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Sailors Ashore With Leave I

DYLER and Kimball and Matt took a taxi from their ship uptown. They went to the Seaman's House first where Matt got out; he was single and he intended to sign in there. They told him So long, and the taxidriver on Kimball's direction drove crosstown to Eighth Avenue where Kimball got out to take the subway out to where he lived in Forest Hills. Dyler way to where he lived in Forest Hills. Dyler was aware of Matt's absence. He felt that he knew Matt all the way, but something about Kimball as a man, who like himself was married, puzzled him. Kimball's third child was on the way. Three. Did children make a home, or did the good home naturally prove that it was one by children? God bless our happy heap.

When Kimball said, See you Sparks, Dyler realized with sudden caving-in that he had already parted from all the people he was used to being with, that the familiar ship with the people he knew was no longer around him.—It has deserted him. Or was it himself deserting the ship? His ship. He felt an impulse in panic to hurry back, quick, back to the ship, where he would know himself and what was going to happen. He almost called to Kimball to get back in the taxi and go up to his apartment with him to meet his wife and have a drink, or even to go in a bar and have a drink.

But Kimball was going down the steps to the subway, and anyhow the taxidriver was pulling out from the curb and asking him Where to, Mate. Dyler has controlled himself well enough. He hadn't made any motion to call Kimball back to him, not even by leaning forward in the seat, and he knew his face had stayed expressionless. The driver was waiting; he gave the man the address of his apartment.

IT was a few blocks away, in Chelsea. When they got there, he stood his seabag on the curb, and the taxidriver got out to open the trunk and get his big suitcase out for him. The driver grunted at the weight of the suitcase and had to use both hands and hold it in front of him, to get it to the sidewalk. "You got scrap-iron or something in there?" he said.

"Pieces of eight," Dyler told him. He saw the driver didn't see the joke, and he felt foolish, but he went ahead. "I'm Captain Kidd."

"Something must be awful heavy, Captin. Nice looking bag, though."

"Got that in Calcutta."

"Want me to carry one of them for you?"

"No." He gave the driver a five dollar bill and said No change, although the meter only read one fifty. And the familiar guilt came back that always twinged him at these times; he knew he never would learn not to throw away his money.

"Jeez, thank you Captain. So long."

He waited there a few seconds. Late afternoon slanted into the street. The violet hour, Dyler thought. The evening hour that strives, strives homeward and brings the sailor home from sea. But go ahead, go on in. No point in putting it off.

He hoisted the dirty white seabag that had his last name and initials, Dyler, G. V., and US Maritime Service, stencilled in black on it, to his right shoulder. He took the huge leather suitcase in his left hand and strode to the apartment house entrance. There he had to put the leather bag down again to open the door. Too much clumsy weight to lug around. And who would fardels bear.

He went on through the second door. In the lobby he stopped again. It was only because he wanted to see how the place looked.

Little change had touched it while he was on this last trip. The square ceiling-to-floor portrait of Charles II in a red jacket and plumed hat which gave this Stuart Gardens place its name, needed dusting. He thought there must be about a hundred pounds of paint on the damed picture. The fellow would have liked to see that kind of pitcure of himself. Nine hundred square feet. Wouldn't like to ship with him, he thought. He'd be one bucko mate. Dyler tipped his visored hat to the second Charles.

Down the middle of the stone paved lobby, a very faint path stretched from the glass doors to the elevator. How many foot steps had gone here since he left two hundred days

ago? He decided the flagging must be limestone, softer than other stone. Two hundred days. If you were painted on the floor, he said to the picture, I'd be glad. What do you think of that? Glad glad glad. Dyler was twenty three years old.

We went to the little foyer between the double doors, and pushed the button under the card bearing his name. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Dyler. He pushed it four times quickly. That was a signal to her, if she was in. "When the buzzer goes four times, honey, you'll know your husband's arrived."

Three trips ago he had told her that. She had been brushing her hair, while he sat on the edge of the bed. She took a few more strokes and laid the brush down. She looked in the mirror to see him, sitting dressed for departure behind her. "This trip is just going to take six weeks, Gordon?"

"About that long."

"Maybe it won't take that long?"

"Be six weeks at the minimum. The weather might be bad, we might be held up in Liverpool . . ." He had sounded rougher than he meant, but an emotional farewell was foolish. It was all right during the war of course; in fact necessary, and he would cling to her so hard that she would gasp. She had been the casual one then. Now there were no more torpedoes. Each trip was merely a trip. While he was at home, she asked him to get a shore job, saying the Merchant Marine did not need men vitally any more now that the war was over, and that he could get a far better paying job ashore. Each time he left he had to maneuver her out of breaking into tears.

His suitcase was still on the sidewalk. He brought it in, banging the doubledoors cheerfully, and catching up the seabag, strode down the corridor to the elevator. But there he swallowed, and forbore from touching the button in its bronze panel. His palms began to sweat.

It was always like this when he came back. During the voyage, he often dreamed about her when he was sleeping; waking, ninety percent of his thoughts were about her. Yet when he got back always came this identical reluctance, why, why, why, to go up to the rooms where she waited. Had been waiting, for the ship that carried him off to bring him back.

Damn you, he said, don't stand here. He pushed the button to bring down the automatic elevator, and looked at the indicator to watch the hand circle around.

But the pointer was sweeping to the right. The elevator was going up, and it stopped at the fifth floor. That was the floor he lived on. The pointer quivered, and swung back past the Roman numbers.

