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**Single Copies This Issue, One Dollar.**
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS needs no introduction. He has been in the vanguard of contemporary literature for almost half a century; and the vigor of his writing remains undiminished. He is the author of many books, including White Mule, Paterson (I-IV), The Desert Music, an autobiography, and essays.

HENRY RAGO is a poet and the editor of Poetry, the oldest and most distinguished of little magazines in America, which was founded by Harriet Monroe in 1912.

JOHN L. SWEENEY is a poet, curator of the Poetry Collection in the Lamont Library at Harvard University, and the editor of a recent volume of essays on art by Henry James.

JOHN HOLMES is a poet and teacher at Tufts University. The latest of his many volumes is The Symbols.

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN is the author of several books of poems and of the recent Dylan Thomas in America. "Marianne Moore's" is taken from The Sorrows of Cold Stone.

RICHARD EBHERART now teaches at Dartmouth, where he holds a chair in poetry. A new book of poems is about to appear in England and America.

THURMAN LOS HOOD, Professor of English at Trinity, is a scholar of Browning and also of the Romantic movement.

EDWARD B. WILLIAMS is an Instructor in the Modern Languages at Trinity.

The Ode on a Grecian Urn: Its Basis in Books

By Thurman Los Hood

This paper is devoted to the announcement of the discovery of a body of sources of the Ode on a Grecian Urn and analogues to it, with incidental citation of some hitherto unnoted appearances of their influence in other poems.

In the program of the sacrificial festival of the Ode Keats combines the description of the festival of the Hyacinthia in Potter's Antiquities of Greece with that of the sacrifice to Pan in Book II of Longus's Daphnis and Chloe; and these two passages contribute also to the account of the sacrifice to Pan in Endymion.

The article on the Hyacinthia in Potter is as follows. The little town of the Ode corresponds to that of its final sentence.

HYAKINTHIA [Graece], an anniversary solemnity at Amyclae in Laconia, in the month Hecatombéion, in memory of the beautiful youth Hyacinthus, with games in honour of Apollo. It is thus described by Athenaeus: 'Polycrates reports in his Laconics, that the Laconians celebrate a festival called Hyacinthia, three days together; during which time, their grief for the death of Hyacinthus is so excessive, that they neither adorn themselves with crowns at their entertainments . . . nor sing paeans in honour of the god, nor practise any of the customs that are usual at other sacrifices; but having supped with gravity, and an orderly composedness, depart. Upon the second day, there is a variety of spectacles, frequented by a vast concourse of people. The boys, having their coats girt about them, play sometimes upon the harp, sometimes upon the flute, sometimes strike at once upon all their strings, and sing hymns in honour of the god (Apollo) in anapaestic numbers, and shrill acute sounds. Others pass over the theatre upon horses richly accoutered; at the same time enter choirs of young men, singing some of their own country songs, and, amongst them, persons appointed to dance according to the ancient form, to the flute, and vocal music. Of the virgins, some are ushered in, riding in chariots made of wood, covered at the top, and magnificently adorned; others in race-chariots. The whole city is filled with joy at this time; they offer multitudes of victims, and entertain all their acquaintance and slaves; and so eager are they to be present at the games, that no man stays at home, but the city is left empty and desolate.'

The ninth line of the Ode originally began "What love? what dance?"—an odd collu-
with Potter’s description of the Hyacinthia and Longus’s description of the sacrifice to Pan.

We quote from Spence’s condensed version of the scene of the dance, in *Polymentis*, where Keats probably first encountered it, in his schooldays.

But the thing that gives one the most perfect idea of these ancient dances, is a passage in Longus’s pastoral Romance: where, (at a feast, after a sacrifice to Pan) Lamon one of the old shepherds tells the rest the story of Pan and Syrinx; and Philetas gives the younger shepherds a lesson on his pipe, how to conduct their flocks by the different notes and tunes of it. “All the company, (says Longus,) sat in silence, and took a great deal of pleasure in hearing him; till one of them, called Dryas, got up; and and he pursues her: huddling on upon and Chloe, was the fair ways used before, as a present to silence, and took a great deal of pleasure in hearing good old man having so well performed his part; at what he has lost. All which he did so well, and in reference to the religious mysteries; and he mentions the sacrifice of heifers to goddesses. The lines owe something also to Spenser. The original version of the *Ode* read “sides” instead of “flanks”; and in the description of the preparations for the sacrifice of Serena (*The Faerie Queene*, VI, viii, 35 ff.) after relating how the priest “him selfe a garland doth compose Of finest flowres” and the “salvages” construct a woodland altar “of few green turves” for their cannibal feast, Spenser employs both *silken and sides* in reference to the victim (stanza 42):

> Her yvore necke, her alabaster brest,
> Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,... Her tender sides,... To offer sacrifice divine...
> “In garlands drest” is a line-end in the story of Europa and the Bull in Sandsys’ *Ovid*. From a passage in Book III of that work Douglas Bush has adduced the heifer lowing at the skies:

She made a stand; to heaven her fore-head cast With loftie horns most exquisitely faire; Then, with repeated lowings fill’d the ayre;...

There can be no doubt of the influence on the *Ode* of various elements of phrase and substance in Book I of Sandsys’ *Ovid*: the everlasting Spring of the Golden Age, the “pipes soft melody” of Bacchus lulling Argus, Tempe and Arcady, and much besides. The stories of Pan’s pursuit of Syrinx and Apollo’s pursuit of Daphne are strongly reflected in the *Ode*. Here are lines from Sandsys’ version of the story of Apollo and Daphne:

> Her beauty, by her flight, appear’d more rare. No more the God will his intreaties loose; But, urg’d by love, with [all] his force pursues...
He, quickened by his hope; She, by her fear; But, the Pursuer doth more nimble prove: Enabled by th'industrious wings of love. Nor gives he time to breathe: now at her heelees, His breath upon her dangling hair she feelees. . . . She cries unto the Flood. . . . O destroy this shape, That thus betrays me to undoing rape. . . . Her gracefull head a heavy top sustaines: One beauty throughout all her forme remains. Still Phoebus loves. He handles the new Plant; And feels her Heart within the barke to pant. Imbrac't the bole, as he would her have done; And kist the boughs: the boughs his kisses shun. To whom the God: Although thou canst not be The wife I wisht, yet shalt thou be my Tree; Our Quiver, Harpe, our Tresses never shorne, My Laurell, thou shalt evermore adornne; . . . And, as our un-cut hair no change receaves; So ever flourish with unfading leaves.

This passage is obviously one of the sources of the Ode.

The original Latin was perhaps the source of the lines in The Flower and the Leaf (304-5)

Unto a fair laurer that stood fast by With leves lade, the boughs of gret brede; . . .

Buxton Forman asserted that the word brede in the Ode came from line 43 of that poem; de Selincourt disagreed. In Forman’s favor it should be noted that in the stanza in question it is rhymed with the same word with which Keats rhymes it:

And, at the last, a path of litel brede I found, that greatly had not used be, For it forgrown was with gras and weede That wel unneth a wight [ther] might it see. It is entirely possible, too, that Keats assimilated the word from the famous passage in The Knight’s Tale describing the oratory of Mars—the line: “Al peynted was the wal, in length and brede.” Keats had studied that poem. And the allusion to The Flower and the Leaf in the line “Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth” and other obvious correspondences with the poem in the Ode to a Nightingale testify to its prominence in Keats’s consciousness in May, 1819, when he wrote it and the companion Ode on a Grecian Urn.

There is a possible echo of Anelida and Arcite, 62 ff., in the Ode. It is unlikely that any other passage known to Keats associates "desolate" with "town" and "folk." ("Remedie of his care" means "solve its problem," and personifies the town, after the fashion of the Ode, making it realize its desolation.)

So desolat stod Thebes and so bare, That no wight coude remedie of his care. And . . . the olde Creon . . . . . . . . . dyde the gentils of that regioun To ben his frendes, and dwellen in the toun. So, what for love of him, and what for awe, The noble folk were to the toun idrawe.

Much of the idea of the experience of beauty and the bond between the earthly and the divine, the sense and the spirit, the beautiful and the divine form which it reflects, and truth and beauty, along with the image of unheard melodies and the general concept of the religion of joy in beauty, seems to have been distilled from the description of the hermit’s way of life in Canto VIII of Sotheby’s translation of Wieland’s Oberon. Werner Beyer, in Keats and the Daemon King, has demonstrated the influence of the passage elsewhere in Keats, notably in Endymion. We quote from Canto VIII some of the most suggestive passages. From stanzas 15-16:—

Time from his features long had worn away The rust of earth, and passion’s gloomy frown: . . . Free from the vain desires that earth enthral, Untouch’d by pain, and unassail’d by fear, To truth alone he turn’d his mental ear: Alone by nature turn’d, and her sweet simple call. Ere from the storm of life to peace restor’d, He call’d himself Alonzo.

Stanzas 26-28:—

Then his half-slumbering ears in trance perceive, With shuddering rapture heard, the groves among, Angelic harmonies at distance sung, For him the inexpressive chorus weave: And as he lists he feels earth’s slender wall, That parts him from his friends, about to fall. His spirit swells, a flame celestial bright Burns in his breast, while rob’d in heavenly light Shapes of the viewless world his soul responsive call.

These yet remain, when softly laid in sleep His eyelids close, and in the morning rays When the wide world its theatre displays, Still o’er his sense the warbled echoes sweep; A soul-felt glance of heavenly joy supreme Gilds all around, the groves and mountains gleam, And, over all, he sees the form divine, The Uncreated in his creatures shine, Bright as in drops of dew the sun’s reflected beam.

Thus imperceptibly did heaven and earth United in his soul together run: His spirit brightens like an inward sun: Far from the dissonance of mortal birth, From passion’s turmoil, in this holy gloom Joys that await the blest his soul illum.e. Who locks my daring lip with viewless seal,
Lest aught ineffable its warmth reveal?
Mute o'er the abyss I bend—man dares no more
presume.
And from stanza 73, in another context:—
... without remembrance of a smart,
Wakes to soft notes, and seems afar to hear
Their low-lull'd echoes dying from the ear.

Compare Endymion II, 671 ff.:—
His every sense had grown
Ethereal for pleasure; . . .
... to his capable ears
Silence was music from the holy spheres; . . .
But we are concerned here with the Ode and
have yet to make out its bill of indebtedness to
Milton, Spenser, and Shakespeare.

