



CENTER FOR LIT

Teachers In Service  
Registration and Readings Packet

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Selections in this reading packet have been reproduced in a wide space format to allow for interlinear note-taking. We encourage you to jot down your thoughts as you read, and to share them with the rest of us during each discussion!

## Reading for Session #1: What is an Education?

### Men Without Chests

By C.S. Lewis

An excerpt from *The Abolition of Man*

I doubt whether we are sufficiently attentive to the importance of elementary text books. That is why I have chosen as the starting-point for these lectures a little book on English intended for ‘boys and girls in the upper forms of schools’. I do not think the authors of this book (there were two of them) intended any harm, and I owe them, or their publisher, good language for sending me a complimentary copy. At the same time I shall have nothing good to say of them. Here is a pretty predicament. I do not want to pillory two modest practising schoolmasters who were doing the best they knew: but I cannot be silent about what I think the actual tendency of their work. I therefore propose to conceal their names. I shall refer to these gentlemen as Gaius and Titius and to their book as *The Green Book*. But I promise you there is such a book and I have it on my shelves.

In their second chapter Gaius and Titius quote the well-known story of Coleridge at the waterfall. You remember that there were two tourists present: that one called it ‘sublime’ and the other ‘pretty’; and that Coleridge mentally endorsed the first judgement and rejected the second with disgust. Gaius and Titius comment as follows: ‘When the man said This is sublime, he appeared to be making a remark about the waterfall... Actually ... he was not making a remark about the waterfall, but a remark about his

own feelings. What he was saying was really I have feelings associated in my mind with the word „Sublime”, or shortly, I have sublime feelings’ Here are a good many deep questions settled in a pretty summary fashion. But the authors are not yet finished. They add: ‘This confusion is continually present in language as we use it. We appear to be saying something very important about something: and actually we are only saying something about our own feelings.’<sup>1</sup>

Before considering the issues really raised by this momentous little paragraph (designed, you will remember, for ‘the upper forms of schools’) we must eliminate one mere confusion into which Gaius and Titius have fallen. Even on their own view—on any conceivable view—the man who says This is sublime cannot mean I have sublime feelings. Even if it were granted that such qualities as sublimity were simply and solely projected into things from our own emotions, yet the emotions which prompt the projection are the correlatives, and therefore almost the opposites, of the qualities projected. The feelings which make a man call an object sublime are not sublime feelings but feelings of veneration. If This is sublime is to be reduced at all to a statement about the speaker’s feelings, the proper translation would be I have humble feelings. If the view held by Gaius and Titius were consistently applied it would lead to obvious absurdities. It would force them to maintain that You are contemptible means I have contemptible feelings’, in fact that Your feelings are contemptible means My feelings are contemptible. But we need

not delay over this which is the very pons asinorum of our subject. It would be unjust to Gaius and Titius themselves to emphasize what was doubtless a mere inadvertence.

The schoolboy who reads this passage in *The Green Book* will believe two propositions: firstly, that all sentences containing a predicate of value are statements about the emotional state of the speaker, and secondly, that all such statements are unimportant. It is true that Gaius and Titius have said neither of these things in so many words. They have treated only one particular predicate of value (sublime) as a word descriptive of the speaker's emotions. The pupils are left to do for themselves the work of extending the same treatment to all predicates of value: and no slightest obstacle to such extension is placed in their way. The authors may or may not desire the extension: they may never have given the question five minutes' serious thought in their lives. I am not concerned with what they desired but with the effect their book will certainly have on the schoolboy's mind. In the same way, they have not said that judgements of value are unimportant. Their words are that we 'appear to be saying something very important' when in reality we are 'only saying something about our own feelings'. No schoolboy will be able to resist the suggestion brought to bear upon him by that word only. I do not mean, of course, that he will make any conscious inference from what he reads to a general philosophical theory that all values are subjective and trivial. The very power of Gaius and Titius depends on the fact that they are dealing with a boy: a boy who thinks he is 'doing' his 'English prep' and has no notion that ethics, theology, and politics are all at

stake. It is not a theory they put into his mind, but an assumption, which ten years hence, its origin forgotten and its presence unconscious, will condition him to take one side in a controversy which he has never recognized as a controversy at all. The authors themselves, I suspect, hardly know what they are doing to the boy, and he cannot know what is being done to him.

Before considering the philosophical credentials of the position which Gaius and Titius have adopted about value, I should like to show its practical results on the educational procedure. In their fourth chapter they quote a silly advertisement of a pleasure cruise and proceed to inoculate their pupils against the sort of writing it exhibits.<sup>2</sup> The advertisement tells us that those who buy tickets for this cruise will go ‘across the Western Ocean where Drake of Devon sailed’, ‘adventuring after the treasures of the Indies’, and bringing home themselves also a ‘treasure’ of ‘golden hours’ and ‘glowing colours’. It is a bad bit of writing, of course: a venal and bathetic exploitation of those emotions of awe and pleasure which men feel in visiting places that have striking associations with history or legend. If Gaius and Titius were to stick to their last and teach their readers (as they promised to do) the art of English composition, it was their business to put this advertisement side by side with passages from great writers in which the very emotion is well expressed, and then show where the difference lies.

They might have used Johnson’s famous passage from the Western Islands, which concludes: ‘That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or

whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.’<sup>3</sup> They might have taken that place in The Prelude where Wordsworth describes how the antiquity of London first descended on his mind with ‘Weight and power, Power growing under weight’.<sup>4</sup> A lesson which had laid such literature beside the advertisement and really discriminated the good from the bad would have been a lesson worth teaching. There would have been some blood and sap in it—the trees of knowledge and of life growing together. It would also have had the merit of being a lesson in literature: a subject of which Gaius and Titius, despite their professed purpose, are uncommonly shy.

What they actually do is to point out that the luxurious motor-vessel won’t really sail where Drake did, that the tourists will not have any adventures, that the treasures they bring home will be of a purely metaphorical nature, and that a trip to Margate might provide ‘all the pleasure and rest’ they required.<sup>5</sup> All this is very true: talents inferior to those of Gaius and Titius would have sufficed to discover it. What they have not noticed, or not cared about, is that a very similar treatment could be applied to much good literature which treats the same emotion. What, after all, can the history of early British Christianity, in pure reason, add to the motives for piety as they exist in the eighteenth century? Why should Mr Wordsworth’s inn be more comfortable or the air of London more healthy because London has existed for a long time? Or, if there is indeed any obstacle which will prevent a critic from ‘debunking’ Johnson and Wordsworth (and Lamb, and Virgil, and Thomas Browne, and Mr de la Mare)

as The Green Book debunks the advertisement, Gaius and Titius have given their schoolboy readers no faintest help to its discovery.

From this passage the schoolboy will learn about literature precisely nothing. What he will learn quickly enough, and perhaps indelibly, is the belief that all emotions aroused by local association are in themselves contrary to reason and contemptible. He will have no notion that there are two ways of being immune to such an advertisement—that it falls equally flat on those who are above it and those who are below it, on the man of real sensibility and on the mere trousered ape who has never been able to conceive the Atlantic as anything more than so many million tons of cold salt water. There are two men to whom we offer in vain a false leading article on patriotism and honour: one is the coward, the other is the honourable and patriotic man. None of this is brought before the schoolboy's mind. On the contrary, he is encouraged to reject the lure of the 'Western Ocean' on the very dangerous ground that in so doing he will prove himself a knowing fellow who can't be bubbled out of his cash. Gaius and Titius, while teaching him nothing about letters, have cut out of his soul, long before he is old enough to choose, the possibility of having certain experiences which thinkers of more authority than they have held to be generous, fruitful, and humane. But it is not only Gaius and Titius. In another little book, whose author I will call Orbilius, I find that the same operation, under the same general anaesthetic, is being carried out. Orbilius chooses for 'debunking' a silly bit of writing on horses, where these animals are praised as the



