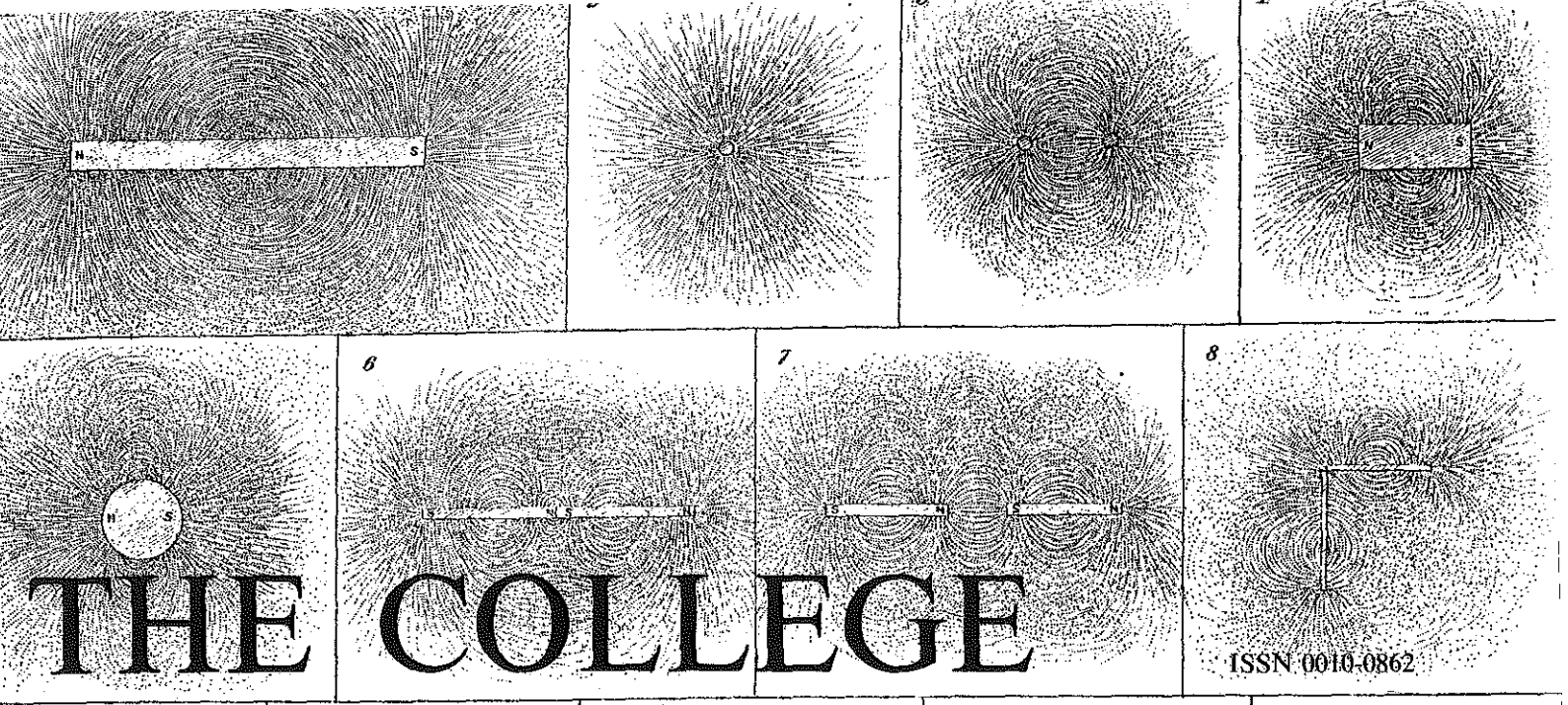

THE COLLEGE

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Front cover reproduced from Michael Faraday, *Experimental Researches in Electricity* III, London, 1855.

Ten Years

With this issue *The College* completes its first ten years. Whatever good will become of it in the future will owe a good deal to the skill and tenacity of my predecessors, Laurence Berns, Malcolm Wyatt, Robert Spaeth, and Beate Ruhm von Oppen—and to Tom Parran, who has seen to the demands of organization for the past six years. I have opened several departments: *Between the Old and the New* which deals with books that are not forgotten but are not or are not yet classics; *At Home and Abroad* which means to look both at the world right around us but not in our books, and the other worlds beyond the seas and to the north and south of us whose distance tests the understanding; *Recent Readings* which will look at books new enough to start the critical faculties of the plainspoken. I should like to publish a series of essays on almost forgotten authors of genius, of which there are a great many (Clarendon, Simon Bolívar, Cavour, Giannone, Lucan, Mirabeau—to name a few at random), and on authors more remembered than read. There is space for poems and narrative.—L.R.

The Great Electrical Philosopher

Howard J. Fisher

In 1965 I attended a gathering whose guests also included Jacob Klein. During a quiet moment in the evening, so quiet there was no possibility that the incident could escape unnoticed, Mr. Klein fixed me in his sight and demanded, "*Who is your hero?*"

Now I did not then believe that I had any heroes; moreover, I had been educated, if that is the word, according to a fashion which held that there *were* no heroes—there were opinions and deeds, to be sure, and these were to be judged, affirmed or denied—but the individuals who happened to affirm those opinions or to accomplish those deeds had only a very loose, accidental, and dispensable relation to them. Had one of their number never been born, it was sometimes affirmed, someone else would have come upon the scene, with about the same effect upon the world's history.

What a surprise, therefore, to hear myself reply to Mr. Klein's question, after only slight hesitation, with the name "Thomas Jefferson." This answer actually proved to be a good one. Jefferson has turned out to be one of my heroes indeed, and there are others too. I am here tonight to say something about one of the others—that is Michael Faraday, styled "the great electrical philosopher" by the man who is responsible for Maxwell's Equations.

Faraday's *Experimental Researches in Electricity* is the title of a three-volume collection of reports of his experimentation and speculation about electrical matters during the period from 1831 to 1855. It is a remarkable record of discoveries and also of the designing and construction of all sorts of ingenious experimental apparatus. It is the account of a mammoth investigation into things in the heavens and under the earth—things which, as I hope to show you, defy in every way the notions of science which were then, and still are, in vogue.

If someone were to give an account of what the scientific enterprise is, I suppose he would be unusual who did not give tremendous weight in his account to two of its aspects: first, the establishing of natural laws; and second, the application to natural phenomena of analytic mathematics. So impressive have been the achievements of these twin endeavors that they have become in our time the almost unquestioned paradigms of our intellectual powers.

Though I cannot easily explain why I think these are false paradigms, why they are at best narrow and at worst stultifying, I can at least invite you to share with me the reading of a scientific work which is utterly different in character yet no less a part of our own time. In Faraday's laboratory, experiments do not generally issue in "laws." In his writing, moreover, descriptions of things are always in English prose, never in that pure syntax of symbols which is algebra. If I remember rightly there is not a single equation to be found anywhere in the *Experimental Researches*, or even (it has been said)[1] a statement of the kind that one would want to put into the form of an equation! Instead there are accounts—really, histories—of the actions of electric and magnetic powers. These are not forensically arranged so as to eliminate this hypothesis while confirming that one, nor are they linked as the confirmations of predictions which were deduced from stated premises. But they are episodically linked, one theme or subject continually evolving, suggesting another, reappearing in a new form or with new associations, until at last we begin to feel that the story told gives a likely account of what the actors and agencies did; but, more important, it reveals who and what they are.

Someone might say, patronizingly, "A physics book without equations, without proofs or theorems—why, *anyone* can read it!" If it is true that anyone can read Faraday, that is of course a good thing. And if true, it is not because the absence of algebra makes Faraday's book an easy book. It is at least as difficult to read the *Experimental Researches* as it is to read *Don Quixote*. Or, for another comparison, Thomas Simpson once said that Faraday wrote like no one so much as like Aeschylus. That remark was, for me, the single most helpful guide to the study of Faraday's writings.

Our knowledge of nature has become for us nearly the same as our mathematical and symbolic understanding of na-

A lecture read on January 16, 1976, at Annapolis, and on May 5, 1978, at Santa Fe.

ture. We can, I think, just barely imagine what it might be like if things were otherwise, by conceiving the bygone age of which Socrates told Phaedrus:[2] "a time when men were content to listen to oaks and rocks." (That is, I understand, a time when our apprehension of nature and divinity was immediate.)

In our time we don't do much listening to the oaks and the rocks, but we speak, powerfully and often beautifully, about them. This our speech has become our science. Like all speech it is symbolic—but where do the symbols, with which we weave prize-winning explications of nature, come from? Since the rise of the scientific laboratory as a social institution, this question has only one answer: the symbols adequate to natural appearances arise out of *experience*.

This pronouncement is the manifesto of the scientific laboratory, and from it follows the genesis of the laboratory as an institution dedicated to the deliberately artful and exhaustive production of experience and its interpretation.

II. Seeing

At the very opening of the Nineteenth Series of experimental researches, in the year 1845, Faraday takes the opportunity to correct a misapprehension that had arisen over his use of the title, "The Illumination of Magnetic Lines of Force." Apparently it was thought that he claimed to have rendered the lines of force *luminous*. "This was not within my thought," he explains.

> I intended to express that the line of magnetic force is illuminated as the earth is illuminated by the sun, or the spider's web illuminated by the astronomer's lamp. Employing a ray of light we can tell, *by the eye*, the direction of the magnetic lines through a body; and by the alteration of the ray and its optical effect on the eye, can see the course of the lines just as we can see the course of a thread of glass, or any other transparent substance, rendered visible by light; and this is what I meant by *illumination* . . . . (2146n.)[3]

Thus does Faraday express, in a footnote, what is in fact for him the paradigm of science: to make visible to the eye the powers of nature. In the almost comical misunderstanding which called it forth we can glimpse a striking difference between Faraday and the scientific community at large, for while some of his readers thought he was announcing the achievement of a new electrical *effect*, namely "glowing lines"—and this was scarcely an unjustified expectation to have of the most celebrated experimentalist of the day—Faraday's real intention was to announce a new exhibition of magnetic actions which up to then had been hidden; it is just this disclosure of what was formerly only surmised that marks the opportunity for scientific knowledge. Nature acts, transforms, and disposes both before our eyes and in secret. If we can only view the exercise of natural agencies we will have science—that is, knowledge in the presence of the thing known.

> Indeed what we really want is the one true physical signification of that which is rendered apparent to us by the phenomena and the laws governing them. (3303)

But it requires the exercise of considerable ingenuity to put ourselves in the position where we can observe nature, and more ingenuity still to read aright the fascinating interplay of powers and effects, to see them as they really are and not just as a list, however accurate, of descriptions and laws about them. For Faraday, science requires more than accuracy or even generality. It demands a species of "agreement" between nature and our representations of it, an agreement which I think it is fair to say has for Faraday nothing less than *visual similarity* as its paradigm. A visual emphasis is meant, I think, by the word "agree" in his declaration:

> When the natural truth and the conventional representation of it most closely agree, then are we most advanced in our knowledge. (3075)[4]

Now the science of the philosophers-of-science usually turns out to be divided into two steps. First the facts, the "data"; and second our reasonings and analyses upon them. The "data" are not general, or even intelligible, that is to say they are *low*. And yet they are supposed to have the authority of Minos to consign the "high" intellectual theories either to long life or to oblivion. This, I say, is the science of the philosophers-of-science, but the science of the philosophers is not like this. Though Faraday certainly respects a difference between "speculation" and what he calls "the *strict* line of reasoning" (3243), this is not the difference that is alleged to obtain between theories on the one hand, and facts on the other. I think that for Faraday the scientific enterprise has, really, only one part, and that I would call *interpretation*.

What is interpretation? First, it is *sightful*. It is concerned with things that are before us and which lay hold of us, calling forth surmises and anticipations. Second, it is *re-creative*, for the things which unfold to interpretive sight represent themselves in images which collect and associate the multiple articulations of appearance into a rhythm of emphasis, as the accented syllables both collect and articulate the spoken word. Thirdly, it is *rhetorical*, for it attempts to elicit for the things of nature the assent and trust of the intellect. The activity by which we interpret is not homogeneous, it is not always strictly under our control. Sometimes we have to construct new arrangements of things, sometimes we only attend to what is already there. But we are always, always *looking*.

The deliberate exercise of the senses, aided by appropriate artifice, for the sake of interpretation of nature, is the express mark of the scientific laboratory.

III. The Image

The single most powerful, influential, and controversial image in the *Experimental Researches* is certainly that of the "line of force." With respect to this image, I am going to assert a claim which will seem excessive and romantic, and about which it will be difficult to be persuasive. For I will claim that this image of the line of force has a career. It does not remain the same with itself but evolves, and through it the magnetic phenomena from which it derives show more and more their true identity. Furthermore I will claim that this evolution of imagery is found within the phenomena themselves, and not introduced from the outside by the writer's craftiness or prejudice. At every stage, including the last, the imagery that Faraday employs constitutes a vision in which the natural powers proclaim themselves to us; so that science is achieved when *the phenomena explain themselves.*

Later I will return to his view of the phenomena, but now let us mark the first stage in the story of the lines of magnetic force. When they first appear in Faraday's accounts the lines are thought of as nothing real. They are only the materials for a simile, a mere construct by the imagination out of the successive orientations of iron filings or small compass needles in regions surrounding a magnetic body. Here are two pictures:

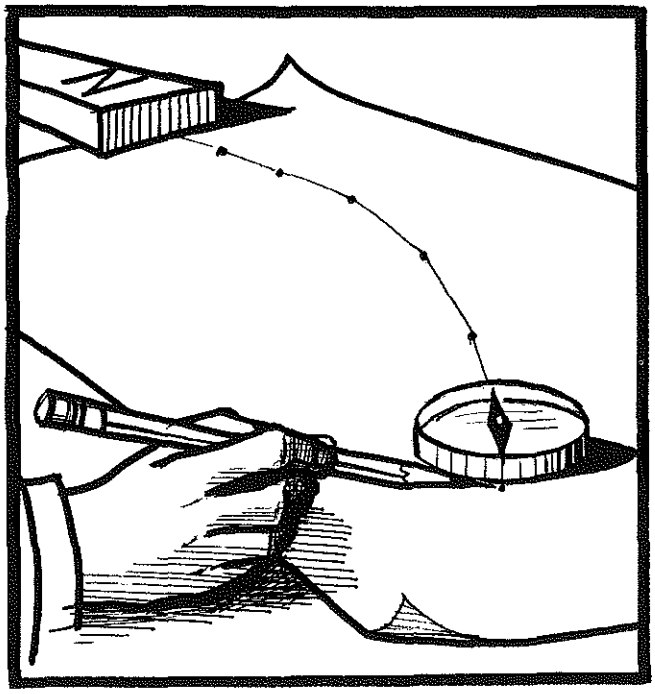

Figure 1

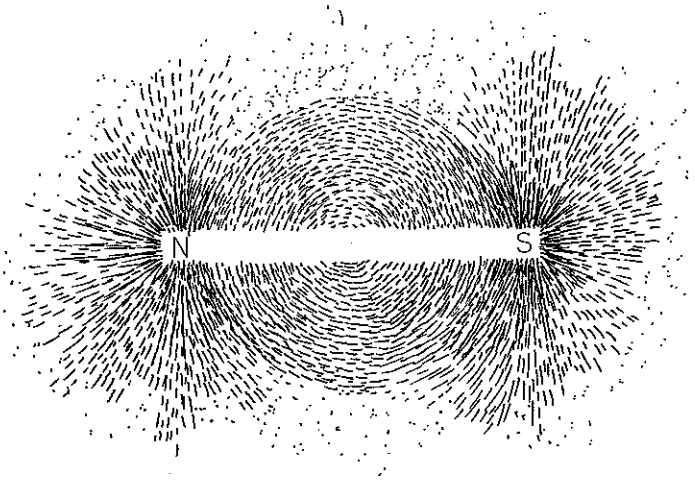

Figure 2: (Adapted from Faraday).

the first shows a single "line of force" being traced with a compass needle by moving the compass always in the direction to which its needle points (Fig. 1). The second shows a complete pattern of lines as indicated by iron filings scattered over a sheet of paper that conceals a bar magnet beneath it (Fig. 2).

These are lovely and intriguing shapes; but of course we hasten to remind ourselves that there is nothing really there that has shape; no more than when a bouncing ball leaves behind it, as its wake, an ethereal series of inverted parabolas. So at least is the teaching of Newtonian mechanics which holds, rightly, that form without material is not physical but purely mathematical; but holds wrongly, in my opinion, that "material" is little hard massy particles which are capable of sustaining forces—so that where there is no matter there are neither forces nor shapes.

Newtonian principles teach us that each end of the compass needle is subject simultaneously to two forces, one attractive and one repulsive, and that it is the combination of these, in their action upon the needle, that in every place establishes the direction of attraction. The "shape" that we find in the curve is not the shape *of* anything, and therefore not a shape at all, but only a kind of continuous chronicle of the successive directions in which a needle may be urged. The actual forces are completely dependent upon the presence, in each position, of a material body for them to act upon.

So according to the Newtonian way the magnetic curves are nothing in themselves. They are neither powers nor the vehicles of powers. They are not even appearances, for they can never be made wholly apparent—they can at most be indicated piecemeal by discrete bits of matter. To the physicist they are useful, possibly, as a mnemonic or as an aid to the imagination; but no more than that.

This view of the lines of force as a merely temporary aid to the thinker is a view which—excepting a few of Faraday's readers such as Kelvin and Maxwell—remained dominant in the scientific world during his lifetime. We will now ignore

that Newtonian assessment, and return again to view the line-patterns of the magnet, for in truth they are very inviting, and interesting questions arise concerning them.

First question: In what do the lines terminate? Are there active puddles or points within or on the surface of the magnet? If we could make a magnet small enough, would the lines all come together at two points, as the "magnetic pole" theory seems to hold?

Second question: Where do those lines go which extend beyond the limits of the drawing? Do they eventually return to the magnet, or do they terminate somewhere else? Need they terminate at all?

Third question: Why don't the lines cross or touch each other? Can they move? If one moves, do they all move?

Even if we admit that the meaning of the lines of force at this stage is only a pointing, we may still ask, at what do the pointers point? The Newtonians have their answer: the pointers attempt to point at the (distant) *sources* of force that act upon them; only, because they are simultaneously acted upon from two different directions, the needles point to neither one but to some direction in between, favoring whichever pole is the nearer.

But I think we can admit another interpretation, not only in harmony with the shapes of the curves, but even suggested by them: namely, that the needles point, but not to some distant center of attraction; rather they point along the axis of some structure or process which exists *right where they are*, in their own neighborhood, and which also has a character everywhere else, though the needle not be there to show it. A compass needle would in this way be interpreted more nearly like a weathervane. A weathervane does not really point at the distant source of the wind, you know, but it turns so as to lie in whatever direction the wind happens to be blowing in its own immediate vicinity.

To make this comparison is to reverse the order of discovery and to make the curves in some sense prior to the iron filings! Those doctrines of scientific methodology called "operationalism" would be most censorious of this reversal. But why shouldn't we do it? If we attend to the curves themselves, and do not continue to give decisive weight to the accident that they were first understood only through the actions of compass needles, who would fail to be moved by their legible character of form, or fail to respond to them as he would to any other interesting natural object?

Faraday makes just such a response, and he is moved to do so by the discovery of a new kind of magnetism, "diamagnetism," which differs from ordinary magnetism in this way. When an ordinary magnetic body, such as an iron filing or needle, is placed within the influence of a magnet and left free to turn it will "point," as I have said, along paths which ultimately tend toward the polar regions of the magnet. What Faraday discovered was that whereas needles of iron, nickel, platinum, and other materials which had been recognized as magnetic would point *axially*, toward the north and south poles, there were a number of substances (2253, 2996) which pointed in the perpendicular direction, that is, *equatorially* (Fig. 3). A compass needle made not of iron but of bismuth,

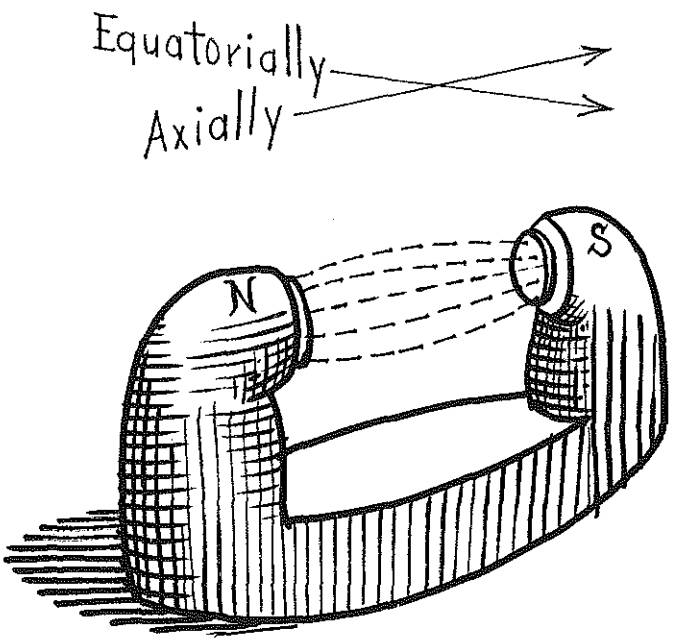

Figure 3

for example, would always point east-and-west! It is even true that most materials turn out to be of this "diamagnetic" character, although their pointing tendencies are so weak it is not surprising that it was the magnetism of iron—from now on called "paramagnetism" by Faraday—which people noticed first. Other diamagnetic materials listed by Faraday include water, iodine, caffeine, sealing wax, bread, apple, leather, mutton, and fresh beef (2280). All of these substances point equatorially when formed into tubelike shapes and suspended between the faces of a magnet. How is this "pointing" to be understood?

One of the reasons I delight in reading Faraday's experimental histories is that he is so sure-footed in asking questions. His writings also betray an instructive caution about what a question is. He very seldom asks a question in words, and when he does it its usually in a context that he calls "speculative." When he engages in "speculation" it is always with cautions and warnings to the reader. Questions asked in words are dangerously self-moving; because they have the appearance of rightly dividing the world and its alternatives, they give rise to disputes and doctrines that have a logic of their own and leave nature behind. It is far better to ask questions *without* words, and this is what Faraday does again and again, and it is this activity that really constitutes "experiment": *he asks questions in practice.*

The "question" about diamagnetism is, whether *pointing* is the key to its understanding. Is diamagnetism (or paramagnetism, for that matter) essentially a *power to point*, or is it something else? The question arises tacitly, because while observing the pointing behavior of a bismuth bar he noticed also another effect, a *recession of the bar as a whole* from the magnet's pole faces (2259), (Fig. 4a).

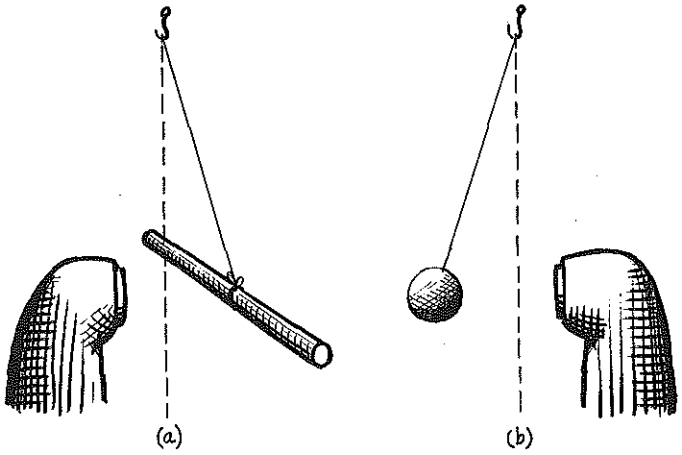

Figure 4: In (a), bar does not hang vertically but recedes from the pole. In (b), ball cannot "point" but nevertheless recedes.

Are the causes of pointing and of recession one and the same? If so, under *which* aspect will we see most clearly the meaning of diamagnetism? This question is not even spoken: instead Faraday proceeds immediately to substitute a small bismuth ball (2266, 2298) in place of the bar (Fig. 4b). A ball is radially symmetrical and hence cannot "point," but it can approach or recede as a whole; and in a series of trials Faraday succeeds in formulating what he calls the "ruling principle" of the motion: that diamagnetic material tends to go by the nearest course from stronger to weaker points of magnetic force (2300). Diamagnetism under this aspect, the aspect of *migration* from strongly-magnetic regions to weaker ones, takes precedence over and interprets the action of *pointing*, for if the portions of material dispose themselves into the weaker regions the result will be, in an elongated body, that it points away from the strong, polar regions. Faraday explicitly subordinates pointing to migrating in this passage:

> The cause of the pointing of the bar . . . is now evident. It is merely a result of the tendency of the particles to move outwards, or into the position of weakest magnetic action. (2269)

In the same way, paramagnetism is viewed as migration towards the regions of strongest magnetic action. Yet the account does not rest here. The interpretation of diamagnetism and paramagnetism as migration is itself transcended, this time with the aid of another image according to which bodies are viewed as magnetic conductors. The refinement of this image of "conducting power" accomplishes finally that reversal of priority which I indicated before, namely, that reversal by which the lines of force acquire more explanatory power than the bodies which first made them manifest.

By "conducting power" Faraday intends to express—with the usual cautions about hypothetical speaking—the "capability which bodies may possess of effecting the transmission of magnetic force" (2797). So we should judge those to be the better conductors which sidle up towards the places of greatest magnetic force, and the poorer that are displaced from there (2798). Quickly, however, the imagery of the lines of force begins to direct the discussion; to effect the transmission of magnetic force is to *conduct the lines of force*; so those conductors are better which *gather up* the lines of force, conveying more of them onward through a given space. And those conductors are worse which gather up fewer, or even *disperse* the lines of force within themselves (2807). Here is a picture to show the difference (Fig. 5).

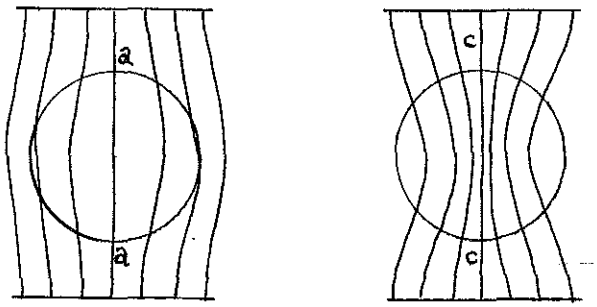

Figure 5

Faraday does not take pains to distinguish them, but there are two different manifestations of this gathering power. If the conducting bodies be stable and fixed, inspection shows that the lines of force are drawn towards the better conductors (2807), while, if the bodies are free to move, they will migrate as described before, the better conductors occupying those positions in which the greatest concentrations of lines of force are found. I think I know why Faraday does not labor to distinguish the two cases: it is because to do so would require license to promote matter over lines of force, or lines of force over matter; and he has no cause to do either. Material body, on the one hand, and the lines of force, on the other, stand forth on a perfectly equal footing. It is as much correct to say that lines of force are drawn along by the iron as it is to say that the iron is enmeshed and entangled in a web of force.

We have completed a miniature Odyssey of successive reinterpretations, viewing the magnetic actions first as instances of *pointing*, then of *migration*, then under the image of *conducting power*, and finally as a *gathering up* of the lines of force. In this evolution the image of the lines of force has become increasingly dominant and indispensable; while the role played by matter in the magnetic story has correspondingly diminished. Even the image of "gathering up" does not exalt the gatherer over the gathered, for as I have just explained, the materials march to the tune of the lines of force just as readily as do the lines of force follow the lead of their material partners. The relations between matter and lines of force are those of mutual action, stress, and equilib-

rium. They are no different from the relations that obtain between matter and matter, or between one line of force and another.