From Adam's colloquy with Raphael in Book
VIII of Paradise Lost, we quote lines suggestive
of the epistemology of the Ode, its main ser­
monic elements, and the dramatic-expository
scheme of the conclusion.

"He ceased. I lowly answered:— 'To attain
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of
Things!' . . ."

"He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly, by his heavenly overpowered, . . .
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, . . .
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight; by which,
Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the Shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood; . . .
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex, so lovely fair
That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now
Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained
And in her looks, which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappeared, and left me dark; I waked
To find her, or forever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When, out of hope, behold her not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned
With all that Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, . . .
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud:—
"'This turn hath made amends; thou has
fulfilled
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair — but fairest this
Of all thy gifts!' . . ."

"Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, . . .
when I approach

Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, . . .
All higher Knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; . . ."
"... for Love, thou say'st,
Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me, then, if lawful what I ask.
Love not the Heavenly Spirits, and how their love
Express they . . .?"

To whom the Angel, with a smile that glowed
Celestial rosy-red, Love's proper hue,
Answered:— "Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy, and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, . . .
But I can now no more: . . .
Be strong, live happy, and love! . . ."

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Followed with benediction:— 'Since to part
Go, Heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore!
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever
With grateful memory. Thou to Mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!'

So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

We find we have omitted Raphael's words,
"thine and of all thy sons The weal or woe in thee is placed"; but "other woe than ours" may better perhaps be compared with the third line of Paradise Lost.

We turn now to Spenser. A run-through of his works turns up well over a hundred passages resembling elements of the Ode; the vocabulary of the Ode is almost identical with Spenser's; the form of the Ode, as Claude Tinney has demonstrated, was evolved from that of Spenser's Epithalamion; the Foure Hymnes deal with the human and divine aspects of truth and beauty in terms of Neoplatonic Puritanism paralleled (but not exactly) in the Ode; dances and pastoral piping and lovers' joys and Grecian deities make many a scene of The Faerie Queene; Spenser draws on Chaucer, Ovid, and Daphnis and Chloe (for the story of Pastorella and the ground-plan of Epithalamion); and he provides a model of iconographic poetry similar to the Ode.

Personifications of Time and Peace are com­
monplaces; so are allusions to Jove and Maia and such love affairs as theirs. But make Time slow; have undisturbed Peace guarded by Si­
lence; allude to the consummation of the love
of the god for the maiden amid the flowers of
Tempe; put these elements together with min­
strels playing "the pipe, the tabor, and the
trembling crowd” while “the damzels do delite, When they their timbrels smite, And thereunto do daunce and carroll sweet, That all the sences they do ravish quite”; let the poet address the singers about the discontinuance of their song and speak of the “bride” and “that which no eye can see, ... The inward beauty of her lovely sprite”; and mention “my faire love,” “gay gir­londs,” and “silken curtains” — do all these things in an ode modeled on the form of the Greek odes with matter and scheme borrowed from the great final scene in Daphnis and Chloe—as Spenser does in Epithalamion—and you establish kinship indeed with the Ode on a Grecian Urn.

The iconographic method of dealing in poetry with a Grecian legendary history of love illustrated in an imaginary sculptured history piece the scenes of which have no coherence or unity other than that they belong to the single story is exemplified as though expressly to serve as model for the Ode in The Faerie Queene, II, xii, 43-46.

And eke the gate was wrought of substance light, ... Yt framed was of precious yvory, That seem’d a work of admirable witt; And therein all the famous history Of Jason and Medaea was ywritt; Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt, His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt, The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece. ... All this and more might in that goodly gate Be red; ... With the words wrought, history, and red in this description may be compared overwrought, historian, and legend in the Ode.

The word overwrought Keats seems to have had, in connection with sculpture, from Spenser’s description of the fountain in the Garden of Blisse, a few stanzas farther on than the description of the gate from which we have just quoted.

Mostly goodly it with curious ymageree Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boyes, ...

The scene in which the Graces dance with Colin Clout’s beloved shepherd lass (F. Q., VI, x, 4 ff.) presents several resemblances to elements of the Ode: the supreme beauty of the dancers, the conflation of identity of deities and mortals, the inquiry as to who they are, the shepherd piper, the moral reflection, and the discussion of love, happiness, and beauty. At one point (stanza 16) Spenser breaks the impersonal point of view to adjure the piper to play, in the fashion of the Ode:

That jolly shepheard which there piped was Poore Colin Clout (who knowes not Colin Clout?) He pypt apace, while they him daunst about. Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace Unto thy love, that made thee low to lout; Thy love is present there with thee in place, Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

In stanza 19 Calidore calls the piper “right happy”; and in stanza 29 the frustration of the piper’s bliss is mentioned:

Sayd Calidore: ‘Now sure it yrketh mee, That to thy blisse I made this lucklesse breach ...’

In the description of the Garden of Adonis, in III, vii, 29 ff., where the topic is the cycle of heavenly generation, earthly incarnation, mortality, and heavenly regeneration in relation to essential beauty and the shapes of High God’s creature workmanship, we read that the substance of each created form remains unchanging, though the forms it dons “are variable, and decay ... And that faire flowre of beautie fades away.”

But were it not that Time their troubler is, All that in this delightful garden growes Should happy bee, and have immortall blis: ...

There is continuall spring, and harvest there Continuall, both meeting at one tyme: For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare, And with fresh colours decke the wanton pryme, ...

There wont fayre Venus often to enjoy Her deare Adonis joyous company, And reape sweet pleasure from the wanton boy: There yet, some say, in secret he does ly, ... By her hid from the world, ... And sooth, it seemes, they say: for he may not For ever dye, ... All be he subject to mortalitie, Yet is eterne in mutabilitie, And by succession made perpetuall, ... For him the father of all formes they call; Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

There now he liveth in eternall blis Joying his goddesse, and of her enjoyd: ... Of the many passages in Spenser’s Foure Hymnes which discuss truth and beauty, we select as representative the first three stanzas of An Hymne of Heavenly Beautie:

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravish't thought, Through contemplation of those goodly sights, And glorious images in heaven wrought, Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights, Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights,
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Spright,
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortal Beautie, there with Thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see.

That with the glory of so goodly sight,
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desire
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love with zealous humble dewty
Th' Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly Beauty.

The Ode seems to echo the final stanza of
Astrophel:

But live thou there, still happie, happie spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament:
Not thee that doest thy heavens joy inherit,
But our owne selves that here in dole are drent.

Keats could, no doubt, have invented the de-
vice of descriptive questions used to such advan-
tage in the Ode. It should not, however, fail of
notice that he was habituated from schooldays
to such questionings regarding representations
of Greek deities in the factitious iconographic
passages in Tooke's Pantheon and Spence's
Polymetis.

Another analogue to elements of the Ode is the
description of Cleopatra on her barge, im-
personating Venus, with her train of masquer-
ading Nymphs and Cupids. Enobarbus com-
pares her to the Venus Anadyomene of the
famous picture by Apelles. Here is another
conflation of deities and mortals which seems
to be called for by the "both" of the Ode.
The city (which North's Plutarch locates by a
"riuers side") "cast her people out upon
her," so that no one but Antony remained be-
hind. Hardly elsewhere than in the Ode and
Enobarbus' lines are so many similar words to
be found together in such brief context: in
Shakespeare, among others, "silken," "sense,"
"breathe," "panted," "street," "priests," "age,"
and "cloy." ("Other women cloy" provided the
basic suggestion for Keats's poem Fancy.) The
passage is marked by the usual synaesthesia and
oxymoron of Shakespeare, the most impressive
figures of the Ode. The trick of making com-
ounds with high was one that Keats had
picked up from Shakespeare; and the lines

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;

All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

contrasting happy and tragic love, in which we
find "high-sorrowful," sort well with the whole
idea of the tragedy. Cleopatra was Keats's
avowed ideal of overwhelming beauty. It is
difficult to believe that as Keats wrote these
lines and "When old age shall this generation
waste. Thou shalt remain" without recollection
of "Age cannot wither her," "Other women
cloy," and

On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did . . .

I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Spenser was Puritan and theological. His
equations in the Foure Hymnes are "soule
is forme"; "all that faire is, is by nature good";
and "all that's good is beautiful and faire."
Keats and Shakespeare were more humanistic,
more empirically concerned with experiencing
the conception of beauty as bringing sublimity
to mortal life. "All the passions in their sub-
lime are creative of essential beauty," wrote
Keats to Bailey, sending him at the same time
a copy of O Sorrow to illustrate the point. The
essentiality of beauty is its sublime element, its
truth. Shakespeare and Keats effected this com-
plete integration of truth with beauty; Keats,
in the Ode; Shakespeare, in the Sonnets; and
both, in all their work.

O Sorrow is based on Sonnet 99. And Sonnet
101 is strangely like the Ode:

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.

Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd"?

Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

Trinity College, Hartford
May, 1957
The Dispute

He, and they two, and I, we formed
A square of opposition;
They tried to prove us misinformed
By ad hoc definition.
"It's not as if the implicans,"
(I said in trepidation)
"Were used, somehow, per accidens
With superalternation."
But they were contrapositive
(Ad ignorantiam),
And, in a sense distributive,
Proposed an enthymeme.
He asked them if they would not be
A little more explicit,
And showed that all their processes
Were minor and illicit.
Extrapolating angrily
They asked by convention,
He proved by disanalogy
What wasn't their intention.
They might by refutation joint
Have caught him then with ease,
But they fell out upon some point
And formed subcontraries.
We had them then subalternant;
Their discourse turned expressive,
With expletives irrelevant
And mutterings repressive.
They soon had taken off their coats
And, as we watched astonished,
Were tearing at each other's throats,
As gently we admonished.
I looked at him, he looked at me
And gave a knowing wink.
He stayed to be a referee;
I went and had a drink.

Joel Kidder
and the Heavens Declare . . .

On the very threshold of the omniscient sky
We lay on our backs spread-eagled, almost expecting
Some mysterious preacher to wed the four of us:
You and I, earth and air.

Unable to comprehend
Such magnificent polygamy, you made games
For the clouds to play; patterns unwittingly
Followed. Did you feel the world turn, and did you

Get as dizzy as if you were rolling like a
Log down a steep hillside, over and over and down
Until a scream of ecstatic terror was the
Only way to stop yourself from suffocating?

