium. The purpose of this letter is to express my understanding of the matter.

Some tutors have told me that they plan to observe the Moratorium by not attending their classes on October 15. In conversation with them it became clear that their demonstration against United States policy in Vietnam was in no way meant as a demonstration against St. John's College. They assured me that they would explain this to their students. In most cases, these tutors also plan to make up the lost time by holding classes on some later day.

I wish to assure students who intend to participate in the Moratorium that absence for that purpose will be excused. I urge such students to make arrangements with their tutors or one of the Assistant Deans, in advance of October 15. No student who makes arrangements in advance will be penalized or punished in any way for absence on that day.

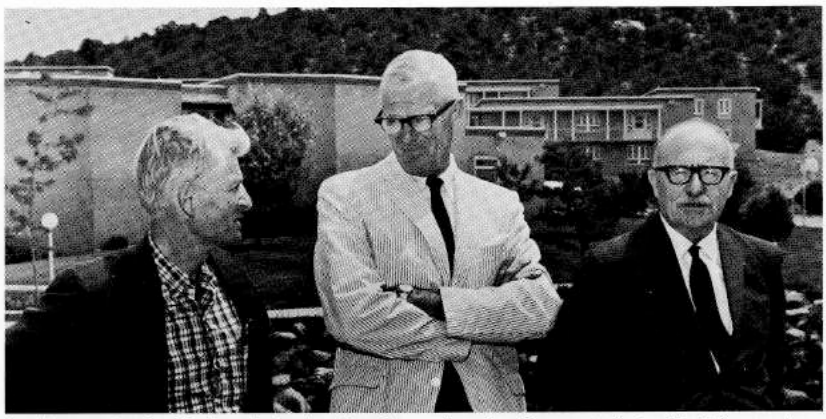
The position of the College is based on the fact that we are an educational institution: as an education institution we take no sides whatever on controversial political issues. On the other hand, every individual member of this community is completely free to take whatever political position he wishes. When he does so, as in the present case, he acts as an individual and not as a spokesman or representative of this College.

In my opinion it is especially important in time of conflict and dissension that there be institutions that maintain a stance of dispassionate impartiality. I firmly believe that the refusal of the College as such to take a stand on controversial issues is the foundation of the extraordinary freedom that exists within this College for individuals to express any political opinion they believe in. We refuse to take a collective, institutional stand not because we do not care, but because we are committed to the preservation of the conditions under which entirely free inquiry may take place.

It is clear to me that the range of political opinion on this campus, among faculty and students, is very great. No one can speak for all of us when he takes sides on any controversial issue. But on one point, I think, we can all agree: whenever any of us expresses a political conviction, the College has the right to expect it to be stated clearly, argued reasonably, and defended honorably. As long as this is the case, St. John's College will continue to serve as a model to the nation in this respect as in many other respects.

Bromwell Ault Elected Honorary Board Member

President Weigle recently announced the election of Bromwell Ault as an honorary member of the Board of Visitors and Govenors. Chairman of the board of Interchemical Corporation, Mr. Ault has served the College as Chairman and Vice Chairman of the Board. He was first elected to membership in 1948, with re-elections in 1951, 1955, 1958, 1962, and 1965.



Participants in the Book and Author Luncheons for the library at Santa Fe this year have included (left to right) Tutor Charles G. Bell; Richard M. Stern, author and chairman of the Friends of the Library Committee; and G. B. Harrison, Shakespearean scholar and member of the Committee *(Photo by Len Bouché)*

According to the College's Polity, honorary members of the Board may be elected "in recognition of meritorious service to the College."

A graduate of Yale University, Mr. Ault was a chemical engineer with Ault and Wilborg and president and general manager of Ault and Wilborg Varnish Works, Inc. before working with International Printing Ink Corporation as vice president. He has been with Interchemical Corporation since 1936 in various capacities including vice president, director, and member of the executive committee. In 1965 he was made chairman of the board of Interchemical.

There are four other honorary members of the St. John's College Board of Visitors and Governors—Richard F. Cleveland, a former Chairman, Dr. Douglas Gordon, a former President, and Mrs. Harry Slack, a former Board member, all of Baltimore; and Richard H. Hodgson, an alumnus, of Salisbury, Maryland.