The new-found equality between material bodies and lines of force is the heart of a thoroughgoing reinterpretation of matter. The same considerations, moreover, will lead equally to a reinterpretation of space. All the magnetic experiments prior to the Twenty-eighth Series of experimental researches—that is, prior to the use of the Moving Wire—represent moments in the evolution and employment of the image of the "gathering and dispersing" of lines of force; and they culminate in the simultaneous reinterpretation of matter and, by necessity, space.

When I speak of a reinterpretation of matter, I should make clear that I mean in respect of its relation to force. In the Newtonian mechanics, matter was always invoked as the seat of action of, and reaction to, any force. Even when forces were thought to act "at a distance," as in gravitation, the primary phenomena to which the laws of force applied were the actions of bodies upon bodies. This situation might have sufficed if the only "distance" force had been the gravitational one, for *all* matter gave rise to and was subject to gravitation. But the attempt to include magnetic and electric forces into Newton's mechanics, forces to whose influence *not all* bodies were subject, naturally made it imperative to formulate a theory of the relation between certain species of matter and the forces that were specific to them.

In his 1854 paper[5] on magnetic philosophy Faraday expounded and criticized three theories of magnetic action, two of which are what I have been calling Newtonian, for they portray matter as the foundation of relations of force. One of these Newtonian treatments is Coulomb's theory which, positing active powers of matter, comes under conscientious scrutiny by Faraday. Coulomb's polar theory is that of "two magnetic fluids, which being present in all magnetic bodies, and accumulated at the poles of a magnet, exert attractions and repulsions upon portions of both fluids at a distance, and so cause the attractions and repulsions of the distant bodies containing them" (3301)[6].

Coulomb's theory is uncomfortably hypothetical, because no one has ever seen this magnetic fluid or demonstrated its properties. Nevertheless, the theory is in perfect harmony with the great Newtonian principle that Force is ultimately dependent on Matter.

Now the imagery of the "gathering up" of lines of force leads us to an interpretation of polarity that is completely different. According to this image, the disposition of lines through an elongated sample of paramagnetic material, like an iron needle, looks like this (Fig. 6):

The ends of the needle, under the influence of the dominant magnet, *appear* to take on the character of origins or seats of force; but we now see that this is the necessary result of the gathering up of the lines of force by the iron. Since the lines pass through the needle and are not severed, their increased concentration within the iron results in their mutual approach and increased concentration in the areas near its two ends, where they enter and exit.

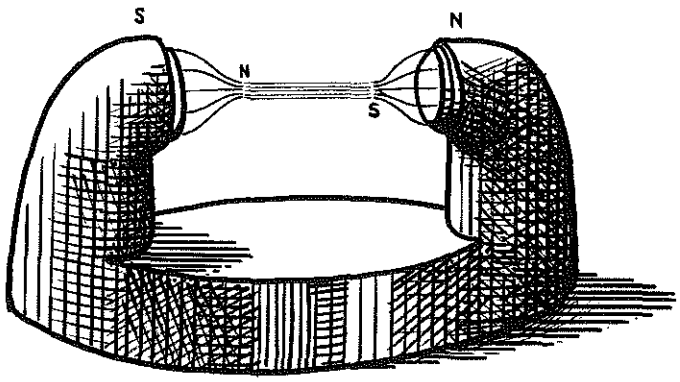

Figure 6

The meaning of "pole," therefore, is a *place of concentration* of force, and not a fountain of creation or a place in any way distinguished in kind from its surroundings. We see that Coulomb's theory embodied an important assumption which the "gathering" image escapes: Coulomb's theory had identified the *cause of origin* of the force with the *fact* of its localized action. But these are two distinct topics, as Faraday perceives: "My view of polarity," he writes, "is founded upon the character in direction of the force itself, whatever the cause of that force may be . . ." (3307). Thus any disposition of conductors which results in regions of more and less concentrations of lines of force will approximate to the appearance of "poles," and artful fashioning of the shapes of conductors can establish fields which run the whole spectrum from near-uniformity (*no* poles) to near-perfect polarity. Here is a picture to show how changing the shape of the conductor also changes the course of the lines of force external to the conductor (Fig. 7).

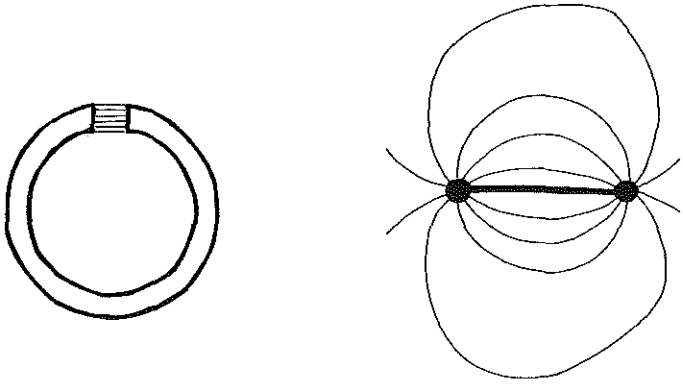

Figure 7: Left: near-uniformity; right: near-polarity.

In this way the imagery associated with the lines of force performs an indispensable interpretive function: it reveals the character called "polarity" as a geometrical one (since it has

to do only with the pattern of disposition of the lines) and at the same time makes *matter* quite irrelevant to the question of the *origin* of the lines of force. This no longer takes us by surprise; we are becoming accustomed to the idea of the equality of matter and force, and so we no longer look to the former for an explanation of the latter.

The view of magnetic matter as conductive, and especially the interpretation in these terms of diamagnetism, leads to highly interesting questions regarding the role of space. For under the image of conducting power, of different degrees of gathering or dispersing of the lines, *space itself* becomes a conductor; for it stands midway between paramagnetic and diamagnetic materials. One of Faraday's early classifications of materials in their magnetic order from paramagnetic to diamagnetic lists "vacuum" (that is, space[7]) right in the middle (2424):

	Iron
	Nickel
	Cobalt
	Manganese
	Palladium
	Crown-glass
	Platinum
	Osmium
0°	Air and Vacuum
	Arsenic
	Ether
	Alcohol
	Gold
	Water
	Mercury
	Flint-glass
	Tin
	Heavy-glass
	Antimony
	Phosphorus
	Bismuth

This serial order of magnetic power was ascertained by repeated "pointing" experiments of the kind I first described. The image of gathering-power interprets what experiment had already shown; that the "paramagnetic" or "diamagnetic" behavior of materials is relative to the surrounding medium in which they are immersed. *Any* material will appear paramagnetic, that is, it will move towards the concentrations of force, if it is placed in a medium having poorer gathering ability than itself—look at Figure 8 to see this—for then the lines of force flock to the sample and, if constraints permit, orient both it and themselves so that the greatest number of them may pass for the greatest distance along the superior conductor. Likewise any material will appear diamagnetic if it is placed in a medium which has greater gathering ability than itself (2348). Even a bubble of air *or vacuum*, if suspended in or adjacent to another material, can be made to exhibit at will either of these two magnetic characters.

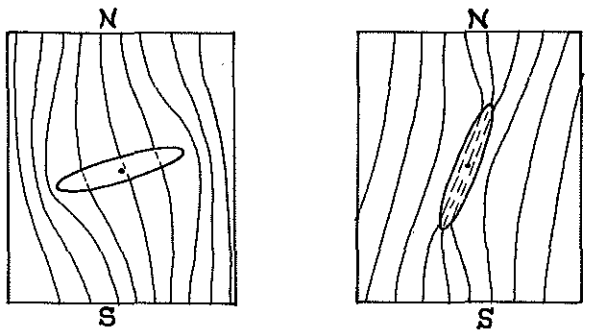

Figure 8

Is "mere space" magnetic? There is no doubt that it is a *conductor* and in this respect it does not differ in kind from iron or bismuth, standing as it does midway between them! But is space really a middle degree, itself a kind of material? Or is it a *zero* state, falling between the two great classes of materials but belonging to neither of them?

Whether space should be counted as one of the materials is a question which, I think, Faraday was never able to ask in a "practical" way to his own satisfaction. His views shifted tentatively over a seven-year period. In 1845, for example, the year of the pointing experiments, he declares himself unwilling to follow the experimental intimations that would include space as one of the materials:

> Such a view . . . would make mere space magnetic, and precisely to the same degree as air and gasses. Now though it may very well be, that space, air, and gasses, have the same general relation to magnetic force, it seems to me a great additional assumption to suppose that they are all absolutely magnetic, rather than to suppose they are all in a normal or zero state. (2440)

The possibility of a material interpretation of space *is* there, I believe him to be saying, but the experiment lacks the compellingly luminous character which would present the image directly to us. It remains only a "great additional assumption." In 1850, no new experimental articulations of the question having been achieved, he is even stronger in his insistence that space is a state between materials, and not a material itself. He says, "mere space cannot act as matter acts" (2787). But what is this "acting" power which matter has but space cannot have, and in the name of which we are asked to hold back from embracing a world-picture which is through-and-through material? Faraday has already undercut the Newtonian notions of matter's alleged power to *originate* force—why does he hold on to a supposed power of *gathering* it?

He needs another experiment. Not the so-called "crucial" experiment that purports to decide between alternative

theories, but an interpretive, illuminating experiment which was really the only kind Faraday ever performed: an experiment that will *teach us how to talk about space* (3159).

Such an experiment Faraday never found, but I believe he did find enough to cause him to cool somewhat in his defense of the uniqueness of space. In 1852 he delivered what was, I think, his last word on the subject: *"Experimentally* mere space is magnetic" (p. 443). But the experiments did not satisfy, for though they were brilliantly successful at putting into practice some of our dearest questions about magnetism, they left this one—the question of the materiality of space—awkward, merely verbal, hovering about the regions of Hypothesis but never bursting into the strength of Vision.

The experiments I mean are those clustering about the phenomena of the Moving Wire, which will constitute our next section.

IV. The Moving Wire

As I have so far described it, the evolution of the line of force as a symbol has been the result of experiments which disclosed the various shapes, groupings, and courses of the lines (3234, 3237). With the Twenty-eighth Series of researches, Faraday turns our vision toward their quantity, their number, and above all their *power* (3070, 3073).

"The Moving Wire" is Faraday's name for a device, or class of devices, which make manifest the magnetic production of electricity. He had experimented with it in his earliest researches[8], long before he began to employ the Line of Force as an interpretive image. Now his return to the topic after an intermission of twenty years is distinguished with a series of exercises that depend upon the image of the line of force for their very design. One of the earliest such exercises is this one (Fig. 9):

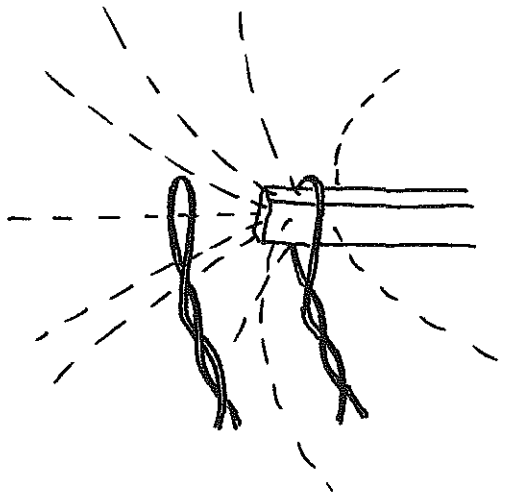

Figure 9: (Adapted from Faraday).

A wire loop or ring thrust over the end of a bar magnet "cuts" lines of force, which lines emerge in all radial directions from the bar. A current, detected by a galvanometer, acts in one direction when the ring is placed over the magnet; in the opposite direction when removed (3085). Suppose this ring were placed like a wedding ring at the magnetic equator of the bar—position B in Fig. 10—having initially resided at

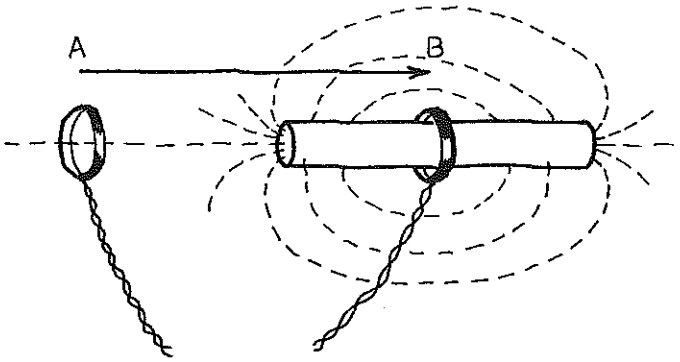

Figure 10

some distant point A. The ring would cut, *exactly once*, nearly all the lines of force which emerge from the magnet (3102, 3133).

Now the galvanometer, by which the currents of electricity are indicated, was already understood by Faraday to be an instrument which indicates the *quantity of electricity* evolved in its circuit (361-366); and provided that the electricity fully completes its action before the (slow-moving) galvanometer needle has departed very far from its original position, the needle will be hurled to a maximum deflection, according to the amount of electricity evolved (3103-3105). The galvanometer is therefore a kind of bucket in which quantities of electricity, which may in fact have been evolved not all at once but in succession, can be collected together into one single action.

When, therefore, I first read Faraday's account of the bar-magnet and equatorial ring I thought I could guess the use to which it would be put. For each instance of placing the ring upon the equator of the magnet cuts the same number of lines of force, and this number thus becomes a unit of counting. If the ring were placed quickly once, twice, three times and so on upon the magnet, the galvanometer would indicate the amounts of electricity evolved by these multiple actions, respectively. The galvanometer-and-ring by this means would become "calibrated" in units of lines of force. The apparatus would become an instrument with which we would, in principle, "count" the lines of force of any magnet; or we could count the number of lines of force which inhabit any region through which the wire can be made to move.

This "calibration" experiment was indeed performed by Faraday, but only to confirm a relation that he had already found out about in a different way. This relation was that *the quantity of electricity evolved is exactly proportional to the*

number of lines of force cut by the moving wire in its transit. Now in the modern, axiomatic formulation of electrodynamics this law, the "Law of Electromagnetic Induction," as it came to be called, appears as one of the four cardinal principles of that science, much as do Newton's Laws appear in the science of mechanics. Nevertheless, for Faraday the proportionality is regarded not so much for its magnitude as for its meaning: it is a "principle" not because of the testable consequences which follow from it, but it is a "principle" in the sense of being the totally revealing form under which the magnet displays itself. What I mean is that, if a quantity of electricity is strictly proportional to a quantity of magnetic lines, then *each line* may be acsounted responsible for a determinate share of the total effect; and the lines of force come to be seen, for the first time, as *agents*, each exercising a determinate power.

The moving wire experiments are experiments of *power*, and with these experiments the lines of force come before us under a new and pressing image, that is as axes of power. The power of the magnet *resides in the lines of force*, and moreover it is through the electrical exercise of this very power that the moving wire is able to count them so faithfully. For the electrical activity in the wire, Faraday thinks, is not a mere signature or concomitant of the magnetic force, but is itself the *equivalent in power* to that force which constitutes the magnetic system. He writes:

> When [the wire] is moved across the lines of force, a current of electricity is developed in it, or tends to be developed; and I have every reason to believe, that if we could employ a perfect conductor, and obtain a perfect result, it would be the full equivalent to the force, electric or magnetic, which is exerted in the place occupied by the conductor. (3270)

The interpretive consequences of the growing image of *power* as the essence of the magnet are immense. Through the moving wire, power is revealed directly in the form of power; moreover, it is shown to occupy *place*, for the force which the moving wire brings to light is exerted, not at a distance, but in the very place occupied by the conductor! The magnetic power is not to be thought of as an endowment of the material of the magnet but is proportionally distributed throughout the places about it. The power resides in the lines of force, and each line is the locus of a constant action which is neither lost nor diminished with distance. The system of lines extends to indefinite size and therefore—contrary to action-at-a-distance theories—the magnet does not act "where it is not," for it is *everywhere*.

The images of power are the first fruits of the moving wire and in fact the final experimental interpretation of the magnet will be obtained under this image. But the moving wire is also a probe of great subtlety which can illuminate even the conditions existing within the interior of the magnet; a place from where iron filings are necessarily excluded. The moving

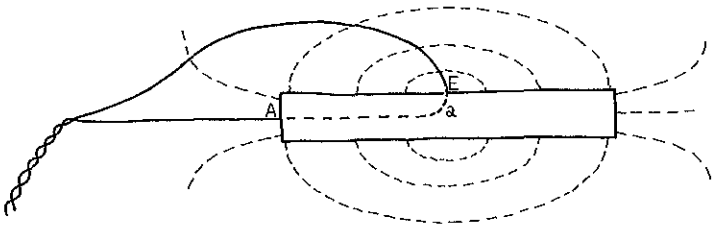

Figure 11

wire can disclose the fate of the lines of force when they enter the magnet. Here, if anywhere, the question concerning the relation between the magnet and its own lines of force will be met.

As one of a series of experiments which route the galvanometer wire through passages made in the interior of the magnet, Faraday constructs this arrangement, in which a loop is guided down the axis of the bar, emerging at the equator (Fig. 11). It is thus partly interior and partly exterior to the bar. When the whole apparatus is revolved, no current is produced to the galvanometer, although the external part of the wire is certainly cutting lines of force (I should explain that Faraday previously showed that the lines remain stationary, even when the bar revolves). "We must look," Faraday says therefore, "to the part of the wire *within* the magnet, for a power equal to that capable of being exerted externally, and we find it in that small portion which represents a radius at the central and equatorial parts" (3116).

When this radial portion of the internal wire—which I have labeled aE in the sketch—is revolved, it produces a current equal to and opposite to that which the exterior wire produces when it alone is revolved (3116). Since the current is *equal*, it must be that all of the lines of force external to the magnet must therefore continue through into the interior of the magnet, and, moreover, continue in directions parallel to the axis, such that they can be cut by the radius wire! Furthermore, since the current evolved is *opposite* we can conclude that the direction of the lines from north to south exterior to the bar is continued unchanged within. For example, if the loop is at the north end, the magnetic action from north to south passes from inside to outside the loop, in those portions exterior to the magnet. To produce an opposite current in the interior, the action must pass from outside to inside the loop—simply a continuation of the direction of the external line of force! I will quote Faraday's summary:

> So, by this test there exists lines of force within the magnet of the same *nature* as those without. What is more, they are exactly equal in *amount* to those without; and in fact are continuations of them, absolutely unchanged in their nature, so far as experimental test can be applied to them. Every line of force therefore, at whatever distance it may be taken from the magnet, must be considered a closed circuit, passing in some part of its course through the

magnet, and having an equal amount of force in every part of its course. (3117)

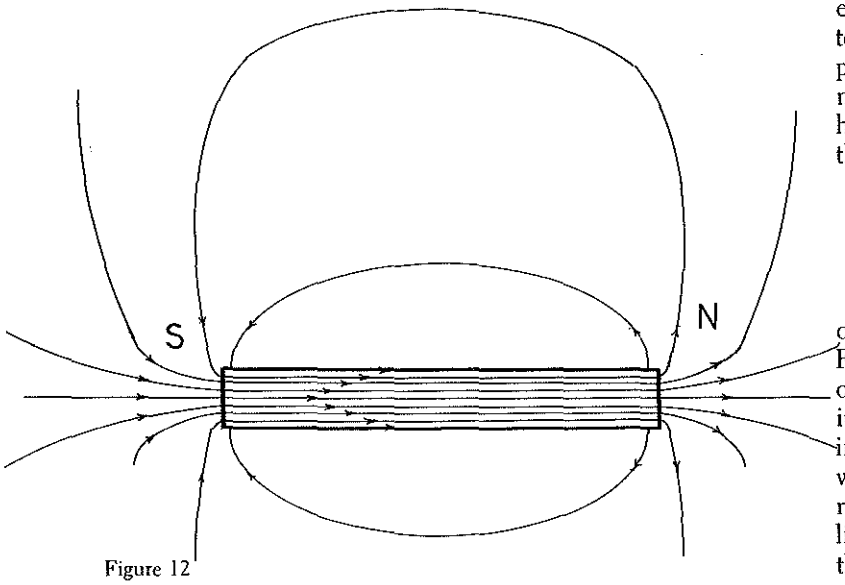

Figure 12

The lines of magnetic force are closed loops. They have no beginning or end. They only appear to rise and to terminate at the extremities of a magnet, but we now see (Fig. 12) that they are continued uninterruptedly within, compressed together but unchanged in nature. This is the same condition as was represented, in the case of a material which was not itself a magnet but which was subject to the action of an external magnetic field, by the image of *gathering power*.[9] There is no longer any obvious fountain or sink of the lines, such as was postulated by the theory of poles or magnetic fluids, and therefore there is no longer any reason—or even any possibility—to identify the place of appearance of the lines with the cause of their existence. In the sense of limited centers or active origins of the lines of force, "poles" do not exist! (3289). The word "polarity" retains a meaning, but it is a geometrical meaning only, marking the sense of direction to and from along the lines, and distinguishing the places of concentration of the lines as they enter a new medium.

Accordingly, the relation which the magnet (I should say, the *iron*) has to its own lines of force does not seem to be any different from the relation which the surrounding medium has to *its* lines of force, that is, the relation of a conductor. To be sure, we do usually want to think of the iron as somehow the active cause of the lines, and this conventional view was given perfect expression in the theory of poles. But now that notion is rendered untenable or at any rate *occult*: as we find there is nothing in the unfolding of the magnet's power which gives any visible confirmation to the idea that ponderable matter is "originative" of the lines of force. What the magnet's relation to its lines *is*, has not become a settled question; but it is growing in its status as a question that can be asked *in practice*. Through the Moving Wire, first, the unfolding of this relation, second, the rendition of "conducting power" as geometrical in content, and third, the articulation of the materiality of space are all taken up into a single powerful image, the most comprehensive, and yielding the most explicit interpretation of the magnet. This image is the System of Power, and it is most completely set forth in Faraday's paper titled "On the Physical Character of the Lines of Magnetic Force."[10] This paper is, by itself, such a high and humane model of scientific rhetoric and teaching, as to be the most rewarding conclusion to this history.

V. *The System of Power*

Through the action of the moving wire, the magnetic line of force was carried to its highest development as a symbol. For the moving wire has disclosed the line of force to be not only the locus of the magnet's exterior action, but the sign of its interior condition as well. The line of force is unchanged in its nature, whether we view that part of it which resides within the iron bar, or its continuation outward into the surrounding places; power resides equally in both phases of the line of force. Therefore we must not suppose that division of the magnet into an "inner" or *iron* portion and an "outer" or *air* portion is a division between the active and the passive. The inner, iron, part of the magnet is not the active origin of the magnetic power; nor is the surrounding space the passive stage whereon the magnet displays its peculiar action.

The outer medium, no less than the iron, is *essential* to the magnet and defines what Faraday calls the system or atmosphere of power (p. 402). The family of closed magnetic curves filling and surrounding a bar magnet constitutes an atmosphere whose shape is that of a solid of rotation—really a nest of surfaces of rotation—about the bar's axis. This interesting shape Faraday calls "sphondyloid," from the Greek word for "beetle" (Fig. 13).

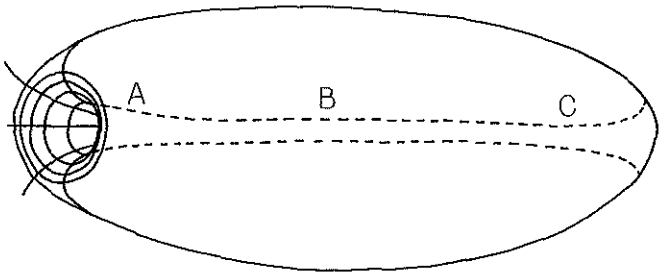

Figure 13: "Sphondyloid."

"All the phenomena of the moving wire," Faraday writes, "seem to me to show the physical existence of an atmosphere of power about a magnet, which, as the power is antithetical, and marked in its direction by the lines of magnetic force, may be considered as disposed in sphondyloids, determined by the lines or rather shells of force" (3271).

The sphondyloid form is characteristic and exemplary. Even those magnetic systems which do not display the sphondyloid shape have forms which can be viewed as distortions and transformations of it. The atmosphere about a spherical magnet, for example, comprises lines of force whose

angles of refraction are rather gentler than those of a hard, well-charged bar magnet; the shape of the atmosphere is somewhat stubby by comparison, but in it the characteristic sphondyloid structure can readily be perceived. Another example is the horseshoe-magnet, which is really just a bar-magnet bent into a U-shape. Bending the bar produces a corresponding distortion in the shape of the atmosphere, a comical one, I think: it turns the sphondyloid inside out (Fig. 14).

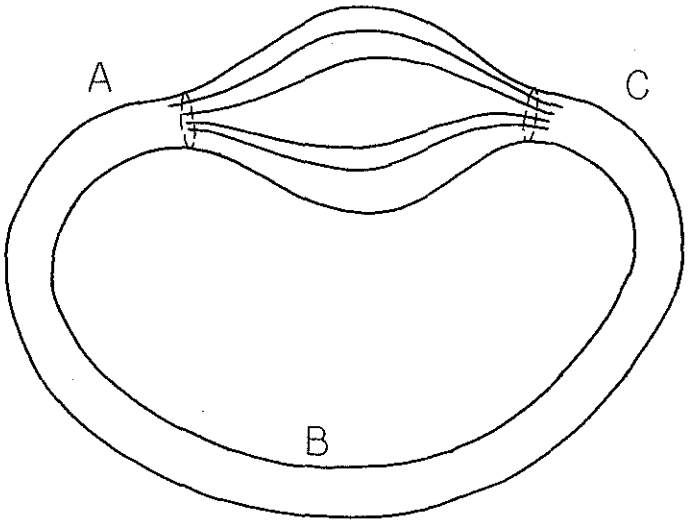

Figure 14: Lettered regions correspond to those of the Sphondyloid in the previous figure.

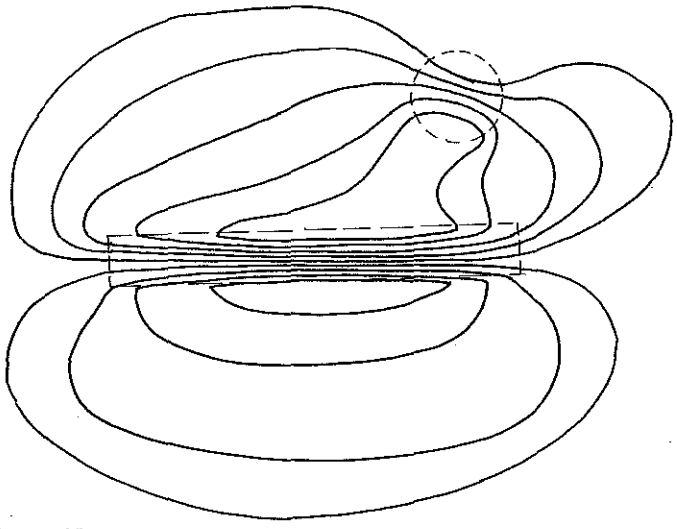

Figure 15

So the shape of the tangible core of magnetic material has much to do with the form of the magnetic atmosphere, but as Faraday says, "the condition and relation of the *surrounding* medium has an essential and evident influence" (3274).

One change that can be made in the surrounding medium is to introduce an inhomogeneity into it. If this is done, for example by bringing a piece of iron into the vicinity of the magnet, there will be a corresponding irregularity imposed upon the pattern of distribution of power; and the sphonydyloid (or whatever shape) will distend, indicating by this the new equilibria of power that have been set up within the system (Fig. 15). Faraday writes: "if a piece of cold iron . . . is introduced into a magnetic field, previously occupied by air or even mere space, there is a concentration of lines of force onto it and more power is transmitted through the space thus occupied than if the paramagnetic body were not there. . . . A new disposition of the force arises; for some passes now where it did not pass before, being removed from places where it was previously transmitted" (3279).