Your play with preoccupation stopped abruptly.
An amateur artist, an impatient poet,
You made an exhibition of unfinished work;
Wonderful forms and feelings flung together in
Hasty passion. I was overcome by awe when
Some other strange beauty whispered, "It is finished."

_Duncan Stephenson_

Milton

Upon a well kept hill he stands
Looking o'er the vale just cross'd
With yews and boxwoods all around,
With grass still lined with tiny
Winrows; clipp'd grass dying, sickly
Green with slightly curling edges.
Here the rak'd, gravel paths
Lead over smooth, tended hills
And vales to other valleys lying
Nestl'd in among some other
Hills, their leafy greenness vying
With a shimm'ring river blue,
With sky and clouds above the trees,
With dewy raindrops in a spider's
Web, for beauty wild and free.

Upon this hill he stands and looks
To see across the valley where
This morn he started walking. There
Is Homer singing tales of those
Long dead but living still in minds
Of men and man-begetting Adam
Eating apples sweet and world-
Destroying Satan standing proud.
But now the poet turns and sees
The other vale, the one not plann'd
By human hand. The hills rise far
More steeply here, and high upon
These treach-rous crags another range
He'll see beyond; and further on
Behold them rising high and higher.

_D. L. Hockett_
Scenes, Notes, and Eavesdroppings at the Theatre

The battlefield is still and lonely now,
Paled by the cool moonlight, washed by the sea.
A mist or fog or shroud blows in, across
The fields (where lately men and women worked
To feed a field, to fertilize, to rear.)
A dampness travels with the mist, refresh­ing all the tired and lonely ones, who hide
Beneath the surface of the dirt, the field.
Here their bones rot and make more mud, slowly.
The sun wanders across the stage, avoid­ing the cross­props. Before he reaches the
Side exit he turns 'round; then he walks off,
Whistling "The Star Spangled Banner", off key.
The moon appears next. Yellow is her garb.
A soft light overhead spills down upon
Her. She moves quickly, gracefully about
The stage, then too, she stops, looks back and says:
Brave Soldiers, sleep on. God grant thee all, Peace.
The curtain falls, yet stillness echoes through
The theater: there are no tears, no cheers.
The play has failed. The crowd is angry with
The theme, the plot:
"Depressing, that's the word . . . ."

William N. Schacht

Sounds and Words at Night

I heard the buffalo the other night, but
I didn't fathom what he said or if he said anything.
The night before, I heard a Diesel engine driving
Hard through the fog, all damp and cold and lonely.
Of the two, it's hard to say which was sweeter in the night,
Which brought me more delight — in spite of fear.
I'd love to know, to understand the words they use,
That I might, not with fright, answer, in the Night.

William N. Schacht
The Clothesline

by Steven Von Molnar

The midmorning smog was melting over the East River as Mrs. Winkler bent out of the window to pull in the laundry. It had been drying on a rope suspended between the two adjoining brownstone buildings facing First Avenue. This effort caused droplets of sweat to appear on her face. While her red, worn fingers manipulated the line, she looked towards the river. Her view was almost entirely blocked by the fluttering sheets and the filthy backs of the buildings.

"Ach, it's a bad sight," she said, as she turned, carrying the laundry basket into the kitchen of the three room flat.

The small apartment contained only the necessary furniture and appliances, yet it looked comfortable; the lively colored quilt cheerfully decorating the old double bed, the pressed Edelweiss tucked into one corner of the large mirror above the mantelpiece of the false fireplace, the small collection of steins proudly displayed on the shelf between the windows. Mrs. Winkler viewed this room with pleasure, this room of memories.

The tranquility was broken by the slamming of the front door.

"That's you, Klaus? What do you here? You're supposed to be in school."

"I ain't goin' back," retorted the sixteen year old boy. His face had that unhealthy shine of the Manhattan juvenile. He stood there, a shoulder loosely thrown against the wall, one hand fingering a cigarette, the other clinching a rubber ball. The letters PENGUINS stitched in white on the shiny, black jacket denoted that he was a member of that gang. Mrs. Winkler didn't look up from her work. She said:

"Talk to your father. I got nothin' to say to you, ... and don't wake him! He played at Geiger's until four o'clock dis mornin'!"

"O.K., O.K.! Why don't you scream at me? Come on! Scream at me, hit me! You know you want to. You hate my guts! It don't matter that I'm your only son."

"Ach! I don't bother with you, you hoodlum."

Klaus stomped out of the room. She was alone again in her kitchen. It was easy for Mrs. Winkler to be alone. She had long before learned how to isolate herself from the pain of life. Her's was a hard and passive shell, and yet the remembrance of happiness and satisfaction made this shell brittle.

The argument had awakened Lois, the father, and he entered the living room, his tired eyes still unable to focus. When he perceived his son sitting lazily in the large armchair, he was startled.

"Dad, I've quit school! All the guys in the Penguins have, and the teachers didn't want us there anyway," said Klaus.

"What?" retorted the father. He felt very tired and spent and reaching for the nearest chair he sat down.

"Don't quit, Klaus." His tone was pleading, unsteady.

"You know your Papa wants you to go to college. I got the insurance here. See?"

Lois had gone up to the desk and taken out an envelope. The grease stains told of much handling.

"Look Dad, we went over all that! I don't want to go, and waving that paper in my face ain't gonna do any good this time. I just quit school and I don't plan on goin' back, ever!"

"You must go!" Lois's voice was pitched high in desperation. "I work all these years to give you everything. I wanna make sure you grow up to be a fine boy. I borrow, I save, I work; even your Mama, she start to work. You want a bike, you get a bike. You want a car, you get a car. And now you tell your father 'I quit', you spit on him!" Lois's face was contorted into a grimace, his eyes filled with tears.

"Go back to school, don't break your father's heart," he sobbed and sat down, his hands covering his face.
The boy fidgetted for a moment. He was becoming uncomfortable under the silent stare of the mother who had entered the living room. Finally he darted out of his chair and left the apartment.

Mrs. Winkler wiped a strand of hair from her forehead and straightened up to look at the Kookoo-clock hanging on the kitchen wall. It was almost six o’clock. Her husband had left an hour ago. The laundry was done, folded up neatly in the wicker basket. She lifted the basket with a sigh and left the apartment. As she was locking the door, she overheard the telephone conversation down the hall on the pay-phone.

“Yea, ten-fifteen. La Rosa’s liquor store on 59th and Second. Yea. Listen, Joe, I sure want to be in on the job. The old girl’ll think I ain’t comin’ in tonight because I quit school and all, so she won’t do nothin’ foolish, she don’t care anyhow. Seventy-five bucks apiece! Boy, I can sure use that.”

Mrs. Winkler softly let herself into the flat. She glanced at the familiar objects in the room. Finally she walked over to the shelf which supported the steins, softly caressing the imprints on the side of the containers. How well she remembered this wedding gift. They had been so happy then. The wedding feast had ended and the mountains breathed tranquility. Loisl had been looking forward to America and they had sat outside the alpine farmhouse overlooking the Lausach valley until midnight, dreaming of the future. He had said to her:

“Margot, I shall never desert you.”

There were tears in Mrs. Winkler’s eyes and sadly she sat herself on the edge of the bed. Well, had she not been deserted? And in favour of this boy, this hoodlum. She despised Klaus, not only because she was jealous, but mainly because Klaus was destroying her husband. Unconsciously her hands made fists as if to strike, the guilt crushed between her strong fingers.

Ah, yes. How hard she had worked to finish this quilt in time for the ocean crossing. She could still feel the warmth, the comraderie, the satisfaction as they lay close together, one being, sure of the future in the new world. Loisl rarely ever spoke to her now and he never asked for her advice. The crevice between them was too large. He had started to work the long night hours. At first she had waited up for him, but when she organized her laundry, she broke the last string of intimacy. And this sacrifice, this effort had been for Klaus; to pay the premiums on the insurance, to buy this, to fix that. Their lives had centered around this boy. Now he was bad, and she hated him for his badness.

Mrs. Winkler’s eyes fell upon the Edelweiss in the mirror frame. She stroked the furry petals. Yes, that’s what he had called her that day he proposed.

“You’ll be my Edelweiss forever,” he had said; and in a moment of passion and jubilance she had flung herself upon him in the bed of flowers. Was it still alive in their hearts? This force, this love. It was dying because it was being sucked dry by a parasite. Yes, eliminate the parasite, his poison, his bite, and all would be well again. Of course!

Mrs. Winkler got up slowly and fumbled in her pocketbook for a coin. With the ten cent piece in her hand she opened the front door. Darkness had set in by this time and the hallway was black except for the dim ray which extended from the dirty bulb above the telephone. Mrs. Winkler walked towards the telephone. There was determination in her every action. She lifted the receiver.

“Hello? This is Frau Winkler. I want the police, please.”

Seldom and often
In worlds of the spirit
Are worlds
And are oceans apart

Seldom
I often have loved
Just the seldom
And often the often
I have loved
Not at all

But not at all not at all
I have loved
More than often
Ever and always
One loves
Not at all

Bryan Bunch
Seabound

I love to run hard into the sea,
To hurry through the cutgrass dunes
While the greyhot sand knocks at my heels.
Grey sand, silent sand,
The shuffle of filing ages,
Chewing mouthfuls of its dust
From bits of ancient bone.
Then my feet slap the loose lips of the sea.
The curling soak whisks at my bonebright ankles,
Hastening to dissolve the cake of past time.
The fluteblue water flaunts around my face and arms,
And as the seething green roll slides closer
I am swayed, swung, swirled,
Shot away in all directions.
This rushing rocket boils and blows away my clothes,
And I am naked and lavish in the lap of the sea.

Eclogue

"Don't you see the meadow there, deep in the valley,
those white and golden flowers
bright against the green?"
"No."
"Well, I do.
"And can't you hear the shepherd piping on his willow,
comforting his charges,
coaxing the shy lark?"
"No."
"Well, I can.
"And aren't you looking forward
to the warm wind softly
ruffling up the heavy,
budding apple boughs?"
"No."
"Well, I am.
"Won't you come down with me
to wander through the meadow,
to greet the smiling shepherd,
to smell the fruit in bloom?"
"No."
"Well, she will."