‘willing servants’ of the early colonists in Australia.<sup>6</sup> And he falls into the same trap as Gaius and Titius. Of Ruksh and Sleipnir and the weeping horses of Achilles and the war-horse in the Book of Job—nay even of Brer Rabbit and of Peter Rabbit—of man’s prehistoric piety to ‘our brother the ox’—of all that this semi-anthropomorphic treatment of beasts has meant in human history and of the literature where it finds noble or piquant expression—he has not a word to say.<sup>7</sup> Even of the problems of animal psychology as they exist for science he says nothing. He contents himself with explaining that horses are not, *secundum litteram*, interested in colonial expansion.<sup>8</sup> This piece of information is really all that his pupils get from him. Why the composition before them is bad, when others that lie open to the same charge are good, they do not hear. Much less do they learn of the two classes of men who are, respectively, above and below the danger of such writing—the man who really knows horses and really loves them, not with anthropomorphic illusions, but with ordinate love, and the irredeemable urban blockhead to whom a horse is merely an old-fashioned means of transport. Some pleasure in their own ponies and dogs they will have lost; some incentive to cruelty or neglect they will have received; some pleasure in their own knowingness will have entered their minds. That is their day’s lesson in English, though of English they have learned nothing. **Another little portion of the human heritage has been quietly taken from them before they were old enough to understand.**

I have hitherto been assuming that such teachers as Gaius and Titius do not fully realize what they are doing and do not intend the far-reaching consequences it will actually have. There is, of course, another possibility. What I have called (presuming on their concurrence in a certain traditional system of values) the ‘trousered ape’ and the ‘urban blockhead’ may be precisely the kind of man they really wish to produce. The differences between us may go all the way down. They may really hold that the ordinary human feelings about the past or animals or large waterfalls are contrary to reason and contemptible and ought to be eradicated. They may be intending to make a clean sweep of traditional values and start with a new set. That position will be discussed later. If it is the position which Gaius and Titius are holding, I must, for the moment, content myself with pointing out that it is a philosophical and not a literary position. In filling their book with it they have been unjust to the parent or headmaster who buys it and who has got the work of amateur philosophers where he expected the work of professional grammarians. A man would be annoyed if his son returned from the dentist with his teeth untouched and his head crammed with the dentist’s obiter dicta on bimetallism or the Baconian theory.

But I doubt whether Gaius and Titius have really planned, under cover of teaching English, to propagate their philosophy. I think they have slipped into it for the following reasons. In the first place, literary criticism is difficult, and what they actually do is very much easier. To explain why a bad treatment of some basic human emotion is bad literature is, if we exclude all question-begging attacks on

the emotion itself, a very hard thing to do. Even Dr Richards, who first seriously tackled the problem of badness in literature, failed, I think, to do it. To ‘debunk’ the emotion, on the basis of a commonplace rationalism, is within almost anyone’s capacity. In the second place, I think Gaius and Titius may have honestly misunderstood the pressing educational need of the moment. They see the world around them swayed by emotional propaganda—they have learned from tradition that youth is sentimental—and they conclude that the best thing they can do is to fortify the minds of young people against emotion. My own experience as a teacher tells an opposite tale. For every one pupil who needs to be guarded from a weak excess of sensibility there are three who need to be awakened from the slumber of cold vulgarity. The task of the modern educator is not to cut down jungles but to irrigate deserts. The right defence against false sentiments is to inculcate just sentiments. By starving the sensibility of our pupils we only make them easier prey to the propagandist when he comes. For famished nature will be avenged and a hard heart is no infallible protection against a soft head.

But there is a third, and a profounder, reason for the procedure which Gaius and Titius adopt. They may be perfectly ready to admit that a good education should build some sentiments while destroying others. They may endeavour to do so. But it is impossible that they should succeed. Do what they will, it is the ‘debunking’ side of their work, and this side alone, which will really tell. In order to

grasp this necessity clearly I must digress for a moment to show that what may be called the educational predicament of Gaius and Titius is different from that of all their predecessors.

Until quite modern times all teachers and even all men believed the universe to be such that certain emotional reactions on our part could be either congruous or incongruous to it—believed, in fact, that objects did not merely receive, but could merit, our approval or disapproval, our reverence or our contempt. The reason why Coleridge agreed with the tourist who called the cataract sublime and disagreed with the one who called it pretty was of course that he believed inanimate nature to be such that certain responses could be more ‘just’ or ‘ordinate’ or ‘appropriate’ to it than others. And he believed (correctly) that the tourists thought the same. The man who called the cataract sublime was not intending simply to describe his own emotions about it: he was also claiming that the object was one which merited those emotions. But for this claim there would be nothing to agree or disagree about. To disagree with This is pretty if those words simply described the lady’s feelings, would be absurd: if she had said I feel sick Coleridge would hardly have replied No; I feel quite well. When Shelley, having compared the human sensibility to an Aeolian lyre, goes on to add that it differs from a lyre in having a power of ‘internal adjustment’ whereby it can ‘accommodate its chords to the motions of that which strikes them’,<sup>9</sup> he is assuming the same belief. ‘Can you be righteous’, asks Traherne, ‘unless you be just in rendering to

things their due esteem? All things were made to be yours and you were made to prize them according to their value.’<sup>10</sup>

St Augustine defines virtue as *ordo amoris*, the ordinate condition of the affections in which every object is accorded that kind of degree of love which is appropriate to it.<sup>11</sup> Aristotle says that the aim of education is to make the pupil like and dislike what he ought.<sup>12</sup> When the age for reflective thought comes, the pupil who has been thus trained in ‘ordinate affections’ or ‘just sentiments’ will easily find the first principles in Ethics; but to the corrupt man they will never be visible at all and he can make no progress in that science.<sup>13</sup> Plato before him had said the same. The little human animal will not at first have the right responses. It must be trained to feel pleasure, liking, disgust, and hatred at those things which really are pleasant, likeable, disgusting and hateful.<sup>14</sup> In the Republic, the well-nurtured youth is one ‘who would see most clearly whatever was amiss in ill-made works of man or ill-grown works of nature, and with a just distaste would blame and hate the ugly even from his earliest years and would give delighted praise to beauty, receiving it into his soul and being nourished by it, so that he becomes a man of gentle heart. All this before he is of an age to reason; so that when Reason at length comes to him, then, bred as he has been, he will hold out his hands in welcome and recognize her because of the affinity he bears to her.’<sup>15</sup> In early Hinduism that conduct in men which can be called good consists in conformity to, or almost participation in, the *Rta*—that great ritual or pattern of nature and supernature

which is revealed alike in the cosmic order, the moral virtues, and the ceremonial of the temple.

Righteousness, correctness, order, the Rta, is constantly identified with satya or truth, correspondence to reality. As Plato said that the Good was 'beyond existence' and Wordsworth that through virtue the stars were strong, so the Indian masters say that the gods themselves are born of the Rta and obey it.<sup>16</sup>

The Chinese also speak of a great thing (the greatest thing) called the Tao. It is the reality beyond all predicates, the abyss that was before the Creator Himself. It is Nature, it is the Way, the Road. It is the Way in which the universe goes on, the Way in which things everlastingly emerge, stilly and tranquilly, into space and time. It is also the Way which every man should tread in imitation of that cosmic and supercosmic progression, conforming all activities to that great exemplar.<sup>17</sup> 'In ritual', say the Analects, 'it is harmony with Nature that is prized.'<sup>18</sup> The ancient Jews likewise praise the Law as being 'true'.<sup>19</sup>

This conception in all its forms, Platonic, Aristotelian, Stoic, Christian, and Oriental alike, I shall henceforth refer to for brevity simply as 'the Tao'. Some of the accounts of it which I have quoted will seem, perhaps, to many of you merely quaint or even magical. But what is common to them all is something we cannot neglect. It is the doctrine of objective value, the belief that certain attitudes are really true, and others really false, to the kind of thing the universe is and the kind of things we are. Those who know the Tao can hold that to call children delightful or old men venerable is not simply to record a psychological fact about our own parental or filial emotions at the moment, but to recognize a quality

which demands a certain response from us whether we make it or not. I myself do not enjoy the society of small children: because I speak from within the Tao I recognize this as a defect in myself—just as a man may have to recognize that he is tone deaf or colour blind. And because our approvals and disapprovals are thus recognitions of objective value or responses to an objective order, therefore emotional states can be in harmony with reason (when we feel liking for what ought to be approved) or out of harmony with reason (when we perceive that liking is due but cannot feel it). No emotion is, in itself, a judgement; in that sense all emotions and sentiments are alogical. But they can be reasonable or unreasonable as they conform to Reason or fail to conform. The heart never takes the place of the head: but it can, and should, obey it.