In the old rhetoric of action-at-a-distance one would have described that event as an action between two bodies—the magnet *acting upon* (attracting) the iron sample. But here, one speaks not of the action of a magnet upon another body but of the coming-to-be of an irregularity in the atmosphere, the transformation of the sphondyloid into some other unnamed but perfectly definite shape. The subsequent motion of the intruding iron sample is viewed, not as a passive submission to the magnet's force, but as *non-equilibrium*. The original sphondyloid and its various distortions are like forms of a soap-bubble. Ordinarily the spherical shape of a soap-bubble is stable, just as the sphondyloid magnetic atmosphere is stable. But if the bubble is stretched or elongated a new disposition of tension arises in the surface; and the offending body, if unconstrained, will tend to be drawn back into the bubble as the latter regains, so far as possible, its spherical shape. In just the same way that the *shape* of a bubble indicates the conditions of stress and strain within itself, so does the *shape* of the magnetic atmosphere stand as the visible symbol of the plurality—a plurality of relations but not of agents—that constitutes the magnetic system.

The magnet resolves itself into Form and Material in a way quite independent of the nature of its iron or other ponderable "inner" medium. The true magnetic material is not iron or nickel or anything other than *power*, and this power is a magnitude possessing quantity and location just as much as any ponderable body does. The power is disposed in an atmosphere of lines or surfaces of force whose presence and number are displayed by the Moving Wire. It is because the lines or surfaces are continuous and because they, not intersecting, *contain* one another, that we are permitted to speak so emphatically of shape. The magnetic atmosphere has shape and place in an Aristotelian way, that is by containing and being contained.

Shape in this sense is independent of size. As a System of Power, the magnet has *shape without size*, and I mean this in two different ways. The first way that the atmosphere has shape without size is in that it is a nest of forms (Fig. 16). Now many bodies have shape only "on their surface"—think of a marble statue, for example. We imagine that if we could plunge into its substance, we would have left form behind, and that everywhere beneath its surface there is only undifferentiated stuff. Not so the sphondyloid of power. Like an onion, or like the figures of Silenus, each of which contains another within itself, its form extends throughout all of its

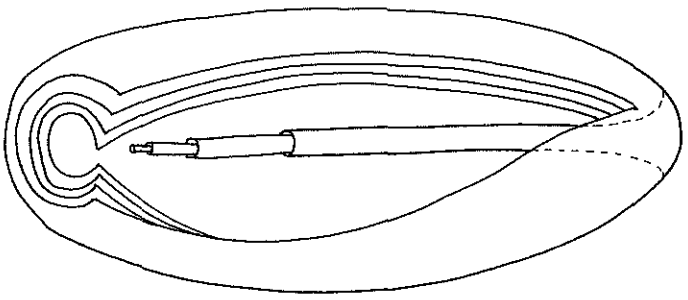

Figure 16: "Dissection" of sphondyloid.

parts. Beneath every surface there is another, for it is a nest of surfaces rather than a solid with a surface. No matter how much or how little of the atmosphere we look at, form is present. And this is the first way.

The second way in which a magnet has shape without size is that it has no inherent size. An isolated magnet would be of infinite extent, for there is no container or surface of accumulation of magnetic power so long as the magnet is absolutely alone (3255). (In another place, Faraday calls empty space "the great abyss" for lines of force [2852].) Every magnet is, potentially, an infinite body; yet its atmosphere of power can be compressed, contained, and distorted by other systems of magnetic power. If a small bar-magnet is immersed in a strong, alien magnetic field—such as the Earth's—and if it is constrained so that its poles face toward the like poles of the exterior magnet, from which poles they would normally repel; then the two atmospheres *will not mix*, and the first will be virtually contained in the second; as though it were a drop of oil contained in a volume of water (Fig. 17).

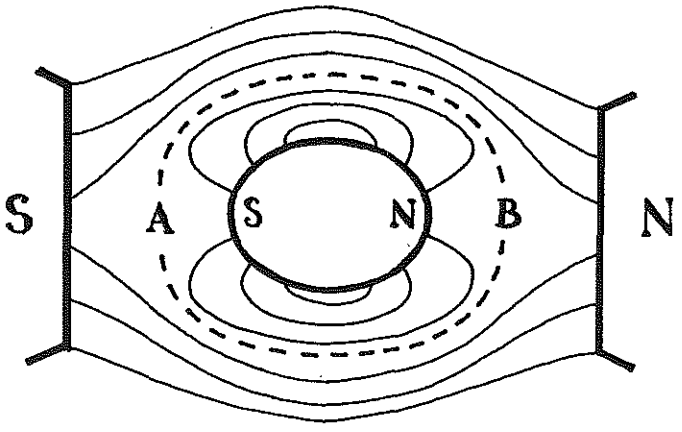

Figure 17

In the figure the dotted curve *AB* represents the boundary between the two magnetic systems. Though the space be ever so densely filled with lines of force, there will always remain such a curve as *AB* which divides all the lines of the smaller atmosphere from all the lines of the larger. And the total power of the system, however contained or bent, remains the same. In the case of the small atmosphere contained by the larger one Faraday declares: "I have no doubt . . . that the sphondyloid representing the total power, which in the experiment . . . had a sectional area of not two square inches in surface, would have equal power upon the moving wire with that infinite sphondyloid which would exist if the magnet were in free space" (3275).

We are now in possession of the final experimental interpretation. A magnet represents a fixed and constant body of *power*. Like that of a volume of gas, the distribution of this power has no inherent size, but it can be given size by confinement. In a manner very much unlike a gas, however, the magnetic atmosphere, a structure comprising shells or surfaces, has shape throughout itself; and this shape, though tending to secure its own geometry, can be penetrated and distorted by other magnetic systems. Tangible material is not what defines a magnet. The iron in a bar-magnet is only a sort of skeleton: it is the magnetic atmosphere, the sphondyloid of power, that can be named the *body* of the magnet, and so revealed the magnet stands forth as an infinite elastic corporeal extension, variable as to shape but incorruptible as to power. That a magnetic system has corporeality independent of its skeleton of ponderable matter is the capstone of the discoveries of the Moving Wire.

The magnet is above all a geometrical body, neither matter nor space. Geometry resides not in a fictitious empty space, but in the articulate extensive continuum; and the magnetic articulation of this is what has been brought to sight. The magnetic world is a new geometrical world, shapely, visible, and fluid.

Epilog: *The World-Traveler*

There are two questions, each of which leads to an aspect of Faraday's scientific practice which is distinguished and excellent. They are, "What is rhetoric?" and, "What is experience?"

In my section called "The Image" I narrated the course of appearance of *space* among the magnetic materials. Under one view of this appearance, space is to be considered the neutral, passive ground through which materials—the only true agents—relate to and interact with one another. According to a second representation, which I have associated with Faraday's use of the Moving Wire, the division between space and matter is subverted; and along with that the seat of natural power is ascribed not to isolated material centers but rather to the great continuum of extension, with respect to which the former "active centers" become only the boundaries.

These views differ in imagery. *They do not differ in predictive power.* Insofar as they are able to generate predictions at all, the two views are indistinguishable. Their predictions are the same. There is a current of thinking which holds that, therefore, the two views *are* the same: that it is their testable content which constitutes their entire standing as scientific pronouncements, and the additional differences between

them are only, as Hertz once wrote, "the gay garment" in which we clothe them.[11]

But I will affirm the contrary, that it is the *image*, and nothing else, which carries our knowledge of the object. It is the image which tries to reveal what the object is. The following out of one image into another is *rhetoric*. The evolution of the image of space as a passive ground, into the image of space as a conductor among conductors is a rhetorical achievement—it is exactly insofar as an account is deliberately and faithfully rhetorical that the account is scientific. Natural science *is* rhetoric.

Earlier in this talk I labeled as the "manifesto" of the scientific laboratory, a pronouncement that symbols come into science through "experience." It is important to emphasize the artfulness through which this experience is gained, for the experience of which I speak is to be contrasted with the experience gained by, say, a world-traveler. There is a sort of traveler, of whom let me take Gulliver or Herodotus as examples, whose experience is gained artlessly. They find themselves in a place and report what has happened. They return with stories, legends, even with what might be called facts—all of them of a new and strange character, which is why we are so eager to hear about them.

What kind of thing do these experiences go to make up? The answer is already seen in the relation which these "artless" storytellers have to their own stories—they carry them back with them in the same way that they would carry back riches and gifts from the far land. At home, the stories are assembled into a picture, a mosaic; they depict the world for us. This world that is depicted has its most important character in being large and therefore, for the most part, distant. It is varied. And it stays put whilst we come and go. This last points to the most important effect that travel stories have upon us, for they incite us to give up the feeling that our "place" is our immediate (Aristotelian) container. Thus the contiguity between the storyteller and where he is, is lost; and the first ground is cleared for the appearance of that duality between the self and the world, of which thinkers have made so much.

So I am claiming that the "artless" encounters of travelers are of a type, and that they go to articulate an order which comprises *knowing selves* and *objects*. The objects are always at a distance, the speech all on the part of the selves, and the objects wait to be described. It so happens that there is one traveler who is anything but artless and does not fit this picture; that is Odysseus. Faraday is like Odysseus.[12]

Faraday's journey is a journey of sight, speech, and image. Home is a world that is knowable and known, a world enriched by powers newly brought to light. These powers are not monsters like Polyphemus, that they must be tamed and controlled by gods, wiles, or magic; and likewise Faraday's art is neither magical, devious, nor divine. Faraday's rhetorical art establishes an occasion in which the distance between an act of speech and the things spoken about may become absolutely minimal. The result of this is that, under his art, the things transform so as to become more articulate. They do not become other than they are, or more perfect (his experimental art is not that of "eliminating errors")—they only become more articulate.

This scientific activity may also be compared to what we may imagine of the philosopher who returns to the cave[13]. He does not tell travel-stories—about the perfect world there and the degenerate here. He does not scoff and deride. He does not jeer, "Your fire is trash compared to *Fire*." What he does is tell stories and legends that enable us to see Fire in fire. We then love it, as one loves the Beautiful in the beloved. It is not the man who has seen perfection that mistreats the world, it is the ignorant man who thinks things are merely what they are, mere givens, *pragmata*, facts.

The hero's return from the land of the sun at once elevates and shames. The two are forever connected! Most people read the hero's return as destructive, in that the cave is to be judged by an impossible high standard; but such fears are appropriate only when the hero returns from another world literally. When the perfect is not "other" but is seen in the object at hand, then does the object have meaning and value; and one who has gained this vision acts, not bestially and tyrannically, but honorably and well.

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1. Thomas King Simpson, *A Critical Study of Maxwell's Dynamical Theory of the Electromagnetic Field in the "Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism,"* Diss., Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University, 1968. Available through University Microfilms, Ann Arbor. For other important studies on Faraday, Maxwell, and electromagnetism in general: "Faraday's Thought on Electromagnetism," *The College* 22, 2, Annapolis: St. John's College, July 1970; "Some Observations on Maxwell's *Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism*," *Hist. Phil. Sci.*, 1, 3, 1970; "Maxwell and the Direct Experimental Test of His Electromagnetic Theory," *Isis* 57, 4 (number 190), 1966.
2. Plato, *Phaedrus*, 275 B.
3. Michael Faraday, *Experimental Researches in Electricity*, 3 volumes, London: Bernard Quaritch, 1839 and New York: Dover, 1965. References in parentheses are to article number unless otherwise indicated.
4. In the context in which this remark is introduced by Faraday, it has in part the function of justifying the image of the *line of force*, the most visual of all of Faraday's images.
5. Faraday, "On Some Points of Magnetic Philosophy," *Philosophical Magazine*, February 1855. Appears as articles 3300-3362, *Exp. Res.*
6. Faraday states the theory here, but he does not ascribe it to Coulomb until article 3307. See also Charles Coulomb, "Sur l'Electricité et le Magnétisme—2e Mémoire" (1785), *Collection de Mémoires*, Paris: Société Française de Physique 1, 1884, 116.
7. Faraday frequently, but not uncritically, uses the words "space" and "vacuum" interchangeably. See especially articles 2784 and 2787.
8. Faraday, *Exp. Res.*, article 36, November 1831.
9. Compare Figure 12 with Figure 6.
10. *Philosophical Magazine*, June 1852. Appears as articles 3243-3299, *Exp. Res.*
11. Heinrich Hertz, *Electric Waves*, trans. D.E. Jones, London: Macmillan, 1893, 28.
12. Simpson, *A Critical Study*.
13. Plato, *Republic*, 519 D.

Odysseus Among the Phaiakians

William O'Grady

When Odysseus awakens alone on Ithaka after an absence of twenty years, the land looks strange to him and he fears that he has been betrayed by the Phaiakians, who promised to take him home. Odysseus says, "Come, let me count my goods and look them over," lest something have been taken away. "So speaking, he counted up the surpassingly beautiful tripods and caldrons, and the gold and all the fine woven clothing. Of these things nothing at all was missing." Having returned home, Odysseus needs to know what he has brought with him, what he has to offer. The most important things, the things he most cares about, the things he must possess if he is again to be husband to Penelope, father to Telemachus, son to Laertes, king to his people, are not things that can be counted and looked over. Still, there is some solace in counting what can be counted, and finding that of these nothing is lacking. But in the measure that Odysseus is able to trust that he has also managed to return home with what is most important, with a heart that is whole and brave, he is greatly indebted to the Phaiakians, the people of Scheria, among whom he stayed for three days. They are indebted to him as well, as I shall try to show. My attempt here is to understand something of what happens while Odysseus is among the Phaiakians.

Odysseus' encounter with the Phaiakians immediately prior to his homecoming is not a chance encounter. Two assemblies of the gods on Olympus (recounted in books one and five) have been held to arrange that his return, which is clearly a big and difficult matter, should come about in the right way. In particular, both when Athena comes to Nausikaa in the form of a dream, bidding her to think of her marriage and to do her laundry, and when Athena herself goes through the city calling the Phaiakians to assembly, she is said by Homer to be "devising the return of great-hearted Odysseus." The assembly culminates with Odysseus weeping boundless tears as he hears the story of the fall of Troy. We must try to understand in what way the encounter with Nausikaa is important for Odysseus, supplies him with something needful; and, we must try to understand the meaning of the tears shed by Odysseus as he hears his greatest victory sung. The premise of my attempt to understand is that according to Homer the gods sometimes make available to human beings what they need most.

That Odysseus' needs as he comes to the land of the Phaiakians are urgent and delicate appears most vividly in this simile describing his shelter during the first night. "As when a man buries a firebrand beneath the dark embers in a remote place where there are no neighbors, and saves the seed of fire, having nowhere else from which to kindle fire, so Odysseus buried himself in the leaves." The fire has almost died in Odysseus; only a seed remains from which however the full blaze of fire might grow again. But if the seed dies, there is no other source from which fire might be kindled. And this seed has come to be, in a strange way, outside of Odysseus: he must dispose of it, protect it, care for it, in an anxiously self-conscious way.

Odysseus and Nausikaa are together only twice, the second time very briefly. Nausikaa asks Odysseus to remember her, since he owes her his life. Odysseus, promising to remember her always, uses a different and extraordinary word:--"You have given me my human life" (the difference in Greek between *bios* and *zōē*). One could almost translate: "You have en-humaned me." Odysseus means, to begin with, that when he first saw Nausikaa in her loveliness and innocence he knew for certain that the world does not contain only, or even chiefly, monsters. He has, after all, seen so many monsters that as he swims toward the island of Scheria Athena must specially intervene to supply him with presence of mind when, afraid of being dashed against the sharp rocks or, again, of being carried farther out to sea, a third fear suddenly rises up—a monster may appear. Thus the wholly convincing gentleness of Nausikaa's appearance is immeasurably important. But even more important, perhaps, is a discovery Odysseus is led to make about himself. He hears himself saying to Nausikaa: "I have never seen anything like you, neither man nor woman. Wonder takes me as I look on you. Yet in Delos once I saw such a thing, by Apollo's altar. I saw the stalk of a young palm shooting up. I had gone there once, and with a following of a great many people, on that journey which was to mean hard suffering for me. And as, when I looked upon that tree, my heart admired it long, since such a tree had never yet sprung up from the earth, so now, lady, I admire you and wonder." Not only is Nausikaa herself invincibly lovely and innocent, but she reminds of other lovely and innocent things seen long ago and almost forgotten: there have always been such things in the world. Above all, Odysseus becomes aware that just as long ago—so much violence ago and so much hideousness ago—his heart was capable of responding in awe and gratitude to the appearance of lovely and innocent things, wholly without reference to how they might be useful to him; so now his heart is capable of the same: it is somehow the same heart. This is a very difficult thing to

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know, and it is the sort of thing that human beings, sometimes, most need to know. This is the deepest meaning, perhaps, of Odysseus' gratitude to Nausikaa for having been an indispensable source of his human life.

Athena in arousing Nausikaa to go to the river where she will meet Odysseus is said to be devising the return of Odysseus. The very same words are used as she summons the Phaiakians to assembly. Why is the assembly, described in book eight, of such importance for Odysseus, even before he begins to tell his story? Near the beginning of the meeting Odysseus weeps, though he tries to conceal it, as he hears the minstrel sing of a quarrel between Achilles and Odysseus. Then athletic contests take place, and Odysseus' heart seems to lighten. After his victory in throwing the discus, he speaks "in language more blithe," as Lattimore translates. Again, Odysseus seems to share fully in the enjoyment of all the Phaiakians as Demodicus sings of the adultery of Aphrodite with Ares, although this enjoyment is perhaps not altogether easy to understand. (The gods are of course immortal, so that their doings always seem somehow comic, but here Hephaestus is so pained as to utter the wish that he had not been born; moreover, Poseidon's urgent attempts, apparently inspired by compassion for Hephaestus, to bring to an end the unseemly spectacle of the vulgar laughter of Apollo and Hermes, remind us disconcertingly that Poseidon is other and more than the mere persecutor of Odysseus.)

After these incidents, and before he reveals his name, Odysseus weeps again, but this time in a vastly deeper and wider way, as he hears the song, which he himself requested of the strategem of the horse and the fall of Troy. What do these tears mean? How have they come about? Is it good that Odysseus should shed them? Before trying to understand this happening, let us listen to a translation of Homer's astounding words: "So the famous singer sang his tale, but Odysseus melted, and from under his eyes the tears ran down, drenching his cheeks. As a woman weeps, lying over the body of her dear husband, who fell fighting for his city and people, as he tried to beat off the pitiless day from city and children; she sees him dying and gasping for breath, and winding her body around him she cries high and shrill, while the men behind her, hitting her with their spears on the back and shoulders, force her up and lead her away into slavery to have hard work and sorrow, and her cheeks are wracked with pitiful weeping. So Odysseus shed piteous tears from under his brows."

The earlier tears, the tears over the quarrel with Achilles who has died, are perhaps not too difficult to understand. But what of these final tears, necessary before Odysseus can name himself? How can the tears of the victor be likened to the tears of the vanquished, the tears of the sacker of cities to the tears of a woman trying to hold on to her dying husband, which she cannot, to shelter him from further blows from his enemies, which she cannot?

I think the pain in Odysseus' soul at this moment has two sources. The first has to do with Odyssesus' request to the singer that he sing *Kosmos hippou* which means, to begin with, the ornament of the horse, the device of the horse, the horse as the product of resourcefulness, artfulness, cleverness, the horse as the manifestation of wit and talent considered in isolation from all else. But *Kosmos hippou*, as the singer well knows and truthfully sings, means finally and fully the world of the horse, the world out of which the horse came to be, the world of prodigious single-mindedness, of goals to which all else becomes subject, of the breaching of Troy as *the end*, an end justifying all things, including the perversion of worship represented by the horse. Again, the world of the horse is the world the horse leads to, the fall of a holy city, the broken-heartedness, homelessness and utter forlornness of Andromache. Odysseus weeps because he is deeply implicated in the perversion of high things and in vast human suffering, and because his delight in the play and display of his own incomparable resourcefulness has in some way distracted his attention from what he has been implicated in.

But this sorrow felt by Odysseus, a deeper sorrow perhaps than most human beings ever know, is not the deepest sorrow felt by Odysseus, who has come to Scheria from the island of Calypso, where deathlessness and agelessness are available to human beings. The deepest and widest sorrow that Odysseus feels, which somehow makes bearable all that is involved in facing his responsibility for the fall of a city whose men and women also prayed to Zeus, is sorrow over a world—the world of mortals—in which all dear things perish and in which all attempts to shelter those dear things are doomed to failure; which attempts, however, except in the eyes of utterly base human beings, are never objects of scorn or condescension.

The breadth and impartiality of Odysseus' sorrow shows itself again in book twenty-three. When Odysseus and Penelope are finally in their bed together, and after they have made love, Odysseus tells stories. He begins after the fall of Troy, and what he tells is "all cares, both so many as he had placed upon human beings and so many as he himself, sorrowing, toiled through."

As Odysseus weeps these tears in which the whole mortal world is bathed, Alkinous, king of the Phaiakians, asks Demodicus to cease from singing, and tells Odysseus that the time has come for the stranger to reveal his name. But Alkinous, who surely suspects strongly that this stranger is Odysseus, in whom Poseidon is going to be exceptionally interested, if he is in the fate of any storm-driven wanderer, "digresses" remarkably. After requiring of Odysseus that he declare his name, he recounts what he has heard from his father, namely that some day Poseidon, angry with the Phaiakians for giving conveyance to some man, will turn the returning ship to stone and surround the city with a great wall to hide it. Alkinous gives Odysseus a chance to lie, to deny that he is Odysseus, or at least to present himself as an Odysseus on good terms with Poseidon. At any rate, if Odysseus does present himself as persecuted by Poseidon, he had better have some great good thing to offer the Phaiakians, in gratitude for which this people would be willing to run a very great risk—this people which has enjoyed, ever since its removal from the vicinity of the Cyclops who harried them savagely, a perfectly riskless existence; an existence, moreover, requiring no patience: the fruit trees are always in season, and

human sorrows are understood to be fashioned by the gods "so that there will be a song for men who are to come"—as if to say: let's get the sorrows and the lives over with, so that the song can begin.

And it turns out, after Odysseus has told his story, that it seems to the Phaiakians that he has given them a great good thing, namely, the most wonderful stories they or anyone else have ever heard; moreover, he has somehow brought them to understand that it is not quite right for human beings who live and choose to live a riskless existence to delight in stories about human beings whose lives are full of risks. The Phaiakians somehow understand, when Odysseus has finished speaking, not only that sheer gratitude for a wonderful gift requires that they try to give Odysseus some good thing in return, namely, conveyance to his homeland, regardless of the risk to themselves; but also that in order truly to possess Odysseus' wonderful stories, genuinely to enter into them, they themselves must run risks, must not lead an altogether sheltered—hence storyless—existence. And so they risk the thing they love best, their access to the sea, for the sake of Odysseus, and for their own sake. It is not entirely clear how their risk turns out, partly because of a textual question: Zeus says to Poseidon *either* "Turn the ship to stone but do not surround the city with a mountain to hide it" *or* "Turn the ship to stone and surround it with a huge mountain to hide it" (in Greek the difference between *mēde* and *mega*). But in either case, we are told by Homer that Poseidon turned the returning ship to stone "and then he went away."

II.

Now let us consider for awhile the tales Odysseus tells to the Phaiakians during the wondrously long night of the assembly. The tales are full of monsters of various kinds and it is difficult for us to understand the status of these beings. Perhaps it would be good for us to keep in mind Socrates' statement in the *Phaedrus* that to know myself includes knowing whether I am a being as fierce and complicated as the monster Typhon or one to whom a gentler and simpler nature belongs—it seems difficult to speak of the human soul without speaking of monsters of one kind or another.

But however uncertain we may be about what account to give of the Cyclops, Skylla, the Sirens and others, Odysseus' tale is never unintelligible to us. This is so, I think, because centrally the tale is about human companionship, human pain at its being fractured, and human joy at its being restored.

Let me try to sketch briefly what happens to this companionship in the tale he tells the Phaiakians from the Adventure of the Bag of Winds to the Adventure of the Stag, and then make a suggestion about how such stories come to take shape.

When Odysseus sleeps, and while his ships are within sight of Ithaka, his companions open the bag given to Odysseus by King Aolius and a hurricane drives the ships far from Ithaka. Odysseus immediately considers throwing himself into the sea and ending his life. The alternative, as he puts it to himself, is not simply to go on living, but rather "to go on being among men." All that Odysseus and his companions have shared during ten years at Troy seems to stand revealed as mutual infidelity: there is mistrust, jealousy and resentment at ingratitude on the one side, and on Odysseus' side absent-mindedness, lack of imagination and complacency. That Odysseus brings these charges against himself is clear from two considerations: first, in narrating the adventure to the Phaiakians, Odysseus speaks of the prospect of an early return having been ruined by "*our* own folly;" and, second, Odysseus after the fact is able to reconstruct in his previously inattentive imagination the pained and resentful conversation among his men which he did not hear because he was asleep. Odysseus decides to endure in silence and remain, but he conceals himself (*kaluptesthai*) and withdraws, as, we understand, do his men: no one has the heart to look anyone else in the face.

In what follows the aloneness of Odysseus is not spoken of, but rather presented in three tableaux. When they come to the island of the Lastrygonians, after the adventure of the winds, the other nine ships drop anchor inside the harbor, Odysseus' ship alone outside the harbor. On this island, as again on the island of Circe, Odysseus alone climbs up to a high place of outlook and there takes his stand, a solitary figure against the sky. But then, on the island of Circe, a sort of miracle happens: as Odysseus is returning to the ship, "Some one of the gods pitied me, being alone, and sent a great stag with towering antlers right in my very path." Odysseus slays the stag and, with much trouble on account of its size, manages to carry it back to the ship. And then "I threw him down by the ship and roused my companions, standing beside each man in turn and speaking to him in kind words: 'Dear friends, sorry as we are, we shall not yet go down to the house of Hades. Not until our day is appointed. Come then, while there is something to eat and drink by the fast ship, let us think of our food, and not be worn out with hunger.' So I spoke, and they listened at once to me and obeyed me, and unconcealing themselves (*ek-kaluptesthai*, the undoing of the concealment and withdrawal resulting from the Adventure of the Bag of Winds), along the shore of the unresting sea, they wondered at the stag; for truly he was a very big beast. But after they had looked at him, and their eyes had enjoyed him, they washed their hands and set about preparing a communal high feast."

Well, I think that it is not exactly the stag they are wondering at, big though it be, but rather, shyly, they are wondering at the miracle of the restoration of companionship and the possibility of communion that has somehow taken place.

A number of important events affecting their reconstituted fellowship follow, events which show that not only has their fellowship been re-constituted, but it has been constituted at a deeper level. The next morning Odysseus addresses his men in a way he has never addressed them before. He says that none of them, including himself, knows the place of the rising of the sun or of its setting: they are deeply ignorant regarding the encompassing things. But perhaps, all the same, there

is some *mētis*, some device, some plan, says *polumētis* Odysseus, the man of many devices. Then he says: "But I do not think so." Odysseus is at a loss, and says so out loud.

Events, however, arrange themselves, and Odysseus must risk emasculation, that is, in some way risk his relation to Penelope for the sake of his men whom Circe has turned into swine. This adventure has a happy ending, and Odysseus' men, having feared that he was lost, tell him in winged words, "O great Odysseus, we are as happy to see you returning as if we had come back to our own Ithakan country." But this moment is not enough. As Circe says to all of them, "Now you are all dried out, dispirited from the constant thought of your hard wandering, nor is there any spirit in your festivity, because of so much suffering."

