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Time bettering days.

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TIME BETTERING DAYS

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Philos. O

CL. DUP.

Time Bettering Days... the learned say that this phrase is found in the English language once, and once only: in Shakespeare's 82nd Sonnet. And the unlearned say that it is a contradiction in terms. How can time which is the totality and the compound of all days be improved by days which are better than the rest? This really is pulling time up by its own bootstraps. It can't be done. Time bettering days are nonsense.

Having published my first study on the calendar in 1910 and my last in 1952, I am taking this highly unexpected summons to replace our friend Booth, the impressive reader of Shakespeare, as my opportunity to reorganize my calendaric and time studies around William Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's and my own thesis is that mankind in the Christian era lives in a pluralism of intersecting and overlapping calendars; that this is the distinction of the Christian era as against all others, Jewish, Chinese, Roman, Aztec and all the rest. Our era is the era of pluralism in timing, and this is officially its character. Jesus said to the man whom he saw working on a Sabbath: "Man, if you don't know what you are doing, you are cursed. However, if you do know why you are working you are blessed", and this word of the Lord of the Eons of Eons has become flesh in the pluralism of every Western Man's own eons. His times ever since have been allowed to become a spectrum just as waves or colors. And only all the colors of the spectrum experienced together create the fullness of time bestowed upon us in this eon. We all live by these new standards. But strangely enough, few seem to know this fact. Not the whole spectrum of the times can be occupied by us this evening. I have given it completely in a whole book. Not even Shakespeare's whole spectrum of time may I spread before you. I tried and the paper was three hours reading time.

Even as it stands now, this paper probably may have to be too long for your liking. And thus, you may tend to label this evening a time worsening, a time deteriorating day. Even in this case, as we learn best by contrast, you would still benefit and increase your understanding of time bettering days. By boring people, we may arouse their own intensity, and each birth of Time = Bettering Days is dependent on an enhanced intensity.

There are three parts to this paper and an introduction. The introduction shall remind us of two treatments or aspects of time in the work of Shakespeare. In their light, part one shall treat the academic calendar and our own College Times, the second part deals with the origin and the change in meaning of one English word - the word "Noon", and with the calendar implied in its strange triumph. The third part shall deal with our free, unpredictable, and biographical High Times suggested by Shakespeare in his Merchant of Venice. The platonian, the medieval, and the biographical calendars are going to claim a share of your allegiance to timely living.

The Introduction to our Theme naturally is:

Sonnet 82

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse
And therefore mayst without attaint ov'rlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.

The New Oxford Dictionary of 1912 cites this single example of the compound "time-bettering"; only once more has Shakespeare himself come near to this expression in Sonnet 32.

If thou survive my well-contented days
When that churl, Death, my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt thy fortune once more resurvey
These poor rude lives of their deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time...

In this phrase of Sonnet 32, however, the power which does better the time, is not mentioned. Only in 82 is the fraction of time, the day, made to install progress into time; this is the most radical faith in progress in any linguistic expression known to me.

However, Shakespeare opposes this faith in time-bettering times by a very opposite hope: eternally recurrent time. You are all familiar with Henry VI, the boy King's, sigh:

O God me thinks it were a happy life
to be no better than a homely swain;
to sit upon a hill, as I do now,
to carve out dials quaintly, point my point,
thereby to see the minutes how they run,
how many makes the hour full complete
how many hours bring about the day;
how many days will finish up the year;
how many years a mortal man may live.

When this is known, then to divide the times;
so many hours must I tend my flock,
so many hours must I take my rest,
so many hours must I contemplate,
so many hours must I sport myself;
so many days my ewes have been with young,
so many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn;
so many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
so minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years

pass'd over to the end they were created,
would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

O what life were this! how sweet, how lovely!

Henry's Monologue: Henry The Sixth
Part III, Act II
Scene 5.

Compared to the Sonnets, this time is not progressive. It is not gloriously living forward, but it has one great merit: It would be circular and permanent and it would be universal. Most modern businessmen recognize in the king's yearning their own commonplace idea of what time should be like. And more serious than that. In the year 1918 at the end of The War, workers paraded posters in Paris, London, Rome, Amsterdam, Berlin carrying these strange demands:

8 hours of work
8 hours of sleep
8 hours of leisure

This was their idea of the World Revolution! Here, the vision of Henry VI had become revolutionary action. And do not say that the workers spoke of one day, Henry of all life. It is some perpetual human necessity of which you will find examples during this whole paper that the single day is used to express the whole principle of timing. Labor's calendar is indeed hoping for a permanent employment, an eternal chain of days of 24 hours length. And the simple day is this eternity's condensed experience, and therefore the 24-hour day is apt to serve as a slogan. This vision, then, has become flesh in our business calendar. Our calendar of production rules our factory system. And that is, it is accepted by both, capital and labor, as their manifest destiny. Variations like a 40 hour week do not alter the underlying principle. It is the dream of the Chambers of Commerce and of the Unions: make every Sunday, every holiday, make every Easter predictable through the next thousand years. Make capital pay interest in 13 months, all of identical length, for centuries; make the working week 40 hours, 48 hours, 32 hours long. Provide playgrounds for the leisure, provide dwelling boxes called better homes, for the sleepers. Make the number of jobs and of the unemployed army of industrial reserve constant. Don't allow them to fluctuate. Balance, by birth control, the times of youth and old age in overpopulated India, Japan, Italy. Count the 24 hours of the day in the abstract over large standardized regions called Eastern, Seaboard or Mountain Time. Swallow up all the concrete specific empirical observable noon hours when the sun is in his zenith, in favour of the general and theoretical whistle that blows and sends us all scurrying for our sandwiches. Disconnect the precalculated social time from its sensual origins in the sunsets and sunrises and real moonlights at the place of your actual habitation. Disconnect it also from the religious calendars with their "ridiculous" movement of Easter. Better the spaces in which men work, play, live; build bigger and better stadiums. But do not better the

times. Predict them, instead, by Gallup polls. Treat space as your social medium, but time as an element of nature.

For us on the unreal campuses of education, this business calendar is not quite available. Even over those college professors who believe in dutifully reading their newspapers eight hours a day in their offices, the iron calendar of industry has only a fictitious or borrowed power. They may imitate the business man, but colleges live under an antithetical calendar. We really try to run this nation by factories and education, and that means, by two opposite calendars. This dualism is a fact. And this calendar of education I now shall investigate. Since Henry VI has his calendar incarnated in Labor's and modern business man's way of life, could it be that Sonnet 82 has foreshadowed our own college calendar?