Over against this stands the world of The Green Book. In it the very possibility of a sentiment being reasonable—or even unreasonable—has been excluded from the outset. It can be reasonable or unreasonable only if it conforms or fails to conform to something else. To say that the cataract is sublime means saying that our emotion of humility is appropriate or ordinate to the reality, and thus to speak of something else besides the emotion; **just as to say that a shoe fits is to speak not only of shoes but of feet.** But this reference to something beyond the emotion is what Gaius and Titius exclude from every sentence containing a predicate of value. Such statements, for them, refer solely to the emotion. Now the emotion, thus considered by itself, cannot be either in agreement or disagreement with Reason. It is irrational not as

a paralogism is irrational, but as a physical event is irrational: it does not rise even to the dignity of error.

On this view, the world of facts, without one trace of value, and the world of feelings, without one trace of truth or falsehood, justice or injustice, confront one another, and no rapprochement is possible.

Hence the educational problem is wholly different according as you stand within or without the Tao. For those within, the task is to train in the pupil those responses which are in themselves appropriate, whether anyone is making them or not, and in making which the very nature of man consists. Those without, if they are logical, must regard all sentiments as equally non-rational, as mere mists between us and the real objects. As a result, they must either decide to remove all sentiments, as far as possible, from the pupil's mind; or else to encourage some sentiments for reasons that have nothing to do with their intrinsic 'justness' or 'ordinacy'. The latter course involves them in the questionable process of creating in others by 'suggestion' or incantation a mirage which their own reason has successfully dissipated.

Perhaps this will become clearer if we take a concrete instance. When a Roman father told his son that it was a sweet and seemly thing to die for his country, he believed what he said. He was communicating to the son an emotion which he himself shared and which he believed to be in accord with the value which his judgement discerned in noble death. He was giving the boy the best he had, giving of his spirit to humanize him as he had given of his body to beget him. But Gaius and Titius cannot believe that in calling such a death sweet and seemly they would be saying 'something important about



something'. Their own method of debunking would cry out against them if they attempted to do so. For death is not something to eat and therefore cannot bedulce in the literal sense, and it is unlikely that the real sensations preceding it will be dulce even by analogy. And as for decorum—that is only a word describing how some other people will feel about your death when they happen to think of it, which won't be often, and will certainly do you no good. There are only two courses open to Gaius and Titius. **Either they must go the whole way and debunk this sentiment like any other, or must set themselves to work to produce, from outside, a sentiment which they believe to be of no value to the pupil and which may cost him his life, because it is useful to us (the survivors) that our young men should feel it.** If they embark on this course the difference between the old and the new education will be an important one. Where the old initiated, the new merely **'conditions'**. The old dealt with its pupils as grown birds deal with young birds when they teach them to fly; the new deals with them more as the poultry-keeper deals with young birds— making them thus or thus for purposes of which the birds know nothing. In a word, the old was a kind of propagation—men transmitting manhood to men; the new is merely propaganda.

It is to their credit that Gaius and Titius embrace the first alternative. Propaganda is their abomination: not because their own philosophy gives a ground for condemning it (or anything else) but because they are better than their principles. They probably have some vague notion (I will examine it in my next lecture) that valour and good faith and justice could be sufficiently commended to the pupil on

what they would call 'rational' or 'biological' or 'modern' grounds, if it should ever become necessary. In the meantime, they leave the matter alone and get on with the business of debunking. But this course, though less inhuman, is not less disastrous than the opposite alternative of cynical propaganda. Let us suppose for a moment that the harder virtues could really be theoretically justified with no appeal to objective value. **It still remains true that no justification of virtue will enable a man to be virtuous.**

Without the aid of trained emotions the intellect is powerless against the animal organism. I had sooner play cards against a man who was quite sceptical about ethics, but bred to believe that 'a gentleman does not cheat', than against an irreproachable moral philosopher who had been brought up among sharpers. In battle it is not syllogisms that will keep the reluctant nerves and muscles to their post in the third hour of the bombardment. The crudest sentimentalism (such as Gaius and Titius would wince at) about a flag or a country or a regiment will be of more use. We were told it all long ago by Plato. **As the king governs by his executive, so Reason in man must rule the mere appetites by means of the 'spirited element'.<sup>20</sup>** The head rules the belly through the chest—the seat, as Alanus tells us, of Magnanimity,<sup>21</sup> of emotions organized by trained habit into stable sentiments. **The Chest-Magnanimity-Sentiment—these are the indispensable liaison officers between cerebral man and visceral man.** It may even be said that it is by this middle element that man is man: for by his intellect he is mere spirit and by his appetite mere animal.

The operation of The Green Book and its kind is to produce what may be called Men without Chests. It is an outrage that they should be commonly spoken of as Intellectuals. This gives them the chance to say that he who attacks them attacks Intelligence. It is not so. They are not distinguished from other men by any unusual skill in finding truth nor any virginal ardour to pursue her. Indeed it would be strange if they were: a persevering devotion to truth, a nice sense of intellectual honour, cannot be long maintained without the aid of a sentiment which Gaius and Titius could debunk as easily as any other. It is not excess of thought but defect of fertile and generous emotion that marks them out. Their heads are no bigger than the ordinary: it is the atrophy of the chest beneath that makes them seem so.

And all the time—such is the tragi-comedy of our situation—we continue to clamour for those very qualities we are rendering impossible. You can hardly open a periodical without coming across the statement that what our civilization needs is more ‘drive’, or dynamism, or self-sacrifice, or ‘creativity’. In a sort of ghastly simplicity we remove the organ and demand the function. We make men without chests and expect of them virtue and enterprise. We laugh at honour and are shocked to find traitors in our midst. We castrate and bid the geldings be fruitful.

## NOTES

1 The Green Book, pp. 19, 20.

2 Ibid., p 53.

3 Journey to the Western Islands (Samuel Johnson).

4 The Prelude, viii, 11. 549-59.

5 The Green Book, pp. 53-5.

6 Orbilius' book, p 5.

7 Orbilius is so far superior to Gaius and Titius that he does (pp. 19-22) contrast a piece of good writing to animals with the piece condemned. Unfortunately, however, the only superiority he really demonstrates in the second extract is its superiority in factual truth. The specifically literary problem (the use and abuse of expressions which are false *secundum litteram*) is not tackled. Orbilius indeed tells us (p. 97) that we must 'learn to distinguish between legitimate and illegitimate figurative statement', but he gives us very little help in doing so. At the same time it is fair to record my opinion that his work is on quite a different level from The Green Book.

8 Ibid., p 9.

9 Defence of Poetry.

10 Centuries of Meditations, i, 12.

11 De Civ. Dei, xv. 22. Cf. *ibid.* ix. 5, xi. 28.

12 Eth. Nic. 1104 b.

13 *Ibid.* 1095 b.

14 Laws, 653.

15 Republic, 402 a.

16 A. B. Keith, s.v. 'Righteousness (Hindu)' Enc. Religion and Ethics, vol. x.

17 *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 454 b; iv. 12 b; ix. 87 a.

18 The Analects of Confucius, trans. Arthur Waley, London, 1938, i. 12

19 Psalm 119:151. The word is *emeth*, 'truth'. Where the Satya of the Indian sources emphasizes truth as 'correspondence', *emeth* (connected with a verb that means 'to be firm') emphasizes rather the reliability or trustworthiness of truth. Faithfulness and permanence are suggested by Hebraists as alternative renderings. *Emeth* is that which does not deceive, does not 'give', does not change, that which holds water. (See T. K. Cheyne in *Encyclopedia Biblica*, 1914, s.v. 'Truth'.)

