THE COLLEGE
St. John's College • Annapolis, Maryland — Santa Fe, New Mexico

January 1978
ON THE COVER:
Charles C. Post '74 captured the bell tower of McDowell Hall in a mood appropriate to the winter season.

Editor's Note

Last summer Tom Parran, our indefatigable managing editor, wrote a memorandum on the periodic college publications, this journal and The Reporter. In his other capacity as director of alumni activities he had come to the conclusion, after representations from William W. Simmons '48, president of the Alumni Association, and various other communications, that The College in its present, hybrid, form does not and cannot give enough attention to news or stories about alumni. The other half of the hybrid was not fully itself either, having to meet a quarterly schedule with texts of lectures, articles, poems, or translations—which might or might not be available in sufficient quantity and quality. We had had much praise and many requests for back numbers, sometimes from quite unexpected quarters, but there had also been puzzled enquiries from people who wondered why they were getting our alumni magazine.

A separation of the two halves seemed indicated and is about to take place. This issue is the last in the old format.

At a special publications meeting held on the Annapolis campus on 25 September 1977 representatives of both campuses and Mr. Simmons found themselves in agreement on the following points:

1. that increased publicity about alumni and their activities is desirable;
2. that the magazine of the college should be limited in content to material which reflects the intellectual life of the college;
3. that The Reporter is the proper vehicle for news items and other dated material and alumni notes and should expand its coverage of the alumni;
4. alumni of the Santa Fe campus should be more adequately represented in print.

It was therefore decided that The Reporter was to expand in size and increase in frequency, from five to seven issues per year, two of them done by and for Santa Fe. The first Reporter of the new type will probably be published by Santa Fe in May.

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Tonight I shall commit the deliberate indiscretion of trying to say what may be, all in all, unsayable. Let me, therefore, begin with a little disquisition on ineffability.

First, there often exists an insuperable inner resistance to speech. We may declare something to be unspeakably terrible, or unmentionably shameful, or, again, unutterably beautiful or inexpressibly deep. We do not mean that we have made a laborious effort to find the right words and have failed, but rather that we do not want to speak, that we do not want to rekindle or precipitate, tarnish or dissipate, amplify or diminish our inner experience by exposure. (Of course, there is also the trivial reluctance to find language, expressed in the routine adjectives "incredible" or "unbelievable" or "fantastic," which stems from mere indolence.)

Second, and at the other extreme, it is conceivable that, as the very consequence of the most faithful and methodical pursuit of speech, it may come to its own end. For by speaking thoughtfully and searchingly it may be possible to talk oneself, as it were, to the very edge of the realm which speech intends, there to confront immediately that which speech is about—whereupon there would be only the silent passage into being.

Third, the outer world, in its multiformness, may outstrip speech, which is, for all its copiousness, inadequate to the infinity of appearances. Speech not only expresses and searches, it also describes, weaving itself around things in their inexhaustible variety and detail and failing for lack of world enough and time. For we live, as one of Pascal’s Thoughts observes (I, 72), in a double infinity between the minute and the enormous, which makes our researches endless and our speech incomplete. I might add that the bulkiness of the most characteristic modern novels is the consequence of a strenuous effort to master the appearances in words.

Fourth, it is barely possible that there are experiences which are inherently private, ineradically internal, ultimately unique, and hence incommunicable.

And fifth and finally, I come to the kind of ineffability with which my discourse tonight may be afflicted. There may be a realm which solicits speech but never yields to it, not by reason of being itself the object of speech or by being affected with infinity, but because it is the other of what is sayable, that which always absconds from speech. It is what Valéry intends when he says:

The beautiful perhaps demands the servile imitation of that which is indefinable in things.

Only I shall not call it beauty but, more widely, appearance, or better, apparency, meaning precisely that in things which speech so often hopefully intends and always hopelessly misses: their extended, shapely, shining looks. I say "shining" not for effect, but to render the sense of our Greek word for the appearances, *phomena*, that is to say, whatever comes to light, shines out. To put it briefly and simply: think of a picture and all that can be said about it. The words will be larger in scope than the image, but the image will not be contained in the words—that latter difference is appearance.

Now we have a special capacity for entertaining pure appearances, and it is that to which I want to devote the evening. Our ability for consciously taking in sensation, for bring-
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ing together our senses and our understanding, is technically called *perception*. We perceive "real" appearances, appearances in which something evidently appears, which have behind them some stuff that is there, externally at work. Attention to perception necessarily leads to its substrates, to *things*.

But we also have a curious capacity for mere or pure appearance. Here strictly no *thing* appears, no immediate other source, no sensory stuff, no supporting substrate. This capacity has two names, one Greek, one Latin, and unlike "perception" these are not philosopher's terms. They are *fantasy* and *imagination*.

"Fantasy" is the noun from the Greek action verb *phantazo*, which comes in turn from the verbal form of the same verb, *phantino*, to shine, whose passive yields the word *phantasthai*. In sum, therefore, "phantasy" means "that which renders apparent," a faculty for bringing to light. "Imagination" on the other hand, is related to the Latin verb *imaginiari*, to imitate. The imagination is therefore a faculty for images, for likenesses of things. Taking both aspects together, then, it is a capacity for appearances without "real" reference.

I should note here that although perception is more frequently and more technically discussed, the imagination, too, in its most sober as well as its most splendid functions, has had its share of treatment. But not so the peculiar and perhaps somewhat private aspect of which I want to speak tonight. In the many writings on the imagination covering its appearance, no immediate other source, there are few, and those not easily found, which deal with that.

Now when engaged in the dubious and delicate business of expounding a recondite matter in public, the safe course is to delimit it as rigorously as possible. And so, I shall begin with a review of the ordinary, well recognized imagination. Not that there would be much profit in reciting to you the multitude of understandings that have been proposed: it has already been at work. First I must dispose of the slightly mad hyperbolic case proposed in all degrees of sophistication by people who place the imagination outside the soul altogether, in an effort to recapture the satisfying immediacy of prephilosophical existence. For them appearance is simply the outer shape or envelope of solid stuff, and the imagination is a bodily organ on which material things leave a negative imprint or trace of themselves. They mean to save the world from any possible imputation of unreality by making appearances perfectly inseparable from matter. What is absurd is that they choose just such non-bodies as negatives or traces to testify to the handy, plump solidity of things.

The scheme itself lies all within the soul. It begins with the fact that when our senses are stopped the world disappears. We then conclude 1. that something comes to us, is conveyed into us; and 2. that it comes through receptors, ducts, as it were, such as Augustine calls the "cinqueport" or "five-gates" of our body. What comes, insofar as it comes by the senses, is called *sensation*. But even as it comes it is taken in and taken up, judged to be mountain, man, or mouse, as the case may be. Usually this judgment seems simultaneous with the reception of the sensation, not only when there is an instant recognition of something previously known, but when we know merely that a shaped "something" is present. (When I worked in the excavations in Athens, we had a catalogue classification called "little mysteries", namely recognized "somethings" which it was, however, a scholarly triumph to "identify" specifically.) Sometimes, to be sure, 'twixt sleep and wake, for instance, the judgment lags and we get an apprehension of mere sensation, a raw "manifold" as Kant would say. But usually we pronounce immediately, and such judged sensation, sensation met at the gates of the soul, is what Plato calls *phantasia*. For him *phantasia* is simply the noun for *phantanai*, "it appears", namely the "mixture of sensation and judgment", or "the contact of sensation and understanding". (Sophist 264, Theaetetus 195.) Here imagination occurs at the interface of outside and inside, at the junction of soul and world.

I pass quickly over Aristotle's most important intermediate for certain moralists for whom it is the source of evil imaginations) nor the highest (except for certain mystics for whom it is a theoplastic power).

Let me convey to you the range of these positions by sketching out their outer and inner limits, as it were. You will recognize them as derived from Plato and Kant respectively, but the provenance is not the point—the scheme is. On the other hand, it is not entirely insignificant that these positions are philosophically formulated. For the imagination is not a distinguishable power until the world begins to appear. But in the ever present and ever recurrent condition not implausibly called "pre-philosophical", the world does not, properly speaking, appear to us at all; rather it is at hand for our use and absorbs us as we absorb it, just as in a warm embrace the human appearance is eclipsed in closeness. For the world to become phenomenal, we must tear ourselves away from it, and look and reflect.

Therefore, I ought to begin where the philosophers have already been at work. First I must dispose of the slightly mad hyperbolic case proposed in all degrees of sophistication by people who place the imagination outside the soul altogether, in an effort to recapture the satisfying immediacy of prephilosophical existence. For them appearance is simply the outer shape or envelope of solid stuff, and the imagination is a bodily organ on which material things leave a negative imprint or trace of themselves. They mean to save the world from any possible imputation of unreality by making appearances perfectly inseparable from matter. What is absurd is that they choose just such non-bodies as negatives or traces to testify to the handy, plump solidity of things.

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* Brief Bibliography:
  * Augustine, *Confessions*, Bk. X, on memory.
  * Jean Paul Richter, *The Life of Quintus Fixlein*, Ch. 1, "On the Natural Magic of the Imagination".
  * Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, Ch. XIII, "On the imagination, or exemplastic power".
  * Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past, Time Regained*, Ch. III.


The passage hints at an interesting circumstance, namely that the value placed on the secondary, re-creative, imagination in fact varies directly with the centrality of the primary imagination. As it turns out, its potency varies inversely.

What I mean is that where the imagination is placed toward the outer regions of the soul, receiving appearances from the outside, the secondary or poetic imagination is represented as a mischief-making faculty of dissembling semblances, phantasms of a grade still lower than an at least scrupulous imitation of the inherently illusory appearances might produce. But who does not know the potency Plato accords the poetic imagination, particularly in using it to eclipse the enchantment of the world of appearance by means of myths of other worlds? Furthermore, the imagination, in painting the shapes of pleasures into the soul, engenders desire; accordingly in the Christian tradition the origin of "evil dispositions" is located there. Here the imagination is dangerous and potent.

On the other hand, where the primary imagination is itself the maker as well as the knower of the world, the poetic imagination is invariably highly, even anxiously, valued. For the first imagination makes a uniform, rule-governed, ordinary world, a mundane, not a cosmic order.

That inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
as a poet scornfully says. Therefore the power of a second, extraordinary creation, of introducing colorful singularities into a rule-ridden world is more than welcomed—it is nearly worshiped. But the more eagerly it is courted the less vigorous are its products and its effects. Let me propose a reason, which has to do with the distribution of this power among us.

The primary imagination (if it exists at all) is universal; all normal humans are capable of having real appearances. To be sure, its reflective cognitions, that is to say, the contents of the science of nature, do not come equally easily to all, though every responsible plan for universal education acknowledges that they are inaccessible to none. The secondary imagination—"genius" and "originality" are its Kantian names—is, on the other hand, very rare. Those who are gifted with the nimble play of the faculties needed to produce coherent appearances in the absence of sensation, and with the mental and physical talent needed to materialize them and set them back into the world as real appearances, form a small elite; that is a human fact, but evidently a fact next to unbearable in a mundane and egalitarian world. So whereas at first the "genius" is encouraged to value himself alone indefinitely, soon a public conscious of its rights assumes for itself the same power: "creativity" is universalized. There follows a rage of making, a frantic constructiveness, sometimes aridly geometric and again wantonly amorphous, an obligatory originality which plays havoc with craft and tradition. And sure enough, all manner of poetry declines in public power. I am treating you to this diatribe only because, we being to some
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so very ordinary as the cognitive nor so very special as the re-creative imagination.

I can do that best with reference to the two names, fantasy and imagination. As it happens, the former term, in its English form, the *fancy*, has in the tradition come to connote a lesser faculty, a faculty of pure unreality, of dreams and phantasms, of either inadvertent or arbitrary inner appearances. So Kant calls the imagination, insofar as it produces images involuntarily, "phantasy", while Coleridge includes an element of wilfulness. "The Fancy", he says

is indeed no other than a mode of Memory emancipated from the order of time and space; while it is blended with, and modified by that empirical phenomenon of the will, which we express by the word *CHOICE*.

These two apparently opposed aspects of fancy are in fact complementary, as the day dream, that half wilful, half passive exploitation of memory in the interests of desire, shows. Let me say right now that I would not deprive day dreams, which are the lubricant of life and corrupting only if they are constructed out of indigent wantonness in such a way as to ask to be rebuffed by life. But as the open-eyed, imaginative inner shaping of our arduous they are the very emulsion from which our sober and sustained plans float up. I here uphold day dreams—much maligned by the maturity-mongers—as indeed a prime product of that tertiary imagination I want to defend tonight.

