Cave

Enter the heart, the cave of age and tears,
Whose sweet stalagmites melt and surge
Only to freeze, and crystallize in fears.
Never a surface smooth enough to purge
Itself of death and darkness’ urge:
It bursts in excess ending all our years.

Whose sweet stalagmites melt and surge
In endless clanging agony;
Desire’s soft unfilled days all merge
In calcified cacophony.
A limestone garden of Gethsemane,
Itself of death and darkness’ urge.

In endless clanging agony
It bursts in excess ending all. Our years
Dissolve in raucous ecstasy,
Only to freeze and crystallize in fears:
Enter the heart, the cave of age and tears,
A limestone garden of Gethsemane.

Holly Stephenson
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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

THURMAN LOS HOOD, Professor of English, presents the second and concluding article dealing with the sources of John Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn". It marks the culmination of three years of extensive study on this facet of the Romantic Movement.

HUBBARD SEGUR, a senior, appears for the first time in the pages of The Review with an essay on sport.

CHARLES SHAEFFER's powerful and imaginative treatment of personal experience gives promise of further impressive prose from the Class of '61.

DAVID MOORE is a senior whose critical and creative interests have led him to deal with the more concrete elements of our contemporary culture.

MICHAEL SCHACHT supplements his work as Co-Art Editor of The Review in this issue with a telling short story on a most interesting subject.

BORDEN PAINTER, a senior history major from Stamford, Connecticut, offers a synopsis of wide research on the effect of the Intellectual Enlightenment on the Russia of Catherine the Great.

PAUL W. KURTZ, Associate Professor of Philosophy, first prepared his article for presentation over WDRC on "The Trinity Spotlight". These scripts have been edited for The Review by LAWRENCE BOULDIN, a senior philosophy major and Phi Beta Kappa from Illinois.

REMINGTON ROSE concludes four years work with The Review with four short poems. A Co-Editor of the magazine, he will study at the Graduate School of English, Princeton University next year as a Woodrow Wilson Fellow.

ANTHONY THURSTON'S gay treatment of a vital subject marks his first appearance in our pages.

PAUL BRIGER is the first freshman poet of the year to be presented in The Review. We trust this will not be his only contribution.

DOUGLAS GREEN, Class of '57, offers a topical yet worrisome comment on the possibilities of the future.

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE, Associate Professor of English and Faculty adviser of The Review publishes in this issue a new poem written at the request of the Board. Prof. Morse will leave Trinity at the end of this year to teach at Mount Holyoke College. He is a well-known poet and critic, having recently edited Opus Posthumous, a volume of the works of Wallace Stevens, and last year having received the Golden Rose of the New England Poetry Association.

GEORGE GARRETT, a member of the English Department at Wesleyan University and author of the highly successful new volume of short stories The King of the Mountain, was The Review Lecturer earlier this year. A winner of the Glascock Poetry Contest at Mount Holyoke College some years ago, Mr. Garrett continued his work on poetry while associated with Princeton University.

LEE KALCHEIM, a resourceful sophomore, contributes three pieces to this issue—the cover illustration, and a poem and illustration dealing with the "Trinity Tower".

RICHARD HALL carries on his brother John's classical tradition in a poem to the Muse.

MICHAEL REWA, a recently elected junior editor, engagingly amplifies the myth of Amymone in a well-conceived poem.

DOUGLAS FROST once again calls upon his summer experiences as the occasion for his vivid verse. He is a member of the Board.
I suppose if we had known that it was coming we wouldn't have listened to him, but actually we had no car radio and the Weather Bureau could not make up its mind in respect to the future of the storm anyway. At least if you look at the incident in that light no one was really to blame for what happened.

It was a late September week-end and the camp for which I had worked had closed for the season. I was one of the employees who had been called back to secure the camping area for the winter. The camp was located on a narrow spit of land that is called Assateague Island by its natives. Assateague Island lies amid a group of outer banks that shield the inland bays of Tidewater Maryland from the Atlantic's great, surging swells. The island is about 40 miles long and perhaps one-third of a mile wide. Its highest elevation, the sand dunes, ranges from ten to twenty-five feet. Among the residents of the island are, strangely enough, wild ponies! If one were to stumble on the island without having some idea of its history, he would easily think he was somewhere out west; however, the explanation lies in the historical setting of Spanish Colonial days; the ponies are survivors of shipwrecks, shipwrecks of the old Spanish Galleons carrying the ponies to the mines of Mexico. The ponies, surf-fishermen, and one or two families are the only year-round inhabitants of the island.

Our foreman was a hard-headed cuss who would stick to any decision he made, regardless of what the implications might be. One of his men had told me that the stubborn streak had grown out of the foreman's inability to make a final decision in his early days with the company; now he prided himself on his never faltering view of a situation, a view once established, he never changed. In recent years, the man told me, the foreman had become sour when the men teased him about his mulish ways. They still teased him now in the same way they had poked fun at him when he was unable to make up his mind.

Earlier in the week a hurricane had been created somewhere in the Mid-Atlantic Ocean. Edna, as the destructive devil-wind had been labeled by the Weather Bureau, had been the topic of conversation for the past several days. She had approached the Florida coast but had veered off at the last moment. Now, as far as anyone seemed to know, she stood out spinning like a giant top, churning the normally sapphire blue waters into a mass of seething, gray froth against a black cloud background, poised like a snake, any second ready to roar out on a new tangent and slam her lethal winds into some luckless shore. We knew the storm existed somewhere south of Hatteras but we would be working north of the Virginia Capes and there did not seem to be any danger from the approaching chaos.

On Friday morning a high cloud deck had slipped over Maryland from the south-east and rain fell intermittently throughout the morning. As I slipped into an old pair of work clothes at my home in Baltimore, I mused how typical this weather, the fog and drizzle, was of the season's equinoctial storms.

My work crew left Baltimore about noon and headed south across the Chesapeake Bay Bridge towards the seacoast. As the day progressed and Baltimore dropped many miles into the distance, the weather grew progressively worse. The normally quick passage one can make across the flat, pine-studded eastern shore of Maryland was lost as we slowed to a crawl through squall after squall of heavy, torrential rain.

At 5 P. M. we arrived at the camp dock on the edge of the Sinepuxent Bay. Across the two
miles of bay water lay Assateague. We could catch glimpses of her low, gray, ghost-like form through breaks in the now intensifying squalls that were beating down on us. Quickly we piled into the work boat and headed across the sound. Fitful gusts of wind brought us the scent of salt and damp pine needles from the mainland. Another gust of wind and rain heeled the boat over sharply and obscured the mainland from sight.

When we arrived on Assateague, the water was up around the dock and we doubled the boat's mooring lines fore and aft. The roar of the ocean made a loud and booming noise that was quite audible over the rising wind, and even though it lay over some tall dunes, you could almost feel the sand shudder as each wave curled over on the beach. Another squall passed over, and the sky started to lower and churn, the clouds turning to a nasty gray-green color. We all realized by this time that the storm was moving in our direction, and the men began to argue with the foreman about turning around and heading off the island. The foreman had made up his mind however, and with a gleam of triumph in his eyes, he announced that we would stay on the island until the job was finished.

We worked for about an hour and then went to eat at 6 P.M. The main cabin served as our living quarters and kitchen. One of the men showed a surf rod he had brought along and intended to use that weekend. Another man had been tinkering with the radio in the cabin living-room. He turned the dial, and over the static came the Milford, Delaware, Radio Station; we all leaned over and caught the last part of the announcer's sentence, "... The storm is sporting winds up to 125 miles per hour around its eye ...", then a hill-billy song came on. The man, Jack, looked up with worry etching his brow; he twirled the dial, and WILJ, a radio station in Wildwood, New Jersey, came over the air, "... Hurricane warnings are now flying from Block Island to Cape Hatteras," intoned the announcer in a very matter-of-fact voice. "... The area from Atlantic City to Virginia Beach has been put by the Coast Guard under a condition one alert." (This means that the designated area will be hit by a storm within 12 hours) "This is an extremely dangerous storm, and all coastal residents are urged to evacuate their homes at once. The storm at 3 P.M. was located 75 miles east of Cape Hatteras, moving at a speed of 20 miles per hour toward the north-west; it is expected to move inland near Cape Charles, Virginia, sometime tonight. Will all off-duty Ocean County Police please return to their ..." The radio sputtered out and the lights died as the first real blast of wind tore at the cabin. Our foreman now realized the serious situation he had gotten us into, and announced that we would leave right away. We all tore out of the cabin and headed for the dock, only to find the bay a dark rolling mass of ocean-sized waves; to have gone out into that chaos would have been inviting disaster.

I remember turning away from the swamped pier and running to the top of a nearby dune. The ocean, in close to the beach, was a mass of disorganized white suds agitated and lashed by the rapidly moving waves and wind. The sky was low and dark and filled with flying scud which flew about on the rising winds that whined and whistled through the tall, wet dune grasses. Darkness was slowly settling over the island.

I was fortunate in being with a good group of men; they did not panic or raise too much hell with the subdued foreman. Instead, they held a council of war and decided that our greatest danger lay in the rising water since there were not many obstacles which the wind could hurl around. With this in mind, we chose a strong cabin and placed sand bags in the doorways, boarded up the windows, and backed the truck into the lee of the house. We ran a wire from the portable generator on the truck into the back of the house and connected a light and the radio to it. Then we sat back to wait the fury of the approaching storm. By 8 P.M. the wind was steadily rising and the rain made a continuous roar on the roof; it pounded around the boarded windows and came through the cracks in a sticky mist. Everything was damp, and the air had a very salty, wet smell to it. Some of the men played poker in the dim light; the foreman sat ashen faced in the corner, his eyes revealing a beaten, dejected spirit. I was getting worried, to put it mildly, and decided to lie down for a while. Every now and then the radio would come to life, and we could hear the Civilian Defense Disaster Network, which had gone on the air.

At 3 A.M. I woke with a start. In a dim circle of light each man's face looked haggard and drawn. The wind slammed into the house
as if it were bent solely on our destruction. Eerie and lonely sounding, it would start with a moan and then rise rapidly, crying and whining, to a scream, but it would not stop at this point; higher and higher it would rise in crescendo until it seemed one's ears would pop from the pressure; then there would be a crash out in the night, and the wind would fall abruptly to a whisper again. During the period between wind gusts, the rain and ocean joined together in a roar that could have been mistaken for an avalanche. I went to the back of the shed and looked out. The ocean was filled with massive combers that rolled in from far out in the dark; the wind swept the tops off these giant waves and flung the white mist into the night. Each monster of water rode slowly up the beach, crashed over and sent its white waters singing across the sands, up the sides of the dunes and on over the tops into the bay on the other side of the island. Jagged flashes of lightning illuminated the scene as I watched a cabin break up like a house of matchsticks and sail off into the noisy confused night. Our cabin seemed to be inching forward every time it was struck by the all-powerful gusts of wind. I returned into the house. Just as I entered the living room there was a moment's silence while in the distance a roar grew in intensity. It was like the climax of a great opera, where the audience sits in breathless quiet awaiting the final bars of an aria. The foreman's face twitched in fear, his hollowed eyes rolled upward, his cheeks grew white, he tried to say something but only a thin whisper came from his pursed lips. He jumped up and looked wildly around and then ran headlong out the door, clearing the sandbags in one clean sweep. Blast after blast of solid wind struck the cabin. The old building gave, the roof blew off in places. There was another silence, a herd of Assateague's famous wild ponies galloped past, their eyes showing red with fear in the reflection from our light. Then a second series of blasts shook the house and a wave of water washed through the barricaded door and moved the cabin joltingly along the ground.

The rest was anti-climax. The storm moved out to sea after delivering a glancing blow to parts of the Delmarva Peninsula. By morning the worst on Assateague was over. The foreman was not found until two days later, more dead than alive and quite incoherent. Around 10 A.M. a Coast Guard patrol boat arrived. They had found our cars on the other side of the sound and come across looking for us. By 12 we were headed back to Baltimore, a sober group of men.

Many of the men will not return to Assateague; the affair that night is something they want to forget completely. The foreman returns, amazingly enough, rather frequently to that deserted strip of sand; he is looking for the thing he lost that stormy night.

Rondel

Join minds in flight, and don't look back,
For daily sureness gelds all hope
Of something broader than the scope
Of ordinary white and black
Tortured and truth-less on the rack
Of scepter, gavel, book, and cope.
Join minds in flight, and don't look back,
For daily sureness gelds all hope.
On winged heels now leave the pack
That hoards the shreds of Judas' rope
For souvenirs. Stand tall and grope
For mystery that's worth the lack.
Join minds in flight, and don't look back.

Remington Rose
A City on a Lake in the Evening

Moving pairs of twinkling
Lights on the shore
Pour the product of their batteries
On each other.

A setting sun is
Coloring smoke
Rising from
Working factories.

The neon signs forming
New shapes, new colors
In the streets—
The disappearing streets.

Who designed the patterns
Stamped on the buildings
Looking like cross-word puzzles?
  A drawn shade,
  A turned out light
  Simplifies the puzzle
  Or creates a new one
Dark planes carry blinking
Stars across the city.

The city's silhouette is silently slipping,
Dipping, blending,
Merging quietly, undeniably, till:
Where does stone stop and sky begin?

The lake is becoming restless ink,
The moonlight's sequins on it,
So numerous to the eye,
Are impossible to touch.

The rich see the pale reflection
In a glass of bourbon.
The poor—a wooden fire escape
And a wind blown laundry.

Douglas L. Frost
Rest the Defense

Say, if you must,
She is too curt, too coy.
Say her twinkling eye is transient,
That she moves with sweep, with speed,
Purpose and grace.
And she flirts often, say that.
She smiles boldly, gently, well.
She has warm charm; it radiates.
Say too many know her name. It's true.
There have been quite a few who knew her.
Say she wanders, too.

"For just an hour or two
Life and I are quick
Together.
Then smiling we shall fade."

And like a feather
In the whirl of life, she soars.
Caught up in life she lives,
Tasting, touching, feeling every breeze.
Say she is not staid or solid. Say that.

Yes, say she's blown about.
Say her scent is everywhere, but
Too, say it's revered.
Speak of the freshness left behind,
A wake of pleasantness and joy.
She has left many lips laughing.
She has launched countless smiles.
Yes, say she's been about.

Ah, say what you must of her.
Say all you must. But,
You must say,
"She is alive."

William N. Schacht
A Children's Poem for Adults
About Something for Both

They're building a tower at Trinity
They're building a Trinity tower
They're going to put a clock in it
That chimes on every hour

They're building a tower at Trinity
Oh, let's go watch them build it
I understand they dug a hole
And then I heard they filled it

They're building a tower at Trinity
They've filled the hole and more so
They lay some bricks when it doesn't rain
I wish it wouldn't pour so

They're building a tower at Trinity
We'll watch from some place dryer
And see the workmen eat their lunch
Before they build it higher

They're building a tower at Trinity
Of stones and bricks and fences
Of wood and nails of men and talk
Of time and of expenses

They're building a tower at Trinity
They're building it so well it
Will mean you'll simply hear the time
And never have to tell it

Lee Kalcheim
The Ode on a Grecian Urn: Its Basis in Books
Part II
By Thurman Los Hood

The following article continues the adduction of newly discovered probable sources of elements of the Ode on a Grecian Urn begun under the same title in The Trinity Review, Vol. XI, No. 3 (Spring-Summer 1957), 3-8. In the earlier article three of the scenes on the frieze of the Urn (the dance, the kiss, the piping) were found to be adaptations of scenes in Longus' Daphnis and Chloe, with touches from Sandys' Ovid and perhaps the article on the festival of the Hyacinthia in Potter's Antiquities. The little town left empty and desolate by the exodus of its folk to attend the sacrifice was traced in word and substance to the last sentence of Potter's article on the Hyacinthia. Evidences of the influence of Longus' pastoral romance (the "flowery tale" and "legend" of the Ode) and of the other sources of the scenes of the Ode were found in the description of the festivities after the hymn to Pan in the first Book of Endymion as well as in the Ode, though the obvious influence of the Homeric Hymns and the account of the archery at the funeral games in Book XXII of the Iliad on that portion of Endymion and the parallel to the dancing and music-making depicted on the shield of Achilles in Book XVIII, as not being distinctly, if at all, reflected in the Ode, were not mentioned. The priest leading in the victim was taken to have been suggested by the corresponding detail in the painting, A Sacrifice to Apollo (adduced by Colvin), and built up with elements derived from scattered passages in Potter and Ovid and the scene of the sacrifice of Serena in The Faerie Queene. Various further parallels of motif, style, and detail were adduced from Chaucer, the Chaucerian poem The Floure and the Leaf, Keats' favorite iconographic works Tooke's Pantheon and Spence's Polymetis, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wieland. Limitations of space required the withholding of many other items which appear to have contributed to the conception and composition of the Ode.