A man stood in the elevator. He started forward but he paused when he saw Dyler and the two men for an instant faced each other.

The other had a Hollywood Latin face, and a neat mustache. He wore a sport hat with a little red feather in the brim, and a yellow shirt. His clothes were very gay, no doubt from some expensive men's style shoppe. He wore them oddly however. His flowered necktie was twisted, the left sleeve of his jacket was stuck above the shirt cuff, and he had buttoned only one of the three large buttons of his jacket. Very sloppy, Dyler thought. He was certain he had seen him before.

"Oh," the man said. "I thought—minute I thought you were a policeman. That Navy officer uniform, you know."

"Maritime Service," Dyler grunted.

The man started forward again, and this time he kept goin. He was in a hurry.

Going up in the elevator, Dyler took off his hat. He knew then why he thought he had seen the man before. The man looked like the portrait of Charles of the house of Stuart down in the lobby.

He reached the fifth floor and the door of his apartment, the door labelled E3, the door to open and find his wife.

He took his key from his pocket and unlocked the door and there she was.

After a moment he released her and brought his luggage in and she closed the door. She was taking his hat, his coat with the gold ringed sleeve, telling him how wonderful he looked so tanned and clean, kissing him again, bringing a glass and a bottle.

"Don't get so excited," he laughed. "You'll be having kittens."

"Do you want ginger-ale? Soda? There's both here. Or just plain water?"

He followed her to the kitchen, taking the glass and bottle. She was wearing a housecoat. He came up behind her as she stooped getting icecubes out of the refrigerator and slapped her. She squealed. Her voice started up on a breathless ragged note that she stopped at once.

"Why, you're nervous."

"Just excited," she said. The ice cubes tray clattered on the table. "Oh I've been thinking and thinking about you getting back and now you're here."

The whiskey bottle was only half full. It was a brand he liked very much, that had been rare all during the war. "Say where'd you find this?"

"I don't know. I telephoned and telephoned trying to find it for you and finally one place said they had it. They sent it up here."

"Well thanks." He read the smug elaborate description on the label, and grinned. "They say it's good whiskey," he said. "It says it here."

"In small print?"

"Gosh no, in big print." The bottle was a fifth, and it was half empty. "You say you got it yesterday?"

"Yes." She sang. "Only yesterday, only yesterday . . . you were far away, tra la la—See, I make up lyrics too."

"Yeah." He put his hands in his pockets and turned away. "You had a party I guess. Who's been helping you drink it?"

"Why what are you talking about!"

"Why what are you taking about.—I asked you who's been helping you drink it."

"For goodness sake, George Doss and Bill and Anna Whitfield were here for about two hours yesterday, and Malcolm Spurgeon came in while they were here. You know them all."

"I don't know any Dosses. I don't know any Spurgeons."

"Oh, stop it. You met them both at the Whitfields, and we all went to see . . . All right. You don't know them." She poured whiskey into his glass over the icecubes, and ginger ale into the whiskey. "Here."

Then he remembered the man who had got out of the elevator. He faced her. "Who else was here? Who was up here just before I came up?"

"What!"

Why did she have to squawk like that? "You heard me. Put the damned glass down and answer me."

"Who was up *here*?"

He waited.

She closed her eyes and pushed at her hair with the back of her hand. She gave him a wide happy smile. "Why nobody, dear. Nobody was up here."

He would have believed her if she had not smiled that way. It was the look of impossible total innocence.

"That rgiht?" He came up to her and seized her arm in his powerful fingers. The smile died from her face. "When I came up, somebody was leaving the fifth floor in one hell of a hurry. Who was he?"

"How should I know? People come and go on the fifth floor all day long."

He stared straight into her eyes. "He was scared, too. He thought I was a policeman."

She opened her mouth and closed it. Her face was going white. Her arm was not much bigger than the suitcase handle. "You're hurting me, you're hurting me! And I was so glad you were back and oh ho ho ho ho ho ho."

He let her go. She sank down on a blue and white metal kitchen stool and wept.

"Lena if it was anybody, I don't care, but just for Christ sake tell me."

She made no answer. He stood over her a moment, seeing the black and heavy hair that she loved to brush glisten on her shaking shoulders. He growled and turned away.

The drink she had mixed stood on the table. He started to drink it down, but the ice tinkled cherrily against the glass, and he poured it in the sink.

HE wandered into the living room and sat down in a chair by the window. Southwest the tangled blocks of Chelsea went toward the river. The river led to the sea where there were ships and clean wind. Then the man in the yellow shirt hadn't been up here after all. But if he had she would never tell him. Unsurety was what he got for working on a ship unless he would himself commit an act of believing. He felt the grooved callus on his finger, middle finger, left hand, from many hundreds hours of sending code. Dyler, G. V., Radio Operator. He shipped out, he came back, she was there waiting, but he could have no answer of who came while he was at Calcutta or Cherbourrg. "I married you, didn't I?" she had flared out at him once. "Yes, you married me. You married me when I was nineteen years old and—" "Go ahead, tell me about the submarines again. Why don't you get a job here where you can stay and watch me? Nobody's making you ship out." And so he had to give himself assurance, for she would not. But then any man is a potential cuckold if he refuses be-

lief. Buy it at Walgreen's?——And how could *they* have any children?

