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Poet, word sculptor,
lovers inarticulate
envy you your craft.

—Jack Smith

Of Fergy

By Damon Thompson

Now this,

To come into the house at early evening and find him there. The four o'clocks have begun to open. The day has been cool, though it is summer, and now the oncoming evening presages a very cool night: though it is summer; it is August. He is there at the table and he is still terribly drunk. The boy's father is bending above him; his mother is at the stove. His mother speaks even softer than usual, her intense eyes bluer than usual. From time to time she looks at the drunken man, his head lurching forward over the plate with its uneaten fried potatoes and boiled beans; the sticky strands of black hair falling across his forehead, the wing of hair breaking into flexible comb-teeth, the mouth not loose but tending to slackness, the face flung downward, the eyes downcast; red-lidded, red-orbed. The drunken man seems unable to decide whether or not he should cry or only be petulent and thus lets his mouth tremble downward from time to time, then forming (upflinging his face) a grimace as hideous as that of a child before it wails its tearless screams. But he does not wail: in silence he keeps his implacable griefs like one bereft of hope. Somehow there is about his face something of a joy or sorrow greater than he is capable, not only of expressing, but even of feeling. Or only this: that he carries the oldest twins of man's agonies there (within): hope and fear: neither appearing without the other, both ancient, both agonies: both to be endured.

At last (for it seems to the boy—I speak now of Tam—that he has been standing at the door for a very long time; only looking, dreamy-far, perhaps not even at the drunk man alone, but surely that too) his mother speaks. "Close the door, honey, you'll let a thousand flies in." Then without so much as changing the inflection of her voice to register whatever it is that registers there, "you mean you found him clear down there?" This to his father.

The drunken man lowers his head again but the words choke themselves in the abortive telling: no words come. His words lay at the back of his throat, or were they really glued to the tongue as the black bodied flies glue themselves to the flypaper that hangs from the ceiling as it, the paper, coils imperceptibly in the dead kitchen air. His red-veined eyes trying desperately to concentrate on the hairy-backed hands. He speaks to those hands a strange mumbo jumbo: they answer the wizardry, rubbing soundlessly one on the other. Suddenly, preempting the silence, the drunken man almost shouts at the boy's mother. She turns, not startled, just alert, knowing the voice has jumped away before the tongue was quite agile to say the half-wrong words, "Yes, Fergy?" For less than a split second her body seems poised, frozen there by the window. He repeats the shout, but now it has fallen, (as if he were aware of the loudness of the voice itself and feared it) to a whisper, making of her one-syllabled name a two-syllabled echo: "Ma-ay". Then silence.

If he heard his name he makes no sound, not even a grumble; the face impervious, stone-set, silent. The eyes of the boy's father and his mother meet there above the drunken man's head, though trying to keep solemn, smiles break on their faces, slowly they shake their heads and above the drunken man's head their eyes meet and arrest themselves for a moment. Their grins grow wider as the drunken man, Fergy; purblind, makes a grumbling stab at his plate trying to spear and carry food to his mouth but getting only a taste of fork on his tongue. His fork falls to the plate and the black orifice centered between slack-jaws grown peppery with beard-stubble forms a wobbley drunken "O". His face hard-sets again.

"I may as well take that plate, he's too drunk to eat anything, Ben," the boy's mother says, but she does not move to the table.

Fergy makes an effort as if to arise, but it is almost imperceptable, abortive; only the elbows wing outward, then he falls into silence again. And so with the old implacable hope; not yet bereft of hope, maintaining that still: the oldest of agonies; old as his anguish of remembered loss—even older—that cannot be blotted out, drowned or eradicated, he attempts to speak of her death again. The result is purblind, futile. Futile as had been his efforts to leap into the grave the day of her funeral; they had held him at the grave's edge, denying him his sole wish; condemning him to life in death or death in life, without her.

(Fergy Frey had married Olive Davis just after the War. They had gone immediately to live on Fergy's farm; for they had both loved the land; born to and bred to it as they had been. They had been happy together—so much so that at times they wondered if there must not have been something almost sinful—or was it only Olive who sometimes awakened in the night trembling with a happiness she could never understand or articulate?—in a relationship as perfect as theirs.

Then a lingering disease had gripped her, and drained her of health and vitality. She died leaving Fergy alone with their son, Fred. At first Fergy had been so distraught that for three days he would allow no one to take her body away. He threatened death to anyone who dared enter the house to disturb his vigil. The boy had at last become terrified of his father and one evening had fled to the neighbors.

At her funeral he had been so drunk and stunned with grief that he had to be supported when he walked; his mind (some claim it had been effected temporarily; others said he had 'lost it' completely) was such that he blasphemed and raged; cursing God and the fates with every name to which he could lay his tongue.

At one moment he besought his dead wife to speak to him once more, calling over and over her name...Olive, Olive, Olive...at the next rumbling "get this goddamn funeral over with...shovel her under and get it over...Olive, Olive, Olive...

He seemed to have the fury, hatred and bile within him that day to last him a life-time, a life-time of bitter hatred of God and unresigned contempt and scorn for his own life that he now set out, systematically but slowly, to snuff out in a long paroxysm of furious anguish.

After her death and the beginning of his drinking—though he had drunk before; it was her death, they said, that drove him to **drink,** the townsmen had helped him home from wherever he had fallen or given him a place in their homes for the night. But after a time they wearied of it for Fergy did nothing to lighten his burden or theirs—he had never learned to bear joy or sorrow alone, but must share both; as if that were always possible—and it seemed to those who could not share his burden (for who indeed can?) that he even rejoiced in his grief and the bitter agony of hope. And the hope—incorruptible charlatan—that time would assuage his grief drove him deeper into drink and despair. At last—how many months, years?—he alienated even those who had once revered her and often he slept the night through where he fell. His capacity for pain and anguish seemed gargantuan; so that at last his actions became a caricature of grief itself.

The farm had gone to rack and ruin, but slowly; not the land itself, he held onto that, thanks mainly to Fred, his son (now nearly a man) but Fergy was negligent, absent and scornful; finally he left the farm entirely—merely wandering about the town and countryside; often raving, occasionally sane—and the land remained and supported the boy.

Later that evening with the sounds of the children in the room Fergy (May had given him one cup of coffee which he finally drank though it could have no longer been warm) seemed to drift from his stupor. Ben had said, "Come on, Fergy, lay down for awhile you'll feel better," (hoping to get him to bed for the night), but he had refused the proffered bed. So both May and Ben had stayed on there in the kitchen. Tam and Dyke (Rooy had gone to bed) and later the older children had joined them. Fergy at first had been able only to grope purblind, stolidly; at last he could articulate and when he could form a sentence, a phrase, he had insisted that the boys go to the Pine Tree Inn for ice cream.

So they had gone and happily too. He had now begun to talk in phrases, nearly coherent, inchoate still from time to time, piece words and phrases together like a picture puzzle trying to spell wholeness, but not quite succeeding. No matter, they (Ben and May) understood; they listened, though it did not assuage the old implacable grief, they sympathized (that was enough); they were helpless to help.

Then the children returned; their faces festive, their hands laden with the frozen sweets. Fergy had insisted—in the childlike perversity of the drunken—that they eat the bricks from the paper (no plates) and the melting pools of sticky white—his pool larger, for he ate slowly, not the children who ate rapidly, for it was ice cream—had spotted the table. May, seeing the white pools of cream on the table said sharply, in mock-severity, "Why didn't you take saucers like I told you to?"

Fergy (forgetting for a time his ancient grief of remembered loss) said, "don't scold us, May. I'm sorry."

And she had laughed, saying, "I think I oughta box your ears good, anyway."

"I bet you're scared to, Mom," one of the children had said.

Thus they had broken his stupor that had long since begun to crack; he began to laugh; only a tremor at first that moved from his lips to the depths of his throat and then rumbled upward from his stomach. Each took up the laughter, not even sure that what had been said was funny; like a string tautly drawn their laughter snapped outward, becoming rampant, resounding.

"Why if the Brusts heard us now they'd swear we was all bug-house," May said, daubing at her eyes with a small crumpled handkerchief.

"Don't be so sure they don't. I bet ol Lottie's got her ear up to that partition right this minute," Lon chortled.

And once again they went off into gales of laughter. The mintless vanilla had long since been eaten though its taste still lingered on the tongue. They cried with laughter, unable to tell what was funny and unwilling to question.

Then the stories had begun. Ben and Fergy delighted in their rapt, appreciative audience. Fergy, his speech clearer now, more coherent, when still occasionally purblind, they—the children—grouped along with him, helping him with the word or the phrase he could not garner. With the innate wisdom of the child for the purblind adult they waited, cajoled, and lent prodding encouragement, "Go on, Fergy...then what happened..."; thus he tottered with the children's assistance to the end of his story.

Ben began then, moving his tale swiftly, weaving many fibered strands back and forth like the woof and the web, digressing occasionally but never losing the threads of the narrative; tales within tales interlarded with anecdotes, he created his stories that later became legends. All of the people gathered in that house knew one another, but the fact that they knew the stories being told did not blunt the stories in the least.