At first thought, this seems improbable. A liberal arts college is an academic institution. Academic manners trace their origin to Plato. It would seem natural if our timetable owed something to Plato's calendar as he advocates it in the Laws, in the Epinomis, in the Republic. Let us look into this a little more. It is not very well known that Plato did ascribe Supreme importance to the calendar and demanded our total subjection to it. But such is the case. Plato sees man's toil as a laborer, as a warrior, and this is his earthly cave. Into this cave, however, the stars shine. Let me quote Epinomis 978: "Whether you call it in your pleasure Kosmos, or Olympus, or heaven, its revolutions constellate the stars, and they in turn give us the seasons of our nurture. How do we learn? If by numbers, how do we learn numbers? No other single feature is more beautiful than to watch the coming of day and the coming of night. What a reward when we continue doing this? Many nights, many days, the heavens send us so that finally even the man with the lowest I. Q. must understand. This is one reason for God's Creation (poiesis) of the moon as she in 15 days waxes and in 15 she wanes. And the 30 days teach us what a circle should be like. Or this: "An alleviating ointment to us poor mortals comes in the form of our joining the stars in their dance on our festivals and holidays." Plato hoped that his Greeks might soon return to the Egyptian worship of the stars as their true guides, and that his perfect city would live in a permanent calendar of star festivals. This celestial calendar dominated even the statistics of Plato's city-planning. Neither economic nor military considerations interested the founder of the Best City. Instead, the twelve months of the year and the twelve hours of the day dictated to Plato the right size of the Citizenry. Every hour and every month some citizen had to observe the worship of the Gods in the sky. Now 12×12 equals 144. Plato concluded that his city must have 5040 citizens because 5040 can be divided into 144 by 35 observing crews. This starlore is truly absurd. It shows you how far away Plato's thinking strayed into Egyptian darkness, in a gruesome or desperate attempt to retard the coming of Christ. For, to Plato the divine logos is number, and number's capacity to count the many impersonal things of dead nature over awes him. However, to Israel, old and new, the Divine logos is quite a different power. It is the power to rise above numbers by bestowing unique names within the city of man, "Where move in strange democracy the million masks of God" (Chesterton) and address each other by name reciprocally. The Platonic city with its 5040

citizens puts to death anybody who has private devotions, private teaching, personal lyrics, individual philosophy. Socrates was then the first whom Plato would have had to execute in his city! Plato went so far to demand that his city should repeat this calendar without the slightest change through eternity. His Utopia reminds you of Hitler's proclamation that he would rule "Four thousand years of recurrence", or of the "China of the four thousand years in the Mandarin Rule of the Sky." If the leaders leave Plato's city on an errand to other cities, he writes, "let them afterwards tell their citizens that their own city is by far the best, better than any of the cities visited." Here Plato anticipates the modern Ministry of Propaganda. As in '1984' then, it shall be in Plato's city; we all dance and sing when the Commissars say so.

The greatness of this monstrosity lies in two facts: First, the cosmic order acts as our teacher. Its year is a revelation. And this means that Plato's City is purely educational; teaching the natural order is its highest goal. Second, the gods themselves will unite with the men and women who so learn. Celebrating the festive days means to feast and to cohabit with the gods. Again and again Plato assures us that the gods enter among the singers and dancers as their companions. Hence, we begin to understand - the queer number of citizens 5040 is not chosen for utility, but it is chosen for the apotheosis, the deification of educated man, Apollo and the Muses will come down from Olympus insofar as men observe the celestial rhythm. By forgetting the earth totally the Platonic City meets the gods halfway. Serious toil is one half of our fate; it represents earth. Dances and songs are the representatives of the Gods. Plato's error lies in the fact that earth and heaven remain eternally separated. But toil and orgy both are our human share. And this dualism is truer than Plato's dualism of stars and streets.

But what shall we say of Dartmouth in this respect? Has the modern academic world imitated Plato? Certainly, our calendars have only two short periods of serious toil. They are the examinations periods. Now, these come twice a year and they indeed do depress the soul of man, in a liberal arts college. But these two periods really are reduced to the bare minimum of earthliness. They so to speak connect the flying balloon which is a college, with the earth just enough so that we may appear in the eyes of the alumni to be a captive balloon and that we may, by this captivity, continue to get from the world the material support we require. The examinations assure the working community outside of our usefulness, seriousness, effectiveness and of our evaluability in dollars and cents. The examinations throw the necessary sand into the world's eyes. Otherwise, we really live in a heavenly sphere of papers, marks, assignments, awards, competitions which we have labelled, education. But it must be emphatically said that we have not adopted Plato's Calendar. Plato would have us kneel before the Equinox of Today, March 21. We don't kneel. We live in a second world of good thoughts, of Paideia, of education. The Christian Era, fortunately, has not allowed us to put faculty and students under the ironclad and relentless repetitions of the wheel of the firmament. What, then, is our calendar like? I give you its secret when I ask you to count the month of your academic year not as September or October, but as the first, second, third, fourth, fifth,

sixth months by the enumeration of ordinals. Of course, you will object. You will point to the printed page where the time-honored names March, April, May do appear.

It is true such a calendar of Dartmouth College is given in the directory. It probably has given rise to speak of the mechanism of a college. I will give it the lie. This printed list does not tell the story of the real times of a Dartmouth man. It is one half of his true calendar, so much so that it only makes sense when you combine it with the unprinted-and often unprintable- other half of his same man's calendar. After all, the calendar is the timetable of our real habits.

When you, however, contemplate a timetable on which the two halves are unified, then you will convince yourself of two important points in the college's living processes: I. It successfully balances the business calendar. II. It supersedes the rigors and horrors of the Platonic tyranny.

Sept. 21	Registration
Nov. 23 Tuesday	Thanksgiving Recess begins
Nov. 29 Monday	Thanksgiving Recess ends
Dec. 18	Christmas Recess begins
Jan. 5	Christmas Recess ends
Jan. 24 - Feb. 2	First semester exams
Feb. 3 - Feb. 5	Mid-year recess

Now, the spices of these four months, not mentioned on the printed page of the Directory, are, of course, the football week ends and the house parties. The football week ends are subdivided in those for which you are expected to leave town, and those which take place here. The gods feast each other in eternal alternation. But we cannot feast Harvard or Yale here in Hanover. And there is the rub in the pulsation of the blood in the body politic called Dartmouth College, during its first two months. For this reason, it is misleading that we do speak of September, October, etc. To him who lives this calendar on the inside track the academic life begins on September 23 with a first month, to be followed by a second, a third, and a fourth. The four months of the first term, then, build up to a count of ordinal numbers. The numbers may be enumerated in a technical language of astronomy as September, the ninth month, and January, the first month. But for an understanding of the academic year, this puts a wrong construction on these months. Also, these first, second, third, fourth, months are periods which do not begin on the first of September or the first of January. Instead they begin quite independently from the astronomer's timetables when they begin: For example the first month of the college stretches from September 23 to October 23. The fourth month stretches from January 5th, the return from home after Christmas to the Midyear Exams at the beginning of February. At this point, we have the chaste expression, Midyear Recess. The true term is, Winter Carnival. It towers between the two halves of the year and makes them bearable. But more than that: It is Dartmouth's most famous contribution to college life at large. It has, for two decades particularized the name of Dartmouth more than the football matches. We do not know how long this carnival may preserve its unique character, with Colorado,