Why should I? It is because unlike the cognitive and poetic imaginations it is *neither* universally active *nor* rarely found. Instead it is, I believe, present, but often only *potentially*, for it can be starved and polluted and drowned out. It has always been beleaguered by the exposed hardness of life or its debilitating comfort, by classical formalism or romantic exploitation. But in our day it is endangered from all sides at once: from expectations of doom and constructions of convenience, from the enormity of our universe and the tainting of our earth and even more by the over-stimulation of our senses and the overstraining of our expressive abilities—but most of all by the abuse of our intellect; for when the intellect is desiccated into mere rationality the imagination also withers. Later I would like to give some reasons why it is so important to keep the third imagination strong and active; its works are affections and its affections works.

It is involuntary insofar as its sights cannot, in their full enchantment, be summoned at will (though we can always provide ourselves with their pale replicas). It is voluntary insofar as we can make ourselves ready and receptive by seeking out certain sights and sounds and texts, and nurturing an aversion to others. I shall not now advertise its magic and its meaning, but read to you instead a descriptive sample. To be sure it is a musical rather than a visual example, but it will serve to exemplify the kind of incident this imagination gives rise to. It is taken from the novel of novels, War and Peace. The youngest Rostov, Petya, has run away to war and joined a guerilla band in their camp. It is the morning of his first battle—and his last. The auditory vision arises—as it is not untypical—on the border of dreaming.

Rain-drops dripped from the trees. There was a low hum of talk. The horses neighed and jostled one another. Someone snored.

Ozhik-zhik, ozhik-zhik. . . . hissed the saber on the whetstone. And all at once Petya heard a melodious orchestra playing some unknown, sweet, solemn hymn. Petya was as musical as Natasha, and more so than Nikolai, but he had never learnt music or thought about it and so the harmonies that suddenly filled his ears were to him absolutely new and intoxicating. The music swelled louder and louder. The melody was as musical as Natasha, and more so than Nikolai, but he had never learnt music or thought about it and so the harmonies that suddenly filled his ears were to him absolutely new and intoxicating. The music swelled louder and louder. The air was developed and passed from one instrument to another. And what was played was a fugue—though Petya had not the slightest idea what a fugue was. Each instrument—now the violin, now the horn, but better and purer than violin and horn—played its own part, and before it had played to the end of the *motif* melted in with another, beginning almost the same air, and then with a third and a fourth; and then they all blended into one, and again became...
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past, . . .
(30.)

Proust proposes to himself one great problem: how to penetrate the mystery of what he calls the “privileged moments” of the imagination; in particular he is determined to find a solution in the last book, Time Regained, which contains the point of departure for the writing of the novel itself. He does not succeed, for a number of reasons some of which I shall mention in passing, though the chief one is in place right here; it is that he is more hell-bent on exploiting these moments to assure his literary anxieties than on fathoming them. However, no more shall I succeed, and, except for an attempt to formulate the possibilities, my lecture will have to be aporetic.

The most immediate beginning of our inquiry into the imagination is given by its sensory triggers. For although imaginative appearances have no sense content (or perhaps precisely because they have none) they are often set off by an accidental sense impression; for example most people have had the experience of the sudden vivid resurrection of a scene by an odor. Indeed, it is, oddly enough, the very senses which are most “sensual”, the senses activated by ingesting, inhaling, clasping, that is, taste, smell, touch, which most effectively set off the imagination. Proust hears the knife on the whetstone. In Proust’s novel the taste of a tea cake, the smell of. . .

It is not by chance that the incident occurs in a novel. It is in novels that such epiphanies are most at home. Novels, namely long works of fictional prose, are a very modern genre. They are essentially faked documentary reports, case histories of the ordinary world synthesized by the cognitive imagination. Their great bulk is a consequence of that attempt to master phenomenal infinity I spoke of before. It is in this prosaic world that the episodes of the imagination become acutely valuable, and they do indeed play a central role in many of the most massive novels. But they are the very crux of the longest of them, Proust’s

In a march of victory, and the rain dripped, and ozhik-zhik, ozhik-zhik . . . hissed the sabre, and the horses jostled one another again, and neighed, not disturbing the chorus but forming part of it.*

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When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past, . . .
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ing the imagination". (On the Soul, 414.) For what could an appearing form without sensory freight be? What is a bare appearance, an imitation of reality? Jean Paul Sartre, who wrote much on the imagination, is preoccupied with it for just this reason—because it is the capacity for the non-present, the absent, the non-existent; it is a sterile and derivative mode—there is no world of the imagination. He echoes the classical, deprecating view of images: that they are not what they are, that they are a curious interweaving of being and non-being, and that phantasms are something less even than seeming, a pseudo-seeming. (Sophist 240.) Such views turn the imagination’s activity into a central metaphysical problem while depriving it of all lustre. Are they adequate?

Now it seems to me that there are three kinds of imaging: the world imitates itself, in shadows, reflections, mirrors, usually with the loss of a dimension but without any tampering intention, as it were. Next, human beings copy the world either faithfully according to ability, or mechanically by measure, or in a modulated version according to an inner appearance. These first two kinds of imagings result in a real image, that is to say, a material likeness. They are problem enough, but my interest is in the third imaging, which is entirely internal.

How does it differ from real or realized imaging? Here is the problem of appearance at its acutest. Inner sights are somehow according to the outer world, they echo or imitate it. On the other hand, they are without givenness: without thinness or hereness or noowness. They arise out of nowhere, out of all context: they endure indeterminately, unamenable to exact delineation or measurement, and their fading seems to be spurred by the very effort to hold them.

But for all that, they shine. The word “phantasy” says Aristotle, comes from phános, light. And indeed, these imaginative images display a pregnant perspicuousness, a significant patency which I have called pure appearance because it is not the appearance given off by some thing. They have that unfolded extendedness, that spreading openness, (whose body is color), which is the chief mark of visual appearance. But what is it that appears, and what is it that is imitated?

In search of this answer let me insist once again that the imagination is primarily visual. To be sure, there are auditory imaginations, like Petya’s music; and Keats can claim that

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter. . . .

But music is too essentially a temporal development to have a place in this faculty of singular moments; it is usually the occasion but not the content of images. It can make the clouds of heaven open to show riches even to a Caliban, whose isle

. . . . is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

Or it can be the accompaniment of a sudden vision, as in this account of a man surveying his ancestral estate:

Sebastian heard the music and saw the vision. It was a tapestry that he saw, and heard the strains of a wind orchestra, coming from some invisible players concealed behind the trees. His thoughts turned to the house itself, and there also found their satisfaction, for there also was activity; the pestle thumped in the kitchen; the duck turned sizzling on the spit; . . . (Sackville-West, The Edwardians.)

Tangibility, on the other hand, is entirely excluded. It is possible in the imagination to see oneself touching, say, a face, but is impossible to imagine touch—one can only feel it. Imaginations are intangible precisely because they are immaterial, unbody, and for the same reason they are also undynamic— they lack all the characteristics of naturally moving bodies. They do not have a principle of motion within themselves. They may be transmuted but they cannot be transported. Nor can we move through them as we do through the natural world. Think, for instance, of making a landmark. A pale blue shield floats up on the pale blue water; in an hour it has turned into a grey and green-faced range lapped by dark blue waves, and yet an hour later we are clambering about in the hot and fragrant ravines of an Aegean island. We cannot similarly close in to make contact in our imagination or, for that matter, engage in increasingly precise observation. We cannot turn on it the mental microscope or reversed telescope through which Gulliver sees the gross-textured Brobdignagians and the insect-like Lilliputians. The inner world has no coordinates, no perspective and no scales—only shapes, places, and the absolute attributes of delicacy or grandeur. What appears internally is static because it appears in its one privileged aspect.

But precisely as they are intangible and unapproachable, so inner images form a world. For that is just what a world is: a
"region of regions" as C.S. Lewis defines it, a setting, a scene, a theatre which forms our background, the containing environment for our more collected moments—for when it is necessary to come too urgently to grips with it, it disappears; at such a moment we lose the wood for the trees. What I mean by a world is perhaps best illustrated in those Renaissance paintings in which human beings carry on—pray, mourn, celebrate or just smile—against a lovingly rendered backdrop of a wide and vanishing, yet enclosing, landscape, full of city walls, steeples, hillocks, thickets and winding paths—their world. Again, think of fairy stories: how much of the tale, particularly of the English sort, is apt to consist of world-building, of the devising of a characteristic topography as a frame for wonders—it's terrain is often laid out on the end papers. Or, on the other extreme, what is it that turns that tool of mere transience, the car, into a rushing cubicle of confessions and confidences for the American imagination, if not the exhilaratingly enfolding vistas of the passing continent? But, of course, I am thinking not only of landscapes but of cities and buildings, those more concentrated enclosures of human life.

Now insofar as these scenes are in us, we are not in them; indeed they are unpeopled. In this they differ from dreams. For often the very burden of a dream is a distillation of the peculiar pathos of a person, whose essence, however, appears not so much to us as through us; it is our feeling of them that we reveal to ourselves. And though the redolence of dreams is probably far more significant than their plot, still, unlike phantasm, they are compositional efforts—there is work in dreams, as Freud says, so also landscape paintings or architectural vedutas may contain people, albeit faceless. But the scenes of the fantasy have no figures, as is amply attested in written accounts: witness Proust's visions of Combray, Martinville, Balbec, Venice, or Thomas de Quincey's accounts of his opium dreams. De Quincey precipitated himself into the hells of opium eating partly to recapture and enhance the imaginations of his childhood, and he is a knowing, though tainted, connoisseur of the imagination. He speaks of his visions as follows (Confessions of an English Opium-Eater):

...the splendors of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural: and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds, From a great modern poet I cite the part of a passage which describes as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep:

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—broadly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor—without end
Fabric it seem'd of diamond, and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
(Wordsworth, The Excursion, II)

Nonetheless, if we ourselves do not appear within the inner scenes, yet we are there. An anecdote is told—at least I recall it as being told—of a Chinese or Japanese landscape painter, who on having completed his masterpiece, picked up his ink and his brushes and disappeared off into it. In such a way we ourselves have been absorbed into our inner sights, and con-
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sequently as we scan them they look back at us familiarly:

Man wanders among symbols in those glades
Where all things watch him with familiar eyes.
(Baudelaire, "Correspondances."

Augustine gives a vivid account of such an inner circumambulation:

And I come into these fields and spacious palaces of
my memory, where are the treasures of innumerable
images of every kind of thing conveyed into it by the
senses. . . . And all this I do within, in the huge
court of my memory. For there I have in readiness
even the heavens and the earth and the sea. . . .
There also I meet with myself. . . . (Confessions X.)

Since Augustine is speaking particularly of the memory
rather than the imagination, the next thing is to investigate
the close relation between them which is generally observed.

Is all memory imagination and all imagination memory?
Are they convertible terms? All memory, it seems to me, is
indeed imaginative in this sense, that whatever is remem­
bered has the form of an appearance, and primarily (but not
exclusively) a visual appearance. That is attested by the an­
cient and now forgotten art of "topical" or place memory, in
which every item to be remembered was assigned a place in
an imagined mansion, theatre, or cosmos, there to be located
and recalled at will. (See Frances Yates, The Art of Memory,
1966.) So, also, if a poem is to be remembered, it is as if an
inner prompter whispered it, so that we have an auditory ap­
pearance. In short, in the memory things re-appear—Kant
calls it the "re-productive imagination," a faculty for re­
inscribing into the consciousness former appearances, volun­
tarily or involuntarily. (The peculiar reminiscence of invisible
being called mythically "recollection" in the Platonic
dialogues no reader of the Memo will confuse with ordinary
appearance-memory.)

Conversely, all imagination is memory—though that is
also, in a strange way I will attempt to articulate, not all it is.
There is, however, general agreement that the imagination
can only re-compose, re-arrange, re-form real remembered appearances, but it can bring forth no hitherto unseen shape.
The unicorn is but a white horse with a horn on its forehead.
(Indeed those extravagantly extended and strenuously con­
trived novelistic fantasies, like MacDonald's Phantasies, most
intrusively display the character of being mere mosaics of fanciful constructions and literary reminiscences.) But what is of
more interest than the fact that the memory is the sole source of imaginative forms is that in being so it casts all imagination
in the mode of pastness. A fairy tale properly begins with
"Once upon a time".