The story—in some cases heard so often that the youngest child could correct the narrative if a phrase went wrong—is, in fact, somehow, not primarily the thing listened to, even, or the thing laughed at. If so the stories could be easily set down. No. The important thing is not even the effect of the story on those listening but rather the effect on the teller, himself. One must know the teller well to know what that effect is; for therein lies the charm and joy of these stories. And that is why many oral stories can not be set down—and that is why, the boy (of Tam now I speak) was to forever lament the passing of the story of the oral teller; the giant teller of tales—and that is why those jokes and anecdotes cannot be, with effect, told on paper. They are lost in the telling for the page mysteriously comes between the teller and the listener and the listener never knows well enough the teller—thus never knowing the effect of the tale on the teller—and why written stories are a stale and dusty thing to any who know the oral tradition.

Thus Ben sat shaping a world woven from the words and deeds of men (almost never of books—except to quote now and again a line from a poet chosen that he might parody the bard.) He might take Southey's **Battle of Blenheim** and recast Old Caspar and Little Peterkin, till those creature would never have recognized themselves (and O all the better for that!) But seldom, for mainly these parodies were for the children alone and those were not his favorite tales, for pain and passion and pity and pride were the material of his stories; and implacable hopes and the agonies of hope; remembered losses and loves and lusts were there and the wondrous grandeur of laughter.

But at last they must come to the end of the magic hour. It was time for bed and Fergy too now welcomed sleep. His face spent, his eyes broken with the stringy red veins of the drunken (though he had moved near the vague boundary that separates the drunken from the sober, that boundary of vagueness that delineates the mad from the sane; though none have as yet delineated the nebulous demarcation) and was shown the room where he might rest for the night. At first he had insisted on returning home but Ben had insisted, knowing that a "you stay here tonight, Fergy, and don't argue," repeated, was needed to convince Fergy that he must stay.

Now the wind was rising and red lightning shattered the night and the tranquil landscape of the sleeping town. And then the rain thrummed on the tin roof, and angry, insistant, cacophonic symphony that lulled the children deeper into sleep. Perhaps they stirred in their separate sleeps smelling the sharp acrid-sweet taste of the earth in their mouths and gulped deep at the air; half-hearing, half-aware of the crashing of windows in storm as May, her night garment softly whipping at her body, ran from room to room slamming windows down, as the supple undulation of white curtains resisted and yielded at once to the wind that carried with it the wild sweet storm smell of the fields. The rain mounted and the crashing rolls, barrel upon violent barrel, of thunder rumbled. The rain fell now in insistent slates of gray; irate and insensate.

Above the crash and roll of thunder and the snaking form of lightning Fergy screamed from his sleep, "Jesus Christ, stop 'em . . . stop 'em!" with the terrible immediacy of an alarm, the alacrity of the vision of one's dream of death; horrible with the old implacable griefs of man, superannuating the cretin and no less corniculate and demented than an unfettered night-vision fading on the wings of terror and fury as the victim is catapulted from the nightmare world to the world of reality in that split-second frozen before the impact of the meeting of pitiable flesh and disembowling horns.

Ben, as if having felt the impact of disembowling horns (of Fergy's dream-devil) came violently poker-erect from the bed, almost as if he were on his feet before he touched the floor. May, too, awakened to mouth the word "Ben?" but he, enveloped by the darkness,

did not see the mouthing or even hear the ineffectual pantomine. He rushed into the room as Fergy continued shouting, "Stop, stop...the sonofabitches are going through the window..." and came erect, the balls of his feet dug into the mattress, his arms held outward, effecting in the lightning-bright room the stance of a driver of a runaway team:

"Whoa, you sons-of-black-bitches, Whoa!"

"Fergy, Fergy!", Ben called, and the words wakened the jolted driver from the dream. At first his face was startled, then livid, then spent, finally collapsing into its old ineradicable lines.

Now he was quieted, sitting there at the foot of the bed as the storm continued to rage; rain crashing downward against the windows. Ben shortly returned to his room and Fergy to his bed and at last, all, to sleep.

But the house awakened again to the crashing reverberations of splintering thunder; the rattling of windows in their sockets like the tantivity of ten thousand giant birds taking to wing; the earth seemed to shake under the unspent now gathering fury of the wind that mounted to frenzy. The trees lifted up their limbs loudly cracking in the fury of the storm; unlatched shed and barn doors ground on rusty-brown hinges and slammed loudly, lightning splinted and forked dragon-tongued into maples and elms savagely ripping limbs from trees. Great green-bladed corn fell to earth like a woman before her lover; soundless raindrops grooved in the blades and ran in rivulets to the mud-forming earth. Creeks went wild, swollen with the unrelenting passion of the rain; islands in the creek were swept away; willows drowned; then high in the night a blaze lit up the sky to the east; the family scrambled from their beds as the crash that proceeded the blaze seemed to rock the house to its foundations. Angry flame flashed above Si Warren's Hill.

Immediately, almost as if they heard it before the sound quite began, the insistent alarm of the wailing fire truck pierced the air. Afar from the jail (that served, too, as firehouse) they heard it. Ben bolted from the place where he stood; Fergy, purged from his stupor, came leaping from his bed and he and Ben met as Ben came rushing into his room again. Fergy, moving and hastily poking, simultaneously, stiff-sleep-encoiled legs into his trousers, buttoning his shirt as he and Ben, half-clad, carrying his shoes and a heavy black rain-coat, ran down the stairs onto the porch taking the railing with a single bound, hobgoblin (simultaneously fleeing their shadowless bodies) through the yard as the storm, slaking its frenzy, continued flinging its slates of insistant rain. They mounted the fire truck (it hardly slowed as both grabbed for the outflung arms of others bending toward them) and flung themselves upward, their faces turned in the direction of the barn on Si Warren's Hill on which the dancing flames angrily reddened, wind-crazed, erupted like a burning volcano.

How soon had they known that the burning barn was Fergy's? Later, it seemed that both Ben and Fergy must have known it from the first. It had been as if they knew from the time they both bolted from the bed. Or even before; in sleep.

Gar and Von who had been unable to dress themselves and make the fire truck with the precision of Fergy and Ben had said angrily that they were going too. "Don't talk silly," May had said, "Why, the way it's rainin' out there you'd catch pneumonia." "Goddamit," Gar had muttered, "I'm going. They **need** us, Mom." "They'll have plenty of help, don't you worry, go on back to bed now...all we can do is wait."

Lon, Vannie and the youngest children had trudged back to bed, disgruntled, (like a child at Christmas who is told must wait a minute or two longer before he can come to look at the tree), and fell, after a time, to sleep again. Gar and Von, seeing themselves as

vigilantes, perhaps, dashed from the house after May had returned to bed. By that time the rain had slackened; she heard them go and was not inclined to call them back.

Later; early in the morning, the family and the town heard the details that came back. The lightning had struck the barn. The horses (not the mules that he—Fergy—had dreamed were fleeing him that night in the dream) had been bedded and the men (the Hoover boys who had joined Fred before the arrival of the fire-engine) had led the horses out—and then the wild demented fury of the horses had driven them into the flames again, until they were blindfolded and tied to trees far from the barn. It was early morning when Ben returned. The nightlong rain now fell softly bursting onto the sidewalks of the town like green-gray buds opening and flying upward in color to color late April. The house, Ben said, had been untouched in spite of the raging wind; it stood afar from the barn, but for a time it seemed the paint on one side might peel, then the wind had shifted and the house was left unscorched.

The barn was his second loss. A small one compared to the old loss, the loss of her; the scar of which he continued to carry, but which somehow seemed less painful somehow partially purged by the fire—the second loss. And mysteriously this loss turned him again to the farm. In less than a week he had taken on a carpenter to rebuild the barn—Fergy himself helping with the work—and during the following autumn and winter he seldom came to the town, except for rations (small things that a farmer wants—sugar, tobacco, and coffee, perhaps), and to stop at May's and Ben's from time to time. The following Spring he was rarely seen in the town. What shopping was done was done by Fred. He and Fred spent the evenings of the spring months burning the fields that had grown to brush and briar in the years of Fergy's despair.

He returned with joy to the land.

An Evening Awareness

It was on this night
near silent rolling waters
covered gently by a quiet cosmic light
that I perceived my first glad knowing
of that quick but lasting fight.
It so swiftly filled
my vacant and wandering thoughts
with only one thing, the one thing,
that all things real - really are
all bound up in a knot of splendor
and bristling with challenge;
a reality still vaguely uncertain
emphatically mystic, but strongly felt
and greedily entertained.