Idaho, Middlebury competing. Suffice it to claim right now this calendaric significance for the Winter Carnival; by its celebration, the College acquires a vaster environment, a larger territory than during the rest of its annual course. The Winter Carnival relates the College to regions not even tapped at Commencement to quite the same extent or at least not by the same network of capillaries and tributaries. Now, in all calendaric considerations, it usually goes unmentioned that times build spaces. The present day heresy of geopolitics, of regional planning, of space ships and stratospheric flights construes spaces independent of times. So-called Christian ministers preach neighborly love and thereby understand the people next door. They preach neighborhood dances while the good Samaritan treated the man of the next hour as his neighbor. The Winter Carnival is on the side of the neighbor of the hour, i. e., on the Christian side. For it creates a space of its own around Hanover; it creates a territory within which Hanover is located and there with, the Carnival does what holidays should do: It makes times the masters of spaces. During a time span like Winter Carnival or like the Olympic games, the local differences and distances disappear. Contrast this with the Christmas recess and you will recognize the wide application of this law that holidays determine spaces. For, at Christmas, the map of Dartmouth as a nationwide college nearly is allowed to disappear. Why? Because everybody goes home. The individual student is sucked back into the place of his own nativity. The people who surround him at Christmas are his pre-academics, his pre-Dartmouth friends. At the winter solstice his past rises once more to swallow him up. The character of a holiday then is indeed very much contained in its group-forming quality, in its power over spaces. Winter Carnival is a strong holiday because it cuts through all the pre-Dartmouth lives at home. Also, it demands a very long preparation, and suddenly, our two American calendars stand revealed as space and time, earth and heaven in two opposite orders. The factory calendar places space over time. It believes in space bettering production. The educational calendar places time over spaces; it is itself a time-bettering day. I have stressed Winter Carnival as it is not featured in our printed calendar. But the second peak, Commencement, is fully recognized by the authorities. On Commencement, the mountains parturite and beget the rythm of life. Commencement seems to me the most formative event of the American scene. It would be a very long story indeed if I were to dwell on its impact on our civilization in detail. May I make its importance clear by one aspect of which few people become aware but by which the behaviour of the millions is determined. This aspect says: What I do between June and September is of my own choosing. I can go to summer school, work on a construction job, travel on a freighter, bicycle through the 26 countries of Europe, make hay on a Montana million-acre ranch. But whatever I do during these four months, whether the Navy takes me to Labrador or my mother takes me to the West Coast, or I save money for the next year by hard work, these four months are my avocation, my individual's individualism so to speak, while the other eight months at Dartmouth are my individual's compromise of playing the game according to the rules.

To the majesty of the academic calendar, the Churchmen themselves have learned to bow. To give just one instance. The Clergy of any Episcopal diocese meet with their bishop once a month at the so-called "Clericus". There are, however, only nine such meetings during the year. From June to September, the Clericus does not take place.

Since the Anglicans respect the liturgical calendar more than most other denominations, this their bow to the purely secular calendar is a telling symptom. No inhabitant of the United States can evade the influence of the partition of the year by Commencement and Labor Day.

When I discussed the work service with the Friends Service Committee, they decided to run their camps during the summer months. I decided to start mine on December 1. Their's is an avocation; ours was serious. Their's was a net gain and a pleasure. Ours was a sacrifice, an uphill struggle and grim indeed. Our winter hardship, however, moulded everyone of its members into new people stamped totally by this total plunge. The usual summer work camp's function is fulfilled when it leaves pleasant memories behind. Pleasant or incisive: That is the difference between the 3 and the 9 months. So much can the same external action depend on its calendaric context. And while the role of the context of words is known to every lawyer, any man, the context of life seems not to be known to religious and political leaders and to educators. Context is the key to the fabric of words, it also is king in the texture of our temporal order. An act done between June and September, and the same act done during the college year, differ as far as play and destiny, as security and danger differ.

We prepare the young for the serious life and at Commencement they are delivered to the world like doughnuts or croxignolles in due course. The Christian era creates bodies of time, because it recognizes every time by its fruits. The pregnancy of the alma mater from September to June begets the alumnus. Since many people misunderstand the revival of antiquity, it cannot be overemphasized that the most Platonic institution of the universe, the Liberal Arts College, has a Christian Calendar of Fruitfulness. The adoption of this calendar has been the tacit condition, the Christian condition under which the "ivory tower" of Plato has been re-admitted into our era. The revival of antiquity by the Renaissance took Plato into the climate of our own era. Our love, a fruitful love took into its orchard even Platonic love, that is fruitless love, and allowed it the place that even fruitless love deserves, in the preliminaries of life, in education. But woe to people that forget or deny this permanent condition of Plato's readmission. Plato's calendar and all it signifies - castes, slavery, lack of privacy - remains excluded and stands condemned. Again, we owe to Shakespeare the appropriate terminology for our modern treatment of a period of education. Hamlet speaks of showing the age and body of the time his form and pressure. Indeed, long before educators fill the classrooms with assignments, they already have created a structure, a form of time, by the lay-out of the academic year. The "pressure" of our final cause, of Commencement, may be said to transform the cyclical Platonic academies into pregnant bodies of time. Time, thanks to this pressure for fruitbearing, acquires a new, non-cyclical, progressive quality. This time shares the secret of all redeemed creatures: It is expected and it is promised and therefore it can be fulfilled. Of these three qualities living bodies of time are composed, and this was unknown to Plato. Time to him was rhythm and revolution and circling in endless repetition from beginning to end. And the academy was a world of its own endless repetitions, from 387 B. C. to 529 A. D.

Our schools have filled the Platonic contents into the Biblical stream-bed of promise and fulfillment, by grafting the promise upon the academy. We live from the end to the beginning because our destiny has been revealed to us. There is, I submit, in every single educated person's life a secular analogy to the Biblical "Promise" of taking us all together out of Egyptian darkness. But don't we see the glowing eyes of the young who are offered this opportunity? These eyes to me at least defy the refined distinction between the biblical and the secular. I would not know which word to apply to the great expectations of an eager boy; sacred they are, without benefit of clergy. It would seem, therefore, that our colleges have inherited a lot out of the complex inheritance of the ecclesiastical polity. We possess this one element of her revelation: a body of time lived not for a livelihood, not lived for a standard of living, not lived for good works or for work or for service; no, a body of time lived under the expectation of the novice, under the promise of the experienced, under the pressure of fruitfulness, a body of time pregnant with meaning because pregnant with promise, a beginning enlightened from its end.

And in this sense, the college calendar has a lubricating effect on our mechanized society and its factory system. That the college calendar has an allegedly secular character, does not alter the fact that it combats the mechanical character of the industrial calendar. All true Christian religion is secular just as its founder. The college calendar, more and more, is the bulwark of free time against factory time. Therefore it is a religious institution of Christianity. You all know scores of cases where the yearning of a man for participating in our meaningful body of time wins out over the fragmented chopped-up times of the business world. That's why people move to college towns. We live one great "Time-bettering Day"; its nine months are like one day. The college calendar represents the Church against the State, is heaven against hell, time against space in our society. It creates through its unreal world of education and matches a body of time comprised out of time bettering days! I am afraid that it may not forever retain this great function. Our time bettering ways are threatened by the military and the economic powers as well.

As a warning, I would like to show you now how once before a heavenly calendar was destroyed. Our academic calendar constitutes a re-conquest of freedom from nature's laws. Heaven has come back in the shape of the secular college year; 8-1/2 months of impersonal, 3-1/2 months of personal life, we now enjoy. But this has evolved after another great way of heavenly life on earth was abandoned. A look on a chart on which all the calendars are shown as they intersect and overlap, speaks loudly. On it, you would find the ecclesiastical calendar. While we all together live the first month to the final weeks of commencement, through the football week ends and exam periods, every one of us in splendid isolation may attend chapel or Mass or Sunday sermons in private. He has Lent from March 3 to April 12; By the way, we are in the midst of Lent tonight. Yet, it verbatim is "by the way" solely, not on our common road. He may try to celebrate the great Week of Week of Weeks, from Palm Sunday to Easter Monday. But he has classes on Maundy Thursday, on Good Friday and on Easter Monday. Nobody more than the Puritans murdered the whole church calendar and emasculated it so as to consist of 52 sabbaths; today this austere colorless Judaizing has

lost its hold on the community more and more. But their negative success is with us. The canonical hours are forgotten. We are the heirs of a great catastrophe, (or a rebirth; we call it the Renaissance) which did away with a previous order of time-bettering days. When I hear the Humanists sneer at the downfall of ecclesiasticism, I often wonder how the humanists can overlook our own frailty. Our academicism is now under the same severe attack against its calendaric privileges.