In this second article, accordingly, we undertake to present several of these further parallels to elements and aspects of the Ode, including (1) the description of a carved and colored two-handled Grecian kissubion (a drinking vessel adorned with carved marine ivy and other subjects) with lovely scenes of Hellenic country life and love upon it, from Theocritus; (2) some particulars of Arcadia as that region is described, in comparison with Tempe, by Sidney in the work named after it; (3) the description of a dance in the Arcadia in which Sidney has his shepherds bring to life the sculptured frieze of the Borghese Vase (which Colvin has rightly adduced as one of the principal inspirations of the opening scene of the Ode); (4) relevant elements of Sidney's account of a game of barley-break involving a divinely beautiful shepherdess who becomes "warm" and "panting" before she is caught and held by her shepherd shepherdess who becomes "warm" and "panting" before she is caught and held by her shepherd lovers; (5) a group of passages in Shakespeare's Sonnets which suggestively resemble lines in the Ode; and (6) a series of passages from The Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody and other Treatises in Shaftesbury's Characteristicks sufficient to indicate that Keats derived the ideology of the Ode and the terms in which it is expressed directly from that work.

(1)

Having no copy at hand of any of the translations of Theocritus available to Keats, we copy Andrew Lang's translation of the description of the kissubion offered by the Goatherd to Thyrsis in Idyl I.

A deep bowl of ivy-wood, too, I will give thee, rubbed with sweet bees' wax, a twy-eared bowl newly wrought, smacking still of the knife of the graver. Round its upper edges goes the ivy winding, ivy besprent with golden flowers; and about it is a tendril twisted, that joys in its saffron fruit. Within is designed a maiden, as fair a thing as the gods could fashion, arrayed in a sweeping robe, and a snood on her head. Beside her two youths with fair love-locks are contending from either side, with alternate speech, but her heart thereby is all untouched. And now on one she glances, smiling, and anon she lightly flings the other a thought, while by reason of the long vigils of love their eyes are heavy, but their labour is all in vain.
Beyond these an ancient fisherman and a rock are fashioned, a rugged rock, whereon with might and main the old man drags a great net for his cast, as one that labours stoutly. Thou wouldst say that he is fishing with all the might of his limbs, so big the sinews swell all about his neck, grey-haired though he be, but his strength is as the strength of youth. Now divided but a little space from the sea-worn old man is a vineyard laden well with fire-red clusters, and on the rough wall a little lad watches the vineyard, sitting there. Round him two she-foxes are skulking, and one goes along the vine-rows to devour the ripe grapes, and the other brings all her cunning to bear against the scrip, and vows she will never leave the lad, till she straiten him bare and breakfastless. But the boy is plaitiong a pretty locust-cage with stalks of asphodel, and fitting it with reeds, and less care of his scrip has he, and of the vines, than delight in his plaitiong.

All about the cup is spread the soft acanthus, a miracle of varied work, a thing for thee to marvel on. For this bowl I paid a Calydonian ferryman a goat and a great white cream cheese. Never has its lip touched mine, but it still lies maiden for me. Nay, I grudge it thee not at all. Begin, my friend, for be sure thou canst in no wise carry thy song with thee to Hades, that puts all things out of mind!

It is easy to understand why Thyrsis at once invoked the Muses and began the pastoral song, of Daphnis dying of love and bequeathing to Pan his "fair pipe, honey-breathed with wax-stopped joints." And it is easy to understand, too, what Keats meant about Theocritus, in the journal letter of October, 1818, to George and Georgiana Keats: "According to my state of mind I am with Achilles shouting in the Trenches, or with Theocritus in the Vales of Sicily." This bowl comes as close as anything in Keats's reading to being a model for the Urn.

The country of Arcadia, with its flowery vales, great trees, fair streams, and happy shepherd folk is described at full length in the romance named after it. There Sidney places "a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old."

... the third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales ('striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep, and rising from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion) they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed Musidorus's eyes (wearied with the waste soil of Laconia) with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble vallies, whose bare estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thicket, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dams comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old: there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-musick.

There are "stately trees" which "seem to maintain their flourishing old age with the only happiness of their seat, being clothed with a continual spring, because no beauty here would ever fade." The noble Kalander explains the association of the region with peace and poetry.

This country Arcadia among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever been had in singular reputation; partly for the sweetness of the air, and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people... the only people which... by their justice and providence give neither cause nor hope to their neighbors to annoy... Even the muses seem to approve their good determination, by chusing this country for their chief repairing place, and by bestowing their perfections so largely here, that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names, and imitate their cunning.

Pyroles says to Musidorus,

Certainly, certainly, cousin, it must needs be that some goddess inhabith this region, who is the soul of this soil: for neither is any less than a goddess, worthy to be shrineth in such a heap of pleasures: nor any less than a goddess could have made it so perfect a plat of celestial dwellings.

Musidorus, replying, can only defend Tempe in comparison:

Tempe in my Thessalia (where you and I, to my great happiness, were brought up together) is nothing inferior to it.

Among Keats's beloved Elizabethans, Sidney was the one who most purposefully undertook to endow England with the Renaissance dream of Hellenic beauty in distinctively Hellenic terms. To reinstate that dream was Keats's mission. We can but believe that the Arcadia was influential on the setting of the Ode "in Tempe or the dales of Arcady."

... the third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales ('striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep, and rising from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion) they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed Musidorus's eyes (w...
The first sports the shepherds shewed, were full of such leaps and gambols as being according to the pipe, which they bare in their mouths, even as they danced, made a right picture of their chief god Pan, and his companions the Satyrs. Then would they cast away their pipes, and holding hand in hand dance as it were in a braule, by the only cadence of their voices, which they would use in singing some short couplets, . . .

They sing in responsive semichoruses, of love; and then
Having thus varied both their song and dance into divers sorts of inventions, their last sport was, one of them to provoke another to a more large expressing of his passions: which Thyris (accounted one of the best singers amongst them) . . . began first with his pipe, and then with his voice . . .

The responsive singing is modeled, of course, on Greek drama; the contest in individual song, love; and then

Sonnets (4)
Less demonstrably relevant to the Ode than the wild dance of the shepherds, but deserving of notice in passing, is an incident recounted in Lamon's song at the end of Book I of the Arcadia. In the course of a game of barley-break the shepherdess Urania, running over "her trodden grass" is captured, warm and panting, in the arms of her "heart-bound slaves," the comrade shepherds Claius and Strophon.

The dainty dew on face and body went
As on sweet flowers, when morning's drops we see.
Her breath then short, . . .
Happy, O happy! if they so might bide . . .
To feel the panting heart, which through her side,
Did beat their hands, which durst so near to press, . . .

Sonnets (5)
In The Evolution of Keats's Poetry (p. 292), Claude L. Finney remarks, "The chief sources from which Keats learned his neo-Platonic principles were Spenser's Foure Hymnes and Faerie Queene; Shakespeare's sonnets, Love's Labour's Lost, and Two Gentlemen of Verona; and Drayton's Seventh Eclogue and Endimion and Phoebe. He finds evidence of strong influence of the Sonnets in many other of Keats's poems than the Ode, and points to the line in Sonnet 12.

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
as the source of "nor ever can those trees be bare" in the Ode. (We note, by way of addition to his findings, the suggestion in Sonnet 99 of the basic thought in the apostrophe to Sorrow in the song O Sorrow.) We quote a series of passages and whole sonnets which run parallel to various elements of the Ode, without insistence on source relationship in any instance. The general influence, however, seems evident.

But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive.
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As "Truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert";
Or else of thee I this prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engrant you new.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one more heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

. . . my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view . . .

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new;
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.

(Sonnet 53.)

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live...
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

(Sonnet 54.)

Time doth transfus the flourish set on youth
And delves the rarities of nature's truth...

(Sonnet 60.)

O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

(Sonnet 65.)

When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You yet shall live — such virtue hath my pen —
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths
Of men.

(Sonnet 81.)

O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!

(Sonnet 92.)

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action;...
Enjoy'd no sooner than despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe...

(Sonnet 129.)

Return, forgetful Muse, ...
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem...
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere...

(Sonnet 100.)

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?"
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.

(Sonnet 101.)

The Ode appears to owe a major debt to the Sonnets for the ideas of the sublimation of love in a work of art (poetry) and the enduring happiness afforded by the imaginative conception of truth and beauty expressed in such a time-defying work of art.

(6)

Keats no doubt owed much of his knowledge of Neoplatonism to Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wieland. But none of these, nor all of them together, could quite provide the full, firm metaphysic of the Ode. None found occasion to define exactly either truth or beauty; none categorically identified beauty and truth one with the other. These things Keats found, however, along with much of the interplay of thoughts and terms in the Ode, in Characteristsicks of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times, by the Rt. Hon. Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, a work which exerted a profound influence on Rousseau, Pope, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Hazlitt, Wieland, and many other men of letters. An account of Shaftesbury's influence on Shelley, with incidental particulars of his influence on Coleridge and Wordsworth, may be found in The Platonism of Shelley, by James A. Notopoulos (pp. 126-7).

In The Platonic Renaissance in England* Ernst Cassirer explains Shaftesbury's philosophy as follows.

... he contributes an aspect all his own which could not fail to give his teachings an entirely new force and his utterance a different echo. For Shaftesbury is the first great aesthete that England produced. ... Shaftesbury is the first for whom the problem of aesthetic form becomes an all-embracing and fundamental problem, as he is also the first in whose writings the concept of artistic genius attains universal significance. Artistic genius does not imitate created nature: it imitates the creative genius of the universe itself; it is 'a second Maker; a just Prometheus under Jove.'

Here Cassirer quotes the two sentences which follow this phrase in Soliloquy, Part 1, Sect. 3

Like that Sovereign Artist or universal Plastick Nature, he forms a Whole, coherent and proportion’d in itself, with due Subjection and Subordinacy of constituent Parts. He notes the Boundaries of the Passions, and knows their exact Tones and Measures; by which he justly represents them, marks the Sublime of Sentiments and Action, and distinguishes the Beautiful from the Deform’d, the Amiable from the Odious.

Cassirer continues:

From such belief in the creative and shaping power of art Shaftesbury derived his belief in the original moral and religious power of man. . . . Shaftesbury was the first to demand, and to master, aesthetic possession of its own beauty. Form is not merely something appended and external, but the reflection of the soul itself; and all external form can be called beautiful only in so far as in this wise it reflects and evinces an 'inward form.' Ethics, metaphysics, and religion are now subjected to this law of form. Shaftesbury rejects the religion of all those who have never experienced the beauty of the universe and are incapable of artistic enthusiasm.

Collation of the brief passage Cassirer quotes from the Treatise entitled Soliloquy with passages in Keats’s letters affords striking evidence of the influence of Shaftesbury. For example, in the letter to Bailey of November 22, 1817, which sets forth the same ideas about the relation of the imagination to truth and beauty as those of the Ode, Keats writes, "I have the same Idea of all our Passions as of Love they are all in their sublime, creative of essential Beauty." And in the letter to George and Georgiana Keats of December, 1818, he writes of some specimens of Italian art which are "grotesque to a curious pitch — yet still making up a fine whole." Of course such ideas are repeated and amplified in other passages in Characteristicks; and a harvest of parallels to them is to be garnered from Keats’s other utterances outside of the Ode. Here, however, we must concern ourselves with passages in Shaftesbury which bear immediate resemblance to portions of the Ode.

"Not to the sensual ear" is correlative with many passages in Shaftesbury — as well might be expected of such a common thought. We quote one, nevertheless, to start the catalogue. . . . we are at a loss, when we pursue the Shadow for the Substance. For . . . whatever in Nature is beautiful or charming, is only the faint Shadow of that First Beauty. So that every real LOVE depending on the Mind, and being only the Contemplation of Beauty, either as it really is in itself, or as it appears imperfectly in the Objects which strike the Sense; how can the rational Mind rest here, or be satisfied with the absurd Enjoyment which reaches the Sense alone? (The Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody, Part 3, Sect. 2; Characteristicks, II, 395.)

"Marble men and maidens" — if the phrase is not mere alliteration — may possibly have been associated in Keats’s consciousness with the following passage.

For that there is a Sympathy of Parts in these Figures of ours, other than in those of Marble form’d by a PHIDIAS or PRAXITELES; Sense, I believe, will teach us. And yet that our own Marble, or Stuff (whate’er it be, of which we are compos’d) wears out in seven, or, at the longest, in twice seven Years, the meanest Anatomist can tell us. Now where, I beseech you, will that same One be found at last, supposing it to lie in the Stuff itself, or any part of it? For when that is wholly spent, and not one Particle of it left, we are Our-selves still as much as before. (Ibid., Part 3, Sect. 1; op. cit., II, 350.)

Compare the following bit from the journal letter to George and Georgiana Keats, under Tuesday [21 September 1819].

From the time you left me, our friends say I have altered completely — am not the same person perhaps in this letter I am for in a letter one takes up one’s existence from the time we last met — I dare say you have altered also — every man does — our bodies every seven years are completely fresh-material’d — seven years ago it was not this hand that clench’d itself against Hammond. We are like the relic garment of a Saint: the same and not the same: for the careful Monks patch it and patch it: till there’s not a thread of the original garment left — and still they show it for St. Anthony’s shirt. . . . 'Tis an uneasy thought that in seven years the same hands cannot greet each other again.

The idea is a commonplace; but elsewhere Keats applies it, as Shaftesbury does elsewhere, to the estrangement of friends after long separation; and it is one more item in our list of resemblances between the Ode and Shaftesbury’s Characteristicks.

The context in The Moralists argues for "the divine Hypothesis" of the "Faith of Theism," reasoning from our recognition of personality as immaterial substance to our realization of the uniting principle of "divine Nature," "the universal and sovereign Genius" or "general Mind," so that "the Particular Mind should seek its Happiness in conformity with the general-one, and endeavour to resemble it in its highest Simplicity and Excellence." This "happiness" is that of the lines Keats added in Endymion (I, 777 et seq.):
Wherein lies Happiness? In that which beck,
Our ready Minds to fellowship divine,
A fellowship with essence, till we shine
Full alchemized and free of space. Behold
The clear Religion of heaven —

It is also that of the boughs, the melodist,
and the love in the Ode, and of Keats's re-
mark to Severn about ancient sculpture, "I
never cease to wonder at all that incarnate De-
light."

"Tease us out of thought as doth eternity"
is a less commonplace idea than the others we
have thus far cited; it too is paralleled in
Characteristicks — in The Moralists, again.

"In vain too we pursue that Phantom Time, too
small, and yet too mighty for our Grasp; when
shrinking to a narrow point, it scapes our Hold, or
mocks our scanty Thought by swelling to Eternity an
older than Time, yet young with freshness of Eternity." (Ibid., Part 3, Sect. 1; op cit., II, 368-9.)

Shaftesbury himself wrote a treatise similar
to the Ode in subject and, in many respects, in
thought. It is entitled A Notion of the His-
torical Draught or Tablature of the Judgment
of Hercules, according to Prodicus, Lib. II.
Xen. de Mem. Soc. The "tablature" is an en-
graving designed to illustrate the Choice of
Hercules between Virtue and Pleasure. Shaftes-
bury has much to say in this treatise about
"real beauty" of the "first and highest order" and
the need for the good artist to come close to
"truth," that is, "Nature herself."

... in a real History-Painter, the same Knowledg,
the same Study, and Views, are requir'd, as in a real
Poet. ... thro all the plastick Arts, or Works of
Imitation, "Whatsoever is drawn from Nature, with
the intention of raising in us the Imagination of the
natural Species or Object, according to real Beauty
and Truth, shou'd be compriz'd in certain compleat
Portions or Districts, which represent the Cor-
respondency or Union of each part of Nature, with
intire Nature her-self." And 'tis this natural Appre-
hension, or anticipating Sense of Unity, which
makes us give even to the Works of our inferior
Artisans, the name of Pieces by way of Excellence,
and as denoting the Justness and Truth of Work.
(The Judgment of Hercules, "Conclusion," par. 2; op cit., III, 389.)

We cite this treatise not as a source of any
element or suggestion of any aspect of the Ode,
but only as something we believe Keats read
which helped define the terms "truth" and
"beauty" as he employs them in the Ode. It
does resembles the Ode in subject and method
of approach, however.

It is as an enduring "friend to man" that
the Uran says, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."
The phrase "a friend to man" is so simple as
scarcely to draw notice. In our catalogue, how-
ever, we feel called upon to quote one of its
counterparts in Characteristicks.

That there is something, said I, due to Mankind,
is what I think will not be disputed by one who
claims the name of Friend. Hardly cou'd I allow
the name of Man to one who never cou'd call or be
call'd Friend. But he who justly proves himself a
Friend, is MAN enough; nor is he wanting to So-
ciety. A single Friendship may acquit him. He has
deserved a Friend, and is Man's Friend; tho not in
strictness, or according to your high moral Sense,
the friend of Mankind. (The Moralists, Part 2,
Sect. 1; op. cit., II, 240.)

We are considering now the conclusion of the
Ode — its major thesis (as we hold) and
no mere tag added by a young enthusiast car-
ried away by the flood of his own rhetoric.