—R. F. Warren

The Idea of Philosophy

Prof. Richard Davidson

An inquiry into the idea of philosophy might appropriately envisage one of two objectives. One might make a comparison of a variety of existing attempts at philosophy in order to by induction reach some general conclusions at to the nature of the subject; or, one might set out to define philosophy a priori, and then go on to see how the various attempts at philosophy come out better or worse as they agree more or less with one's definition. An inquiry into the idea of philosophy is not without importance. The philosopher who is also a teacher of the subject at a university must have already carried out this inquiry. The student quite naturally expects the various teachers of various subjects to know the province and subdivisions of each of these subjects. In terms of the life history of philosophy itself the general expectation that there be a department of philosophy at a university composed of members who know the various philosophical problems and the various techniques, ideas, and axioms appropriate to the solution of these, and who know nothing else, is of quite recent origin. Of even more recent origin is the general tendency within the department itself to divide the members of the department into those whose specialty is aesthetics, morals, etc. One might suppose that it is much easier to define philosophy now than it was in Aristotle's day when the philosopher was expected to discuss the principles, validity, methods, etc. of the various natural, mathematical, and practical sciences. But recent influences at work which have tended to simplify the job of at least the teacher of philosophy have not also produced a consensus of opinion as to just what philosophy is, nor just what common element pervades each of the divisions we name philosophy of aesthetic value, philosophy of morals, etc. In fact, isolation of philosophy from the sciences and divisions within philosophy itself have made difficult the presentation of that systematic unity of thought achieved by a great philosopher which alone deserves to be called philosophy. Such presentation, if it is done at a university, is usually the effort of that strange sort of specialist we call the historian of philosophy. And he is strange; because while other members of the department boldly present their views of what is the true nature of art, of right conduct, etc., he alone seems timid enough to conceal his individuality behind those various men of the past whom he presents.

Because the historian of philosophy will not tell us whether a given philosopher's conception of philosophy is true, for he will at most only tell us what in fact a given philosopher's conception of philosophy was, the modern teacher of philosophy will usually settle for some conclusion about philosophy that he has formed by use of the a priori method. He will leave to the historian the inductive method of determining the idea of philosophy, which at best will be a common denominator of the individual conceptions of philosophy achieved by the individual philosophers. And the historian's use of the inductive method will seem disappointing in another respect. Since every philosophy has principles (by principles I mean not only definitions, axioms, assumptions, etc. which are starting-points of its arguments, but also principles determining the philosophy to use one mode of argument rather than some other) which are unique and a philosophy is defined by its principles, the effort to say what is common to all philosophies inevitably results in something vague, abstract, and hard to understand. But equally hard to understand, at least on the student's part, are those a priori definitions of philosophy which are presented by those other teachers of philosophy. Different contemporary schools of thought are represented by different teachers within one and the same department of philosophy; and usually the individual student is made to be so busy learning the views of different teachers that he

has no time to develop the ability to philosophize necessary prior to his determination of which one of these different views, if any, represents the Truth.

But if all philosophical problems form a unity by virtue of their common origin in the structure of human reason itself when it attempts to relate what it knows in a science to the idea, or ideal, of the science, in order to make more secure what it knows and to be provided with better means to the attainment of new knowledge, then however much contemporary academic influences at work in the teaching of philosophy try to separate philosophy into schools and fields having no communication with one another, we are confident that the spirit of philosophy, wherever it will be found, will protest against these artificial divisions. Though the author is himself a mere historian of philosophy, and therefore cannot be allowed to speak for the spirit of philosophy, he is confident that there exists certain statements of the nature of philosophy that we may examine with profit. One such statement, which seems to synthesize the virtues and to omit the defects of both of the objectives of an inquiry into the nature of philosophy which we stated at the beginning, occurs towards the end of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Even though it is not a very long statement, I hesitate a little on whether I should even quote it. According to commonly received opinion, Kant is a very dogmatic philosopher who seems to delight in exposing the errors of other philosophers while he himself is secure within his elaborately contrived system. But since it is not very long, I will quote it anyway: "**Philosophy** is the system of all philosophical knowledge. If we are to understand by it the archetype for the estimation of all attempts at philosophizing, and if the archetype is to serve for the estimation of each subjective philosophy, the structure of which is so often diverse and liable to alteration, it must be taken objectively. Thus regarded, philosophy is a mere idea of a possible science which nowhere exists in concreto, but to which, by many different paths, we endeavour to approximate, until the one true path, overgrown by products of sensibility, has at last been discovered, and the image, hitherto so abortive, has achieved likeness to the archetype, so far as this is granted to mortal man. Till then, we cannot learn philosophy; for where is it, who is in possession of it, and how shall we recognize it? We can only learn to philosophize, that is, to exercise the talent of reason, in accordance with its universal principles, on certain **actually existing attempts** at philosophy, always however reserving the right of reason to investigate, to confirm, or to reject these principles in their very sources." He probably has Hume very definitely in mind in the words "in their very sources."

In several ways the reader may regard this statement as confusing. Why, for instance, does Kant say the idea of philosophy, which must be taken "objectively" in order to serve for the estimation of certain "actually existing attempts" at philosophy, is yet an idea without an object, or an idea to which no individual system of philosophy corresponds? And if this is what Kant is saying, then how can the idea serve for purposes of estimation of individual systems when nothing which corresponds to the idea exists? Our search for the meaning of philosophy seems also involved in a search for the criterion of the truth of a philosophy. And if we take to criterion of truth as existing within an individual system given to us, clearly we are understanding the criterion of philosophical truth "subjectively". And if a philosophy is defined by its principles (since everything else that is unique about the philosophy in the way in which "implication" is defined by that philosophy is "implied" by its principles), then the philosopher who says his philosophy in totum is true cannot be contradicted if we take the criterion of philosophical truth "subjectively". Yet we must grant that philosophy is more than the history of philosophy. And learning philosophy is more than learning the history of philosophy. We must be allowed to contradict a given philosopher with regard to some of the things he says. And if a debate is going on between two different philosophies, Kant is telling us that there exists no procedure for determining which side of a given contradiction is true. Yet there are, he

is telling us at the same time, the universal principles of reason which we use to determine this "always reserving the right of reason to reject these principles at their very sources". Apparently one must let the "universal" principles, as he understands them, be decisive in his estimation of a given system. Does one then claim to have the proper conception of what philosophy is, or to know what the idea is? But "in this sense it would be very vainglorious to entitle oneself a philosopher, and to pretend to have equalled the pattern in an image that which exists in the idea alone".

Kant's solution to all of these difficulties (if I can give it in a nutshell) is that in human reason itself there are universal principles, which, whenever we try to formulate them once and for all, are inadequate when viewed in isolation from all alternative formulations made by the rest of the community of philosophers. Even the philosophers of the past belong to the community of philosophers, and we have no right to exclude them from our company. Thus in the final day "when the secrets of all hearts become known" all philosophies which seem to contradict one another on the logical level may be seen to be synthesized with one another on the dialectical level. We mortal men, according to Kant, are supposed to actually carry out this synthesis under the inspiration of the idea that Truth is One, always remaining disatisfied with what we have actually achieved.

So Kant's definition of philosophy is not put forth as a solution to the differences between philosophers; it is put forth as a task with which we must wrestle if we are ever to philosophize. He goes on to indicate what would be the function of this idea in our efforts. Every science has an idea, by which its development and unity can be teleologically explained. The growth of a science is compared to the growth of an organism. Viewed from the standpoint of its idea, a science grows from within and not merely by external addition of new parts. It is like an organic body which also grows by its rendering each part stronger and more effective for its purposes. The successive achievements of individual scientists are related, when the growth of the science is explained teleologically, to the essential ends of that science. Not only is each science a system when its parts have become articulated in accordance with its idea (of which the individual scientist or the individual philosopher may be only dimly aware), but all sciences are together united in a system of human knowledge as members of one whole. Philosophy has as its idea or end the relation of all existing knowledge to the ultimate end of knowledge itself. The essential ends of a body of knowledge are divided into the ultimate end and into those ends necessarily connected with this ultimate end as means. So the essential ends of all of the sciences, though they are necessarily connected as means by philosophy to the ultimate end of knowledge itself, do not include a conception of this ultimate end, otherwise there would be nothing unique about philosophy which would distinguish it from the other sciences. Reason is not knowledge, but is that by which we regulate the process of obtaining knowledge by reference to the essential ends of a particular science, to the ends of the entire body of sciences, or finally to the ultimate end of knowledge itself.

The philosopher is "a teacher, conceived in the ideal, who sets them (the sciences) their tasks, and employ them as instruments, to further the essential ends of human reason. Him alone we must call philosopher; but as he nowhere exists, while the idea of his legislation is to be found in that reason with which every human being is endowed, we shall keep entirely to the latter, determining more precisely what philosophy prescribes as regards systematic unity everywhere, in accordance with the essential ends of philosophy." The essential ends of philosophy, then, are divided into arriving at a proper conception of the sciences which the sciences can **use,** and into the ultimate end of knowledge itself. The latter is no less than the whole "vocation" of man, and the philosopher who deals primarily with this is the moral philosopher. Reason, therefore, is either practical or pure,

depending upon whether the ultimate end or the other essential ends the philosophy is being referred to.