We soon may be mourners ourselves. Hence a 2nd chart is needed to explain to us the downfall of our predecessors. It would show the canonical laws of monasticism and the working laws of medieval craftsmen, in their contrariety.

Again I may begin with Shakespeare. Shakespeare has two plays whose titles suggest a calendar unknown today. One is *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the other is *Twelfth Night*. Both titles are remnants of a period when no abstract Eastern standard time, no day of 24 hours, no year of 365 days with a leap day every four years, was contemplated. It was this the period preceding Shakespeare's own times. Shakespeare then has left this period behind and is our contemporary with regard to abstract time. For in the very *Midsummer Night Dream*, King Theseus already exclaims "the iron tongue of midnight has struck twelve." In Oberon's and Titania's real days, however, Theseus could not have said this. Because down to the death of Dante the day that begins at midnight and ends at midnight was considered an anti-natural day. The Roman lawyers of the ancient Republic had squeezed in such a sacriligious reckoning from midnight to midnight. And not before the Roman jurists was there such an abstract "civilian" or "civic" day. "Dies civilis" was different from "tres naturalis", "dies fastus", dies nefastus". The lawyers invented it to get away from the divine days and from the natural days as well. You see the enormity of the civic day from this fact: The Greeks had not even a term for such artificial legalism. In Greek, the oldest occurrence of a term for the 24 hour day is in the Greek text of the New Testament. In "nature", day and night were two separate entities.

But lawyers needed the civil day from midnight to midnight, as we need Eastern standard time, for their legal statutes of limitation, of legitimation, of terms and bans and inheritances. When can it legally be held that people die or act on the same day? These were practical questions and the reckoning from midnight to midnight was a legal fiction, a typical abstract process of reasoning. We don't realize this as you and I have become totally abstract in our relation to time. We get up at a certain hour regardless of sunrise or sunset. This, however was not done before Shakespeare. That this play, "*Midsummer Night Dream*" was dated on the longest day of the year,¹⁾ that we today are having equinox being March 21, then made a difference of which none of us who assembled here tonight, has an adequate experience anymore. The hours of the day, down to 1500, were subdivisions of the night or the day as actually experienced, reaching from the actual sunrise to the actual sunset, and their experience of these days or nights meant observance, obedience and submission.

1) It was acted on a very short day, in January!, for the first time.

True enough, this daytime or this nighttime was subdivided into 12 hours each. And this fact misleads us when we hear of it. We too, have 12 hours. But the length of these twelve hours could only be 60 minutes on the Equinoxes. Today, the peoples of the world before 1500 and we agree because it is March 21: twelve hours of the equal length of 60 minutes stretch from sunrise to sunset. However, at the two solstices, the twelve hours though still twelve, had a very different content. On a June 21st, sunrise might come at 4 in the morning, sunset at 8 in the evening. In that case, 16 times 60 minutes were to be divided by 12 as there always were to be 12 hours. Hence each hour 80 minutes long. On December 21, with a day of perhaps 8 hours of sunlight, the single hour was composed of 40 minutes only. For the day held twelve hours in analogy of the year's twelve months, and no intent for equal length intervened.

The real movement of sun and stars, and real change of light and darkness forced the perpetual re-ordering of the individual hours. Medieval man did not live abstractly. Modern may believe in the fancy 'natures' of Thoreau, of Rousseau, of Thomas Paine. But these natures are throughout abstractions which we call 'nature' which however, have nothing to do with our personal or political existence or our five senses. It is a scientific concept, not an experienced reality. We moderns command sun and moon by our standardized regional abstract times. We violate experience by our mental tyranny. And we indeed have to boast loudly of our interest in facts. For in fact, we are interested in conventions.

The concretely living people of the Middle Ages felt that the mind should submit to the observed facts. They demanded from reason the inconvenience of changing its abstractions for experiences' sake. Having little artificial sources of illumination, they were forced to concentrate on daylight. Winston Churchill has reminded us of this when in World War I he created our 'summertime;' we by now may recognize this one benefit of a sensually experienced day. But there is one other advantage of bygone calendaring which for us is much more difficult to realize. In fact this advantage is lost on most modern men so totally that they think it absurd. Even at the risk of being charged by you of absurdity, I have to bring this greatest advantage to your attention. The title of Shakespeare's other play Twelfth Night, contains a hint totally forgotten today; it proves that physical, observable, and observed time may speak a language which we have lost to our lasting damage. These Twelve Nights so-called stretched from December 24th to January 6th. However, in some parts of Europe, these 12 nights were duplicated. 12 nights were counted from January 6th in two opposite directions. One dozen ran from the Day of the Three Magi backward into December, and the other dozen ran forward towards the 12th of January. In this doubling up, the profound meaning attached to the formation of this unit of Twelve Nights, is more easily explained than in its reticent rudiments in the title of Shakespeare's play. For, in Southern Italy where the doubling is found, the days carry the eloquent names of months. January 5th, for instance, and January 7th both would be called February, January 1 would be called "June", and January 12 also bears the name of the month of June. "December", figuratively speaking, was used as the honorific title, for January 17th

and December 26; the wintry quiet calm of the home reflected on the secrets of all time. The halcyonic days, then, represented the 12 months of the year, in advance and for ritual and liturgy. People impressed on their minds in these days of preparation and rest the mysteries of the whole year. The unit of time, therefore, was a living cell to them and as a living cell contained all the elements of the larger life, these twelve nights were felt to contain the secrets of the whole of time. As a day may represent a month, so, in the Greek Olympiad, the four years really re-presented four times 365 years. In this radical manner, the Greeks mastered the Egyptian Great Year of four times 365 years, id est 1460 years. The Egyptians did celebrate this "Egyptiad" so to speak, in 1321 B. C., and in 139 A. D.

The Greek Polis with its minute territory imitated the principles of Egyptian fertility and settlement; hence, it is not to be doubted that a parallel forshortening, parallel to the forshortening of the political space, occurred in the Greek Chronology. The four years between the Olympiads meant ritually and liturgically the same as the Egyptian Great Year.¹⁾ In our Church, the time from Christmas to Pentecost makes present the whole life of her Founder, id est at least 30 years. And the second half of the ecclesiastical year is intended to make present the whole history of the Church and of our Era, more than 1900 years! In Egypt, one month was used to symbolize 30 years, and one season of 120 days symbolized 100 years; this saeculum, the period of 120 years acquired a separate role with the Etruscans whose total chronology was based on the 120 years. But the number was taken from the tripartition of the year of 360 days in three seasons of 120 days each. This should open our eyes to the organic experience of the times. Unless you admit it into your system, you remain impotent with regard to time. The liberals can neither experience nor master the time process. Small and large units of time could replace each other. Just so, a medieval cathedral led the worshipper through the six ages of the world's history simply by moving him forward from the gates towards the apsis. We, therefore, should not be surprised that the same principle prevailed in ordering the celestial life of the angelical hosts in the monasteries. The canonical hours of one day aptly re-presented the 7-day week. Prime at sunrise, terce, sixth, none, vesper and compline divided every day of the monk's life into the whole cycle of all times. The sun's day represented the week: the night was his sabbath, with her laudes in the dark. Correspondingly the week had 7 days, the world 7 ages (the seventh lying at its end as the Eternal Sabbath). What the pre-Franklin, the pre-pragmatic mind called "time" was not a quantity, but a melody. Any particle of time could be lived as eternity and that it was lived as eternity was expressed by the 7 parts into which it was subdivided.