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other wo,

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty. — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

We find suggestive parallels to the famous
aphorism and to the two ideas that follow it,
in Shaftesbury.

First we quote two passages in which beauty
is identified with truth.

Now if in the way of polite Pleasure, the Study
and Love of Beauty be essential; the Study and
Love of Symmetry and Order, on which Beauty de-
pends, must also be essential, ...

Even in the imitative or designing Arts ... the
Truth or Beauty of every Figure or Statue is meas-
'ur'd from the Perfection of Nature, ...

Thus Beauty and Truth are plainly join'd with the
Notion of Utility and Convenience, even in the Ap-
prehension of every ingenious Artist, the Architect,
the Statuary, or the Painter, 'Tis the same in the
Physician's way. Natural Health is the just Pro-
portion, Truth, and regular Course of things, in a
Constitution. 'Tis the inward Beauty of the Body.
...

Shou'd not this (one wou'd imagine) be still the
same Case, and hold equally as to the Mind? ...
Is there no natural Tenour, Tone or Order of the
Passions or Affections? No Beauty, or Deformity
in this moral kind? ... Will it not be found in this
respect, above all, 'That what is BEAUTIFUL is
harmonious and proportionable; what is harmonious
and proportionable, is TRUE; and what is at once
both beautiful and true, is, of consequence, agree-
able and Good?"

Where then is this Beauty or Harmony to be
found? How is this Symmetry to be discover'd and
appl'y'd? Is it any other Art than that of Phi-
losophy, or the Study of inward Numbers and
Proportions, which can exhibit this in Life? ...

Who can admire the outward Beautys, and not recur
instantly to the inward, which are the most real and essential, the most naturally affecting, and of the highest Pleasure, as well as Profit and Advantage? (Miscellany III, Ch. 2, in Miscellaneous Reflections on the preceding Treatises, and other Critical Subjects; Characteristicks, III, 179-85.)

In a footnote to this passage Shaftesbury refers to a passage in Sensus Communis: An Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour, Part 4, Sect. 3 (Characteristicks, I, 142) in which he has written, "Beauty is Truth."

And thus, after all, the most natural Beauty in the World is Honesty, and moral Truth. For all Beauty is Truth. True Features make the Beauty of a Face; and true Proportions the Beauty of Architecture; as true Measures that of Harmony and Musick. In Poetry, which is all Fable, Truth still is the Perfection. And whoever is Scholar enough to read the ancient Philosopher, or his modern Copists, upon the nature of a Dramatick and Epick Poem, will easily understand this account of Truth.

A Painter, if he has any Genius, understands the Truth and Unity of Design; and knows he is even then unnatural, when he follows Nature too close, and strictly copies Life. For his Art allows him not to bring All Nature into his Piece, but a Part only. However, his Piece, if it be beautiful, and carries Truth, must be a Whole, by it-self, complete, independent, and withal as great and comprehensive as he can make it... . . .

Men of Invention and Design. 'Tis from the many Objects of Nature, and not from a particular-one, that those Genius's form the Idea of their Work. Thus the best Artists are said to have been indefatigable in studying the best Statues: as esteming them a better rule, than the perfectest human Bodys cou'd afford. And thus some considerable Wits have recommended the best Poems, as preferable to the best of Histories; and better teaching the Truth of Characters, and Nature of Mankind.

The two passages from which we have just quoted are both indexed in Characteristicks under "Beauty, is Truth" and under the subheading "Poetick Truth" under "Truth (See Beauty)." In the Ode, the dictum is embedded in the epistemological and analogical moral postulate of the conclusion. The main thought is not that beauty's and truth's assimilation is demonstrated by the Urn, with its sculptured combination of all the arts, nor that the product of those conflated arts is exempt from mutability, but that the knowledge of the creative principle of essential beauty manifest in Nature and reflected in a work of creative art is at once the summum of human knowledge and the summum bonum of human life. The conclusion of the Ode is not rhetoric but religion — "the Religion of the Beautiful, the Religion of Joy."

Parallels with Shaftesbury continue in the Ode through the final words, "all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." . . . But you may rest secure here, if the Case you meant were that periodical Conflagration talk'd of by some Philosophers. For there the Genius would of necessity be all in all: And in those Intervals of Creation, when no Form, nor Species existed any-where out of the Divine Mind, all then was Deity: All was that One, collected thus within itself, and subsisting (as they imagin'd) rather in a more simple and perfect manner, than when multiplied in more ways; and becoming productive, it unfolded itself in the various Map of Nature, and this fair visible World.

But for my part, said I (interrupting him) who can much better see Divinity unfolded, than in that involv'd and solitary State before Creation; I cou'd wish you wou'd go a little further with me in the Map of Nature; especially if descending from your lofty Flights, you wou'd be content to pitch upon this humble Spot of Earth; where I cou'd better accompany you, where-e'er you led me.

But you, reply'd he, who wou'd confine me to this heavy Earth, must yet allow me the same Wings of Fancy. (The Moralists, Part 3, Sect. 1; Characteristicks, II, 381-2.)

Thus I continue then, said Theocles, addressing my-self, as you wou'd have me, to that Guardian-Deity and Inspirer, whom we are to imagine present here; but not here only. For, "O mighty Genius! Sole-animating and inspiring Power! Author and Subject of these Thoughts! Thy Influence is universal: and in all Things, thou art inmost. From Thee depend their secret Springs of Action. Thou mov'st them with an irresistible unwear'y Force, by sacred and inviolable Laws, fram'd for the Good of each particular Being; as best may sute with the Perfection, Life, and Vigour of the Whole. (Ibid., 366.)

"All Nature's Wonders serve to excite and perfect this Idea of their Author. 'Tis here he suffers us to see, and even converse with him, in a manner suitable to our Frailty. How glorious is it to contemplate him, in this noblest of his Works apparent to us, The System of the Bigger World!" . . . I was in hope Theocles, as he proceeded, might stick closer to Nature, since he was now come upon the Borders of our World. (Ibid., 370.)

... and Thought maintains its Eldership of Being. Thus are we in a manner conscious of that original and eternally existent Thought, whence we derive our own. And thus the Assurance we have of the Existence of Beings above our Sense, and of Thee (the great Exemplar of thy Works) comes from Thee, the All-True, and Perfect, who hast thus communicated thy-self more immediately to us, so as in some manner to inhabit within our Souls; Thou who art Original Soul, diffusive, vital in all, inspiring the Whole! (Ibid., loc. cit.)

"O GLORIOUS Nature! supremely Fair, and soveraignly Good! All-loving and All-lovely, All-divine! . . . whose Study brings such Wisdom, and
whose Contemplation such Delight; whose every single Work affords an ampler Scene, and is a nobler Spectacle than ever Art presented! O mighty Nature! Wise substitute of Providence! impower'd Create'st! Or thou impowering Deity, Supreme Creator! Thee I invoke, and Thee alone adore. whilst thus inspir'd with Harmony of Thought, ... I sing of Nature's Order in Created Beings, and celebrate the Beauty's which resolve in Thee, the Source and Principle of all Beauty and Perfection.

"THY Being is Boundless, unsearchable, impenetrable. In thy Immensity all Thought is lost; Fancy gives o'er its Flight: and weary'd Imagination spends itself in vain; finding no Coast nor Limit of this Ocean, nor, in the widest Tract thro which it soars, one Point yet nearer the Circumference than the first Center whence it parted. Thus having oft essay'd, thus sally'd forth into the wide Expance, when I return again within myself, struck with the Sense of this so narrow Being, and of the Fullness of that Immense-one; I dare no more behold the amazing Depths, nor sound the Abyss of Deity.*

"Yet since by Thee (O Sovereign MIND!) I have been form'd such as I am, intelligent and rational; since the peculiar Dignity of my Nature is to know and contemplate Thee; permit that with due freedom I exert those Facultys with which thou hast adorn'd me. Bear with my ventrous and bold Approach. And since nor vain Curiosity, nor fond Conceit, nor Love of ought save Thee alone, inspires me with such Thoughts as these, be thou my Assistant, and guide me in this Pursuit; whilst I venture thus to tread the Labyrinth of wide Nature, and endeavour to trace thee in thy Works." *(Ibid., 344-6.)

... But perhaps you have yet many Difficultys to get over, e'er you can so far take part with Beauty, as to make this to be your Good.

I have no difficulty so great, said I, as not to be easily remov'd. My Inclinations lead me strongly this way: for I am ready to yield there is no real Good beside the Enjoyment of Beauty. And I am ready, reply'd Theocles, to yield there is no real Enjoyment of Beauty beside what is Good. ...

If Brutes therefore, said he, be incapable of knowing and enjoying Beauty, as being Brutes, and having Sense only (the brutish part) for their own share; it follows, "That neither can Man by the same Sense or brutish Part, conceive or enjoy Beauty: But all the Beauty and Good he enjoys is in a nobler way, and by the help of what is noblest, his Mind and Reason." Here lies his Dignity and highest Interest: Here his Capacity toward Good and Happiness. *(Ibid., Part 3, Sect. 2; II, 422-5.)

... taking rise from Nature's Beauty, which

transported me, I ... have accompany'd you in search of Beauty, as it relates to us, and makes our highest Good, in its sincere and natural Enjoyment. ... there is nothing so divine as Beauty: ... the Mind's Eye ... languishes and grows dim, wher'e'er detained on foreign Subjects; but thrives and attains its natural Vigour, when employ'd in Contemplation of what is like it-self. 'Tis thus the improving Mind, slightly surveying other Objects, and passing over Bodys, and the common Forms (where only a Shadow of Beauty rests) ambiguously presses onward to its Source, and views the Original of Form and Order in that which is intelligent. And thus, O Philocles! may we improve and become Artists in the kind; learning "To know Our-selv'es, and what That is, which by improving, we may be sure to advance our Worth, and real Self-Interest." *(Ibid., 426-7.)

"But thou alone composest the Disorders of the corporeal World, and from the restless and fighting Elements raisest that peaceful Concord, and conspiring Beauty of the ever-flourishing Creation. Even so canst thou convert these jarring Motions of intelligent Beings, and in due time and manner cause them to find their Rest; making them contribute to the Good and Perfection of the Universe, thy all-good and perfect Work." *(Ibid., 374.)

So that Beauty, said I, and Good, with you, Theocles, I perceive are still one and the same.

"TIS SO, said he. And thus we are return'd again to the Subject of our Yesterday's Morning-Conversation. Whether I have made good my Promise to you, in shewing the true Good, I know not. But so, doubtless, I shou'd have done with good success, had I been able in my poetick Extasys, or by any other Efforts, to have led you into some deep View of Nature, and the Sovereign Genius. We then had prov'd the Force of Divine Beauty; and form'd in our-selv'es an Object capable and worthy of real Enjoyment.

O Theocles! said I, well do I remember now the Terms in which you engag'd me, that Morning when you bespoke my Love of this mysterious Beauty. You have indeed made good your part of the Condition, and may now claim me for a Proselyte. *(Ibid., 399-400.)

As early as 1816, Shelley's Hymn to Intellectual Beauty had come to Hunt, for the Examiner. In it Shelley had made the same equation that Keats was to make in the Ode: "the Spirit of Beauty ... like the truth of nature on my passive youth descended"; and the rhapsody in The Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody, furnishes a striking parallel also to Shelley's Hymn. Both poets must have known Shaftesbury's ideas — perhaps shared them. "I have lov'd the principle of beauty in all things..."

Trinity College
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The Success of a Failure

F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*

By David E. Moore

It may seem strange and paradoxical at first to classify any novelist as a Romantic and a Naturalist at the same time; for the very meanings of these words are almost contradictory to each other: one describes a view of people or situations that may be highly distorted and glamorized; the other is concerned chiefly with accurate, unemotional recordings of "life as it really is." Yet if one considers the two words together as conveying one character, they become a very accurate description of Fitzgerald and of his style of writing. For Fitzgerald, like all the other authors of the American school of Naturalism, failed to create a true image of reality. He failed because neither he nor the other Naturalists realized that it is impossible for any one man to convey a universal concept of what life really is. He is naturally restricted by his own physical limitations, and can therefore communicate only what it is that he has experienced.

Thus like the other members of the "Lost Generation," he was lost in a new sense. He lost his way among the personal labyrinths of his own narrow outlook, and therefore his works are less "true to life" than he intended. This much, however, can be said for him: he "got lost" in an original way—not in style and subject matter but in mood and emphasis. His style is definitely related to the traditional aristocratic style of Henry James and Edith Wharton. For instance, he has the story told by a single observer who serves as a "frame of reference," typical of James. His subject matter is also Jamesian in that it deals with an upper-class society in which the *nouveaux riches* are always striving to discover a foothold from which they are constantly knocked off, with only occasional glimpses below into the "ashes" and smoke of obscure people. However, Fitzgerald's literary mood is far from traditional. The lake of society no longer retains the placid surface of the pre-War years; now it is wind-blown and choppy, more often pulling up human debris from the turbulent currents below. A new age has arrived, characterized by confused and dissolving standards. The "Sheik of Araby" and the "flapper" have replaced the perfect gentleman and lady of an earlier age. Emphasis in the literary content has also changed. Fitzgerald does not consider the "niceties" of upper class social life as material for his novels. Instead he must have a "rip-roaring" party, or rather, a brawl, which includes a wide variety of murders, rapes, drinking bouts, and other forms of depraved entertainment just to keep the people in his own "set" alive and happy. But more than this, his emphasis strikes a peculiarly personal note, and herein does he differ from the other Naturalists of his day.

His life has been characterized as one of frustration, initiated and maintained by the fact that he felt unable to fulfill and satisfy what his sensitive mind interpreted as his expectations in life. This sense of obligation to be "tops" was instilled in him at an early age by his domineering mother, who felt disconcerted because she was not in the "top bracket" of society. At Princeton, he felt he had to compensate somehow for being a "Midwestern" boy, and thus his efforts to rise to a high social level forced him to develop a flippant attitude toward life. At best, however, during his school years and later on in life, he could only gain a foothold in the outer edges of society. After enjoying a meteor-like career of success among his literary peers, he suffered an ego-
destroying shock when his wife, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy judge, divorced him because he could not afford to keep her in the style of life which she was used to. Thus by slow degrees a combination of the "loose life" of the Twenties and his overdeveloped sensitivity toward the rebuffs of human interactions drove him to alcoholism.

It is no wonder, then, that his self-pity projected itself into his writings so that every character therein represents either himself or someone who had risen to and retained a high place in the emotional context of likes and dislikes in his memory. His personal realism is to be contrasted to the callous coldness and impersonality of the Naturalists such as Dos Passos and Hemingway. Thus his art form becomes obvious, and the apparent disparity between the word Romantic and the word Naturalist is resolved. Fitzgerald's shell is that of the Naturalist. He uses Naturalism as a façade to divert people's attention from the fact that he uses his writings as a sub-sister upon which he can spend his sorrows. But the shell is cracked. The words of "toughs" and the thoughts and actions of the sordid, the superficial, the weak, and the depraved do not constitute the whole realm of a Naturalist. Underneath we find a slimy, insignificant little animal hastily trying to build a new shell of alcoholism before the old shell has completely deteriorated and left the animal's sensitivities to the undiscriminating light of a later age. But by the very fact that he has been an utter failure as a Naturalist, whereas the others have been only partial failures, he is a great success as a Romantic writer. While the other Naturalists created many characters who take on the aspect of the "Joes" we know down the street—as little cogs and wheels and "tweeters" and "woofers" which all carry their little parts in the workings of some vast machine set to work twenty-four hours a day—, Fitzgerald develops a few hero-characters who assume the epi-center around which the rest of the world glides smoothly until something beyond anyone's control, some whim of Nature, some inexorable force, stops the whirling thing with a crash, and the whole works flies to pieces in every direction. The result is that we have a flash of light, a magnificent explosion, an "arrow, shot from nothingness to nothingness." This is Fitzgerald.

If one can describe Fitzgerald as a Romanticist in Naturalist's clothes, it is important for him to substantiate such an assertion with facts. As in Baroque art, the composition of The Great Gatsby presents a challenging analytical problem. Fitzgerald has so incorporated these two elements within the pages of his novel that in reality they have become tendencies, rather than discrete units to be picked out at will. These tendencies are like colors woven into a luxurious tapestry: one becomes predominant while the others recede, and then that one fades away to allow others their play, so that the whole offers a wide range of sensuous experiences.