20 Republic, 442 b, c.

21 Alanus ab Insulis. *De Planctu Naturae Prosa*, iii.

## **Transcriber's Notes**

Bimetallism – use of two precious metals (e.g. gold and silver) as the standard of currency

Baconian theory – theory that holds Francis Bacon to have written the plays attributed to Shakespeare

Elementary text-books – (1940's British) equivalent to high school-level books

Dulce (sweet) Decorum (seemly or honorable) from the Roman saying dulce et decorum est pro patria mori „It is sweet and seemly to die for one's country.”

Margate – resort area on the southeastern coast of England

Marathon...Iona Marathon is a plain in southeast Greece, where the Athenians defeated Persian invaders in 490 B.C. and saved Western civilization. Iona is a remote island west of Scotland, where despite many hazards monks preserved the Christian faith and much of Western learning. Samuel Johnson meant that seeing these famous sites, scenes of the greatest human dedication, should inspire a good person to greater love of his own country and religious faith.

Pons asinorum – bridge of asses, a basic geometric theorem

Obiter dicta – incidental judgements or opinions

Ordo amoris – order of love

Ruksh, Sleipnir, etc. – majestic or lovable animals of literature

Secundum literam – literally true

Stick to their last – stick to their proper job, from the expression "Shoemaker, stick to your last" (the last is a model of the human foot, made of wood or metal)

Upper forms of schools (1940's British) equivalent to American upper grades

## Reading for Session #2: Who Are We As Teachers?

### The Book of Job (selections)

1:1 There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil. 1:2 And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters. 1:3 His substance also was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she asses, and a very great household; so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the east. 1:4 And his sons went and feasted in their houses, every one his day; and sent and called for their three sisters to eat and to drink with them. 1:5 And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all: for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually.

1:6 Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the LORD, and Satan came also among them. 1:7 And the LORD said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the LORD, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. 1:8 And the LORD said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? 1:9 Then Satan answered the LORD, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought? 1:10 Hast not thou made an hedge about

him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. 1:11 But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face. 1:12 And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the LORD.

1:13 And there was a day when his sons and his daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house: 1:14 And there came a messenger unto Job, and said, The oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them: 1:15 And the Sabeans fell upon them, and took them away; yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. 1:16 While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep, and the servants, and consumed them; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. 1:17 While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. 1:18 While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house: 1:19 And, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. 1:20 Then Job arose, and rent his

mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped, 1:21 And said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD. 1:22 In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.

2:1 Again there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the LORD, and Satan came also among them to present himself before the LORD. 2:2 And the LORD said unto Satan, From whence comest thou? And Satan answered the LORD, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. 2:3 And the LORD said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? and still he holdeth fast his integrity, although thou movedst me against him, to destroy him without cause. 2:4 And Satan answered the LORD, and said, Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. 2:5 But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face. 2:6 And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life.

2:7 So went Satan forth from the presence of the LORD, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. 2:8 And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal; and he sat down among the ashes.



2:9 Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? curse God, and die. 2:10

But he said unto her, Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? In all this did not Job sin with his lips.

2:11 Now when Job's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place; Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite: for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him and to comfort him. 2:12 And when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voice, and wept; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven. 2:13 So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him: for they saw that his grief was very great.

3:1 After this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day. 3:2 And Job spake, and said, 3:3 Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived. 3:4 Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. 3:5 Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it. 3:6 As for that night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months. 3:7 Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein. 3:8 Let them curse it that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning. 3:9 Let the stars of the twilight

thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none; neither let it see the dawning of the day: 3:10 Because it shut not up the doors of my mother's womb, nor hid sorrow from mine eyes. 3:11 Why died I not from the womb? why did I not give up the ghost when I came out of the belly? 3:12 Why did the knees prevent me? or why the breasts that I should suck? 3:13 For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest, 3:14 With kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves; 3:15 Or with princes that had gold, who filled their houses with silver: 3:16 Or as an hidden untimely birth I had not been; as infants which never saw light. 3:17 There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest. 3:18 There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. 3:19 The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master. 3:20 Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul; 3:21 Which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures; 3:22 Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave? 3:23 Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in? 3:24 For my sighing cometh before I eat, and my roarings are poured out like the waters. 3:25 For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me. 3:26 I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came.

**4:1** Then Eliphaz the Temanite answered and said, 4:2 If we assay to commune with thee, wilt thou be grieved? but who can withhold himself from speaking? 4:3 Behold, thou hast instructed many,

and thou hast strengthened the weak hands. 4:4 Thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees. 4:5 But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled. 4:6 Is not this thy fear, thy confidence, thy hope, and the uprightness of thy ways?

4:7 Remember, I pray thee, who ever perished, being innocent? or where were the righteous cut off? 4:8

Even as I have seen, they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same. 4:9 By the blast of God

they perish, and by the breath of his nostrils are they consumed. 4:10 The roaring of the lion, and the

voice of the fierce lion, and the teeth of the young lions, are broken. 4:11 The old lion perisheth for lack

of prey, and the stout lion's whelps are scattered abroad. 4:12 Now a thing was secretly brought to me,

and mine ear received a little thereof. 4:13 In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep

falleth on men, 4:14 Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. 4:15 Then a

spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: 4:16 It stood still, but I could not discern the

form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, 4:17 Shall

mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his maker? 4:18 Behold, he put no trust

in his servants; and his angels he charged with folly: 4:19 How much less in them that dwell in houses of

clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth? 4:20 They are destroyed from

morning to evening: they perish for ever without any regarding it. 4:21 Doth not their excellency which is

in them go away? they die, even without wisdom.

5:1 Call now, if there be any that will answer thee; and to which of the saints wilt thou turn? 5:2 For wrath killeth the foolish man, and envy slayeth the silly one. 5:3 I have seen the foolish taking root: but suddenly I cursed his habitation. 5:4 His children are far from safety, and they are crushed in the gate, neither is there any to deliver them. 5:5 Whose harvest the hungry eateth up, and taketh it even out of the thorns, and the robber swalloweth up their substance. 5:6 Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground; 5:7 Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. 5:8 I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause: 5:9 Which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvellous things without number: 5:10 Who giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth waters upon the fields: 5:11 To set up on high those that be low; that those which mourn may be exalted to safety. 5:12 He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise. 5:13 He taketh the wise in their own craftiness: and the counsel of the froward is carried headlong. 5:14 They meet with darkness in the daytime, and grope in the noonday as in the night. 5:15 But he saveth the poor from the sword, from their mouth, and from the hand of the mighty. 5:16 So the poor hath hope, and iniquity stoppeth her mouth. 5:17 Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: 5:18 For he maketh sore, and bindeth up: he woundeth, and his hands make whole. 5:19 He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee. 5:20 In famine he shall redeem thee from death: and in war from the power of the

sword. 5:21 Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue: neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh. 5:22 At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh: neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth. 5:23 For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field: and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee. 5:24 And thou shalt know that thy tabernacle shall be in peace; and thou shalt visit thy habitation, and shalt not sin. 5:25 Thou shalt know also that thy seed shall be great, and thine offspring as the grass of the earth. 5:26 Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. 5:27 Lo this, we have searched it, so it is; hear it, and know thou it for thy good.