Hence the notion of the "lost paradise" figures large in
theories of the imagination. Schopenhauer, for example,
holds that "the sudden remembrance of scenes of past and
distance flies by us as a lost paradise" because in them we
have forgotten the "subjective" tortures of the will and its
striving that all present reality brings with it, and recall only
the pure "objective" appearance. (The World as Will and
Representation, 38.) And in a general way, events are well
known to undergo purification and enhancement in
remembrance—past picnics are without mosquitos, and even
the mundane sprawl of daily business can in retrospect be
turned into a nostalgia-laden world:

Thus the telescope of fantasy draws a diffuse region
of brightness about the blessed isles of the past. . . .
(Ivan Paul, "On the Natural Magic of the Imagination")

Through the past things grow perfect.

For Proust, above all, "the true paradises are always the
paradies one has lost,"—but he has a different explanation,
touched on before. It is not so much the perfective power of
the past which makes imaginative reminiscence blissful, as
the very fact—the mere fact—that the renewal of a memory
betokens a liberation from the bondage of the inexorably con­
tinuous flow of time. To be precise: a "hard law of our
nature" allows us to imagine only that which is really absent,
which is without reality. In those privileged moments, how­
ever, a remote childhood scene is suddenly recalled in all the
vividness of its perceived presence: it is at once devoid of
weary reality and full of shining existence. The sensory trigger
has therefore by a stratagem
effected a contact between the dreams of the imagi­
nation and that of which they are habitually de­
prived, namely the idea of existence.

Mundanity has been transmuted into timelessness. The diffi­
culty of this explanation, the fruit of twelve laborious vol­
umes, is patent: The explanation is purely formal, for it
attributes the enchantments of imaginative scenes not to
something in them but solely to their relation to time, which
is, after all, a mere form of appearance. But those childhood
scenes whose resurrection is the source of such felicity, what
was it in them which made them memorable?

Yet, however unsatisfactory Proust's solution may be, it
does bring to the fore the roots the imagination has in child­
hood. Its capability in adults is altogether dependent on the
proper cultivation of that "dream-theatre" which, as de Quin­
cey observes, is naturally rich in children. The malnutrition
of the imagination in childhood, or its contamination by
amorphousness and crudity is, I will argue, a recognizable
public problem.

However, to return to the question of the association of the
imagination with the past: I speculate that it is only a
similitude. The archetypal impressions of childhood, and in­
deed all deep impressions, already include even at their first
occurrence the element of recognition, and hence the dimen­
sion of the past. Images are not memories because they come
out the past but they seem to come out of the past because
they are the cause of memorableness; they stand behind all

memorable real appearances to give them their depth and significance, and their past mode is only a likeness for their priority.

Neither can the perfective power of the past be by itself responsible for the most remarked and remarkable aspect of the imagination, which is that it is a faculty of fleeting but deep felicity. Proust reports:

... the intoxicating and elusive vision softly pervaded me as though it said: "Grasp me as I float by you, if you can, and try to solve the enigma of happiness I offer you."

Whence the happiness? It is of a specific sort, not to be confused with the detached pleasures of pure sensation, such as the liquid silver of a single flute tone; nor the blissful absorption in an object of love, such as the facial topography of a human being, nor the engrossed perception of the formal perfection of beauty, such as a classical temple.

The beginning of the answer lies in the fact that images are affectively charged. Now there are various affective modes not characteristic of the imagination. For example, there is lively emotion tending toward expression—but the delights of inward imagining induce silence rather than eloquence. There is passionate desire which seeks possession—but the sights of the imaginative theatre are for contemplation rather than appropriation. Then there is rapt feeling, which suffuses the soul—and this is the mode of the imagination. Here a possible objection has to be disposed of. There is a romantic extravagance which Ruskin terms the "pathetic fallacy". (Modern Painters, III, Pt. iv.) It is the wilful fancy of endowing external nature with feelings and moods, especially of the morbid and musing sort, like reveries, brooding, nostalgia, all quite contrary to cool fact. But happily the inner landscape has no principle of motion within it and is neither nature nor a cool fact, so there can be no pathetic fallacy in regard to it. On the contrary, it is its very character to be invested with feeling, for it occupies the very locale of feeling, the soul. It is precisely by this affective investment that the imagination goes beyond the mere reproduction of previously perceived forms. It begins with a tuning of the soul, a musical mood or coloration—that is why music, though not often the content, is the surest occasion for fantasy, far more so than isolated sensations. This scenic eros, as one might call it, breeds and sustains the image, just as its failure lets it fade away into flatness. It would be false to say that the image "expresses" feeling; rather it contains it. That is the mode in which we are in our own visions—they are both the seat and the theatre of our feeling. Such feeling is, as I have noted, not a particular, nameable, passion or property—not pride or love, not elegance or magnificence—but that strong aura which gives the appearances meaning. So far the question "Whence the felicity?" seems to have this answer: it is the appearance in the images of the very feeling that conditions them.

But again the answer is insufficient. For it does not tell how imaginative sights contain the affections of the soul. What is it in these colored silhouettes that responds and corresponds to the summons of feeling? Here is the source of a whole class of curious, laborious, but irresistible musings, all of which are approaches to the prime question concerning imagination, namely "How can sights appear in the soul?" and its converse, "How can the soul be contained in sights?" Plato acknowledges these questions by presenting a mythical answer, as Plotinus admiringly points out (Problems of the Soul); in the Timaeus (36) the soul encompasses the world of appearances—the cosmos is in the soul, not the soul in the cosmos.

Hegel, on the other hand, presents a rigorously systematic answer. (Encyclopaedia 452 ff.) It is given in terms of the self-development of spirit, at the stage in question called the intelligence. The intelligence is memory insofar as it internalizes (Hegel exploits the fact that a German word for memory is literally internalization, Erinnerung) those most immediate intuitions which come to it as mere feeling, turning them into inner pictures which are as yet isolated, out of context, indeterminate. The intelligence as active among these memories is called reproductive imagination; it is responsible for once again bringing forth these pictures in the inner mode proper to the self. Its consummation is the fantasy, that stage of the intelligence which organizes the images and appropriates them into a connected self-intuition. This fantasy, an "inner workshop", then gives coherent pictorial existence to the contents of the intelligence; it is everywhere recognized as the central agency in whose formation are unified the spirit's own and inner possessions and its outer, adventitious, and intuitive acquisitions.

However, such answers are too grand to solve those more precise puzzles raised by immediate imaginative experiences. For example, how can a face, a figure, a scene, in their much constrained mobility, in their mere surface structure, evidence the motions and meanings of the soul? Why would it be futile (if it were possible) to take a magnifying glass to an imaginative appearance to learn more of its significance? Do we look into eyes and into panoramas, or do they look out at us? Is the infinite significance of any object of imaginative attention traceable, so that we can eventually answer the question:
The College

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?

And why is double vision, the superposition of contrary visions, so poignant a part of the imaginative pathos? Take, for example, that most amazing of Homeric similes, used in behalf of an obscure warrior, a very casual casualty, who happens to come in the way of an arrow meant for Hector:

Like a poppy he dropped his head to one side, a poppy in a garden, weighted with fruit and spring moisture, so he bowed his head heavy with his helmet. (Iliad VIII, 306.)

But most enigmatic of all is the question: why we are continuously drawn to attribute meaning or reference to our imaginative visions, although strictly speaking only words can have meaning, (for they alone naturally intend thoughts or things), and only symbols can have reference (namely insofar as referents have been conventionally assigned to them)? Such are the questions, entrancing even to distraction, intriguing even to irritation, which are posed by the imagination. I do not mean to leave them totally unresolved. But before I make an attempt not so much to give answers as to articulate possible solutions, let me go to a more tractable task.

For I want to conclude with a grand defense and apology in behalf of this tertiary, this entirely internal, quiescent, faculty of phenomenal contemplation. Shelley makes such a defense of poetry, "the expression of the imagination," calling poets "the founders of civil society" and poetry "the great instrument of moral good." I want to praise the private poet, the painter within, as indispensable for both theory and practice.

First, the imagination is the great helper of the intellect and not only, because, as Aristotle observes, there is no thinking without images. (On the Soul 432.) Rather, precisely by reason of being not one wit irrational—and yet certainly a-rational—it is designed to be the support and complement of thought, the refuge and renewal of the inquiring intellect, which leans into it, much as a child leans against a parent while gazing into the world, in secure curiosity. The imagination invests the world with that richness and resonance which makes it an attractive dwelling for the intellect. Again, the imagination is the complement of thought because it holds its matter in the mode of a unique totality, while the intellect works toward comprehensive wholeness; the former contains worlds of the most arresting particularity, the latter tries to reach the realm of universality. The best exemplification of the complementing of intellect by imagination is to be found in those panoramic philosophical myths each of which imagines a brilliantly particular cosmos designed as a visible consummation of the intellectual endeavor to encompass the whole.

But the imagination is indispensable to action as well. For the real world is worth our exertion only insofar as an inner scene is projected on it, or rather behind it—only when the visionary imagination sets the scene for action. No community can be an incitement to intense effort until it is resonant with reminiscences and until it is situated not only on the grid of the earth but also in a place of the soul. Of course, as I have shown, this place is often reached through the past, which also lies "behind" communities. (I think that the much disparaged liking for architectural reminiscences, like fake half-timbering, for instance, is an expression of the wish to give depth to the habitat by adding that temporal dimension.)

Such are what might be called the utopian, public functions of the imagination. And as it calls forth action in communities, so it stands behind action in individuals. Thomas Mann, who was particularly charmed by this discovery, finds what I am talking about to be a typical antique mode:

The antique consciousness stood, as it were, open toward the back, and absorbed much of what is past, in order to repeat it in the present. . . . Ortega y Gasset expresses it in this way: that antique man . . . seeks an exemplar in the past, into which he slips as into a diver's helmet, in order thus . . . to precipitate himself into the present problem at once protected and disfigured. . . . But this living as a re-living, a re-vivification, is living in myth.

These enabling myths are the works of the scene-setting imagination; I do not see why they should be the preserve of antiquity.

And finally, even—or especially—in ordinary private existence, the imagination serves to make life livable. For it occasionally breaks out into that sober daily routine which is our predominant mode to unveil the golden fond of life. Such occasions are the inner counterparts of public celebrations, only without calendar. The imagination is the impressario of these private festivities as the city is of public festivals; both serve the same purpose: the illumination of daily life.

I have described and defended this appearance-producing, world-making, meaning-laden capacity of ours. But what in the world, or out of it, does it betoken? As I warned in the beginning, I do not know, but I do have a roster of possibilities. Here it is:

First, it is conceivable that such imagining is merely a kind of open-eyed hallucinating. If Hume and other dissipators of the human mysteries were right, and if the imagination really, as he says, "amounts to no more than the faculty of compounding, transposing, augmenting, or diminishing the materials offered us by the senses and experience" that would indeed be the case. (Enquiry II.)

Second, and at the other extreme, imaginations may be virtual recollections, or even current influxes, the remembered or present intimations of a world beyond, of an actual "lost paradise," where "paradise" means another world, a world of self-sufficient ultimate appearances. Whether there is such a paradise, and whether the embodied soul has access to it by being, as it were, open and receptive not only in front toward the "real" world, but in back, inward, toward that final realm—those are scienous theological questions. But certain it is that the recurrent written accounts of such revelations usually refer to cities, replicas of the "holy city, now
Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God" (Revelation 21, 2), though bearing different names; for example:

Then, between sleeping and waking, there rose before me a vision of Trebizond: not Trebizond as I had seen it, but the Trebizond of the world's dreams, of my own dreams, shining towers and domes shimmering on a far horizon, yet close at hand, luminously enspelled in the most fantastic unreality, yet the only reality, a walled and gated city, magic and mystical, standing beyond my reach yet I had to be inside, an alien wanderer yet at home, held in the magical enchantment; and at its heart, at the secret heart of the city and the legend and the glory in which I was caught and held, there was some pattern that I could not unravel, some hard core that I could not make my own, and, seeing the pattern and the hard core enshrined within the walls, I turned back from the city and stood outside it, expelled in mortal grief. (Rose Macaulay, The Towers of Trebizond.)