I would invite the reader to follow up the rest of the argument in that magnificent but all too short section of the Critique of Pure Reason, the Architectonic of Pure Reason. This section, as did much else in Kant, profoundly influenced C. S. Peirce's conception of the classification of the sciences. The case of C. S. Peirce illustrates the nature of the impact that one great philosopher can have upon another. If we here at Marshall ever became interested in Kant, it would be interesting to speculate upon the nature of the impact that he might have upon us. Followers of Dewey would undoubtedly interpret Kant here to be anticipating one of the doctrines associated with the name "instrumentalism"— that the philosopher must constantly strive to break down the cultural factors which isolate the sciences from one another and must strive to see that even scientific knowledge as a whole is but an instrument to the attainment of human values. Students in the history of ancient and medieval philosophy would see here a recurrence of the theme of the seventh book of the Republic of Plato, where the job of the philosopher is said to be that of the dialectician who orders the sciences with a view towards forming the nature of an education fit for the ruler who strives to achieve perfection in men and in institutions. Without suggesting that the role of the philosopher in the realization of either the Utopia of Dewey or the Utopia of Plato fits exactly Kant's conception of the role of the philosopher when Kant says above that the philosopher employs the other sciences as "instruments" to further the essential ends of human reason, I will conclude Kant's conception of the nature of philosophy with some implications of that conception for the teaching of philosophy.

It would seem that "the already existing attempts at philosophy" which Kant invites to one who is to learn to philosophize to investigate, confirm, or reject, (for the universal principles "built in" the human mind are never seen quite so clearly as in the principles of a great philosopher), are those attempts made by men who systemize or make whole the various divisions of philosophy. And quite clearly Kant implies that the modern teacher of philosophy who knows nothing but philosophy will not be the kind of teacher who will help the student who wants to learn to philosophize. A further demand is placed by Kant upon the teacher of philosophy. He must be a man who is not a mere historian of philosophy (though he must be a good historian in addition to these other requirements), for he must help the student to see the relation of each subjective philosophy to the ideal of unity embodied in the idea of philosophy. Finally it would seem that he should not be a dogmatic philosopher, unless he has first answered Kant's questions with regard to whether there exists in concreto an object corresponding to the idea of philosophy ("Where is it?", "Who is in possession of it?", "How shall we recognize it?").

Kant is equally concerned to guard against the reduction of the teaching of philosophy to the job of the mere historian of philosophy: "a person who, in the usual sense, has learned a system of existing philosophy, for instance the Wolfian, though he may carry in his head all the principles, definitions, and proofs, as well as the divisions of the whole system, and have it all at his finger's ends, possesses none but a complete **historical** knowledge of the Wolfian philosophy. His knowledge and judgements are no more than what has been given him. If you dispute any definition, he does not know where to take another, because he has formed his own reason on the reason of another. But the imitative is not the productive faculty . . . He has taken and kept, that is, he has well learned, and has become a plaster cast of a living man."

To conclude, according to the opinion of Kant, there is a third alternative between learning philosophy objectively (ex principiis) and learning philosophy subjectively (ex datis), and this is learning to philosophize or to exercise the talent of reason in accordance with

its universal principles. We may smile at Kant's distinction between the imitative and productive faculty, the latter acquired with regard to philosophy only through constructive criticism of philosophers. The justice of our view of even the elements of the expression of the thought of a past philosopher is moderated by the contemporary angle which can never be wholly removed from the perspective in which we see these elements. Thus the term "faculty" is associated in our minds with a primitive and non-empirical account of the psychological nature of mental operations. But here by "productive faculty" Kant evidently means an acquired capacity to accept or reject the "universal principles" as formulated by various men. And if there seems to be a paradox (that the careful reader will already have noted) in that the student must use the principles at the beginning of his critical procedure, the same which he may possibly reject at the end of this procedure, this we must see to be of the very essence of philosophic method. In the application of the formulated principles to a variety of themes and purposes beyond that which their original author intended, the principles receive verification or its opposite. Thus, though Kant's brief statement does not apply to all problems in teaching philosophy, according to a proper conception of the subject, it does remove one common objection to all historical approaches to the teaching of this subject—that this mode of approach does not develop the student's critical capacity.

The Eruption

Throughout this running nation
at every human station
clusters of splitting neon totems
flicker and flaunt their revelation,
while thought removing hymns
grind with a banal frequency
and scream the command for occupation.
This vibrant mass of molten misery,
so sustained by the logic of whim,
flows endlessly past a wholesome brim
to gather thickly in the air
and give to all its abundant share.

—R. F. Warren

RENDEZVOUS

By John Teel

Come when I utter or when I gesture,
From among the streams of worthless faces and voices,
Come when I interrupt the artificial glitter,
When I sound among sounds which plead,
Let my plea be greater.

Come then,
Harboring no smells of whiteness
Or dreams of towers,
You will find no towers as you enter,
Only a small musty room,
Odors of this morning's bacon this evening's fish
And grey-curtained dismalness.

Letting no white sheets fool you
(They contain my sweat and tell their tales
Of long nights of dreamt desire
Morning of awakened frustration),

And let us conjure — whatever,
Asking nothing,
Promising only the moment.
Dream no towers.

And if love be its own tower
We alone shall know.
And if not

Then come when I ask, among loud nothings
And here you will find
Their mournful tale of long-lost being
Synopsized in an insect's mind.

The Ascension of Darman Jardahl

By Judy A. Mahaffey

". . . and the third day he rose again from the dead and ascended into heaven and sitteth on . . . "

Mountains of the eight-hundred thousand acre Olympic National Parks across Washington's Puget Sound stretched south away from Darman Jardahl, a damp fairy land glazed by an early morning frosting. A hitch of his thirty-pound pack and he began to walk along the paved road to the winter ranger's cabin. He had checked the map and seen it would be a three-mile walk. But it was only seven-thirty in the morning and he had three days. There was no sun; only a clouded sky that put a brackish half light on land that was colorful and flowery in the summer.

Darman walked steadily and had made two miles when a truck took the curve slowly behind him and stopped. It was the ranger. "Going in the park, boy?" the ranger asked, opening the right door of the government truck.

Darman threw his pack in the back of the pickup and slipped into the seat. "Yes, sir, I'm going in for three days."

The ranger was middle-aged and had through the years affected a jolly exterior from public relations with tourists. "Well," he said slowly and smiled, "no one ever goes into the deep park in winter. Our trail crews haven't been through there since last August. Trees will block the path and in the higher parts, there will be snow. You know your way through?"

"I have a topographical map."

"I wouldn't advise it," the ranger decided. "And, hell, Christmas is only three days off. Looks like you'd have a better place to spend Christmas than in the mountains.

"I got three days," Darman told him, "and I want to go in."

The ranger smiled and gave up. "Up ahead is HQ. You'll have to be given a fire permit and give me your planned route so we'll know where to find you if you get lost."

"Yes, sir."

The ranger pulled the truck into a circular drive in front of the commercially rustic log frame building and jerked the emergency brake. He dug a knuckle into Darman's upper arm. "Hell, you're a strong kid, and I guess it'll do you good to be in nice country like this. I like it myself. Winter or summer, it's nice.

The interior of the cabin was a modern office—file cabinets, typewriters, a desk, and maps on the wall. "Sort of trace your route for me. I have to make a list of all the camp shelters where you might be making a fire." He was apologetic.

"Here," indicated Darman, "first up this road to Whiskey Bend, then on to Elwha River trail to Lillian Shelter and on over the mountain."

"You'll find snow there, but not bad," the ranger interjected.

"—to Elkhorn for today. Tomorrow on to Chicago Camp and up this incline past Twin Lakes to Mary Camp at Low Divide, and then the third day straight back. You see all the camps in between these."

"The whole trip is ambitious, son," said the ranger, scratching down the names of the shelters through which Darman would pass. "There will be bad snow at Low Divide."

"I'll come back if it gets too bad."

The whole trip will be close to one hundred and fifty miles. Unless you walk pretty fast, it'll take four or even five days."

"I'll just be gone three days, and then I'll be finished," Darman promised.

"Well, good luck, boy, and be careful with yourself." Darman accepted the fire permit and walked out of the cabin. He had been walking up the road for half a mile when the truck stopped beside him.

"I thought," said the ranger, "that I could at least drive you to Whiskey Bend, where the trail begins. Nothing much to do here in the winter. No mail this morning. That's where I'd been before I picked you up the first time. Nothing much to do so what the hell." Darman got in, the truck turned left onto a winding dirt road that gradually gained height for five miles. At Whiskey Bend he hopped from the truck nimbly. The ranger handed him a quart of rum. "Heat it up with sugar and water when you get real cold. But don't get so drunk you can't make a fire. Burn the goddam forest down to keep warm if you have to. In three days, boy. All right?"

"Thank you," Darman said, "Three days and Merry Christmas."

"Same to you." The ranger backed the truck sideways on the narrow road and started back down.

The sky was darker and the path that led into the woods from the road was a cave, a dark shadowland with a murky green ceiling and a white, chipped, rocky floor. Darman packed the rum bottle safely between the tightness of his knapsack, sighed easily under the bulk of it as he hiked it onto his shoulders and started down the path.

The first few miles were pleasant. The path wound high onto the mountain. At places to his right slag shale was packed hard against a deeply sloping bank, and hundreds of feet below white water made a slurred whirring sound, a buzz in the back of his head. The path cut sharply over a bank and went, horseshoe fashion, around a hollow in the mountain, past streams almost frozen over by December temperatures, over log bridges and up the mountain again.

The far mountains were coldly white with snow, dull and muted by the absence of the sun. He stopped once, realized the odd pressures of the pack on his back, and looked up for a hint of the sun. It was nowhere, he grew dizzy and went on.