6:1 But Job answered and said, 6:2 O that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together! 6:3 For now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea: therefore my words are swallowed up. 6:4 For the arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit: the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me. 6:5 Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass? or loweth the ox over his fodder? 6:6 Can that which is unsavoury be eaten without salt? or is there any taste in the white of an egg? 6:7 The things that my soul refused to touch are as my sorrowful meat. 6:8 Oh that I might have my request; and that God would grant me the thing that I long for! 6:9 Even that it would please God to destroy me; that he would let loose his hand, and cut me off! 6:10 Then should I yet have comfort; yea, I would harden myself in sorrow: let him not spare; for I have not concealed the words of the Holy One. 6:11 What is my strength, that I should hope? and what is mine end, that I should

prolong my life? 6:12 Is my strength the strength of stones? or is my flesh of brass? 6:13 Is not my help in me? and is wisdom driven quite from me? 6:14 To him that is afflicted pity should be shewed from his friend; but he forsaketh the fear of the Almighty. 6:15 My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away; 6:16 Which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid: 6:17 What time they wax warm, they vanish: when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place. 6:18 The paths of their way are turned aside; they go to nothing, and perish. 6:19 The troops of Tema looked, the companies of Sheba waited for them. 6:20 They were confounded because they had hoped; they came thither, and were ashamed. 6:21 For now ye are no thing; ye see my casting down, and are afraid. 6:22 Did I say, Bring unto me? or, Give a reward for me of your substance? 6:23 Or, Deliver me from the enemy's hand? or, Redeem me from the hand of the mighty? 6:24 Teach me, and I will hold my tongue: and cause me to understand wherein I have erred. 6:25 How forcible are right words! but what doth your arguing reprove? 6:26 Do ye imagine to reprove words, and the speeches of one that is desperate, which are as wind? 6:27 Yea, ye overwhelm the fatherless, and ye dig a pit for your friend. 6:28 Now therefore be content, look upon me; for it is evident unto you if I lie. 6:29 Return, I pray you, let it not be iniquity; yea, return again, my righteousness is in it. **6:30 Is there iniquity in my tongue?**  
**cannot my taste discern perverse things?**

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8:1 Then answered Bildad the Shuhite, and said, 8:2 How long wilt thou speak these things? and how long shall the words of thy mouth be like a strong wind? 8:3 Doth God pervert judgment? or doth the Almighty pervert justice? 8:4 If thy children have sinned against him, and he have cast them away for their transgression; 8:5 If thou wouldest seek unto God betimes, and make thy supplication to the Almighty; 8:6 If thou wert pure and upright; surely now he would awake for thee, and make the habitation of thy righteousness prosperous. 8:7 Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase. 8:8 For enquire, I pray thee, of the former age, and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers: 8:9 (For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow:) 8:10 Shall not they teach thee, and tell thee, and utter words out of their heart? 8:11 Can the rush grow up without mire? can the flag grow without water? 8:12 Whilst it is yet in his greenness, and not cut down, it withereth before any other herb. 8:13 So are the paths of all that forget God; and the hypocrite's hope shall perish: 8:14 Whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be a spider's web. 8:15 He shall lean upon his house, but it shall not stand: he shall hold it fast, but it shall not endure. 8:16 He is green before the sun, and his branch shooteth forth in his garden. 8:17 His roots are wrapped about the heap, and seeth the place of stones. 8:18 If he destroy him from his place, then it shall deny him, saying, I have not seen thee. 8:19 Behold, this is the joy of his way, and out of the earth shall others grow. 8:20 Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man, neither will he help the evil doers: 8:21 Till he fill thy mouth with laughing,

and thy lips with rejoicing. 8:22 They that hate thee shall be clothed with shame; and the dwelling place of the wicked shall come to nought.

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[Job's response]

10:1 My soul is weary of my life; I will leave my complaint upon myself; I will speak in the bitterness of my soul. 10:2 I will say unto God, Do not condemn me; shew me wherefore thou contendest with me. 10:3 Is it good unto thee that thou shouldest oppress, that thou shouldest despise the work of thine hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked? 10:4 Hast thou eyes of flesh? or seest thou as man seeth? 10:5 Are thy days as the days of man? are thy years as man's days, 10:6 That thou enquirest after mine iniquity, and searchest after my sin? 10:7 Thou knowest that I am not wicked; and there is none that can deliver out of thine hand. 10:8 Thine hands have made me and fashioned me together round about; yet thou dost destroy me. 10:9 Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay; and wilt thou bring me into dust again? 10:10 Hast thou not poured me out as milk, and curdled me like cheese? 10:11 Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh, and hast fenced me with bones and sinews. 10:12 Thou hast granted me life and favour, and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit. 10:13 And these things hast thou hid in thine heart: I know that this is with thee. 10:14 If I sin, then thou markest me, and thou wilt not acquit me from mine iniquity. 10:15 If I be wicked, woe unto me; and if I be righteous, yet will I not



lift up my head. I am full of confusion; therefore see thou mine affliction; 10:16 For it increaseth. Thou huntest me as a fierce lion: and again thou shewest thyself marvellous upon me. 10:17 Thou renewest thy witnesses against me, and increasest thine indignation upon me; changes and war are against me. 10:18 Wherefore then hast thou brought me forth out of the womb? Oh that I had given up the ghost, and no eye had seen me! 10:19 I should have been as though I had not been; I should have been carried from the womb to the grave. 10:20 Are not my days few? cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little, 10:21 Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death; 10:22 A land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.

11:1 Then answered Zophar the Naamathite, and said, 11:2 Should not the multitude of words be answered? and should a man full of talk be justified? 11:3 Should thy lies make men hold their peace? and when thou mockest, shall no man make thee ashamed? 11:4 For thou hast said, My doctrine is pure, and I am clean in thine eyes. 11:5 But oh that God would speak, and open his lips against thee; 11:6 And that he would shew thee the secrets of wisdom, that they are double to that which is! Know therefore that God exacteth of thee less than thine iniquity deserveth. 11:7 Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? 11:8 It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? 11:9 The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea.

11:10 If he cut off, and shut up, or gather together, then who can hinder him? 11:11 For he knoweth vain men: he seeth wickedness also; will he not then consider it? 11:12 For vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt. 11:13 If thou prepare thine heart, and stretch out thine hands toward him; 11:14 If iniquity be in thine hand, put it far away, and let not wickedness dwell in thy tabernacles.

11:15 For then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot; yea, thou shalt be stedfast, and shalt not fear: 11:16 Because thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters that pass away: 11:17 And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning. 11:18 And thou shalt be secure, because there is hope; yea, thou shalt dig about thee, and thou shalt take thy rest in safety. 11:19 Also thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid; yea, many shall make suit unto thee. 11:20 But the eyes of the wicked shall fail, and they shall not escape, and their hope shall be as the giving up of the ghost.

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23:1 Then Job answered and said, 23:2 Even to day is my complaint bitter: my stroke is heavier than my groaning. 23:3 Oh that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat! 23:4 I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments. 23:5 I would know the words which he would answer me, and understand what he would say unto me. 23:6 Will he plead against me with his great power? No; but he would put strength in me. 23:7 There the righteous might dispute with

him; so should I be delivered for ever from my judge. 23:8 Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: 23:9 On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him: 23:10 But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold. 23:11 My foot hath held his steps, his way have I kept, and not declined. 23:12 Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips; I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food.

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[Job continues]

31:4 Doth not he see my ways, and count all my steps? 31:5 If I have walked with vanity, or if my foot hath hastened to deceit; 31:6 Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity. 31:7 If my step hath turned out of the way, and mine heart walked after mine eyes, and if any blot hath cleaved to mine hands; 31:8 Then let me sow, and let another eat; yea, let my offspring be rooted out. 31:9 If mine heart have been deceived by a woman, or if I have laid wait at my neighbour's door; 31:10 Then let my wife grind unto another, and let others bow down upon her. 31:11 For this is an heinous crime; yea, it is an iniquity to be punished by the judges. 31:12 For it is a fire that consumeth to destruction, and would root out all mine increase. 31:13 If I did despise the cause of my manservant or of my maidservant, when they contended with me; 31:14 What then shall I do when God riseth up? and

when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? 31:15 Did not he that made me in the womb make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? 31:16 If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail; 31:17 Or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof; 31:18 (For from my youth he was brought up with me, as with a father, and I have guided her from my mother's womb;) 31:19 If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering; 31:20 If his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep; 31:21 If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate: 31:22 Then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. 31:23 For destruction from God was a terror to me, and by reason of his highness I could not endure. 31:24 If I have made gold my hope, or have said to the fine gold, Thou art my confidence; 31:25 If I rejoiced because my wealth was great, and because mine hand had gotten much; 31:26 If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; 31:27 And my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand: 31:28 This also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge: for I should have denied the God that is above. 31:29 If I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myself when evil found him: 31:30 Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin by wishing a curse to his soul. 31:31 If the men of my tabernacle said not, Oh that we had of his flesh! we cannot be satisfied. 31:32 The stranger did not lodge in the street: but I opened my doors to the traveller. 31:33 If I covered my transgressions as Adam, by

hiding mine iniquity in my bosom: 31:34 Did I fear a great multitude, or did the contempt of families terrify me, that I kept silence, and went not out of the door? 31:35 Oh that one would hear me! behold, my desire is, that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book. 31:36 Surely I would take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me. 31:37 I would declare unto him the number of my steps; as a prince would I go near unto him. 31:38 If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain; 31:39 If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life: 31:40 Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.