Afterwhile Dyler got up and went to the kitchen and laid a hand on her shoulder. She was rubbing where he had gripped her arm. He said Lena, and when she did not answer, again, Lena. She looked up sulkily. He wished he knew her better; he could tell then if she was angry and how deep it went, or whether she would stop sulking at him and be friendly. He poured himself a drink, straight whiskey.

The ice cubes had melted in their tray on the table. He attempted to put the tray back into the refrigerator, but he could not make it slide in.

She got up and took the tray and poured the water out. She put fresh water in it, and slipped it into the freezing compartment.

She's all right now, he decided. Maybe she was crying in the first place only because I hurt her arm. I don't know. Damned if I do.

SHE went into the bathroom and put cold water on her face. He followed her in there and gave her a towel. She returned to the living room; he followed her there. At the telephone she paused. "Shall I call the Whitfields and ask them over tonight?"

"Yes," he said. "Sure, ask them over. Let's you and I go out for supper first."

"I'll tell them to make it about nine." While she waited for the Whitfields to answer their telephone, she hummed a song. Only yesterday: you were far away. He put his arm across her shoulders. She was all right now. He felt relaxed and keen now (anticipating later after the Whitfields had gone home) and he knew it would hold as long as it should, which would be until he shipped out again. This trip had been much longer than the usual ones. Long or short, some shock was unavoidable before they got back into harmony again. Zero beat. She was talking to Anna Whitfield and stroking the short hair on the back of his neck. He would not wait until the Whitfields had left. When she put down the telephone, he lifted her and carried her to their bedroom.

LATER he stood by the window waiting for her to choose what hat she would wear to the cafe for supper. They were going to the best place he knew . . . . Standing where he was now, he was able to see a part of the river, the mouth of the Hudson, flowing to the promised ocean. For mariners sail home and out again. Because there is the ocean, the seamen will provide themselves with ships; as events had come about, Dyler's work was there.

—*Ballard*

Religion Within The Limits of Reason Alone

When Kant asked "is religion within the limits of reason alone possible?", he was asking a question which the Greek Philosophers would have considered meaningless; between Plato and Kant there lie significant and fundamental differences as to what the limits of reason are. The lecturer treated these differences and their evolution as they appear in the concept of Intentions.

Intentions is the activity of the understanding in signifying. This activity is of two kinds which are distinguishable by their objects. First Intentions are the activity of the understanding by which it understands things by signs. Second Intentions are the activity of the understanding by which it understands the signs by which it signifies.

Aristotle had no necessity for such distinctions. For him the significant activity of the understanding is "touching and saying." This touching is truth; for the eidos which is the eternal being is grasped in nous (intellect) by a kind of intellectual vision. This is the highest truth for man: eidos can never be adequately defined, and the truth of propositions is of a lesser order. Because that which is is knowable, the Greek world is an intelligible world.

Christian revelation, on the contrary, is based on the assumption that the highest being cannot be seen. No intellectual intuition of God is possible; indeed, intellectual intuition of anything may be impossible. It was on this assumption that the nominalists made the study of signs (Intentions) important. Since the intellect cannot touch essences, names signify only indirectly. In attempting to understand uniformly accelerated motion, Galileo studied a sign. His famous distance-time triangle was a device which made it possible for him to understand relationships which were otherwise obscured in "the dark labyrinth" which the world had become.

In his attempt to discern truth by doubting, Descartes aided in the separation of the understanding from the world: a concept belongs to a thing only as that by which it is known to the mind. Descartes doubted his senses, and so he was forced to ask whether his ideas referred to anything at all or were merely Second Intentional. Only by reference to an "undeceiving God", was he able to substitute Second for First Intentions without robbing thought of all significance.

The work of Locke and Berkeley emphasized the difficulty of establishing the true relationship of mind to the world, until with Hume's doubt of the validity of cause and effect relationships, any connection became extremely tenuous. Impressed with the necessity for finding a way out of Hume's dilemma, Kant set out to settle the whole affair by establishing criteria to which all philosophies would have to answer. For Kant the whole interest of reason is on three questions: 1. What can I know? 2. What should I do? 3. What should I hope for? The Critique of Pure Reason which answers to the first of these questions is the prerequisite to understanding the problem at hand.

Kant doesn't deny that the mind cannot "see things". All we can say is that we sense something - something is given to our senses - an intuition. This constitutes the stuff of our knowledge. For Plato and Aristotle the intellect looks at things, and the intellect "sees" being. Kant, on the other hand, says that the understanding cannot see, and although the senses can supply phenomena, they cannot supply knowledge. But we do know. The only possible source of knowledge is the thinking subject itself, the way it receives sense impressions of things through the forms of Time and Space, and the activity of judgment by which the data of sense experience are brought under the forms of thought. For example, I think the concept of falling bodies by Causality. Similarly, all concepts are Second Intentional, inasmuch as they are determined categorically.

But Reason is tempted to go beyond these concepts of the Understanding into the realm of the unconditional. The Critique of Pure Reason exposes this attempt for what it is. Reason cannot attain knowledge by Reason alone, but its ideas have value, nevertheless, if understood for what they are. Reason can solve the problems which Reason itself raises.