(There is a secular pendant to this understanding, proposed by Jung, namely that each separate human soul has access to a supra-individual soul from whose archetypes it derives its images. I cannot bring myself to consider it seriously.)

Third, there is the possibility, first set out by Plato in the Phaedrus (250), and strongly fixed in the tradition, that beauty, "the most shiningly apparent and loveliest" of the ideas, is precisely the very shining out of being in appearance, while being itself is only mythically a realm of "whole and simple and calm and happy phantasms" which were once be- held by every human soul. That is to say, all appearances that have any radiance at all, and so certainly imaginative appearances, are an expression, an externalizing, an epiphany, an incarnation, of the sightless intellectual world; everything truly visible signifies a thing of thought, essentially invisible.

Fourth and finally, the imagination may be in its very nature a faculty of infinite reference, the striving of the soul in its sensing body to make appearance itself significant. What I want to convey is difficult (but not impossible) to express. I mean that the soul endows its own appearances with essentially incomplete references which keep us continually casting about for a meaning, so that we turn first to temporal prototypes, that is, memories, and eventually hypostatize even prior experiences, out of time. But in vain, since in the very search we remain enmeshed in appearances, and it is in them that the enigma is seated. For, on the one hand it is of the very essence of appearances—if they can be said to have an essence—that they should have transparency and let a background shine through. Yet, on the other, these inner images are fairly saturated with the inimitable fragrance of their self-sufficient singularity. To say it once again: When the attempt is made to catch particular appearances in a verbal net, that aspect which eludes any articulation—that is the locus of the mystery. As Thomas Mann, ever laborious in the service of verbal sufficiency, confesses:

How many literati before me have moaned over the unfitness of language for achieving visibility, for bringing forth a truly exact picture of anything individual! The word was made for laud and praise. To it has been given the power to admire and bless and characterize appearance through the feeling that it arouses, but not to invoke or reproduce it. (Doctor Faustus, Ch. XLIV.)

This plaint is doubly and triply applicable to the inner appearances. One might conclude that the imagination is engaged in its own, peculiarly competent version of the old project of "saving the phenomena", not, as thought does, by making them rational but by making them inexpressibly enchanting.

I can think of these four possible answers to the problem of the fantasy, but I cannot fix on one of them and be finished with the inquiry. I see that it must be a permanent pursuit, that all answers are premature and only preparatory approaches are possible. Indeed, no preoccupation can bring closer to homeé Socrates' saying that philosophy is a preparation for dying and being dead. (Phaedo 64.) For then it will most certainly have to appear whether the whole mystery is to be dissolved in the blankness of oblivion: or whether luminously invisible intellectual sources will blot out the shadowy phenomenal shapes; or whether another world of substantial ultimate appearances—above or below, as our case may be—is to receive us; or whether the enigma of sights has still another, as yet unimagined, solution. And so a certain consolation for the ending of our life is as much the gift of that most wonderful power of the soul about which I have tried to speak tonight, as is the illumination of our daily existence.

January, 1978
It has been little noticed, but for the past several years, including the first months of the current presidential administration, there has been a relative neglect of housing policy discussion. Undoubtedly the reason is that the programs of the preceding administrations have been acknowledged by their proponents and administrators to have failed in the main sphere to which they were addressed, namely, adequate housing for the poor. Revenue sharing has now largely supplanted the categorical grants of the Johnson administration, and local governments are using the revenues for more modest programs which, in general, may be expected to succeed, but which are directed to goals more limited than those in the past. This is known as "a more conservative mood," and seems to have been greeted by most people with some relief. However, ignoring the critical matter will not make it go away. One day, not too far off, "the housing crisis" will be discovered all over again. The corps of Program Planners will be ready with a whole new set of ambitious programs, the fifes will play and the drums will roll, and in the absence of any resistance born of true understanding, we will be swept along in the tide of new programs, such as Slum Clearance, until we are exhausted and become "conservative" again for a while. It would be good if we could break this cycle. Is there a true understanding upon which far-sighted policy can be based? or which, at least, can be used as a touchstone for foolish policies? This is a suggested outline.

The crux of the housing problem is that there is not enough money to maintain all housing. It is the willful avoidance of this simple fact which spawns futile programs. It is hard to believe that experts and political leaders can be unaware of it, but pronouncing it is forbidden, and ignoring it, and forgetting it, are therefore assured. Constituents will not know it unless they are told, and those who can tell will not or cannot. Yet it is neither mysterious nor difficult to understand. A simple comparison of the cost of housing and median family income is sufficient.

We can calculate the cost of housing roughly but adequately for our purpose. In 1976, the median price paid for a new house was $44,200. Let us take a minimum house, which today would have to sell, if not subsidized, for between $30,000 and $35,000: say $32,500. (It might seem that the cost of a dwelling unit in a multi-family structure would be much less, but in fact it is about the same). The builder of such a unit would have about $30,000 in costs. The major components for owning and operating this house are: the cost of the investment, real estate taxes, maintenance, and depreciation.

1. The cost of the investment in homeowner's terms would be interest on the mortgage plus the interest or other dividends lost on the equity. Profit, which is necessary to make it attractive enough for anybody else to own it, would be a fair word for it too. 8½% is the present cost of money. At that rate an investment of $32,500 should return $2,763 a year.

2. Real estate taxes. Let us take $2 per $100 of assessed value, which is a good figure, if on the low side; and let us assume assessment at fair market value, but where the assessor too has erred on the low side. If the unit is assessed at...
$28,000 the taxes would be $560 per year.
3. Maintenance used to be calculated at 1% per year of the value, but now, and especially for an inexpensive house, 1½% per year is better. $488 is probably still not quite enough, but we will use it.
4. Depreciation is not just a tax term. The full value of a unit must really be reinvested every 30 years—not for maintenance, but for modernization, replacement of worn out plant and major, non-recurrent repairs. Let us say 40 years, rather than 30; at this rate the cost for our unit would be about $800 a year.

The annual cost of this house adds up, then, as $2,763 for interest paid or lost, $560 for real estate taxes, $488 for maintenance, and $800 for depreciation—a total of $4,611, or about $385 per month.

Using the accepted rule of thumb—a good one—that a person should pay no more than 25% of his salary for rent, this unit would have to rent to someone with an annual income of over $18,000 in order to be properly maintained and to call forth the investment necessary to provide it in the first place. The national median income for all families, all races (in 1975, the last year for which figures are available), is under $14,000 per annum. Thus more than half the households in America do not command the income necessary to encourage new investment and proper maintenance in a low-priced house. Another way to say this is that, apart from subsidization, units cannot and will not be provided, or existing houses reinvested in and maintained for long-range survival, for over half our population.

This conclusion must be modified, however, to take account of people’s hope of capital gains in real estate investment. This is an important factor. Its effect is that some people will be willing, either with knowledge of what they are doing or—as often—without, to disregard the cost of their investment for the sake ultimately of benefiting from the appreciation in the value of their property. That hope rarely warrants total disregard of the investment cost, and few people do disregard it totally: the most unsophisticated homeowner or investor is perfectly aware of how much interest he is paying on his mortgage loan, and he certainly takes it into account in deciding if his budget can support it. But for the sake of the argument, let us totally disregard it. The owner will still have the costs of maintenance, real estate taxes and replacement of the obsolescent. For the unit under consideration these add up to $1,848 per annum, or $154 in twelve monthly payments. This is for a unit which is completely paid off: there are no mortgage payments, and we are ignoring the lost income of the whole investment. This is also discounting greed: the assumption is that every investor is going to pay his taxes, replace what is obsolescent, and maintain the property before paying himself for his investment, or even for the time and considerable nuisance involved in the ownership. This, too, is obviously a false assumption. Still, it will take an annual income of over $7,400 to support this piece of property.

Thus any housing unit which is being rented at less than $154 per month, or any owner-occupied unit—if owned free
and clear—where the owner's family income is under $7,400 a year, cannot have adequate maintenance. 20% of American households make less than $7,400 a year. There are somewhat more households than there are housing units, but it follows that something very close to 20% of our housing units are not being properly maintained and hence are in the cycle of deteriorating—and this is calculated on the most minimal basis. Adding in the factors of financing and the reasonable and proper necessity for some return on investment, not to mention greed, the figure must be much higher.

If this is a "housing gap," it is a gap of such magnitude that government cannot fill it without disastrous moral and economic dislocation. The fiction that the "housing gap" could be filled at all is undoubtedly a major source of the continuing "housing crisis." What then?

First, facing the fact that many people must live in deteriorating housing is not pleasant, but it is not as bad when viewed clearly as when it is an unutterable spectre. To begin with, not all housing which is deteriorating is unhabit-
This account is obviously the product neither of a housing expert nor a sociologist. It is unashamedly a layman's presentation to laymen. Though the account is simplified, and though peripheral, and even some modifying arguments are left out, the overall argument is so simple that it is the experts who owe an apology for obfuscation and not the layman for simplification. Leaving aside a certain amount of cant which he undoubtedly had to include in order to be acceptable to his professional peers, the thrust of George Sternlieb's two authoritative books on the subject hardly differs from this simple argument.

I am, however, if not an expert, at least a professional employed in the field of historic preservation. The following brief suggestion that the attraction of the best old houses can be the key to the efficient channeling of investment where it can do the most good is based in my area of competence.

What is proposed is a doctrine of "Housing Darwinism"—a doctrine which is not at all obnoxious as applied to inanimate things like houses. Many forces governing housing investment already favor survival of the fittest; other forces which inhibit survival of the best housing are artificial, are doing no good, are vestigial in any case, and

1 George Sternlieb, The Tenement Landlord (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1966). George Sternlieb and Robert W. Burchell, Residential Abandonment (New Brunswick: Center for Urban Policy Research, Rutgers University, 1973). Sternlieb's findings, especially his finding that the slum property investor-owner was not reaping much profit, and that the maintenance of most slum property could not be improved without displacing low-income renters, was attacked when it appeared by those whose living depends on the pretense that it is only the grasping slum landlord who stands in the way of a solution to the housing problem, but his findings have not been refuted, and are generally accepted.

should be done away with; and yet other forces which are necessary are already present and only need to be encouraged.

It is a sad reflection on contemporary building, but any redistribution of investment from new construction to rehabilitation will tend to bring about a higher standard simply because older houses are better than new ones. The main factor favoring rehabilitation is the recent increased cost of building materials out of proportion to the cost of labor. But the vastly increased cost of labor, too, is such a factor: more labor goes into rehabilitation than might be thought, but less than into new construction. Much rehabilitation labor requires no great skill—but care—a specialty of the resident owner.

Any forces which favor the city over the suburbs favor survival of better houses because, excepting tenements and recent construction, town houses are better than the past twenty to thirty years' crop of suburban houses. There are a number of these forces, among them increasing suburban taxes, increasing distance of reasonably priced housing from places of employment, the increasing cost of gasoline, which will
mount endlessly, and the returning receptivity of inner city school boards for neighborhood schools. Perhaps most important is the very fact of the deterioration of inner city housing, which has brought the cost of many urban residential lots with houses below the cost even of undeveloped suburban lots.

One does not wish to beat a dead horse, so the vestigial forces which inhibit survival of the best housing will not be dwelt on. These are, mainly, code enforcement used for harassment, which is based on the false premise of windfall profits, and condemnation for slum clearance, which creates an artificial market for slum property after it has been milked, and has the effect, therefore, of providing an incentive for milking slum property instead of putting it on the market before it hits bottom. These are largely discredited and well on the way to being abandoned.

In the absence of distorting forces what may be expected to happen is what is generally happening now, namely, that neighborhoods go through thirty to fifty year cycles of investment, decay, and reinvestment in existing stock or redevelopment. It is a pity that neighborhoods are not more stable, but in order to make them so we would have to countenance changes in our dynamic society that we would in fact not countenance. What happens now, to put it crudely but accurately, is that the segment of the population which cannot afford enough in rent to support adequate maintenance occupies each neighborhood in turn as it approaches the nadir of its decay cycle. It is proper that the plight of these people be ameliorated as much as possible; and that should be done, but it is not specifically a housing problem. As far as housing goes, they are occupying better housing than if they lived in housing built specifically for them.