Odysseus recognizes the truth of this: the companionship, which is not forever, needs festive time spent together. And Odysseus must let his companions tell him how much time is necessary. They come to him at the end of a year spent on Circe's island and say that the time has come to go. Once more they make for home. But of course only Odysseus returns.

The others perish at sea for having eaten the sacred cattle of the Sun, after valiantly resisting this temptation for a long time. In response to their urgent plea not to measure their endurance by his own endurance, nor to ask of them that they make his endurance their own measure, Odysseus wanders off while his companions choose likely death at sea over starvation. Once again, Odysseus knows exactly what they say to each other without having been present. He knows their ways and respects their dignity. Above all, he has heard Elpenor, the youngest and most foolish of them all, who fell to his death because of *athesphatos oinos*, "more wine than even a god could say," pronounce his blessing upon the time "I was among my companions."

Let me try to say a few words concerning this story Odysseus tells to the Phaiakians about his experiences in companionship in the middle of a world populated by monsters. How does it become a story rather than a mere sequence of happenings? For me this question means especially: how does Odysseus know that the appearing of the mighty stag was brought about by some one of the gods—he does not say which one—who pitied him because he was alone? For after all, only on this "interpretation" of the appearing of the stag does the stag become the beginning of reconciliation and the restoration of communion. My suggestion would be that, although at the time of this happening Odysseus was somehow aware of its meaning, he comes to comprehend its full meaning only when he puts it into a story. I mean two things by this. First, Odysseus does not describe his feelings of loneliness; rather, he describes one ship outside a harbor and nine within, and a man twice taking his stand by himself on a high place of outlook. Again, he describes himself and the others withdrawing into concealment and emerging from concealment. Happenings seem to be more important than feelings for story-telling.

But second, and more important, and in some way qualifying my first suggestion, I think it is of decisive importance that Odysseus tells his story to Alkinous and Arete, not to himself. It is probably true that important stories, true stories, the narration of the truth of what happened, must be prepared in solitude: perhaps Odysseus could have said nothing true about what happened if he had spent any fewer than seven years in concealment with Calypso. But, I suggest, the most important truths of any story are the truths we hear for the first time as we tell the story to someone else, try to reach his soul with our words, try to make him understand how it was. I cannot, of course, prove this, but I firmly believe that when Odysseus heard himself telling Alkinous and Arete that the stag appeared because some one of the gods pitied him in his aloneness, he knew immediately that this was the truth of the matter, although he had never before said any such thing to himself, even tentatively.

As we read in the first lines of the *Odyssey*, Odysseus suffered many sorrows deep in his heart struggling to achieve his soul and the return of his companions. These two objects of his striving seem to involve each other deeply. The return of his companions turns out to be impossible. This impossibility is rooted both in the nature of the world—the adverse winds holding Odysseus and his companions on the island of the Sun cannot change until the prohibition against eating the sacred cattle has been violated; and in the nature of the companions—as the encounter with the Lotus-eaters indicates, to become forgetful of one's return follows from not being ready to bring back tidings: unlike Odysseus, his companions are not able in imagination and speech to make their life before the departure to Troy and their life after that moment into one life—that is why they cannot return. But, as the next line informs us, what Odysseus desired most of all was to draw his companions to himself *(erusthai)*. This was his ultimate task in relation to them, as theirs was actively to allow themselves to be drawn to Odysseus. In this task both Odysseus and his companions succeed. Their success receives its perfect seal in Elpenor's words to Odysseus in the underworld, that is, from beyond life in which of course it is always possible to re-appraise what has happened. Elpenor, the youngest of Odysseus' companions, wholly affirms his life in the companionship. He asks Odysseus to remember him, and he asks that the oar with which he rowed be erected on his burial mound as a memorial to the time when "I was among my companions." These final words spoken by Elpenor, and the affirmation they contain, render articulate and therefore somehow bearable the sheer gesture which Odysseus describes as "the most piteous sight my eyes beheld in my sufferings as I questioned the ways of the sea": six of his companions seized by Skylla reach out their hands toward an impotent Odysseus and utter his name.

Let us leave Odysseus for now. He has many troubles still to face when he reaches Ithaka. But for now we can with Homer be happy as the ship of the Phaiakians carries him homeward: "She carried a man with a mind like the gods for counsel, one whose spirit up to this time had endured much, suffering many pains: the wars of men, hard crossing of the big waters; but now he slept still, forgetful of all he had suffered."

Kant's Empiricism

Arthur Collins

According to Kant, nature is the system of interconnected spatio-temporal objects and events comprising the total range of possible human experience, and nature is the subject matter of all human knowledge. At the same time, nature is itself a product of the activity of the human cognitive constitution, and it would not exist at all were it not for human mental activities. The mind creates nature. This is a summary expression of a radical subjectivist tendency in Kant's thought. He says that we are *affected* by an unknown and unknowable reality, and this provides a *raw material* that excites the operation of our various faculties. In particular, it activates the sensitive aspect of our cognitive constitution which organizes the input as a system of "intuitions" in space and time, and it also awakens the conceptualizing aspect of our mental makeup which works up intuitions into representations of objects and thus gives rise to conscious experience and to the realm of objects of such experience. All of the objects with which experience can ever acquaint us must be found in this spatio-temporal world of perceptual experience. Even philosophical knowledge as expressed in principles like the principle of universal causality is only knowledge about the empirical world of possible experience. Kant never tires of warning us against interpreting such metaphysical principles as are accessible to us as truths about reality outside the mind-imposed conditions of possible experience. His Transcendental Dialectic is a catalog of erroneous theories produced by philosophers who have made the very mistake that he so urgently requires us to avoid.

This is radical subjectivity because the only reality we get to know, on Kant's theory, even though it is called "nature" and is the subject matter of all science, is not a reality that is independent of our existence as subjects of experience, and not independent of the occurrence of our thinking processes as subjects. The content of our experience cannot be characterized at all without ineliminable reference to contributions that we make in working up raw materials into a unified and comprehensible system of objects of experience. The objects we get to know would not exist at all, they would be *nothing*, in Kant's own explicit and dramatic way of putting it, without our mental activities. That is, the very mental activities that go into our getting to know about the existence and character of objects of experience help to create those objects and to determine their character. Without our thought nothing would be caused by anything else, nothing would be prior to or later than anything else, or simultaneous with anything else either. For space and time and causality are among the features of empirical things that owe their standing entirely to the contribution of the knowing subject. Of course, the things that originally set in motion all of this creativity of the mind would exist even though we did not exist. But these are, as Kant calls them, *things as they are in themselves*, and we can never know anything at all about them. Things in themselves are never objects of our experience and the failure to realize that we can know nothing about them is the greatest source of error in metaphysics according to Kant.

I think that the magnitude and the daring of the claim that the mind itself fabricates the world it experiences has always been one of the reasons for great interest in Kant's philosophy. At the same time, it is generally believed, and I believe also, that Kant was not only one of the great original figures of philosophical thought, but that his philosophy contains insights of permanent value, insights from which we can learn, and which make the arduous penetration of his obscurity and his inconsistency worthwhile. It is his thinking about experience, objects of experience, and consciousness, that is, it is his radical and unattractive subjectivist theory, that also embodies his most valuable permanent contributions. It is of these contributions that P.F. Strawson speaks, in his wonderful book on Kant, saying that Kant made ". . . very great and novel gains in epistemology, so great and so novel that, nearly two hundred years after they were made, they have still not been fully absorbed into the philosophical consciousness."[1] What I have to say here is organized with a view to showing how this permanent and large contribution of Kant's thinking can be approached in the setting of an explicit doctrine the subjectivism of which appears so extravagant.

I have already said that Kant holds that all human knowledge, apart from appreciation of merely formal truths of logic, has for its subject matter the realm of possible experience, which is the perceivable natural world. This much is in itself appealing to empiricists like all of us because it is a powerful empiricist commitment. Kant is indeed an empiricist of sorts.

We can think of empiricism as a doctrine concerning knowledge or as a doctrine concerning reality. As a theory of knowledge, empiricism is the view that all knowledge claims rest ultimately on appeal to perceptual experience. As a theory of reality, empiricism is the view that the world accessible to us in sense experience *is* reality. Kant's thinking has a

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major anti-empiricist component corresponding to each of these two conceptions of empiricism. First, there is his theory of synthetic *a priori* knowledge, that is, the claim that we do possess factual knowledge about the world which is not justifiable by appeal to experience. So Kant thinks that there is knowledge which is not empirical knowledge. Second, there is Kant's doctrine of the *thing in itself*, that is, a reality which we never do, and cannot possibly, encounter in experience. So Kant thinks that there is reality which is not empirical reality.

Both of these central themes of Kant's philosophy are crucially connected with his subjectivism. The theory of synthetic *a priori* knowledge is connected with subjectivism in that the constitutive role of the mind in forming the spatio-temporal world is the foundation of Kant's explanation for our possession of synthetic *a priori* knowledge. Kant is persuaded by Hume's analyses that no necessary propositions and no universal propositions can be given a rational justification, if the admissible foundation for such justification is limited to experience. Experience cannot prove that, in the future, it will not itself overthrow any universal generalization that we find supported today. And any factual proposition defended by appeal to experience can hardly be necessary, since further experience might always show it false. Kant accepts this much from Hume, He does not follow Hume in simply abandoning the task of justification of our necessary and universal beliefs. He does not fall back, as Hume does, on mere naturalistic *explanation* rather than *justification* of our possession of such beliefs. How can we simply abandon justification here? What leads Hume to his famous scepticism is precisely what sets the fundamental question for Kant. If knowledge of scientific law cannot, and if knowledge of causal necessity cannot, be justified by experience, then Hume says we do not really have any such knowledge. Kant agrees that such knowledge cannot come from experience, so it must be *a priori*. It is not merely *analytic* knowledge, that is, these known truths do not reduce to formal and barren identities, so it is *synthetic* knowledge. But we do have such knowledge. It is absurd to suppose that scientific and mathematical understanding, the greatest achievement of human reason, is in fact no achievement at all but, rather, a collection of rationally unsupported beliefs with which nature happens to endow us. Thus, for Kant, the question cannot be whether we have synthetic *a priori* knowledge but only, "How is synthetic *a priori* knowledge possible?"

Many philosophers before Kant thought that man has some inner source of knowledge or other. What is special about Kant's view on this point is precisely the empiricist element in it. What we know on the basis of our constitutional resources are, for Kant, truths about the world of experience even though they are not truths derived from the world of experience. It is beliefs about the world of experience that Hume's scepticism undermines. The general disparagement of perception in rationalist thought led to the idea of siphoning away the perceptual as the locus of secondary qualities and mere *phenomena*. Rationalists thought that scientific grasp was attainable only when an intrinsically misleading perceptual picture of reality was replaced by mathematical representation. Kant rejects both the scepticism engendered by radical empiricism and the downgrading of perceptual reality by the rationalists. The world of which mathematical science is a true representation is the world of objects in space and time. That is the realm of perception.

The second major anti-empiricist theme in Kant's thought, the concept of the thing in itself, is also directly connected with his subjective theory of the constitution of the natural world. That there must be another reality apart from the one that is created in the course of our attainment of conscious experience is a fundamental feature of Kant's theory from the outset. Although the end product of the activities of our mental constitution would not exist without those activities, and although this end product exhausts the range of scientific investigation, the subject is not also asserted to be the source of the initial input upon which these lavish creative powers are to operate. Kant's notion of affection by things is patterned on the analogy of perception. This is only an analogy, however. To say that we are affected by outer reality is not just an extremely abstract way of saying that we perceive things. The objects we encounter in perception, according to Kant, are produced by our mental faculties working on a raw input which first awakens their creative potential. We cannot suppose that Kant is referring to objects of perception as the items that originally affect us. He cannot be telling us that the input that awakens our faculties comes from the finished product that their activity creates. It must be reality independent of our thinking that provides the original source of affection out of which we construct objects of experience. We know, for example, that these objects all exist in space and time. But this is because the raw material of the initial encounter with outer things is subjected to the *forms of our sensibility*. Space and time, according to Kant, are those forms and they constitute a framework provided by the subject upon which the materials of receptivity are deployed. The original sources of this affection are not spatio-temporal things at all.

Thus, the idea of a second reality composed of things in themselves is a fundamental part of the theory of nature that ascribes it to the creative activities of the knowing subject. This is reflected from the start in Kant's use of the word "appearances" ("Erscheinungen") as a general term of reference for the constituents of the world of possible experience. There would be no point in calling the items encountered in experience "appearances" without a correlative reality that is not merely empirical. There must be things in themselves even though we cannot get to know anything about them.

Another deeper aspect of the relationship between Kant's subjectivism and his conception of things in themselves is illuminated by comparing Kant's position with Berkeley's idealism. Early reviews of the *Critique of Pure Reason* were disappointing and rather shocking to Kant because they bracketed his views with Berkeley's idealistic philosophy. The attitude of those who saw an affinity with Berkeley is not any mystery. Berkeley, too, rejected the theory of secondary qual-

ities and insisted that the reality we encounter in our perceptual experience is the only reality we come to know. Furthermore, in his way, Berkeley makes the empirical world depend for its very existence on the mental activities that we naively think of as giving us access to it. Is that not a view like Kant's? It is not, in the first instance, because for Kant perceptual experience is founded upon an affection by a nonmental reality even though the object of which we ultimately become conscious is not that nonmental reality. For Berkeley, there is no reality apart from empirical reality, and that means, apart from the content of consciousness. Kant never entertained such a view and was legitimately alarmed when his ideas were taken to endorse it. At the same time, this distinction which was so crucial to Kant tends to shrink in significance just because Kant holds that we do not and cannot know anything about this nonempirical reality. His theory then seems quite like Berkeley's with the difference that Kant adds a gratuitious commitment to a wholly unknowable reality.

I want to use the difference between Berkeley's and Kant's subjectivism, as the motif for a first effort of rethinking Kant's thoughts in a way that captures what is valuable in them. I said that the thing in itself is the core of the difference, but the fact is that, though Kant mentions it, he does not emphasize the thing in itself when he argues at length against the viewpoint of idealists and distinguishes his position from theirs. Instead, Kant tries repeatedly to formulate a surrogate distinction between subjective and objective, although both sides of the distinctions he introduces inevitably appeal to empirical reality, that is, to the reality that is thoroughly undermined by the subjectivism of his overall view. In the *Prolegomena*, for example, Kant offers a distinction between "judgments of perception" and "judgments of experience". If I judge that the room feels warm to me, the correctness of this judgment of perception requires nothing more than my own perceptual state. In a judgment of experience, however, I judge that the room is warm, and if I am right an objective quality exists in the object of my experience. Therefore, my judgment is objective and generates predictions about the experience of others which are not entailed by assertions limited to my perceptual states. This distinction is supposed to divide public intersubjective knowledge from mere private appreciation of one's own mental states. Kant tries to make the distinction within the realm of natural objects of experience all of which are products of our own constitution as subjects of experience.

In the second edition passage entitled "The Refutation of Idealism" and in the Paralogisms dealing with spurious philosophies of mind, Kant makes similar and more complex efforts to distinguish between a level of subjective experience and a level of objective fact, again without relinquishing any of the overall subjectivism of the thesis of the mind-dependence of nature. Kant organizes his views with reference to a philosophy of mind which he rightly takes to be held in common by many philosophers of both rationalist and empiricist schools, and which he regards as the foundation of various species of idealistic philosophy. The definitive and most influential articulation of this philosophy of mind is Descartes'. Descartes' scrupulous pursuit of indubitability led him to a revolutionary conception of the conscious mind and its immediate objects. This conception has dominated philosophy and determined the schedule of philosophical problems since the time of Descartes. Kant, of course, shares this inheritance. It is prominently reflected in his notion of "representations" as immediate objects of consciousness. Kant also recognizes fundamental limitations and illusions of the Cartesian philosophy of mind. He rejects outright the essential premise that, as conscious subjects, we are in direct touch only with the private contents of our minds, and that all other realities are at best subject matter for relatively tenuous hypotheses. A line from Hume's *Treatise* is a fine statement of this Cartesian premise and an indication of its power over philosophers of all schools: ". . . 'tis universally allowed by philosophers, and is besides pretty obvious of itself, that nothing is ever really present with the mind but its impressions and ideas, and that external objects become known to us only by those perceptions they occasion."[2] This is the view that engenders idealism. It does so when arguments for the existence of extra-mental realities are left problematic or are flatly ruled out, as they are by Hume and Berkeley respectively. If we cannot get beyond our ideas, beyond "perishing" mental existences, as Hume calls them, with which we are in direct contact, then perhaps those perishing ideas *are* reality and nothing beyond and in addition to such mental things exists at all.

This epistemological starting point, shared by Descartes, the classical empiricist tradition, and so many later thinkers, does not offer a minimally coherent account of conscious experience according to Kant. We cannot start with the idea of a conscious subject surveying wholly self-contained and ephemeral materials, such as Hume's perishing impressions and ideas. The missing ingredient necessary for the coherence of this viewpoint is the enduring conscious subject for whom the transitory contents are objects of consciousness. For we are not *given* any *self* except as one among other objects of experience. Experiences of a self are just experiences of "empirical self consciousness" and they are, as such, together with their content, as transitory as other experienced contents. We do not experience our selves as an enduring content that goes with all the other transitory contents. The empiricists actually share elements of this insight with Kant, but they do not pursue it to the end. Berkeley recognized that the concept of a perceiver, a thinking self for which ideas are conscious contents, could not be simply another idea. So Berkeley posited the *notion* of "spirits" to fill in for the missing idea. To Hume, this account of a needed owner of impressions and ideas was not only unconvincing but also incompatible with Berkeley's own brilliant demolition of the corresponding concept of a material substance as the needed owner of sensible qualities. Paralleling Berkeley's repudiation of material substance, Hume repudiated mental substance. The only reality to which experience attests is the reality of the conscious contents of experience. Thus, ". . . when I enter most intimately into what I call *myself* . . . I never can

catch *myself* at any time without a perception, and never can observe anything but the perception."[3] This is much the view that Kant expresses when he limits knowledge of the self to empirical selfconsciousness. Transcendental selfconsciousness (or apperception), the principle of the necessary ownership of all my experiences by a single subject, corresponds to nothing that I experience and is, therefore, reducible to the barren analytic formula: "All my experiences are mine." An "abiding self" contemplating hypotheses that might account for its fleeting conscious states is not a part of any epistemological starting point to which we are entitled. An abiding self is not given, and our idea of an abiding self is itself something that needs to be accounted for.

Kant's solution to the problem posed by a starting point that lacks a given subject of experience is more or less dictated by the problem. The stability and unity of experience does not come from an antecedently given enduring subject. Therefore, the antecedent existence of enduring objects of experience must provide the foundation of stability and unity.

Kant expresses this saying that there must be a "permanent" in perception. The content of experience must support the thought that the same object is encountered again and, thus, the object must endure unperceived in the interval between perceptual encounters. Then the sameness of the object of perception can introduce the fundamental stability which the absence of the given sameness of the subject leaves wanting. For this, objects of perception must be independent of our perception of them. Kant reads this independence as the necessary existence of enduring objects in space. Space is the presupposed region for the existence of unperceived things which, *a fortiori*, cannot be found in the given temporal sequence of our perceptions. The concept of an enduring self as an accompaniment of experiences is itself derivative and depends upon the continuity provided by episodically perceived but continuously existing spatial objects. Kant thus solves the problem of the external world by refusing to allow it to arise and rules out all solipsistic philosophies and all the conceptions of mind that give rise to the theories he collects under the pejorative title "rational psychology." Perceived objects in space must exist unperceived, our acquaintance with them must be direct and no mere question of inference or hypothesis, and they must not depend upon our perception of them for their existence.

The core of Kant's profound contribution to metaphysics and epistemology is to be found in these views about the concept of experience, the subject and the object of experience, consciousness and self-consciousness. It is in just these areas that much remains to be learned from Kant, for just these views have "still not been fully absorbed into the philosophical consciousness" as Strawson says. I cannot try to restate these views here in a way that satisfies us and conforms to current philosophical perspectives and usage. I will address the much more modest question of the compatibility of this promising view of experience with the pervasive subjectivism that we find in Kant's conception of the empirical world. For notwithstanding his anti-idealist arguments for the independent existence in space of immediate objects of consciousness, Kant never retreats from his contention that space is itself subjective and that perceived objects exist "only in our faculty of representation." Here, as in the contrast between judgments of perception and judgments of experience, Kant tries to substitute a distinction *within* subjectively constituted nature for a distinction *between* subjective experiences and objective realities. How can Kant have supposed that his anti-idealist views could be consistent with his assertion that the mind makes nature? How can we find these strands of Kant's thinking compatible? If we are to regard his opposition to idealism and the philosophies of mind that engender solipsistic problems as part of his permanent contribution, we need a way of looking at Kant's subjectivism that mitigates its seeming irretrievable unattractiveness.

I want to look again at the premise that makes Kant's theory seem so extravagantly subjective. The continuously existing spatio-temporal world of perceivable objects is our own creation. The *a priori* knowledge we have of it is explicable precisely because we have made this system of things ourselves, and that is why we are in a position to say what the fundamental principles of its structure must be. Given this understanding, all our knowledge, and not merely synthetic *a priori* knowledge, must be regarded as knowledge of a mere construction, a world that is a creature of our thought and, therefore, a world that deserves to be called *imaginary*. This is why Kant's subjectivism seems to collide with his refutation of idealism. In his refutation he insists that immediate acquaintance with independent objects is essential if we are to have *experience* and not just *imagination* of outer things. How can this distinction move us if Kant presents the whole of possible experience together with all objects in space and time as products of our own minds which exist only in us? It appears that we are asked to distinguish between reality and imagination in a context which is all imagination to begin with.

It is imagination that carries the burden at crucial junctures in Kant's own construction. Imagination is at the heart of memory and all synthesis. Imagination, for Kant, is the capacity to think a non-given object. All the mental activities upon which conscious recognition of objects depends involve appeal to something not presently given. Imagination enables us to conceive the existence of objects unperceived, and to appreciate the continuous existence of what is experienced intermittently. Imagination is Kant's fundamental tool for the construction of a stable world out of transient receptions of raw material. Thus, that stable world is an imaginary world.

I have intentionally pressed Kant's subjectivism to the limit, reading it as the view that the world is a figment of the imagination. I mean to show how very close Kant's view is, even in this extreme form, to another passage of thought about experience which can be presented so as not to seem extreme at all but, on the contrary, so as to seem quite common-sensical. This view does not promote a despairing *ignorabimus* concerning things in themselves, nor does it generate Humean scepticism concerning the empirical world.

Finally, this view is quite like the thoughts that Kant presents and sometimes it seems to be none other than just Kant's thought.

This alternative interpretation can be expressed within the framework of a rough empiricism that endorses the general idea of a perceptual foundation for knowledge while remaining noncommittal on the analysis of perception and all other matters of detail, crucial though they must be in the long run. One thing is certain for any such empiricism: The perceptual experience upon which our knowledge is thought to depend is *episodic*. Our visual experiences, for example, start and stop as we open and close our eyes. The content of visual experience shifts gradually and abruptly depending upon our movement, and the movement of obstructions to vision, and upon what it is that happens to be visible. Tactual impressions require contact and are interrupted or broken by broken contact. There are comparable discontinuities affecting the other perceptual modes. Sleep ends experience altogether and awakening restores it with new content. This is the character of our experience. It is for this episodic character that Hume said that impressions and ideas, the only things truly "present with the mind," are perishing existences. Episodic character is not a disappointing or regrettable fact about perceptual experience. It is not feasible at all to suppose that experience of all the things we perceive would be better if it were more continuous, or that our perceptual experiences would be more helpful to us if they coincided in duration with their objects.

In saying that we are empiricists we mean that we take this mass of episodic experience to be the only foundation we have for knowledge of the world. That world of which we do get to have knowledge does not have an episodic character, and its constituents are not perishing things as all of our experiences certainly are. On the basis of intermittent and relatively chaotic visual, auditory and tactual experiences we get to know a stable world of things that has permanent existence globally and of which prominent local constituents are relatively enduring things. These enduring things are not given.

I state rough empiricism in this way in order to suggest Kant's conception of *representation*. Kant says that appearances exist only in our faculty of representation and this strikes us as a hopelessly subjective conception, giving nature the status of an imagined world. But in one way Kant only means that objects are never the *given* content of any perceptual experience, and that such content is all that ever is given. Properly viewed this is undoubtedly correct. The given content of a perceptual experience is, for example, a view of a bridge. The bridge itself is not given. It is this view that perishes, should the viewer close his eyes. The bridge does not perish. The view, not the bridge, is, as Kant says, necessarily locatable in time with respect to all other mental contents of the subject. One might say, speaking of the view, that part of the bridge is obscured by an office building. This sort of thing is true of the given content, but not of the enduring object. This content and not a stable object is what is given. Such reflections will always eliminate the possibility that the content of an experience might be an object in nature.

Our thinking is complicated by the fact that we can only describe the given content of experience in terms of objects which are not given in the experience. This is Kant's view. Only when quite a bit of collecting, comparing, abstracting, in short, a lot of *synthesis* has taken place can we have an idea of an object of perceptual experience such as a bridge. Only then can we describe anything as "a view of a bridge." All description, being irreducibly comparative, necessarily goes beyond the immediately given and alludes to a range of related contents. Furthermore, consciousness of perceptual experience is itself dependent upon the same synthesis that makes description possible. Consciousness presupposes that experience involve recognition. So, in order that experiences be conscious at all, they must be recognized as experiences of this or that, and that means just that they must fit descriptions framed in terms of objects of experience. Therefore, it seems that we can only describe our experiences in terms of a picture of stable objects that *we form* on the basis of episodic and perishing experienced contents. Intrinsically, that is, apart from all comparison, the given is indescribable, for description *is* comparative. So we can describe the given only in terms of the non-given. This dark sounding formulation means that to describe our experience at all we have to say things like, "I can see part of the bridge from here," although the bridge itself is not given for it does not perish, and the bridge is not in itself partly obstructed, and so on. After we have attained consciousness and can describe our experiences in the language of objects, it remains the case that what is truly given is not objects but always perishing views, or representations.

Empiricists generally concede nowadays that we can devise no language of empirical description short of the so-called material-object language in which descriptive terms fit, in the first instance, relatively durable public objects. This is certainly part of what Kant means in arguing for permanence as part of our necessary conception of objects perceived. That is the argument that Kant depends on in opposing subjective idealism and the Cartesian starting point in epistemology. It remains to be seen whether this conception of permanence in *immediate* objects of perception is compatible with the subjective tendency of Kant's own commitment to the transience of the given in experience. So far we have seen that Kant shares this commitment with all roughly empiricist viewpoints.

The known world of permanent existence is not what is given. Certainly from the point of view of empirical learning theory, it must be supposed to take some doing on the part of any organism to get to recognize what it is in experience that betokens objects of continuing existence. But we do succeed here, and when we do, we have a picture of a stable empirical world of which our experiences are transitory representations. We speakers can describe our experiences precisely by characterizing them as experiences of that stable world. The natural philosophical question here is, what is the status and the validity of the conception of the stable world to which we attain. Sticking to the factual level which is itself undercut by sceptical speculation, we all tend to think that the picture we

have of the stable material world is something like an automatic interpretation we make of our episodic experience quite early in life. What I want to emphasize is that, however it is formed, it must *be formed*, for it is something like a picture of the world and not the world itself which we come to possess. What is given, when we have matured and learned a bit, is still a transient content. The attainment of the level of conscious description gives us two things to talk about. One is the now-describable experiential episodes themselves and the other is the picture of the world that we form on the basis of those episodes. We form the picture. Doing so *is* coming to understand our experience. As a picture, it exists only in our thinking and without our thinking processes this picture of the world would not exist.