The words of Job are ended.

32:1 So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes. 32:2

Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram: against Job

was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God.

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[Elihu speaks]

33:1 Wherefore, Job, I pray thee, hear my speeches, and hearken to all my words. 33:2 Behold, now I have opened my mouth, my tongue hath spoken in my mouth. 33:3 My words shall be of the uprightness of my heart: and my lips shall utter knowledge clearly. 33:4 The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life. 33:5 If thou canst answer me, set thy words in order

before me, stand up. 33:6 Behold, I am according to thy wish in God's stead: I also am formed out of the clay. 33:7 Behold, my terror shall not make thee afraid, neither shall my hand be heavy upon thee. 33:8 Surely thou hast spoken in mine hearing, and I have heard the voice of thy words, saying, 33:9 I am clean without transgression, I am innocent; neither is there iniquity in me. 33:10 Behold, he findeth occasions against me, he counteth me for his enemy, 33:11 He putteth my feet in the stocks, he marketh all my paths. 33:12 Behold, in this thou art not just: I will answer thee, that God is greater than man. 33:13 Why dost thou strive against him? for he giveth not account of any of his matters. 33:14 For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. 33:15 In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; 33:16 Then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, 33:17 That he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. 33:18 He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword. 33:19 He is chastened also with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain: 33:20 So that his life abhorreth bread, and his soul dainty meat. 33:21 His flesh is consumed away, that it cannot be seen; and his bones that were not seen stick out. 33:22 Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave, and his life to the destroyers. 33:23 If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to shew unto man his uprightness: 33:24 Then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom. 33:25 His flesh shall be fresher than a child's: he shall return to the days of his

youth: 33:26 He shall pray unto God, and he will be favourable unto him: and he shall see his face with joy: for he will render unto man his righteousness. 33:27 He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; 33:28 He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light. 33:29 Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, 33:30 To bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living. 33:31 Mark well, O Job, hearken unto me: hold thy peace, and I will speak. 33:32 If thou hast any thing to say, answer me: speak, for I desire to justify thee. 33:33 If not, hearken unto me: hold thy peace, and I shall teach thee wisdom.

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35:1 Elihu spake moreover, and said, 35:2 Thinkest thou this to be right, that thou saidst, My righteousness is more than God's? 35:3 For thou saidst, What advantage will it be unto thee? and, What profit shall I have, if I be cleansed from my sin? 35:4 I will answer thee, and thy companions with thee. 35:5 Look unto the heavens, and see; and behold the clouds which are higher than thou. 35:6 If thou sinnest, what doest thou against him? or if thy transgressions be multiplied, what doest thou unto him? 35:7 If thou be righteous, what givest thou him? or what receiveth he of thine hand? 35:8 Thy wickedness may hurt a man as thou art; and thy righteousness may profit the son of man. ... 35:16 Therefore doth Job open his mouth in vain; he multiplieth words without knowledge.

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38:1 Then the LORD answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, 38:2 Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? 38:3 Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. 38:4 Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. 38:5 Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? 38:6 Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof; 38:7 When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? 38:8 Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb? 38:9 When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddlingband for it, 38:10 And brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, 38:11 And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed? 38:12 Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days; and caused the dayspring to know his place; 38:13 That it might take hold of the ends of the earth, that the wicked might be shaken out of it? 38:14 It is turned as clay to the seal; and they stand as a garment. 38:15 And from the wicked their light is withholden, and the high arm shall be broken. 38:16 Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth? 38:17 Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death? 38:18 Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth? declare if thou knowest it all. 38:19 Where is the way where light



dwelleth? and as for darkness, where is the place thereof, 38:20 That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof, and that thou shouldest know the paths to the house thereof? 38:21 Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born? or because the number of thy days is great? 38:22 Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, 38:23 Which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war? 38:24 By what way is the light parted, which scattereth the east wind upon the earth? 38:25 Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters, or a way for the lightning of thunder; 38:26 To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is; on the wilderness, wherein there is no man; 38:27 To satisfy the desolate and waste ground; and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth? 38:28 Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew? 38:29 Out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it? 38:30 The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen. 38:31 Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? 38:32 Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? 38:33 Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? 38:34 Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters may cover thee? 38:35 Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are? 38:36 Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts? or who hath given understanding to the heart? 38:37 Who can number the clouds in wisdom? or who can stay the bottles of heaven, 38:38 When the dust

groweth into hardness, and the clods cleave fast together? 38:39 Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion? or fill the appetite of the young lions, 38:40 When they couch in their dens, and abide in the covert to lie in wait? 38:41 Who provideth for the raven his food? when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat.

39:1 Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of the rock bring forth? or canst thou mark when the hinds do calve? 39:2 Canst thou number the months that they fulfil? or knowest thou the time when they bring forth? 39:3 They bow themselves, they bring forth their young ones, they cast out their sorrows. 39:4 Their young ones are in good liking, they grow up with corn; they go forth, and return not unto them. 39:5 Who hath sent out the wild ass free? or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass? 39:6 Whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings. 39:7 He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. 39:8 The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing. 39:9 Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib? 39:10 Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee? 39:11 Wilt thou trust him, because his strength is great? or wilt thou leave thy labour to him? 39:12 Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy seed, and gather it into thy barn? 39:13 Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich? 39:14 Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust, 39:15 And forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or

that the wild beast may break them. 39:16 She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers: her labour is in vain without fear; 39:17 Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding. 39:18 What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider. 39:19 Hath thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? 39:20 Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. 39:21 He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. 39:22 He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. 39:23 The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. 39:24 He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. 39:25 He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. 39:26 Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south? 39:27 Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high? 39:28 She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. 39:29 From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off. 39:30 Her young ones also suck up blood: and where the slain are, there is she.

40:1 Moreover the LORD answered Job, and said, 40:2 Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him? he that reproveth God, let him answer it.

40:3 Then Job answered the LORD, and said, 40:4 Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. 40:5 Once have I spoken; but I will not answer: yea, twice; but I will proceed no further.

40:6 Then answered the LORD unto Job out of the whirlwind, and said, 40:7 Gird up thy loins now like a man: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me. 40:8 Wilt thou also disannul my judgment? wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be righteous? 40:9 Hast thou an arm like God? or canst thou thunder with a voice like him? 40:10 Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency; and array thyself with glory and beauty. 40:11 Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath: and behold every one that is proud, and abase him. 40:12 Look on every one that is proud, and bring him low; and tread down the wicked in their place. 40:13 Hide them in the dust together; and bind their faces in secret. 40:14 Then will I also confess unto thee that thine own right hand can save thee.

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42:1 Then Job answered the LORD, and said, 42:2 I know that thou canst do every thing, and that no thought can be withholden from thee. 42:3 Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. 42:4 Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me. 42:5 I have heard of thee

by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. 42:6 Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.

42:7 And it was so, that after the LORD had spoken these words unto Job, the LORD said to Eliphaz the Temanite, My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends: for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath. 42:8 Therefore take unto you now seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job, and offer up for yourselves a burnt offering; and my servant Job shall pray for you: for him will I accept: lest I deal with you after your folly, in that ye have not spoken of me the thing which is right, like my servant Job. 42:9 So Eliphaz the Temanite and Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite went, and did according as the LORD commanded them: the LORD also accepted Job. 42:10 And the LORD turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends: also the LORD gave Job twice as much as he had before. 42:11 Then came there unto him all his brethren, and all his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him in his house: and they bemoaned him, and comforted him over all the evil that the LORD had brought upon him: every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one an earring of gold. 42:12 So the LORD blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning: for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses. 42:13 He had also seven sons and three daughters. 42:14 And he called the name of the first, Jemima; and the name of the second,

Kezia; and the name of the third, Keren-happuch. 42:15 And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job: and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren. 42:16 After this lived Job an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, even four generations. 42:17 So Job died, being old and full of days.