In the natural course of things the succeeding phase will be redevelopment or rehabilitation. If it is redevelopment, the chances are that it will be "luxury housing", which may or may not be to everyone's taste architecturally but does at least represent the highest practical standard of which we are capable at this time. If it is rehabilitation, the chances are that it will be by resident owners or small-scale speculative operators. In both cases a portion of the labor will be contributed by the owner himself. This is by far the most efficient way we have of providing good, imaginative housing in the $30 to $50 thousand range. Forces which are necessary to get the best out of this process are mostly already present. Each of them points to private and governmental policies which need to be argued in detail and at length. Here we will only list them.

The most important thing is public opinion, and so no occasion should be lost for portraying the advantages of older houses. Wherever possible, rehabilitation should be linked up with historic preservation: the line between a slum and an historic district is a fine one, and the energy available for historic preservation is enormous. Local government and private preservation organizations should have a clearly understood, if not necessarily publicized, priority ranking of neighborhoods—in general the oldest first. Local government should enlist the aid of the preservation organization to publicize the historic and architectural quality of the target neighborhood, and should consider channeling rehabilitation funds through its "revolving fund" rather than through the local housing agency; or, perhaps it should engineer a marriage between the two.

In its budgeting, government must, much more than it has done, look ahead to consider where historic quality may be a factor in rejuvenation even twenty or thirty years hence. In those areas it must maintain such things as distinctive pavings and fencing around parks. Tax abatement is extremely complex, but there must be some assurance to the renovator that he will not be penalized. Lending institutions must be flattered, cajoled, and forced to loosen up a little more in making construction loans and permanent financing available for restoration. Much, very much, can be done by preservation
organizations with their own funds, and by charitable foundations and individuals inducing banks to make loans by guaranteeing them.

With all this, two things ought to be done to alleviate the dislocation of low-income tenants in a neighborhood which has started back up. First, an effort should be made to retain some number of them by subsidizing rents. There are governmental programs set up to do this. They have not worked well, but they could be improved, especially if they are viewed purely as an ameliorative measure and not as a solution to the housing problem. Rents could also be subsidized, in effect, by charitable organizations and wealthy individuals seeking a tax shelter and a good deed. This is sometimes called paternalism; it would be better to call it kindness and take advantage of it—it can work extremely well. Second, every effort should be made to get low-income tenants to buy when their neighborhood is at the bottom of its cycle. The same house they are renting for $100 a month can probably be bought for under $10,000, with lower monthly payments. This requires: that someone, somehow, help them with the down payment; that they be persuaded by someone they trust (because they have never thought of being property owners); that someone help them with budgeting and management on a continuing, personal basis. Most important, the people who are in a position to help this happen must give up the idea that poor people can live in good housing. A family that can afford $125 a month can afford to buy a $10,000 house but they cannot afford to improve it or to maintain it any better than when they were tenants, except (which could be considerable) for their pride of ownership which would make them impart their own labor. They may actually derive little improvement in their housing. The improvement will be in their environment and in their equity. Realistically they will probably move out of the neighborhood as their taxes go up, but by that time their house will have at least doubled in value.

It must be remembered that our population level is more stable now than at any time in recent memory. This in itself will be a big factor in diffusing the housing crisis. It seems possible to resume now what surely must have been the pattern of housing in all normal times: "the inevitable cycle of growth and decay". If we are wise and alert, however, we ought to be able to throw out of the inevitable cycle, each time around, some of the worst houses of each generation, and lift out of the cycle each time around, some of the best. Houses do belong, after all, if they are reasonably good to begin with, to that select class of things which start getting more valuable with age once they get over the hump of being merely old.
An Open Letter to St. John’s Alumni

by William M. Goldsmith

August 24, 1977

Early last summer [1976] I received a letter from (then) Dean Curtis Wilson containing an invitation to give the Friday night lecture at homecoming weekend in the fall. It dawned upon me that I had not been back to Annapolis in twenty-five years and I was not sure what to expect. I had experienced some intermittent contact with the Alumni Office and occasionally received fund appeals from the class representative, but what St. John’s was really like after my absence of a quarter of a century began to intrigue me. I reflected upon my self-imposed exile from the old place; why was it that I had not gone back to any of the previous homecomings or other events? Why had I drifted away from the concerns of the College during those years when it apparently needed its old friends very badly? A sense of guilt permeated these reflections.

Certainly there were reasons and explanations available. Much of it was wrapped up in Scott and Winkie’s decision to withdraw from Annapolis and the refusal of the Board to go along with that decision. I was very close to Scott in those days, in fact I later worked with both Scott and Winkie on several foundation projects and I was a dyed-in-the-wool loyalist. It is not my intention to open up dated arguments or throw salt into old wounds, but Scott and Winkie’s sudden departure from Annapolis had created an initial breach with the College for many of us from which we had never quite recovered.

They had both symbolized the idea of St. John’s so concretely, that their departure constituted something of a permanent rupture for many of us, a wound too deep to heal very quickly.

Perhaps that is putting our estrangement only in its best light. All of us who left, whether as graduates or not, went out into the world to tilt with its imposing windmills. We had our lives to build, our careers to establish. We left the family hearth to strike out on our own and we were eager to do it . . . at least most of us were. We wanted to test theory against practice, ideas against reality. We had been true believers, in a sense, and the world, or perhaps more circumspectly the country, became our laboratory where we could test our theories, try our skills, measure our worth in the public marketplace. I think most of us felt we were ambassadors of the program, and our success or failure(s) would in some way test its validity. I know Scott had counseled us that we would be misfits, but then we wanted to be striking misfits, oracles, Cassandras, able to retain our bearings while those all about us might be losing theirs.

For many of us this was too heavy a burden to bear. We discovered initially just the opposite of what we had expected. We stepped forth into our chosen occupation (whether job or profession) with a somewhat arrogant feeling of our own special virtues (if I dare) and quickly discovered that we were not so recognized by those around us. In fact, we had to play “catch-up” to stay alive. We were surrounded by many who were far better prepared than we were to fit into the roles laid out for us, and although we had been warned about this, I venture to say we were not quite prepared for it. Whether we became students of law or medicine, academics or young advertising account executives, those around us appeared to be making far greater progress, even understanding better what was expected of them and certainly better prepared for the circumstances that confronted them than we were. We might, as Winkie used to put it, “have read the notes of the previous meeting,” but some of them had memorized those notes, at least those that were considered to be immediately expedient, and they could operate in the new (for us) circum-

Mr. Goldsmith, a graduate of St. John’s in the class of 1945, is a professor of history at Brandeis University.
stances with far greater facility than we could. We consoled ourselves with the thought that our qualities would surface "in the long run", but then someone told us that "in the long run" we would all be dead. Nice thought.

I guess survival, pure survival was the first order of business. For some reason, neither the pons asinorum nor the divided line provided ready guidelines in this endeavor. Perhaps the myth of the cave suggested the closest analogy to our present condition, for in our return to the environs of the world of reality, we were stumbling blindly, dazed by our previous experiences and lost in a maze of shadows which were distorted in our confused and myopic vision of the past, present, and future. We had to learn the rules of the game and the tricks of the trade in which we were immersed, and our previous experience which drove us always to ask "why", did not particularly help in this phase of our worldly education. I think most of us suffered humiliations, even despair, during such periods and wondered many times why we had spent four years in preparation for such traumatic failure.

Little by little, after long periods of loneliness and rejection, many of us began slowly to find our way. I'm sure many compromises, or what we thought were compromises, and much soul searching marked this period of exile. We had to come to terms with reality, to join the human race largely on its terms. Just as Scott had "to become regularized" by getting his Ph.D. at Harvard, we had to pick up our degrees, serve our apprenticeships, and demonstrate our ability to master the liturgy of the field we had embraced. This was a trying time for most of us but it was not without some compensations. We did learn some necessary things. Vocational education is not devoid of its own discipline, its own values, its own merits. I began to learn something about my own country and its history that went beyond the Federalist Papers and the Constitution. I discovered that history is not simply a recitation of ideas and classical models, but is made up of continuing crisis and response, and men and events. I discovered that the Constitution provides a framework, a skeleton for our institutions and laws, but that the muscles, nerves, and fatty tissue of the body politic are forged in the crucible of continuing crisis and response, and men and events. I discovered this rich body of material to know where we came from, and what are our resources for moving on.

But at this point in our development, having learned the new rules of the game and read its accompanying literature, we met, if not Plato and Socrates, certainly Scott coming back. Once we had mastered the idiom of our new disciplines, we were in a position to raise questions again, questions which those who memorized the minutes of the previous meetings could not begin to answer or even recognize. This did not always increase our popularity or our standing with our new colleagues, but now that we had established our bona fides, convinced them by our commitment and mastery of the operational level of the field that we now "belonged", our right, not necessarily our sanity, in raising such questions was acknowledged. In other words, we began to employ the deeper resources of our St. John's experience, and although this didn't always provide satisfaction, it did give us something of the special identity we had earlier expected and also provided a sense of the integrity we thought that we had all but lost.

When the questions didn't come, at least in the beginning, there was always Scott around to remind us of our larger responsibility to the community of ideas. I can remember the occasion when many of us got together with him for the last time at Ping Ferry's place in Westchester before he and Miriam left for the West Coast. [May 31, 1958] We had arranged a little celebration for him, and there was, of course, some speechmaking and good discussion. Winkie was there and Mark Van Doren, Kip Fadiman, Jasha, Jack Neustadt, and a large number of students. Scott used the occasion to give us all a don rag, reminding us of our intellectual responsibility to push the questions further than they were being pursued in the public discourse currently going on. It is vintage Buchanan:

For a few minutes I want to stage a little tableau for you, a composite oral examination and don rag. I have some questions I want to ask you, questions for St. John's graduates and questions for American citizens. As I understand the questions, one leads to another, and they all add up to: How are you doing?

The first question is: Do you believe in and trust your intellect, that innate power that never sleeps? This is not a theoretical nor a dogmatic question, but rather one of experience. Do you recognize the action of this power as you live and learn? Many of you have gone on to graduate and professional learning, and, I happen to know, many of you have lived a lot in addition. You have fallen into the hands of scholars and into the grooves of practice. You have suffered the winds of doctrine, and have gotten lost in the jungle of ideologies. Latterly you have been stormed by scientific miracle and guess. In all these learnings and practices have you listened to the small spontaneous voice within that asks continually if these things are true? Have you allowed this voice to speak louder and remind you that you do not know, that you know you do not know, and that you know what you do not know? Do you believe that knowledge is possible, that truth is attainable, and that it is always your business to seek it, although evidence is overwhelmingly against it? That is the first question; I shall not just now press for an answer.

The second question seems to flow from the first. Have you in the course of your life, before, after, or while you were at St. John's, become your own teacher? Perhaps this is not quite the question that I intend. This may be better: Have you yet recognized that you are and have been your own teacher? Amidst all the noise and furor about education in this country at present, I have yet to hear this question raised. But it is basic. Liberal education has as
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its end the free mind, and the free mind must be its own teacher. Intellectual freedom begins when one says with Socrates that he knows that he knows nothing, and then goes on to add: I know what it is that I don't know. My question then is: Do you know what you don't know and therefore what you should know? If your answer is affirmative and humble, then you are your own teacher, you are making your own assignment, and you will be your own best critic. You will not need externally imposed courses, nor marks, nor diplomas, nor a nod from your boss—in business or in politics.

My third question is different from the first two, more superficial perhaps, but fateful, nevertheless. Under the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, have you persuaded yourself that there are knowledges and truths beyond your grasp, things that you simply cannot learn? Have you allowed adverse evidence to pile up and force you to conclude that you are not mathematical, not linguistic, not poetic, not scientific, not philosophical? If you have allowed this to happen, you have arbitrarily imposed limits on your intellectual freedom, and you have smothered the fires from which all other freedoms arise. Most of us have done this and come short of what that threadbare slogan, human dignity, really means. We are willing, and shamefully relieved, to admit that each has his specialty, his so-called field, and the other fellow has his, and we are ready to let the common human enterprise go by default. We are willing to become cripples in our minds and fractions of men in our lives. Some of us are willing to crush the Socratic formula and say, I know nothing.

The fourth question: Do you accept the world? This is reminiscent of Margaret Fuller's saying to Carlyle: But I do accept the universe, Mr. Carlyle. I am thinking of a slightly different context in The Brothers Karamazov, when Ivan tells Alyosha that he finds it easy to believe in God, but that he finds it impossible to believe in the world. The second clause follows from the first in a crushed syllogism: Because he believes in God, he cannot accept the world. For most of us these days, the case is that we have believed in some things so weakly or fanatically that other equally or more real things have become absurd or impossible. This results from our crippled minds, our self-imposed limits on understanding, our deafness to the voice that asks: Is it true?