Praying 7 times daily also meant to daily live through the Seven Days of the Great Week of Easter, and since the Great Week of Easter is the Queen of all the other 51 weeks, indirectly one single day was lived in the light of all times. One other aspect of this pre-gustation of eternity in the midst of the time stream, deserves attention. The times moved towards their highest point in a crescendo. The whole year of the Church waited for Easter as its climax. The whole year of the old Israel pressed

1) Compare "Der babylonische Volltag ist ein Rundjahr en miniature" Zimmern, Berichte Leipzig 53 (1901), 56, and on the workers' day above p. 3.

towards the Day of Atonement. The whole year of Egypt, small and great, rushed downhill eagerly from the meaningful five days of the New Year, from which everything else received its significance. In China, In Rome, in the Maya Calendar, One Moment betters all the other moments of the cycle. This New Year Day attracts or lifts up the otherwise dishevelled wrecks of time and forms the necklace of diamonds around the neck of the Lord of Time. Since we have lost this immediate power to accept a particle as the representative of a whole, most of the language of Church and Synagogue, of antiquity, is lost on us. It is analogous to modern man's hesitation in speaking of God's finger or womb or eye or smile or of the Church as His bride. Modern man calls such expression embarrassedly "similes" or Metaphors. But he may rest assured that his own finger only got its name from its quality of there also being God's finger, and the Day only was observed because it stood for eternity. "Metaphor" so called is the genuine source of all speech and language of our race, and the languages of anatomy and dictionaries are much later layers of language, derived by abstraction from the "Day of Days" and the Back of God. The parts of our body as well as the parts of time have received their names only after and because they proved servicable to express some divine and eternal meaning. As metaphor, for our experience of calendaric times, high and low, our language has been born, and is reborn. Scientific language is rundown, expired, murdered language. If you do not reconcile yourself to this origin of our words in potent speech, you will never understand the order of monastic life or of liturgical living. For the hours in a monastery shifted in their lengths according to the seasons of the year. In other words, on no two days in sequence did the word "hour" signify the same length of time. This, to modern man borders on the insane. Our hour has this one and only merit - that always it is sixty minutes long. This would have been to its disadvantage in antiquity. For the ancients, pious pagans, pious Jews, pious Christians, all were in agreement that man could not abstract time out of the hands of the God who sent each day, each moon, each cycle of the firmament. It would have been blasphemy to teach the times our own minds' lesson that they had to behave according to our abstract scheming. In the continuation of the unanimous reverence of five thousand years, the monk's seven canonical hours observed God's time. Therefore, the hours could not help running from the actual sunrise to the actual sunset as observed "here", let us say, in Monte Cassino, and "now" on October 1, 529 A.D. Only in this way could prayer enter upon God's real times as they ringed the eons of eons. Both aspects of the pre-Renaissance time sense are lost on us. For instance the King James Version mistranslates the organic flow of the eons by its heretical space concept "world without end". But the Church suggested the organic flow of times after times, epochs of epochs, and nobody today can share the time experience of the apostles unless he casts out the abstract dead time of "world without end". The genuine formula says the very opposite. It says that the end of the world must be experienced at the end of an epoch as much as the beginning of the next. Only by living through the end of one eon first and the beginning of the new eon first and thanks to this experience, the end of the previous eon, later, can we realize the times. Eons are like links in a chain. We have to hold on to the next eon as it shapes up in catastrophe, and let go the previous, a ring completed in a catastrophe. How else can

we realize the Lord of the eons of eons? For God survives the end of time; with the revealing words, "And the end of the world was long ago", begins a great song. God survives ends as well as beginnings. Now exactly this truth we have lost and so we mock and are mocked by the believers in Armageddon. The end of the world, the monks realized every night. Time died. The day died. And then it rose again. For this great existence of the death and resurrection of Christ in their canonical hours, they joyfully paid the price of shortening and lengthening the twelve hours. These twelve hours themselves after all were there in honor of the twelve months during which the great year of atonement, the great New Year's Day was brought back over 360 degrees. In other words, the number twelve, in the hours system, was as much an organic reference to the twelve months as in Shakespeare's play "Twelve Nights". The Twelve were meaningful with reference not to the single nights but to them as they were reminding us of the twelve months. Has not God Himself created the numbers of the heavens? Man obediently depicts them in the shorter units of his daily rhythm. Don't think me too pedantic that I should ask you to re-live this attitude that one day, twelve days, one Olympiad, may give us the revelation of greater structures of time. If you insist, as rationalists, that you want to believe in the unspeakable coarseness of Einstein's time, remember our college year. In it, 9 months constitute one body of time. We should do no violence to compare this body to One Day. Now if nine months may be treated as one day, by us moderns, the ancients, treating one day as eternity did nothing more absurd. But I have made strange experiences of modern obtuseness to living time. When a professor of New Testament theology at Vanderbilt read the proofs of my book "The Christian Future" he got mad at me because in preaching against the Puritans I had written that 52000 Sundays before God were as one Sunday. "That is not true," he verbatim shouted. I quoted, "A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." He has never forgiven me this attack on his rational preaching, as though on a Sunday we were just on that one day. I would not mention this man's anger if most humanists did not ascribe to us believers the most atrocious superstitions about time. Take their notion that the Old Testament had the world created on six ordinary days of 24-hours each. The truth is that our earth days have always been treated in religion as a mere image of the Great Days of God's Time. For instance, St. Augustine in his Commentary on Genesis says: "The days from sunrise to sunrise in which we are engulfed we believe to exhibit a vicarious analogy and we must not doubt that ours are not similar to God's days but far below them." (4, 27, 44) All this power of projecting our short-lived moments on the dial of the plenitude is forgotten among the so-called educated people. The humanists are the true barbarians today with regard to that time which for Cartesius, their ancestor, was a daily miracle. It therefore is not a trifle that St. Augustine's power to see in God's Days the model, and in man's small days a poor imitation, once has filled whole nations with the creative power of molding life. The canonical hours were the monk's way of life, and the monk's way of life between 300 and 1600 was civilized man's way of life. In Spain, in Shakespeare's days, one-third of the population were monks or nuns. Shakespeare himself in "Measure for Measure", makes Queene Anne, King James I's wife, who had become a Roman Catholic, appear as a Poor Clara, id est, his heroine

Isabell marries the king as a Poor Clara of the Franciscan religion. If a queen of Protestant England in Shakespeare's days and one third of Spain observed the canonical hours, you will more easily envisage the universal domination of the canonical hours over the thoughts of the peoples between Alfred the Great and Thomas Moore. To identify the two rhythms, that of eternity and that of one day, became a living experience of the multitudes. Now the more the Church looked for the image of eternity within one day's sunrise and sunset the more the earthly part of man rebelled. An image is not identity. Analogy is not sameness. Workers must toil by the sweat of their brow. Gravity claimed its right, as it always will when the mind's "heaven" usurps too much. This is of universal validity. Science, too, this heaven of abstraction, and its machine age came to their human frontiers when a physician was able to tell the British House of Lords that 23 hours of work for the children was not damaging to their health; so 500 years before this doctor testified such nonsense, the citizens of Europe protested the nonsense of the canonical hours for the craftsman's work. Good for heaven, the monastic timetable was harmful to the professional man and the farmer. They sided with young King Henry VI. Man had to tend flock; he had to milk his cows. Well, I need not go into all the chores of these earthbound clouts. They had to work by the sweat of their brow, and they had to eat and sleep. These necessities are our earthly part and they defy the skylark's heavenly rhythm.