At this point I think it looks as though Kant's subjectivism will inevitably follow and it will not be compatible with the objective claims of his refutation of idealism. Kant thinks, and it seems that we shall have to follow him, that one kind of request for objectivity is inevitably going to be disappointed. Suppose we ask, How does our picture of a stable world compare with reality? Is it a good representation? Or does it fall short? When he is at his most subjective, Kant thinks, first, that these questions cannot possibly be answered and, second, that the fact that we cannot answer them has something to do with the limited character of merely human cognitive capabilities. For have we not agreed, as empiricists, that the accessibility of the world *consists* in our possession of a picture of it in terms of which we describe and interpret the ephemeral given? We are in no position to compare reality with our picture, as though both the world and our picture of it were available for comparison. The closest we get to reality is the picture. There is no comparing to be done. At the same time, Kant continues in the conviction that just such a comparison would have to be made in order to justify any claim that the picture we have in our minds is not just something created by us, but is also a valid indication of things as they exist apart from our experience and our capacity to create conscious pictures in terms of which fleeting impressions are interpretable.

We have only our picture of the world of stable objects and we cannot compare the picture with the world itself, for we only know the world insofar as we have this picture. Kant ordinarily reads this as entailing a limited subjective horizon for human knowledge. But no such discouraging conclusion actually follows from the character of our experience and our conception of the world based on experience. Subjectivism here is an intellectual illusion to which Kant and many other philosophers are susceptible. Things must be represented if they are to be known and representation does lead to knowledge of things and not to knowledge of itself. Kant is sometimes partially aware of this himself and that is why he never abandons the idea that the needed distinction between subjective and objective must be formulable within the framework of the assumption that stable objects are "thought" by us but never given. In the *Prolegomena*, for example, Kant says that intuition must represent objects since "the properties of things in themselves cannot migrate from those things into my faculty of representation."[4] Thus, to say that we must represent things is just to say that the things we get to know cannot themselves enter our minds. This is hardly a limitation or a reason for any discouraged subjectivism. The idea that our knowledge is drastically limited requires the further thought of a contrasting cognition of reality that does not involve representation. If we could go beyond mere representation, or strike through the veil of appearances and, thus, encounter reality itself, then our knowledge would be unfiltered by subjective mediation. It is this thought that supports subjectivist conclusions. But this thought is very implausible when explicitly stated and examined. Surely it is only because we are able to represent the world that we are able to get to know anything about it at all. Representation is a necessary means to knowledge, not an obstacle. We noted above that the episodic and perspectival character of perceptual experience cannot be thought a regrettable feature of it. Essential properties of experiences can never be properties of objects, and essential properties of objects can never be properties of experiences. This is as it should be. Objects could not possibly be given. They cannot migrate into our minds, as Kant says. We have to see the world *from somewhere.* But an object does not exist from somewhere. The world does not start and stop, but how could we expect that our experience of it might be other than transient? A continuous experience of everything at once, from nowhere in particular, would not be experience at all. Exactly what is required is transient experience (in which objects are not given) which we come to recognize as experience *of* objects.

Kant loses sight of these relations because he always thinks in terms of an alternative mental constitution, superior to the human, namely, the mind of God. In the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, philosophers still commonly adverted to God's thinking, not merely as part of a theological commitment, but also as a convenient vehicle for expressing views about necessity and objectivity. The greatest philosophers thought it profitable to argue about what God might have done, and what He could not have done; and whether He might have created the universe earlier than He did; and whether He preceives the world; and what sufficient reasons He has for creating as He does. Along with its other functions, the idea of the mentality of God operates in Kant's thought to make our human intellectual undertakings seem comparatively inadequate. This encourages Kant to read the necessary role of representation in knowledge as a limitation and a falling-short of theoretical possibilities. For example, Kant says that *human* intuition is sensuous, meaning that *we* have to be affected and thus representations have to be engendered in us. These representations and not the affecting reality are given. God's intuition would not suffer these limitations. God knows reality without having to be affected. He does not really have to look down through the clouds, nor wait for a propitious moment for his apprehension of things.

He does not, then, rely on representations as we must. The idea of this kind of mentality is just what makes our apprehension of reality seem disappointing.

Consider Kant's conception of space and time in this light. Men have to apprehend things from somewhere and at some time. Since a thing must be viewed from somewhere, if it is going to be viewed at all, its being somewhere relative to a man's viewpoint is a necessary condition for its intellectual accessibility to him. But this is a consequence of the fact that men must rely on representations. If we did not have to take a look in order to know reality, as God does not, it would not have to be somewhere in order to be known. If we knew everything without bothering with a sequence of transient experiences, interrelatable in time, and, therefore, surveyable by memory and understanding, then time would be all at once for us. There would be no time. These are precarious speculations. The idea of the mind of God helped Kant to feel supported by thoughts on the margin of intelligibility like these. God does not have to create a picture and then face the unanswerable question of its adequacy. He grasps things as they are in themselves, without a perspective and without imposing subjective conditions. Further, while human intuition is passive and receptive and only our *understanding* is active and creative, God's intuition is called "creative intuition" by Kant, suggesting the theory of Malebranche inherited by Berkeley that God's thought of reality is the same as his sustaining creation of it. Naturally, God does not have to acquire and collect subjective views of things, retaining old ones for the sake of comparison and eventually for the construction of descriptions cast in terms of abstracted empirical concepts. But this is just what man must do. This fanciful thinking about divine cognition prevents Kant from recognizing the potential of his own theory, not as a quasi-factual account of our mental faculties, but as an exploration of the very concepts of cognition and experience. If we do reinterpret his thoughts as philosophical analyses of these concepts, then they do not have to carry nearly the burden of unattractive subjectivism that Kant himself ordinarily presents along with his best insights.

Verbal expression is a form of representation and a helpful model for the relationship of representation and reality. Consider propositional expressions as our pictures of the world. To contemplate the world at all we have to frame propositions. To believe anything we have to assent to propositions. To know anything is to assent to a proposition in a context wherein other complex conditions are satisfied. It looks as if our knowledge will always be mediated by propositional expression, and this looms as an obstacle to some fancied unmediated objectivity. Are propositions, then, an unavoidable distorting lens, imposed by our needs, through which we have to approach reality? We are tempted here to complain about a logical feature of the perspective of any knowing subject as if it were a factual obstacle to human knowledge. Propositionality makes thought possible. We cannot put a natural object in the place of a propositional subject. A structure of words makes it possible to say something. A structure of objects says nothing. Therefore a structure of objects does not say anything that might be true, or believed, or known.

Still we come back to Kant's question: If all we have is the proposition, then how do we know it is true? Kant often thinks that the fact of the matter is that we do not. Our picture of the world goes no further than the systematic interconnectedness of our thoughts, for it can go no further. Then Kant leans toward something like a coherence theory of truth. Scientific knowledge is the coherence of appearances. But his thought about perception and his refutation of idealism pave the way for something better than this. As empiricists we ought to answer the question, How do we know that propositions are true? by appeal to experience. Of course, when we have attained consciousness and our experiences have become describable, we cannot literally follow the "plain historical method" Locke envisioned. We cannot retrace our epistemological steps back to the unsynthesized and indescribable given. But we are entitled to call attention to simple situations where "I see it" is the only right answer to give to questions like, "How do you know that the mail has arrived?" This is a good answer and one that Kant's understanding makes available for epistemology. For does he not say that enduring objects in space must be the immediate objects of perceptual consciousness?

Idealism is the thesis that the objects of consciousness are all mental things, that is, that they are all ideas. Ideas are dependent upon thought for their existence. But Kant argues that the things of which we are conscious in perception are not mental things but objects, independent of our thought, that exist in space. These are the immediate and not the inferred objects of perceptual experience. Of course, this is inconsistent with the Kantian claim that there are no spatial things apart from our mental activities. To say that objects are "independent" has to mean that they exist *in themselves*. It is the comparison of human with divine apprehension of things that encourages Kant to make space and time systems of purely subjective relations, and not just systems of relations, following Leibniz. If we drop the rhetoric of the limitations of mere human faculties, we are free to characterize the objects of consciousness in perception as spatio-temporal objects while conceding that such objects are never given. The given is always a perishing content. As such, the given is not an object of consciousness at all. Synthesis of the given, that is, integration and learning which results in a conception of a stable world of objects is required for all recognition, description and consciousness. When we attain consciousness we can recognize an experience as a view of a bridge. Only thus recognizable can experience be conscious at all. The experience retains the perishing and perspectival features of a representation. That is its subjectivity. But when a perceiver does see a bridge, for all the subjectivity of his experience, the object of which he is conscious is a bridge and not a representation.

To say that objects are not given is to say that objects do not migrate into our thought, as Kant puts it. Upon reflection, this cannot be a shortcoming of our thought. Objects could not migrate into God's thought either. We can and do become conscious *of* objects. That we do is a presupposition

of consciousness in general, according to Kant. That means that self-consciousness and consciousness of our representations as such are conceptually dependent upon our success in attaining consciousness of enduring independent objects. As objects of consciousness, the status of mental things, of ideas, is derivative. This ordering of things is quite the reverse of idealism. It is at the center of Kant's most valuable philosophical insights.

[1]*The Bounds of Sense*, London 1966, 29.
[2]Selby-Bigge, Editor, London 1888, 67.
[3]*Ibid.*, 252.
[4]Section 9.

Some Classical Poems of the T'ang and Sung Dynasties

translated by Julie Landau

Meng Hao-jan
(689-740)

Spring Dawn

Spring sleep: dawn takes me by surprise
The birds sing everywhere
All night there was the sound of wind and rain
How many blossoms have fallen?

Wang Wei
(701-761)

Autumn Dusk in the Mountains

Deserted mountain, fresh from rain,
The air by evening turns autumnal
Moonlight spattered among the pines,
A clear spring over rocks,
The rustle of bamboo around the washing girls
Water-lily leaves part for a fishing boat
Spring fragrance has vanished—
But why not linger?

Li Po
(701-762)

Fighting South of The Wall

Last year war
At the Sang Kan source,
This year war
Along the Ts'ung,
Swords washed in the sea at T'iao Chih,
Horses put to graze in the snows of T'ien Shan:
Miles of war, years of war,
The armies aging.
The huns think killing cultivates the land
And reap, time and again, white bones in yellow sand.
The Ch'in built the wall against them,
The Han kept the beacons burning—
They burn on . . . and on,
Expansion never ends
In the fields, men fight and die,
Butchered horses scream to heaven,
Black ravens carry human entrails
And drape them over withered branches
Soldiers are smeared over the grass,
Generals act—but to what end?
An instrument of evil, that's what an army is,
Good prince, don't use it, 'til all else fails!

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"War Chariot Song," "For Wei Pa, Living in Retirement," "Autumn Dusk in the Mountains," "Spring Dawn," "Song of Ch'ang Kan," "Hard Road I," and "The People North of The River" were done in collaboration with David Fung.

A Hard Road

I

Gold goblets of clear wine, ten thousand a measure,
Jade plates, rare food, worth ten thousand more
I put aside the cup, throw down my chopsticks
Draw my sword, look desparately about,
I'd cross the Yellow River; ice blocks it!
I'd attempt Tai Hang; snow darkens the sky!
Oh to drop a line and fish beside a stream,
Or sail, dreaming, to the sun's edge.
It's hard to go on, hard, hard,
The road forks again—now where?
Oh, for a long wind and the breaking waves
And a tall sail to carry me over the sea.

A Hard Road

III

Have you ears? Don't wash them in the Yin!
Have you a mouth? Don't eat bracken in Shou Yang!
Hide your light, obscurity's valuable
Why compete in lonely pride with moon and cloud?
Observe: from antiquity the worthy who rise high
And do not then withdraw, end badly,
Tzu Hsu was thrown into the Wu
Chu Yuan drowned himself in the Hsiang
Lu Chi, despite his talent, could not protect himself,
Li Szu regretted not drawing in the reins earlier
And never heard the Crane's cry in Hua T'ien.
Only Chang Han, famed for perception,
Felt the autumn wind and turned toward home.
Drink while you can—
What are a thousand years of fame to the dead?

Song of Ch'ang Kan

My hair still in pigtails
I picked flowers, played by the gate,
You, astride a bamboo pole,
Trotted round the well, juggled green plums,
Shared childhood on a lane in Ch'ang Kan,
Easy together, not suspect, untroubled.
At fourteen I became your wife
Too shy to raise my eyes in your presence,
I averted my face, looked at dim corners:
A thousand calls, not one turn of the head.
At fifteen I dared laugh and look up,
Desired to mingle our dust and our ashes.
Like the lover in the story I keep my vigil,
Climbing the terrace to watch for your return—
Sixteen now, and you far away,
Up the Yangtze, past gorges, torrents and rocks.
The fifth month I could not stand
The sad cry of the monkeys rising to heaven,
Your footprints where you lingered,
Covered by new moss,
Moss too deep to sweep away.
Falling leaves, early autumn wind,
The eighth month, a flurry of butterflies
Two by two in the western garden—
My heart aches,
My looks fade.
When at last you come back through San Pa,
Send word ahead,
I'll meet you, however far,
Even to Ch'ang Fung Sha.

Tears for Old Chi, Master Brewer of Hsuan Ch'eng

So, Chi Sou, you've gone down to the Yellow Springs
Still brewing your best wine, no doubt.
On the terrace of night, where there's no dawn,
To whom do you sell it?

Yellow Springs means Hades.

Tu Fu
(712-770)

War Chariot Song

Chariots rumble
Horses neigh
The men are ready, bows and arrows at their waists
Fathers, mothers, wives and children come
Dust rises, the view to Hsiang Yang Bridge is blocked—
They pull, they stamp, they block the road,
The noise of their cries rises to heaven

At the side of the road, an old man asks the soldiers why?
They blame the endless call-up:

"At fifteen sent north to man the river defence
By forty moved west to work the frontier farms."

"Before you leave, the elder binds up your black hair
White haired, you're garrisoned still!"

At the front, blood flows like water
But doesn't quench the emperor's ambition

"Don't you know? East of the mountains China has
two hundred divisions?
A thousand villages, ten thousand towns, gone to seed."

When women work hoes and plows,
Rice grows helter skelter, you can't tell east from west
The men suffer
Driven like dogs and chickens

"And, old man, we don't even dare complain
Take this winter, no rest at the front
But here the district officer wants rents and levies
Where's the money to come from?"

"One thing is certain, a son's a misfortune
Have a girl
A girl can be married to a neighbor
A son will be buried in alien grass."

"Don't you see piled to the peak of Ch'ing Hoi
Generations of white bones no man mourned?"

New ghosts protest a futile sacrifice while old ghosts cry
The dark sky weeps for them.

For Wei Pa, Living in Retirement

Life keeps us apart
I move with Lucifer, you with Orion
But tonight, just tonight,
We share this candle.
Youth, health, how long can they last?
We're grey already
And when I ask about old friends
I find that half are ghosts.
How could I know twenty years ago
That only now I'd step again into your hall—
You weren't yet married,
Now suddenly a row of sons and daughters
With happy faces honor us
And ask me where I'm from.
Ask, answer, ask and are not done
When you bid them set out food and wine.
In night rain, spring chives are cut
To eat with steaming rice and millet.
You toast our meeting face to face—so rare
You must down ten cups in sequence.
Ten cups and I am still not drunk
Just warmed by your long affection.
Tomorrow, high mountains rise between us
Our course, vague and uncertain.

Ch'en T'ao
(9th Century)

The Journey West

Sworn to wiping out the huns at any price,
Five thousand in fine sables fell in the Mongol dust.
Alas, the bones on the Wu Tung's banks,
Are men still, in dreams, within the inner chambers.

Wang An-shih
(1021-1886)

The People North of The River

The people of the North
Endure the bitterness of two frontiers
Families teach the young to farm and weave
Paying taxes to officials and tribute to the huns.
This year's drought left a thousand acres bare,
Still conscripts are hustled into river service
Old lean on young and struggle south,
But there, even in good years, people starve
Sorrow extends from heaven to earth, dawn to dusk.
On the roadside, ashen faces,
Born too late for the great Sung times,
They measure out the grain and a few coins, without war.

Li Ch'ing-chao
(1084?- c. 1151)

Sheng Sheng Man

Searching, searching, again and again
Cold and still, cold and still
Bitter bitter, cruel cruel sorrow—
Fever, chills—
No stay, no rest.
Two three cups of thin wine
Can not hold off the evening or delay the wind
The geese have passed
And left me sick at heart
Though once, we were old friends

The ground is full of yellow flowers piling up
Dry, brittle, wounded
Who can pick them now?
I keep my vigil by the window
Alone, how can I stand its getting dark?
And the Wu Tung, and thin rain?
Dusk, day fades, bit by bit, drop by drop
One thing after another
How can one small word 'grief' tell it all?

Geese were considered messengers.
The Wu Tung is a tree whose leaves make a distinctive melancholy sound in autumn. Last to lose its leaves, it is a symbol of autumn, which, in turn, is a symbol of age, as spring is a symbol of youth.

Wu Ling Ch'un

The wind has dropped leaving the earth fragrant with fallen flowers
I know it's late, but what's the use of doing my hair?
Things go on—all but you! Everything is finished,
And all I had to say has turned to tears.

Along the Suan, I hear, it's still spring—
If only I could take the skiff there!
But I'm afraid—that light boat in the Suan,
How could it carry so much sorrow?

Su Shih
(1037-1101)

Yung Yu Lo

P'eng Cheng: I lodge for the night at Swallow Pavillion, dream of P'an-p'an, and write this tz'u.

Bright moon like frost
Fine breeze like water
Clear view without end
Fish jump in the pond
Round lotus leaves ooze dew
Not a voice, not a soul.
The third watch sounds
A leaf shatters on the ground,
Breaks my erotic dream—
In the vast night
I can not find it again
Awake, alone, I walk in the small garden.

I have traveled to the borders of heaven
Mountains block my return
Eye and heart strain toward home until they break
Swallow Tower is empty
What has become of its lovely lady?
Now only swallows are locked in
The past is like a dream
When one wakes
Pleasure fades, regret lingers . . .
You who will come
To my Yellow Tower on such a night
Will sigh for me.

P'an-p'an had been a beautiful singer and dancer, favorite of the military governor of Hsu-chou, centuries earlier. Hsu-chou had built Swallow Tower for her, and she had lived there after his death, faithful to his memory. Yellow Tower was built by Su Shih himself in the same area.

Hsin Ch'i-chi
(1140-1207)

Chiang Ch'eng Tzu

On the 20th day of the first moon, 1075, I record the night's dream.

Ten years living and dead have drawn apart,
I do nothing to remember,
But I can not forget
Your lonely grave a thousand miles away,
There is nowhere I can talk of my sorrow.
Even if we met, how would you know me,
My face full of dust,
My hair like snow.

In the dark of night, a dream: suddenly, I am home,
You by the window
Doing your hair.
I look at you and can not speak,
Your face is streaked by endless tears.
Year after year must they break my heart,
These moonlit nights,
That low pine grave?

Man Chiang Hung

Traveling on the river, rhyming with Yang Chi-weng

I have seen the mountains and rivers
We're quite old friends
I still remember, and in dreams can travel everywhere
South of the river and north.
Lovely places one should visit with just a staff—
The shoes I've worn out in a lifetime!
I scoff at the world's work—what a waste for thirty nine years,
Always the official, the wanderer.

The lands of Wu and Ch'u
Rise to the east and south,
The great deeds
Of the rivals Ts'ao and Liu
Have been blown away by the west wind
And left no trace.
By the time the watch tower is finished, its occupant is dead,
The banners are not yet rolled up, but my head is white
I sigh over life's vagaries, now sad, now happy,
Now as in ancient times.

Afternote

These selections come from two outstanding periods in the three thousand years of China's unbroken poetic tradition: T'ang (618-907) and Sung (960-1279). From the sheer volume of poems—48,000 in the complete T'ang anthology by over two thousand poets, and much more in the Sung—it is clear that people who wrote poetry didn't think of poems as monuments. It was an everyday form of expression. Often it simply recorded an event—a meeting, a holiday, an excursion.

Most poetry was written by officials, or aspiring officials. For centuries, examinations, which gave entrance to the bureaucracy, centered on poetry. Quite naturally, therefore, the poets thought of themselves primarily in their political role, and only secondarily or not at all as poets. Most of the greatest poets aspired to political success. Few achieved it. None achieved it for long.

Of the great T'ang poets, Li Po went unrecognized until after he was forty. He enjoyed favor at court for only a year or two before court intrigues and a series of unfortunate accidents forced him into exile in remote, disease-ridden provinces. Tu Fu failed the imperial examinations three times and spent his life drifting from one miserable post to another. Meng Hao-jan, too, failed, gave up, and became a recluse. Of these poets, Wang Wei had the least troubled career, but even he had periods out of favor and in exile. For almost all poet-bureaucrats, it was a life of constant wandering. Three years was the normal time of duty in one place.

In Sung times, Wang An-shih was the most controversial statesman. Radical even by our standards, his ideas shaped China for almost two decades until a new emperor rescinded his reforms. History did its best to forget him until recently. Su-Shih was his main political rival. Although Su's opposition to Wang's policies led to repeated exile, the two remained friends and exchanged poems.

Li Ch'ing-chao is virtually the only woman poet most Chinese acknowledge. Other women are known to have written, but almost nothing has been preserved. Li has fifty-odd poems out of an oeuvre known to have been much larger. The two poems included here were written after the death of her husband. The T'ang poets brought several older forms to excellence never surpassed. They added two of their own that had, not only a fixed number of words per line, but a fixed number of lines and an exacting prosody.

Partially as a reaction to these constraints, the Sung poets, while still using these forms well, began to experiment with a form that came out of the singing houses: tz'u. *These were lyrics "filled in" to tunes that came to China from central Asia. In the beginning, it was a much freer style: length was not fixed, there were long lines mixed with short, and enjambement was frequent. Initially, it was sung. With time, the tunes were lost and the patterns codified, and all thought of singing* tz'u *forgotten. About all that remains of their not quite respectable origin is these song titles which now identify simply a pattern. Over six hundred are commonly used. In the preceding selection, the* tz'u *have their pattern-titles simply transliterated.*—J.L.

For Bert Thoms

July 15, 1917 *December 12, 1978*

Between classes at about ten fifteen on the morning of December 12, 1978, Bert Thoms collapsed of a heart attack. He died soon after in the hospital. His colleague and friend, the Reverend J. Winfree Smith, conducted the funeral service in a crowded Great Hall on the morning of December 16, a soft, bright, almost balmy day. He is buried in St. Anne's Cemetery within sight of the College in Annapolis. I have asked several friends, colleagues, and students to write on him.—L.R.

Eva Brann

Some of the masters whose influence left a trace upon my character to this very day combined a fierceness of conception with a certitude of execution upon the basis of just appreciation of means and ends which is the highest quality of the man of action.

Joseph Conrad, *The Mirror of the Sea*

Bert Thoms, whom I shall miss over and over as the seasons roll round, was my friend. Our friendship flourished largely in one element. We saw each other on land only occasionally—just to exchange a word of agreement on some plan or situation—and during the annual spring scraping, when the boat's bottom was cleaned and painted in his yard. This nautical working bee had a ritual tinge, and it was topped off by a hearty and hilarious lunch, hospitably provided by his wife, Josephine.

But twice or thrice a year we were thrown into the closest proximity, for a day or two or even for a fortnight. That was when he invited me to sail as part of his crew for a Sunday sail on the Chesapeake or for the school-end northward cruise to Buzzards Bay, where he always brought the boat for the summer. I think he was pleased with my pleasure in sailing and regarded me as permanently signed on. For the rest, he was an inveterate recruiter of crews, usually St. John's students. Now and then he even made a press gang of me, for it is not easy to find an able-bodied—and sound minded—complement of four, free at the same time; and to be on board of that boat with a passable crew was, I think, *the* great recreation of Bert's life. I am already regretting the times I backed out, unable to get away and sometimes, truth to tell, unwilling to subject myself to the heat and the head and the green stuff in the drinking water—for the small tortures of each trip were transfigured by marvellous moments.

Bert's last and best-loved boat was called the *Cygnet*. There are many fancy and funny names to be seen on sterns in Annapolis harbor, but the *Cygnet* was unwhimsically named after its class, and a stumpy little swan of a boat it was. Bert himself was a no-nonsense sailor; he wore old slacks and a visored cap and some ratty but warm gloves preserved from his days as a pilot in the Second World War, when he ferried planes across the Atlantic. He was totally without nautical affectation, but to his crew he was the Skipper, and that, quite untinged by facetiousness, is the image I have of him.

For he knew what he was doing, at every moment and in every situation. Of course, pleasure boating in a sloop of little more than twenty foot length may not seem a major enterprise, but nasty, even dangerous, situations can arise: you can run hard aground or be becalmed in a shipping lane or caught in a squall. Bert could work us off, get the outboard going (we had a standing bet of a quarter on its starting by the third pull), take in sail. And so, in the comfort of his competence, we enjoyed our scrapes.

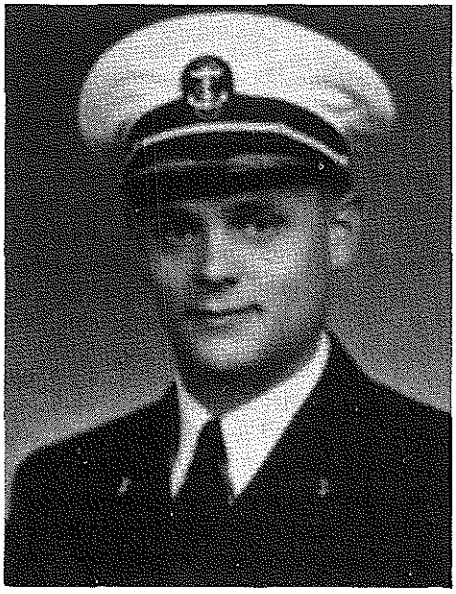
He was infallible—almost—but when something did go wrong it was wonderful. One night, on the dreary waters of the Delaware Bay, I had gone below early to sleep off a headache. The next morning my bunk partner, Janet Christhilf (later O'Flynn) woke me up with the unforgettable words: "Have a look, we're sitting in a meadow." I made a rude reply and raised myself to the porthole. We *were* sitting in a meadow. The *Cygnet*, which had two flat keels for just this contingency, had somehow—Bert never vouchsafed an explanation—come to rest on a water meadow in the delta of the Maurice River, only a few miles of knee-deep black muck away from the town of Bivalve. Our consolation was apparently to be that we were not in the Cohanssey(?), a river famed for flies, and indeed turned in Bert's telling into a kind of fluminal Lord of Flies. It was typical of sailing with him that a river, so obscure that on no map in Walla Walla is its name printed, should have become a byword to me. Oddly enough that day turned into a cosily memorable one. When the wind failed, the mosquitoes came in black clouds, but we closed the hatch, sipped Southern Comfort, the boat's universal elixir, read novels and gave ourselves over to a swamp existence. Noon tide came in and went out without us. Night tide would, Bert had said, be higher. A wind sprang up; clouds were chasing across the moon. A fishing skiff with two drunk anglers turned up and offered to tow us off in return for being pointed toward home port, Bivalve. No success for either side. Finally Bert with Donnel O'Flynn kedged us off, having packed the other half of the crew into the dinghy to

lighten the boat, which, suddenly swimming free, flew off into the night. All these events are told in the *Cygnet's* log.