Seven miles and less than two hours after he began he dipped into the far valley and into Lillian Camp. The darkness was deeper. Down the river fog rolled and hid further landscape, and it began to snow. Quiet silver flakes drifted down. There was no wind, and as he started up the path from Lillian Camp there was a light layer on the ground. Up the mountain around twisting switchbacks he slipped on snow covered rocks and roots uncovered by the erosion of last spring's floods. Soon he was into the rain forest, where reality flitted down avenues of imaginations and the unreality of what he was doing became more lucid, more tangible. High chandeliers of pale green moss diffused the little light that

came from a dark sky through coniferous trees and cast a greenish pall on him. He walked on and from time to time held his hand before him and looked curiously at its apparent greenness.

The snow was no worry because it was soft and seemingly good natured. There was no wind at all. He felt, for a moment, the uneasiness that had come to him from the past, but it was shoved out of his mind by the feeling of triumph he knew he would gain from this trip.

At noon he heard the whisper of the Elwha River below and away, and he knew that soon he would stop for something to eat and perhaps some hot rum. A fire would be good.

Five minutes later he saw Sheila ahead in the path, standing quietly in a white dress, slender and waiting for him. "I'm glad you came," he said. "It makes me happy that you did, but you must be cold."

She laughed, and it was the same laugh. "Not now," she told him. "Not cold now. It's nice here, a good place to be."

"I'm glad you came," he said again, and felt awkward. "It's good that you came."

"I wanted to be with you," she told him. He put his hands on her shoulder and held his face against hers briefly. She was warm. Sheila turned around. "Ross Shelter isn't far. You can stop for lunch and we'll talk. Go on."

"And you?"

"I'll wait there for you," she promised. "Go ahead." He walked quickly down the path, appreciating its downgrade, happy for the sudden lightness of the pack and the promise that Sheila would be waiting for him at Ross Shelter.

She was there, fifteen minutes later, when he caught sight of the crude shack constructed shelter under a group of trees on a high bank above the river. She sat on a snow covered stump and smiled toward him as he approached. He unshouldered the pack and looked for wood, confident and happy that she was with him. He found dry limbs, broke them up, and soon had a small flame going. He went down to the river for water and later drank tomato soup out of a tin cup. He finished it in silence and ate a candy bar slowly.

"I guess I'll just keep saying how glad I am to see you again, Sheila."

"I need your presence too, Darman."

"Look," he said, and pulled out his wallet. He handed her a newspaper clipping.

"Ah, you shouldn't save the sad things, Darman." She handed the clipping back to him and he looked at it, an obituary with a black rim of type around the name: SHEILA HEBRON.

He stuck one end of it in the fire and held it up. "I don't want to have it any more." He held it to his face and felt the warmth close. "I breathe fire now. I know what I'm doing. Except that I become afraid a lot of times."

"Afraid?" She stood and smoothed her thin white dress. "Of what?"

"That's what's odd about it. It's when you're afraid and don't know what of. Just afraid, a little unsure. You know, Sheila."

"I'm not afaid of anything," she assured him.

"I don't suppose I am now. But, you know, you can get afraid of things, some things you don't know about, and it can get worse and worse when you don't know, don't even know why. You know."

"You're not afaid now."

"No," he realized, "not now. Only, maybe a little. You know. It's worse to be afraid of something when you don't know what it is. It would be different if I were afraid of the dark or something like that. But to not know what it is and to sweat about it and not know why. To not know why . . ." he said intensely.

Sheila took charge. "You're not afaid now, Darman."

"No," he smiled. "With you I'm not afraid. And too, all the junk in this pack, I don't need it. I'm going to leave some things. I don't need a hatchet because there will be a lot of things I can just pick up and make a fire out of. Thinks like that I won't need." He dropped articles out of his pack into the snow and lifted the lighter knapsack to his back. "Hell no, I'm not afaid now," he said. "Let's walk some, Sheila."

She held a hand to her lips and gestered across the river. He turned, looked and sat slowly down on the bank of the river, immobile and looking across.

A large bull elk and his harem of some twenty-five cows and a few calves were wending their way down the river in the falling snow. The male elk would walk cautiously ahead, testing the depth of the river. He would sway his head and the rest would follow. Darman and Sheila watched silently until they were gone.

"It's beautiful," Darman said. "And you're beautiful too, more beautiful than before."

"I was always plain, Darman, but in your eyes I consent to be beautiful, and I'm glad you love me."

"A lot," he mumbled.

"Start walking, Dar."

He started up the path and turned, seeing her sitting on the snow-crusted stump. "Come on with me, walk with me," he pleaded.

"I'll see you when you need me to talk. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, goodbye." He waved and started on.

The snow continued and reflected more white light. He plodded forward, from time to time dropping unnecessary items out of his pack. He smiled, he whistled, went up and down paths and was glad he was not still in Salt Lake City.

Four days before he had hitchhiked north from the city of his birth during the night past dry windy winter-brown plains and away from the frothy moving lights of the Mormon city and away from the purple range of Rockies evident under moonlight to the east. Through Ogden and into Idaho and on to Portland, Oregon, through cold days and smoky, whispering nights. He had a few cans of food and a bag of staple foods, potatoes, rice, flour, apples, tea bags, turnips. He had one dollar and fifty cents. He spent it for meat at a roadside store north of Portland and got into Port Angeles, Washington, late at night.

Here was the entrance to the park and the path to Mount Olympus, six-thousand feet high and ancient and snowy. A salvation in the peaks and a vista opening onto the world. And Sheila was there. He was glad to be away from the wide streets of Salt Lake, from the farm and his Mormon parents.

Christmas was three days away and he trudged on through the increasing depths of snow to Mount Olympus, still a day off.

Even before he heard the careful footsteps behind him, he know they would begin, and when he heard the steps, he knew who it was behind him. He slowed and the steps quickened. "Good afternoon," came the voice. "I hear you're afraid."

"At times very afraid," Darman admitted to the incredibly handsome young man who walked along beside him in a black, sober suit. "Very much some times."

"Let's go to church for a while. It'll help. The temple's just ahead."

Darman recognized the young man as a guide who took tourists through the grounds of the large Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City. "But I don't think church will help too much."

"You can't let God down, your saviour," the young man said. Darman smiled because perhaps the man didn't know. But he did. "That means, too, that you shouldn't let yourself down. The temple is just ahead."

"That is Elkhorn shelter just ahead," Darman said. He checked a pocket watch. It was three o'clock in the afternoon.

But it wasn't Elkhorn shelter, not at the moment. It was the somber, spotlit Mormon Temple, and night came down swiftly all around. It was the Temple, gothic and gargoyled, towering and powerful. "In," said the young man. Darman stepped through the large double doors into the church where only Mormons were allowed. He remembered his childhood and the special occasions when he had worshipped there. He remembered the shafts of light through peaked windows and the dark, deathly intonations of preachers among myriad dust motes glinting in the sun shafts.

They were all there as they always had been, the choir a humming individual in the background and the murmuring contrite congregation, kneeling and in prayer, packing the stark pews. "I know now," Darman said aloud, "that I have something to say. I have something to say," he announced in a louder voice, and scattered heads looked up from prayer. Humble bodies clothed in dark garments slipped back into their seats and complacently folded their hands across stomachs and quieted into a merged, gummy, indistinct audience. Darman stepped behind a grand pulpit.

"Afraid, that's it," he announced in a confident voice. "Apart we're all afraid, but together we aren't." It constituted infallible logic to him, and the packed bodies exuded confidence engendering warmth toward him. His brain, numb for a lifetime, unthawed and spilled the words. "I have simple things to say, brethren, as simple as Moroni the Angel would say them. And it doesn't take long to say them. I know now that you will follow me." He paused and saw the faces of his parents, proud and warm, among the people. And he realized he knew everyone there, and they were with him, his followers. "So," he concluded, "just be with me. I'm going now, and you follow me. Come on." He noticed, almost with embarrassment, that he hadn't taken his pack off when he began to speak, but it was light. He dropped down from the pulpit and walked quietly down an aisle among praising people. Sheila stood in white at the large doors.

"When you're ready for us, we'll be there to follow you, Darman." He smiled at her, his parents, his friends, the intensely pretty young guide, and walked out into the snow, deeper and colder now and up the well-defined path. Religion was the answer after all. He'd had the answer always.

By twilight he made Hayes Camp. There was a locked summer ranger's cabin and a shelter open on one side with four moss-padded bunks inside. He drank some rum cold, gathered wood, and sat for a while resting. When he took the pack off he felt almost capable of levitation. He felt light and strange.

It grew dark quickly and he was afraid to go to the river for water. He found an empty lard bucket left by a summer camper, filled it with snow and gathered a few pieces of wood. The first try at a fire failed, but he took a paper bag from his pack and managed to heap enough tinder and twigs on it to start the fire. It blazed and he warmed his hands, the same horror returning.

He took two potatoes from the pack and baked them under the ashes of his fire, roasted a piece of meat he had brought the day before, had a boullion cube in a cupful of the sweet melted snow water and ate. He prepared some water, sugar, and rum as the ranger had instructed and felt somewhat warm but still fearful as darkness stalked against him as an earnest enemy. He saw shapes in the dark, shivering horrors that delighted him in a macabre way because they were not unknown things, but deliciously horrifying known entities. But the almost happy fear melted away and he was left with his original core of fear of the unknown.