Already the Founder of the Benedictine order had found out the discrepancy between earth and heaven. As he demanded, "ora et labora", both, heaven and earth were to be served. Hence his monks had to be rewarded for their nightly prayers by being given a special rest in the daytime. The nap, during daytime, is the Benedictine gift to our race. The "siesta" as it is called in Spain is derived from the sixth hour of the day, the third canonical hour "sext", and it is a Benedictine institution. Between the sixth and the ninth hour, somewhere between Sext and None, the monks were allowed to make up for their heavenly psalmodings during the night. It is at this weakest point of humanity, the natural privation of sleep, that the system of depicting the angelic choirs on earth broke down. At this point the hours Sext and None were set in motion and began to become flexible. St. Benedict declared that "mediante octava hora", midway between Sext and None, the nap was due. By his legislation, then, the accent was shifted away from the sixth and the ninth hour. Sext and None were canonical, but half-past eight was sweeter. The Benedictine introduction of the nap pre-saged by centuries the later victory of noon in the earthly sense of the hour for the meal.

The emancipation of the secular community was sealed when the cities of Petrarch, and Boccaccio's days learned to hang bells in their guild halls which could ring out the hours mechanically. At first, these bell towers still observed the actual sunset and in Italy, the oldest secular common timepiece opposing monastic time counted 24 hours from one actual sunset to the next. Mind you, the counting of this 24-hour day did not begin at midnight. There were two obvious reasons for this: the night's hours cannot be reliably observed by the individual and the family in their habitat. But the boon of having all 24 hours counted from the city's belfry as a public service was tremendous. Secondly, the counting from

evening to evening was good Old Testament doctrine. Israel's chronology always counts from evening to evening. This, then, was the beginning of the new chronology. In France, however, this Italian 24-hour city clock was replaced by the 12-hour reckoning. And it seems to have been in France after 1370 that midnight was made the starting point of the new calculus. It may interest you that in Basel to this day the city clock strikes out one at midnight, 2 at one o'clock, and so reminds us of the fact that in the canonical hours, the prime, today as always, signifies the beginning of the whole rank and file of all the hours; and therefore it originally does not signify the completion but the start of the first canonical period. Of this clock in Basel the other Swiss rightly say: "Oh, the people of Basel are behind us a whole century, but ahead of us by one hour." This is literally true, as this canonical count is by a century obsolete. But it seems eternally meaningful to treat midnight as secular man's "Prime". Elsewhere this last influence of the canonical hours has disappeared. Midnight now is 12, and noon is midday. Heaven's None of prayer (=3:00 p.m.) has become earth's noon of eating. And we live our earthly day now as an abstraction from midnight to midnight. Heaven as well as earth have lost their power over our lives. And man's God is the alarm clock and the railroad time. This is the hour, the Nomos without creator or creation. We live conventionally. I think this story has a moral for the future. The monkish tampering with eternity had placed every day in the full light of the absolute. The world has not tolerated this illusion. If before God, one thousand years are as one day, it does not mean that by us one day can be treated like one thousand years. In other words, ecclesiasticism, more correctly monasticism, ended because history puts the real times of our race, centuries and generations, beyond the small rhythm of any one 24-hour day. The future task of mankind can never more be to secrete the secrets of the eons into 24 hours. If I may be allowed to express my own conviction: decades, generations, time spans of five, of fifteen years will have to be experienced and cultivated like those units of three scores and ten which Lincoln still could quote. The real mystery of time then will be found by analogies between day and millenium, by patiently 'doweling' day and week and year and generation. I believe in pluralism. We need the intersecting of many rhythms of time. Our stomach and our consciousness respond to a 24-hour rhythm. Our faith and our hopes respond to centuries. Our noble passions like the love of husband and wife, of veterans, of sects, rule time spans of 25, 30, or 40 years. The 24-hour day and the week, the month and the year, should not becloud the spheres of greater revolution. The chronology of family succession, of wars and peaces, has been destroyed by the heresy that the mechanical time clock revealed all there is to be lived in time, by time, and by timing. This mighty republic during 1952 nearly lost its place on the globe because she waited for the election of a new president and did deny "for the time being" the higher sphere in which the U.S. must move and time its actions. And when this absurdity of our Constitution is mentioned, people laugh. They shrug it off as funny. "But whilst this muddied vesture of decay dost grossly close it in, we cannot hear it." Cannot hear what? "There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest but in this motion like an angel sings... such harmony is in immortal souls."

This leads us into the last and fourth part of our question. Obviously, its topic and its content are forced upon us by the outcome of our attempts to establish the days that better time, in the past. There was the calendar of mental progress, of better poems to be written year after year; in the poet's sonnets the quality was going to be perpetually improved. From this faith of genius, sprang the idea of technological, of scientific progress, and it has accelerated time year after year in the end to supersonic speed. There was the college calendar of mental growth, of a body of time to accomplish the birth of the next generation. There was the attempt of improving every day by bringing heaven to earth in the canonical hours. With monasteries and nunneries training everybody in analogical living, as though one day embodied eternity, the one year of the liturgy embodies the whole life of Christ and His Church. Any monk tries to live this analogy and at one time the laity was persuaded to nearly follow the monks. This monasticizing of the laity had overreached itself by 1300. In the city belfry, in the 24-hour day, in the community's proclamation of its own time, The Franciscan and Dominican utopia of "everybody a monk" exploded. What Boccaccio meant in Italian history, the fixed immobile term "high noon" at 12 o'clock symbolized for England: In it, Earth moved toward its own earthly law. We may call this "man's renaturalization". And this is the Shakespearian meaning of "nature". It exclusively came to mean that part of creation which is the same every day. This concept of nature was quite new. Shakespeare's term "nature" is not that of the scholastic theologians: the world of cows with two heads, of fairies and of man's fallen nature. No, now it is that part of reality which is below man, which is brought under our laws. In the 24-hour day, earth was restored to its own rank within the spheres. It was now without analogy to heaven. It followed gravity. Thus, we have built up our industrial system - however, it remained to be seen and to be explored where the limitations of this one sphere, the earthly sphere, might have to be drawn.