But if one examines the novel closely, he becomes aware that several "color" combinations tend to repeat themselves as characteristic patterns which imbue a sense of rhythm and unity to the book. One of these patterns can be handily summarized as the "I-know-I'm-licked-but-I-gotta-keep-on-fighting" motif. This bull-headed attitude toward the adversities of life is nothing if it is not an emotional one. It represents the form of monomania so greatly popularized, but in a much more sinister vein, by Melville, Poe, and Hawthorne. Here is a new aspect of the old Faustian motif. Here is portrayed, not a man who has bartered his soul to the devil for youth or knowledge, but a sensitive person who has sold his soul to society for the small gratification of being a part of it. Worst of all, society does not complete the bargain, but merely dangles itself in front of poor Gatsby as an incentive which requires ever-increasing effort for ever-decreasing return. For Gatsby there is no other choice. He is so deeply committed that the effort to back-track and use a new approach or attempt a new goal would be prohibitive. His condition is now that of ever hoping and fighting for the impossible, and yet ever despairing in his almost subconscious knowledge that the gulf between the fluid wealth of West Egg and the solid wealth of East Egg is too wide. This ironical situation is effectively foiled by the primitive attempt which Mr. Wilson makes to carry out his form of justice for the killing of his wife. Here the parallel is perfect. Both men set their goals, work doggedly to attain them, and are unsuspectingly cheated at the last minute and given something less than they want. Naturalistic? Yes, but in the most personal and romantic sense of the word.

Another pattern or motif which seems to be recurrent throughout all of The Great Gatsby
refers to Fitzgerald’s unusual capacity to jump the limitations of a single sensitivity and to incorporate descriptive words that appeal to the mind through some or all of its perceptive facilities. Thus, dinner music is not just quiet or languorous, it is “yellow.” Banjoes do not just play, they retain the quality of a “stiff, tinny drip.” Daisy’s voice does not just sound seductive or well-educated, it is “full of money.” Then by a small stretch of the imagination, loneliness is described in terms of “poor young clerks” loitering in front of windows and wistfully gazing at the “enchanted metropolitan twilight.” Unimportant as they might seem at first, the use of the expressions creates a third dimension for the reader. He is no longer an omniscient observer watching the passing of shadows on the wall. He is physically brought into touch with the world portrayed by the author. He not only sees but feels the atmosphere around him. This impressionistic use of the synesthetic metaphor is the sort of thing which conditions the reader to the situation. It is a tool meant to be used to create a mood, without which literature tends to deteriorate to the “what’s next” variety. Here is Romanticism at its most sensuous, yet it is a romanticism that also serves as an aid to establish truth, at least from a personal point of view.

Finally, Fitzgerald recurrently stresses a motif which is very much akin to the *arte mystique* trend popularized in recent years. This motif is characteristic of the feeling that life is “an arrow, shot from nothingness to nothingness,” a meaningless round of activities followed only by another meaningless round of activities, a bilious combination of stale cigarette ashes and sticky wine stains on a dirty-white table cloth, utter disillusionment. For many of the characters in this novel, there is little else left to do in life but die. They’ve “had it.” Nothing is shocking to them any more. Parties are no longer parties, but just impersonal brawls, in which everyone “gets plastered,” and promiscuity runs fancy free. Murder is of the most brutal type, and it is described brutally. A person is not just killed in an automobile accident, she is smashed and ripped to pieces. One can feel the stench of death permeating the atmosphere. This sort of thing smacks of Mickey Spillane. Yet it is carried effectively, and at times beautifully. The glamor is there in full force, but there is much more beneath it. This is the substance Fitzgerald uses to create the hard outer shell mentioned earlier. It is the soft animal’s answer to the hard world he sees around him. Thus it too represents the essence of Fitzgerald’s personal realism.

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**A Thrash at Trash**

Dribble, Drabble:

"How are you today?"
"Fine, and you?"
Pooh! Few are not
Of this lying crew.
You feel lousy!

Bibble, Babble:

"Do you think it
Will ever stop snowing?"
Why of course you jerk!
If you stop throwing
Such questions at me.

Scribble, Scrabble:

"Dear, I really must go
Now, I’ve got so much to do."
Phew! Write something new.

In Lieu:

Ask, with no mask:

"What does Fate
Have on his slate?"
(Is it too late?)
"What makes a Great?"

Say, someday
Without rehearsal:

"Let’s contemplate the universal"
That would be a reversal.

Suggest to the rest:

"The weather is not important
So, tell me why you are you
And I am I."
Make your thinking be
Like a new L.P.
In hi-fi.
And be your own speaker.

_Douglas L. Frost_
"I blackball him! That's one guy I . . . ."
"What the hell for?"
"Shut up Wayne, we'll be here all night if you guys start arguing back and forth. Can you tell us your reasons Ned?"

Ned seemed a little hurt as he answered, "Well . . . in view of the situation if he were to get in here", he paused long enough for everyone to look up in anticipation for what was to follow, "and the serious crisis which tonight I think faces all of us, . . . I most certainly am qualified . . . and prepared to give my reasons . . . ahh . . . In the first place, I've known this guy from back home for seven years. Believe me . . . it didn't take that long . . . to find out he isn't the calibre of man . . . we want. No, not as long as I'm an active member in this fraternity." His eyes opened wide and he jutted his chin out, trying quickly to stare at everyone in the room.

"I don't think Allen Fiske has a friend in Lake Forest", his voice unavoidably dropped, "except . . . maybe a couple of lizards he lounges around his country club with. None of my friends . . . nobody likes this guy. And furthermore, his parents are pretentious old-family crap and he's got a sister who is . . ."

"Oh sit down 'Orry', you don't even know what . . ."

There was a chorus of "shut-ups" in defense of "Orry"—a nick-name Wayne had given Ned—and Wayne shot up from his seat, "Dammit, I'll say what I damn please if it's all right with everyone! I think Al is the best man we're rushing in the class. I don't know what 'the orator' might have against him, something personal I guess. Anyway I've spent some time with him and can't think of a more likeable guy . . ." he stammered for a second, "I don't know what else you can say for a guy you really think is tops . . . except if we don't get him we'll be losing the best man in the class!"

Wayne fell back in his chair with a futile look of disgust on his face, the object of angry, impatient stares.

"In the second place . . . if I may go on," continued Ned as he moved to the center of the floor, looking deliberately around the room at his audience as he paused to break the short silence. He had regained control of the group and made the most of each moment. He buttoned the top button of his jacket and gave the left sleeve of his shirt a tug so that it appeared the proper distance below the cuff of his jacket. Starting again in his soft sugary deliberate tone, made more compelling by an occasional quasi stutter . . . "ever since he found out Yale wouldn't accept him, even . . . with all his old man's dough, and this . . . was the only college that would take him, he's been playing up to me as if I were his best friend. This kind of stuff just doesn't go with me."

"Excuse me a second Ned, would you guys shut the hell up over there or get out if you're not listening to what's being said. Sorry Ned go ahead." Three fingers of his left hand shot out this time as he bent forward slightly and continued. "Point three: . . . last year we had a little run-in at some bar downtown, I've forgotten the name of the place, anyway he was plastered and really yakin' it up. I overheard some remarks he slobbered in reference to this fraternity . . . and stepped over to try and quiet him down . . . I'll never forget some of the things he said to me . . . I didn't hit him . . . but I don't think I've ever wanted to slug anyone more than I did then."

One of the juniors audibly murmured, "Why the hell didn't you Ned, Jesus I would have let him have it."

The remark was overheard and others chimed, "Yeah, who the hell does this kid think he is! I ball him too."

"Fourth: (fourth: repeated Ned,) . . . "I think I have an inside track to some of these key men we want this year . . . and a couple
of them asked me confidentially, just the other night in this very room, what about this guy Fiske, are you all really rushing him? That's a pretty conclusive indication, don't you think, of how much weight he carries with his own class. — Now gentlemen," he paused again, "any further reasons why I don't want to see him among us?"

Ned drew on his cigarette with a trace of arrogance escaping as he stepped back to his former position, leaning against the wall.

There was a chorus of "no's" and derogative remarks before the next name was brought up. Wayne quietly got up and started for the door.

"Wayne, we'd appreciate your staying for the rest of the meeting. We're all pretty tired with this whole thing too you know." Wayne hesitated for a second and went back to his chair, the object again of unfriendly stares and snarling remarks.

After a few comments were made on the next rushee, Ned this time was called upon to

Wayne didn't answer. He threw a towel over his shoulder, picked up his toothbrush and went out of the room.

Ned, who lived across the hall, was brushing his teeth when Wayne pushed open the door and took the basin next to him.

"Wayne", he said, with the tooth brush going back and forth in his mouth, "What are you up to this weekend . . . heading North?"

"No don't think so Ned", answered Wayne while Ned emptied his mouth and rinsed the tooth paste out.

"Why don't you come on over to Vassar with us tomorrow, everyone's going. You know plenty of neat women over there . . . you're so smooth," said Ned, who was now combing his hair in front of the mirror.

"Sounds like fun Ned, I'll think it over, let you know in the morning."

"And what do you think of this group Wayne? Aren't they terrific!"

Steve came in saying, "Yeah, if we can only get 'em all now. Boy you sure did a hell of a rushing job on some of those guys Ned. If we don't get some of 'em it won't be your fault."

"You did a hell of a job yourself Steve. 'Bottle' thinks you're a terrific guy."

"Really, gees I hardly even know the guy," said Steve.

"Well, it's been a long day, see you both tomorrow, night Wayne . . . Steve." "Right Ned, night."

Wayne was setting the alarm when Steve came back into the room.

"You know Wayne, my only regret is I sort of liked Fiske, but then I, of course, don't know him from home like Ned does. Guess you kind of liked him too, didn't ya?" Steve didn't wait for an answer, "Guess I was wrong though . . . night."

Wayne answered and flicked off the light.
**Witness**

I smile and reach out one well-meaning hand
To touch the warm, the rich and fertile land
Of someone else's self—and feel it plunge
Into the mud of me. Afraid, I lunge
Ahead unthinkingly, and I seem to sink
Back down upon myself—my only link
With You being the sound of someone's cries
Lost in a bog the color of my eyes.

I draw my fingers back and they're not bruised,
My palm not pierced, yet somehow much
abused
By being ineffectually my own.
I pray at night that once I might be shown
The meaning of the myth of him and me,
And Him and me, and all the time I see,
Through slightly parted fingers, near the bed,
The true and living shadow of the dead.

*Remington Rose*

**Lament of Fergus’ Lover**

He's gone again. He never tells me where
Or when he's going. No, he simply knows
That though I'll never follow anywhere
I'll wait, and watch, and hope until the snows.

And when the snows have come I'll see the
marks
His bootless feet have made, and close my eyes
And weep to think of cold, dull-feathered larks
In aimless flight beneath foreboding skies.

It's better when his path is moist and warm.
It's better when the dead are raised in green
Cerements and swaddling clothes, and form
Is filled with juice and happy to be seen.

They say he sings when he's away, and smiles,
And throws his head back with a gay and
youth-
Ful flourish that he's stolen for a while
And will return, all torn and burned by truth.

They say he sings the sweetest when he sees
The flowers of my love bloom by the way.
He tastes of them and he no longer flees.
He turns and yields his wonder for a day.

*Remington Rose*

**Triolet**

I'll wait for her to come to me
With worried hope and humble heart,
Apologizing tearfully.
I'll wait for her to come to me.
I'll comfort her, and finally
Confess the wrong was on my part.
I'll wait for her to come to me,
With worried hope and humble heart.

*Remington Rose*
Briefly Noted

Martin, Martin, mend your ways;
Soon the snows will cease to fall
And spring will come to cover all
Of us with
So, godammit, Martin, mend your ways, P.D.Q.

Martin is a friend of mine
He will do it anytime
For a nickel or a dime
Martin is a friend of mine,
Sang the fair young maiden.
She had taken drunk and
Had come down with a severe case of nymphomania,
But then Martin was a friend of hers,
And it was a cheap bottle of brandy,
And it had been handy,
And it was quicker than candy,
And that counts in this day and age.

Martin, Martin, save my child!
"You can take that brat and stuff . . ."
Oh Martin, Martin, mend your ways.
"Yea, sure, right today."
Martin thought of the olden days
When Summer shadows brought delight,
When kick-the-can was not a game;
When it was a way of life—
And by Christ he loved the olden days

Martin, Martin, stay with me.
Martin, Martin, fix your tie.
Martin, Martin, mend your ways.
"Yea sure, right today," said he
Going up to watch Television:
From out of the past
Came the thundering hoofbeats
Of the great horse, Silver . . .

Briefly noted:

Divorced, Martin C. Martin, Advertising Executive, from Candy Pam Martin.
He for the third; she for the eighth.

William N. Schacht
Let me begin by urging you to beware of believing anything that any writer tells you, especially anything a writer tells you about writing or about himself. All scholars and most critics are to be trusted up to a point, but writers are chronic liars as the world knows. It's their vocation. Then, too, they are—in real life anyway—characters. Like the small-town characters, the village personalities of a few decades ago in this country. This one is THE DRUNKARD. Another is a PEEPING TOM. That one is the VILLAGE IDIOT, and over there's the CHOLERIC MAN. Here's another as malcontent and melancholy as any character you'd care to see strutting his hour on a Jacobean stage.

I introduce the humors theory of behavior on purpose. It seems to do them—and I'm being objective and guarded for a moment and talking about writers as them—the humors theory of behavior does them more justice and surely better explains away some of their eccentricities than any other psychological system I know of.

Writers are like smalltown characters I've said. And, too, like poor imaginary creatures possessed by one of the imaginary four humors and shoved onto a stage. Which seems to imply in either or both cases a certain basic unreality. And it seems to make the writer a dated figure, a sort of nostalgic and nearly extinct museum piece like a lamplighter or a wheelwright or a cigarstore Indian. Of course both of these things has always been true. In the white light of Classical times it was the writers who looked back to the dark country where our myths were born. In early Christian times they looked back to the Classical felicity and used St. Augustine to justify themselves. Augustine, who understood about writers, said we can use anything in our past just as Moses was allowed to use Egyptian gold when the Children of Israel fled from Pharaoh.

And, of course, writers have always been called liars. The liar used to be a universal character in our small towns. I remember we had one in our town. Once my father took a visitor (and I went tagging along underfoot) to meet the man.

"This man," my father said, introducing them, "is the most fabulous liar in the whole county. Tell us a lie, Jim."

"Ain't got time for no damn lies," he said, looking wildly distracted. "I got me ten thousand dollars worth of hard candy sitting in the sun down at the depot, and I got to go get it before it all melts."

I guess that right then, just trying to picture what a mountain ten thousand dollars worth of candy real or imaginary would be, I made up my mind to be a liar too.

There's another thing I ought to tell you about writers. I've always thought writers are a little like distance runners—half-milers, milers and two-milers. Now, when I was younger and thinner, I used to be a sprint man. Our little world was quick and pounding and blurred and breathless and all in a straight line. All ordered and all over with in a wink. And I never really understood them. They ran in circles. Around and around they went, and it was long and grueling and mysterious. They had lots of time to think and be lonely while they ran. They had a chance to suffer and endure. But they were furtive. Oh, you could talk running with them all right, but they could never really tell you anything about what it was like—I might insert as an irrelevant footnote the fact that Dr. Roger Bannister has written very eloquently about the experience of running the mile, but only after he retired from running. Maybe they couldn't because maybe they couldn't even admit to themselves the whole desperate confusion of ritual and sham and rigor and luxury they'd have to conjure up to force a human body around the track at the limit of its energy. St. Augustine tells us the spirit should love the flesh as a good husband loves his wife. But no husband—especially a good one— tells his wife everything, and no wife—however persistently an inquisitor—really wants to know either.

Those runners would talk, all right, about the weather and the temperature, fast track or
slow track, about their blisters and what they had eaten or shouldn’t have eaten for lunch. But they wouldn’t or couldn’t say a thing about what you wanted to know about — the mystery of it. Then, a little while before the race, they’d withdraw into themselves, limber up, trot up and down on the grass, performing curiously intricate and entirely useless gyrations, no more tangible now than shadows of themselves.

You could almost feel the wind blowing right through them.

I remember one of these, an Olympic runner I knew and I guess the best runner I ever saw — except Bannister. After a while I felt that I knew him well enough to pop the question at the right time, to step right up to him during the tense moment of his meditation just before the race and say “What’s happening now?” He took my interruption with good grace. He even smiled a little like a tolerant old priest. “Hush,” he said. “I’m trying to listen to myself.”

For once the flesh was having its say.

I’ve been asked to write a little about some of the problems of the young writer. I can tell you a lot about problems. Writers have nothing but problems. They wear them, not like roses, but like rows of combat ribbons for all the world to view. (And that’s another story. The real veterans just don’t wear ribbons except when they’re being court-martialled or something.) Ask a writer about the problems of being a writer and he’ll talk you fast asleep. But he won’t — and can’t — tell you about the real problem, because there’s only one true problem that I know of, and it’s so big and so complex and so persistently present that it’s unspeakable. That problem is simply how to go round and around a prescribed distance at the limit of energy and endurance. That’s listening to the body talk its language and trying to translate it, trying to make sense of it. That’s turning the drab and often sordid domestic comedy of the wedding of spirit and flesh into something like a poem. And that is the only problem that counts. It ticks away like a pulse or a time bomb. And all the rest — the ones I’ll be mentioning — are, like the weather, the growth of blisters and the state of the track, strictly irrelevant.