Pulitzer Prize Winner Helps Boost Library at Santa Fe

N. Scott Momaday, who received the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction this year, was one of six authors who participated in the fall series of Book and Author Luncheons sponsored by the Friends of the Library Committee of St. John's at Santa Fe. The programs, held in Santa Fe's famous hotel, La Fonda, were well attended by local citizens. Other speakers besides Mr. Momaday included Laura Gilpin, Frank Waters, Keith Wilson, Mary Cable and G. B. Harrison.

The support of friends in Santa Fe has helped the library increase its collections to more than 16,000 books, 2,400 phonodiscs and phonotapes, and musical scores since the opening of the College five years ago.

First Scott Buchanan Scholar in Residence Appointed in Annapolis

Distinguished author and scholar Leo Strauss has been appointed the first Scott Buchanan Distinguished Scholar in Residence for the Annapolis campus.

Professor Strauss received his doctorate in philosophy from the University of Hamburg in 1921. In 1932 with a Rockefeller Fellowship he and Mrs. Strauss emigrated to France, and then to England, and in 1938 to the United States. He taught first in the Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research in New York City, and then in the Department of Political Science of the University of Chicago where he was designated Robert Maynard Hutchins Distinguished Service Professor. He left Chicago with the title of Professor Emeritus of Political Phi-

losophy in 1967 for Claremont Men's College where he taught until coming to St. John's.

For some twenty consecutive years Mr. Strauss gave annual lectures at St. John's. He became even more familiar with the College through the graduates who came, as a result of those lectures, to undertake further study with him.

Professor Strauss is the author of *Spinzoa's Critique of Religion* (Schocken), *The Political Philosophy of Hobbes* (U. of Chicago), *Natural Right and History* (U. of Chicago), *On Tyranny* (Free Press; paper, Cornell U.), *Thoughts on Machiavelli* (Free Press; paper, U. of Washington), *Persecution and the Art of Writing* (Free Press), *The City and Man* (Rand MacNally), *Socrates and Aristophanes* (Basic Books), *What Is Political Philosophy?* (Free Press), and *Liberalism, Ancient and Modern,* (Basic Books). He has also supervised and written an interpretative essay for what is regarded as the most accurate translation of Maimonides' *The Guide of the Perplexed* (U. of Chicago) and is co-editor with Joseph Cropsey of *History of Political Philosophy* (Rand MacNally).

The new Distinguished Scholar in Residence position was created in honor of the late Scott Buchanan, first dean of the "New Program" at St. John's College. As the first Scholar in Residence Mr. Strauss will not have scheduled teaching duties. It is expected that he will primarily be a teacher of teachers at St. John's providing opportunities for tutors and students to join him in more concentrated studies. His first course is on the Socratic writings of Xenophon.

Boat Club Being Revived In Annapolis

Last spring a few students expressed interest in reviving the Boat Club in Annapolis, and they approached the staff for help in setting up a functional organization. Specifically the aid of the Development Office was requested in obtaining necessary funds for the purchase of new boats and for community interest in their project.

On September 25th, a Boat Club dinner was arranged for students Charles Berliner, Steve Burnett (commodore), Henry Constantine (student polity executor), Ronald Fielding, and Thee Smith, with staff members and President Weigle in attendance along with the Club's faculty advisor, John L. Sarkissian.

Invitations to the dinner were accepted by such sailing enthusiasts as Thomas Closs, Frederick Fraley, Arnold C. Gay, Robert Hartge, Alden Hefler, Dr. Theodore G. Osius, David Saunders, Robert Strange, and Dr. Stuart Walker, all of the Baltimore and Annapolis areas.

A tour of the boating facilities at the College by students, staff, and guests was followed by the dinner and informative discussion with specific recommendations as to the type of boat to be used and the program of coaching and instruction.

One of the most gratifying aspects of the meeting was an offer by one of the leading sailors in the area on a matching basis. To date four donors have committed a boat, including one from the Alumni Association of the College. Efforts are continuing to obtain the balance of the fleet, and persons interested in contributing to the Boat Fund should write the Annapolis Development Office.