Peter Dunning

Remington Rose
A Newporter Looks at Jazz

by John Hall

It was about three or four years ago that Louis and Elaine Lorrilard brought a group of musicians to the Newport Casino during a mid-August weekend for what was called the Newport Jazz Festival. The Hotel Viking prepared for a large weekend crowd, the City Council provided for extra policemen "just in case", and the Newport Daily News ran an ad on the movie page. The Lorrilards prayed for fair weather, others prayed for thunderstorms, and the paper predicted fog. But it did not rain, more policemen had to be called in, and there just were not enough rooms to accommodate the teeming masses who poured into Newport for the weekend. The avenue crowd, known as the summer colony, thought it was disgusting. "Wouldn't Elaine Lorrilard do something like this? It just goes to show how important breeding really is," they said. Down at the Naval base, sailors were busily making dates and arranging leaves, while their officers planned to spend a quiet weekend at home. They did not realize that their sons and daughters and even wives had different ideas. The Peckhams and the Peabodys saw, on WJAR-TV (Rhode Island's pioneer television station), that the Jazz Festival had an unexpectedly large crowd, and the Silvias and the Rodrigues turned in early because there were a lot of potatoes to be dug on the next day. Some of the old maids went out for their weekly canasta, but most of them stayed in "because of the hazardous driving". But things were buzzing at "Quatrels", the unattractive stucco Bellevue Avenue house of the Lorrilards. There, a lot of white and colored people alike were preparing to drive down to the Casino to perform their numbers and to listen to those of their contemporaries. It was a big night for Louis and Elaine, the night that they had been planning for the better part of a year.

It all began with one of those grand ideas to "build up Newport". Every once in a while, some young, bright, vigorous, enterprising person breezes into town with wonderful ideas to restore the old city to its former grandeur. These people invariably sink a great deal of money into their projects, scoff at the conservative, opposing Restoration Society, flop miserably, and leave Newport with their tail between their legs. There are those who say, "What Newport needs is a good restaurant!" Like Jim Farrell, who opened an outdoor "cafe" on the Casino terrace. Well, despite the fact that that particular summer was the coldest and rainiest in the history of Newport, it was soon realized that patronage was at a minimum even on the nicest days. After he went bankrupt, he made other plans but was unable to carry them into operation for lack of a credit rating. And just last year, Michael Howard and Spofford Beadle came down from New York to "revitalize the Casino Theatre" which is, by tradition, heavily in the red. They brought "stars" to Newport, sent out flashy circulars, put small blue flags atop the historic Casino building, turned Thursday into a special bargain "Date Night", and never once filled the theatre all summer. Once again, the Newport Ladies for the Salvation of the Casino swung into action, but even they were unsuccessful. Howard and Beadle left town in a flurry of flashy circulars and blue flags.

But the Jazz Festival proved to be bigger than Newport. During that first August weekend, the city was buzzing and the Casino was bulging at the seams. (Everything happens at the Casino. It is a big place. The Jazz Festival like the Tennis was held outdoors on the grounds). Here, at last, was something that was bigger even than the Casino. Stan Kenton was M.C. for the two nights before thousands who paid $3, $4, or $5 to hear the music of the world's most renowned musicians. Many of the natives were able to get in free through a rather large gap in the historic wall, but despite them, the Festival showed a profit and began making plans for the following year.
That was the year that they lost the Casino. James Van Allen, perennial Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Newport Casino, claimed that the “bopsters” had ruined the grass on the tennis courts thereby spoiling the Newport Invitation Tennis Tournament of that year. The Festival committee promised that it wouldn’t happen again, but Van Allen was persistent. This resulted in the big move to Freebody Park. Now the only important event ever to be held successfully at Freebody Park is the annual Roger’s High School-De La Salle football game on Thanksgiving Day. This amounts to more than just a mere football game. The outcome of this game bears directly on the public vs. parochial school problem in Newport. In the old days, Joe Hyder (“Mother Hyder’s boy, Joe”) used to broadcast the game over the voice of Newport, WADK, and nobody can ever eat their Thanksgiving dinner in peace until it is over. (Mother Hyder’s boy has recently left town to go on to bigger and better things.) Anyway, there would be enough time for the grass to grow back for “the game”, and so the Festival moved to Freebody Park. The prophets of doom said that “nothing is ever successful in Freebody Park, Lord knows”, but that did not seem to faze the committee which proceeded with its plans.

The Festival was an even bigger success that year (although it lost money due to the rather extravagant and costly programs which did not sell), and Louis Lorillard went ahead and bought “Belcourt”, one of the more atrocious Bellevue Avenue estates. There, he said, he planned to hold the third festival. However, he did not count on the opposition of his friends and neighbors, and was forced to return to Freebody Park. But “Belcourt” was only one of many problems which beset him that year. You see, he became a bit uppity and demanded an allotment of money from the city. The City Council asked first to see the Festival books. The Festival Committee flatly refused. The Council demanded that the extra policemen and firemen (hired by the Festival) be paid for their work of the preceding year (this was in February, mind you). The Committee said, “In due time”. The Council refused the money. The Festival threatened to move. The Council refused again, and the Committee changed its name from the Newport Jazz Festival to the American Jazz Festival. The Council stood firm, and the Festival released a statement to the Newport Daily News revealing the offers of other cities for the Festival patronage. The Council, beaten, offered to pay for the next year’s extra policemen and firemen. The Festival paid the last year’s extra policemen and firemen, and opened for three spectacular days in Freebody Park. This year, the Festival added a series of Jazz forums (held at “Belcourt” in the afternoons) to its agenda. The city was in breathless anticipation as to where the Festival would be in a year. “High Society” opened at the Strand, and we became nostalgic. “Ella” and “Brubeck” became household words. In other words, we joined ‘em.

It rained on the opening night of that third Jazz Festival, but this did not stop the 4,500 Newporters and out-of-towners who flocked to hear an incredible roster of jazz luminaries. Freebody Park was muddy on the following night, but the skies were clear and the place was jammed to capacity as Dave Brubeck, Ella Fitzgerald, Kai and Jai, and Louis Armstrong made the whole city sit up and take notice. The Peckhams and the Peabodys were there this time, along with the Silvias and the Rodrigues. The potatoes would just have to take a back seat for a day. Even the summer colonists conspired to take a muddy reserved seat in the forward $50 section. And the navy was there in full force. The final night was highlighted by the appearance of the “Duke” himself (a member of the Jazz Festival Committee) who made the whole place jump. Newport finally accepted the Jazz Festival and decided that it was not only respectable but also profitable. Restaurants, hotels, shops of all varieties were crowded during the jazz weekends, and even afterwards by people who were too drunk to go home.

Now the third festival was so successful that the Committee decided to stay in Newport for at least one more year. Plans have been being made since January to line up a roster even greater than that of other years for the forthcoming fourth Jazz session. A fourth day of music has been added to the schedule and everybody from Count Basie to Sarah Vaughan is planning to be there on this Fourth of July weekend. But heaven help us if it outgrows Freebody Park! or if it rains! Actually, it does not really matter because, whether or not the American Jazz Festival remains in Newport, Newporters will always consider it the Newport Jazz Festival in America.
Meditation Set to Chamber Music

Surrounding melodies a clarinet leaps in, as, cat-like, limpid black pure tones pour out like pear-shaped pearls of beauty set in loveliness. This sable sound dethrones the blithe and lilting logic I believe that I obey, replacing it with jewels of motion in emotion. I perceive how beauty creates truth by making fools. But do not ask where beauty may be found, for it exists between the source and me, and loveliness lives never in the means. Then when a tree apart falls on the ground the sound is found in neither me nor tree, for abstract forms are formed as in-betweens.

Consider too the harpsichord, bringing singing languid sighs like white and black young butterflies in bright new wings, winging toward my waiting mind in gay attack as toward a nectared flower. A tonal pawn is fawning on a strong melodic king, yet justice in this song is carried on, the chequered chord requires each single ring. The same applies to men; though music, chess, and humankind abide by different rules in each a justice lurks among the keys. Then wills of greater strength and wills of less will all require the others as their tools, as sighs relate the summer breeze to trees.

A double-reeded oboe also sounds its drowning melody—a piercing smile upon a woman chased by lusty hounds of lust; a penetrating look of guile upon a man involved in far extremes of high romantic love. Its twisting, thin vibration haunts itself with double dreams of sins of love and ever-lovely sin. The world or flesh or devil all alone could not corrupt a dewy morning rose, nor trample down a flimsy fairy ring. The rose or ring itself must first have shown that trinity of evil what it knows; and sin remains a purely social thing.

The cello, on the other hand, is love incarnate, broader in its human power to lift my drooping senses up above the common longings that infest the hour. Then, like a swan that swoops down and alights upon the smooth reflection of a tree within a pond, each note, connoting whites and creamy greys, disturbs what used to be... But was it ever? No, it never was as true a love as writers tell in books, or tender fancy flowers with touching scenes. It was a sweet relationship (the buzz of bees and smells of summer'); yet, who looks beneath the chord to find what music means?

And if violas cannot quite explain, yet almost do, the spread too-thinly sense of sorrow that does not resemble pain entirely, well, to me at least, immense and deep emotions are not quite as real as music. When the flame of love died down, then out, then in my body I could feel that emptiness like strangers in a town. And even with love at its peak, I thrilled with nothingness, and emptily implored her love beneath a black and empty sky. But when violas sing of pain I'm filled again, from nearly the beginning chord, struck triple-stop, till quaveringly, they die.

And now a symbol for the violin begins to tingle in my mind. I find that beauty, justice, love and pain and sin and something else unnamed are all inclined to mingle in that final unity of sound un tarnished when a single string left open is but lightly bowed. I see now, space, in song or life, is everything. An ancient Hindu proverb says the jar is formed around a core of nothing, and herein lies the jar's whole usefulness. If life went on too smoothly it would mar the living; also, after all the sand runs through the glass, it never can regress.

Bryan Bunch
to the girl who always cries when she is happy

I

Three times in as many different ages I
Have made myself known to that secular prison
You call your room, where even the dull painted walls
Cry out my name, as if by some animal sense
They know me by the way my tired footsteps fall.
Do they really know me instinctively, or do
They take my fingerprints from the clear trail left on
The banister and compare them with the kneeprints
Left in the soft pile when I entered the first time?