". . . great God, is that an animal, a moose, an elk, so still—or a rotted limb? A tree limb, I'm sure. Gc out and see, you're afraid. It's frightening. Afraid of all things. Afraid something will. Afraid nothing won't, anything will. Afraid anything. Go to sleep. Sleep. Quiet. Quite so. Unroll the sleeping bag and sleep. The moss is dead and spongy, soft and good. Where are my people, my followers? Where, God? No, I'm great, but afraid. Take my sins and my fears away. Roll them into a ball and float them away to dissipate somewhere else. Don't let them sprinkle themselves on me.

"Go to bed. No, put on more wood, then sleep. That scuttling. The furies? A packet of Mormon furies from a Mormon Pandorah's bo? Sheila? Father, people, God? Come unto me now and I can go on. Drink rum.

"That rasping scuttling. Field mice or furies? Wasps of the mind to poison me in sleep, to rot my brain in slumber. Sleep, sing and hum to thyself and begone fear. Behind me, in a ball up and away."

Whether he awoke many times or was in fitful sleep he didn't know. Darman thought wondrous night thoughts, fearful thoughts, flew to other constellations, was suspended above a sweaty hell, buried in clear cold ice. At dawn Sheila awoke him and he sat stiff and tearful on the crude bunk. No more use for the sleeping bag. He needed only some food stuffed in his pockets.

"On to Olympus and salvation, Darman," Sheila had asked and promised, smiling and quietly, spring in the snow, a fresh leaf suspended in icy time. "Go on, Dar."

He simultaneously realized and disregarded the inadequacy of his clothing. No gloves in the snow, a light jacket, levis, and low topped shoes that were no defense against the snow, now almost a foot deep. It didn't matter.

He left all except a little food and started down the snow-obscured path toward Chicago Camp, the gateway to a mile-and-a-half-long climb that would take him two-thousand feet higher.

"People, my people," he cried because he felt pain now. His wrists had swollen during the night from the cold and the cuffs of his jacket were tight around them. His feet were numb. The day before the snow had been powdery and dry. During the night it had turned cold and wet, sloggy and packed. He kicked it in anger, became stoic, saw a bear, walked on, cried and cursed. "Why?" he would ask aloud. He would become afraid and go on. Chicago Camp, ten miles away, loomed up in the wilderness quickly. He stopped, thought of building a fire and decided against it.

The murmurs were in the air. His people were near and the Day of Salvation was at hand. It was very near now. The snow had stopped and the clouds unfolded. Mount Olympus, somewhat askew-looking, was lit by a brilliant orange sun that rested on the shoulder of its north peak. Darman pulled the candy bar from his pocket and bit on it, hard and icy. He broke it with his teeth and sucked on it.

The murmurs became louder and turned into roars as he came to a fork in the path beyond Chicago Camp, took the right path and heard his people near. He didn't see them, but random voices descended on him, echoing platitudes. "On, Dar," said Sheila. "On, on, on, on, on," they pleaded. "On, up, lead."

The climb began and Darman felt the warm halo around his head and ears. It became warmer and he took his jacket off, using his knife to slit the unyielding, tight cuffs. He saw his wrists swollen and cried and became cold. The numbness was a clamoring armful of needles. And his feet were hurting and his back tired. The voices became louder and he caught cheering glimpses of his people among the trees, felt their presence behind him, in front. He threw away his knife, bent a hurting back and plodded up the spiraling path. Soon he was on a glacier field. The sun shone too electrically bright on the snow. He winced and the fear came back. He knew the map. There was only one way to go now and he knew the way. His people were ahead and behind. He passed them up the mountain, past crags and cliffs; they whispered, shouted, murmured, screamed encouragements, and took up the march behind him. Away.

Tears and encouragement. At dusk he was near the top. The people followed him in a staunch band. He stopped, weary and staggering, and his people urged him on, surged against him and pushed him on.

The summit.

He cried out, smiling, "O Moroni, O Malachi, the thirteenth tribe of Israel is here now! Hear its prophet. The Day of Salvation. O God! People!" He was on the peak, and in the darkness he sat on the hard snow, painfully took the shoes from around his swelling feet and smiled at his people, who easily made it to the summit because he had led them. They clustered around him and were warm. "Look," he yelled, and in a magnificent gesture, swept his arm out toward the view of snowy mountains and the sharp lines of clean trees, rivers, and boulders beneath the moon. There was peace now, he was at the summit and the people knelt around their leader on top of the world. The prophecy was true; he had made it so. Salvation was at hand and all was at peace.

Soon a squall of snow rolled up the mountain, and he quietly told his people not to be afraid.

* * * *

The first party of climbers to come onto Olympus found him in June. He hadn't made the top. A woman vomited. It was strange. The body sat shoeless and frozen, stripped and shredded after winter. Snow to its chest had heaped five feet over its head in the winter and melted away again. There was a smile, a benifecent look, wild and calm

at the same time. The body's hands were outstretched in a sign of benediction over the valley.

They didn't know what to do. They buried him in the snow again in the same position. One of the men tried to put the body at rest, but a brittle arm snapped and the retching woman heard and became more ill. The body was identified and the father of the body a year later spent fifty dollars on a small chartered plane to fly from Seattle over the area. But even pinpointed on the map, the area to the old man was just a maze of mountains, snow and trees.

It was disappointing, he told his wife later. She got red eyes and looked again in her Book of Mormon at the death notice of her son, tucked between the same pages in which he kept the obituary of Sheila Habron.

Love, Shakespeare

Will's torted words of euphony
Compared love's beauty
To ephemeral things:
Animals in Spring,
Frail crystalline
Silver springs,
Engendering
Feelings tender
For the feminine gender.
But there must have been a time back far
(though history hazes who or which)
When Will sat sodden and alone in a bar
And muttered to himself, "You Bitch!"

—Judy Mahaffey

Fragments of a Dialogue

By Frank Enslow

MAN:

Is she preparing us muffins?

WOMAN:

And our bed to sleep in.

MAN:

Can you tell if we belong here with the old woman?

WOMAN:

We've come now. Today's sun is as hot as yesterday's sun. The old woman knows what's to be done. She watches us from the house.

MAN:

And when it grows dark we can only feel velvet on chairs as we sit in her livingroom.

WOMAN:

Don't be mean.

MAN:

Velvet, unlike this sand-cloth, is soft. See how these loose grains of sand stick to our legs? Not velvet! Velvet is tightly woven for dull people who stick to it.

WOMAN:

You don't know what you're saying. The sun's too strong for you I can see. Perhaps you don't belong here.

MAN:

I can take anything with you. Velvet it shall be.

WOMAN:

Look over the water in the distance. There, where the rocks are floating after each other. Notice the blue between them. It's almost the blue of your eyes . . . no, closer than that.

MAN:

What else has she been doing all this time here?

WOMAN:

Most people have forgotten about her. In her time she has done a little of everything.

MAN:

Well, she can't do much now! She only moves slowly while she's doing a few chores and then spends the rest of her time staring like an old statue. She's a fixture.

WOMAN:

And what are we?

MAN:

We've our whole life ahead of us. We're young, strong . . .

WOMAN:

Let's walk then.

MAN:

Alright, let me help you up.

WOMAN:

No, let me help you.

MAN:

What a strong ocean.

WOMAN:

There are so many shells along the border. I'm always afraid I'll step on one. Look at this shell I've just picked up.

MAN:

Let's keep this one and use it for something in the house.

WOMAN:

Yes, let's make use of every shell we can. They might come in handy. We perhaps won't hear her call with all the noise from the sea. Please don't listen to that shell. It sounds like the sea. Let me carry it.

MAN:

We'll hear her if she needs us.

WOMAN:

If she needs us! It's useless. Do you think we'll be able to hear her?

MAN:

At least we've had good weather so far.

WOMAN:

We can see the buildings across the water. It's so clear from here. Do you really think we'll be able to hear her call from here?

MAN:

Yes, yes, yes.

WOMAN:

You know, I thought we would be able to be together here. I mean really together where we feel like one person breathing.

MAN:

Not with her around.

WOMAN:

But only by understanding her together would we ever become one.

MAN:

You are strange. I've lost what you mean.

WOMAN:

Precisely! Every morning I wake up and try to learn more about her. About her ideas, her dreams, her sorrows. I read some of her books and study her paintings. I watch the wrinkles deepen on her forehead, and the dust settle on her hands. And you only watch me and feel my body and give us both the greatest pleasure with no concern for her.

MAN:

Now you know you're wrong. I've noticed her, but I'm helpless to know what can be done about her. She disgusts me like an old poem with too many words. I become bored.

WOMAN:

Let's turn back and go in the other direction.

MAN:

Very well. But we've covered that ground already.

WOMAN:

We can take smaller steps this time, or perhaps walk a little farther from the water.

MAN:

Yes, anything you wish.

WOMAN:

It feels better with the sun in back of us. It's almost late enough to see our shadows ahead.

MAN:

Where are we?

WOMAN:

There are so many shells like this one we've picked up.