The writer’s problems—of the kind that I’ll be speaking of—begin when he’s finished writing something. What to do with it? To whom is it addressed? There are multitudes of markets. There are agents and editors and readers and publishers and salesmen, and it would all seem rather simple. But it is not so simple. Because all of these means, all of these outlets are victims of the same disease of standardization that infects our life today. It is a basic human characteristic to be afraid of freedom. We long for cages and crippling chains. Freedom means loneliness and responsibility. To avoid this possibility we put packages and uniforms and categories—like the frilly paper pants on lamb chops in restaurants —on everything under the sun. A good writer works alone, works honestly by himself except for the company of whatever voices he may be privileged to hear. None of the ways of communication are designed for him. He’s a dirt farmer dealing with supermarkets, and they are all supermarkets nowadays, from the tense inner sanctum of a Television producer, with its faint halo of the muted whirring of electric typewriters, its soft rugs like quicksand and its gumchewing receptionist whose eyes promise you everything in the world but self-respect, to the vague clutter of ash trays and beer cans and a little polar waste of manuscripts in the little magazines and quarterlies. They all deal with *types*, and the writer is an individual. They deal with frozen and packaged goods, and it’s kind of hard to offer fresh fruit or vegetables to any such dealer or even to find a counter to display your wares.

The result of this situation is that all good writers in our country and our time must suffer a prolonged and frustrating period of unsuccess. I’m not thinking of success in any other way than simply the establishment of lines of communication with an audience. A few, a very few, like Scott Fitzgerald, say, or Dylan Thomas, strike through the fog of indifference with a bright light and reach an audience without delay. Both of these men suffered because of their good fortune, though, or, at least, because of the situation which required that they view their early recognition as a matter of pure luck. The more usual period of delay is ten years. This means ten years of serious writing, intense, directed, dedicated cultivation of a craft. Then there may be a break through. At last the lines of communication are set up, but there’s a ten years’ backlog of messages to be sent. And by now there are likely to be the inevitable dragons of weariness, apathy, self-
doubt, and indifference to be encountered every morning on the way to work and conquered. Then there are those who have to wait for twenty years to reach an audience. They are the toughest, the old warriors, the marathon runners. Like Robert Frost.

So I've said the first irrelevant problem of the writer is to get his work to an audience, his own fit though few. In the meantime—and it will be a time—he must live. That's not his problem, it's the universal one. Sparrows and saints have it too. If he's lucky, he'll discover rich relatives, rich friends, or marry a rich wife. If he's wise, he'll use that long time to learn a skill or profession not directly related to his writing—like Dr. William Carlos Williams or the late Mr. Wallace Stevens. And by the sweat of his brow he'll be free. If he is—as many writers are—a careless, pratfalling, stumblebum of a pilgrim, wandering much by the way, he'll find himself somewhere in the toils of publishing or advertising or, maybe, a university. Many of our writers of this season are with the universities. There's been a great deal said about this liaison, most of it nonsense about the effects of living the cloistered or sheltered life of a college teacher. That may have been a danger once, but now no college, no cloister is excluded from the passionate fortunes and misfortunes of our times or immune from our particular diseases. There is one uneasy situation created by the writer's affiliation with the academy. Both the writer and the professor love the Muse, but in different ways. The professor is the conservative Prime Minister. The writer is, by definition as well as choice, a member of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition. The writer is a shrewd, claim-jumping prospector. The professor is an accurate surveyor, a good real estate man, a Fort Knox. The professor is a good husband, while the writer's a n'er-do-well bachelor who seems intent on disrupting the sanctity of the home. Still, for the most part, it's a civilized antagonism, and when the bugles call, Professor and writer find themselves side by side in the same pith-helmeted thin red line or hollow square, trying to hold off hordes of Fuzzy Wuzzies and Philistines.

But what about our young writer in the academy? He's there to make his living, that is during the years that he's struggling with his initial irrelevant problem. The academy is, within reason, more than kind to writers, but not to the young, would-be-writer. He's no writer until he has written, that is been published and perhaps even approved by somebody or other. It's a strange thing. The established writers don't really need the university, at least until they're turned out to graze. The young writer may need the university very much—for its relative calm, for its relative acceptance of eccentricity, for its relatively adequate money, for its plenty of vacation time, but the university does not need him. It needs him if he's a young critic or a young publishing scholar, but not if he's a struggling writer. A kind lady in Philadelphia once said to me: "How I envy you going into the academic life. Academic people go through life so gently." Struggle is never genteel, never gentle. It raises eyebrows like chevrons, it causes even tweed shoulders to shrug a bit.

We have a brutal method of selection. Those who survive, fittest, firstest, mostest, survive. That's all there is to it. There is a paradox of this apprentice stage that deserves mention though. A quality—in addition to the only relevant one, the ability to write well—a quality that a writer needs most to succeed in mastering his material is sensitivity. The quality that he needs to survive is brute perseverance—toughness. It's rare that these two qualities are happily married.

Let's assume that our young writer, after seeing his original friends and equals and even admirations, fall in the slaughter like the armies of an Oriental general, let's assume he does survive. Let's assume he keeps on working and that he finds some way to reach an audience. Let's even go a step further into the Land of Unlikeliness and assume that this audience likes the work he has done. Then what?

Then his problems have only just begun. If all the swords he faced have turned at last to smiles, and every rock is now a fresh loaf of bread, he's still faced with what Tennessee Williams once called "the catastrophe of success." Still I'm not using that magic American word in the social sense—not in terms of money, fame, honor, etc. in any significant social sense. But even modest success in our way of life turns out to be a Funhouse of glass mirrors, a maze with only one trick door out. Most often when we think we find the exit to the light we come face to face with only another distorted image of ourselves. The narcissism of success! Success appeals to the archetypal
of us all. For here the society can offer much that’s distracting—perhaps a highchair in the academy, a fellowship, a grant-in-aid, a prize or an award, a chance after a regular Russian blizzard of rejection slips to see almost anything in print. All that is asked is that the young writer, thus honored, continue to give his audience what he has given it before. Plow your own field in straight rows. Sing your little tune. And remember always what happened to Aesop’s donkey who donned the lion’s skin. Grow, change, and become, the society says, and back you go to the Slough of Despond from whence you came. The slopes of the Delectable Mountains are very steep.

Faced with the dangers of success, every young writer should put on sackcloth and ask his friends to heap ashes on his head and pray for him.

If, still enduring, this now not so young writer goes ahead and by some chance compounds his luck, he will find society proportionately compounding its demands. And as one grows older, I imagine, the temptations and the risks become greater and more complex. Many, many are those who fall victim to a kiss or a smile. The old knight puts on his antiquated armor to ride out and meet the familiar enemy. “But those are windmills,” everyone shouts. And unless he is very wise in his simplicity, he may find himself sighing and saying: “Why, that’s so. I believe they are.”

The scheme is one of natural selection that even the most rigorous of geneticists can admire. A great many are called and few are chosen. It’s an outdated career of danger and daring like that of the steeplejack, the deep-sea diver, the tightrope walker.

But I have been speaking of irrelevant problems, occupational hazzards and diseases. The real problem, the only problem, is the continual wrestling match with the necessary angel, a wrestle in all the passion of love and war. The real problem has nothing to do with youth or age, innocence or experience, security or danger. It is with the thing itself, the subject, and with a language that is as rich and illusive as a trout on a line or a veiled dancer, and, too, that spirit of the magic lamp, the self. It’s a thing of spirit and all the rest is but a blister.

And it is most of all a thing of joy. It isn’t really a race. The distance runner has only himself to contend with, and time. He’s not to be judged by his actions before or after the race, but in the rejoicing, joyful moment when he finds himself and finds his proper rhythm and feels the fine heartpounding, coppertongued taste of it. And then the spirit takes over and rides the flesh like a good horseman. At that moment, his triumph, he deserves nothing more than the joy he feels—and God knows that’s a gift, he doesn’t deserve anything. From us, spectators, well-wishers, who take some pleasure from his labors, he asks and needs nothing. But sharing his experience, drawing some elemental satisfaction from it, we can at least clap our hands with another kind of joy and say to each other: “Look at that! Look at him go!”

Buzzard

I’ve heard that holy madness is a state not to be trifled with, not to be taken lightly by jest or vow, by lover’s token or any green wreath for a public place. Flash in the eyes of madmen precious fountains, whose flesh is wholly thirst, insatiate.

I see this bird with grace begin to wheel, glide in God’s fingerprint, a whorl of night, in light a thing burnt black, unhurried. Somewhere something on its back has caught his eye, and widewinged he descends, like angels, to the business of this world.

I’ve heard that saintly hermits, frail, obscene in rags, slackfleshed, with eyes like jewels, kneel in dry sand, among the tortured mountains, feel at last the torment of thei prayers take shape, take wings, assume the brutal rush of grace. This bird comes then and picks those thin bones clean.

George Garrett
The Poem

Not what the world must mean, but what it is.
As if you held all summer in your hand
Like dripping pebbles picked up from the sea's
Drowned bottom, with a single golden strand

Of weed the color of the August light
Under the surface, clinging like the cold
To your wet fingers: substance not so bright
In the thin air. No one can safely hold

Much in so little, in so little much,
For long, or whole. Whatever runs between
Your fingers may be lost, but still you touch
The fragments of the world, for what they mean.

Samuel French Morsf
Voltaire et L'Etoile du Nord

By Borden W. Painter

The French Enlightenment was "officially" launched in 1729 with Voltaire's return to the Continent from England after a stay of three years. He brought the ideas of Locke and Newton with him and the French intellectuals were quick to realize the importance of these new doctrines. Thus the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century owed a debt to these Englishmen of the previous century, although its leading exponents were to be Frenchmen and its capital Paris. This in no way contradicts the idea that this movement was an international one, for the philosophes were eager to spread their new doctrines. They did not regard their ideas as French, but as reasonable and universal. The Enlightened of all countries looked to France for inspiration and guidance. French became the accepted language of communication. The ideas themselves, however, were applicable to all European and even non-European societies. It is imperative that one recognize this basic international flavor of the Enlightenment, for it is necessary in order to understand an exchange of ideas such as Catherine and Voltaire carried on. Carl Becker has summed up this intellectual integration in the eighteenth century with the following words: "The philosophical empire was an international domain of which France was but the mother country and Paris the capital. Go where you like—England, Holland, Italy, Spain, America, everywhere you meet them, Philosophers speaking the same language, sustained by the same climate of opinion."

This "philosophical empire" developed a system of morality based on utility, a religion of Deism and a political theory in favor of enlightened despotism. Within the context of this discussion it is the Enlightenment's view of politics which is particularly relevant. Enlightened despotism was to furnish the method of reform, for such reform could best be accomplished from the top down. This view of despotism as a means of converting new ideas into practical realities sees it as a blessing rather than a curse. In this way all societies could be quickly and efficiently reorganized in the light of principles in the possession of a few enlightened men. In retrospect, this point of view was an oversimplification of the problem. Indeed, there were those in the eighteenth century, such as Montesquieu, who disagreed with this doctrine and found a place for tradition in any particular society. Voltaire and most of the philosophes argued that Montesquieu was contradicting one of the basic doctrines of the Enlightenment when he denied that men were absolutely free to alter their institutions just as they liked. Unfortunately they did not realize that no political or legal structure could be safe under the rule of a despot. It was to take more years of bitter experience for them and their intellectual heirs to realize that authority must be divided if law is to reign rather than men.

This, then, was the predominant eighteenth century view of reform when Voltaire was carrying on his correspondence with Catherine. He was the leading spokesman for the Enlightenment and he actively spread its doctrines whenever and wherever he could. Voltaire was a literary figure, a philosopher, a historian, but above all he was a propagandist. His propaganda was designed to aid progress, for progress was one of the central themes of the philosophes. Kingsley Martin made this point clear when he wrote that "Voltaire was perhaps the most effective propagandist who ever lived. His defects were not of a kind to interfere with his main task—the destruction of superstitions which men accepted because they had never been permitted to think about them." What was the effect of his propaganda on Catherine II, Empress of Russia?

The correspondence between Voltaire and Catherine began in 1763 and lasted until his death in 1778. Voltaire was 69 years of age when they began and the Empress was 34. They both had specific reasons for writing and it was
quite natural that they should exchange letters. Voltaire never passed by an opportunity to preach the tenets of his faith. Catherine had made her interest in the ideas of the Enlightenment well known and he saw a chance to have these ideas incorporated into any reforms that might be carried out in Russia. The Empress was, after all, a German and was definitely oriented toward the West. Despite the doubts one might have regarding her intellectual ability there was, in the early years of her reign, a sincere interest in intellectual affairs. Russia did need reforms and it was logical that the Empress should look to the West and especially to France for guidance. Voltaire himself had studied modern Russian history and was acquainted with the problems facing her. Indeed, he knew that Catherine earnestly desired to have Russia take its place as a leading European power and he saw this as an opportunity to influence her internal and external policies. From a strictly psychological viewpoint Catherine's pride would have another reason for swelling if she were linked with the most prominent man of letters in all Europe. Thus, for a variety of reasons they began their correspondence which was to last for nearly 15 years.

Catherine's Genevese secretary, Pictet, made the formal arrangements for the first of the letters. They both begin by professing great admiration and respect for one another. Catherine said, in October of 1763, that she had been familiar with his work for some time—"... mais je peux vous assurer que depuis 1746, que je dispose de mon temps, je vous ai les plus grands obligations:" Voltaire constantly reminded her of his devotion to her and at times referred to himself as "le prêtre de votre temple". This mutual admiration society of two members may seem a bit absurd to us. This absurdity, however, was typical of the eighteenth century and was simply a form of common courtesy. It should not, in other words, be taken too seriously.

Voltaire soon revealed his envy of the Russian relationship between Church and State. He found it refreshing to see a country free from the intrigues of the Jesuits and able to control the Church through the Holy Synod. "Il vous admire d'avoir su réduire les prêtres à être utiles et dépendants," he wrote in 1765. They discussed Church affairs often, especially Catholicism in Poland and Orthodoxy in Turkey. They naturally agreed that the State must have the supreme authority. Catherine pointed this out in telling him of a recalcitrant bishop of Rostov, "Ariène". Apparently he had had some success in gaining power for the Church under Elizabeth and "il voulait établir le principe absurde des deux puissances." She was pleased to report that the bishop was ousted by the Holy Synod, for she would not tolerate such insubordination. Her final words on the case clearly revealed the basic eighteenth century opinion of religious fanaticism. ". . . il fut jugé par le métropolitain de Novgorod et par le synode entier, condamné comme fanatique, coupable d'une entreprise contraire à la foi orthodoxe autant qu'au pouvoir souverain, déchu de sa dignité et de la prêtrise, et livré au bras séculier. Je lui fis grâce, et je me contentai de le réduire à la condition de moine." Such fanaticism was taboo to the enlightened and this attitude was common throughout all Europe. Church and State were able to live together in peace only in such countries as England where the former was content to be non-enthusiastic and a maintainer of the social and political status quo.

They both took great delight in ridiculing the Pope and the Jesuits. The biggest joke of all was the Polish-Turkish struggle against Russia. The fact that the Catholic Church was thus allied with the Turks to prevent "la chute de la sainte Église catholique" in Poland was the most absurd example of blind religious fanaticism. On the other hand, Catherine took great pride in reminding Voltaire of her own policy of toleration. "La tolérance est établie chez-nous: elle fait loi de l'état et il est défendu de persécuter." Of course she failed to acknowledge the fact that she had used the issue of toleration as an excuse to intervene in Poland. Voltaire justified her policy in these words, written to Frederick the Great: "'Tis an amusing thing, and apparently contradictory, to support indulgence and tolerance by force of arms; but then intolerance is so odious that it deserves to have its ears boxed. If superstition has made war for so long, why should we not make war on superstition?" He had seen quite enough injustice in the name of religion and, thus, he viewed Catherine's policy of toleration in its most favorable light.

Voltaire told her that the Pope and Moustapha were her two worst enemies. "Les croisades étaient bien ridicules; mais qu'un nonce du pape ait fait entrer le grand-turc dans so croi-
sade contre vous, cela est digne de la farce italienne." He even said that he could not visit Rome, as he would be repulsed at the sight of monks in "le Capitole" and the tombs of the Scipios befouled by the feet of priests. Thus, it is no surprise that they were both pleased when Clement XIV became Pope in 1770. He was not as friendly with the Turks as was his predecessor and he had the Jesuits abolished several years later. Voltaire was capable of respecting even the Pope if he showed any signs of being enlightened.

The war with Turkey which was formally terminated by the Peace of Kutchuk-Kainardji in 1774 was their most common conversation piece. The correspondence hit its peak during this period, as Catherine was glad to have Voltaire's support for her war. She still thought of herself as liberal and tolerant and her mind was receptive to Voltaire's ideas. The Instruction was a product of this period and she had not yet undergone the traumatic experience of Pugachov.