The second of Kant's questions, that of morality, is the most important for him. The basis of morality is the fact of moral obligation: the idea of Ought. Man as a moral person transcends the conditioned. This unconditioned thing-in-itself has Freedom. It is the Categorical Imperative, which originates within and refers only to the thinking subject himself, which is the principle of Duty. Thus a moral act must be done out of respect for the self-imposed duty itself without reference to any possible benefit to be derived from the act. Morality, then, does not need religion at all. This contradicts the Judaic and Christian belief in law and grace as given by God which makes revelation necessary.

What place can religion have for Kant? The answer lies in the third of his questions: "What should I hope for?" Virtue is acting in accordance with moral law; Reason requires that virtue be rewarded, if not in this life then sometime. God alone can accomplish this rewarding. Kant's rational religion is moral conduct which requires nothing of God (Christ, for Kant, was a fellow teacher of Rational Morality). However advantageous to humanity the Scriptures may be, they teach nothing that could not have been derived by Reason; furthermore, the requirements of morality should be accepted only on the grounds of pure practical Reason itself.

Kant was not alone in his heresy. The belief in a rational religion was widespread in his time and numbered among its followers Thomas Jefferson. Today a great many persons, including many Protestants, do not accept the fundamental dogmas of the church which require belief in revealed truth. The problem of the possibility of Religion within the Limits of Reason Alone remains for us.

Mr. Smith's lectures are notable for their clear, forceful delivery, and for their scholarly organization and presentation. They exemplify the lecture as a means of teaching. This lecture was up to standard in these respects; however, the attempt to simplify a thesis in order to make it understandable often sacrifices the force of the thesis. In this case, the historical treatment, while it made readily understandable in what way the problem comes to be important, seemed to weaken the handling of the problem itself. The listener was left with the feeling that the lecture ended abruptly - before enough had been said. Also, the reference to the concepts of Descartes and Kant as Second Intentional seems to be a dangerous oversimplification

which tends to obscure the meanings of these philosophers. However, this procedure may be justified as an accommodation of means to the end.

Morris Parslow

Winged Words

Mr. Kieffer opened his lecture on tradition with a few remarks on the tradition of lectures. St. John's, he pointed out, has tried to avoid succumbing to the temptation of substituting formal lectures for work in the classroom by restricting them exclusively to the Friday night meetings, an announcement which may have come as a surprise to some members of this year's student body. The President listed three general categories of St. John's lectures: those in which experts discuss subjects in which they specialize, those in which non-experts pursue certain problems connected with the program and those, usually given by members of the faculty, in which the lecturer endeavors to explain the curriculum or certain phases of it.

Mr. Kieffer predicted that his lecture would fall within the third category. Actually, it belonged to all three: As President of the College, he had some important things to say about the twofold relation of the Great Books to tradition (their reading constitutes "traditional education" and they initiate the student to the tradition in which he lives); as a non-expert on tradition he discussed its nature and several of its aspects; and, as an expert on the trivium, he made his three pets do some astounding new tricks.

Mr. Kieffer's introductory comment on tradition was that it is the reverse, not the opposite, of progress. The antithesis of tradition and progress is a false one, he said. Tradition is "the movement of man's mind through time"; there is no progress without tradition and no tradition without progress. Newton said as much when he explained that he had seen more than others because he stood on the shoulders of giants. As a striking example of the progressiveness of tradition, Mr. Kieffer remarked that during the past two hundred years, the attitude of revolt, of antitraditionalism, has become traditional.

Another misconception about tradition exposed by Mr. Kieffer was its equation with history. Today we are liable to fall prey to the danger of historicity: The facile division of history into ancient, medieval and modern times, or the more sophisticated classifications of Spengler and Toynbee, mislead us into thinking of complete historic periods, each having its own tradition, and into believing that we can understand them as separate units whose respective "traditions" have no relevance to our own. But history is only the grammar of tradition, the set of elements which compose it. History stops yesterday, while tradition continues not only through successive historic periods, but through the present. Thus the Great Books are in a very real sense a part of our world today.

After two statements of what tradition is not, the President proceeded to say what it is, on the basis of its ethmology: It is the handing on of human knowledge from generation to generation. This process was accomplished at first through speech alone. Later, writing developed, resulting both in a gain and a loss to tradition: the former by freeing it of its dependence on human memory, the second by introducing a false security which reduced the incentive for the passing on of knowledge and a fixity which became a source of misunderstanding.

Mr. Kieffer reminded his audience of the tragic fact that the unity which human knowledge has in the mind must be broken up before it can be transmitted. For it is not knowledge that is handed from man to man, but the representation of knowledge. Not ideas are passed on, but symbols of ideas, winged words flying through time, carrying on the tradition. Thus grammar, rhetoric and dialectic are the handmaids of trradition: The first readies the winged words for flight, the second actually sets them in motion, the third makes sure they are properly received by those for whom they are intended.

Reverting from a discussion of tradition in general to the particular one with which we are concerned at St. John's, Mr. Kieffer repeated the question raised by Mr. Northrop in "The Meeting of East and West". Are we not proud and provincial, Northrop asks, in refusing to recongnize the challenge of the Oriental tradition to the value of our own? He answers in the affirmative, but suggests the possibility of a synthesis between the two traditions achieved some day by the top men in each. Similarly, Mr. Kieffer said, it is lack of time, not the failure to recognize their importance, which is responsible for the omission of books outside the Western tradition from our reading list.

Mr. Kieffer then exemplified his remarks by considering three Greeks who were both products and makers of tradition, Homer, Euclid and Plato.