But usually the mistakes were committed by the crew, silently noted and silently rectified by Bert. They rarely perturbed him, though once, during a night watch off Point Judith, shared by Meredith Anthony and me we managed it thoroughly. Bert had given us a course and told us to hold it; then he and Michael Anthony had gone below and stuffed themselves into their quarter bunks. Soon the wind stiffened, but we, intoxicated by the blowy black night air and secure in the roguish pretense of sticking by orders, sailed on as we were, heeling hard and the deck awash. Presently he shouted up, and on bending down I saw him hugging the ship's store of liquor to his bosom and angrily accusing us of causing "internal shipwreck." In my kitchen there still hangs—and always will—a carefully engrossed Greek quotation from Sophocles, which he later presented to me, advising that "he who will not slacken sail betimes, shall sail home sitting on the keel"—a very Bertian present, savoring at once of roundabout rebuke and affable reminiscence, not to speak of learned wit.

Said quarter bunk, a coffin-like container extending under the cockpit seat, was my joy: To be lapped in the leeward bunk, with the boat going fast and the water soughing against the side, made for the most delicious naps available this side of Lethe. There were a number of other specific delights so acute that they overbalanced hours of mild torture—which Bert, however, never seemed to regard as an avoidable evil but as a source of stoic relish. For example, he would rarely let us land to eat or shower, partly because it was a source of pride to sail frugally and self-sufficiently, but ultimately, I concluded, because he liked discomfort on board better than luxury on land. But those delights were worth it: ghosting on a zephyr up an Eastern Shore creek on a frosty fall morning with the sky covered by honking wedges of wild geese and white flights of wild swans, floating through the meadows of the inland waterway watched by a heron on the banks, sailing into a lovely New England town harbor for a rare bowl of clam chowder, warming up at anchor after nightfall with a cup of cocoa-cum-Southern Comfort accompanied by lots of clowning.

The boat was often resonant with Bert's intoning of hymns and ballads, of which he had a cyclically boundless repertoire, including my favorites, "The Christian Cowboy" and "Ballad of the Dismal Swamp." Bert had an often-foiled longing to sail down to the real source of this latter mournful song, the North Carolinian Dismal Swamp, and that had been the very destination for this coming spring cruise—but now that trip will never be. Once, in Long Island Sound, I discovered that he knew by heart more stanzas of the "Internationale" than I knew it even had. But then he had more curious knowledge—which he retailed with sly unobtrusiveness on the proper occasion—than anyone else I know, knowledge stored away in the course of his varied occupations: he had been music major, labor organizer, lumberjack, pilot, hunter, mechanic, professor, and, of course, St. John's tutor.



1942

Hence he knew about the aeronautical significance of the flight patterns of wild geese and how to catch and clean fish—under his tutelage I used a mackerel tree to haul in my first and last catch: five mackerel and two pollock at once. He could judge a distance, spot a buoy in a fog, show up a cheating car mechanic, fell a tree so that it would fall between two others. He knew materials: what glue would stick what to what at what temperature and under what tension. He knew what doohickey would turn what trick and what tool was exactly right for what job—although he could always devise a jury rig, in a pinch. He could fix anything, under the most unlikely conditions, going to work with inexhorable, slow, sure doggedness, pitting his patient know-how against the recalcitrance of the thing.

He sailed with seasoned correctness, like someone who could write the manual as soon as read it. Like any good captain, he was a tyrant, but a tacit tyrant, who would spot an incorrectly tied knot right away but let it go until he was at leisure to amble over and retie it with pedagogically ostentatious wordlessness. He persisted in hinting for lunch at 1300 hrs., when the landlubberly cook was willing at one o'clock. I understood his insistence as stemming from that uncompromising sense of appropriate procedure which sometimes suddenly becomes crucial on a boat. He had that nautical "fierceness of conception" combined with "certitude of execution" of which Joseph Conrad speaks. I wanted to learn, but I was a little unnerved by his ways. So eventually I quietly resigned my position as anxious navigator and became a contented galley slave, handing up always welcome cups of black coffee laced with spiritual substance and unobtrusively giving the captain the lion's share of the noodles; he needed it.

For on board he was indefatigable. The crew might goof off, curl up in the sun with a book or retreat below out of the cold rain. He sat in the stern, apparently impenetrable to cold and wet. At home he had a reputation for deep and well-timed sleep—that is, when he had put everyone to work. But

on board he always had one eye open—incidentally, a blessing to a crew to whom his ship-shaking snoring was a legend.

He was, though not young, and lumbering rather than athletic, agile enough in an emergency, and tireless and tough. Once, off the coast of New Jersey, we ran into a squall, one accurately predicted by him, I should add. He sent us below, closed the hatch tightly and battled the elements. Stupefied by excessive carbon dioxide and the mad heaving and a heady sense of safety-in-danger, we were startled scared just twice: when the storm jib blew with a loud report, and again when Bert urgently beat on the hatch door: his cigarette lighter wanted refilling.

On board we seldom talked of teaching, but I did learn a lot about certain sides of the college, especially about those students who had made outsiders of themselves by their wild and weird behavior and who had found in Bert someone to calm and tame them. He was, as I said, a tacit though not a taciturn man, especially where he felt deeply. I think there were long-standing silent resentments; he thought that his projects had been too often slighted and his opinions neglected. Perhaps I ought to have learned more of all this on our long watches together, but he was a proud man, and I was not sure that it was my place to ask.

This pride showed itself in an odd and characteristic mannerism. A mood would seize him for sesquipedalian utterance. For example, homeward-bound he would hand me the binoculars with instructions to find the black nun buoy a point off the port bow—only he would say to sight "a navigational marker of the female ecclesiastical class," an order which strained more than the eye. I took it for a signal that his practical know-how was not to eclipse his verbal versatility.

For he had a passionate relation to the *logos*, and it was that which drew him back to the college after an enforced absence. And this passion came in rare conjunction with a capacity for action in Conrad's sense: not political activity or technical efficiency, but a kind of masterful intimacy with man's tackle and nature's tricks. We needed such a man in the St. John's community, and we shall miss him very much.

Walla Walla, Washington

Janet Christhilf O'Flynn '74

Bert Thoms declared the supremacy of reason over passion. From the first he carried this out in a most original way. At the age of four Bert left home. For food he took along a box of sawdust: he figured that since he couldn't eat much of it at a time, it would last quite a while. The experiment ended when his path led by the schoolyard where his sisters were playing and he was returned to his mother.

I first met Bert during my sophomore year at St. John's College. He had become a teacher in the years since he first left home and he led his students into the same life of courage, originality, and respect for reason. He was hospitable, welcoming the opportunity for discourse outside as well as inside the classroom, and he was loyal. When lack of funds threatened to make me take a year off from school, Bert invited me to live with his family, rent-free. His family had welcomed live-in students before, at Washington-Jefferson College, and a rich friendship with the whole family always resulted from the arrangement. It is a privilege now to have one more paper to write for Bert.

Bert knew that the practice of reason demands faith and he took to heart the warning in the *Meno* that misology is the greatest evil into which a man can fall. So far was he from misology that his daily work and play centered around words. The work lay in awakening his students to the full weight of meaning in speech and in being faithful to the conclusions reached. The play lay in examining each English word anew for its alliterative and rhythmic oddities, for its punning possibilities in any of several languages, and for the humorous consequences of its careless and habitual use by lazy tongues.

In Bert's sophomore language class we used C. S. Lewis's *Studies in Words* as a beginning for our discussion of the shifts in meaning that occur through time. Bert pointed out, for instance, that the word "discrimination" as it is used in talk about racial or sexual bias today actually means "lack of discrimination," or judging the individual on the basis of a stereotype. He used this clarity of definition in seminar discussions to shock students into hearing themselves in similar contradictions. Since grammar aids clarity of thought, he read the assigned language papers as thoroughly for form as for content, and marked them accordingly. His award for achievement, whether in Greek grammar or in geometric propositions, was a button reading, ἀρετὴ ἐπιστήμη ἐστίν: knowledge is virtue.

Bert did appreciate the deliberate ambiguities of meaning used in poetry. One of his favorite poets was John Donne and "Batter my heart, three-personed God" one of his favorite poems for complexity of images. He also prized Donne for his logic. Donne's poem, "The Flea," prompted comparison with Marvell's poem, "To His Coy Mistress." Although Donne attempts to seduce his mistress by belittling the action desired, his poem is logical and, Bert suggested, his argument should be more convincing to a reasonable woman than Marvell's attempt at seduction which, though lyrical, is based on a false syllogism. We were assigned one poem to memorize for class, with the recommendation that we make memorizing a regular habit. Bert claimed to have in his memory thirty hours of verse which had stood him in good stead whenever he did not have access to books.

Unfortunately for his friends, Bert's memory included verse far worse than any of Donne's. The doggerel which he delighted in rendering, usually in song, included the "Ballad of the Dismal Swamp," "Psalm 40" rerhymed and set to a nursery tune in which all the unaccented syllables came on the down beat, and the spiritual which began, "Oh, I'm a cowboy, a Christian cowboy. I round up dogies for the Lord." Some of these treasures came from his childhood in Michigan, as did the only piano piece he had mastered, the "March of the Little Sages".

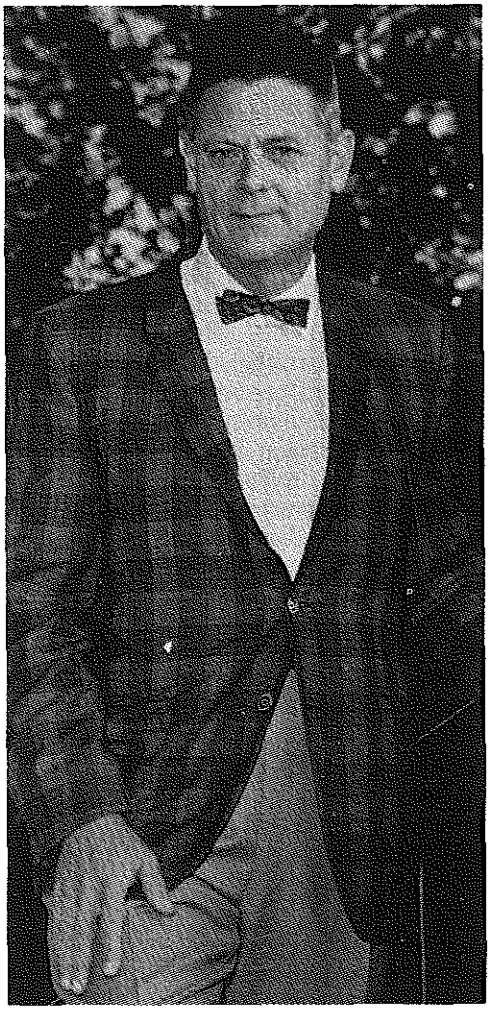
An earlier and sweeter memory was of the many names of

flowers, some in Latin, that his mother taught him as she grew them to sell in town. Bert's love of names and renaming of familiar objects created a Thomsian world around him. A newcomer was taught to say "fraudulent discomfort" for cham-pagne, and "rational quadruped" for poodle. Even his students were affectionately renamed. Donnel turned into Donnelovitch, Janet into Janeticule, and Claire into Claire-non-de-la-lune.

In this Thomsian world, Bert reigned. His special throne was at the helm of his sailboat, a Signet named *Cygnet*, where his competence compensated for many errors of skill and judgment on the part of the accompanying student crew. He was a benevolent despot. Once, out on the open ocean, we hit a storm at night and all but the captain went below out of the heavy rain. We huddled in the hatch, growing drowsy from lack of oxygen and queasy from the violent pitching, while the indefatigable doggerel songs wafted happily from above in the wet wind and lightning.

Bert at times fell into despondency, as do we all. One such low period came after the death of a long-time friend and neighbor in Onset, Massachusetts. During the ensuing months Bert lost his appetite and became silent and withdrawn. He sought fortification, but not comfort: he read Epictetus and held fast to the statement that one must not regret that which is not in one's power to change. This encapsulated Bert's struggle not only against grief but also against attacks of other passions such as desire, anger, and jealousy: he willed that reason should win out over passion. But of these things he said very little. One clue to his silence is in the playful wedding gift he gave to me and Donnel. It is a handmade cribbage board, carved with an inscription that is a translation into Greek of a sentence from Eva Brann's lecture in praise of Jane Austen: "Happiness is more deserving of speech than unhappiness".

In speaking of Bert's life there is much more that deserves to be said. But I am inadequate to the volume of it, and so I close here.



1969

Patricia Pittis Sonnesyn '74

One day in Freshman Laboratory our professor plunged his large hand into his pocket and retrieved a Kleenex. He proceeded to separate the "two-ply" tissues, delicately and carefully he folded one and returned it to its former place, while with the other he blew his nose. This meticulous thriftiness fascinated me. Although I considered myself to be thrifty, the idea of separating Kleenex tissues had never crossed my mind! Bert was thrifty; nothing was to be wasted with Bert, almost everything could be reused or used for some other purpose. Even his green work pants were creatively patched after a saw had eaten through the pants and Bert's lower leg. Bert ate everything that was served to him—even the apple core.

Even as a dignified professor Bert had a great sense of humor. In our early acquaintance in Freshman Lab I managed to persuade my lab partner to concoct a solution which proceeded to explode the test tube and cut his finger. I feared the worst from Bert but he only laughed uproariously, probably thinking that my partner had to be more stupid than I to allow himself to be duped in such a way.

Bert was a surrogate father to me. He always encouraged my questions and answered them whenever he could. I remember how when I would get annoyed because the seminar readings were entirely too philosophical for my taste, Bert would invite me over to help him fix the engine of his truck, or build some new contraption for his boat. And still he managed to find some way to bring in Freshman Lab.

In the first years of our friendship we were most of the time doing things: fixing a motor, building a dinghy, repairing or cleaning and painting *Cygnet*. He had the knowledge, I had the interest and the small hands. It made a good team. Here was a man who had integrated his love of philosophy with the practical world in a very tangible way. He loved to work with his hands as well as with his mind. I was vastly impressed—here was someone worth listening to.

But Bert was not only a great teacher, he was also a man of great compassion and understanding. When I was in the hospital he was the first to send a cheerful card in which he said "it's times like these when all the poetry you have stored in your memory comes in handy." When I found out that I had hepatitis in my Senior Year, Bert dropped everything at a moment's notice and drove me from Annapolis to Long Island without a second thought. When I wrote to him in great distress from the Santa Fe campus, he responded immediately. His friendships were important to him, this was obvious, and his loyalty was unmatched.

As far as Bert's own life was concerned, I do not remember a time when he sought sympathy from others. He patiently endured his own personal trials in silence. Others could only conjecture the amount of pain and sorrow he might be suffering. In his last year I experienced him as more silent than usual; he was a solitary and lonely man yearning for a sparring partner—someone with a mind equal to his own. Yet, in the eight years that I knew Bert, I cannot recall him ever having complained about anything. Nor was he ever sick in those years. At least, if he was, no one ever knew about it. He was a man of great strength and few tears.

Bert did not dwell on the negative. He was a man of few words—we often sat at meals in which long periods of silence were not uncommon.

Bert rarely got angry, but when he did, watch out! His face would take on a darker complexion; one could almost hear, and feel, the rumblings of a volcano ready to erupt inside him; but he rarely let it out, instead he would become stone cold and deathly silent. He rarely let you know explicitly why you made him angry; that was for you to figure out for yourself.

Bert had a slow, steady pace when he worked. I do not remember him ever getting flustered or angry if what he was doing was not going right. He was careful, cautious, and very precise in his work. I cannot remember him ever swearing when a tool slipped and he scraped his knuckles or cut himself on a sharp edge. His speech likewise was slow and carefully worded. He walked at a studied, controlled pace. I do not remember ever having seen him hurrying somewhere. Most everything that he did was carefully and thoroughly done.

Bert was a modest man; one usually did not know of his talents until they were needed. His next door neighbor in Onset once boasted that he was an excellent cribbage player and pestered Bert to play with him. Bert put it off many times until finally he could put it off no longer and beat the man so badly that he never asked Bert to play with him again.

In times of crisis (particularly sailing), Bert would become increasingly more calm. In a controlled, quiet tone he would give orders and his "deck apes" would carry them out. He thrived in the challenge of the moment. Fear was not known when one was with Bert. He was in charge; we all knew we were in good hands, even when the raging seas pounded our small craft.

Bert did not believe in forgiveness. He thought forgiveness was ultimately harmful to both the forgiver and the recipient of forgiveness. As one who made few mistakes himself, I could understand how he might hold this view. He was a persistent, stubborn man. He preferred to repair the situation rather than admit a mistake and leave it at that.

One summer Bert, Josephine, and I took a weekend sail around Martha's Vineyard. One day we decided to fish instead of sail because the weather was unfavorable. By dusk we had barely caught enough for dinner, nevertheless, we rowed back to *Cygnet*, and Bert proceeded to clean the five porgies. It was raining, cold, and the sea was thrashing. While rinsing the porgies Bert managed to lose two of them. You could not imagine the face of a more dejected man than Bert's at this moment—we had worked all day in the cold and Bert had managed to lose two-fifths of our meager prize. He practically threw himself headlong over the side in an effort to retrieve them. Every nerve and every muscle was concentrated on the immediate task at hand. Bert's attention could hardly have been distracted by anything short of a greater castastrophe. After much persistence, he managed to retrieve one of the two, but we mournfully followed with our eyes the other fifth of our meal as it floated downward and away and was finally eaten by others less deserving.

Bert's hands fascinated me; they were powerful hands. I did not know him when he played the piano with those hands, but it would be hard to imagine, for they were not a musician's hands with long gangling fingers and a wide reach. They were not the usual hands of a scholar either. Bert was unusual—after all, who still wore a crew cut in the 70's or narrow bow ties when wide ones were in? His hands were the hands of an engineer, a mechanic. He built from nothing, he repaired, he remodeled with those hands. He was an artisan as well as a builder of minds. Often in the evenings we would make popcorn, and Bert would grasp half the bowl with one hand. On the *Cygnet* we often had hot soup and saltines; Bert would take about five and with one hand he would pulverize them like a compressor then drop them into his bowl of soup. When he lighted a match he enjoyed entertaining his students by waiting until the last moment before he extinguished the flame.

One of Bert's hobbies was to outsmart the auto manufacturers and auto parts dealers. Whenever he did he would chuckle and be happy with himself for the rest of the day. On one occasion I had a fuel injector in my VW which did not seem to be working properly. The dealer told us it would be $35.00 for a new part. When we took the old one out of the car we found that it was just the tubing (which had been crimped) which was defective. When the tubing which cost all of ten cents had been replaced, the injector was as good as new. Bert chuckled whenever he recalled that little maneuver.

It was on his boat that Bert was most content, I think. With good company, lively conversation, "Southern Comfort," lemon drops, pork & beans or corned beef in a can, saltines, and a light breeze to move *Cygnet* along, he was a happy man. On the night watches, when he thought his crew was sound asleep, one occasionally heard old Christian hymns floating from the stern.

Leo Raditsa

1952

Bert Thoms was careful—a care which showed itself also in his exactness of dress. He was bold, shy, in some matters almost the creature of his conviction, courteous, not anxious to please. There was something disconcerting in his grace, something fierce in his softness that kept me awake and my eyes open in his presence. He impressed me as a man who knew something of courage—who knew the wonder of words but also their limitations, the frontiers beyond which they have little consequence. That is, he knew the distinction between action and words: he knew when you had to do something instead of talking and when you could talk freely—which always meant to him, more than anything else, careful listening with eyes bright in attention and recognition.

Because he had known courage, he also knew beauty, although he hardly ever talked about it (to me): the knowledge of beauty was evident in his eyes and in his smile which illuminated his whole face in intelligent recognition. This love of beauty made it possible for him to help some students yield to the best in themselves. What first brought me to his friendship was wonder at a Senior Essay he had supervised: every word, every observation in it moved of its own sweet will. At my admiration he remarked, a spark in his eyes and modesty passing through his face for a moment like a shadow, that he too thought the paper "pretty good." He knew something of the art of midwifery and the toughness of love it requires.

His presence made you recall independence of mind—and with it the surprises and disappointments of freedom.

He made you aware you were standing on your own two feet on the turning earth when you talked to him. He knew about danger also—that was evident in the respect he gave to people and things. That respect meant also he would not suffer casual blunders in simple matters one could be expected to know something about, like the position and angle of the sun at various times in the year. But when I asked him real questions, for instance, on the meaning of a passage in Ptolemy, the care he took in his explanations and drawings told something of the love with which he had studied that author.

He did not devour books but questioned them. He did not substitute them for life. I always felt there was a world elsewhere for him—in that sense he was worldly. He saw what was going on before his eyes. He knew other people lived; his courtesy and grace—and his ferocity—came of that knowledge.

He spoke little but he did not have to speak to make you feel his presence. In fact the silence, the pauses, in conversation with him taught me often more than the words. They taught me about pace and thereby reminded me life moves of its own. They showed me my impatience. They encouraged me to reflect and to listen to myself. There was something deliberately slow about his pace—but it also had its own lilt which came unmistakably of nature. This capacity to teach with few words sometimes made his presence insistent, even occasionally insistently oppressive. His greeting was almost always joyous and deep as if he were welcoming you to his own house.

He had an appetite for thought, knew its strength and its capacity to strengthen. With gaiety in his eyes and energy in his voice he told me a few weeks before his death that the struggle of reading Michael Oakeshott's *On Human Conduct*, which he was reviewing for this journal, was well worth it. Earlier he had rejected with some impatience my suggestion that he review a first-rate study of Adam Smith. He did not like secondary sources: they did not have enough fight in them and yielded (as a result) little sustenance.

He remembered vividly. When he talked of his former teachers in graduate school critically, almost vehemently, it brought me up sharp: it was as if he had just walked out of their classrooms. I could not find the words to talk to him of the War when he was a Navy pilot: it is still too big and intimate an event for easy words. But his remarks about the Depression, which had left its indelible mark on him, taught me unforgettable things about those years—about the teachings of rough necessity. He did not remember; he recalled: the past lived in him strongly enough to be palpable. I suspect he wondered whether people who had not suffered through disaster could summon the courage to avoid it in the future—but he never said a word of it.

Of his death, this much can be said in thanks, it was swift and painless.

Cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
fecerit arbitria,
non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
restituet pietas;

infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
liberat Hippolytum,
nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
vincula Perithoo.

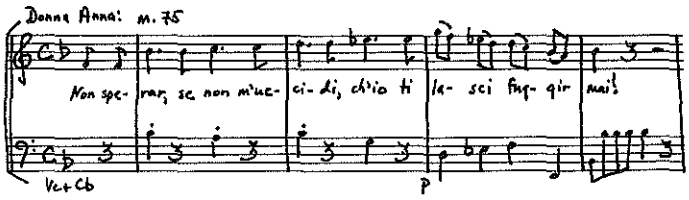
Horace, *Odes* 4, 7

Don Giovanni, or the Triviality of Seduction

Wye Jamison Allanbrook

One striking feature of *El Burlador de Sevilla y convidado di piedra*, the first Don-Juan play,[1] and of many versions thereafter, is its beginning *in medias res*, with cries of rape and pursuit in the darkness. If in the earliest versions of the first scene some of the names and faces differ from those Mozart's *Don Giovanni* has made us familiar with, nevertheless all the openings share the same silhouette, and for sound dramatic reasons. The story itself has the thinnest of plotlines: Don Juan is a libertine, so Heaven punishes him. For a successful presentation of the plot on stage two scenes alone are indispensable: one to make a compelling display of the depth and depravity of Don Juan's crimes, and another to bring the final vengeance of Heaven down on his head. In between these pivotal scenes the author was meant to improvise, inventing as large and varied a bouquet of seductions as might please him. Tradition, however, fixed the outer scenes firmly in place in order to assure a modicum of dramatic power and coherence in a work which could be easily weakened by diffuse and errant improvisation in its episodes. Final vengeance took the shape of the "Stone Guest," whose visitation became the hallmark of the legend. The opening and indictment scene, with Giovanni bursting from a darkened house pursued by an outraged noblewoman, provided evidence of at least one sin commensurate with the high degree of celestial attention afforded by the Statue's visit and gave the play a dark and galvanizing opening.

By the eighteenth century the traditional beginning had been supplied with a brief upbeat—a monologue by Don Giovanni's comic servant as he plays sentry for his master outside the house of Donna Anna. It was left for Mozart to bind the two traditions—of low comedy and high tragedy, *opera buffa* and *opera seria*—into perhaps the most stunning opening scene in all operatic literature. Leporello introduces the subject of seduction in an aria which is a vulgarly hearty smack of appreciation for the *cavaliere*'s way of life, delivered with rolling eyes and the occasional leer. The high passion of the chase is grafted directly onto his final cadence. Donna Anna enters on the wings of *opera-seria* indignation, moving to the rhythms of a quick and passionate march:



She characterizes herself as a "furia disperata,"[2] and has the bearing of a classical tragic heroine. Nobility is as full-blown and majestic in this opera as *buffa* is salacious.

We are used to this combination of modes, and rarely let it raise the questions it ought to about the tone of an opera which today is largely presumed, probably due to the accounts of its nineteenth-century admirers, to be about the seducer as superman. But at the least the supple farce of *buffa* would seem bound to undermine the monolithic intensity of the grand style, suggesting a rather ironic perspective on the postures of passion. Furthermore, the protagonist's music is not of either mode, neither comic—the style of a sardonic rake—nor heroic. At his first entrance he wants only to identify himself as No-Man. The stage direction describes him as "cercando sempre di celarsi,"[3] and his response to Donna Anna's challenge is oddly oblique: not "you will never detain me," but "you will never find out who I am."[4] He also conceals himself in his music, adopting for his first utterances Donna Anna's vocal line and never in the remainder of the trio (Leporello supports the duo throughout with patter imprecations about approaching trouble) originating any of its rhythmic or melodic material. It is hardly surprising that a

This essay is taken from a longer essay on *Don Giovanni* which is part of a book entitled *Two Mozart Operas: A Grammar of Musical Gesture.*

1. *The Jester of Seville and the Stone Guest*, written by the Spanish playwright Tirso de Molina in the early seventeenth century.
2. "A desperate fury" (I, i, 102-103). (The measure numbers given throughout this essay are from the Eulenberg miniature orchestra score.)
3. "Constantly trying to conceal his identity" (measures 79-80).
4. "Chi son'io tu non saprai" (measures 81-83).

pursued seducer should try to conceal his identity from his intended victim. Yet although Tirso's Don Juan, pursued by Isabella and several Spanish nobles, also at first calls himself No-Name, he finally cannot resist revealing himself, crying out "Fool! I'm a gentleman!" (nor could Odysseus leave the Cyclops without informing him that No-Man was Odysseus, son of Laertes[5]). Giovanni is strangely free from this besetting vanity. Chameleon-like, he doesn't even betray himself in speech, borrowing Anna's music, and Leporello's and Anna's words.[6] The most striking thing about him is that he sees nothing demeaning in escaping, pursued and nameless, into the darkness; he feels no need to regain his public dignity. In fact if the music of the movement were not so elevated, Don Giovanni's first appearance on stage would amount to a simple sight gag. Certain musical images in Leporello's aria—horn calls, and triplets for galloping horses—made the hunt a live metaphor for seduction. Now suddenly the gentleman hunter sprints out, determinedly stalked by his erstwhile prey—"exit, pursued by a bear."