## Reading for Session #3: Who Are Our Students?

### Who is Socrates, Now That We Need Him?

by Richard Mitchell

An excerpt from *The Gift of Fire*

When Benjamin Franklin was hardly more than a boy, but clearly a comer, he decided to achieve moral perfection. As guides in this enterprise, he chose Jesus and Socrates. One of his self-assigned rules for daily behavior was nothing more than this: "Imitate Jesus and Socrates."

I suspect that few would disagree. Even most militant atheists admire Jesus, while assuming, of course, that they admire him for the right reasons. Even those who have no philosophy and want none admire Socrates, although exactly why, they can not say. And very few, I think, would tell the young Franklin that he ought to have made some different choices: Alexander, for instance, or Francis Bacon.

Jesus, just now, has no shortage of would-be imitators, although they do seem to disagree among themselves as to how he ought to be imitated. **But the imitators of Socrates, if any there be, are hard to find.** For one thing, if they are more or less accurately imitating him, they will not organize themselves into Socrates clubs and pronounce their views. If we want to talk with them, we will have to seek them out; and, unless we ourselves become, to some degree at least, imitators of Socrates, we will not know enough to want to seek them out. Indeed, unless we are sufficiently his imitators, we might only know enough not to want to seek him out, for some of those who sought Socrates out found reason to wish that

they hadn't. Unlike Jesus, or, to be more accurate, unlike the Jesus whom many imagine, Socrates often brought not the Good News, but the Bad.

Nevertheless, people do from time to time come to know enough about Socrates to be drawn into his company, and to agree, with rare exceptions, that it would indeed be a good thing to imitate him. The stern poet-philosopher Nietzsche was one of those exceptions, for he believed, and quite correctly, that reasonable discourse was the weapon with which the weak might defeat the strong, but most of us often do think of ourselves as weak rather than strong, and what seemed a bad thing to Nietzsche seems a good thing to us. **However, when we do try to imitate Socrates, we discover that it isn't as easy, and as readily possible to millions, as the imitation of Jesus is said to be.**

So we make this interesting distinction: We decide that the imitation of Jesus lies in one Realm, and the imitation of Socrates in quite another, The name of the first, we can not easily say, but the name of the second is pretty obviously "mind." Even the most ardent imitators of Jesus seldom think of themselves as imitating the work of his mind, but of, well, something else, the spirit, perhaps, or the feelings, or some other faculty hard to name. But those who would imitate Socrates know that they must do some work in the mind, in the understanding, in the intellect, perhaps even in the formidable "intelligence" of the educational psychologists, beyond whose boundaries we can no more go than we can teach ourselves to jump tall buildings. We may apparently follow Jesus simply by feeling one thing rather



than another, but the yoke of Socrates is not easy, and his burden not light, nor does he suffer little children to come unto him.

And we say that, while it would be truly splendid to imitate his example, it really can't be done as a general rule for ordinary life. Very few of us are as smart as Socrates, after all, and the smartest of us are already very busy in computers and astrophysics. Socrates appeared once and only once among us, and the chances of his coming again are very slim. We may hold him up as a shining example, of course, but as a distant star, not a candle in the window of home. He is one in billions. So we must, it seems, resign ourselves to living not the examined life but the unexamined life, responding to the suggestions of environment and the inescapable power of genetic endowment and toilet training.

Nevertheless, millions and millions of us contemplate no serious difficulty at all in imitating the example of Jesus, who, as it happens, is also held to be one in billions. We do not say, Ah well, a Jesus comes but once among us, and we lesser folk must content ourselves with remembering, once in a while, some word or deed of his, and trying, although without any hope of truly and fully succeeding, to speak as he might have spoken, to think as he might have thought, and to do as he might have done. Sometimes, to be sure, provided that we do in fact understand him correctly, which is by no means always certain, we might come near the mark. But it is childish and idealistic to imagine that we can, especially in this busiest and most technically demanding of worlds, plainly and simply live as Jesus lived. No, we do not

make those reservations, but suppose rather that, in the case of this one life among billions, we can launch ourselves, all at once, and as if by magic, into the Way in which he walked. And this is because we imagine that the Way of Socrates is barricaded by the wall of an intelligence test, and the Way of Jesus is not, that the regularly examined life requires a lot of hard mental labor, and that the good life is as natural and automatic as the singing of the birds.

But there was at least one man who held, and who seems to have demonstrated in a very convincing fashion, that Socrates was not at all special, that he was, indeed, just as ignorant as the rest of us. We can not dismiss him as a political enemy or an envious detractor, or even as a more "advanced" philosopher who had the advantage of modern information to which Socrates had no access. It was Socrates himself who made that demonstration. And, although Plato is surely the most humorous and ironic of philosophers, it is just not possible to read Socrates' Apology as a witty trick at the jury's expense. It is a sober autobiography. Socrates explains that he has simply spent his life in trying to discover what the god could have meant in saying, by an astonishing oracle, that Socrates of Athens was the wisest of men. Socrates had discovered, as he had expected, that he knew nothing, but also that the same was true of everybody else. The oracle meant, in effect, that the wisest of men was just as unwise as all other men. But we seem to be fundamentalists about the oracle. There is a curious contradiction in us when we say that Socrates is an inimitable one in billions because of the power of his mind, and thus deny

the power of his mind to judge truly as to whether he was an inimitable one in billions. Our minds, which are not up to the work of imitating him, are nevertheless quite strong enough to overrule him. Strange.

In old age, Franklin admitted that his plan for the achievement of moral perfection had not entirely succeeded, and that he had not, after all, been able perfectly to imitate either Jesus or Socrates. But he did not say that such imitations would have been impossible, or excuse himself from them on the grounds that they would have been impractical or unrealistic, or even, as the modern mind seems very likely to say, that they would have been counterproductive and little conducive to success. He says that, all in all, while he was but an occasional imitator, even so he had thus lived a better and a happier life than he would have otherwise had. And I do suspect that Socrates himself might have said much the same, for he, too, was surely an occasional imitator of Socrates.

The Socrates we have in the dialogues of Plato simply must be a "perfected" Socrates, a masterpiece every bit as much artistic as philosophical. I have lived, and so have you, in this world, which is the very same world in which Socrates lived. Only its temporary particulars have changed. He did, if only when Plato wasn't around, or perhaps before Plato was around, worry about money. He quarreled with his wife, and fell out of patience with his children. He spoke, and even acted, without considering the full meaning and probable consequences of his words and deeds. He even, if only once or twice, saw Reason clearly and completely, and went ahead and listened to Appetite instead. And once in a while,

from time to time, he lost his grip on that "cheerful and temperate disposition" without which neither the young nor the old, neither the rich nor the poor, can hope for that decent and thoughtful life of self-government that is properly called Happiness. And such outrageous and unconventional charges I can bring--as can you--against Socrates or anyone, with calm assurance, for Socrates was just a man. To do such things, as he himself very well knew, was merely human.

So now I can see before me one of those persons whom I call, in a very strange manner of speaking, "my" students. There she sits, as close to the back of the classroom as possible. She is blowing bubbles with her gum, and not without skill. She intends to be a schoolteacher. She has read, in their entirety, two books, one about some very frightening and mysterious happenings in a modest suburban house on Long Island, and the other about excellence. I now have reason to hope that she has been reading Emerson, and she probably has. She is not a shirker, but, at least usually, as much a person of serious intent as one should be at her age and in her condition. Her understanding of Emerson is not perfect, but neither is mine. The essay she has been reading, I have read many times, and every time with the realization that my understanding of it, up to now, of course, has not been perfect.

I know this as surely as I know that Socrates was once exasperated by a yapping dog: Someday, perhaps this day, when I have explained some difficult proposition's exploration by Emerson, that young woman, or somebody else very much like her, will raise her hand and ask the question, and ask it just as

Socrates asked, out of what she knows to be her ignorance, and her desire not to be ignorant. And her question will remind me that I am ignorant, and that I didn't know it, and that I do not want to be.