II

You were important then, and as crisp and proper
As the uniform the doll nurse was dressed up in.
I couldn't play, not even then. I wanted to
Run as fast and as far as I could, but the steps
Were too hard to make. I stood by the bed watching
You freeze me out with your puppet's way of playing,
Or sat cross-legged like the Indian in your picture
Book of Pocahontas and Captain Smith. Hearing
Your sing-song gibberish made me cry like a child.

III

I went away and came back at your call, a boy
Who was not interested in remembering
Some lost fun, but laughed self-consciously just the same
And drank your tea with cream and ate your pink-iced cakes.
I loosened my shirt collar so at least my neck
Was free of chafing as I listened to you play
To A Wild Rose, like a little grown-up. You took
Me up the same stairs to the same room to show me
What had changed, and I cried again like a small child.

IV

But after this time, this time, I will not come back.
Only I had fun defacing those inane walls,
Marring that silent, pretty, pink-piled carpeting,
Wanting to crush that doll house where you want to live.
I took delight in spilling jasmine tea, flinging
Dry cake across the room, crumbling bits with my heel.
Only I came to destroy what was beautiful
To you and hauntingly awful for me. And now
Only you weep. I am grown; unable to cry.

Duncan Stephenson
Sonnet

Your music lingers in the air like mist
That rises from the foaming, rock-torn sea.
And when you, with your lovely lips, have kissed
My lips, a crashing chord inundates me,
Then swiftly streams back over breathless sands,
Till only softly shining pools remain.
I feel love's major flood flow through my hands
As I touch you, and like a quiet rain
Of harmony that echoes from the past,
I hear your gently whispered song of love,
And ancient choruses that chant the last
Sweet strains of thunder. White waves from above
Wash over us, and bear us swiftly down
Into the sea of passion, and we drown.

Remington Rose

Portrait of the Artist
as an Old Man

Past years lie foul in quivering coils; old days
Not spent but living, aimless yet, prick on
My dry, fagged soul, and Bacchus struts upon
My broken citadel. The weary maze
Of half-felt drunken pleasures smoothly stays
All virtue, albeit spritely bent to don
The ghastly crown of conscience strive. To con
My bursting heart to heaven's throne and raise
The mighty lyre to sounds unheard was my
Appointed lot, but sprung by unseen sights
And milked by Circe's enervating rites,
Rich reveries became my whole, and sigh
I might: rose-dimpled Dionysius grabbed
My eyes — no longer inspiration stabbed.

F. T. Solmssen

Sonnet for Eliot and the Boys

The dust of waste from grind-embraced machines
Swirls curling on the diamond-tightened tar
And sinks on air-conditioned blasts to mar
The gleaming, prophylactic clean latrines
Of J. P. Morgenstern and Sons. In screens
Of blue serge dignity the golden star
Of enterprise is raised to spread the scar
Of factory-riddled land directors deem
Worthwhile for all of mankind's good. The head
Of Chrysler Corporation feels the car,
Albeit half bought, will serve in highest stead
America's prosperity. While far
From town the cherry, rough-skinned ploughhands stand
And shake a farting tractor's greasy hand.

F. T. Solmssen
A Garland for Marianne Moore
Hometown Piece for Messrs. Alston and Reese

(To the tune: L'il Baby, don't say a word; Mama going to buy you a mockingbird; Bird don't sing; Mama going to sell it and buy a brass ring.)

"Millenium", yes; "pandemonium!
Roy Campanella leaps high." Dodgerdom
crowned, had Johnny Podres on the mound.
Buzzie Bavasi and the Press gave ground;
the team slapped, mauled, and asked the Yankees' match,
"How did you feel when Sandy Amoros made the catch?"

"I said to myself" — pitching for all innings —
"as I walked back to the mound I said, 'everything's
getting better and better' ". (Zest, they've zest.
" 'Hope springs eternal in the Brooklyn breast.' ")

And would the Dodger Band in 8, row 1, relax
if they saw the Collector of income-tax?

Ready with a tune if that should occur:
"Why not take All of Me, — All of Me, Sir?"

Another series. Round-tripper Duke at bat,
"four hundred feet from home-plate"; more like that.

A neat bunt, please; a cloud-breaker, a drive
like Jim Gilliam's great big one. Hope's alive.
Homered, flied out, fouled? Our "stylish stout"
so nimble Campanella will have him out.
A-squat in double-headers, four hundred times a day,
he says that in a measure the pleasure is the pay:
catcher to pitcher, a nice easy throw
almost as if he had told it to go.

Willie Mays should be a Dodger. He should —
a lad for Roger Craig and Clem Labine to elude;

but you have an omen, pennant-winning Pee wee,
on which we are looking superstitiously —

Ralph Branca has Preacher Roe's number; recall?
and there's Don Bessant; he can really fire the ball.

As for Gil Hodges, in custody of first,
"he'll do it by himself"; reprieve reversed —

that great foul catch far into the box seats.
He lengthens up, he leans, has gloved the ball and defeats

expectation by a whisker. The modest star,
irked by one misplay, is no hero by a hair.

In a strikeout-slaughter when what could matter more,
he lines a homer to the signboard and has changed the score.

Then for his nineteenth of the season — a home run —
with four of six runs batted in — Carl Furillo is big gun;

almost dehorned the foe — has fans dancing in delight.
Jake Pitler and his Playground "get a Nite" —

Jake, that hearty man, made heartier by a harrier,
a fielder who can bat as well as field, Don Demeter.

"Hitless for nine innings": pitching now too —
Carl Erskine leaves Cimoli nothing to do.
Take off the goat-horns, Dodgers — that regret
which two very fine base-stealers can offset.

You've got plenty; Jackie Robinson
and Campy and big Newk, and Dodgerdom again
watching everything you do. You won last year. Come on.

Jake Pitler, the Dodgers' first-base coach and cheerleader. (Joseph M. Sheehan; The New York Times, September 16, 1956: "Dodgers Will Have a Nite for Jake", an honor accepted two years ago "with conditions"; that contributions be for Beth-El Hospital Samuel Strausberg Wing.)
Values in Use

I attended Summer School and I liked the place, grass, and locust-leaf shadows like lace.

Writing was discussed. They said, "We create values in the process of living, daren't await their historic progress."* Be abstract and you'll wish you'd been specific; it's a fact.

What was I studying? "Values in use judged on their own ground." Am I still abstruse?

Walking along, a student said offhand, "'Relevant' and 'plausible' were words I understand."

A pleasing statement, anonymous friend. Certainly the means must not defeat the end.


I May, I Might, I Must

If you will tell me why the fen appears impassable, I then will tell you why I think that I can get across it if I try

A Jelly-Fish

Visible, invisible, a fluctuating charm — an amber-colored amethyst inhabits it, your arm approaches and it opens and it closes; you had meant to catch it but it quivers. You abandon your intent

MARIANNE MOORE
That the Delight Be in the Instruction
and the Instruction in the Delight

Marianne Moore fulfils an ancient ideal, that poetry delight and instruct; more than this, that the delight be in the instruction and the instruction in the delight; as in those dialogues of Plato where the truth is made to smile, and those who see most clearly through the charades and gestures of Socrates are the most deeply pleased. Like a good teacher, she teaches mainly by being present to what she is teaching. Her attention to the most minute of her materials is an irony only in the affectionate and humble (and, again, Socratic) sense: that she does two things at once: she is faithful to what she knows and at the same time she contains herself in the example we share with her. The things she has taught us are among those that our age understands least: strength, honesty, taste. The kind of strength she exemplifies—in her subjects, in the accomplishments that the poems are, and in herself—is the opposite of what is usually taken as strength, and is also placed differently; if her example were unanimously understood, our culture would be gentler and also more brave. Her honesty is preserved against both the pedantic and the faux-naïf, against both the precious and the blatant: but no prose can measure the precision of this honesty: her poems are what it is. Finally we can know from her that one has taste as a virtue—as a "habitus", the Schoolmen would have said—and this is quite different from fashion. Taste implies an intense personal activity; and fashion, merely a fact; taste may be a confrontation of this very fact. When I say that she has taught us, I mean that her poems are the clear triumph of these things; "in this age of hard trying", the poems surprise us and we see in them what we are delighted to be surprised by; they make us glad.

HENRY RAGO

Marianne Moore

Taking her at her own estimation, she's no poet, just a rhymster or worse. What justification is there for such an evaluation? And you may be certain that she'll not seek to avoid such a decision if it seems to her justified.

Take alone her poem, Those Various Scap­els. Go into it. No nit-wit has let himself into the pitfalls that such alert stepping implies. There is deftness and an inclination to dance as well as a dance accomplished among the words. The keenest of wit, a disdainful scorn of the prevalent novel or short story reader, which the young woman of those early days kept all within herself, those days of the heavy braids, those twin heavy braids curled about the head or they would reach far below the waist and make a mock of her stringent virginity.

Or take the one, A Talisman, the image of a gull or other seabird flying, transmuted to sculpture. But these are compositions which no one saw at the time of the writing. Marianne Moore was writing for herself, passionately secluded, living her own secret life among her intimates and perhaps never hoped or thought to transcend them and was satisfied with just that and the flights of her own imagination on her meager librarian's salary.

Who was she? Nuts to you. Though the vulgarity of such a phrase must have offended her then and must continue to offend her to her death. She has no patience with me when I use such terms and is not backward in saying so.

Meanwhile I love her and have always loved her through her convolute wrestlings with the words, gaining and failing, to the end. She has never disappointed me.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
The Bed of Diarmuid and Grainne
in Glen Columcille

Earth's an old invention
All amiable patience and variety,
Far more receptive
More retentive than the sea,
More quietly, less resolutely rough
In her absorptive way;
Her waves are foliations imperceptible
And still, of leaf-mould and root
And folds of sleep beside presiding stones
Beyond the stroke of conquest or contention.

Here where Columba left his blessed name
Farmer and earth are one
In work and death,
Reversionary interests play their waiting game
And cool, dark dirt, in time,
Collects it debt.

Columba's chapel rose
From broken stones
Scattered across the salty, thornspun glen
And stands where love had been
Before Christ's love had come,
And she, a queen, had sung her love asleep
To tune of creatures in the hills and plains
Whose rest was frightened by the night pursuit;
At dawn they fled, never to come again.
Firm as the bone of legend their bed remains.