Four St. John's students using Navy skipjacks participated in a Freshmen Meet sponsored by the Middle Atlantic Intercollegiate Sailing Association on Saturday, October 25th, and Sunday, October 26th, at the United States Naval Academy.

Miss Fletcher Receives Honorary Master of Arts Degree at Library Rededication

St. John's College in Annapolis was proud to present its librarian, Miss Charlotte Fletcher, an honorary master of arts degree during rededication ceremonies of Woodward Hall, the College library, on Saturday, October 18th.

President Weigle presented the degree after Mrs. Walter B. Driscoll, Chairman of the Board of Visitors and Governors, gave Miss Fletcher the key to the library.

Santa Fe Dean William A. Darkey, Jr., Miss Fletcher's predecessor as librarian in Annapolis and an old friend, read the citation.

The rededication ceremonies provided a most appropriate occasion for the College to express its appreciation to Miss Fletcher for her devotion and more than faithful service which helped the library serve and enhance the life of learning at St. John's.

A native of Cambridge, Maryland, she received a B.A. degree from Hollins College and a B.S. degree from Columbia University; she also possesses a certificate from the Enoch Pratt Library training school. Miss Fletcher has been with the College as librarian since 1946.

At the ceremonies greetings from the Honorary Fellows of the College—Richard F. Cleveland of Baltimore, Maryland; Paul Mellon of Upperville, Virginia; and Mark Van Doren of Falls Village, Connecticut—were read by President Weigle.

Hugh P. McGrath, a tutor with St. John's since 1948, gave the principal address. (See page 4.) A reception and tour of Woodward Hall followed the ceremonies which were part of several activities at St. John's during Homecoming Weekend. The Board of Visitors and Governors met on Friday and Saturday, and an Alumni Award of Merit to Professor Louis L. Snyder of the City College of New York was presented during Homecoming Dinner Saturday night.

Poet Van Doren composed the following poem for the rededication:

Verses For The Reconstructed Library

Of the making of great books there is no end.
Thus saith St. John, the patron of this college.
But they are few and far between; for wisdom
Is even rarer in this world than knowledge.

In the beginning there was one Word only,
And still there is but one. What does it say?
Alas, we lack the wit to disentangle
The million tunes that truth knows how to play.

Thus far at least we do. But master music
Was made for master minds, and soon or late
There may be such—who knows?—within this building,
This house of books we now rededicate.

St. John's College freshman Nancy Ruth Boyd assists students in a ceramics class at Annapolis Elementary School. Other St. Johnnies are teaching French, Spanish, and Russian during special afternoon projects at the school.

Charter Flight

After several vague starts, the charter flight project seems to be taking form. Details were announced to the alumni at Homecoming, and a flyer was sent to all alumni in October.

Participation is open to all members of the St. John's College community and their families, tutors, alumni, students and their parents, staff personnel, wives and children are eligible. The trip is planned at the time of the Annapolis spring vacation so that we can have maximum participation.

An Alitalia DC-8 jet has been reserved for our use, departing Friendship International Airport, Baltimore, on Sunday, March 22nd, for a direct flight to Milan, Italy. The return trip will depart Rome on Sunday, April 5th, and arrive at Friendship the same day. The round-trip travel will cost $235 per person.

Optional land arrangements are available for those not wishing to go it alone. For $324 per person all-hotel accommodations (deluxe), land transportation, continental breakfasts, all but two dinners, and all transfers and baggage handling are covered for the two weeks. During that time you will spend two nights in Milan, three nights each in Venice and Florence, and five nights in Rome.

Reservations are on a first come, first served basis; send in your application as soon as possible. Each application must be accompanied by a deposit of $50 for each person, with the balance due on February 23rd, 1970. Checks should be made out to "St. John's College," and applications mailed to the Alumni Office, St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland 21404. Inquiries may be sent to the same address.

Shannon to Direct Graduate Institute in 1970

James P. Shannon, vice-president of St. John's in Santa Fe, has been appointed to serve for one year as Director of the Graduate Institute in Liberal Education, in addition to his other duties. Mr. Shannon came to the Santa Fe campus as Visiting Lecturer last February and taught in the Graduate Institute during the summer. He was appointed Vice President effective September 1st.