I am persuaded that the cure for this sickness of mind is in some vigorous and rigorous attempt to deal with that most puzzling and mysterious idea, the idea of the world. It is not a simple idea, nor even a merely complicated idea. Kant called it an antimony, an idea of speculative reason governing all other uses of the intellect. There have been other such ideas that have governed thought, the idea of God or Being as it puzzled and dazzled the ancient world, the idea of Man as it stirred and fermented the world from the Renaissance on. God and Man have not disappeared as charts and aids to intellectual navigation, but they are in partial eclipse at present, and the world is asking us the big questions, questions in cosmology and science, questions in law and government. They are not merely speculative questions; they are concrete and immediately practical; they are as much matters of life and death and freedom as the old questions were. Most of us have made, with Ivan, a pact with the devil, an agreement not to face them and accept them—yet.

I am not going to mark you on any attempt you may make to answer these questions here today; we don't mark at St. John's. But I would guess that none of us, certainly including myself, would stand very high, if we tried. Perhaps we ought rather to ask whether these are valid questions. If they are valid, they may come somewhere near indicating a standard by which we judge our common intellectual life, and therefore our common education in this country. I myself think the questions are valid, and I draw a drastic consequence, namely, that we need a national system of education, from university to kindergarten, from federal to local, and that it should aim at the intellectual confidence which would dare to act freely and go wherever it pleases, wherever it ought to go.

No one has asked us questions like that since then, and with Scott gone we will just have to develop the habit of asking ourselves. When we do, the New Program will have more than justified itself.

Another reason for my disappearance from Annapolis and estrangement from Scott for so long was that I didn't really want to face either until I accomplished some intellectual task in which I could take real pride. I was certainly not ashamed of the unsuccessful labor struggles I was involved with in the South (five years of lost strikes), nor the Civil Rights efforts and work at compensatory education for the underprivileged in Boston, but I felt very strongly that I had to use my mind in some creative way and complete some major piece of work before I could really look Scott in the eye again. The tragedy of that perhaps foolish notion was, that although it inspired me to go beyond my natural limits and attempt something that I never really thought I would finish, Scott died before it was finished. Only he would have understood the truly comic aspect of what for me was something of a personal tragedy.

Annapolis is a confusing city when one has been absent twenty-five years and I got lost more than once when I strayed away from the immediate central area. West Street has become a typically American jungle of stores and used car lots and the outer reaches of the community have grown enor-
mously, with shopping centers and suburban real estate. But the heart of the inner city is remarkably unchanged, despite some expansion of the Naval Academy, and the chic development of a number of jet-set watering spots around the marketplace at the foot of Main. Carvel Hall, alas, is no more, but there is quite a comfortable little Hilton, of course, at the foot of Main, right next to the Yacht Club and overlooking the harbor. I brought my wife and three children with me, and we had great fun eating cherrystones and oysters on the half shell at the market, walking the grounds of the College, and even smelling the unprofessional sweat of the old gym.

Nostalgia set in. It was a delight to see the old buildings, along with some striking new ones, in such good shape, and my immediate reaction was that those who had stayed behind had minded the store well and kept the lamp brightly lighted.

More important than the plant, the College appeared to be very much alive, students still very enthusiastic and quite willing to transfer that enthusiasm to returning old fogeys. The faculty has changed but that was to be expected. Mr. Kaplan is still there and remembers and so are Jasha, Win-free, Bob Bart,* and a few others, but for the most part there are new faces, as there should be, and things appear to be in good order. Of course, I cannot report on the quality of learning on the basis of a weekend's visit, but more intensive observers like David Riesman and Gerald Grant, along with considerable criticism and a remarkable insight, have concluded fairly recently:

The (St. John's) curriculum raises questions and doubts more than it increases confidence. It tests and encourages the development of a fairly narrow range of important skills. It teaches appreciation more than it spurs the ambition to create something at least marginally new. Too many students, perhaps, learn at St. John's how great a failure they are, at how great a distance they lie from the masters.

Yet the program that exists is remarkable. Its community is founded on a radical faith in the ability of liberal education to teach men and women to think for themselves and to become conscious of their moral and social obligations. It has embodied a vision and fostered a dialectic in the culture because it has been there to be criticized. It has kept alive an ideal of the liberal arts and a concern for the wholeness of intellectual experience in a pure form. It has been a kind of conscience of the liberal arts college, a goal to all higher education, and a declaration about how men should live.¹

II

There was never a time when American higher education needed a conscience more than it does today. I have been teaching for the past seventeen years in an institution which is considered one of the best small universities in the country. We came into existence not too long after the New Program at St. John's was instituted, in the post-war years when the famous Harvard Redbook—General Education in a Free Society—provided the ideas and the curriculum for undergraduate education, not only at Brandeis University, but most of the other institutions of higher learning in America. The Harvard Redbook was itself a response to the challenge that Hutchins and St. John's had hurled out upon the unfriendly ears of higher education in America. It granted the argument that there existed a body of ideas and subject matter that were the foundation of a liberal education, and it rejected the Elliot concept that students should be entirely free to select their own course of study, from beginning to end. It proposed the outline of a core curriculum that should be common to all students in higher education, embracing substantial exposure to the humanities, the physical sciences, and the social sciences.

The faculty at Harvard and later at Brandeis and other institutions adopted this concept, and in its early history, Brandeis even organized its course of study around these categories and eliminated the highly specialized departments. But as the centrifugal forces of research and scholarship took their toll in a rapidly expanding university, the overall divisions grew into departments, and the core curriculum gradually disappeared. It was replaced by a watered down successor: "distribution requirements" which allowed students merely to fill out their programs with several courses of their own selection in each of the aforementioned general categories (i.e., physical science, humanities, etc.)

The gradual erosion of any coherent curriculum of study under this scheme led to a Faculty-Student Task Force created by the Dean of Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard recently to review the last twenty-five years at Harvard where the policies of the core curriculum proposed by the Redbook were in practice. With regard to the growing freedom of choice where students can select almost any course in the university to fulfill the core curriculum requirements, the draft report of this Task Force observes:

No doubt many students could profit substantially from an unfettered opportunity to find their way through two thousand or more courses now offered in the Harvard catalogue. Our judgment, however, is that more students are bewildered than stimulated by this cornucopia. Though they cherish their freedom, they also seek guidance, and at present that guidance is not forthcoming from the one group that ought to be an important source—the Faculty.

A student member of the Task Force goes even further:

Harvard has gone soft... Increasing numbers of alternatives exist to meet requirements, and minimal

¹This was written before Mr. Bart's translation to Santa Fe. Ed.

¹Change 6 (May 1974) No. 4, p. 63.
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competence is required to fulfill them... The potpourri of courses leads (students) to suspect that there are no educational guidelines structuring course content, that there are no goals to provide some kind of organizing focus to the diversity. Faced with the formidable task of shouldering the burden of intellectual development single-handedly, many retreat from the challenge. In designing a course of study the concern shifts from achieving such growth to finding an easy "A".

The Harvard Task Force goes on to quote John Stuart Mill on the subject of liberal education on the occasion of his inauguration as the Rector of St. Andrews in 1867:

Universities are not intended to teach knowledge required to fit men for some special mode of making their livelihood. Their object is not to make skillful lawyers, or physicians or engineers, but capable and cultivated human beings. It is very right that there should be Schools of Law and Medicine... But these things are not part of what every generation owes to the next, as that on which its civilization and worth will primarily depend... Men are men before they are lawyers, or physicians, or merchants, or manufacturers; and if you make them capable and sensible men, they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers or physicians... Men may be competent lawyers without general education, but it depends upon general education to make them philosophic lawyers—who demand, and are capable of appreciating, principles, instead of merely cramming their memory with details.

Sound familiar?

I place so much emphasis on this Harvard Report, not yet accepted by its Faculty, because Harvard has always been a leader in educational developments in this country, and because this report records the failure of liberal education at Harvard over the past twenty-five years, a failure even to implement properly the very modest requirements outlined in the Redbook drawn up by a similar Faculty Committee a quarter of a century ago.

In concluding its appraisal of the currently almost non-existent core curriculum at Harvard, the Task Force argues that the purpose of requirements in the curriculum "is to insinuate that all students are exposed to those significant intellectual skills and elements of culture that, given free choice, they might well neglect to their own regret and loss." Specific proposals follow which include the enumeration of eight (8) areas of study in which every Harvard student will be required to meet standards reflected in comprehensive examinations. These areas include: (a) Expository Writing; (b) Mathematical Reasoning and its Application; (c) Physical Sciences; (d) Biological Sciences; (e) Western Culture (1) Western Literature and Art, (2) Western Thought; (f) Nonwestern Civilizations and Culture; (g) Political and Moral Philosophy; and (h) Modern Social Analysis. Both course work and examinations in these eight fields will be required and provision will be made for close Faculty supervision of the designation of courses to meet these requirements.

What all this means is that American higher education is slowly awakening to that fact that it is facing another major crisis, particularly obvious among private institutions. With the astronomically rising cost of higher education, greater pressure is being brought upon the leading institutions in this area to justify their high tuition costs, and consequently to defend their undergraduate educational programs. Upon careful scrutiny they are or increasingly will be discovering that their performance has not kept pace with their rhetoric, and the restive consumers of their product are becoming increasingly aware of the shortcomings of what they are being offered and dissatisfied with the results. In such an explosive, even revolutionary environment, the role of St. John's, the "liberal conscience" of American higher education, becomes even more significant.

I have never thought that the St. John's program contained the final answer to all the problems of American higher education. And yet, as Riesman and Grant argue, St. John's with its "radical faith" and unswerving commitment to its program tends to goad the rest of American Higher Education into deeper reflection of its own shortcomings. It serves as a point of reference of comparison, an irritating gadfly like Socrates, constantly to remind all of the others what is possible when the courage and the commitment to a coherent value system are present.

In my own university, I have flooded the Educational Policy Committee with stinging inquiries and appeals for careful self-examination, and have recently run for election to that Committee and the Faculty Senate (successfully) in order to pursue my criticisms with more constructive action. I have also been leading a seminar on higher education in America, which has drawn a good number of the more critical student leaders together and provided them with some substance to accompany their already inflated critical rhetoric. Reform is in the air, but the critical question is still: what kind of reform? What will be the concepts and values that mark the coming reconstruction of the undergraduate curriculum in American higher education? Will they follow the pattern of the post-war changes, where something was promised to every group making substantial demands, and the end result was a patchwork quilt of timid "core curriculum" proposals and "distribution requirements"? These reforms never did get to the root of the problem, and with the passage of years, whatever constructive substantive changes they did make were easily crowded. The centrifugal forces of the modern university, particularly in the physical sciences, dominate the educational structure of the university and weaken its commitment to undergraduate liberal education. As the Dean of Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences recently put it:

For a long time there has been a contradiction in the mission of this faculty. We are all scholars intent on
moving forward in our particular subject. At the same time, we are also charged with educating undergraduates. . . . In the former capacity, we act as specialists seeking to communicate with other like-minded individuals. In the latter capacity, we should be generalists, communicating on a more fundamental level with young people. No university college can avoid this contradiction. . . . Nevertheless, this contradiction has to be minimized if the social contract within the university is to be preserved.

But the question is how and under what terms? I am trying to suggest that in this very sensitive and potentially explosive period of reform of undergraduate education in this country, the St. John's program and its influence appear to me to be even more important than ever. Now let me address myself to that aspect of the question.

III

The burden of my argument from the outset has been that too many of us, for one reason or another, have become estranged from St. John's and its ongoing effort to survive and flourish in an otherwise hostile educational environment. Too many of us have left it to those who stayed behind—Dick Weigle, Jasha Klein, Simon Kaplan, Bob Bart, Winfree Smith, and others—to carry on the struggle, not only of keeping the college alive and the quality of its program flourishing, even expanding, but also of carrying on the struggle that Winkle, Scott and Bob Hutchins initiated—of affecting the quality of undergraduate education in this country.

This is not a simple nor an inconsequential issue. The future of all our institutions and the quality of our civilization depend upon the future of our educational system. Granted that most of us came to St. John's because we believed it offered us the best college education we could obtain in this country, we were also concerned at that time with its impact upon education in the country at large. Some of us were even active critics within the program and at various times raised our voices in order to bring about consideration of changes aimed at improving the program.