In other eighteenth-century versions of *Don Giovanni* the chase scene might well have been played for laughs. Don Juan Tenorio had fallen into disrepute in the eighteenth century. His story belonged primarily to the popular theater, where it had degenerated into the spectacle of a comic gentleman scrambling out of windows, inventing adroit lies to cover misdemeanors, and taking the occasional pratfall. Of the two eighteenth-century versions beside Mozart's of any reputation, Goldoni's *Don Giovanni Tenorio* is merely, on his own account, an undercover attack on a lover who had spurned him, while in Giuseppe Gazzaniga's popular opera *Il convitato di pietra* the tale is eyed from a certain remove, placed, as it were, in quotation marks. It is presented as the second act of a two-act opera, the first half of which shows the members of an Italian opera company travelling in Germany debating what work to produce, and deciding on *Don Giovanni* despite the fact that it is a vulgar farce. In his choice of libretto da Ponte was perhaps less to be praised for prescience than he was to be censured for pandering to low tastes. For the eighteenth century the subject of hellfire and damnation had lost both its dignity and its shock value.[7] And to the refined libertines of the Enlightenment seduction as *grand guignol* must have seemed merely adolescent. To be caught out in attempted seduction was ridiculous and unmanly, behavior beneath a gentleman's dignity; the preferred sport was drawing-room intrigue with the tacit consent of the seduced. Most eighteenth-century works which are notoriously about seducers turn out under closer scrutiny to be about something quite different. The burden of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* is the unflagging virtue of the heroine, and the role of Lovelace her seducer is to make it manifest. Tom Jones is a doughty adventurer whose amorous interludes happen to him because of his winsome beauty and sheer niceness. Even the arch-rogue Rousseau of the *Confessions* is passive in his escapades; he makes a point of describing his frequent amours as the result of his weakness, and not a matter of premeditated pursuit.

In fact, although there is much talk about the "Don-Juan type," it is difficult to name any other representative of the class except for Don Juan in his various manifestations; when dealing with such a character, writers seem to have been drawn exclusively to the Don as *sui generis*, the full and sufficient expression of a creature which, although perhaps frequently enough encountered in ordinary life, did not cut a very attractive figure as the center of a play or a novel. For the straightforward seducer is a difficult literary hero in any era; depending on the sophistication of the audience his exploits will be either too horrible or too banal to be witnessed with approval. The reason for the extraordinary popularity of the Don-Juan figure previous to the eighteenth century may have been that he was inextricably paired with as galvanizing a figure invented for his despatch—the famous Stone Guest. When sin was punished by damnation, the audience need not be uneasy about enjoying either.

But with hellfire emasculated and seduction reduced to a vulgar and demeaning pursuit, the eighteenth century could have little interest in a morality play. Where the theme of sin and just damnation was retained, it was usually so thickly veiled as to be unrecognizable: in Choderlos de Laclos' *Les liaisons dangereuses*[8] the seductions are cerebral campaigns of the utmost refinement, and the seducers are punished by natural, not supernatural, causes.[9] In the face of these fashions it is surprising that da Ponte retained the traditional armature of the Don-Juan story, even discarding the disclaimer provided by Gazzaniga's ironic introduction, and that Mozart played the chase scene seriously. Of course the elevated gesture is Donna Anna's, and Giovanni remains almost a cipher in the scene. But the potential joke of the hunted turning tables on the hunter must have been intended to comprise a more significant image. Starting from Mozart's vignette of the hero locked in ungraceful flight from a bristling fury, we must somehow manage to assimilate faintly ridiculous behavior into the account of a man whom, variously damned or worshipped for the past two centuries, Kierkegaard termed the

5. *Odyssey* IX, 500-505.

6. "Questa furia disperata/Mi vuol far precipitar" ("This desperate fury wants to make trouble for me") combines Anna's epithet for herself with Leporello's predicate—"Sta a veder che il malandrino/Mi farà precipitar" ("It's clear that this rogue will make trouble for me").

7. In *Tom Jones*, Fielding remarks on the status of hell as a literary subject matter that "Had this history been writ in the days of superstition, I should have had too much compassion for the reader to have left him so long in suspense, whether Beelzebub or Satan was about to appear in person, with all his hellish retinue; but as these doctrines are at present very unfortunate, and have but few, if any believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any such terrors. To say truth, the whole furniture of the infernal regions hath long been appropriated by the managers of playhouses, who seem lately to have laid them by as rubbish, capable only of affecting the upper gallery—a place in which few of our readers ever sit" (Henry Fielding, *The History of Tom Jones, A Foundling*, Book XII, Chapter XII).

8. Published in 1782, just five years before *Don Giovanni* was produced in Prague.

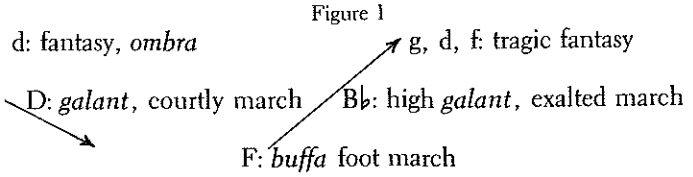
9. A duel, for the Vicomte de Valmont, and for the Marquise de Merteuil a disfiguring disease.

"expression of the daemonic."[10] The extraordinary reputation of Giovanni the superman must be squared with the thin melodrama of his story, the insignificance of his introduction, and the banality of his pursuits.

The conclusion of the first scene reveals more of the Don. Donna Anna's father, the Commendatore, enters and challenges Don Giovanni to a duel. Giovanni refuses, having no desire to cross swords with an old man, but the Commendatore persists, and Giovanni finally accedes in exasperated decision ("Misero! Attendi,/Se vuoi morir"[11]). He battles with and kills the Commendatore. Then with Leporello gaping from a nearby hiding-place he stands over the old man as he dies.

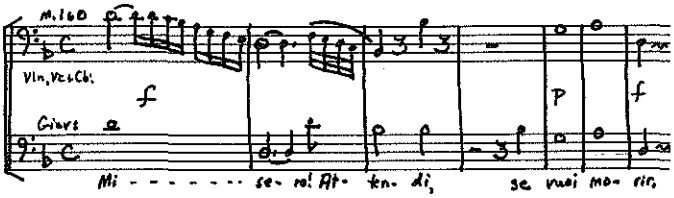
Musically the five through-composed sections of the overture and first scene are arranged in a symmetrical hierarchy of gesture. From the supernatural heights of the grim D-minor fantasy introduction the affect declined to the bright clarity of the D-major *galant* style, touching bottom with Leporello's ribald *buffa* grousing. The high *galant* with Anna's stirring exalted march began the reascent and, at the entrance of the Commendatore, there returns the somber pathos of the fantasy style:

Figure 1



In the fantasy section time is taken in very special ways. The fantasy gesture is suited to the depiction of high tragedy because, unlike the *galant* and *buffa* styles, it is free from the normal gestural and temporal restraints of the dance and of the period. Here the fantasy communicates both the immediacy and the enormity of the event, first by a pantomimic choreography of the actual challenge and battle—a literal representation of time's passing—and then by a surreal distention of time to mark the Commendatore's death throes. Time is taken first below and then above the threshold of periodic dance structure, the normal time element of the opera. The fantasy and its temporal distortions cause a sense of the portentousness of these events to pervade the scene, fulfilling the less specific portent of the overture; its tone is never again matched in the opera until the Stone Guest appears in the next-to-final scene.

Giovanni's behavior throughout the challenge and battle is marked by an insouciant and natural nobility; it is honorable and properly formal. The sequence of challenge and refusal, second challenges, and final assent, is portrayed musically by a series of formal antecedent-consequent phrases (measures 139-46), not set in a continuum of ordinary periodic rhetoric, but meant to be directly mimetic of the ritual formality of the meeting. Giovanni's acceptance follows a decisive measure of silence and is couched in a squared-off phrase of eight measures which puts the brakes on the semi-regular phrase rhythm set up at the outset; it has the stern and ceremonial flourish appropriate to the occasion of a formal calling-out:

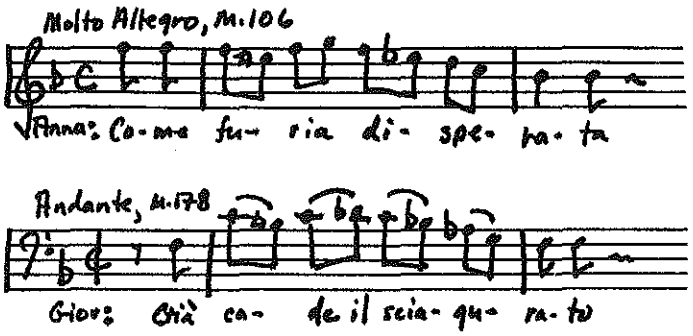


For Giovanni to refuse the Commendatore's challenge would be an insult, a violation of the code of honor. That he is acting from the sense of a nobleman's necessity and not from viciousness is made clear by the detachment of his death knell for the Commendatore after the fatal blow is struck. His words, "Ah, già cade il sciagurato,"[12] are coolly free from either triumph or regret.

A careful choreography for a sword fight follows until, at the moment of the death blow, time and pantomime are arrested by a fermata. The new time signature, *alla breve* (2/2), and the instruction *Andante* slow the tempo by half,[13] making the previous ♩ equal 𝅗𝅥. The strings mark time with gravely ticking triplets over a dominant pedal; they measure out the precious seconds of life remaining to the Commendatore. The very deliberateness of their ticking puts the scene out of time. Time passes normally only when attention is not called to it and the shapes of events in time themselves are left to measure its passing for us. The monotony of the measured triplets is temporarily open-ended, fixing on the bare phenomenon of time's passing to make the present moment seem capable of enduring forever. Over the ticking of the triplets the low murmurs of Don Giovanni and Leporello seem automatic, elicited from them involuntarily. They are not singing to us or to another character, but are transfixed and private in awe of the moment at which "the vital spirit leaves the throbbing breast."[14] Giovanni's first music is again not of his own invention; it uses Anna's "come furia disperata" of

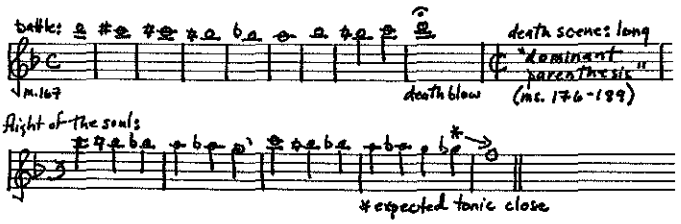
10. Soren Kierkegaard, *Either/Or*, "The Immediate Stages of the Erotic." His full appellation for Don Giovanni is "the expression of the daemonic as determined by the sensuous."
11. "Poor wretch! Look out, if you want to die" (I, i, 155-56).
12. "Ah, the poor devil falls already" (*sciagurato* is related to *sciagura*, "bad luck").
13. The *alla-breve* sign (𝔠) is an appropriate choice for the death music with its motet-like quality, since the eighteenth century thought of it as originally an ecclesiastical meter with its roots in the sacred style of the Renaissance.
14. Giovanni's words are a dispassionate report of the Commendatore's death throes: "Già dal seno palpitante/Veggo l'anima partir" ("Already I see his soul departing from his throbbing breast"). The Commendatore's words are almost the same.

the chase music cast in F-minor and slowed to twice its original tempo:



Hearing the familiar figure in slow motion and in the minor heightens the dream-like effect of the scene. Giovanni's voice emerges from the sepulchral mix of bass tones occasionally to sculpt a phrase, either by a sharp dissonance or by a reach for a high note. His torpor underlines the preternatural quality of the moment: "real" time has been suspended so that the audience may be made to recognize the grave import of the Commendatore's death.

A chromatic line in the oboes descending from the dominant marks the flight of the soul from the body and returns us to familiar measured time. By supplying the implied resolution of the chromatic line which ordered the swordplay and by turning directly mimetic again (although now of a "supernatural" event—the hushed gravity of the death scene made such a fancy possible) this second chromatic descent puts time back on the track, heightening the fantasy's quality of parenthesis, of a moment frozen in time:



But returned to ordinary time Giovanni is impatient of last rites, and forestalls the anticipated tonic by hissing out for Leporello. The drop from high fantasy to the lowest *buffa* dialogue in *recitativo secco* ("Leporello, ove sei?"/"Son qui, per disgrazia. . . ./Chi è morto? voi o il vecchio?"/"Che domanda da bestia! il vecchio."[15]) is immediate and stunning. It only underlines Giovanni's polymorphic nature: a gentleman when answering the Commendatore's challenge, at his opponent's death he slips back down into the seamy behavior of an arrant blackguard. He wears no mask in either episode; he is not "playing a role."

It is precisely this perplexing contradiction in his nature which brings many delineators of the character of Giovanni to elevate him. George Bernard Shaw's counter to Ruskin's outraged attack on the libretto of the opera[16] cheerfully embraces the prodigy of the Don:

> As to Don Giovanni, otherwise The Dissolute One punished, the only immoral feature of it is its supernatural retributive morality. Gentlemen who break through the ordinary categories of good and evil, and come out at the other side singing *Finch'han dal vino* and *Là ci darem la mano*, do not, as a matter of fact, get called on by statues, and taken straight down through the floor to eternal torments; and to pretend that they do is to shirk the social problem they present. Nor is it yet by any means an established fact that the world owes more to its Don Ottavios than to its Don Juans.[17]

Attacking Ruskin for prudishness, Shaw displayed his habitual reverse prudishness as far as the question of the existence of the Divinity is concerned. A visit from a stone *deus ex machina* (or *machina dei*) may be a bad way to solve the "social problem" posed by Don Giovanni, but Shaw clearly did not in truth consider the Don to be one. In the Don-Juan-in-Hell sequence of *Man and Superman*[18] he ultimately installed the Don in heaven, there to ponder through his high intellect a mysterious quantum called "Life: the force that ever strives to attain greater power of contemplating itself"; his task in heaven was to be "the work of helping Life in its struggle upward." For Shaw Giovanni's intent pursuit of earthly pleasure was merely a passing phase in the evolution of a superhuman intelligence.

Kierkegaard's word "daemonic" imputes somewhat the same kind of surpassing worth to Don Giovanni's nature, and the word has since become the adjective most commonly associated with encomia of the Don. Its orthography is intended to recall its derivation from the Greek δαίμων—divinity, genius, or tutelary deity—and to extend its implications be-

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15. "Leporello, where are you?" "I'm here, more's the pity. . . . Who's dead? you or the old man?" "What a stupid question! the old man" (I, ii, 194-98).
16. "And yonder musician, who used the greatest power which (in the art he knew) the Father of Spirits ever yet breathed into the clay of this world; who used it, I say, to follow and fit with perfect sound the words of the Zauberflöte and of Don Giovanni—foolishest and most monstrous of conceivable human words and subject of thought—for the future amusement of his race! No such spectacle of unconscious (and in that unconsciousness all the more fearful) moral degradation of the highest faculty to the lowest purpose can be found in history" (quoted in G. B. Shaw, *Shaw on Shaw*, ed. Eric Bentley [New York 1955], pp. 50-51).
17. *Ibid.*, pp. 51-52.
18. *Man and Superman*, Act III.

yond the limits of the field of Christian demonology.[19] For Kierkegaard "daemonic" signifies the supernatural not as *above* the natural, but as *quintessentially* natural. To him the Don is a life force, a power of nature—in his own words, "primitively controlled life, powerfully and irresistibly daemonic." Giovanni's cruelties and vulgarities are to be excused—or veritably embraced—because "his passion sets the passion of all the others in motion . . . the existence of all the others is, compared with his, only a derived existence." The daemonic man's sins are sins only in the eves of the *petite bourgeoisie*, whose restricted vision is mean and crippling. The daemonic man is above the morality of the vulgar, and properly the only moral being: as Shaw has the Devil observe after Don Juan departs for heaven, "To the Superman, men and women are a mere species . . . outside the moral world."

The music of Mozart's opera will not, however, suffer a similar apotheosis of the character of the Don. Let us for the moment characterize as "natural" the mode of behavior appropriate to the *galant* and *buffa* worlds which formed the full and resonant cosmos of *Le nozze di Figaro* and which reappear in *Don Giovanni* more narrowly circumscribed. Then Giovanni is a man whose behavior is both super- and sub-natural. The opera's mélange of musical styles, and more particularly the brilliant mobile inverted pyramid of social gestures which constitute its overture and first scene (see Figure 1), carry the theme of the opera with them. The hero is a buffoon; the buffoon is a hero. By being both he is fully neither. Were he only an obsessive seducer he would be of no interest to us, but he can behave like a Don as easily as not. He redeems himself from mere vulgarity in the battle with the Commendatore, acting with clean and spirited disinterest: secure in the propiety of having granted Anna's father an opportunity to avenge the insult to his daughter, "L'ha voluto: suo danno,"[20] he says indifferently to Leporello afterward, his elevated disinterest degenerating into a careless flippancy. He is a galvanizing and disturbing figure—daemonic, if you must—because his sphere of action encompasses the highest and the lowest possibilities of human behavior. Rarely do we encounter a man at once of such silliness and such intensity, such spirit and such utter lack of humanity.

Nor can it be said—although it might save the dark hero—that Giovanni runs the moral gamut in a conscious or wilful manner. There are some striking similarities of attitude between Don Giovanni and the notorious seducer of *Les liaisons dangereuses*, but one crucial difference separates him from the Vicomte de Valmont: Valmont is all self-consciousness and calculation,[21] while Giovanni's conduct cannot be explained by recourse to any principle or deliberate intent; he is not purposefully anarchic, or involved in a willed rebellion against ordinary moral standards. Early in Act II, in response to Leporello's importunities, Giovanni makes an insouciant defense of his way of life:

Gio: Lasciar le donne! Pazzo!
Lasciar le donne? Sai ch'elle per me
Son necessarie più del pan che mangio,
Più dell'aria che spiro!
Lep: E avete core
D'ingannarle poi tutte?
Gio: È tutto amore:
Chi a una sola è fedele
Verso l'altre crudele.
Io, che in me sento
Sì esteso sentimento,
Vo' bene a tutte quante.
Le donne, poi che calcolar non sanno,
Il mio buon natural chiamano inganno.[22]

He delivers his sophistical argument with an easy indifference to its truth or falsehood, taking the lazy pleasure in casuistry a child might display. And Leporello, easily giving up the protest, answers him in the same spirit: "Non ho veduto mai/ Naturale più vasto e più benigno."[23] But Giovanni's first lines state the truth of his case: women are to him like food[24] and the air he breathes; he pursues them at the command of a stimulus-response mechanism as natural to him, and as automatic, as the instinct to maintain one's life by taking nourishment. Accounts don't interest Giovanni, and he is in fact incapable of giving one. Obsessive natures don't have in-

19. Goethe, to whom the word "daemonic" was of great importance, defined it as "that which cannot be explained by Reason or Understanding," and which "manifests itself in the most varied way throughout all nature." He denied that it was an attribute of Mephistopheles (on the ground of his being too "negative" a creature), and when asked whether it entered into the "idea of the Divine," he responded, "My good friend, what do we know of the idea of the Divine? and what can our narrow ideas tell of the Highest Being?" (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Conversations with Eckerman*, March 2-8, 1831).

20. "He wanted it—it's his loss" (I, ii, 201).

21. His most effective enemy, Madame de Volanges, says of the Vicomte: "He has never, since his youngest days, taken a step or said a word without having a project, and he has never had a project which wasn't dishonest and criminal. . . . His conduct is the result of his principles. He knows how to calculate all the evils a man can allow himself without being compromised; and so as to be cruel and wicked without danger, he has chosen women as his victims" (Choderlos de Laclos, *Les liaisons dangereuses*, Lettre IX).

22. Gio: "Let the women alone! Madman! Let the women alone? You know they are more necessary to me than the bread I eat, than the air I breathe!"
Lep: "And yet you have the heart to deceive them all?"
Gio: "It's all a matter of love. Whoever is faithful to only one woman is cruel to all the others. Since I feel in myself such a generous sentiment, I love them all. Then the women, because they don't know how to reckon my good nature, call it deceit" (II, i, 82-95).

23. "I have never seen a more broad or more kindly nature" (II, i, 95-97). The two go on then to plot the seduction of Donna Elvira's maid.

24. Frequently the Don describes the attractions of his new favorite with the imagery of food. Zerlina has a "viso inzuccherato" (a "sugared complexion") and fingers "like curds" (I, ix, 106, 115-116). Giovanni's canzonetta describes a beloved with "la bocca dolce più che il miele" ("a mouth sweeter than honey") who carries "zucchero . . . in mezzo al core" ("sugar . . . deep in her heart"—II, 3, 25-28, 29-32).

sights; they can hardly be said to have sight, insofar as that sense is a human faculty. The objects of his obsession swim into his ken conducted by one or another of his senses—he picks up a scent,[25] he pricks up his ears at the sound of a female voice—but he lacks the impulse to combine these impressions into the articulated whole which brings men to the threshold of a moral world. He is merely inexplicable—a *monstrum*, a prodigy, spontaneously at the service of an obsession. Questions of morality can have no relevance to his actions.

Although one function of Leporello in the opera is to project, as a pale double of Don Giovanni, the trivial vulgarity of incessant womanizing, he also serves to provide a realistic moral standard for the measure of base behavior. He helps us to remember that most ordinary men cleave to one woman, with occasional lapses, and fear God, although an occasional touch of pride may make them forget their proper place; their sins are committed, judged, and shriven in a familiar moral sphere. There are certain depths beneath which even Leporello refuses to sink. He probably regards his own seductions as mere flirtations, the prerogative of a bachelor who will eventually settle down with some Giannotta or Sandrina. When Giovanni flaunts his seduction of one of Leporello's girls, Leporello asks in an aggrieved tone:

> E mi dite la cosa
> Con tale indifferenza?
> . . . Ma se fosse
> Costei stata mia moglie?[26]

And although he comes to take a certain delight in playing the stand-in for Giovanni with Elvira in Act II, he is moved to pity for her in the finale to Act II when Giovanni pitilessly mocks her efforts to make him repent.[27] That his attempts to reform Don Giovanni or to leave the Don's service[28] come to nothing, does not change his function as moral measure. We are not concerned to find in Leporello a model of perfection, but merely to discover in him some vague consciousness of a moral imperative no matter how feeble or fleeting. In indulgent self-defense he pleads subornation: Giovanni has robbed him of his innocence.[29] His besetting sins are all too human, his very moral weakness an acknowledgement of a nodding acquaintance with the way things ought to be.

Don Giovanni's actions, on the other hand, are characterized by a moral neutrality: he is not evil but banal, not noble but punctilious, and without fear where true courage would discern what properly is to be feared. His "baseness" amounts to a trivial obsession with seduction, his "nobility" to mere freedom from the passions of hate and fear. The obsession and the freedom are opposite sides of the same coin—an habitual disposition which forfeits the right to be judged as excess and thus traps him outside, not above, the limits of human virtue and human vice.

The moral world of the opera is delineated by the familiar *galant* and *buffa*—courtly and peasant—dance gestures. To be fully human in the opera is to move in such-and-such a way, to be defined by a particular gesture or stance. In the anonymity of his moral void, Giovanni is strangely denatured. Moving across the hierarchy of classes quickly established by the opening music he gives allegiance to none, although he partakes of them all by imitation; he is veritably No-Man.

Mozart marks Giovanni's non-participation ingeniously, casting almost every one of his solos as a performance or a disguise. The Don woos Zerlina in the guise of a nobleman in "Là ci darem la mano" (I, 7), serenades Elvira's maid with a canzonetta, providing only his voice for Leporello dressed as Giovanni (II, 3), and sings to Masetto and his band disguised as Leporello (II, 4). He does, however, have a "theme song," sung in a private moment, when he is giving Leporello orders for the peasants' ball—the famous "Champagne Aria," "Fin ch'han dal vino."[30] Mozart made a telling choice of gesture for Giovanni's sole unguarded moment—a rapid and feverish contredanse. The contredanse had no place in the hierarchical vocabulary of eighteenth-century social dance. Resembling our modern square dance, it was a new dance, cutting across the established order of classes and affects,[31] and hence the true dance of No-Man. The text and the macro-rhythm of the aria expand the social connotations of the contredanse into a thorough-going metaphor for Giovanni's nature:

> Senza alcun ordine
> La danza sia:
> Chi'l minuetto,
> Chi la follia,
> Chi l'alemanna
> Farai ballar.[32]

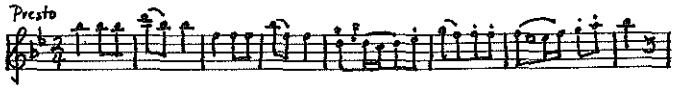
25. So he greets the first entrance of Elvira: "Zitto: mi pare/Sentir odor di femmina! . . ." ("Hush: I think I smell the scent of a woman! . . ."—I, iv, 254-55).
26. "And you tell me that with such indifference? . . . But what if she had been my wife?" (II, xi, 212-213). Giovanni answers "Meglio ancor!" ("Better still!")
27. "Quasi da piangere/Mi fa costei./Se non muove/Del suo dolore,/Di sasso ha il core,/O cor non ha" ("She almost moves me to tears. If he isn't moved by her grief, he has a heart of stone, or no heart at all"—II, xiv, 247-302).
28. In I, iv, Leporello tries to chide Giovanni for his wicked ways, but is immediately bullied out of it. In the *buffa* duet "Eh, via, buffone" opening Act II Leporello threatens to leave Giovanni, but easily changes his mind after a bribe of four gold pieces.
29. "Il padron con prepotenza/L'innocenza mi rubò" (II, 7, 22-33).
30. I, 11. The traditional sobriquet "Champagne Aria" is not actually appropriate to the aria. Its music is inebriating, and its text speaks of intoxication, but strictly in anticipation of the coming *festa*. To have the Don sing with champagne glass in hand is to obscure the point that his galvanic energy arises from the spur of his obsession, not just from strong wine.
31. The contredanse "democratized" social dance: it moved the activity from the court into the dance hall, and, with its emphasis on walking through follow-the-leader figures rather than performing a series of difficult characteristic steps it opened the field to the enthusiastic amateurs of the bourgeoisie.
32. "Let the dancing be without any order: make some dance the minuet, some the follia, some the allemande" (I, 11, 33-56).

Giovanni's command to Leporello calls for the very anarchy the contredanse had introduced into the orderly cosmos of the social dances. Another antithesis of this hierarchy is the famous list which Leporello keeps for his master; Giovanni reminds us of it here:

Ah! la mia lista
Doman mattina
D'una decina
Devi aumentar.[33]

The insatiable cry of "just one more" grants the preceding units no particular identity, and hence no dignity or worth; the counter is interested in the counted only insofar as they resemble each other and thus deserve a place in the list.

Mozart perceived the listlike nature of the contredanse—an additive dance in which phrase piles on phrase as the dancers intemperately improvise yet another figure—and took pains to make Giovanni's music reflect it. To leave the impression of additive or chain construction on the form of the aria (going against the grain of the essentially dramatic plan of the Classic movement with its clearly delineated beginning, middle, and end), he built with clear-cut and even-measured units, repeated without alteration. The staple of the piece is a "tonic phrase"—three similar two-measure units punctuated by a fourth:



This phrase is deployed as a stabilizer whose mere recurrence marks the aria's major hinges. Lost in a relentless *moto perpetuo* we know where we are only when we hear yet another tonic phrase.

Since the list as a form of ordering is in truth an analogue of anarchy, it is one with the middle-class contredanse, which is placeless and classless. The Greek word ἄτοπος, literally "without a place," came to mean "strange," or "paradoxical," and, particularly when applied to human beings, "repugnant," or "harmful." Giovanni's menace seems to be of the same nature. Just as the contredanse cut across the established orders of dance gestures, so does the Don cut across the world of Donna Anna and the other characters, threatening to subvert it. What brought this rootless creature into being is left unexplained. He is merely a phenomenon whose nature has been molded not by the proper moral orders, but by an illusory liberty whose obverse is an *idée fixe*. Although he is hardly aware of the threat he poses, its power to destroy the world of the other characters is unmistakeable.