Homer, who, in a sense, laid the cornerstone of our Western tradition, himself stood late in the tradition of the rhapsodes, of the epic poets who wove the rhetoric of their stories out of the grammar of traditional literary formulas and recited them according to a special, traditional technique. In the case of Homer, these stories - which were created rather than rephrased by him, since their historical accuracy is seriously doubted - in turn became part of the tradition, as did his theology, which, in important ways, differed radically from the one prevalent at his time.

Euclid, again, was the culminating point of Greek mathematical tradition. He summarized it, and his summary furnished the grammatical material on the basis of which mathematical problems have been solved throughout the ages. Analytic mathematics, for instance, would have been impossible without the synthetic method of which Euclid was the great expounder.

Plato especially, according to Mr. Kieffer, is a great example of a special tradition within a general one, of equal importance with respect to tradition as the body of knowledge which is handed on, and to the method of its transmission. Plato founded a school, and his teaching tradition lasted for nearly nine centuries.

In concluding, Mr. Kieffer pointed out some of the dangers inherent in tradition. Since it is the handing on of the product of the mind (this was perhaps the most satisfactory of the various definitions offered throughout the lecture), it also carries along the symbolic ambiguity of the mind. Mr. Kieffer also warned his listeners not to look for tradition in the actual seats of political power, for, as Plato tells us in the Republic, the Philosopher King is but a heavenly pattern. On the other hand, we must not ignore philosophy - i. e., tradition - as a force in the shaping of politics or any other practical art. Thus Mr. Kieffer elegantly furnished himself with an opportunity to close his lecture as it behooves the President of a Liberal Arts College: by suggesting to his listeners that they consider the preeminence of the liberal over the mechanical arts and conduct themselves and their studies accordingly.

The question period raised a number of interesting problems, such as whether the end of political action is economic prosperity, whether liberal education is good for everybody, and why the application of numbers is restricted to measurable quantities, none of which, interestingly enough, had any direct bearing on the subject of the lecture. This was probably indicative of the fact that tradition is hardly ever thought of for its own sake. Yet this is a curious thing, for tradition, if we consider it not only as the process of handing on but also that which is handed on, is perhaps the greatest single factor in shaping human destinies. It is everywhere: In the arts, the sciences, in religion, philosophy, ethics, in the books we read and the clothes we wear, in the wars we fight and the laws we make, in the thoughts we think and even in the feelings we have. On the other hand, tradition is nothing: It is completely amoral, mixing good and bad alike, is neither wise nor stupid, both new and old; it is not a quality, nor a condition, not an art and not a science, nor is there anything with which together it might form a distinct category of things or concepts. It is a by-product of human thought and action, yet men cannot control it. It is the ladder on which men climb upwards and the weight which pulls them down. It is the great neutralizer, the universal ID; at any rate, it is worth being given more thought than it has traditionally received.

Peter Weiss

Traditions other than 'Liberal'

1. The Economic Traditions.

Tradition is both progress and a reaching back. It is aptly expressed by Mr. Kieffer as progress of Man's mind in Time. Hence it is related to History. We see that History becomes a "grammar of Tradition," while it is at the same time contemporary. Always there is new and continued discovery of past traditions, e. g. the rediscovery of Aristotle in the time of St. Thomas.

Mr. Kieffer indicated that we comprehend literary traditions, traditions of drama, poetry and those of religion, science and mathematics. Besides these perhaps we should be able to define those that are likewise material.

I should like to propose that the actions of man today are the result of economic traditions, which become therefore the binding synthesis of the material traditions of life. Mr. Kieffer seems to attach little if any importance to these material traditions. In the question period he made the point that the mere means of subsistence are not important to man in any real sense; temporal existence is not an end for which men strive. Somebody held that eating and drinking are completely irrelevant;—In other words, that a standard of existence is unimportant.

One can argue that men subjected to prison have often produced the greatest philosophical or scientific works; but one must realize that a man in prison is completely free from providing for himself; he is handed his food and supplied his bed.

Mr. Barr last year pointed out that Mr. Toynbee illustrates civilizations which are wholly involved in subsisting, as not progressing culturally in either thought or science.

So we see that the economic traditions of slavery, feudalism capitalism free-enterprise, economic democracy, communalism, scientific socialism etc, are eqaul, if not one sense, prior in importance to the specific traditions that Mr. Kieffer defined.

It is true that these economic traditions do not in themselves determine man's contemporary life but they are the factors in it, and are enunciated by the Great Thinkers, who themselves are inheriting and comprehending the traditions of the past.

What does it mean to say that Tradition, though it is past, contemporary, and indicative of the future, has nevertheless a stabilizing effect on society? It means exactly what has been said above: that the past traditions determine the contemporary, which in turn determine the progress that Mr. Kieffer adroitly associates with Tradition.

We have seen that "History is the grammar of Tradition." One might mistakenly interpret this grammar to mean the same as is here defined as the material economic traditions. I do not believe that Mr. Kieffer would wish to say this. Perhaps the "grammar of Tradition" is rather expressed by the worn phrase "the way of life." At least man's social, economic and political activity is the motif of Tradition, the raison d'etre.

2. Political Traditions

The economic traditions that we have been speaking of find expression in the political traditions of Government or Commonwealth. To Mr. Kieffer political powers are illusions.