For too many of us, that once-active concern and those critical voices have been silent too long. Individually, we may have had some influence within our own areas of activity, but for many of us our links with St. John's have been severed—or almost so. Many of us were overjoyed at the chance to meet one another recently at Winkle's eightieth birthday, but for some of us the occasion ended too quickly and we hardly had time to exchange vital statistical information (married, single, how many children, etc.) when the afternoon was over and we drifted away for perhaps another ten or twenty years. It more closely resembled a reunion of Spanish-American War veterans than a meeting of committed educational revolutionaries. And maybe that's where it's at.

I don't want to admit this is true, however. From visiting with the Board and the active alumni, I have discovered how important the interest of the New Program graduates is to the future of St. John's. Every nickel raised from foundations and corporations depends on the level of participation and interest demonstrated by St. John's own graduates. If we don't give a damn or a cent, how can we expect others to show any interest? After all, we are the ones who ought to know the significance of such an education better than anyone else, and if we are indifferent to the future of the College and its influence, what can we expect from the rest of the country?

But over and beyond this critical problem, I think the College needs the benefit of our vastly differing experiences and points of view. Barr and Buchanan never looked at the Program as a static "idee fixe" and I don't think it ought to be. No idea or institution can continue to flourish without the revitalizing force of constructive internal criticism. I want to find out more about what has taken place since I left Annapolis twenty-nine years ago, and I damn well intend to put some effort into the exercise. I want to discover what has happened to many of you, not simply the vital statistics concerning marriages and jobs, but what's going on inside your heads and hearts. I think one of the criteria of the quality of the St. John's education is our ability to communicate with each other after ten or twenty years. A dead silence on the part of a majority of St. John's graduates in the face of a potential evolution in American higher education is something of an admission of failure and an indication that we have nothing to contribute. I don't think this is true.

As I have carefully examined the rather vacuous discussion of the content of liberal education in the professional journals and among leading American educators, from Harvard to Way Below Normal, I think we do have something terribly important to contribute. Many of the colleges and universities are filled with brilliant minds, interesting and dynamic faculty members, and bright and eager students. That is not the problem. What is lacking is a clear and coherent idea concerning the purpose of undergraduate education, a program for implementing it and the educational leadership to put it into practice. We are approaching a period when the intensity of the debate will rise astronomically, and the quantity of words will multiply geometrically. But what the outcome will be is still very problematical, and there are not many encouraging signs that the right steps will be taken.

I think St. John's College and St. John's graduates ought to be heavily involved in this ongoing discussion and I would like to propose that we begin right now among ourselves. I think to begin with, we ought to reconsider participating in the endowment drive—the Fund for 1980's. Without this economic base, St. John's and the St. John's idea are not going to be able to survive the competitive and inflationary era of high educational costs. Furthermore, many of us enjoyed the luxury of financial aid while we were at St. John's, either from the Government through the Veteran's Administration or through grants raised by the Administration. That made it possible for many of us to attend who would never have been able to accumulate the funds to do so on our own. If this "money-blind" admission policy is to continue at both schools, this large-scale underwriting of the expanding cost of education is a sine qua non. And here the small contributions
are as important as the larger ones, because as I indicated above, the large contributors, such as foundations and corporations, base their contributions on the interest expressed by the immediate consumers—the graduates of the college. If the school is not able to attract the participation of its own, its chances of obtaining the support of outsiders will be greatly diminished.

A second concrete proposal I want to make is to establish something like a committee of correspondence—an enlarged symposium. I think there are a lot of us who might be interested in communicating our thoughts to each other if there was such an intimate medium of communication. I am not suggesting another alumni journal, God forbid, but rather a symposium of letters, articles, essays, and what have you—anything worth communicating to others with whom you have been out of touch for many years. I am certain that my ideas will draw many negative responses, along with perhaps some positive ones, but this might be a way of getting things into motion.

Be patient, I'm almost finished. I'm comfortably ensconced at a desk I made out of the scraps of lumber left over from the house I just finished building with my own hands on Martha's Vineyard. Of course, I had some help, but it's been one of the great experiences of my life. When my wife, Marianne (if she gets a few minutes off from her internship in Pediatrics at Children's Hospital in Boston) and my three kids—Cricket, Mike, and Suzy—climb to the top of the crow's nest we have built on the roof, we can see at least ten miles of Nantucket Sound, all the Elizabeth Islands and the rolling Vineyard landscape that tumbles into the sea. And the sunsets—wow! In this mood and under these conditions I bid you farewell. I want very much to hear from many of you and I know many of you feel the same way about others you have not heard from or about in decades. What ever happened to our Rhodes Scholar, Steve Terry? I got a scribbled note on the back of a match box with his address on it ten years ago, brought to me by a student who had been interviewed by the Rhodes Committee in the Midwest. What about R. O. Davis, our spellbinder? What does Don Kaplan have to say about the New York City School system and Mike Keane on the same subject? Where is John Larkin Lincoln IV, Verne Schwab, Cas Krol, Rogers Albritton and dozens of others? Can't all we prodigal sons (and more recently daughters) come home again and keep the conversation going?

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PARENTS’ WEEKEND

St. John's will sponsor a weekend on the Annapolis campus for parents again this year. A student committee, as in each of the past two years, will plan and organize all events and will be in charge of managing the weekend's activities. Parents may plan to visit classes on Thursday and Friday, seminars on Thursday evening, and attend the all-College lecture on Friday evening. There will also be seminars for parents, and students who wish to participate, on Saturday morning.

A more detailed announcement will be sent to all parents later in the winter. Meanwhile, experience dictates that hotel reservations be made at the earliest possible date in order to avoid possible disappointment.

THE DATES: MAY 4-7, 1978
January, 1978

CAMPUS—ALUMNI NEWS

Maryland’s acting Governor Blair Lee III signed the St. John’s College bond bill last summer. The bill provides matching funds for various renovation and new construction projects on the Annapolis campus between now and 1981. In the picture above, from the left seated, President of the Maryland Senate Steny Hoyer, Governor Lee, Speaker of the Maryland House of Delegates John Hanson Briscoe; standing, St. John’s seniors Daniel Jerrems, Christian Jenifer Smith, Rollie Feuchtenberger, President Weigle, (almost hidden is Miss Beth Garraway, executive director of the Maryland Independent College and University Association), senior Nancy Lee Conner, St. John’s vice president William B. Dunham, and Charles Cooley, until recently director of the Fund for the 1980’s.

Alumni-in-Residence

The availability of one dormitory on the Santa Fe campus makes it possible for the College to try an experimental Alumni-in-Residence Program.

We believe that alumni and their spouses might enjoy spending a day, a week, or a fortnight in residence, visiting seminars and tutorials, and meeting and talking with tutors and students. Actual participation in any class will require the permission of the tutor, but auditing will be welcome in any class. Students themselves seem to welcome the opportunity for discussion with their seniors, as the presence of occasional retired persons in the student body attests. Other attractions in Santa Fe include skiing on the nearby slopes, shopping, sightseeing, or just relaxing.

The charge for a single person for room and all meals is $8.00 a day, for a couple $15.00 a day. The weekly rate is $50.00 for a single person and $90.00 for a couple. The College is not equipped to provide care for small children, but teens will be welcome at the rates which I have quoted.

Space is limited, so reservations should be made as soon as possible by writing to my secretary, Mrs. Geneva Mantelli, St. John’s College, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 87501. The telephone number is 505-982-3691.

Richard D. Weigle
President

Award of Merit

Awards of Merit were presented this year at the Homecoming dinner to three alumni: Bernard F. Gessner ’27, Dr. David Dobreer ’44, and Robert A. Goldwin ’50.

With appropriate ceremony, William W. Simmons ’48, president of the Alumni Association, presented scrolls to Messrs. Gessner and Goldwin. Dr. Dobreer was prevented from attending the dinner by professional commitments. His award was delivered later in October by Alumni Director Tom Parran, when Parran was on the West Coast to meet with alumni in the Los Angeles and San Francisco areas.

Bernard “Bunny” Gessner served as executive vice president of the Alumni Association from 1970 to 1972, then as its president for three years. His service to St. John’s includes also three years as junior varsity coach in football, basketball, and lacrosse. (In the first and last of these Gessner had been a stand-out as a student.) He has been very active in the affairs of the Annapolis Association chapter since his retirement from the Coca-Cola Co. in 1970.
The College

Dave Dobree, a physician in Los Angeles, since 1950 has been the St. John's "key man" in the Southern California area. He has been particularly helpful in the alumni admissions assistance program. He has served with distinction since 1974 as an alumni representative on the Board of Visitors and Governors, and just this past spring was re-elected to a second three-year term.

Bob Goldwin has had a distinguished career in education at St. John's, the University of Chicago, and Kenyon College. He was the first director, and one of the planners, of the Graduate Institute in Liberal Education. He served as Dean on the Annapolis campus from 1969 to 1973, leaving to be special advisor to the Ambassador, U.S. Mission to NATO. Subsequently he became special consultant to President Gerald Ford. Mr. Goldwin is now a resident scholar and Director of Seminar Programs at the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research in Washington, D.C.

Golden Anniversary Gift

At the Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association on October 1, the fifty-year reunion class, 1927, presented the College with a unique gift, an idea. The idea was the creation of an Alumni Great Hall, a structure to commemorate the accomplishments of alumni of the past, present, and future. It would house records and memorabilia, with particular emphasis on our first "famous" alumnus, Francis Scott Key 1796.

Presentation of the gift was by Edward J. Lush of the donating class, who was responsible for the concept. Mr. Lush stressed that St. John's should have some suitable location on campus where the many accomplishments of St. John's alumni could be recognized and displayed for all to see. He thought it unfortunate that there was no proper exhibit centered around Key; such a place would be a natural drawing card for tourists, and St. John's would in the process become better known.

During the subsequent discussion, it became clear that, even if a suitable building were given to the College, and a place on campus found to erect it, the added maintenance and operating costs would be beyond the College's capability. President Weigle suggested that perhaps a location could be found in one of the several buildings slated for renovation or expansion.

The Association consequently approved in principle plans to honor alumni, and urged that all possible steps be taken to establish a fitting memorial for that purpose. Association president Simmons subsequently asked Association past president Bernard Gesner to head a committee to study ways of implementing the Association's action.

Back Issues Available

Listed below are issues of The College which are in stock and available to our readers. There will be a charge of $1.00 a copy for postage and handling, with a minimum charge of $1.00. Since supplies of certain issues are limited (shown by an asterisk), orders will be filled on a first-come, first served basis:

1971: April*, October*, December; 1972: January ('73); 1973: April, January ('74), 1974: April, July, October, January ('75); 1975: April, July, October, January ('76); 1976: April, July, October, January ('77); 1977: April, July, October, January ('78).

Directors Reelected

Among other actions at the Annual Meeting on October 1, the Alumni Association elected four directors: Janet Nelson '72, Thomas MacNemar '39, Edward Heise and Gilbert Grannell, both '36. Their terms expire in 1979. This was the off-year election, involving only four of the elected directors. At Homecoming 1978 all four officers and four directors must be chosen. This provision of the By-Laws assures continuity in the direction of the Association.

Homecoming Reunions

Several classes made a special effort to hold reunions at Homecoming, and the results were most gratifying.

From the sixty-year class came John W. Noble and Ernst O. von Schwedtner. (They and their wives were joined at the dinner by Helen Davidson, whose late husband, George, was a member of the class of 1916.)

The Golden Anniversary class—fifty years out and one-third as old as the Association itself—was led by Bernard Gesner as chairman. From the class of 1927 he brought Frank De Santis, Elmer Jackson, Edward Lush, Lee Nichols, Frederick Smith, and Richard Williams, the last all the way from California.

Merrill Mitchell and Alan Pike combined efforts with the class of 1937; with them were John Brown, Ernest Cory, Okey Michael, and Robert Snibbe, for a reunion dinner on Friday. (Pike was the "longest-distance-traveled" winner: all the way from Honolulu.)

The thirty-year class, 1947, was under the command of Col. George Van Sant, and a fine group it was: Stephen Benedict, William Elliott, Gerald Hoxby, William Ross, W. Kyle Smith, Jr., and John Van Doren. (John's son Daniel is a freshman in Annapolis this year.)