Voltaire made clear his faith in her armed forces at the very beginning of the war. He wrote her in November 1768, "... je pense sérieusement que si jamais les Turcs doivent être chassés de l'Europe, ce sera par les Russes." Although not driven from Europe the Turks suffered repeated reverses at the hands of the Russians. Each report of Russian success by Catherine elicited a prompt and enthusiastic reply from Ferney. He was quite amazed, as was all Europe, when her navy won victories in the Mediterranean after the incredible trip by the northern route. To Voltaire this was a greater feat than Hannibal's crossing the Alps. As if that wasn't enough she was working on a new legal code at the same time. The praise he showered down on her was probably the most sincere and enthusiastic of the entire correspondence, for Catherine had awakened all Europe by her military victories.

The French gave diplomatic support to the Turks and some Frenchmen fought with them. Voltaire was, to say the least, upset by this. He tried his best to make up for the mistakes of his countrymen by recruiting officers for Catherine's armies. He had other contributions to make toward her war effort such as some tank-like machine which he thought might help. Every action of the war interested him and he discussed in some detail the condition of the Turkish forces. When the Russians suffered some reverses in 1770 he tried to cheer her up by looking for positive aspects of the war such as a possible revolt in Egypt. Thus, by seeking recruits, inventing war machines (alas! not very helpful), or trying to cheer the Empress, Voltaire made his own contributions to the war effort.

By the end of 1770 the war was going quite well for the Russians. The armies were fighting well in the area of the Danube and the navy had destroyed the Turkish fleet at Chesme. The Turks were suffering from internal unrest, as both the Egyptians and the Greeks were ready to revolt. Voltaire followed the activity in both Egypt and Greece with keen interest. Although he was pleased to hear of Ali-Bey's revolt his main concern was with the fate of the Greeks. Catherine agreed, but never committed herself to a campaign to capture Constantinople. When it became apparent that the unhappy Greeks were not going to be freed from Turkish domination, Voltaire asked her, "Aurai-je la douleur de voir les enfants du galant Alcibiade obéir à d'autres qu'à Catherine-la-Grande?" Unfortunately he was never to see her enthroned in Constantinople and the Greeks had to wait for their independence.

As Russia's military reputation rose Catherine maintained that the internal situation was also improving. Whenever she discussed the supposedly healthy state of her finances, Voltaire would praise her efforts and point out the poor financial situation of the French Government. He was quite sensitive about this, for he realized the importance of sound fiscal policies in government. Thus, he was bitterly disappointed when Turgot, hailed by him as a messiah, was unable to put any fundamental changes into effect. Catherine's finances were somewhat of a mystery to all Europe, but she succeeded in convincing Voltaire that they were in fine shape. In general, she claimed that Russian prosperity was at an all time high despite the years of war. It is somewhat distressing to read her letters telling Voltaire of the good harvests brought in by the peasants, implying that they were quite content, when we now know of the brutal facts of peasant life in eighteenth century Russia. At any rate, she wrote him in 1771 that the finances were fine and that after three years of war, "toute la reste va comme en pleine paix." The war could not even prevent the swift rebuilding of St. Petersburg after the fire of the same year.
Catherine was obviously trying to convince Voltaire, and through him the rest of Europe, that Russia was now a leading European power, second to none in military might, economic prosperity and general resourcefulness.

Although the war did not achieve all that Voltaire had hoped for he called the Peace of Kutchuk-Kainardji "votre paix si glorieuse et si utile." One of the more unfortunate aspects of the war had been its interference with the proposed codification of the law. When the Instruction was drawn up in 1768 there was every reason to believe that Catherine sincerely wanted to reform the Russian legal system. The Assembly which met at St. Petersburg actually had representatives from most of the Russian classes and it appeared that the Enlightenment might make itself felt in this effort. The failure of this reform attempt cannot be laid solely at the feet of Catherine. The Assembly itself fell to bickering over the question of which class or classes was to get control of the serfs. When the war broke out Catherine had a valid excuse to adjourn the proceedings although she had not yet abandoned the idea that legal reform might ultimately become a reality. During the war she repeatedly informed Voltaire that work on a new code was still going on albeit at a slow pace.

Despite the difficulties the Instruction was looked upon as an excellent foundation for an enlightened legal code by the rest of the European intelligentsia. Once again Voltaire could look with hope to Russia even if there was only despair at France and its form of legalized murder. He had worked very hard for three years to have the name of Calas cleared and Catherine had even sent him some financial assistance for the case. Surely the Empress was his ally in the struggle for justice in Europe. She had read Beccaria and Montesquieu and seemed to agree that law was of paramount importance for any country interested in progress as defined by the Enlightenment. Voltaire was even more convinced of Russian superiority over France when the Instruction was censored in Paris. Two thousand copies had been printed in Holland, but were not allowed to circulate in France. Voltaire believed this to be quite absurd and called the censor in Paris an imbecile for having them sent back to Holland.

When the war was over, however, the proposed code was not taken up again seriously by Catherine. The attitude of the Russian classes at the Assembly and the interruption of the war itself were part of the explanation for this failure. Voltaire made it quite clear that he held Moustapha responsible for stopping the work. There was another important reason for Catherine's less enthusiastic attitude toward a new code after the war. This was the revolt led by Pugachov which shook the imperial throne in 1774. A brief discussion of this revolt will make this point clear.

Pugachov led a peasant uprising in 1774. It was ill organized, but assumed vast proportions before a Russian army crushed it by military might. Catherine experienced for the first time a popular uprising against her rule and it was proof enough that the rosy picture of Russia that she had painted for Voltaire was far from the truth. There were two effects of the Pugachov affair which profoundly changed Catherine's attitude on reform. They were: 1) she no longer had any real interest in helping the serfs and was now more interested in controlling them than in freeing them; 2) she was reconciled to a certain extent with the nobility and looked to them for the support that she needed to prevent any further popular movements against the Crown. Gooch points out that Voltaire didn't seem to realize how scared she had been by the revolt. He had discussed the affair with her in a number of letters. He thought that perhaps Pugachov was receiving aid from a foreign enemy of Russia. It didn't really occur to him that internal conditions might have been bad enough to prompt such an uprising. He still had faith in Catherine's administration and believed it to be one of the most enlightened in all Europe. Catherine wrote that Pugachov was "si timide et si faible dans sa prison" after he had been brought to Moscow in early 1775. This type of statement was misleading, for the Pugachov movement had been anything but timide. Although she would not admit it to Voltaire, by 1775 Catherine's liberal period was at an end and the reaction, completed by the French Revolution, had begun.

The Instruction was the most important single item discussed in the correspondence, but there were other topics which interested both Voltaire and Catherine and reflected her interest in the Enlightenment. She received the volumes of the Encyclopedie and told him of her great interest in the work of the philosophes. Diderot and D'Alembert also had contact with Catherine. In 1773 Voltaire wrote to her that
he and Diderot were the laity who preach the cult of St. Catherine "et nous pouvons nous vanter que notre église est assez universelle." Although Voltaire and Catherine never met, Diderot did make the trip to Russia in 1773. Prince Galitsyn helped arrange the visit and Nariskin, a court chamberlain, accompanied Diderot from The Hague to St. Petersburg. Voltaire was quite enthusiastic about the visit and told Catherine that he was anxious to hear her account of it. Diderot and Catherine had frequent and long conversations together, but there were no practical results after he left. This is an excellent example of her attitude toward the Enlightenment in general. She enjoyed its ideas, for they were popular at the time, but she did not apply them to Russia itself. Morley, in discussing Diderot's visit, sums up her attitude by saying that "she probably cared less for the opinion and sentiment of Russia than for the applause of Europe." In other words, it was fashionable to be a conspicuous friend of the philosophes and if she could not consider their philosophy seriously she did enjoy sharing the attention paid them by all Europe.

The correspondence with Voltaire contained many examples of Catherine's wish to have Russia's reputation enhanced in Europe. In 1771 she told him that the article on Siberia in Les Questions Sur L'Encyclopédie gave a false picture of the area. Siberia was really quite nice! She refused to allow such detrimental material to circulate throughout the European intelligentsia unchallenged. She discussed the point with Voltaire on several occasions and even sent him some examples of Siberian plant life to prove her point. She was, to say the least, very concerned about the attitude of others toward her beloved Russia.

Catherine took great pride in the new methods of hygiene which she had introduced into Russia. She told Voltaire of the smallpox inoculation which she had received from Dr. Dimsdale. The good Doctor also did a great deal of work in three of the St. Petersburg schools and was partially responsible for a new hospital there. Voltaire took an interest in this work, as it was an example of reason triumphing over superstition. Modern medicine had new answers to the problems of disease and it was no longer necessary to rely on superstition, i.e., religion, to cure the sick. The most outstanding case of the old clashing with the new was during an outbreak of the plague in Moscow in 1771, several years after Dimsdale's visit. The faithful crowded about an image of the Virgin at the gates of the city, seeking a miraculous cure. The Archbishop, Ambrose, was an enlightened cleric and he realized that this only helped to spread the disease. He secretly removed the image one night in the hope that the crowds would no longer crowd about the spot. When the people discovered what had been done they sought out Father Ambrose, hiding in a cellar, and tore him to pieces. Here was a true martyr of an enlightened age! Voltaire expressed sorrow at this news and discussed how difficult it was to instruct the masses on such matters. It was quite true that Catherine had introduced new methods of hygiene, but only on a limited basis. The lower orders of society who needed hygiene the most were not affected at all.

When Voltaire died in 1778 Catherine was sincerely sorry. If she did not take his advice to heart she had appreciated their correspondence. In two letters to Grimm she expressed her feeling of loss at Voltaire's passing and told him of her respect for the late Sage of Ferney. There is no reason to suppose that she was deceiving Grimm, for their correspondence had always been straightforward and unambiguous. On the other hand, it is difficult to know what Voltaire's opinion of her was by the time he died. He was probably disappointed that more had not been achieved, especially in legal reform. The spirit of the Enlightenment had not completely disappeared from St. Petersburg in 1778 and there was still reason to hope that better things would come. It was the French Revolution which brought the final reaction of Catherine to all things liberal. Gooch concludes that "Whatever were Voltaire's real sentiments towards Catherine, her life-long admiration for his genius is not in doubt. Every form of respect was paid to his memory till the French Revolution transformed an enlightened Empress into a frightened reactionary. Though she knew that he would have condemned the opening of the floodgates with scarcely less vigour than herself, she removed Houdon's incomparable bust from her gallery of sages as a sign that she had broken with her liberal past."

Obviously we must draw the conclusion that the Enlightenment had no real effect on Russia during Catherine's reign. In looking back to this age we might wonder why Voltaire had
written to Catherine in the first place. Was he so naive as to think that she was a serious student of philosophy, willing to put enlightened ideas into practice? Certainly he was a bit naive, as were many of the philosopher who believed that enlightened despotism could answer all the problems of Europe—problems which had accumulated during the course of many centuries. On the other hand, we should not overlook the positive achievements of these men. Catherine was not the only political figure in contact with Voltaire and other leading French thinkers. Despite their personal difficulties in 1753, Voltaire and Frederick the Great had a long and significant correspondence. By his method of propaganda Voltaire did a great deal to spread the new ideas throughout Europe. Even the Russian intelligentsia was to feel his influence, although through no fault of Catherine. Catherine herself was not really much of a philosopher, for philosophy was more of an ornament for her court than anything else. It is unfair, however, to blame Voltaire for failing to make her understand. Part of the trouble was his failure to understand the inadequacies of a despotic system, regardless of the philosophy which guided the individual despot.

In conclusion, then, let us realize that Voltaire's failure in Russia was counterbalanced by some success in other areas of Europe. Indeed, it would have been quite strange if Voltaire and the philosophes had made no attempt to influence one of the most powerful women that Europe has ever seen. After all is said and done we must admit with Kingsley Martin that "it was much to have an Empress of Russia who patronized philosophy, who called Montesquieu's L'Esprit des Lois her breviary, and who carried out his principles at least up to the point of formally abolishing the use of torture. If Catherine's reforms were often shams, like Potemkin's villages, Pombal in Portugal, Leopold in Tuscany, and, finally, Joseph in Austria, were all genuine reformers, whose inspiration came directly from Voltaire and his colleagues."

**Selected Bibliography**


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Stagnant, odor-filled air.
Speed lost: quiet now ... and then,
Sharply: undulating noise.
Nothing left, no feeling—
Nerves.
Stench:
Epic!

*Douglas S. Green*
Poem

I

These are the blond leaves,
Slick and flat, patted beneath the winter piles,
Peelable and oblivious to last summer's flying
colors.
Green flakes, suspended and now fallen,
Folded in complacent sheaves,
Smiling sightless smiles.
These are the blond leaves
Whose wan oil shall transpire
New kingdoms, their flags and fire.

As I watched him playing in the grey-hot sand
His pleasant eyes changed
And he began to run hard towards the sea,
While the forgotten sand leaped at his heels.
Grey sand, silent sand,
The shuffle of filing ages.
Then his feet slap the loose lips of the sea, and
The curling soak whisks at his bonebright
ankles, and
The fluteblue water flaunts around his face and
arms, and
As the seething green-roll slides closer
He is gnashed, hurtled, sheered,
Shot off into all directions.
The rushing rocket boils and blows away his
clothes
And he is naked and lavish in the lap of the
sea.

That summer his mother aged heavily
As she watched him play beneath the salted
June sky.
She slowly faded as his circle of friends
Danced round in mirth upon the coils of the
earth
Slowly faded towards the sand.

Frolic-laden, he plows through the dying
breakers
And strides on towards land.

Slowly, the sand.
II
Well, what’s going on, anyway?
A bunch of leaves floating around in the ocean
With some poet on top that can’t even make
rhymes!
Maybe it’s because I’m not with the times,
But I haven’t got the slightest notion
Of what’s going on, anyway?

Excuse me, please, if I confuse you.
All I’m trying to do is ask a question,
And one, perhaps, you’re very used to:
“What’s going on?” that’s it.
Do all your thoughts in life create alone
An epitaph upon a graveyard stone.
Be still a little, and let me end my song.

III
A dark wind, smoothed by the long fingers of
the sand,
Hurried inland across the earth fields
Brushing through the slanting shafts of light.
In the fearful darkness it streamed past
Newbold’s field,
Clearing the stone wall by a good foot;
Sailed back into the lane over four rails of
solid timber,
Pushed open the gate
And whispered through the churchyard.
A pile of leaves in the corner rose up in a
frightened whirl
And fell back, helpless.
So, I sat, with my back to the wall
And the wind running through my hair.
Sat and wondered.
Wondered if my head would some day
Be squeezed upon a coin,
A charred souvenir
Hung carefully upon a wall
And is that all

IV
As he stopped to wipe the sweat
He thrust his shovel with a clank
And bending over picks up a charred, ancient
penny
With a face.
Dimly he squats
Thinks
Who
Was he?

Not was, you clot!
Is, ever, ever;
I will to be immortal,
To consume the cool bluebright sky in a glance
While vaulting backwards into the bed of a
stream
Racked with giant laughter as the water tears
over my head
And rushes off with a fistful of smouldering
sand.
And yet, even now the idea wrinkles;
How long did you say?
Till the explosion of the sun
Sends us flying towards new stars to conquer,
Till the September rain tears the leaves from
their branches,
Till the dawn creeps slowly in and asserts
itself?
Sweet perfumes settle along the fingers of the
mind
And the milk of ancient eyes coats immortality
With the desire to witness yet another day.

Immortal: a troubled word of small precision,
Words that slip, slide, struggle for position,
And totter onto each other’s shoulders;
Quick—see the world’s largest, human pyramid,
(Grinning out at the audience)
And growing still higher
Till a sudden gust of wind sends them
Streaking out the window in a flutter,
And finding themselves quite alone
Drift in aimless piles along the gutter.

Peter Dunning
The Well of Amymone

A meadow girl sang fall songs to the child
Poseidon never fathered, fleshed
Only by a dream of kindness.

Her sister Hypermnestra's splendid falsity
Was mortal to the heart of one
Whose love ran like her spring
Touched by the fertile trident.
But Hades tasked a liquid grief
Of weeping jars filled with imagined love
To be remembered through eternity.

Michael Rewa

One on the Muse

You, faithless memory,
Erratic,
So variable
toward helpless men,
Thinking, learning, testing, forgetting.

Some rich remember much.
Some poor dissemble such
as by your whim.

How do you segregate?
Which men retain?
Which men forget?
Your power is greatest of all
to submit humans
To form education
Full or useless.

Richard P. Hall

To a Martini

Not too much—ah—just right.
The secret's to pretend to use vermouth.
Now stir it gently, slowly, more,
Just perfect—pour.

A health, my dear, to you and me,
Our love will grow with every sip.
Another one? I always think
It's nice to have a social drink
You have a dizzy feeling in your head?
Here, let me help you up to bed.

Good-morning, dear, I hope you're
Well and pleasant this fine day.
What's that—you feel uncouth?
The secret's to pretend to use vermouth.