MAN:

What shall we use it for? Perhaps an ashtray. We have so many ashtrays and neither of us smoke. Does she ever smoke?

WOMAN:

No, she's mostly afraid of fires and large bulldozers.
No, she doesn't smoke.

MAN:

Or we can use it as an ornament. Let me see it. You know it's so ordinary. How foolish to even bother about this ordinary shell.

WOMAN:

You broke it!

MAN:

There are many more shells.

WOMAN:

Can you hear her calling yet?

MAN:

No, she's not calling.

WOMAN:

I didn't imagine so. Why do you think she would need us?

MAN:

To repair the house, or pump water from the well that's running dry.

WOMAN:

Useless.

MAN:

Yes, useless I'm afraid. And the weather is so beautiful I'm sure it'll never rain.

WOMAN:

It's about twenty-three days that you've been here, and about twenty for me. Has it rained at all? I can't remember.

MAN:

The day after you came it rained hard. I had almost forgotten how the rain felt. It shook the ground under my feet.

WOMAN:

I don't remember that rain at all. Let's not talk of rain. It might rain before we get any further. Oh! I see those new buildings again. They're hideous.

MAN:

Did you cut your foot on that rock?

WOMAN:

Yes, I think I'm bleeding. I can go on, though.

MAN:

Are you sure? I can carry you.

WOMAN:

No, I'll make it if I ignore the pain.

MAN:

It must hurt you very much. I can almost feel your pain.
I think I see her.

WOMAN:

How wonderful. What's she saying?

MAN:

I can't hear her. No, she went inside again.

WOMAN:

We were almost breathing . . . Are you sure she's not outside there in the open behind the house? She's becoming so small it's hard to see her at this distance.

MAN:

I'm tired of looking for her, listening for her. We only talk of her.
How long will this go on?

WOMAN:

You'd only watch me and feel my body and give us pleasure with no concern . . .

MAN:

You go ahead. I'm going to sit here for a while. I'm tired. I'll be home shortly.

WOMAN:

Yes, perhaps you're right. I shall go ahead and wait. You rest.
Don't be too long or the muffins will be cold.

* * * * * * * * * * *

OLD WOMAN:

I ask you who is Michael?

WOMAN:

It's a question I've asked myself many times. Who are you Michael? And he only said: "Oh, I'm fine". He never even heard me. If only I knew.

OLD WOMAN:

How you cry, my child. Here, why not read for a while. It's best that you occupy your time while you're young. That's why they've invented so many games of amusement. You paint and write. You are luckier than most. You have much self-amusement.

WOMAN:

I love the velvet on this chair. It's not dull when you look at it in the light.

OLD WOMAN:

Tell me of Michael today.

WOMAN:

I shall tell you of Michael today.

* * * * * * * * * * *

MICHAEL:

Let's visit with the old woman today. Let's bring our friends to enjoy her relaxing smile from out of yesterday. Let's bring a great group to surround us in front of the fire place.

WOMAN:

Michael, we won't use the fire place. It's summer, you know.

MICHAEL:

How clumsy of me. It's summer you know. We will all sit around and drink tea.
Why are you smiling? Iced tea?

WOMAN:

You have a sunburn. It makes you so much a little boy again.

MICHAEL:

And are you a little girl?

WOMAN:

Do you think it will ever rain, Michael?

MICHAEL:

When it rains I will protect you. I will carry you out of the rain. No, I think you will walk next to me holding on to our umbrella, together.

WOMAN:

You're so practical.

MICHAEL:

No, they're heavy over a long distance.

WOMAN:

Heavy over a great distance. A span of time. Heavy as a book of poems when carried to a sunny smile.

MICHAEL:

There she goes getting philosophical over an umbrella.

WOMAN:

Michael!

MICHAEL:

What? What?

WOMAN:

About the painting?

MICHAEL:

I studied your painting at great length and really think it is very good. You really put a lot of time on it. I showed it to a couple of friends who admired it as much as I did. It is a good artistic work in its use of color, balance, movement, etc. I especially liked the element of humor which is contained in it, which doesn't take even the most serious idea overly seriously. Thoughts should be presented with a little detachment which puts everything in perspective, and since this naturally points out the slightly ridiculous something in everything everyone thinks or does, by so doing, you add the humor touch. People are really more receptive to serious ideas if the intensity is not present and the tension is broken by being able to smile inwardly and outwardly.

WOMAN:

Yes, it is as you have always said: the greatest sign of maturity is being able to laugh at one's self. Come with me.

MICHAEL:

Where are we going?

WOMAN:

I want you to meet a friend.

MICHAEL:

Who is this friend?

WOMAN:

A man.

MICHAEL:

Oh, I see.

WOMAN:

He's so alive. He is passionate, disturbed, works hard . . . He's not very happy. I left him sitting alone on the beach. I came along and tried to look into his life, but he fought, and broke a shell from along the border of the sea.

MICHAEL:

You don't love him, do you?

WOMAN:

Michael, he's a man.

MICHAEL:

I can't see him.

WOMAN:

There he is, sitting over there, watching the tide.

MICHAEL:

I don't think he sees us, do you?

WOMAN:

Be gentle, he's weary of outsiders.

MICHAEL:

Well, tell me what to talk of.

WOMAN:

You must say something.

MAN:

Hello. I didn't hear anyone coming.

WOMAN:

Michael, this is the man I told you about.

MICHAEL:

Very pleased to meet you.

MAN:

I was just about to come into the house, but I sat down to watch the tide crawl out between the rocks.

WOMAN:

I shall go help the old woman.

MICHAEL:

I'm a lawyer. I have just finished taking the Bar Exam.

MAN:

And you're about to serve your life sentence. Won't you sit down for a while?

MICHAEL:

I see you have a sense of humor. What I always say is . . .

MAN:

Do you often stay up quite late wondering what will happen to you?

MICHAEL:

Yes, often I . . .

MAN:

Until four in the morning with the woman you love?

MICHAEL:

I see you are very perceptive.

MAN:

I have learned the signs of fatigue from women. I have also heard that women were created to make men tired enough to sleep.

MICHAEL:

Tired enough to sleep. Excuse me for yawning. What are you watching out there?

MAN:

Watching the tide.

How do you like the new buildings that are going up all around us?

MICHAEL:

Bigger and better technological advances will make for more homes, more jobs . . .

MAN:

Do you write?

MICHAEL:

Yes, well I used to. One summer I wrote a poem in every country I visited in Europe.

MAN:

I see.

MICHAEL:

But I haven't had time since.

MAN:

I have heard of your potentials as a person. I don't care for poetry now. I'm an experiencer. When I write I try not to give too much of myself away on paper. Although I admire poets. They afford much intellectual exercise and experience.

MICHAEL:

Shall we go for a swim in the ocean.

MAN:

I've had enough swimming in that ocean.

MICHAEL:

If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go in.

MAN:

Be careful of the rocks.

WOMAN:

Look at him swimming in the sea.

MAN:

Why did you come?

WOMAN:

I just heard that I'm killing my parents.

MAN:

Who told you?

WOMAN:

I heard them call. They are slowly dying. Every minute that I spend here with the old woman or you or Michael is killing them. I can't go back to them — I can't turn back. If only I could die before . . .

MAN:

So suddenly I'm afraid for you. Even with all of us here you are more alone than ever. How can I help?

MICHAEL:

Can I help you, Madam?

WOMAN:

You shouldn't scare people like that, Michael.

MAN:

He's running back to the sea. He's laughing at himself.

THE END

(half fails over black coffee in one night)

it crawled quick across the page with at least one hundred legs
then stopped on a word said god and looked up to me and smiled
i watched it back a while and i played with it kindly
and i teased it a while and i pulled some wings loose to laugh at
so i crushed it with my hand
so i crushed it dead with my hand to laugh at it to think
i was god of his who loved him.

old women give a gone virginity
for coppers
for songs

of names
of memories.

trumpet bronze
    shining glaring to glories
    of arc lights, and
    god bless america but
    (i love her
in the dust settles)

hate spit on the streets as we
come along not looking—not knowing
contempt congestion coughs
up into the air
as we not wonder
about this
and we not see
sunday walking along
bright feathers in our hair
things are god not-ed
things are lost in damn.

ever since he was a child he was afraid
of the black and nightless when you couldnt
see the bigger things eating the smaller things
but you knew it was happening all the same
because you know it always happens all the time
and never ends until all the small ones
are gone then only the larger are around but
they go too so whats left
maybe has something to do with god.

—Chuck Kinder

Why Study Literature in College?

By Wayne Warncke

The question of the value of studying literature in college is a persistent and demanding one in our scientific age. It is a question that has been with us, nagging at us with increasing annoyance, since at least the middle of the 19th century; and from Matthew Arnold to Douglas Bush, intelligent and capable men have offered reassuring answers concerning the value of literature in shaping men's minds and hearts, in educating them to the fullest degree. But a completely satisfactory answer becomes more difficult with each passing decade, because the answer that defends the value of a concern for literature must constantly meet the growing opposition of a world that finds less time for the pursuit of leisurely reading and places greater and greater emphasis on studies that promote utilitarian effects. Indeed, one wonders if any ultimate values consciously remain for most men when even the worth of peace and consequently of humanity itself is being called into question by the actions of modern nations.