Tutoring Program Sponsored By St. John's Wins Regional Award From Federal Office

The Southwestern Region of the Office of Economic Opportunity has presented one of three Local Initiative Awards given in a five-state area to Santa Fe Tutors, Inc., a program sponsored in part by St. John's College. Joe Tooley, who graduated from St. John's this year, is full time director of the project which seeks to assist local youngsters needing individual help in their studies. St. John's students have participated in the program since its beginning two years ago.

The Regional OEO Office established the Local Initiative Award Series in the fall of 1968. A committee of senior staff members in the office selected the award winning projects from hundreds of entries, a spokesman said. "It is largely due to St. John's that the tutorial project now exists," Mr. Tooley said. "I feel that my St. John's training helped me to become interested in tutoring," he added, noting that the College "has small classes, where concern for the individual and a sense of freedom and exploration are present."

College Exhibits At Sci-Tech '69

St. John's College participated in Sci-Tech '69 on Friday, October 31st, through Sunday, November 2nd, at the Maryland National Guard Armory in Annapolis. On display was a biology experiment and some of the primary texts St. John's students read and discuss during their four-year science program.

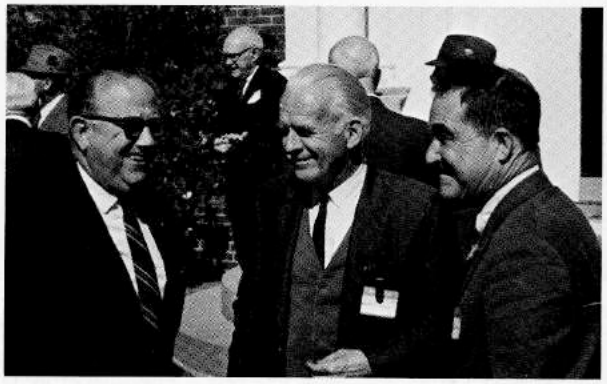
Tutor William B. Pitt was in charge of the exhibit which involved dissections.

The science and technology exhibit was sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce of Greater Annapolis to acquaint the public with scientific and technical industry in the Annapolis area. The United States Naval Academy, Anne Arundel Community College, and Catholic University of America participated with St. John's in the exhibition.

photos by Parran

ALUMNI ACTIVITIES

Luther G. Blackiston, Jr. '68 receives registration tickets from Greg Chilenski '73.



Edward J. Dwyer '30, Reginald C. Orem '29, and W. T. D. Pumphrey '32 enjoy the sun before lunch.

President Weigle opens the Woodward Hall rededication ceremonies on Saturday.

Homecoming—One For The Books

George B. Girault of the class of 1900 received his degree 69 years ago; G. Michael Anthony and his wife Meredith (Artis) graduated last June. They and almost 300 other alumni and their guests returned to Annapolis on October 18th to celebrate Homecoming.

By far the largest turn-out in at least a decade, the attendance was sparked by an interesting and diversified program. From the informal reception on Friday night into the small hours of Sunday morning, everyone who so wished was pleasantly occupied. In between there were alumni seminars (which grew to three as more participants registered), discussion of graduate schools by alumni for and with students, the business meeting, library dedication, cocktail party, and Homecoming Dinner.

The dinner, bringing together almost 400 alumni, faculty, seniors, members of the Board of Visitors and Governors, and other guests, turned the venerable old gymnasium into a gala, streamer-bedecked dining room. Despite certain minor logistic problems—this being the first meal of such magnitude served in the gymnasium—the event was a great success. The problem of protecting the playing floor, by the way, was solved by a large tarpaulin, half the cost of which was borne by the Association.

The feature of the dinner was the presentation of the Alumni Award of Merit to Louis L. Snyder of the class of 1928. Professor Snyder spoke briefly about his experiences at St. John's, about his old professors, and about the need for liberal education in this country. (See related article elsewhere.)

Great credit must be given Homecoming chairman Jack A. Nadol '57 and his committee: Henry D. Braun '59 (cocktail party), Samuel S. Kutler '56 (seminars), Nancy (Eagle) Solibakke '58 (Friday party and wives' tour), and W. Douglas Weir '57 (graduate school discussion). They planned and implemented the stimulating program; they did a fine job.