Hobbes, Adam Smith, Marx, Ghandi, are all formulators of the political traditions, they are all bound to draw on the economic as well as directly political traditions of their past and contemporary ages. These men are authors of Great Books just because they are tackling the problems of Man in Society. Therefore the fact that the liberal artist is the prime ruler of social and human activity does not in itself negate political power or justify terming it as illusory.

The Authors draw, it is true, on some of the specific traditions of thought, as on science, mathematics, religion, but they are all primarily concerned with the preservation and subsistence of Man. They depend for the accomplishment of this commonwealth or community government, on man's faculty of reason.

Hobbes adopts Absolute Sovereignty, certainly a form of political power, as his determining principle of Commonwealth. Marx adopts the potential and actual power of labouring man and Ghandi the principle of individual hand labour for the subsistence of the Small Community. All likewise realize the necessity of political action through man's faculty of reason, in order to attain their ends; Hobbes through Covenant, Marx by Revolution, Ghandi by Religious Non-violence.

I am not saying that the end of Man is in itself mere preservation. However a standard of life is necessary before Man can search for the higher or more absolute ends. This is easy to comprehend, for Man cannot institute literary traditions, poetical traditions, traditions of drama, of religion, of science, without first, not only communication between each other, but also the ability to live together and provide together, necessitating some form of political power, be it majority, aristocracy, or monarchy.

Mr. Kieffer was relating Tradition in general to the Liberal Arts Tradition at St. John's College. He defined it as the handing on, perfectly or imperfectly, of human knowledge, and closed with the advice to consider the importance of the "liberal" over the "mechanical" traditions.

In these paragraphs the importance of one over the other is not disputed. Rather, the attempt is to arrive at the end for which the somewhat intangible Traditions of Man are directed. This end is the way in which men should live through time. The economic and political traditions are as necessary to this end as all others.

Peter Davies

Alchemy II

Horror coils at the root of great drama; our attraction to it completes the possibility of purgation. Even Satire turns dragon in Jonson and smashes its glass prison of impersonal wit with an exultant brutality. Only fools like ourselves could find it funny. Engrossed, we fail to discover that it is our conscienceless laughter that condemns us to prod the beast and renew the flight time without end until we turn to encounter our own disgust.

The laughter which detaches us from this ugly plot as merely spectacular and the embarrassment with which we receive the conspirator's final familiar leer lead as directly as pity and fear into the central dilemma from which understanding arises in the fine arts. There is no real evasion. Plainly put, we have been seduced by the bawdry of a shameless playwright. We have all been made out fools, indistinguishable from Abel Drugger, Honest Nab or Dapper, the lawyer's clerk. We have stuffed ourselves at the feast of the Queen of Fairy and strutted home lords of countless acres of fairyland. Fortunately the fumigation was designed strong and the beards of barbels and peacock tongues may cause a purgative cramp.

Jonson made laughter at Lovewit the hardest to stomach. Last down, it is first up. We mistook him when we hastily assumed that Lovewit was merely rolled on the stage as a fifth wheel to give us more and dirtier laughs. We find we can loathe him almost the minute the curtain is down. The structure of the last act leaves us precariously near this discovery every moment he is on the stage and yet does not spare us the humiliation of having laughed with him. The baldness of his invitation to abandon shame and turn profligate may help us to purge the emotions experienced in the theatre, but only by reflection outside.

The play then is not completed with the performance. Since we take part in it, it requires hindsight for us to achieve the stasis in which the aesthetic understanding operates. Neither the laughter nor the disgust is the whole, but both at once. Our escape from revulsion during the performance of the last act depends on the rapid manipulation of the plot. Jonson drags the formula of the rescued maiden and triumphant virtue herringwise across the events. Expecting the master to bring justice, we substitute the rout of Doll and Subtle for their punishment because we do not notice they have escaped the consequences of their villainy by leaving behind the spoils and loading the blame on Face. The judgment of each of the others proceeds so rapidly we scarcely observe the judge, masquerading as Jeremy Butler. It is only when the profit of the sordid venture is suddenly thrust at us in the last few lines that we become aware of what we have condoned. Then we revolt at the prospect of dinner with Lovewit and Face, the former most probably showing his innocent bride the latest in dirty postcards, and his innocent bride most probably enjoying it.

Until the epilogue, recalling the admonition of the prologue, arrests the kinetic experience of the play, we tend to serve as a pitiable chorus, greeting each natural folly with a crude laugh, a contemptuous judgement that knows no implication in folly, no complex sorrow. One fears that Face's special delight in his disarming invitation at the last is to know that many will accept. The only occasion on which Face snares a fresh victim in our sight is when we are that victim. He relies on our confidence in our knowledge of him to deceive us when lauh, a contemptuous judgment that knows he makes his disingenuous confession. He expects us to forgive and try to share the booty as his newest guests and gulls. The ultimate inpact of the play is built on this ironic treatment of the audience, their inclusion within the play by the direct address of the prologue and epilogue. Quite understandably Mr. Killorin's attempt to speak these speeches with the proper bite was muzzled by Mr. Landau's more epicurean inclinations. It is less excusable, perhaps, that Lovewit was in no way repulsive. However, it is the proper function of the director, as of the man of politics, to persuade his audience by gentle stages to pass from the familiar to the

remotely terrible or beautiful. Jonson might have failed with us altogether if Mr. Landau had dared or cared to send his audience home with bloody heads. This is Hamlet's genial error: his technique will succeed only in the hands of prophets.