Anthony Thurston
We have been undergoing a great deal of self-examination in this nation in recent times. We have been told that we lack a full appreciation for scientific research. Unfortunately, this is the case. But as a young civilization I think that we are also in need of philosophical direction. Most young cultures are impetuous; only mature ones, seasoned and wise. As a dynamic civilization we require, I think, more wisdom.

This intellectual lack not only applies to us collectively, but also individually. Every human being, I submit, must develop some philosophical awareness, if he is to attain full growth. In praising the man of action and underestimating the intellectual, as we are prone to do, we betray our special lack.

However, if I am to prove my thesis that we need a philosophy today, it will first be necessary for me to explain what philosophy is. But this is no easy task, and my job is complicated by the fact that contemporary philosophy itself has been undergoing severe analysis. Indeed, some think that the great scandal of Western civilization is philosophy. Philosophers, we are told, cannot even agree among themselves as to what they are about; why should anyone else bother with their dialectical subtleties? Philosophers begin with simple things which everyone knows to be true—and end up by making them seem unnecessarily ridiculous and confusing.

Some people claim that philosophy has been outdistanced by science. Philosophy makes no progress; science does. Philosophers have debated the same questions since the time of Plato. The history of philosophy is the history of dead systems; and contemporary philosophers are playing the same old guessing game. Philosophers spin fanciful theories out of their heads; whereas science advances by the use of experiment and mathematics.

Philosophy gives us no help in solving the real problems of life, claims the critic. It is out of touch with life. Life is exciting and qualitative, not a ballet of bloodless and empty philosophical abstractions.

Philosophy today can give us no certainties—at least it does not seem to draw easy conclusions as do our scientists, politicians, clergymen and newspaper pundits. All that philosophers seem to leave us with is doubt and a bad taste.

Philosophy, the unkind critic may admit, is all right—for those that can stand it; but for the emancipated it is a mass of unorganized chaos. Like astrology, phrenology, and superstition, it should be avoided at all costs.

This is a rather devastating attack. It leaves one to wonder why anyone should claim the need for philosophy. Many of these charges I think are true and most contemporary philosophers might agree with them. But some of them are exaggerated, and I shall want to answer them later in this paper. Philosophy is as old as Western civilization, and many sins have been committed in its name. Philosophers have no doubt in the past claimed too much, or as is the case in the present, too little.

There has been a revolution of sorts in philosophy in the modern world. Today's philosophy tries to be consistent and empirical, and like science, objective and dispassionate. Philosophy has lost any pretentions for grandeur. Indeed, one of the reasons why philosophy has appeared bankrupt to some is because perhaps it alone has been honest about what it does or does not find in the universe.

But what is philosophy? I think that our answer is at least three-fold: First, philosophy is analytic and critical. It asks the questions: "What do you mean?" and "Why do you believe that?" Second philosophy is synthetic and integrative. It seeks to relate, connect, and unify our experience and knowledge. Third, it is creative imagination at work—suggesting a possible future.
I. PHILOSOPHY AS ANALYSIS AND CRITICISM

Common sense assumes any number of uncrirical and unreflective beliefs about existence, life, society. These beliefs are frequently based on habit, custom, prejudice, emotion, faith, intuition, authority. Common sense, for example, asserts that objects really exist independent of whether or not any one perceives them. Yet the philosopher Berkeley tells us that we have no guarantee that a tree falls in the forest when no one is around to perceive it, for whatever we know is through perception. Ridiculous!, says the practical man. But is it? Physics tells us that tree-objects are perceived at the end of a causal process. Trees are collocations of atomic particles. We receive energy patterns through a medium from the alleged tree. This makes an impression on our retina, which is transmitted to the brain and nervous system. Is the idea of the tree as perceived the same as the tree independent of our perception? Philosophers are not so sure, for some think that our perceiving adds something to what we perceive. Thus we must be careful about making naive assertions about reality.

I refute Berkeley thus, said Samuel Johnson, kicking the nearest stone and stubbing his toe. But was Mr. Johnson missing a more subtle point, namely, that our world is far more complex than common sense assumes? The man of common sense claims that there is a tree, by God (1); yet the physicist tells us that the tree is not as it appears but is a mass of swarming particles, with great gaps between them; and the psychologist points out the interpretive element in perception. Whose picture is real and whose deceptive?

And what about the poet who emotes about the beauty of the tree; or the economist who calculates the market value of its wood; or the little boy who carves his initials in its bark. Is the physicist's picture the only correct one (as the materialist asserts), or the mentalists (as Berkeley asserts), or are all of these descriptions correct depending upon the contexts and purposes?

Here I have only raised a problem rather than attempted to solve it. Philosophers are continually doing this. But why is it valuable to ask such questions? Do we learn something in the process? I think so. The philosopher takes our instinctive and crude beliefs and subjects them to critical scrutiny. He submits our gross experience to refinement. He takes the concepts of everyday life, science, art, religion and examines them for meaning. In reading a Berkeley, we may not get final answers, but at least we become aware of what we know and why; and this may enable us to clear up puzzling problems and contradictions.

Of course, a philosophical analysis of beliefs eventually leads to the question what is "knowledge" or "truth". But these are still other vague ideas which need careful analysis. The physicist talks about a world of mass and energy and supports his inferred hypotheses by experimental evidence. But the ordinary man, who may use another method, does not encounter these entities in his direct experience. The poet also claims to give us artistic truth; the mystic talks about a "higher" truth; and the mathematician asserts a distinct type of formal truth. What is "truth" anyway? What do we know when we "know"? Most people assume their criteria of knowledge. The philosopher examines these presuppositions taking little for granted.

Contemporary philosophy in pursuing meanings has found a still more basic problem: the meaning of "meaning" itself. This takes us to semantics, linguistics, and logic. These fields have occupied the best brains in philosophy today (from Bertrand Russell to Wittgenstein) and there has been great progress made in the twentieth century. Most people are unaware of the profound development of tools and techniques which enables logicians to carry the analytic job further. Such tools can be of great aid in analysing key concepts in various intellectual domains: science, mathematics, the arts, etc. But much of this is highly specialized, and philosophy as criticism also has a direct bearing on the ordinary man.

In every day life there are many other puzzling terms which we uncritically employ: For example, what do we mean when we say that something is "good"? This is a term of praise. It usually means that we consider something to be worthwhile. But what is meant by saying that it is "worthwhile", asks the philosopher—That it ought to be preferred? But what does this mean? That I approve of it and that most people should? But Why? Because it gives us pleasure? But why ought we to praise that which gives pleasure? We are now well on the philosophical road. Because it leads to happiness? But what do we mean by "happi-
ness", and why should anyone take this as a standard? Many people are stumped here. They may suddenly remember that they have to leave.

Or again there is much talk about "justice" in politics. But what do we mean and are we sure we can defend our conception? Or what do we mean by the term "God" and can we justify belief in Him; or what do we mean by "beauty"?

Here we have entered the business of the critical philosopher; and it can be a nasty business. The Athenians were the first to meet a critical philosopher, Socrates, who raised such embarrassing questions. They did not know quite what to do with him. He was accused by the un-Athenian affairs committee of subverting the youth of Athens. They offered to exonerate him, if he would only keep quiet. He refused. And so Socrates was forced to drink the hemlock and became the first martyr to free inquiry. He was the "gadfly" goading men to think clearly about their fondest prejudices.

Ever since, philosophers have had to be cautious. Aristotle, for example, in a similar situation fled Athens, claiming that he did not want philosophy sinned against twice! Yet philosophy has always pursued the critical quest for meanings; and, as such, is subversive. It subverts our glib pretentions, assumptions and values. Annoying, exasperating? Yet if Socrates is correct, it is necessary for the life of the mature mind, and essential for a civilization which is to meet its challenging problems.

II. PHILOSOPHY AS INTEGRATION AND SYNTHESIS

But this is only the first step of the philosophical quest. Does philosophy have anything else to do besides asking probing questions?

Philosophical analysis and criticism appear to many to be merely negative. Does not philosophy have a more positive task, asks the critic of philosophy, such as religion or science?

One cynic has said that the theologian is a man in a dark room groping for a black cat—and he thinks he's got it. The scientist refuses to enter the room because he disapproves of the whole procedure. The philosopher on the contrary is busy groping inside and out. While in the room he cannot find what the theologian claims and he is continually criticizing him for it; and while out he makes no scientific discoveries, yet examines the scientist's theories and tells him what they mean. "Gadfly" is the classic description for this. But is not "nuisance" a better term? I think not. The analytic philosopher examines and criticizes the language, beliefs and assumptions of the theologian, the scientist and every one else. Though this may seem destructive, there is an important therapeutic value to such an inquiry, for we have to be clear about what we mean and why we believe it if we are to advance the cause of knowledge.

But philosophy has a still more constructive role to play. For philosophy is also concerned with synthesis and integration. It asks: "What does it all mean, and how does it fit together?"

One of the major crises of our technological civilization is the tremendous growth of the division, departmentalization, and specialization of human activities and knowledge. Great progress has been made in the various sciences. But it is becoming increasingly difficult for members in any one field to know what is going on in other fields. And to make matters worse there has been a tendency for each of the separate fields to break down into sub-fields. For example, in economics, one must know about business cycles, money and banking, price theory, welfare economics, statistics, labor relations and economic growth. And in psychology, about clinical psychology, social psychology, psychobiology, neurology, psychoanalysis and psychiatry. A distinguished mathematician recently complained to me that he could only understand about ten percent of all the papers written in mathematics. And the trend is intensifying as new fields develop at a fast rate; cybernetics, game theory, theory of value, decision theory, gerontology, rocket and missiles, to mention only a few. The same thing is true of the arts and professions, as in music, painting, drama, religion, medicine and law. This impasse in communication is especially evident when a group of specialists get together. Unless they are willing to listen politely and ignorantly while a friend talks enthusiastically about his specialty, the only thing they have in common is the weather, sports, politics, or their children! This tendency toward fragmentation perhaps reflects deeper forces at work within our society. Mass production has broken the worker, salesman, designer and executive from their products.

Thus we are faced with the question: how
can we organize and relate the experience and knowledge of our complex civilization?

Now it has been traditionally the task of philosophy to attempt to do this. The philosophers of old called this "system building." They attempted to construct a system of deductively related propositions. Beginning with certain first principles, axioms and postulates, they sought the most comprehensive generalizations of the universe. All parts of the world were supposed to fit into their systems.

We know today that these grandiose schemes were far too pretentious in their goals. Though a Plotinus, Aquinas, Spinoza, or Hegel might provide us with impressive world-views, their universes were apt to be block universes, which either claimed too much, or rested on the sands of shifting knowledge. Most philosophers today are rather sceptical of such pre-scientific sweeps. Analytic philosophers especially have a strong aversion to any type of "abstruse metaphysical conjuration." They consider metaphysics to be "the systematic misuse of a special terminology specifically invented for the purpose." For there are profound methodological difficulties in confirming or validating such speculations. Perhaps it was possible for encyclopedic minds such as Aristotle, or Aquinas, or probably the last, Leibniz to attempt to sum up the knowledge of their age into a philosophical system. But who among us today is able to perform the feat? If it is not possible for many specialists to know what is going on in their own fields, how is the philosopher to provide any help? A specialist is one who is supposed to know a "whole lot about a little", and a speculative philosopher a little about a whole lot, but for today's speculative philosopher this may all too easily become a "whole lot about nothing." Our old symbols have lost their power, and our philosophical systems their integrative meanings. Still there is a desperate need for a unified outlook in cosmology, politics and morality. But who is to provide it?

Some people have suggested that it is the task of the scientist. For many, physical mechanics was supposed to do this. Unfortunately this hopeful scheme has confronted serious obstacles. While mechanistic explanations do have their important uses, they have proved decidedly limited in many areas (e.g., the social sciences.) Nonetheless, there has been a piecemeal breakdown of the lines between many fields within science itself, as chemistry and physics show. But the scientific unification of all of our knowledge and experience still remains a far-off goal.

For many, religion is supposed to provide an integration. But there is so much in the modern world that has outstripped or is irrelevant to religion, and frequently religion only borrows bogus-metaphysics or myth. The literary mind, too, seeks insight and outlook through poetic metaphor. But unfortunately this also may be watered-down philosophy.

At this stage of human knowledge the philosopher is perhaps as well equipped as anyone to integrate; provided, that is, that he is analytic, tentative and piecemeal, and does not claim too much. What philosophy can effectively do today is to deal with the particular area in order to find its main assumptions, premises, conclusions, and methods. It is not necessary for him to know every detail in a field to understand its general terrain. Every field has its assumed presuppositions, even though specialists in a field frequently are unaware of them. The philosopher must discover these. Only then can he go on to seek the implications and relationships of this field to other fields. Only then can he search for common concepts in outlook. Only then may he ask for analogies and similarities in methods, categories, and conclusions. The goal of the philosopher ultimately is to formulate a general perspective. He wants to learn what it all means and how it fits together.

Contemporary philosophy has provided some unities—but these mainly have been for selective and limited areas: In philosophy of science, for example, we are well aware of the Newtonian world view, this was a summary of pre-twentieth century natural science: mechanism, materialism, and determinism. There has been a dramatic revolution in physics in the past fifty years. Neither philosophers nor physicists are exactly sure what it means—though both do a great deal of speculating about it. This is one of the most exciting though difficult challenges that we face.

The philosophy of human nature is another attempt to formulate a general theory—this time about mind or life; and it is a summary of the social sciences. Today we see that our old dualistic theories of mind and body need to be discarded. But these are piecemeal jobs.

Some philosophers have attempted to go further in an effort to sum up knowledge and
adjust art, religion, and science. Whitehead, for instance, with his organismic metaphysics, or Samuel Alexander with his theory of emergent evolution, or even Existentialism. But most philosophers are very unsatisfied with the results thus far. We feel much less successful here than in analytic and critical philosophy. Yet it is a challenge that must be met if we are to overcome our current fragmentation. Those of us who are willing to continue the quest do not wish to set philosophy against science as a special type of truth. We know that if we are to succeed our methods must be analytic, and our conclusions must correspond to empirical knowledge. Our task is so difficult today only because we know too much, not too little.

It must be admitted that the role of integration is not the sole concern of philosophy, but is the goal of the liberal arts in general. Indeed, philosophy is a synonym for the liberal temper of mind. Liberal education seeks to develop whole, not part human beings, to expand the vision of human life. Philosophy differs from the other liberal arts in that it attempts to be conscious of what it is about and why: Along with integrative wholeness it strives for critical awareness. But with the other liberal arts it shares the desire to open up a new universe and creative life of unsuspected possibilities. Here, however, I am led to a third main function of philosophy.

III. PHILOSOPHY AS CREATIVE IMAGINATION: THE VALUE OF PHILOSOPHIC DOUBT

We have already seen that the philosophical person may evince two qualities of mind: he may be analytic or he may be integrative. But there is still another important quality of mind: speculative imagination, wonder, and intellect fancy-free. Not all philosophers have manifested each of these qualities. Some have been woodchoppers and pruners (analysts and critics), some forest surveyers (integraters) and only some planters of seedlings (creative dreamers.)

Now this third type of philosophy takes us out on the road beyond where the paving ends. The philosopher is never satisfied with what is. He is forever assailing the boundaries of the unknown. Philosophy is the quest for the future. In any period of time there is an existing body of knowledge. Science tries to expand this knowledge. But philosophy takes one leap beyond what "sensible" people will entertain. Philosophy enters the domain of the possible, which may be virtually infinite in scope. It is the reservoir of creative suggestion, the vision of unimagined alternatives.

There is what may be called the fallacy of the completed dictionary or closed book. This is the view that all that can be said is already summed up in our existing language or body of knowledge. The analytic philosopher frequently behaves this way. He is really conservative, since he takes the existing stock of words and explanations and examines them to see what they mean. The critical philosopher on the contrary is more likely to be subversive; sceptically he questions those of our beliefs which rest on shaky grounds. The synthetic philosopher is both conservative and reconstructive. He takes what is already known and seeks to organize and unify it. But the imaginative philosopher is the true radical, because he wants to break all the boundaries of existing linguistic rules and established concepts to think new and almost inexpressible thoughts. Philosophy as speculation breeds on novelty, on ingenuity, on daring insight into depths as yet unspoken.

There are, of course, dangers in entering a realm where others fear to tread. Caution must balance the adventurous spirit. And we must return from our wild flights by constant self-criticism. Most philosophers today are loathe to admit in public any speculative interests because they are keenly aware of the fallibilities involved. Yet there is a need for constant peering into the unknown, and the generating of new ideas when the old ones become stale and meaningless. Science also expands our knowledge by new ideas. However, it is limited in conjecture to hypotheses it can confirm. It is the task of the speculative philosopher to give free play to his imagination, to anticipate, and to advocate. He must not take his merely entertained possibilities as real, or his speculative insights as ultimate truths. They are merely suggestions which others must work out, refine, and test. Frequently only in the vaguest glimmerings are great ideas brought forth. And philosophy has as one of its tasks the creation of fresh departures in thought.