I probably give less thought than I should to the question of whether the world exists, but I often consider the question of when it exists. When I am there in class, considering that young woman's question before me, that is the world. Socrates exists. As though she were Socrates, this blower of bubbles asks the question. She has never thought out or named "undefined terms," "unbounded categories," or "unexamined propositions." She can not say that a likeness should be noted where only difference was presumed, or a difference where only a likeness. But she can ask as though she had considered such things. And in that moment, in the world that then and there exists, who is the teacher and who the student? Who is Socrates?

If I have any good sense at all, will I not give her question as much thoughtful consideration as I would have given to the same question had it come from Socrates himself? And for two reasons, both of them splendid?

Rather than effectively dismissing Socrates when we suppose that we praise him as "one in billions," we might do better to attend to our words as though we were poets, looking always deeper into and through them. We could thus also say that Socrates is one who is truly in billions, the most powerful confirmation that we have of what is, after all, not merely an individual but a generally human possibility-

-the mind's ability to behold and consider itself and its works. That power is probably unavailable to infants and lunatics, but, in the absence of some such special impediment, who can be without it? Can it be that some of us are empty, and without that power which is the sign of humanity? My bubble-blower certainly is not, and she is real. I have seen her often. And in that moment when she is Socrates, I may well be seeing the first moment of thoughtfulness in her life. Education, real education, and not just the elaborate contraption that is better understood as "schooling," can be nothing but the nourishment of such moments.

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I imagine some well-informed and largely wise visitor from another world who comes to Earth to study us. He begins by choosing two people at random, and, since time and place are of no importance to him, but only the single fact of humanity, he chooses Socrates and me, leaving aside for the moment every other human being. He begins with an understanding of the single but tremendous attribute that distinguishes us both from all other creatures of Earth. We are capable of Reason. Capable. We can know ourselves, unlike the foxes and the oaks, and can know that we know ourselves. He knows that while we have appetites and urges just like all the other creatures, we have the astonishing power of seeing them not simply as the necessary attributes of what we are, but as separate from us in a strange way, so that we can hold them at arm's length, turning them this way and that, and make judgment of them, and even put

them aside, saying, Yes, that is "me," in a way, but, when I choose, it is just a thing, not truly me, but only mine. He sees, in short, what "human" means in "human beings."

And then he considers the specimens he has chosen, Socrates and me. He measures that degree to which they conform to what "human" means in "human beings." With those superior extraterrestrial powers that imagination grants him, he will easily discover:

That I have notions, certain "sayings" in my mind, that flatly contradict one another; believing, for instance, that I can choose for myself the path of my life while blaming other people for the difficulty of the path. With Socrates, this is not the case.

That my mind is full of ideas that are truly nothing more than words, and that as to the meaning of the words I have no clear and constant idea, behaving today as though "justice" were one thing, and tomorrow as though it were another. That, while wanting to be happy and good, I have no clear ideas by which I might distinguish, or might even want to distinguish, happiness from pleasure, and goodness from social acceptability. With Socrates, this is not the case.

That I usually believe what I believe not because I have tested and found it coherent and consistent, and harmonious with evidence, but because it is also believed by the right people, people like me, and because it pleases me. And that furthermore, I live and act and speak as though my believing were no different from my knowing. With Socrates, this is not the case.

That I put myself forth as one who can direct and govern the minds, the inner lives, of others, that, in fact, I make my living as one who can do that, but that my own actions are governed, more often than not, by desire or whim. **With Socrates, this is not the case.**

That I seem to have a great need for things, and think myself somehow treated unjustly by an insufficiency of them, and that this insufficiency, which seems strangely to persist even after I get hold of the thing whose necessity I have most recently noted, prevents in me that cheerful and temperate disposition to which I deem myself entitled. **With Socrates, this is not the case.**

That I seem to know what I want, but that I have no way of figuring out whether I should want what I want, and that, indeed, it does not occur to me that I should be able to figure that out. **With Socrates, this is not the case.**

And that, in short and in general, my mind, the thing that most makes us human, is not doing the steering of this life, but is usually being hustled along on a wild ride by the disorderly and conflicting commands of whole hosts of notions, appetites, hopes, and fears. With Socrates, this is not the case.

How could the alien enquirer help concluding that there is something "wrong" with me, and that the humanness that is indeed in me has been somehow "broken," which he can clearly see by comparing me with Socrates? **Must he not decide that Socrates is the normal human, and I the freak, the distortion of human nature?**



When he pronounces me the freak, and Socrates the perfectly ordinary, normal human being, living quite obviously, as perhaps only an "alien" can see, by the power of that which most makes a human a human, shall I defend myself by appeal to the principle of majority rule? Shall I say: Well, after all, Socrates is only one human being, and all the others are more like me. Would I not prove myself all the more the freak by my dependence on such a preposterously irrelevant principle? If that visitor were rude, he might well point out that my ability to see, on the one hand, what is natural to human beings, and to claim, on the other, that its absence is only natural, and thus normal, is just the sort of reasoning that he would expect of a freak, whose very freakishness is seen in his inability to do what is simply natural to his species--that is, to make sense.

**But Socrates would defend me. He would say, for this he said very often:**

**No, my young friend is not truly a freak. All that I can do, he can do; he just doesn't do it. And if he doesn't do it, it is because of something else that is natural to human beings, and just as human as the powers that you rightly find human in me. Before we awaken, we must sleep, and some of us sleep deeper and longer than others.** It may be, that unless we are awakened by some help from other human beings, we sleep our lives away, and never come into those powers. **But we can be awakened.**

**In that respect, my friend is not a freak. He might better be thought a sleepwalker,** moving about in the world, and getting all sorts of things done, often on time, and sometimes very effectively indeed.

But the very power of routine habit by which he can do all that has become the only government that he knows. And the voices of his desires are loud. He is just now not in a condition to give his full attention to any meaning that might be found in all that he does, or to consider carefully how to distinguish between the better and the worse. He might be thought a child, and a perfectly natural child, who lives still in that curious, glorious haze of youth, when only desire seems worthy of obedience, and when the mighty fact of the world that is so very "there" looms immeasurably larger than the fact of the self that is in that world. He might grow up, and it is the "mightiness" in him that makes him truly human, however he may look like a freak just now. From time to time, we are all just such freaks, and mindless, for mindlessness is the great background of noise out of which some few certain sounds can be brought forth and harmonized as music.

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I am often worried and vexed about the colossal social institution of "schooling," of which I am a paid agent. My quarrels and complaint with schooling are beyond my counting, and also, I must admit, valid but trivial. Looming behind all of the silly things that we do in schools, and pass off as an "education" that would have startled Socrates, there is nothing less than a great, pervading spirit of dullness and tedium, of irksome but necessary labors directed completely toward the consolidation of the mundane through the accumulation of the trivial. In school, there is no solemnity, no reverence, no awe.

no wonder. We not only fail to claim, but refuse to claim, and would be ashamed to claim that our proper business was with the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, and that this business can be conducted not through arousing pleasant feelings, but through working the mind. Thus it is that education is exceedingly rare in schooling, and when it breaks out, it is as the result of some happy accident, an accident that might have befallen a prepared mind, or maybe any mind at all, just as readily in the streets as in the schools.

Education makes music out of the noise that fills life. And from the random and incessant background noise of what we suppose the "mind," meaning really the appetites and sentiments, education weighs and considers, draws forth and arranges, unites the distant with the near, the familiar with the strange, and makes, by Reason, the harmonious music that is Reason. If we can know anything at all about How to Live, it is in Reason that we must seek it, for the only other possibility is to seek it outside of Reason, in the disorder of noise. I am convinced that Socrates is right, that anyone can make that search and decide, not what the Meaning and Purpose of Life is, but what the meaning and purpose of the searcher's life should be, and thus to live better.

## **Reading for Session #4: Practical Approaches**

*All the Places to Love* by Patricia MacLachlan

This award-winning picture book is available at your local library. We will also read the story aloud in class and show the pictures on our screen.