For the miracle of time was not abolished. It only now should have shifted to other spheres of history and biography and action. This, the wise have done: Goethe, Van Gogh, Blake have lived pregnant time. But their way of life has been blocked by the "nature-idolatry" of the Enlightenment. And so we now have the sphere of the 24 hour and the solar year and the chamber of commerce seems in control of our timetables. And the attempts of Goethe or Van Gogh are not electrifying the multitudes as they should. And in their timetables spaces govern times as in physics. The result is dead time, wasted time, speeded-up time. The fullness of time has disappeared. Mankind on this continent seems paralyzed in their calendaring. We no longer can select new Time-bettering Days with conviction. Modern Christmas and even more Mother's Day, Father's Day, have become business-bettering days. They certainly do not better the times. It takes more than the proclamation of a Conservation Week by the government to conserve the resources of our lifetimes, to create high days that may claim authority over our low days. For this, the time-bettering day must tower high over every day. A sad example is the fate of Armistice Day. It now is like the trunk of a mighty tree which the Second World War has destroyed in its meaning. For, neither has this Armistice Day of 1918 been allowed to die nor has it honorably been buried nor has it been replaced by any memorial day of this last war. And this World War II

has all the features of sub--human horror. First of all, it bears a mere number: Number II instead of a name. Numbered facts cannot be revealed and they cannot be redeemed because numbered things are without the naming word which alone creates any eternal life. Second, World War II has been labeled War of Survival. This again is a British Darwinian formula, which denies the event an address. Events of the jungle cannot be pacified. When you call an event a War of Survival, you cannot complain that it is not followed by a peace treaty. For in a peace treaty, the two languages of the two warring parties must be blended into one. With War of Survival, one side is alone with itself. With "Capitalistic War" the Bolsheviks are alone with their ideology. It takes a spirited enemy to conclude a spirited peace. The peace always must be at least bilingual!

War Number II, War of Survival - these labels are sub-human. A third label is not so much sub-human as it is discouraging. Churchill has called the war "the unnecessary war." This is good negative theology. The Second World War has exposed the childishness or playfulness of the generations of the twenties of this century. The unnecessary destruction -- just because the U.S. declined to heed Bill Mitchell and was unable to cable Mr. Hitler in 1938: "we happen to have 10,000 airplanes" -- has created an "anti-calendar situation". Time-deteriorating days press on all the people who have remained childish as they were thirty years ago and wait fatalistically for World War III. World War III certainly will not be a war of survival but of going under, not an unnecessary war, but an unarbitrary war; not World War II, but the suicide of the white race. Men have lost control over time. They follow the nuclear physicists into a space-time continuum. Free men have to live in a time bettering discontinuum towering over space. This whole time-deteriorating slope is reflected in the fate of Armistice Day as it hovers between life and death, peace and war, remembrance and forgetfulness. Again, I turn to Shakespeare for our recovering. Let me end on a cheerful note by placing before you one of his greatest, yet one of his least recognized creations of a time-bettering day. It is so magnificently done that I wish to let it go up before you without appending any further remarks. Shakespeare today must have the last word as he has had the first. Therefore my comment must precede the quotation. We all in our lives know of days in which past and future are illuminated by our own life's sudden concentration to its greatest transparency. The calendar of a biography shapes itself of unpredictable, unforeseen, improvised great days. The 24-hour day of the canonical hours -- what is it compared to the real unexpected Day on which Columbus discovered America or on which you realized your destiny? In such unique moments of personal decision, all this calendar business seems child's play. But where do we gain the clarity, the insight, the forms to honor the Columbus Days of our life? Or to celebrate the secular Days of God's history with man? In real life they must remain unpredictable. Yet must they be solemnized and honored as Time-bettering Days. I had to bury my own father and my own father-in-law; no formal precedent could solve my problems at these occasions. Every love story is without cliché or should try to be. Of this, Shakespeare has left a great example. The highest liturgical wonder of the whole Church calendar is the liturgy of the Saturday between Good Friday and Easter. Although rarely known, on this Saturday the liturgy is nearly secular. "Oh, happy guilt,

that has found such a redeemer," the priest sings. Thus the partition between sinner and saint is withdrawn on this one day. And in this mood of universalism, the night of Easter is acclaimed as the night of nights. Seven times the night is addressed as the night in which one miracle after another was to take place. Adam and Eve reconciled, Israel leaving Egypt, Jews and Gentiles reunited, and the Old Israel -- this is the final climax, at the appointed hour is at one with the New Israel. On this heritage of the Great Saturday of Easter Shakespeare has built. Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice opens the gruesome abyss between Jews and Christians. But in the end, to Lorenzo and Jessica, to the younger generation that is, as in The Tempest, too, graciously is granted the achievement of harmony beyond the abyss among the older people. Now these two lovers, Lorenzo and Jessica, dominate the fifth act of The Merchant of Venice and I shall conjure up in your memories the insuperable lines of the music of the spheres in the sweet moonlight on the hills. This much you all remember well. However, the eloquence of Lorenzo and Jessica on the day of their own fulfillment, on their "time-besting day", is not unnourished by a greater calendar. Seven times, they praise this night. And these benedictions are masterful translations into secular thought of the great Saturday's liturgy in the week of Easter. Startlingly as such an analogy has hit me, it seems impossible to doubt that the perpetual formula "this night" of the Great Saturday has inspired the perpetual "this night" in the Merchant of Venice. The liturgy has not produced an imitation, mark you well, but, an inspiration as a great model. The indefatigable Abel Lefranc has proven this point well. The Time-bettering Days of our lives -- we may still live them, celebrate them, solemnize them, Shakespeare seems to suggest to us, in the light of the greatest day of all days, "Mark the miracle of time by God's sacrifice complete." And in this light our own tongue will intone its own song, on our own time-bettering Days.

The way Shakespeare's genius has been led by the liturgy will best be savored by any man of taste for himself. The loss incurred by any merely poetical translation from sacred writ also is revealed through a comparison. In the liturgy it is seven times really one and the same night, whereas in its Shakespearian reflex the enumeration of seven nights is arbitrarily built up. It had to be seven as in the liturgical mode, but the secular traditions couldn't really be made coherent as, f. e., Jewish Paschal and Christian Easter which all work one into the other.

And now compare for yourself. Then let the giant "calendar" accompany you in your religious, your poetical, your personal, and your academic life. Like Ezekial's cherub, the calendar shall stay with you as a plural, a heavenly plural, shaped in forms of heaven and earth, of times and places ineluctably, inexorably, but reciprocally explanatory. May you encounter in this spectrum of the times the complete rainbow of your own everlasting temporality! I myself have built my own faith on the saying in Luke in which the Lord institutes the plurality of "more than one calendar". Strange it is that the first free choice offered by Christ was the choice of calendars; and that, just the same, this pluralism is apt to surprise modern, monistic man. If you, in this surprise, doubt if Shakespeare himself was conscious of the processes between sacred and lyrical calendar which will be placed before you now, read Imogen's outburst (Cymbeline III, 4, 83ff): Her lover's sonnets she calls "Scriptures all turn'd to heresy". Shakespeare the Sonneteer knew too well how heavenly and earthly love borrow from each other's calendar incessantly.

And this is as it ought to be to the end of the world.

Time Bettering Days, p. 20

Sabbato Sancto, id est the Saturday of Easter Week.

Gaudeat et TELLUS tantis irradiata fulgoribus et aeterni
regis splendore illustrata, se sentiat amisisse caliginem
totius orbis
(of the whole orb Earth may feel to have lost the darkness!)

Haec sunt Festa Paschalia

1. Haec nox est, in qua primum patres nostros filios Israel eductos de Aegypto Mare Rubrum sicco Pede transire fecisti.
2. Haec igitur nox est, quae columnae illuminatione peccatorum tenebras purgavit.
3. Haec nox est, quae hodie per mundum universum in Christo credentes a vitiis saeculi, et caligine peccatorum segregatos, reddit grantiae, sociat sanctitati tali
4. Haec nox est, in qua destructis vinculis mortis, Christus ab inferis victor ascendit.