Earth has her own unearthly tone and shape
A landscape underneath the land we know,
A scouring show of trees
And living streams
That feed and ease
The dreamless in their constancy of dream;

They have a place these two in earth
And many places, as the moon goes round
Her sounding murmur;
The sweet interring fervor of the ground
Untouched by freeze
Has comprehended being, as certain and uncertain
As everlasting and returning death and birth.

JOHN L. SWEENEY
A Note on Poetry

Poetry is a form of knowledge. It is ancient and it is present. An age of science may come and go but the spirit of poetry will stay in the minds of men. It is in the blood, in the rhythms of the body, in the movements of the mind. It is put out of the body and mind through perceptions of reality. These perceptions come from intuitions.

It occurred to me recently that there is an analogy between poetry and a mobile. When Alexander Calder made his first mobiles, people were startled because a new dimension had been added to sculpture. It moved. It was form which was fixed and yet it had free play.

Here is my analogy.

As a mobile is suspended from a ceiling, or from something, poetry depends from the spirit. It exists between heaven and earth as a mobile exists between a ceiling and a floor.

A mobile is ever changing with the slightest shift of air or breeze. Likewise, poetry’s meanings shift with every changing eye that knows it, with every criticism, with every new approach to it.

The structure of the mobile is held in balance upon a stem. Processes extend varyingly around it, varying in length and weight or in height. It may look as if it were somehow irrationally held together or were out of balance, which gives an excitement to the eye, but it could not exist unless it were in balance.

I see the analogy with a poem.

For me a poem comes from the spirit. It is neither exclusively a heavenly nor an earthly thing. Its being is the body of this world, as the being of a mobile is at once a changing and a fixed appearance.

It has solidity and duration, yet it scintillates and changes. It is perfectly human, something made which revolves around itself, yet it is fixed to the spirit and the flesh, related to both.

This is only one notion, nothing final, of what I think a poem is or may be.

The experience of a poem, of poetry, is more valuable than criticism or talk about poetry.

But no one idea or notion or definition of poetry is final. There is none which satisfies absolutely. One of the best was Coleridge’s when he said, “Poetry gives most pleasure when only generally and not perfectly understood.”

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What Is Art?

The worship of all things else
Than severity;
The making of marks of music
Without disinterest;
The masking of any fate
Without rebellion;
The strength to hold one thought
Without dispersal
Is the desire to let life flow
Forward in its dark flaw
Without conforming it to law
Where waiting words will sing and glow.
But who am I, whose stealth
To strike strict meanings forth
Is part of the flow itself?
What art can conquer reality?

A Commitment

I am committed
To the spirit that hovers over the graves.
All greatness flails.
Even evangelical Aristotle
Deploys his systems into mysticism,
Obfuscating his clarity of sight.
Plato goes with us on a picnic
As we mammock our hamburgers.
The logic of illogic
The illogic of logic plays through time.
Poetic justice
Still is to get what we deserve.
I dream, here, now
Of the two-faced caprice of poetry,
Clarity of day,
Ambiguous necessities of night.
A spirit hovers
Over the stars, and in the heart.
Love is long
And art is good to stitch the time.

RICHARD EBERHART

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RICHARD EBERHART
Marianne Moore's

not an attitude
but a climate —
native riviera
where light, pale but successful, spots
a lank destroyer stopped in a gorgeous calm,
or a shark-like sloop.

Nothing predicted
her, unless the
sea did, tossing like a
diamond in Kansas, a mil-
limeter's labyrinth of coral on the
tides of Rockaway;

unless another
age did, when, in
a sky-blue vestal gown
and ice-blue jockey cap (the stripes
were meaningless, the sporting kings were dead) she
rode a merry race

near Paris in the
Degas steeplechase,
figuratively, of
course. Vision cracked with a pin, its
voyages at a standstill, its purposes
exposed yet honored —

polarities that
span the world, while
Yankee-jawed camels, the
chariest most north-of-Boston
types, scheme through the needle's eye to find, if not
their proper heavens,

facsimiles there-
of. It is not
that another couldn't
match her method of embalming
mirrors but that, like so much which passes for
life in Brooklyn, she
happened there first. To
an age of art-
ifice she brings laurels
of artifact. How special, then,
are these few poems of a rectitude so
insular they will

be saved as saints are
saved whose palms bleed
annually, because
like the glass flowers at Harvard
(lessons in perfect lifelessness) they are what
they're talking about.

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN
If Not Silence, Then Restraint

They call at Cumberland Street bringing pictures or tusks,
To go with the tusks, pictures, shells, and porcelain,
And she accepts them, and keeps them, most of them,
Among the alligators, crabs, mice, our ancestors.

She has prints by Blake, the snapshots, a painting by e e cummings, coins, and ivory tigers. But it is impossible
To bring her a poem not only for her but about her.
To mean well does not excuse an embarrassment, and

I mean well, with a hand that can grasp, eyes that dilate.
She inscribed the photograph: By George Platt Lynes —
For John Holmes. Then smaller, and last, her name.
She’s impossible, that one! I can give her nothing.

What isn’t at Cumberland Street is somewhere in her books,
And some from there, too. What isn’t in her books, yet,
Is in her memory, at her discretion, in that garden,
In those round open lighted and delighted eyes —

So I say nothing to her, and bring her nothing. I repeat
A story of her sure quick movement among imponderable
Tact, generosity, praise. Her mannerliness imitated
Is a poem. The photograph, after all, was of her.

JOHN HOLMES

The act of criticism is, or ought to be, an act of affirmation as well as an act of judgment. When Miss Moore was editor of The Dial, it was the policy of that magazine to leave the bad books to the mercies of silence; to notice at some length books that in some way merited the attention of readers; and to give serious consideration to the books that demanded more than the cursory treatment they were likely to receive elsewhere. A glance at the pages of The Dial during the Twenties provides enough material for a new literary history of the period.

But the real point is that Miss Moore’s criticism, some of which has been collected in a volume entitled Predilections, could very well serve as a model for criticism in a self-consciously critical age. The unrelieved solemnity to which poems, novels, and plays are subjected by most critics distracts the reader’s attention as much from the works themselves as does the so-called “impressionism” of the late 19th century critics against whom our own contemporaries have rebelled. Predilections begins with a statement of principles: the two essays called “Feeling and Precision” and “Humility, Concentration and Gusto.” The essays which follow, on Henry James, Wallace Stevens, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, W. H. Auden, Sir Francis Bacon, Anna Pavlova, and others, achieve exactly the qualities that Miss Moore holds to with such assurance in a rough sea made more dangerous by the flotsam of critical dogma.

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE
The Day My Life Was Changed

by Ward Swift Just

Where I grew up, in the Mid-West, there was a vast bluff region, almost a plateau, that sloped rather abruptly about three miles west of Lake Michigan. At that point, the land took almost a ninety-degree drop for about one hundred feet, where it levelled off and continued to the beach. There was a lot of underbrush and swamp land, and as it approached the lake there were railroad tracks and, eventually, a large Johnson Outboard Motor plant. This entire area was categorically known as 'down below the hill' by those of us who lived on the crest; "Let's all meet 'down below the hill!'" we would say, and of course all of us would know exactly what spot in the area was meant.

My best friend in town lived next door to us, on the crest of the plateau, in what seemed to me then an enormous three-story house of stucco with, of all things, a secret closet in the basement. My best friend's name was Patrick, and he had an older brother, Bill, and a younger brother whose name I have forgotten. At any rate, they lived right next door to us until we eventually moved to another town, north, and I never saw any of them again, except Bill who went to Dartmouth College. I don't remember an extraordinary amount about the family, except on the acreage 'down below the hill' they had a very large garden. And the only thing I remember about the garden was that one time many of us worked in it, for promise of ice cream that was never forthcoming. We never worked in the garden again, of course, except when we were promised more ice cream, which was never, to my knowledge, actually dispensed.

But the day my life was changed had nothing to do with gardens or ice cream. I can remember only the fact that it was during the summer, and it must have been about 1946 or so. During the morning Patrick and I had been recreating a particularly fascinating gangster film 'down below the hill'. And as the morning wore on toward lunch time, I recall we paused under a favorite oak and rested. It must have been a Friday, for I remember reaffirming our standing date to go down town to the Genesee Movie Theater for the Friday night double feature. It was a normally casual reaffirmation, as I recall, but the implications, as it turned out, were vast.

"Meetcha about six," I said, "for the show." I was not actually confirming anything at all; I was stating a fact. But I remember Patrick not answering directly, but lying on his back peering steadily at the sky and toying with a blade of grass.

"Can't make it tonight," he said.

"Huh? Why?" I said, "Do you have to be at dinner a long time or what?" I was very surprised that he should say he couldn't go, so surprised, in fact, that I did not believe him right away.

"Can't make it," he said again, still twirling his blade of grass around in the air.

"Well, what is it? Dinner?"

"Nope. Not exactly," he said.

"Oh," I said. We were silent for a long time, because there was certainly no more to be said. I was hurt by his shortness, and disappointed because I knew that I could not get anyone else to go to the movies at such short notice. And I recall now that I probably didn't want to go to the movies with anyone else. One gets used to habit. Well, we lay around in the grass and the hot sun each waiting for the other to make some remark that would bring up the conversation again. At length, I picked up my B-B gun and began shooting at the thick leaves of the oak that towered above us. I wasn't actually shooting at anything in particular, but the foliage was so thick that each time I shot I hit something, which at least gave the impression of marksmanship. My gun was the type that had the leather thong that
did not perform any actual function, but lended the firearm a sort of frontier dignity and realism.

After I had fired several B-B's Patrick sensed that I was insulted by his shortness. Or perhaps he thought that I had not understood the full force or significance of his pronouncement.

He turned to me. "We've got a new television set," he said. "And I have to stay in and watch it tonight." He turned away again, plucking a new blade of grass.

I thought about this for a moment, but did not answer. I did not know anything about television, but it did not seem to me that it would be so interesting as to keep one from the Friday night show at the Genesee. We did not have a television set, and of course in those days there were few families that did. I had heard my parents discussing television once and I only remember my father saying that 'they'll have to perfect it more before I'll buy it.' And as far as I can remember, that was that. As a matter of fact, the more I think about it now, the more I believe that I didn't even exactly know what television was. But I did not answer Patrick directly until he added:

"And we're having roast lamb for dinner tonight."