Instead we must rely on our own capacity to integrate the experience to which we have been subjected. At once obvious things insist on notice. Abel Drugger, played with amiable simplicity by Mr. W. C. Davis, changes from a contemptible ass to a person whose naive trust and obedience demand our affection. Yet we, who have participated in the harsh judgment passed on his credulity and presumption, know how ineluctable that judgment is. A similar comment serves for Dapper, a more greedy, more punished idiot. The elegant Mr. Opie astonished the college appearing as a clown and spending half the play locked in the privy. In both these cases the easy callousness of our first laugh protects us from lapsing into sentimentality in retrospect. Their stature, even as minor characters, transcends the merely ridiculous or merely pathetic.

The unctuous hypocrisy of Tribulation and the pomposity of Kastril come off harder in the play. Paltry facades more easily retain our contempt. Messrs Brockhuizen and Ewell, most competent players, were overshadowed only by the brilliance of Mr. Mueller's Ananias. The withered and withering staccato of the exiled Saint permitted him to alter the test, in the spirit of Jonson to make topical allusion to the alchemy of Humphrey's Hall. The ferocity of the interpretation and the grossness of his fraud left him without our pity, as Jonson intended. These three barren and petty poseurs move us not at all. Without faith, they command no love.

The reexamination of the play hinges on our understanding the role of Subtle. Mr. Albritton, at his best in the first act, convincingly combined rage with cowardice, obscenity with theology. Throughout the innumerable variations played on the theme of the persuasive power of a man who has himself lost faith, Mr. Albritton explored every possible extreme in order to establish its limits. ——— In the later acts there were occasions when he relieved a supposed tedium in the verse by a gesture, an eyebrow or an attitude that to the prompter seemed more like the repertory of the vaudeville stage than the legitimate theatre. Yet of course the Alchemist is an artist, but in a vaudeville show. The line is not easily drawn. Beatrice Lillie, singing a sentimental song, Mr. Eliot in his earlier verse, know this gift of inspiring an effect and deriding it, asserting and denying at the same moment. Mr. Albritton justly understood this as the character of Subtle. He attempted to maintain it constantly, succeeded often and when he exaggerated most, still carried his eager audience into enthusistic laughter.

In the first act especially we are not allowed merely to conceive of Subtle as a less rascally Jeremy, a more devious Face. Of all the characters in the play, Subtle has a history. A man of learning who has amassed a fabulous vocabulary in an art in which he has little if any faith, he has become a total failure before he meets Face. A perfect instrument, he is really much more to be grouped with Epicure and Surly, than according to our first inclinations, with Face. We meet him first at bay, snarling at Face, his creature, whose creature he is. He is not free, can never achieve the freedom he half wants. At once we encounter the persistent contrasts he represents in his symbols without referents, rhetoric embodying a patent fake, faith and fraud indissolubly blended.

The primitive design of the work sets him between Epicure's blind trust and Surly's blind doubt. Mr. Benedict's Surly was slightly mannered, but it realized not only the name itself but also innocent and barren belief in plain speaking which institutes Surly's disaster. Mr. Landau self performed a feat of the greatest difficulty in taking on Epicure at the last moment when his constant efforts to fill this fantastic role had been unsuccessful. This decision proved the only way at the end to maintain the proper harmony of conception among the principal players. He carried the finest lines in the play across to his audience so directly that they had no occasion to quibble over his inability to live up to the terrible dimensions of the character. Above all, his participation permitted the leading quintet to work with practised abandon throughout the whole center of the play.

Mr. Landau gave us the relation of Epicure, Surly and Subtle perhaps best in the lecture scene when Subtle attempts to convert the heretic. The insight with which heavy cuts

were made in the text boldly left Subtle's immense speech on Alchemy. Mocking Subtle pleads, framed by Epicure's bobbing assent and Surly's doze. If only by this type of expression the King William Players' production showed at once how little the slickness of Broadway has to offer in contrast to the imagination and intelligence of college theatre. Mr. Landau's sense of the play here revealed what is certainly not obvious: the involvement of all three of these characters in a problem that haunts our day. We are all invariably Face's victims till we begin to accertain its limits. Epicure ends in blank despair, preaching the end of the world from a turnip cart; Surly in appalling and appropriate reversal. Mr. Benedict adopted just the right tone of embittered regret, speaking his last line. Surly is unaware he is speaking to Face. As close to him as he is ever likely to come again, he says, "Must I needs cheat myself with that same foolish vice of honesty? That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him." The ambiguity of these words is deliberate. A duped audience, Face's guests, might picture him as a blasted innocent, but the pun on "face" (so constantly repeated elsewhere) makes it apparent that Surly will adopt Face's ways to fight Face. World conquerors we might recognize ourselves.

It is important to appreciate that Subtle's defeat is an escape for which he has been obscurely planning. The reversal of his plans, however, ironically betters his escape by freeing him from the loot. For insofar as he has been the artist, he has been disinterested and this ambiguous freedom constitutes his dignity. But his final threat to Face shows the extent of his involvement:

> "Rogue, I'll hang myself
> That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
> And haunt thee in the flockbed and the buttery."

Mr. Killorin's exposition of the Captain, his magical transformations of face and speech and posture, kept us in hilarious amazement at each repetition. If Mr. Albritton brought a rare understanding and irony to his part, Mr. Killorin combined these same faculties with a lack of self-consciousness that is the token of a remarkable talent. The devil himself, for whom the role was created, could not have realized it more persuasively, more terribly. Mr. Killorin rejected every occasion to misplay the role, to humanize the Captain and bind us to him by ties other than our own cold blood.