Class of 1959, clockwise from left foreground: Mrs. Harvey Goldstein, Mr. Goldstein, Charlotte King, Mrs. Juliana Rugg (College nurse), Robert W. McEnroe, Alice (Nelson) McEnroe, Peter B. Schenck (hidden), and Patience (Garretson) Schenck.

Clockwise from left rear: Helen (Turley) Wetlaufer '67, Tutor Richard Scofield, Mrs. Robert W. Mueller, Tutor Robert W. Mueller '46, and Rogers G. Albritton '45. (The head in the left foreground was not identified.)

Your Association Officers

Among other actions taken during the Annual Meeting on October 18th was the election of a new slate of officers for the Alumni Association.

Darrell L. Henry '61, Zoning Hearings Officer for Anne Arundel County, Md., was re-elected president. The new executive vice president is *William B. Athey* '32, head of a Baltimore insurance agency.

The four vice presidents are *James A. Baldwin* '58, former alumni secretary of the College and vice president of a fund-raising organization in Washington, D. C.; *Henry D. Braun* '59, regional supervisor, Maryland State Department of Juvenile Services; *Jack A. Nadol* '57, attorney in Baltimore and Washington; and *Ralph M. Schley* '36, former executive director, Howard County, Md., Community Action Council and now with HEW in Washington.

Nancy (Eagle) Solibakke '58, executive secretary of the League of Women Voters of Maryland, was elected secretary, and *William R. Tilles* '59, an account executive with IBM in Washington, was re-elected treasurer.

The new officers will hold office until the 1970 Annual Meeting. At that time, in accordance with the new By-Laws adopted at the October 18th meeting, another election must be held. (See article on By-Laws.)

Class Reunions

Again this year, class reunions were encouraged at Homecoming. The featured classes were 1909, 1919, 1929, 1939, 1944, 1949, 1959, and 1964. Only '09 was missing when the crowd gathered on the 18th of October.

From 1919 were Dr. and Mrs. Robert A. Bier, Herbert E. Fankhanel, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Hargest, Dr. and Mrs. J. Ogle Warfield, and George F. Wohlgemuth and his son, Thomas J. Wohlgemuth. The class had dinner at a nearby restaurant on Friday, and joined the other alumni on Saturday. Dr. Bier was reunion chairman.

Some members of the class of 1929 began the day on Friday with a golf game, but most did not arrive until that evening. By Saturday the following had gathered: Dr. and Mrs. Everett R. Amos, Dr. and Mrs. Richard W. Comegys (who sailed their own ketch from Oxford), Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Cozzolino (he organized the reunion), William A. Gross, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Kaplon, Reginald C. Orem, Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Phillips, and Mr. and Mrs. Sims (guests of the Cozzolinos).

The 30-year class had a small turnout, but those present seemed to enjoy themselves. Mr. and Mrs. James E. Boyle, Col. and Mrs. Edward Roache, and Frank A. White, Jr., represented 1939.

The silver anniversary class, 1944, had a small but active representation. Dr. and Mrs. David Dobreer and two daughters were joined by Dr. and Mrs. Robert A. Wilcox for the occasion.

The big group was the class of 1949, organized for the day by Jonathan E. Brooks and Allan Hoffman. In addition to the chairmen and their spouses, present were Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Bisberg, Richard M. Frank, Dr. and Mrs. Peter V. Hamill, Father J. Hilary Hayden, Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. I. Wendell Marine, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon E. McNamee, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Mongeau, and Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wallace. Dr. and Mrs. Hamill entertained the group at their home near Annapolis on Friday night.

The ten-year class, led by chairmen Henry D. Braun and William R. Tilles, also had a good attendance. Joining the festivities were Richard S. and Lorna (Borsodi) Cahall, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Goldstein, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry M. Hynson, Charlotte F. King, William E. Kline and guest, Peter B. and Patience (Garretson) Schenck, and Carol (Phillips) Tilles.