Now this pushed me even further into a state of confusion because I didn't know what we were having for dinner, and until Patrick had mentioned this subject, I didn't care. So all of a sudden I felt uneasy because I didn't know what we were having for dinner and because we didn't have one of those new television sets that my father said had to be perfected. But I decided to at least speak to Patrick:

"Well, why do you have to watch television?" I said, and laid down my B-B gun.

"Well, wouldn't you like to watch television if you could?" he said. And I had the feeling he would like to have added, "and eat lamb roast?" Well, of course I couldn't say 'no' because naturally I would have liked to watch television. But I still wanted to go to the Genesee Theater.

I didn't say anything for a while, and just sat cross-legged on the grass pointing the B-B gun at nothing. Not going to the Genesee Theater on Friday night was a big blow, and I was trying to figure how to counter it. But finally I picked up my gun, with the leather thong, and resumed target practice at the oak.

Patrick and I were silent for quite a while, and I could see him out of the corner of my eye glaring at me. However, abruptly he stopped glaring and a very—I would say now—wise expression came over his face. He yawned a bit, and looked at me with a half-smile. And it was one of those smiles that you don't like, even if you don't know what it means.

He got up while I was still potting away at the leaves with my gun, and as he turned to go he said in a sort of too-loud voice:

"I guess I won't be seeing you much after tomorrow because we're going up to Maine, you know, and I have to pack and get a lot of stuff ready."

I still didn't say much, but waved my hand, and mumbled the inane "see 'ya to'morra" as he went off into the underbrush up the hill, carrying his old gun army-style. Pretty soon I couldn't hear him any more. I must have lay there a long time thinking about the television set, and the lamb roast, and the trip to Maine. I had heard about Maine many times, of course, from Patrick and it seemed a very far away and romantic place, which I suppose it is. He said that he had cousins there, and I suppose it was sort of a family place.

But I didn't mind about the trip to Maine, and I didn't even think much about the lamb roast—because I never thought much about food, until it was on the table, or I was especially hungry, and then I thought about food, not any special dish. But the business about the television set disturbed me, and I was never quite the same again.

A Koan

The evil
We do good
Lives after
The good
We do evil
Dies before
The neither
We do nothing

Bryan Bunch
Renaissance and Twentieth Century

An Area of Kinship

by Edward B. Williams

A past age is often interesting and meaningful to a later one because of the presence of certain ideas or attitudes held in common, or on account of the existence of certain problems common to both. This being our point of departure, we are not attempting here to define the Renaissance or to fix its temporal or geographical limits. It is our purpose rather to explore briefly certain aspects of the Renaissance and the Twentieth Century and to see if an awareness of underlying factors pertaining to the earlier period may not lead us to a fuller appreciation of contemporary problems and, at the same time, serve to show a kinship between our own age and this dynamic period of the past.

The cracking of the atom and the development of atomic power, for constructive as well as destructive purposes, has, as we are well aware, unleashed tremendous forces and raised disturbing questions. These range from the matter of physical limitations to the hazards of atomic radiation and the safe limits of exposure; from the moral aspects of the use of atomic weapons to economic considerations in the development of new sources of power. The problem that confronts us has to do with the control of these forces: whether they are in fact to be controlled; if so, by what means? And, as this is so new a problem, what guides, what principles exist for its solution?

We like to think that benefits other than mere accumulation of knowledge accrue from a study of the past, for we say that history teaches. Here we usually think of encountering situations in the past which are more or less analogous to and have application in present-day situations. Is the Renaissance such a time—an era when science had not come of age? If we consider our two periods on the basis of science alone, science in the modern meaning, the relationship is distant enough. The kinship in other areas, however, is more striking.

Before going back to the past, let us look at some aspects of the present. That living today in our culture is not simple but highly complex is a commonplace. For the individual and many businesses it is the age of specialization. It is in the field of material things of daily life that contrasts with the sixteenth century are particularly noticeable. Less recent and less spectacular to us today than the development of atomic power but vitally important are many other advances in the sciences, such as the development of the coal and petroleum industries (making possible the achievements in high speed transportation by rail, highway, sea and air), the development of electricity (giving rise to new concepts in communication, appliances, lighting and so forth).

Note what a complex economic structure has been established by all this invention and production of power. We also have problems of power in another sense, where business, labor and government have grown bigger and more powerful than ever but still continue to grow.

Furthermore, we are still pushing out in the physical realm, exploring the depths of the sea and the regions of outer space. And we are a country whose population is still growing.

These various aspects of our contemporary civilization involve power, speed and growth.

We are concerned with the use of atomic energy, with the development of ever faster automobiles, planes, space ships, exploration in the Antarctic, in the depths of the sea and in outer space.

In regard to the dynamic factors of increased
power and speed of growth, how far can we go? What is the limit, or what are the limiting factors and how are the limits to be determined? Who or what is the authority for fixing these limits?

It is when we think along these lines that we may well take a look at the past and in particular at that period already noted. Sometimes ages which, on the surface at least, seem so far removed from one another as to have lost contact, still have in common some very fundamental aspects. In comparing the modern atomic age with a period of the past like the Renaissance we find ourselves dealing with an issue very close to the heart of each of these two ages—the conflict between freedom and authority and the intimately related matter of the setting of bounds or limits.

Much has been written about the period known as the Renaissance and from varying points of view. Disregarded as unworthy in many quarters for two and a half centuries, the Renaissance began to draw attention roughly a century ago and interest in it has grown continually since. This very factor of growing interest suggests the realization on the part of not a few individuals that there is a bond between this segment of the past and our contemporary civilization.

Its complex nature is indicated by recurrent treatments, by attempts to interpret, even to define it, not to mention consideration of contributory causes. There is no longer any sure agreement even as to its time limits. The year 1543 used to be cited as approximately the start of the period. Now, however, when we find investigators going as far back as the Crusades to find contributory factors, it is clear that this rebirth as a spontaneous creation in western civilization is not tenable.

On the other hand the period is called one of transition. In a sense, of course, most ages are transitional but in some the lines of development may be clearer or more orderly, opposing forces fewer, conflicts more readily resolved, or the pace slower. In the sixteenth century in particular, however, the picture is complicated by the presence of many confused and interrelated elements. Hence, the varied interpretations. Rather than a slow, gradual evolution from the old to the new we find new ideas injected but the old ones maintained alongside. There are broad attitudes or movements in conflict with the past, like Humanism and the Reform. There is a feeling of great energy, of accelerated change, of a dynamic culture seeking to know more and more.

In this paper we do not seek to establish the primacy of any particular factor or event bringing in the period. Rather is it important to note that there were conspicuous changes in many areas affecting human life—social, economic, religious, political, medical. The effect of the compounding of the influence of these many changes is significant. They brought an awareness of the new climate and became themselves new stimuli.

As a period of transition the Renaissance represents both a continuation of and a reaction against the earlier age. In the Middle Ages—the Age of Belief, as one book calls it—we have the idea of the world dominated by divine force and the belief in a detailed order of nature. This, it has been stated, gave a basis for a feeling of security underlying the optimism so characteristic of the sixteenth century. This concept of a divinely-ordered world, represented by the Holy Roman Church and Holy Roman Empire, is challenged with the rise of national states and a rising economy of money. The rationalism of the Scholastic system, (the predominant philosophical and theological teaching of the Middle Ages), carried to extremes, eventually grew thin and sterile. An anti-scholastic reaction is found in the Humanists, who showed increased interest in and re-evaluation of the ancient authors and a return to the original texts themselves, rather than the commentaries and glosses which often distorted them.

Parallel to this is the increased interest in the study of empirical facts. A cartographer begins to incorporate in his maps details from observation rather than authority; that is, the authority of older existing maps. Writers interested in works of nature still cite the names of strange exotic animals from Pliny but they also include new ones more recently discovered. Publishers of new discoveries of Asia, Africa and America bring out at the same time the old cosmographies and natural histories of the Greeks and Romans. Consequently, the new knowledge could only slowly replace the old established geography. In medicine we begin to find something of the same empirical attitude with doctors performing actual dissections rather than relying on the handed-down works of Galen. And they note discrepancies between the acknowledged medical authorities and what they
themselves find. This was not a scientific age in our present use of the term. It did not have the tools of modern science for one thing; for another, alchemy was far from discredited. We can, however, see the beginnings of a change.

The Middle Ages—particularly the later centuries—were not the static thing they are sometimes assumed to be. It was in this period that much of the way was prepared for which the flowering of the Renaissance receives the credit and the glory. Thus the real beginning of the Renaissance eludes us.

A number of events occurred during this period, some of them exciting in themselves, but taken altogether of incalculable importance in the development of western civilization. We have already mentioned the factors of the rising economy of money and the rise of national states. (The development of gunpowder plays its part here.) Then should be mentioned the introduction of the mariner’s compass and the subsequent extensive maritime exploration leading to the discovery of new routes to the East and new lands in the West. The fall of Constantinople, adding more Greek scholars to those already in Western Europe, plus a development of inestimable importance, the invention of printing, both contributed to the diffusion of knowledge, to the so-called Revival of Learning.

The net result of much of this—especially the factors of exploration and the invention of printing—is seen to be the thirst for more and more knowledge: knowledge about the physical world, about man himself, about the ancient world and its ideas.

As, on the basis of factual information, some authorities were seen clearly to be in error and likewise, as others were found to be limited in the extent of their knowledge, there began gradually, as it is easy for us to understand, a questioning into these and other areas of man’s knowledge—the awakening of a critical sense or spirit.

This new spirit is of considerable importance. For one thing, it reflects the confidence of the critic in himself and in the validity of human judgment. This is consistent with the long-standing view of the Renaissance as a period of reaction in which man’s attention is focused more on man and less on the divine. As man’s knowledge of the physical world grew, humility before God gave ground to increased confidence in man.

Secondly, it indicates a willingness to make one’s own decisions and judgments (the alternative being to accept the decisions that are handed down—or else not to think about them at all). And it is not only a willingness but also an awareness that the individual man has a part to play in the making of decisions concerning his life. In this respect, it is significant that writers of the period showed such concern with the dignity of man and with free will, as opposed to chance or fate. Whereas during the Middle Ages the fickleness of fortune was a common theme, in the mid-fifteenth century Alberti could note that “men are themselves the source of their own fortune and misfortune.” In the following century, François Rabelais points up some of the same attitude toward chance in his famous definition of Pantagruelism: “certaine gayeté d’esprit conficte en mespris des choses fortuites” (that is, a certain gayety of spirit produced with contempt for fortuitous things).