In the face of an emphasis on learning **how** to do things at the expense of questioning the value of **what** is being done, the study of literature appears a very inconsequential, if not completely useless consumer of time. We must be up and doing, and at the present time our doing is to better our standard of living in a material way and to win the arms race with Russia. The study of literature is a far cry from promoting these two activities, the consequences of which are clearly discernible and measurable in immediate material realities. True, the reading of literature will not hasten the raising of living standards (now it might be better to say the enlargement of "living comforts"), nor will it contribute toward creating more lethal weapons; its value lies in other directions, in areas of human value, not wholly measurable, perhaps not completely explainable.

Of all the courses that a student takes in college, courses in literature are the most impractical. Those courses which present for reading what is termed creative literature in the fictional forms of narrative poetry, drama, the short story and especially the novel will teach no mechanical skills, present no methods applicable to practical living, submit no statistical data, and most certainly provide no insights into how to manipulate men. Nor will the study of literature necessarily end in effecting moral improvement in the student, for to say that by reading in fictional form about mistakes, vices or virtues of others we will become better persons morally is not only untenable, but confuses the whole purpose of literature, great literature at least, and subsequently the value of studying it. Although literature at one time largely served the utilitarian purpose of moral instruction, since the Middle Ages purely didactic writing has suffered a continuing decline until in our own day it is even distasteful. If we wish moral instruction, we can go to a better source than fictional writing.

Our attitude toward literature, then, has been directed and governed substantially by what modern writers themselves have considered the author's essential purpose, and that purpose is anything but didactic. The key, in a sense, to the value of literature in the modern age is to be found in the theories of the most influential writers of our time, those who have reassessed the art of fiction and given it a more permanent place in a world of changing values. It was Henry James in the late 19th century who warned young novelists to care less about moral purpose, about being optimistic or pessimistic, and to care more about catching "the color of life itself." For James, the moral sense of a work of art depended on the amount of "felt life," as he phrased it, that was involved in

producing the work. Closer to our own time, Eugene O'Neill, who revivified the contemporary American drama, declared that he attempted to avoid all moral attitudinizing in his work. For O'Neill, **good** and **evil** were stupidities. To these writers and to other significant writers of past and present, the purpose of fiction has been to present life with perception and sincerity, not to judge it. The "morality" of a great work of fiction is the **amount** of life presented through an artistic interpretation, not necessarily the **kind** of life presented. The value of studying literature is not in the learning moral lessons.

If no utilitarian values are available through the study of literature, what values remain? Why should an engineering major, a physics major, a business administration major be forced into taking literature courses? Two conditions of our time necessitate at least the contract of each student with literature; and those conditions lead to the areas of value, not wholly measurable, not completely explainable, referred to above.

Men have always sought pleasure, and our time is no different from the past. But the fulfillment of pleasure today rests more and more on what others can provide, so that the relinquishing of individual initiative in obtaining pleasure makes us less discerning, more docile in acceptance, and possibly less prone to find an adequate fulfillment of our desires for amusement. In other words, what happens after the daily rush of activity ends? Where shall we find continuing pleasure that never goes stale or out of fashion or becomes boring? An incessant and so often fruitless searching for pleasure, remarked repeatedly by observers of contemporary social phenomena, seems to characterize our age. And this characteristic is no less apparent in the old than it is in the young. Retirement today looms as a heinous period of a man's existence; it is more generally feared than hopefully anticipated. In fact the whole problem of the aged, a major social concern in recent years of both old and young, can instruct us in one of the continuing values of reading literature, and that value is pleasure of a unique and sustaining quality.

Some years ago Sean O'Casey, the contemporary Irish dramatist, gave the pleasure value of literature a new emphasis. Contributing his comments on the art of growing old to an American periodical, he stressed the inability of the old to get more entertainment out of themselves and suggested that reading good books was an excellent way of obtaining this type of enjoyment. But to gain the fullest pleasure from reading books, he went on to say, one must practice, and practice can only be had through the experience of good reading when a person is young. The real pity, he concluded, is that so many people have depended on others for their amusement when they were young, and thus in later years they have found it impossible to enjoy good literature.

A college course in literature can be, for those who want it, an excellent introduction to the choicest literary works. It can provide the practice necessary for a fulfilling pleasure in reading. Perhaps it would be better to say that rather than a **study** of literature, the undergraduate course is a **reading** of literature; and it is through reading the best fiction that has ever been written that the student can acquire a taste for the best, a fuller understanding of what good literature is and can be. Of course, the pleasure accruing from reading need not wait until a person reaches retirement. That acquaintance with and practice in good reading begun in college will serve a lifetime, for few means of obtaining pleasure through independent activity have the continuing effect that reading good literature has.

Although the pleasure value of literature is important, in our day the reading of fiction provides an even, more significant value in constantly reminding us of what it means to be human. The peculiar quality of our time which accentuates methods and techniques, the **use** of things and people, has tended to subordinate the individual to the group, to the institution, to the profession, or to the dominance of mechanical operation.

More and more we are pressed into a narrow way through specialization and concentration until we become indifferent to or completely forget what exists outside our confined and limited views. But the world we live in is broad and full and diverse and complex, and there are always people; and people, as individuals, are important, must always be considered important. Fiction never allows us to forget this, because fiction deals with the individual man and with "the color of life itself."

Nor does fiction merely pay lip service to the abstraction "the individual" as so many of us are wont to do when we speak in social and political terms. Rather, fiction presents us with human beings, with personalities: a Captain Ahab, a Raskolnikov, a Lord Jim, a Lucinda Matlock, a Willy Loman, a Captain Wirz. And each of these is a permanent reminder of human suffering, failure and glory, too. Through the greatest fiction we are forced into remembering that man is resilient before supreme adversity, that he is truly the unvanquished, that, in the words of William Faulkner, " man will not merely endure; he will prevail."

The physicist who works with incredible material power, the political specialist who is involved in the fates of whole groups of people, and even the literary critic who is bent on atomizing literature must not forget the human element. So, too, the student, preparing for his specialized field, whatever it may be, can not afford to lose contact with the idea of what it means to be fully human. In college he has an unequalled opportunity to make that contact through reading literature. To pass by the opportunity with apathy, to fail to see the urgency of understanding humanity while endangering forces make that understanding increasingly difficult is to run the risk of becoming insensitive to human failure as well as human accomplishment. With Turgenov each of us must say ultimately, "Everything human is dear to me," for if we do not accept humanity for what it is, and if we do not have a sympathy for what we all are, we will not prevail, nor will we even endure.

A fulfilling and enduring pleasure and a sympathetic understanding of humanity are both highly individual and personal values. For this reason they can never be adequately measured, nor can they be fully explained except in individual and personal terms. Yet, two universal manifestations help to substantiate the common existence of these values and the necessity for their continuance; people still write and read good books, and the world has not yet blown up in our faces. Each of these conditions, in a sense, depends on the existence of the other. When people stop writing and reading books, we shall live in a world (if it continues to exist at all) not worth living in; and when the world blows up, we can be sure it will have done so because men failed to have a sympathetic understanding of their fellow men. The study of literature in college can be the beginning of the durable and certainly rewarding activity of reading good literature, an activity which is irrevocably tied up with the fate of humanity itself.

Christmas, 1944

By John Teel

(an ex-mas card, unique in that it encompasses life's two most important realities, and several well-known unrealities.)

And all through the house
Where strung tanks and cannons
And battleships and planes
And all the other children's toys
To commemorate the holy day.
The night previous, a tired old man,
Stooped from carrying loads uphill.
Unshaven, fat, and dressed in red,
Brought a prosperous year to a toy company in Peoria.
While my psychic aunt (or so she says)
Had a dream of grass, the letter X,
A lone figure khaki-clad, and mud
(One night's world, old man in blood,
Young man's face pressed deep in mud).

And on a January morning sleep was interrupted.

I see your monument, sir, but find fault with it.
Although the stone is rather appropriate, cold and grey
(Did not the Pope himself declare God's neutrality?
Must be well to have such a privilege—
Man, I fear, is not so furtunate—
Having history books to fill
Man must learn to hate and kill).

I see that, sir, but the fault I find is the lack of fault. I see one cross atop it. Where is the second? Where is the fissure across the stone, zigzagging left and right across the points of weakness, granted, of course, that water will produce that in the future?

Show me the hand which that Christmas day willed
Death to the man that hated and killed.
(The second cross should not be erect)

The summer following, on a certain day,
The mayor made a speech.
Boys cheered, old men nodded, widows wept
(Even the one who became a whore),
While the industrialist who won the war
Spoke too—neither he nor the mayor
Spoke of ignorance or hatred or why the cross
Which was erect on perfect stone.

And a day three summers following
Saw relatives quarrel, bring their picnic lunches,
And watch the lowering of a box
Into its second and final home.

The old man has washed away the red.
Not so tired now, or so old.
Mayors still speak, women still weep,
Industrialists still win wars.
But as now we retire to await the good saint
The taste of mud is blissfully faint.
And nestled all snug in our beds we lie still,
Till the day we must learn to hate and to kill.

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