Finally, the class of 1964, five years out and holding its first reunion, was organized on rather short notice. A letter from Lowell I. Shindler helped attract Rixie (Murray) Gore, Sharon G. Kaplan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dabney

Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Shindler, Sondra (Hiller) Sterling, Barbara (Kulacki) Vona, and John F. White. Leonard C. Gore '61, J. Walter Sterling '63, and Daniel O'N. Vona '67 accompanied their wives.

Highlights Of New By-Laws

New Alumni Association By-Laws were adopted at the Annual Meeting on October 18th, the first since 1957. Although largely a bringing-up-to-date of the previous By-Laws and subsequent amendments, the new document contains certain interesting innovations.

First, the Board of Directors now includes at least one alumni tutor and one student to be recommended by the Student Polity;

Second, presidents of all chartered local, area, or regional chapters of the Alumni Association will be members of the Board;

Third, whereas the 1957 By-Laws provided for election of a president, an executive vice president, four vice presidents, a secretary, and a treasurer, the new By-Laws have as elected officers only the president, executive vice president, secretary, and treasurer. At his pleasure, the president may appoint other vice presidents, as well as assistant secretaries and assistant treasurers;

Fourth, for the first time standing committees are specifically designated. These are Alumni-College Relations, Auditing, Budget and Finance, Fund Raising, Planning, and Social Committees. Chairmen of the committees may be chosen by the president from among the Directors or from the general membership.

Louis L. Snyder '28 receives the Award of Merit from Darrell L. Henry '61, president of the Alumni Association.

Award of Merit

This year's recipient of the Alumni Award of Merit was Louis L. Snyder of the Class of 1928, professor of history at the City College of the City University of New York.

While at St. John's, Professor Snyder was editor of the yearbook, associate editor of the newspaper, *The Collegian*, and was awarded a number of academic prizes before graduation at the head of his class.

He received his Ph.D. degree in 1931 from the University of Frankfort-am-Main, and joined the faculty of the City College of New York in 1933. Snyder has been a professor of history since 1952, and a professor in the Ph.D. program since 1965.

A prolific writer, Snyder is the author of more than forty books, the latest of which are *The War: A Concise*

Graduate school discussion: W. Randall Albury '68 (left) and G. Michael Anthony '69.

Mrs. Jerry M. Hynson, Mr. Hynson '59, and Harvey G. Alexander III '61, left to right.

History, 1939-45; The Dynamics of Nationalism; and *The Making of Modern Man.* He is also an author in and general editor of the interesting Anvil Van Nostrand series of original paperbacks in history and the social sciences. Each of these inexpensive volumes contains an original analysis of some problem area, and then a section of readings containing original source materials and documents.

Professor Snyder holds membership in numerous professional and scholarly organizations. He was recently elected to the American Committee of the History of the Second World War, and was appointed to the Advisory Committee of the Committee of Federal Legislation of the New York State Bar.

Professor and Mrs. Snyder, the former Ida Mae Brown of Baltimore, make their home in Princeton, N. J.

Alumni Meet and Eat

For many years Baltimore area alumni, especially those who labor in the downtown section, have met regularly for lunch. Currently they gather on Tuesdays, about 12:15 p.m., on the second floor of Bickford's at 115 East Baltimore Street. All alumni are welcome.

Alumni in the Annapolis area have been meeting regularly since September on a monthly basis. The College caterer serves luncheon in the Baldwin Room of Campbell Hall at 12:15 p.m. on the second Friday of the month. The cost is nominal ($1.50), the conversation is stimulating, and the whole purpose is social and informative. Please call the Alumni Office before coming to lunch, or there may not be enough to eat.

Area Chapter News

David Dobreer '44, long-time head of the Southern California chapter of the Alumni Association, spent the entire week before Homecoming on the Annapolis campus. Dr. Dobreer was accompanied by his wife Kitty and two of their daughters. Sally, now a high school junior, is very interested in the College.

The New York metropolitan area chapter met for cocktails at the home of Eugene V. Thaw '47, on Wednesday, October 22nd. Francis S. Mason, Jr., president *pro tem* of the chapter, invited the New York group to meet Mr. James P. Shannon, tutor and vice president at the Santa Fe campus. In addition to Mr. Shannon and Mr. Weigle, about 30 alumni and a number of members of the Board of Visitors and Governors were present.