Alumni Representatives

There were no nominations by petition of alumni representatives to the Board of Visitors and Governors in response to the announcement in the October issue.

The directors of the Alumni Association have nominated incumbents James H. Frame '50 and William W. Simmons '48, whose terms expire this spring.

In the absence of other nominations, and in accordance with the provisions of Article VIII, Section III, of the By-Laws of the Association, Messrs. Frame and Simmons are considered elected for three-year terms terminating in 1981.

Thomas Parran, Jr. Director of Alumni Activities

Addresses, please!

If you're moving, the Office of College Relations would like to have your address change six weeks prior to your move. It will save the college 25¢ for each address change. The office receives between 300 and 400 changes every month, so your help can save a lot of money.
This year's Silver Anniversary gang, 1952, was chaired by Thomas Carnes of San Francisco. For the reunion Tom brought in Paul Cree, John Fuller, Joseph Manusov, David Napper, and Adam Pinsker.

The twenty-year class, not really having a formal reunion, was represented by Joan Cole, John Kinloch, and Marcia DellPlain Reff.

From the class of 1967 were Gay Singer Baratta, Nancy Goldwin Harvey, Arthur Kungle, and Mark Lindley.

And off to a fine start by coming to their first Homecoming reunion were Ted Burke, Dan Jerems, Pamela Lobdell, Rick Pault, and Jenifer Smith.

Looking forward to next year, how about you alumni from the classes of 1918, 1928, 1938, 1948, 1953, 1958, and 1968? We are especially interested in the golden and silver anniversaries, but certainly hope that Clyde Bourke, Charlie Burton, Russell Cook, Tom MacManus, and others will represent that sixty-year class. If we have half-a-dozen classes making a special reunion effort, a successful Homecoming just sort of follows naturally. Start making your plans now.

CLASS NOTES

1911

At age 90, Clarence L. Dickinson has been made a Life Member of the Automobile Club of Maryland. He has served for thirty-seven years on the Club's Advisory Board in Salisbury, Md.

1923

S. Paul Schilling, author of Cod Ingenuito (Nashville: Abingdon Press, 1974), has just published another work, Cod and Human Anguish (Nashville: Abingdon Press, 1977). Dr. Schilling is professor of systematic theology emeritus, Boston University, and makes his home in Centerville, Mass. Both of his books are now part of the Alumni Authors Collection in the library in Annapolis.

1948

Ray Cave, former reporter for the Baltimore Evening Sun and later a staff member of Sports Illustrated, in September was named managing editor of Time magazine. Ray moved from SI to Time in March, 1976, as assistant managing editor.

On Thursday, October 20, the Reverend G. Harris Collingswood was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity by the Berkeley Divinity School at Yale University. (At about the same time, Harris's daughter Eloise '79 was elected president of the Student Police on the Annapolis campus.)

1950

From Daisy Goldwin, wife of Robert A., mother of three graduates, mother-in-law of another (with a second son-in-law three-quarters of the way through the Graduate Institute), she herself having completed three G.I. summers, comes a fine report on the Goldwin family, circa 1977-78. Husband Bob is a resident scholar and Director of Seminar Programs at the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research in Washington. Bob and Daisy plan to spend a month visiting seven countries in the mid-East, as he is a member of the Presidentially appointed Board of Foreign Scholarships. For news of the rest of the clan, see notes under 1968, 1971, and 1973—Santa Fe.

1952

Abhin Anumosu works in the Office of Public Relations at Boston University. Al was recently married, and wonders in his last letter why he waited so long. (As he readily admits, he graduated twenty years after the rest of his class; in this, as in marriage, better late than never, Al. And our most sincere congratulations on the latter—which also a bit late)

1955

Barbara Brunner Oosterhout during the fall successfully passed her Maryland Bar examinations, and was scheduled to be sworn in as a lawyer in December.

1966

David Z. Landow is spending this year as scholar-in-residence at the White Burkett Miller Center of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia, doing a study of the "legislative veto."

1968

Another medical doctor among our alumnus John Farmer writes that he is Past Surgeon at Ft. Ritchie, Md. He was married in April, 1976, and he and his wife, Rosaline, just had their first son, Martin. Rosaline is a nurse-midwife.

Nancy (Goldwin) and Steven Harvey '70 and their children, Joshua (4) and Eliana (1), have just moved to Silver Spring, Md. Steve received his Ph.D. degree in Near Eastern Languages and Literature from Harvard University, is working on a translation of Averroes under NEH sponsorship, and is teaching at the University of Maryland. He and Nancy have started a successful business designing, manufacturing, and marketing innovative products for infants and children.

1969

In October John M. Ross wrote that he had just returned from two-and-one-half months in London, where he attended a course given by the British Broadcasting Corporation in "Management of Resources in Broadcasting." His studies and the chance to live in London "were a marvelous experience," John writes. His home base is Seattle, where he works for KRAB, "trying to hustle money for his supported radio." John reports that Paul Olssonang had an exhibit of satirical drawings in the Eugene (Ore.) Public Library in September.

1971

Jane (Goldwin) Bandler and her husband Don live in Washington, D.C. Jane is director of Little People, a nursery school in Georgetown, and is furthering her training at the Washington Montessori Institute. Don is a Foreign Service Officer on the West African desk in Cultural Affairs, and attends George Washington Law School. He has completed three summers at the Graduate Institute in Santa Fe. Jane and Don have a daughter, Lara, who is one and one-half years old.

1972

A letter in September from Theophrastus Smith, reporting the good news that he and "Rabbit" (Marguerite Hudson '74) are expecting a baby in February. The Smiths graduated together from the Virginia Theological Seminary, receiving Master of Theological Studies degrees. They currently live with Russell and Margaret Frame Lipton '73 & '74, in Santa Cruz, Cal. The Liptons have launched a religious retreat there, and were expecting a baby in November. Marguerite is interning with a therapy program for persons convicted of driving while intoxicated. There is working as a writer and research assistant for Eldridge Cleaver in Palo Alto. Thee's evaluation of Cleaver, "for those interested in personal opinion", . . . he is not a charlatan, nor even a superChristian, but a mature, travel-wise, ex-radical from the 60's—born again after seven years of political and spiritual exile."

1972—Santa Fe

Elizabeth "Liz" Goldwin is also living in Washington. She completed training at the Montessori Institute there in 1976, and now teaches two Montessori classes in the Arlington County (Va.) Public Schools.
Schools. In November she exhibited her soft sculpture and batik work (her avocation) in a Washington gallery.

1974

October brought a welcome note from Valerie Kozel, who lives in Takoma Park, Md., and works for the World Bank in Washington, D.C. She is, she reports, "generally absorbing as much as I can of the world around me." She plans to return to school next year, for graduate work in systems analysis/transport planning.

1974—Santa Fe

Virginia Boyle writes that she spent her first post-St. John's year laboring on construction projects to finance a six-month stay in Europe. Working, studying, and skiing in and around Munich were hard to beat, she says, and the stay lasted two years. She is now back in Colorado, attending real estate school, and is planning to enter law school in the fall of 1978.

1975

Elizabeth (Betsy) Bassan is enrolled this year at Columbia University's School of International Affairs.

One of our Alumni Communicards arrived the other day from Dale Mortimer, bringing us up to date on his wanderings the past two and one-half years. After hitching around the West Coast in the fall of 1975, looking for the ideal place to live, he found the spot in Oregon, Ashland, to be exact. He has been a naturalist's assistant in several nature preserves, fought forest fires as a forestry technician, driven an ambulance, and played crew medic as an emergency medical technician. He is currently helping start a Great Books discussion group, learning chemistry, human anatomy, and physiology; and is avidly investigating altered states of consciousness such as self-hypnosis, dream control, and meditation. Dale's long-range plans involve consciousness research; and he is avidly investigating altered states of consciousness such as self-hypnosis, dream control, and meditation. Dale's long-range plans involve consciousness research.

1976

William W. Campaell is in his final year at Tulane University Law School. Last summer he worked at the Southern Poverty Law Center in Alabama—"exciting"—under the sponsorship of the Law Students Civil Rights Research Council. He lives in the New Orleans Free School, and frequently sees Larry and Hazel Schlueter '67 & '69 and their son Charlie. Hazel teaches at the School, and they get together to play old-time music—"fiddles and mandolins." Geoff Cockey '74 has roomed with Campbell on and off during the past two years.

James C. "Kimo" Mackey is a curator (we are not certain of that title) at the Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology, caring for the boat collection.

1976—Santa Fe

Pablo Collins, as reported in the October issue, is studying at the Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs at the University of Texas, Austin. Pablo says the only undergraduate requirement not met by the St. John's program are micro-economics, macro-economics, and introductory statistics. These, he advises, can be met by independent study.

Until early June David Shapira will be a resident of Kirchheim-Teck, West Germany. There since last June, David builds and repairs fiberglass sailplanes, and flies them as weather permits. His employer is Schempp-Hirth and Co.

Karyn Shaikowski, back in the United States after a sojourn in West Germany (April issue), writes that her direction has finally crystallized toward multina-
tional business; she is applying to schools of management in this country as well as to the Institut pour l'Etude de Methodes de Direction d'Entreprise in Lausanne. Meanwhile, she lives and works in Santa Barbara, Cal., for a company which markets architectural products throughout the world. She has been named editor for a new company-published architectural review of international projects.

1977

September brought us, among other visitors, Daniel Jeremias, both by letter and in person (Homecoming). Dan spent the summer doing construction work near Juneau, Alaska, before entering the two-year Health Associate Program at Johns Hopkins University. The program yields a B.S. degree and certification as a Physician's Assistant. The Jeremias Five Year Plan, as of September 16, involves two years (summer included) at Hopkins; one year working and gaining experience; and two years in the Peace Corps. After that he's keeping his options open: a Ph.D. degree in Public Health, medical school, or continuing as a Health Associate.

1977—Santa Fe

Sam Atwood, an active member of the mountain rescue unit while at St. John's, is at McMurdo Station in Antarctica. He is assistant operations manager for logistics for the Ross Ice Shelf Project of the University of Nebraska. Funded by the National Science Foundation, the project involves drilling through the ice shelf to the sea surface and down to the ocean floor, acquiring data and samples for scientific purposes. Sam was crossing the International Dateline on his twenty-first birthday; the result was a birthday only a couple of hours long. Sam's parents reside in Annapolis Roads, just outside the Maryland capital.

In Memoriam

1913—William A. Ruhl, Sr., St. Michaels, Md., November 28, 1977
1918—Dr. Elric E. Broadrup, Bel Air, Md., October 5, 1977
1923—James Sudler Cockey, Stevensville, Md., September 21, 1977
1932—George R. Vickers, IV, Ocean City, Md., October 6, 1977
1934—Bernard Cassassa, Bowie, Md., November 20, 1977
1940—C. Osborne Duvall, Annapolis, Md., October 20, 1977

The class of John D. Warfield, whose death was reported in October, should have read "1932."
The first issue of *The College* as a journal without a campus and alumni section will appear in the early summer. We have in the past had profiles of alumni (e.g., David Moss in *The College* of April 1976) and articles by alumni, as in the present issue. Otherwise the contents of the front part were made up of the texts of lectures (sometimes in expanded form), of articles written for or submitted to the magazine, poems and translations of poems, music, drawings, and photographs.

The last may help to explain why a semi-annual journal (with the President's Report making up a third issue) may open up new possibilities. Years ago there was a marvellous lecture by Curtis Wilson on "Kepler and the Mode of Vision". It was richly and tellingly illustrated in the oral delivery. Printing it would have meant tracking down copyright holders for months and probably years (in some cases), to get permission to reproduce. A quarterly journal could not do it. There was never enough time. A semi-annual might. Also it could easily print such a lecture with illustrations in one—larger—issue. Until now this kind of thing was ruled out, as were long serious articles or student papers, by considerations of space. The new journal will have more flexibility.

It was expected that I should remain its editor and I was looking forward to the new venture and continued collaboration with Tom Parran. But I am not going to be here next year and there will be a new editor. He (or she) will have the support of an editorial board (which includes the previous editor ex officio) and he (or she) will have Tom Parran's invaluable experience and generous help to lean on. *The College* in its new form should attract and be able to carry a good deal of interesting material it did not get and could not give before. May it prosper and continue to show the country and the world what goes on at St. John's.

B.R.v.O.