O mira circa nos dignatio

O inestimabilis dilectio caritatis. Ut servum redimeres, filium tradidisti.

O necessarium Adae peccatum, quod Christi morte deletum

O F E L I X C U L P A, quae talem ac tantum meruisti habere redemptorem.

5. O vere beata nox, quae sola meruit scire tempus et horam, in qua Christus ab inferis resurrexit.
6. Haec nox est, de qua scriptum est: et nox sicut dies illuminabitur et nox illuminatio mea in deliciis meis.
7. Huius igitur noctis sanctificatio fugat scelera, culpas lavat, et reddit innocentiam lapsis et moestis laetitiam. Fugat odia, concordiam parat, et curvat imperia. In huius igitur noctis gratia, suscipe, sancte pater, incensi huius sacrificium vespertinum

Here the lights are kindled.

8. O vere beata nox, quae expoliavit Aegyptios, ditavit Hebraeos, nox, in qua terrenis coelestia, humanis divina junguntur.

Lorenzo the moon shines bright.

1. In such a night Troilus and Cressida

Jessica

2. In such a night Pyramus and Thisbe

Lorenzo

3. In such a night Dido

Jessica

4. In such a night Medea

5.

Lorenzo In such a night did Jessica

6.

Jessica In such a night did young Lorenzo

7.

Lorenzo In such a night did pretty Jessica slander her love

8.
Jessica I would outnight you, did nobody come.....

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank. There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst but in his motion like an angel sings still quiring to the young eyes cherubim. Such harmony is in immortal souls; but whilst the muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

The moon shines bright: in such a night as this, when the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees and they did make no noise - in such a night Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls, and sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents, where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica In such a night did Thisbe fearfully overtrip the dew, and saw the lion's shadow ere himself, and ran dismay'd away.

Lorenzo In such a night stood Dido with a willow in her hand upon the wild seabanks, and waft her love to come again to Carthage.

Jessica In such a night Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs, That did renew old Aeson.

Lorenzo In such a night did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew, and with an unthrift love did run from Venice as far as Belmont.

Jessica In such a night did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well, stealing her soul with many vows of faith, and ne'er a true one.

Lorenzo In such a night did pretty Jessica like a little shrew, slander her love, and he forgave it her..

Jessica I would outnight you did nobody come But hark I hear the footing of a man.

Lorenzo Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica, look how the floor of heaven
is thick inlaid with pastimes of bright gold.
there's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst
but in his motion like an angel sings.
Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubins.
such harmony is in immortal souls.
but with this muddy vesture of decay
doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Exultet jam Angelica
turba coelorum exsultent divina
MYSTERIA ET PROTANTI REGIS
victoria tuba insonnet salutaris

tellus orbis caliginem amisisse
sentiat.
terrenis caelestia divina humanis
junguntur

in novam renata creaturam
progenies coelestis emergat.
et quos aut sexus in corpore
aut aetas discernit in tempore,
omnes in unam pariat gratia
infantiam.

TIME-BETTERING DAYS * EPILOGUE

This paper was read to the Tucker Fellowship which for twenty years has tried to revitalize the message of President Tucker at Dartmouth College. When we ask ourselves what his message has been, we shall shed light on the findings of this paper. In return, his message now will stand amplified and amended because he did not have to formulate the rythmical or calendaric experiences of the Liberal Arts College which this paper had to uncover and to describe for the first time.

Tucker started from the premise which he impersonated in his own life. He himself first was a minister and a teacher of theology, and later became the president of a secular college. Hence, he concluded as follows: Colleges at one time have prepared professional men, divines, lawyers, doctors, and their graduate work. Now a new epoch dawns. Now businessmen will have to step into the place of the professions, therefore, it is they who will have to preach the gospel, the universal priesthood will have to become universal; in fact for the first time in history, the good news is entrusted to everyone who leaves college. This message reached every student of Dartmouth through Tucker's famous chapel service.

How far has this message come true? How far is it a nostalgic dream today?

Certainly, the businessmen rule America. Certainly, they carry the ball, whether the ball is the gospel or the anit-gospel. But the secular college has given up chapel, and the departments studiously avoid either to influence or to proselytize. But a much deeper influence has been at work and is at work year after year on all our students. They do make the experience of the good life and the more abundant life if they undergo the rythm of the college year. What neither doctrine nor personality may do, rythm does. Rythm sanctified is the introduction to life everlasting. "God is rythm" a great poet has exclaimed. We have seen that this in a very profound sense is true. A man without more rythm than the daily schedule of work or of the news over the radio, a group of men without rythm which is better than the news of the sensational television show, become ungovernable, a mere mob.

The rythm of the academic year is as genuine a rythm as the rythm of the canonical hours. How colorful was the analogical life on everyday of the monastic life, compared to the drab existence of a modern family who can only talk to each other of baseball, wages, and mileage! Though the community has abandoned its liturgical rythm, the college renders the community an immense service by insisting on a rythm all its own. The educational world officers a worldly liturgy by which the worldly mechanism of the process of production is supplemented.

Fifty years ago, in the heydays of Liberalism, President Tucker sensed all this. But the sacred features of rythmical time and timing were neglected. The Liberals did not know anything about time and about the shape,

"the inscape" as Gerard Manley Hopkins has called the gestalt, the structure of our timespans.

Only after Bergson and William James, after Nietzsche and Franz Rosenzweig, has the West begun to wake up to the dangers of a no longer rythmical, mechanized time. For instance, William James' Pluralism, pooh-poohed by the logicians and metaphysicists, becomes indispensable for our calendaric living. No one calendar may contain or restrain us. The Sabbath must be observed and broken, and both is equally true. This is pluralism incarnate in our calendaric liberty. The space-time continuum of the physicists, on the other hand, is not the homestead of free men.

Whatever the rythm of a college, it, in any case, is opposed to the factory continuum, and for this one reason alone it deserves our eternal gratitude because it defends our most sacred liberty. There is in this a very Tuckerian notion, for the liberty of breaking and observing the Sabbath is not a political liberty. It is not listed in the Bill of Rights although the authors of this document certainly wanted it to be implied. This liberty will always defy secular definition. It is a sacred, a religious liberty of our heartbeats. Rythm has a pneumatic quality, and the spirit blows where it listeth. It cannot be pigeonholed in any one hole as it permits us to freely shift from passing cubicles, offices, halls and places on our rythmical road through weekdays and "time-bettering days". By the abolition of chapel we are compelled to translate President Tucker's message. Whereas he could state the good life in terms of personality and principles, we are forced to state the same truths in terms of rythm, of time, of the Calendar. If we do this, we shall be able to defend Dartmouth College from becoming an appendix to the world of the armed forces and the world of production. Both these worlds operate under the laws of necessity. Necessity in Society equals gravity in physics. Necessity is upon us from dead matter, from deadly dangers, from famine, war, disintegration. Armies and industries fight these threats on every weekday of the year. We in the colleges, however, also fight. We fight the rigor mortis, the stiff cold hand of mere necessity. We unearth new pathways out and around mere gravity. We wind up the clock, go uphill in the mountains, soar into the stratosphere, look up to the stars, seek out the depth of fearless souls who defy death.

We defend the message of "time-bettering days", of days and years which shed light on all our ordinary days. Let us defend this message, and then our graduates will do honor to President Tucker's prophecy.