Alumni Room

Visitors to the "new" library building on Homecoming Day were the first to note a small brass plaque on the door of The Alumni Room. The inscription on the plaque reads simply: "The Alumni Room. In recognition of the Alumni whose gifts helped make possible the renovation of this building. October, 1969."

Located at the head of the stairs on the second floor of Woodward Hall, The Alumni Room, with glass-enclosed bookcases, will probably house part of the College's collection of rare books. Its circular table and side chairs are equally useful for study or small meetings.

Alumni Annual Giving

The 1969-1970 Alumni Annual Giving Campaign is being launched this month, Chairman Myron L. Wolbarsht '50 announced in a letter to all alumni.

Mr. Wolbarsht said he has never seen a closer relationship between the College and its alumni than now exists. He cites the successful Campaign last year, and the recent Annapolis Homecoming, as evidence of a "favorable atmosphere" for the new fund drive.

The Alumni Annual Giving Campaign for the past several years has been aimed at raising current operating funds for the College. Last year's campaign, led by William B. Athey '32, obtained a near-record amount from a record number of alumni donors.

Dr. Thomas B. Turner '21, a member of the Board of Visitors and Governors, (left) and C. Edwin Cockey '22.

CLASS NOTES

1918

Russell E. Smith and Mrs. John W. Backer were married on Saturday, August 9th, in Severna Park, Md. John F. Layng, III, son of *John F. Layng, Jr.* '23, and Mr. Smith's nephew, was best man.

1923

S. Paul Schilling has retired after 16 years on the faculty of Boston University, where he served as professor of systematic theology in the School of Theology and chairman of the Division of Theological Studies in the Graduate School. During 1969-70 he is visiting professor of systematic theology at Union Theological Seminary, Manila, Philippines, and in the fall of 1970 he is to become visiting professor of philosophical theology at Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D. C. His most recent book, *God in an Age of Atheism,* was published in September, 1969.

1925

Carter D. Messick, a retired school teacher, has run a 19-acre farm outside Annapolis for the last four years. As evidence of his faith in man's basic honesty, he operates an "honor system" produce stand on his farm. Customers select and weigh their own purchases, dropping the money in a convenient can. Mr. Messick says that mistakes generally have been in his favor.

1935

Robert H. Lampee, former advertising manager for the Houston (Tex.) *Post* and more recently western representative of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, has become director of sales for the Sacramento (Cal.) *Union.*

1936

Gilbert A. Crandall, chief of the Tourist Division of the Maryland Department of Economic Development, recently was named chairman of the Membership Services Committee of Discover America Travel Organizations. DATO is the promotion association for the domestic travel industry.

1938

Dr. *Stuart M. Christhilf* finds time from his

busy obstetrical practice in Annapolis to indulge in his hobby of play-writing. His second one-acter, *His Curdled Essence*, was performed by the Annapolis Summer Garden Theater as one of its season final offerings.

1939

Col. *M. Worthington Bordley, Jr.*, in August was named assistant chief of staff for operations for the U. S. First Army at Fort Meade, Md.

1945

Judge *George Brunn* of Berkeley, Cal., is on the board of directors of Consumers Union.

1950

James H. Riggs is currently assistant professor of art and humanities, Oklahoma State University.

1956

Faye (Councell) Polillo is teaching mathematics and algebra to the 5th, 6th, and 7th grades at Key School, Annapolis, this year. Mrs. Polillo has taught previously in an American dependents' school in Germany, in Baltimore City, and at Wroxeter-on-Severn near Annapolis.

1961

The mail just before Homecoming brought a welcome note from *Michael W. and Mary (Ryce) Ham*. In addition to their two daughters, the Hams now have a son, Ethan Michael, born July 26th. Mr. Ham is a systems consultant at the Measurement Research Center, a subsidiary of Westinghouse Learning Corporation. He is at present involved with developing a computer-managed instructional system for grades 1-12, and is also continuing his mathematics studies at the University of Iowa. Mrs. Ham is active in religious education work of the Unitarian-Universalist Society and in the League of Women Voters.