A brief inspection of history will illustrate how philosophers have often been ahead of their times in original conceptualization. Francis Bacon is perhaps one of the best examples. He is the true prophet of modern times—for 100
years before the dawn of modern science, he spoke of a new method and of the value of applied science. Knowledge, he said, was power and the key to progress. Or again, Leibniz foretold the need for a universal language of mankind in which we could express everything—he envisioned mathematical and symbolic logic two centuries before it was to develop. Or Hobbes anticipated sovereignty and the rise of the national state, and Locke clearly outlined ideas which were to be taken up and expanded in the American Constitution. There are many other seminal and germinal minds. Plato and Aristotle were among the greatest. Whitehead no doubt exaggerated when he said that every great idea is to be found in Plato, and that everything since is merely a footnote. Philosophy has always been on the adventurous frontier of new ideas.

But now it is time to answer those critics of philosophy who claim that philosophy is useless eyewash, slender guesswork, that it makes no advance, or that it deals with the same problems without offering any solutions. Practical men seek pragmatic results. Does philosophy have any?

First, we must do away with a misconception. Philosophy has made progress. Its constant mission is one of clarifying, unifying, and suggesting; these are never-ending tasks. There are always new problems and new knowledge; hence new philosophical jobs. Life is ongoing; it is not fixed; neither is philosophy.

William James claimed that the reason why philosophy seems to make no progress is that at one time all knowledge was part of the mainstream of philosophy, and that since then various branches have broken away. As soon as questions are resolved they are called sciences—what remains to philosophy is the residue (our unkind critic may call it refuse!) of questions still left unanswered. Philosophizing is thinking about the most difficult things which remain. There are very old questions which have never been completely resolved: is this universe one of design, or blind chance; is mind separable from body after death, or is it a function of physical-chemical processes; does man have free will or is he determined? Some of these so-called “perennial problems” may be meaningless or due to linguistic confusions. But some cannot be dissolved and remain as puzzles for humanity. And there are always new ones entering, such as those we face today: what is the picture of the universe which physical science gives us; what are the implications of non-Euclidean geometry; what is the meaning of “value”; the meaning of “meaning”?

The philosophically-minded will continue to deal with these problems. If a solution is discovered, he will go on to something new. This does not mean nor does he expect that all the basic questions can be solved. Yet there may still be great value in the questioning itself. Indeed, as Bertrand Russell pointed out, the significance of philosophy lies in large part precisely in the uncertainty, perplexity and doubt that it may generate. But the average man seeks certainty and security, not doubt. Why is doubt important? Because it keeps alive our sense of curiosity and wonder and puts us in a receptive frame of mind for entertaining alternative ways of belief and action.

The practical man is after all a narrow creature: he is concerned with everyday happenings, a limited circle of family, locality, friends, and interests. The scope of his world is small indeed. We are what we do; and the objects we transact with determine our natures. In so far as our objects and interests are narrow, we are narrow as persons; but in so far as they are enlarged, we are enlarged. When we doubt, criticize, speculate, we open up new and unsuspected realms of objects and interests. We are able to leave the restricting confines of the here and now. Our minds may roam through history and examine and compare a variety of systems and values. A person can only begin to understand what he is when he philosophizes about the fundamental questions of existence. Only then are the cares and trivialities of life put into their proper perspective. Philosophy makes us citizens of the universe. It can emancipate us from bondage to vague ideas, flimsy beliefs, petty aims, limited hopes and empty dreams.

Philosophy is a technical field of inquiry. But it is more than that. It is an attitude, a habit of conjoined intellect and will, a way of life. It can have a surprisingly practical function after all. “The unexamined life is not worth living” is the key philosophical message: critical examination, balanced perspective, creative imagination—these things help us to realize the deepest potentialities of the human race. An individual or a civilization can grow only when it meets the challenges that confront it by creative understanding and wise direction.
Each individual needs a philosophy, if full development and growth, is to replace instinct and habit. And each civilization needs self examination and perspective if it is to master the forces that seek to control its destiny and to survive.

Philosophy is thinking critically. Philosophy is thinking about generalities. Philosophy is wisdom. But it is not concerned only with what is, but with what ought to be. Perhaps here finally lies its ultimate value. If science tells us about techniques and means, how things occur, and what is necessary if they are to happen, then philosophy distinctively deals with ends and goals, and tells us what we ought to pursue and why. In so far as human beings seek ends and goals, they will always require wisdom in order to make right choices. Philosophy fails when it is out of touch with real life. It succeeds only when it helps to perfect human life, and this it does by expanding reason and thus providing the conditions which allow freedom and growth.

Do we need a philosophy? The question more appropriately should be, can we afford not to have one?

Homegoing Traffic

A tattered page of yesterday’s *Special*
Blows along the gutter,
Settles.
Nobody knows, and
Nobody cares.
The bustle of the city streets
Shatters the sultry air.
Five o’clock has rung across the land,
And there’s no calling it back again.

The crowds flow heedlessly along
Over the curbings and into the traffic,
To come awash at the opposite side.
Sweaty faces full of grit and dust,
Rumpled shirts and twisted ties,
All creeds and colors,
All heading in the same direction.

The commerce of the city.
The moving van and gravel truck,
Postal truck and tanker truck,
But most of all, the automobile—
Thousands of them: big ones
With flowing lines and aggressive chrome
bumpers;
Many with a single driver
Staring blankly at the car ahead—
All rumbling along,
Not caring.

The cop at the corner raises a weary hand,
And the traffic mutters to a stop.
An interlude of quiet.
The motors grumble a quiet tattoo;
Diesel engines and gas engines,
All impatient, all vibrating.

From an open window oozes a viscous stream
of jazz,
Off key and off-beat, listless and dreary.
A slight gust of wind picks up the dust,
And with it a whiff of stale coffee grounds,
Printer’s ink and rotten fish,
Exhaust smoke, coal smoke, cigarette smoke.
“Is it hot enough for you?”
“Is it hot?”
“Is it . . . ?”

The cop signals with a flick of the hand.
Motors start up and the honking resumes,
And the traffic slowly moves forward.
But the sky proffers no assistance.
Its dusty blue
Retains a limply burnished hue.

David E. Moore
What plans do you have for your leisure time this spring? Everyone knows that springtime is hobby time and all that restless energy stored up during the long winter months can finally be put to use on some worthwhile, rewarding pastime.

If at this stage your hobby plans for the coming spring have not been decided and you are open for suggestions, may I present to you the possibility of developing an interest in ornithology. The rapidly increasing number of ornithologists in this country during the last half century seems to testify to the rich and rewarding pleasures that can be obtained from this field. In 1900 they numbered less than a hundred; today, however, their influence is spread throughout the forty-eight states by over 8000 enthusiasts.

Let me take this opportunity to enlighten you on some of the benefits of this true-blooded American sport of bird watching. Hiking over hill and dale in search of our little feathered friends is not only relaxing but healthful to those numerous individuals who spend the greater part of their lives in some dismal office or over a hot stove. Birding, as it is known in the trade, demands only the time that you feel capable of giving it although it would be much to your advantage to plan your trips during the migratory season when the sport offers the utmost in excitement and thrills.

Further advocating the bird study hobby is the inexpensiveness of the equipment involved. Dew-proof clothing, field glasses, field guide, and notebook and pencil are sufficient aids for the novice or the expert; while such items as the Audubon bird call, the Audubon walking stick, the gaily colored Audubon sporting cap, and the Audubon two-piece matching field suit are available, they are not considered essential.

Let us take a minute to look into the hard, fighting central core of extremists around which these peeping toms of field and forest rally, the National Audubon Society. With its headquarters in Florida, the Society charts, in a manner similar to that employed by the F.B.I. in their dealings with Communists, the whereabouts and personal habits of the country's 653 species of birds. The Audubon Scoring System has been devised to provide a means of recognition for the activity's leading exponents. Under the A.S.S., a birder's total sightings for a given period classify him as a novice, moderate expert, or the exalted high expert. Can you not see the utter amazement that would spread over the faces of your business associates one Monday morning when you proudly announce to them that you have recorded over sixty-five bird species during the past weekend?

There is pride in this organization, and justifiably so. Who else but a devoted birder would rise at three A.M., stumble through swamp and marsh in the wee hours before dawn, and then stand breathless upon hearing the distant call of the ruby crowned kinglet. This occurrence alone would make the entire day a success, and late that evening around the fireside, others would listen with rapt attention to the fortunate individual as he relates his experience.

The terminology of the experienced birder leaves the realm of common man. No longer will he use the phrase "from dawn to dusk" but will substitute "from whippoorwill to barn owl". Having given his seat to a lady on a bus and not being thanked in return, he is apt to remark, "What does she think she is, a pied-billed grebe!"

In a moment of courage pick up a copy of the Audubon Monthly and read absorbingly the descriptions of the powerful purple gallinule, the uncommon sight of the three-clawed limpkin, the awesome expression of the roseate spoonbill, and the magnificent flight of the reddish egret. You will be humbled by your lowly physical endowments and character deficiencies, yet elated to be in the same world as these godlike creatures.

Should you elect to join the bird watching fraternity, little tidbits of information will be at your command to spread among your ac-
quaintances as you see fit. How many of your friends realize that the hermit thrush is constantly wiggling his tail out of extreme nervousness? Can many of your present companions be relied upon as sources of information concerning the city dump? You, however, will be keenly familiar with the area, as city dumps have long been recognized as excellent regions for spotting water fowl.

To become a truly devoted birder, your present opinion of national policy must be very flexible. While most Americans support fully the use of radar for our country’s defense, you will be forced to oppose the practice along with the other bird watchers on the basis that radar has had a highly undesirable effect on the poor homing pigeon, namely, that it has caused a great many of them to simply vanish after being subjected to its waves.

There are both advantages and sacrifices that must be made to be a birder of the highest degree. But when some literary friend of yours approaches you with the question, “Ah, what is so rare as a day in June?”, you will be able to reply proudly, “The seven pine siskins I saw in Memphis last Sunday, that’s what is so rare as a day in June!”

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**An Illusion**

In Siena, laying seige upon a summer’s night,
The moon, bedecked in robes, silver bright,
Casts a regal trail
That drapes like knightly mail
Upon the breast of evening.

Under a silken canopy, drenched in Diana’s rays,
A nameless Venus upon a divan lies,
Awaiting her Adonis—not shy this time,
But equally desirous of love’s sweet wine.
The night lies as a warm bed cover,
Stealing from view, lover in lover.
(Its downy soft stillness kissed the kisses on their lips
While celestial eyes smiled through diamond chips.)

As Aurora wipes her dewy eyes
And stretches, pushing night from the skies,
Adonis from Venus takes his leave;
A lonely lady’s left to grieve.
By morning light, the silken canopied bed
Has turned into a grillwork of white lead,
And Venus, not so fair, puts a plastic comb to her hair.
She takes to the window, o’ercome by the heat,
And sees her Adonis, selling bread in the street.

*Paul Briger*
Recently, a Trinity freshman went to chapel with an upperclassman. The freshman remarked:

"The carillon certainly is inspiring this early in the morning, isn't it?"

The upperclassman failed to hear.

"I say, the carillon sounds wonderful this morning."

Still the upperclassman did not understand. The frosh stood close and shouted in his ear:

"The carillon sounds wonderful!"

The upperclassman shook his head.

"Kid, I can't hear you. These damn bells—"

Singuler is the Trin man who has never been aroused from peaceful slumber by the insistent clanging of the carillon. Its bells are unavoidable; they seem to reverberate in the ears of the undergraduate no matter where he goes. They wake him up in the morning, intrude upon his privacy as early as ten-thirty Sunday mornings, vex him again Sunday afternoon, annoy him after football and soccer games, derange his studying every evening during Lent, and still again plague him occasionally when some visiting exhibitionist puts on a "concert."

Ever since 1932, when the carillon was dedicated, Trinity men have schemed to rid their campus of this unwanted noise-maker. Plans were once laid to knock out a portion of the one-hundred-and-ten-step staircase that spirals inside the tower from the chapel floor up to the room where the keyboard sits; thereby preventing the carillonneur from reaching his instrument. Smashing iron steps, however, proved a difficult task. And the college would probably have had them quickly replaced.

One man, a year or so back, wanted to throw a monkey wrench into the motor he thought must run the carillon. An impractical proposal. The bells are played from a wooden keyboard no larger than a small piano. The player operates levers and foot pedals projecting from the keyboard. These, in turn, are connected to wires which extend up through the ceiling to the bell deck. The carillonneur punches downward, wires are pulled, and bells, a floor above, articulate. No electrical or mechanical devices are involved.

Consequently, several men decided to attack the bells themselves. A Herculean task this, for reaching the bells at all requires climbing a thin-runged ladder from the floor of the clavier (keyboard) room to the almost wide-open chamber above. There, one hundred and sixty feet off the ground, from a three-tiered steel framework, the bells hang. There, where rain falling vertically on the outside is caught and blown through horizontally on the inside, the clamor of the carillon originates. Wires from the clavier burst through the floor and attach themselves directly to movable clappers inside the bells. When the player, a story below, pulls the strings, clappers move, and bells cry out. The conspirators could not carry off any of them, for nine weigh over a thousand pounds each, the largest tipping the scales at close to three tons. Neither were they readily cracked, being cast of thirteen parts copper and four parts tin each. So the noxious bells remained unsilenced.

Another cabal, however, was soon organized. It was discovered that only two men per year are commissioned to produce the agitation. (They, in turn, instruct other students in the "art", preparing them to assume the next year's responsibility). If the carillonneurs were rendered inoperable, the hated bells would fall mute. Accordingly, a group of "forward thinkers" set about to do the job. After a slight scuffle on the chapel steps, however, they were taken into tow. Thereafter, a member of the Medusa escorted the somewhat-shaken carillonneurs to their perch high in the tower.

It appears that the carillon is on the campus to stay. The only consolation left to its harried victims is that the wind often keeps its metallic rattle from their ears. Proper conditions prevailing, one can stand as near as the athletic
fields along Broad Street and not be reached. Snowstorms help, for snow piled up on the side of a bell deadens its tone.

Inscribed on the bourdon (the largest bell), should be these words: "O go your way onto their quad softly, and into their rooms with meekness." Unfortunately, this never happens. The bells ring without fail, without meaning.

And soon, chimes!

Ray Loven

The most common bit of advice given to beardless youth before entering the army is "Keep busy at all times." Literally this means making a minimum of work look like a maximum of endeavor with the aid of a little showmanship. Rule two is: "Don't be seen in conspicuous places by people of authority." By a conspicuous place I mean any place you are easily noticeable. A person of authority is, in most cases, a sergeant or an officer, who can, by Act of Congress, order you to do a job.

Following these simple rules, I successfully floated through twelve months of uneventful army life. Fate heard of me, however, even in my inconspicuousness, and presented herself in the guise of Frank "Jock" Grotz, Colonel, Transportation Corps, U.S. Army.

I had returned from taking a trainload of troops to Bremerhaven in Northern Germany. After each one of these trips it was necessary for me to go to the I.G. Farben building in Frankfurt and turn in a full report on the trip, an easy task but one which could be dangerous, because of the proximity in which it brought one to "Those people of authority." My usual procedure was based on the element of speed. I would enter the office, disperse the reports through the proper channels, and be on my way in a matter of minutes, a strategy designed to keep me in the line of fire for as short a time as possible. That day turned out to be quite different. Brimming over with good will for the human race, an unusual thing for me but a state of mind which I chose to have on this most memorable of all days, I stopped to chat with a typist friend of mine. I admit that the blame for this folly rests with no one but me. In committing this mistake, this weakening of the moral fiber, I had broken two basic rules of my environment. I was in a conspicuous place frequented by people of authority, and secondly, I was outwardly showing no sign of exertion.

It happened. The door opened. I was caught without a chance of concealment. The only door filled with formidable two hundred sixty pounds of U.S.A.R.E.U.R. Transportation Centers Commanding Officer, Colonel Frank "Jock" Grotz, followed by his retinue.

"Cornered like a rat in a trap," I remember thinking. "Well the office being rather small, and Frank "Jock" Grotz being large, with a decidedly gregarious personality, we must come face to face." He was rather surprised at first to learn that both he and I worked in the same office, and that I had been working here for eight months. At the mention of my name though I could just see his eyes light up. "So that's who you are," he was thinking.

He talked for about ten minutes.

For half a year he had been trying to meet me.

You know how important it is for an officer to meet the men who work for him.

And with just nine men working for one in the same office; one should make a point to know them all. So that was it. No longer was I a rather nebulous example of an anti-militarist, but a body with a name.

And that, as any ex-U.S. Army soldier knows, is a very bad thing.

F. G.

Maine should be pleased that its animal is not a waverer, and rather than fight, lets the primed quill fall.

This excerpt from Marianne Moore's poem "Apparation of Splendor" may be aptly applied to our faculty advisor. Those who have worked for the Trinity Review and with Samuel French Morse cannot adequately express their gratitude to him. His leaving is Trinity's great loss, but Trinity, too, should be pleased that his "primed quill" has fallen here.

R. A. L.
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