If a few could have suspected from the Duchess of Malfy that Mr. Killorin could play a comic as well as a tragic devil, none would have been able to predict that Mrs. Bays, just recently established as a Duchess in tragedy would become a queen in comedy. Whether as Queen of Fairy, a poor baron's daughter with the seeds of nobility, or just Doll Common, she played with a vivid vulgarity. The function of Doll is primarily an adjunct to Epicurre's insanity. In the superb love sequence and especially the mad scene, Mrs. Bays' performance was a riotous success. Her studied crudity made real Epicure's immersion in the fantasies of his mania.

The keen response of the audience to all the innumerable excellences of this production, its tolerance of the very few lapses, make clear just how vigorous Jonson's art is. Nor was it simply the splendid hip-hitch Mrs. Bays achieved as Doll, nor the leaning Thurber poses of Mr. Albritton, that finally demonstrated its elasticity. Indeed, Mr. Killorin's performance as Face, the most brilliant of them all, was entirely within the conventions of the repertory theatre. The persistent appeal of the play is not even in the ease with which parallels may be drawn to it in this day, but rather in the reach of those parallels in Jonson's day and ours. There are perennial paths to the Philosopher's Stone and new alchemists, disciples of Satan Trismegistus, whisper our pillows each night. Yet the play would be as feeble as Moliere's early farces, if it did no more than ridicule the weakness of the times, or all times. It has already been indicated that the play insists on another reading. For if Jonson simply despised alchemy and the fools it attracted, why did he lavish such devoted attention on its every phase and phrase, mystical, metaphysical, phsyical and rhetorical? It is not without love for the things it derides. Jonson himself is in part the Alchemist. From his power of detachment was born the laughter, but the laughter ends in horror. The shock techniques of the Elizabethan theatre invite our misconception. Volpone and Mosca, Lovewit and Face, Shakespeare's Iago and Webster's Cardinal are fabled monsters, almost allegorized ideas. Yet no abstract terms

suffice to state their familiar diabolic powers. Thus to name the nameless the Elizabethan theatre reconceived the drama, thrust upon us as spectactors the task of wrestling with the dark powers for our own purgation.

The art of the King William Players, seemingly black because it conjures the devil, made this encounter possible. Their intelligent understanding of the particular humour of their parts, separated from the whole, enabled them to match their roles constantly to one another in order to achieve the deliberate unity intended by Jonson. This hard cooperative labor, especially among the principal characters, produced a self-sufficient entity whose achievement sustains the questions it raises. The reality of this experience is welcome after the post mortem discussion inevitably praticed here in the higher medicine. If as has been suggested in this review, the accomplishment of the performance was to capture, or only corner, the Erinnys for an evening to purge us of some of our facile illusions, then there was no more liberating activity on the campus last year.

Robert Bart

MY gymnastic lady exerciseth not,
Nor there among the variant horses expires.
She thinks, devours, nor within the forest strives,
Nor prior to listing thinketh what, or what.
For hath *she* wisdom, wisdom were not slave;
She keeps no slave nor does she shrill,
Nor trouble my sleep with tendril grips, nor yell
At me, nor would at thee.
O, I would have thy company,
And, in *this* fashion, hers my lady—
Gentle and kind is she!
This kiss I ask of thee for all thy virtue,
All thine expenditure and all thy blossom.
And what costs the teaching all thy lesson?
What cost?— What given, and what taken? True,
Thou'rt rare, and spendthrift of thy song.
Thou art heavy with song, and so, wed to the world;
And thou art a girl with black, black hair, young girl.
Now be it that thee must I choose—
Prithee, am I covetous?
My lady exerciseth naught but virtues.
Famous in her gowns she goes,
And troubleth not her king, nor us,
Nor those that rest at her gate in hunting dress. dress.
Come live with me, for thou hast loveliness.

MY mother, when I was born, did weep,
And the weeping voice of a windy spell
Is something for me to bear in sleep.
I asked her where was the ocean deep;
O 'twas in the well the ocean fell.

She left my soul in the wind on a hill.
Was it burnt in spring, or blown
Wherever the wind goes thirsty wild?
It came to shock me, or to kill.
Or was it I dreamed it all alone?

O I was enough lost, lost peace;
And it were no Good, whatever I found.
Soul came to take me; thee, me to bless.
My mother my heart from gentleness
Came many a time to bind in wind.

O break if you can the bight from the sea,
From the sky the cutlass that heaveth heart
And witless, wheels in the night, to hurt—
Quivers in jungles, breaks the trees,
Cures the mumbling of the birds.

Wind on the sea, taketh me,
I cannot say, and must be speechless;
Sing I cannot, nor the wind in the trees,
Were it ever to come right, were dreary,
Nor am I weary of wantonness.

Crashed in the sun: moon-wandering tide;
My mother godly, goddess was,
Brought me thinner food than hers,
Wind in the hills with hunger so wide,
But singing will not take the curse.

When all the sweetness of my limbs
Is gone, and blackening of my hair
Is washed away and were thy whim,
And hath no living ever been,
I'll take my hiding from the air;

But darling, the sailor to the sea,
The hunter in the mountain goes,
The murderer in the night doth flee,
The monarch all his majesty,
What do they know? What do they know?

John Sanborn