1962

A card from *Michael Elias* in October told us that the October 19th segment of "The Bill Cosby Show" was written by Mr. Elias and his comedy partner, Frank Shaw. Unfortunately, "Heidi" replaced the Show that night, so, as of this writing, we still have the fruits of Mr. Elias's work to look forward to.

1964

A nice letter from *Arlene (Andrew) Banks* reveals that she and husband *William P.* spent the summer traveling, including four weeks in England. They are now in a "new" home in Claremont, Cal., where Mr. Banks teaches psychology at Pomona College. Mrs. Banks also reminds us that *Michael Elias* '62 was in the film "The Night They Raided Minsky's."

Calvin Byles, lecturer and economist, this past summer taught a course in Free Market Economics to advanced high school students in Van Nuys, Cal. The course was sponsored by the San Fernando Valley Business and Professional Association.

Dr. *Eleanor L. Noon* and *William C. Triplett II* were married early this past summer. Mr. Triplett is a student at the University of Maryland School of Law, while Dr. Triplett is an intern at South Baltimore General Hospital.

Judith E. Stockard is working toward a master's degree in social work at the University of Maryland.

1965

Dana Allen Densmore and *Joan Chernock* spent the summer climbing Andean peaks and studying Quechua, the language of the Incas. Miss Chernock hopes to return to Peru to live and work some day; meanwhile, she works in the Projects Department of the World Bank in Washington, D. C. Miss Densmore worked for the Apollo project at MIT these past two years, and is now responsible for control of design changes implemented in programs for lunar landing missions.

The entire *Thomas G. Eaton* family are full-time students this year. Father and mother (*Florence Campbell* '64) are candidates for master's degrees in American History and American Literature, respectively, at the State University of New York at Albany. Daughter Blythe is in the first grade. The Eatons visited the Annapolis campus in September.

Neal R. Gross has joined the faculty of the Sandy Spring (Md.) Friends School to teach science, according to *Christopher H. Hodgkin* '66. Mr. Hodgkin is also on the staff of the School.

1968

Mary C. Howard writes that Union Theological Seminary is an exciting place in which to study biblical theology; her first year there was a very fruitful one.

Allison Karslake, a Santa Fe graduate, has found her way east to teach at the Key School in Annapolis. She is teaching English to the 3rd grade and has three classes in French. During the summer Miss Karslake was a counselor at the North Side Drop-In Center in Lansing, Mich.

Jinna Pegeen McLaurin and *Thomas Rie* '70 were married August 16th in the Great Hall at the College in Annapolis.

H. Stephen Morse is teaching mathematics at the Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D. C.

Steven Shore (SF) writes that he anticipates receiving his M.B.A. degree in June from the Columbia University Graduate Business School.

Stephanie Talovich (SF), her mother informs us, is now married to Gary E. Cue and resides in San Francisco.

1969

Gary Gallun and Miss Paula Harmon were married August 23rd in Scarsdale, N. Y. Mrs. Gallun attended the University of Wisconsin and the University of New Mexico. Mr. Gallun is a psychology major at Towson (Md.) State College.

Steven L. and *Carol Ann (Lightner) Tucker* (SF) are in Denver, Col., where he is studying at the University of Denver School of Law.

SEE PAGE 20 FOR LATEST CHARTER FLIGHT INFORMATION

Plan Ahead

For the benefit of those who like to plan well ahead, the following information about future Homecoming dates is provided:

1970	October 16-17
1971	October 15-16
1972	October 13-14

It is not too early to start thinking about reunion plans, either. For next year the classes of 1900, 1910, 1920, 1930, 1940, 1945, 1950, 1960 and 1965 should make a special effort to get together at Homecoming.

In Memoriam

1917—Ralph G. Beachley, Arlington, Va., January 25, 1969.

1923—William B. Crane, Rock Hall, Md., September 23, 1969.

Gerald F. Dingman, Palmer, Mass.

1926—Ernest K. Schultz, III, Baltimore, Md., July 23, 1969.

1944—Richard Devan, Washington, D. C., April 30, 1969.

1960—Joseph W. Fastner, Jr., Denver, Col., September 1, 1969.