In the third place, this critical spirit almost inevitably becomes a threat to authority, particularly where that authority is arbitrary. (Ramus, for example, won notoriety by challenging the validity of the work of the esteemed Aristotle). For if the arbitrary authority reserves to itself the right of making the ultimate decisions, it cannot tolerate having subordinates assume this same responsibility and thereby growing in importance at the expense of the authority itself.

In this connection we are likely to think of the Reformation. We should recognize, however, that this attitude of challenging the established authority was not the source of the movement but a later phase. In the early stages men like Erasmus sought change or reform within the recognized and accepted framework of the Church, their criticism being directed toward abuses then prevalent rather than toward the structure of the Church or its authority. Though not intended as a challenge to authority, this kind of criticism was quickly felt to be threatening, particularly by the Faculty of Theology at Paris. In a later stage, less moderate men (dissatisfied or frustrated by the failure to achieve reform), directed their attack toward the ecclesiastical structure itself.

In our own time, this chain of events leading to the development of a critical spirit, with its consequent threat to authority, gives encouragement to the prospects for development of a
new criticism in Russia and the satellite countries. Soviet education has been placing a very heavy emphasis on the sciences. The question is whether there will be a transfer of objectivity in the sciences to a more general spirit of criticism, particularly a challenge to the existing totalitarian form of government.

What was the impact of all this? What had man done through this thirst for knowledge, this exploration and questioning? What had he done that was different and significant? He had reached out in the physical world, challenging its dimensions and had gone beyond the bounds or limits of the known world. Similarly, he challenged the limits in the intellectual world. He had sought out through ancient texts the learning of the past and in so doing had breached the medieval frontier of knowledge. Man had successfully challenged the dimensions of the world. He had breached the spatial frontiers in the physical world, the bounds of authority in the intellectual and religious domains.

In thus breaking through the framework in which he lived, in throwing off the yoke of authority which governed, man raised a particularly difficult question: the problem of determining bounds or limits. For when a bound of long-standing is broken there must be a search for some new frame of reference or guide. When an old authority is shown to be wrong then a new one must be established. For the civilized world operates within a framework. This idea of structure is essential to our concept of government, religion and the other phases of life. Without this structure, this principle of order, we have chaos. And the Renaissance, proceeding from the strict order of the Middle Ages, went ahead and attacked the framework on which that order was based.

If the first aspect of this development regards breaching of the horizons, the consequence concerns the quest for order, for the re-establishment of bounds and the development of a new framework. The Reformation under Luther and Calvin shows one solution to this problem, as it replaced one rigid framework with another of a similar kind. In other areas the solution was much longer in coming.

One of today's problems—often not isolated as a problem—is this matter of limits and moderation. Moderation in essence implies the setting of limits and not exceeding them. Thus, when long-established limits are broken (as in the time of the Renaissance and in our own age), new limits must be found. The period during which the new bounds are sought (the struggle for order), is likely to appear chaotic. For the breaking of the bounds, the throwing-off of the yoke, leads to excesses if the authority has been rigid, as witness the examples of the French and Russian revolutions in the political sphere, or the struggles between labor and capital in the early days of trade-unionism in the economic sphere.

This is the struggle for order, for a new discipline. And if this discipline does not develop from within, then, unless chaos is to result, it is eventually imposed from without.

Every generation has to settle its problem of conflict between authority and freedom. If the issue is not absolute authority there is still the matter of bounds, of some limiting factor. Some ages find the eternal antithesis between freedom and authority far more important, far more challenging, than do others. The sixteenth century is one of those periods in which this issue was of vital concern.

The Middle Ages has been equated with authority, the Renaissance with liberty. These are catchwords and they tend to oversimplify, of course, but they are nonetheless convenient in helping us to orient ourselves. The struggle for order in France, at least, had to go through some thirty years of civil religious wars before another focus of authority—recognized and respected as such—could emerge, when a new period was to evolve with monarchy as the focus of authority. With the ferment finally subsiding, there emerged a new period which was to enhance the prestige of the nation, the great age known as French Classicism. Order was to be a keynote of this new age. The bounds had been re-established.

Some in the sixteenth century saw the need for moderation; that is, for disciplined freedom, for avoidance of excess. This was implicit in the Humanist concept of education with its feeling for balance and proportion and its desire for the full development of the whole man. Erasmus is known as a proponent of moderation in ecclesiastical reform. And a little later, and despite the legend of licentiousness which grew up about him, Rabelais made a strong plea for the middle way. Hostile to arbitrary authority, he was an advocate of freedom and liberty within a framework of self-discipline. "Festina lente" (make haste slow-
ly), the motto of Augustus, which Rabelais approves, typifies his thought as well as the conflict of the time.

But the way of the moderate was difficult. In a period of high tension when the guideposts were hard to find, when often they had been left behind and when extremists were sure that only they were right, the proponent of the middle way was under fire from right and left. There is a pertinent analogy here in our own very recent history in the issue between the investigation of subversion and the freedom of the individual. Not until the Wars of Religion had continued for some years did the moderate political party gain the upper hand.

Is it true, as Blake said, that the way to the palace of wisdom lies through excess? In a liberty-loving age when the bounds or limits have been breached, what kind of guide do we have with which to chart the future? How far is too far and how can we know? Must we go our way unchecked or will we, by self-imposed restraint, be better able to bring things into focus and re-establish the bounds?

Excerpt from a Lecture

In the Moulin de la Gallette
Dufy did, one cannot forget
That Paris changed, and not the style
Of painting. The auroral smile
Renoir had brushed upon the maid
Who's flirting in the foreground, stayed
In France perhaps a few years more,
But faded off some time before
Dufy arrived upon the scene.
The shapes and colors do not mean
The same, yet are alike in each
Man's work: both painters seem to reach
Beyond the bright and gay café
Into the city. One might say
Renoir saw Paris as a whore:
Dufy described her petit mort.

Bryan Bunch
As I write this Miss Moore has not come to Trinity (though she yet may), but still this issue honors her. This is only fitting and proper, as we of the Review Board feel that she should be noticed by us as well as everyone else.

This issue also has a little to say on the Renaissance, a subject we promised to mention earlier this year. It is a double issue (Spring and Summer); hence more pages. With it this Editor takes his leave. We hope that you the students have enjoyed the Review this year, and we wish next year's Board the best of luck with a difficult job—getting the best creative work of the whole student body and faculty assembled in one place, where it can be seen.

B. H. B.

It is a surprising thing, really, that Trinity College, renowned in so many ways, has thus far escaped attention in one scientific field in which it may justly claim distinction that of ornithology. While many studious bird lovers are doubtless aware that the Watkinson Library possesses an exceptionally fine Audubon elephant folio, those of them who have visited our campus to inspect the volume have evidently been so intent upon their mission that they have failed to notice the veritable "parlement of foules" about them. We cannot, of course, boast anything quite so rare as a Whooping Crane, nor are we harboring a specimen of the indubitably extinct Passenger Pigeon, but it does seem strange that no recent Hartford bird census has noted any of the remarkable species that are to be seen hereabouts.

It will be the purpose of this paper, then, to make a beginning toward rectifying the neglect from which Trinity has too long suffered. No attempt will be made to write the opus classicus on the subject, for, as will readily be realized, a vast amount of research remains to be done. We shall confine ourselves, rather, to classifica-

*Charivari*
Tripod has inveighed against this bird and urged his decimation, he appears to be an inevitable part of the Trinity scene, and it can only be hoped that eventually he can be put to some useful task.\(^3\)

Our next bird, Slossberg's Misfit, whose superficial resemblance to the Antarctic Penguin has been remarked upon by many astute observers, is peculiar in that it is to be seen only on prom week-ends. Its whereabouts at other times are unknown, although a colleague of ours, Miss Phoebe Pristine, writes that she has noticed some intrepid specimens in the Northampton area disguised as Chicken Hawks. The Misfit is further noteworthy as being the only bird known to be able to drive a car over dirt roads with one hand (or wing, as we call it).

Another rather common species, whose identity can never be mistaken, is the Brown-beaked Deanslister. In addition to his characteristic markings, his varying habitat provides a certain clue. Late in January and early in June, for example, he may be seen lurking about the westernmost entrance to Williams Memorial, while at all other times he may be found in close proximity to one or another of the faculty members. His demeanor is respectful, not to say obsequious, and his appearance, aside from the distinctive bill wherefrom he takes his name, is customarily wan.

Even more common, as we all know, is the Red-eyed Virileo, who, with his cousin the Loggerhead Shriek, belongs to the same genus as the even more familiar Scarlet Teenager. The species is thought by many to be of fairly recent origin, since the bird seems to be completely oriented to the Gregorian calendar of 1582. An eighth century illuminated manuscript that the author has had the opportunity of examining in the Bodleian, however, suggests a more ancient beginning. It reads, in part, "avis virileorum bene potus est," or "the Virileo is sober only on Wednesday."

Unfortunately, we must here conclude our present paper, owing to limitations of space available for serious scholarly work in what is essentially a humor magazine, as well as to the necessity of our resuming work on our study of the incidence of tic doloureux in education majors. We are sure, however, that the gravity of the matter will have been made plain, and we eagerly await the appearance of future contributions to the literature.

N. H. III

\(^1\) It should be mentioned, however, that the respected ornithologist, Wilmot P. Trentwhistle, whose son is acknowledged as one of America's leading authorities on flying saucers, steadfastly claimed to have observed a Dodo perched atop Northam Towers on Commencement Day in 1906.

\(^2\) Oddly, the numerical population declines during the summer months, though at least a few members of nearly all species remain. The author feels that this phenomenon may be partly attributable to what is technically called mamatropism, but confirming data are presently lacking.

\(^3\) The suggested decimination would, in any case, probably be impossible. Not only has no member of the species ever been heard to utter anything resembling a mating call, but the female has never been seen. Professor C. P. Barphli, however, has noted in his Bei mir bist du Schoendienst (Bonn-Bonn; Simple & Simon, 1947) that the Groundsgrubber population varies in inverse proportion to funds available for faculty salaries.
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