To counter Giovanni's anarchic contredanse no human music will suffice. Only divine justice can take on a man for whom there is no judgement on earth, and only the superhuman rhythms of the *alla-breve* pathetic fantasy can be measured against the breathless, intemperate music of the "danceless dance." Yet, symptomatic of the Don's moral neutrality, the instrument of his punishment must issue from a situation related only indirectly to the crimes he is to be punished for—a situation in which, according to some criteria, he can be said to have acted well. The murder of the Commendatore, by redeeming Giovanni from the perpetual venality of a career of seduction, makes him worthy of punishment on a grand and celestial scale. Giovanni's transgressions are all concentrated into that one stroke of the sword. The spectral hush of the Commendatore's requiem music raises the moment out of the opera's time, to compel recognition of the horror and pathos of the act itself free from any moral palliative (the Don's quasi-decent behavior, for example). It renders inexorable the ultimate arrival of the divine avenger: his retribution will be postponed only until Giovanni has thoroughly demonstrated the mean and trivial preoccupations of the dedicated seducer of women.

There is music in the overture, first, and last scenes which is cast in the high tragic style, but it would be a mistake to consider the "tragedy" to be Don Giovanni's. If there is any pity and fear to be excited in this opera, it is for the lives of the people he has left behind him. Their habits and pursuits have been denigrated and diminished by the mere existence of a man who cannot be touched by the moral order; in the opera's bright commonplace of an epilogue they reappear briefly to repair things as best they can. Not the tragic mode itself, but the mixture of genres, of exalted style and low farce, manifests this diminution to us throughout the opera in increasingly dark and turbulent colors. *Don Giovanni* gives us a panoramic view of all the orders of society, showing them stretched to the breaking point; the mixed genre has a vision both less noble and more encompassing than tragedy.

33. "Ah! by tomorrow morning you should increase my list by a decade" (I, 11, 70-85).

Inner and Outer Freedom

Eva Brann

Vast topics are notoriously easy to avoid, and those who undertake to wrestle with them in public owe their audience some concrete reason for their choice. Let me begin with mine.

First, this summer I had occasion to study Supreme Court decisions bearing on freedom of religion and the public schools. The graduate students with whom I read these included a number of inner-city school teachers, who were both black and strong churchwomen. They were peculiarly alive to a jolting paradox powerfully suggested by these decisions. Baldly stated it is this: In the interest of freedom of religion, that is, in order to protect the possibility of living by one's beliefs, it is required to keep the public realm, in which students and teachers spend the most strenuous part of their waking life, vigorously free from all particular beliefs and all religious exercises. In other words, freedom *of* religion requires freedom *from* religion. This quandary raised for me a general question concerning freedom as it appears in the external world. What is this notion which feels so exhilaratingly rich and yet requires so stringently enforced a void, which holds such promise of fullness but presupposes the most carefully constructed vacancy?

Second, in one of my classes this term we are reading a work by Immanuel Kant, *Foundations of the Metaphysics of Morals*, which culminates in a consideration of human freedom. For Kant, freedom is entirely internal, our inner power to overcome all the natural laws of psychology by which we are determined and driven, and to act originally and independently as rational beings. Freedom is inner self-determination. It is a harsh view, for it means that the only clear index of the actual exercise of our freedom comes when we are opposing our natural inclinations and desires, when we do not as we want, but as we ought. Freedom is preemmiently self-control. It is a noble but negative test that it is neither possible to accept nor to forget.

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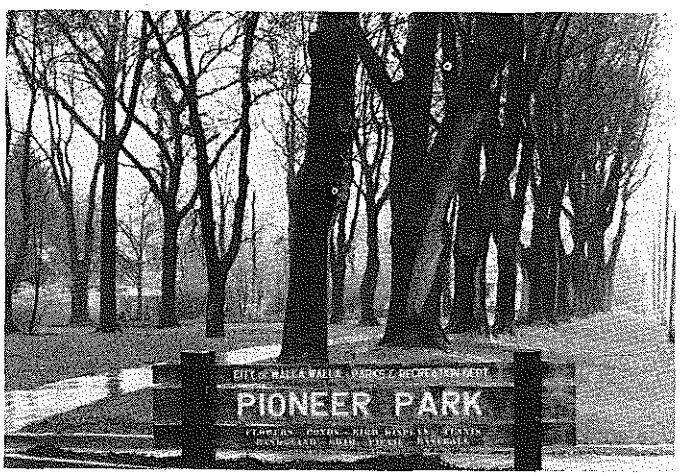


And finally, the following observation gave food for thought. When I first arrived in Walla Walla, I discovered Pioneer Park as a lovely place to jog. You all know the place. The point is that it is a small park, but laid out on the lines of a grand European city park, and very handsome. Every day I ran by a sign that read as follows. It said that the park was closed to vehicular traffic for a month in order "to determine the possible effects such an action might cause." (I don't need to tell you that the actual effects such an action did cause were dozens of letters to the Walla Walla Union-Bulletin.) I kept asking myself why the public prose writer hadn't found it in him just to say "to see what will happen." And it came to me that this magnificent prose had a point to make: The park is not just a place of beauty but also the scene of passionate contention and rational compromise, a microcosm of the double nature of the free world. Of course, I shall make myself clearer later.

Let me begin my inquiry, then, with a description of the sense of freedom, and with examples of the feeling of freedom, both to recall to you the familiarity of the notion and to have evidence for certain observations.

Case I: When I first drove into the Walla Walla valley I was amazed by its—oddly unsung—beauty, by the contoured hills, colored mocha and mauve and mat gold, and the velvet-faceted Blue Mountains. With that sense of beauty came a feeling of expansiveness, of beckoning aspects and accessible vistas and magical destinations, in short, a sense of the freedom of the land.

Case II: Long ago, when I set off in my first car to leave home for graduate school—I was going from Brooklyn to New Haven, from the frying pan into the fire, a Westerner might say—I recall feeling, all love and gratitude to my parents notwithstanding, an enormous sense of being out from under, a ballooning feeling of freedom from constraint.

Case III: I have worked hard all week, and there is a friend on the phone wanting to know if I would like to go for an exploratory ride in the country and then perhaps tea. There is a little click of satisfaction. I'm exactly in the mood and free for the occasion.

Case IV: We're in the car, ready to take off from Walla Walla, with the map before us. East to the Blues, west to Lake Wallula, north to the Snake and south into the Wallowas—each is a possible direction; all we have to do is exercise our freedom to choose.

Such personal examples are, I am sure, familiar to everyone. They are the small daily appearances of freedom in our lives, modest recurrent phenomena which add up to a free life. I could, of course, have begun with examples of unfreedom, of daily oppression, which can take an equally small, even trivial or absurd shape. For instance, I have been told that in a popular restaurant in Moscow ice cream dishes come in cosmic form: there are nine planetary choices named from Mercury to Pluto. But what a disappointment: if you order Pluto, you get vanilla-flavored state base with plum jam, and Mars turns out to be vanilla-flavored state base with marmalade, and so on; thus freedom of choice is covertly frustrated.

The trouble is that the relation of small personal freedoms to the grander notion of civic freedom is different from the relation of small deprivations to political oppression. Except on certain ceremonial occasions, freedom with a capital F does not itself make anyone wildly happy. It is its small consequences that we cherish. The obverse for oppression, however, does not obtain, for the political unfreedom from which those small frustrations arise is by no means innocuous; it can itself cause the most terrible suffering, suffering too great to speak of in a lecture like this. That, incidentally, is what refugees from oppression, like Alexander Solzhenitsyn, sometimes fail to understand. They are so accustomed to the soul-trying enormities of unfreedom that they cannot properly value the diffuse, unextreme, even unedifying appearances of freedom. But these are the ones with which a positive inquiry, the kind that is appropriately carried on among us, who daily experience freedom, should begin.

So I will return to my cases, which I listed only in order to go from observation to theory. (When I speak of theorizing I do not mean the vigorous but dry exercise of attempting to find a definition of freedom, but rather the attempt first to articulate the perplexities contained in the phenomena and then to penetrate the appearances themselves.)

Notice, then, that in all the instances freedom is followed by a preposition: freedom *of* the road, freedom *from* parental supervision, free *for* tea, free *to* indulge my preference. (I omit such familiar phrases as freedom under the law, freedom through discipline, freedom in Christ, because these reflect on the conditions of freedom rather than on its nature.) These prepositions, "of, from, for, to," seem to be almost unavoidable when we speak about freedom.

Now when used of ordinary situations and notions and things in this world, prepositions are not particularly mysterious; they usually express spatial relations: sitting under the apple tree, passing through the looking glass. But what about the case of freedom, which is nothing spatial?

I think the prepositions of freedom also express situations and motions and relations, but not of bodies to bodies as when lovers sit under the apple tree, but of souls to the world.

Freedom *of* the road, or, more importantly, freedom of speech or of religion, then means being in a situation to take hold, to take advantage of the outer world. For example, we have the ability to utter words, which means literally to "outer" them, to make loud meaningful sounds. Freedom of speech means being in a position to appropriate this power.

Freedom *from* constraint, on the other hand, or those old freedoms articulated during the second World War, freedom from want and fear imply an aversive motion, a motion of shaking off the shackles of the world.

Again, being free *for* anything, from a talk to a new friendship, means being so well-ensconced in the world as to be receptive and ready for it, while being free *to* choose means being set up for action, ready to sally out and do things.

In sum all our feelings of freedom express various aspects of a relation we have to the external world as we range through its beauties, realize our powers within it, secure ourselves from its oppressions, ready ourselves to receive it and reach out to act on it.

The fact that this relation has a number of facets, expressed in the various prepositions "of, from, for, to," must follow from the different ways human beings, souls, are *in* the world: they take possession of it, withdraw from it, await it, step into it. That is *outer freedom*.

How the world can be constituted so that our relation to it must have these half-metaphorical aspects is the subject of a different—and deeper—inquiry usually called phenomenology. But what is the relation of freedom itself?

Let me give a two-word answer. Outer freedom is *real possibility*, that is, power not over people but over things and circumstances. Again, I must leave aside the most abysmal question, namely, what the world is such that we, embodied souls, *can* have within it what in mechanical systems are called degrees of freedom. I shall assume that we all have a working knowledge of possibility.

Then external freedom is real possibility. "Real" is Latin and means pertaining to things. Real possibility is to be distinguished from mere, logical possibility. Let me take you through an example.

All of us have some property. Now it is *logically* impossible for *all* of us, legally and responsibly, to give that property up. For although it is in the very notion of property that we may sell it or give it away—alienate it, as the term goes—it is also part of its meaning that we are responsible for disposing of it *to* another person or quasi-person, like a government. We have no right, for instance, simply to abandon our house so

that it becomes a dangerous neighborhood nuisance. Consequently it is logically impossible for all persons to give up their property at once, for each must, as I said, give it *to* someone: humanity holds property like a wolf by the tail—it cannot let go. But it is logically perfectly possible for half of all the people to give up what they own to the other half. The other half might, perhaps, be willing to receive it (though once they had the stuff they might be sorry). Yet is it not a real possibility. It will not happen because it is against human nature and worldly circumstances. Finally, that one or two people we know should give away all they own is both logically and really possible, though it takes a good deal of preparation and arrangement. Some people are free, by nature and circumstance, to get rid of the gear of ordinary life.

Now the point is that to be free, either from things, or for them, takes much planning and careful arrangement. A world of chaos and inchoateness, the tohuwabohu of the Bible, holds no real possibilities except for a divine creator, and we are not creators, but only organizers. A perfectly structured, motionless world, on the other hand, has no scope for action either. In Dante's *Divine Comedy* there are two kinds of hopeless hell, the heaving horror of the upper circles of sinners, and the nethermost circle of perpetual ice in which Satan is suspended. Real possibility exists in a world which is at once organized and open.

Outer freedom therefore requires a land crisscrossed by paths surfaced with road metal, bridged by toll booths, edged with service stations, lined by fences, and marked by signs setting limitations and giving directions. And what holds for the freedom of the road goes for all the other freedoms. They all require multifarious physical and mental arrangements, arrangements for production of goods and prevention of evils, for delivery of services and collection of debts. But most of all our freedom demands the ten-thousand real constraints of the liberating law. (Incidentally, those pioneers who first found these paths, like the two local heroes, Lewis and Clark, had far fewer freedoms than we who follow them, though they had one in an irrecoverable degree: that of *really* acting in the world.)

One more observation on the character of external freedom: it goes the way of self-abrogation, of self-cancellation. Free time without engagements begins to hang heavy on our hands. Long aimless travels suddenly begin to pall and we want a destination. Too many options with no preference drive us crazy. It is the natural fate of freedom to terminate in commitment. We all know that perpetually free spirits, who fail to foreclose on their freedom, acquire a peculiar reek about them, as of stale ozone; a world fixed up for freedom compels us to take advantage of it. That is why we are all so busy. For, in Shakespeare's words: "Lillies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

It is in the very nature of real possibilities, then, to compel us to realize them, and external freedom is secured by innumerable constraints. People who are not born free but released from slavery by human arrangements are called *freedmen*. With respect to outer freedom we are *all* freedmen, for such freedom is established by myriads of positive contrivances.

But we are also free simply—not free to or for or from, not free as situated in the world, but simply free. This freedom—let me call it *inner freedom*—cannot be secured by external arrangements. For example, the law can protect freedom of utterance, but a legal freedom of thought is an absurdity: who could stop us? Nor does this freedom push us to take advantage of the world. On the contrary, its index is often a capability for serenely sitting it out.

What, then, is inner freedom? Let me begin by sketching out two extreme answers, not the most extreme answers possible, but such as will yield a useful framework.

The first is sternly and soberly deflating. It is that there is no such freedom. There is none because we have no inside, no interior. Our psychic system is continuous with or, at least, analogous to our physical organization. Our inner and outer natures obey the same mechanical (or statistical) laws. As in physics we rely on observations of motions for our theory, so in psychology we depend on the evidence of behavior (indeed, this view is usually called behaviorism), and that tells us that human beings are pushed by needs and pulled by incentives as bodies are moved by collisions and attractions, and that interpersonal behavior is as predictable as are the actions and reactions of bodies. This view is difficult to deal with in its own terms. It will not do to produce some unpredictable behavior because, first, such behavior would itself be a mere reaction, and second, because inner freedom does not display itself as erratic behavior. The freest people are also the most reliable. Perhaps the ultimate defense against this view lies in the difficulty this school of thought has in saying what it means by, and how it comes to care about, its stern and sober truth; but that development is beyond this lecture.

At the other end stands the Kantian view I mentioned in the beginning. It is also severe, but it is grand as well. Kant agrees that we are natural beings, subject to the pushing and pulling laws of psychology, to our wants, desires, and inclinations. But, he claims, there is also a universally acknowledged fact, a moral fact. It is not known through any outer or even inner evidence because it is entirely internal—internal even beyond our inner sense of ourselves. It is the fact that sometimes we determine and lay down the law to ourselves: we withstand our own nature, deny our own inclinations and *do not as we want but as we ought*. Freedom is an inexplicable fact; it makes itself known in moral action, which in turn is evidenced as rational opposition to our natural inclinations. Human freedom shows up as radical, reasoning resistence to human nature. It is a grand view because it assigns to us, as rational beings with a supernatural root, infinite responsibility for our actions. But it seems to me to make too harsh a division between our reasoning and our feeling self.

Let me, therefore, take a great chance and tell you what *I* think inner freedom, what being free simply, means. I think it means nothing more and nothing less than *having an inside*, that is, a place where one is genuinely and literally *by oneself*—though not alone.

One way to remind ourselves that we are capable of having such a space is to think of cases we know where it has become

vacuous or obstructed. It has become vacuous in people who have gained the whole world and lost their own soul by allowing themselves to be entirely, hectically, absorbed in exterior business, especially the kind that has no solid substance. It appears obstructed in obsessed people, who have what is so graphically called a "hang-up;" that is to say, their own inner space is strung through with psychic barbed wire in which they have entangled themselves. Indeed, every loss of human interiority points to some personal or public pathology, as fearful as it is instructive.

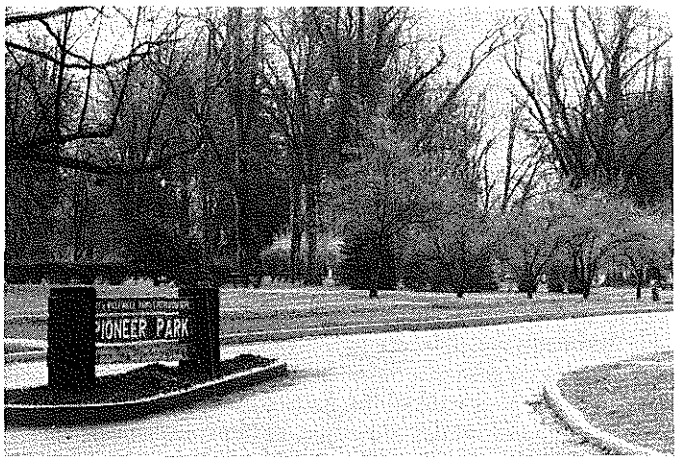
Positively speaking, it is in this inner space that imagination and thinking have their place. Or perhaps better, it is in this place that we think things out in the imaginative presence of everything we care about. I feel sure that everyone here knows just what I am talking about, and why one might say that the possession of such an inner place is identical with being free: here, inaccessible to the world's manipulations but not isolated from its gifts, we fulfill our most intimately proper function, which is—I think—*to think*. By thinking I mean simply our episodic efforts to recover and clarify our life within ourselves.

But this inner freedom is not a set of real *possibilities*, that is, possibilities supported by things, but an *actuality* within the soul. For when we are within ourselves we are already in the act of being what we were meant to be, whether we are shaping images, or pursuing a perplexity, or reaching a resolution. This freedom is not in what we *might* do but in what we *are*. And that has important external consequences, for what we are issues in what we *do*.

For, although this activity usually takes place in secluded and quiet episodes—what Shakespeare calls the "sessions of sweet silent thought"—once it is done, it consolidates into conviction and clamors quietly but insistently for expression, for communication and common action. And that is the source of the problem which made me attempt this lecture.

Let me revert here to those Supreme Court decisions I mentioned in the beginning. They were concerned with religion in the public schools, and they were all based on that section of the First Amendment which says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." It is usually understood to have two clauses. One says that no government, federal or state, shall push or prefer one religious organization over the others. The second says that no government shall make difficulties for individuals over their religion. The author of these clauses, Madison, was crystal-clear about their purpose: they were equally intended to protect and to strengthen the expression of the life of conscience, and so of religion, since that is precisely what religion, in one of its aspects, is. Conscience, a Latin word which James Joyce rendered in English as "inwit", or "inner knowledge," is, of course, a principal mode of inner freedom.

So far so good. But recall that worldly freedom demanded not only constraints to keep us from interfering with each others' enjoyments of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," but, even more, conveniences and facilities to make such enjoyment a real possibility. Chief among such facilities



are, of course, the schools which are generally considered to be the great public facilitators of opportunity. ("Opportunity" is, evidently, another word for real possibility.) So, naturally, the Court was eventually asked to decide whether the governments, particularly state governments, might facilitate expressions of the inner life through the schools by making it easier for parents to send their children to religious schools, or by releasing children to attend religious instruction, or by giving them opportunities to say a non-sectarian prayer. By and large, the court has held that all such facilitations were unconstitutional, since they tended either to establish one religion in special benefits or, by sanctioning religion in general, to interfere with the consciences of non-believers. Consequently, in the interests of conscience, religion must be banished from the ever-expanding public scene. And that is what my students found at once persuasive and perplexing: that the public scene, which is full of means for the enjoyment of outer freedom, requires vacancy with respect to the expression of inner freedom.

I think we succeeded in formulating the resolution this country has worked out. It consists in the fact that we all lead *double lives*, sometimes exhilarating, often dangerous, always wearing. This is our double life: we are all, always, both members of *factions of interest* and participants in *fellowships of conviction*.

Factions—the word is Madison's; we would say interest groups—are the numerous shifting collection of *externally* free people who band together to get the public to facilitate their rationally selfish way; they have a perfectly legitimate, if not very noble, common cause. Indeed Madison thought that a well-constituted polity was precisely one which gave these inevitable groups scope by exerting themselves to delimit each other. Parties, unions, business organizations are examples of factions of interest. The space of factional activity is the public realm in its official and civil forms.

Fellowships of conviction, in contrast to factions of interest, are communities of people who draw together as *internally* free human beings, that is to say, as human beings whose inner lives have some agreement and who are therefore in some manner friends. Churches and private schools are examples of fellowships of conviction. The place where the

life of conviction is carried on is the inward looking, semi-private association.

Of course, parties, unions, and chambers of commerce are based on some principles and will, insofar as they recall them, be communities of conviction. Conversely, churches and schools are going businesses, albeit very much non-profit businesses, and have interests to defend. Indeed, how communes of conviction behave as interest groups is a fascinating matter. For example the Maryland college where I ordinarily teach was founded in the year after the Revolution, in 1784, as a non-sectarian, secular state school with the eager support of the local Catholics, who, in the absence of a Catholic seminary in which to train their priests, were anxious to send them to a school that required no religious test and attendance at all; in this they obviously acted as an interest group. There are, incidentally, some associations that have lost *all* sense of this distinction. Those are called *movements*, that is, ideological interest groups. Let me interject a very biased remark: the recent tragedies of Europe are the consequences of such unsober politicizations of faith (which is precisely what totalitarianism is), and this country doesn't need them.

That we all belong to these two kinds of groups, and usually in a somewhat fused and simultaneous way, is a fascinating fact of American life. But how in the world do we do it?

For these groups are not merely different in flavor—lifestyle would be the current word—but evidently incompatible in mode. Let me sketch out how that is.

Interests are eminently negotiable. A friend of mine, who used to be high in the councils of government, Robert Goldwin, says that a really brilliant negotiator is not one who finds a compromise, a middle ground, but who devises an alternative that gives the parties something different but more attractive than they had ever thought of demanding. But who can compromise, not to say negotiate, his genuine convictions? In the early Christian church a long and even bloody battle was fought over the littlest letter in the Greek alphabet, the iota. The iota's difference was between the words homoiousios and homo-ousios which mean respectively "of like substance" and "of the same substance." The issue was whether Christ was merely like God the Father but *not equal* with him, or whether the godhead was a trinity of *equal* persons. This battle between the so-called Arians and Athanasians has been the laughing stock of moderns (though so great a scientist as Newton was still deeply involved in it). But is it really so comical that people should be unable to compromise their convictions about the nature of God?

There are numerous other contrasts between the worlds of conviction and interest, which show themselves, and are very familiar to us, in their different atmospheres. Let me briefly delineate these appearances.

The world in which we associate by interest is on occasion brutal but ordinarily impenetrably bland. It is calculating and civil, hard-headed and reasonable, selfish and serviceable. In accordance with the evanescent character of external freedom, it shifts constantly to provide new means, but it also requires accretions of the most rigid emptiness, like bureaucracies. We all recognize its various dialects. For example, we all understand and, I think, approve of the calculations that go into the instructions which the girl at the check-out counter in the super-market has to say: "Have a pleasant day." It is a bland civility which is intended to give a tiny edge on the competition by lubricating the shopper's exit.

Or, again, take the park prose I cited in the beginning. It signifies that Pioneer Park is not only a little paradise for the recreation of the soul, but also the scene of contending interests, namely of those who want it to be free to cars and those who want it to be free from cars, interests to be satisfied by objective experimentation and compromise. This broad and multifarious, but at bottom uniform, world in which we float fairly free, as in a medium, secures us the means for what Hobbes called "commodious living." It is therefore not to be despised. There are even occasions when it becomes a community full of pride in the rational decency, reciprocal respect, and staunch reliability which founded and which preserves it.

The world in which we unite primarily by conviction, in contrast, is intimately exclusive and inevitably quarrelsome, alternately stagnant and ardent, intense and durable. This is the world of expressed interiority, of "spiritual substance" or, rather, of many substances, for the very way such communities float in the free world tends to multiply and even competitively differentiate them, both from that world and from each other. That is the blessing and mystery of pluralism.

That pluralism is a blessing because it permits us to live at once in both worlds, the outer and the inner. That it is a mystery is plain when we ask ourselves how in the world we emerge from the concentration of our convictions to live civilly and reciprocally with those who think otherwise or not at all or, again, how we ever succeed in collecting ourselves out of the dispersion of the external world into communities for furthering the life of the soul.

Of course, there are perfectly practical circumstances that make for toleration of each other's secular selves: the steep loss of interest, like a rapidly diminishing field of force, which comes from the distance a big continent affords; our mandatory public affectation of fallibility (we might be shocked to hear a minister declare in church that "I'm probably wrong, but I feel that we may well have immortal souls," but we would not be utterly amazed to hear him say it on a talk show); the fact that the follies of the wide world are grist to the mill of faith and as such induce a certain fondness.

Of course, equally, there are human-all-too-human reasons for joining communities of conviction: for social purposes, out of convention, as a kind of insurance.

But when we look beyond these circumstantial explanations, there is still the undeniable fact that we—all but the most lukewarm—have found a way to exist, like doppelgangers, in two ultimately diverse worlds. You must forgive me if I have done little more tonight than to formulate an inquiry. I do know one thing though: the attempt to resolve this mystery must always run concurrent with the preservation of the fact, the fact, namely, that in this country we *can* live a life both of outer and inner freedom.

The Collapse of Democracy at Athens and the Trial of Socrates

Leo Raditsa

Thucydides did not finish his account of the "intense movement" (so he named it) among the Greek peoples that he judged to be the greatest event of history including the Trojan War. The incompleteness of Thucydides' account suggests the war never ended—and perhaps there is some truth in that. For the kind of war—and in his opening paragraph he carefully defines it—Thucydides describes, without specific political aims and which proceeds by revolution, is difficult to end. One can terminate hostilities—but to make peace: that is another, much more difficult matter.

The crisis which we call the Peloponnesian War did, however, come to some sort of end and it is about that end and what came after it, especially the trial of Socrates, that I am going to talk to you tonight. The period runs roughly from 410 to 399, the year of Socrates' trial.

The historical question I wish to face is what is the relation of the trial of Socrates to the collapse of democracy which occurred at Athens with the slow ending of the war. To put it simply, why was Socrates prosecuted in 399 instead of some time earlier, for instance, in 423 when Aristophanes had the *Clouds* produced?

Xenophon, who begins his narrative about where Thucydides leaves off, does not mention the trial of Socrates, although he does mention Socrates' attempt when he was in Prytany to prevent the illegal trial of the generals who had commanded at Arginusae in 406. Diodorus Siculus mentions the trial, but only in passing, the way he mentions the death of Sophocles in 406. I think ancient historians did not include the trial of Socrates in their compositions because they understood history to deal with the public life of a city, of its officers and of its citizens in public assembly and in battle. They did not conceive history to include the relation of private to public life, something which was the subject of much of Socrates' activity. Although Socrates was charged with a public crime—a γραφή, not a δίκη, which referred to a civil suit, as Socrates reminded Euthyphro at the start of his conversation with him—he was charged as a private citizen, not as an office holder.

There was another and deeper reason for not including the trial of Socrates in the ancient accounts of the period. In contrast to Plato—and in this he is profounder than Plato—Xenophon admits that he does not understand how it could have happened that Socrates was tried and condemned. That is, Socrates made him question the world his eyes saw—and this involuntary questioning is Xenophon's greatest tribute to Socrates. But this questioning did not extend to history. For Xenophon, history bore some relation to tragedy. But public men and cities suffered tragedy. To include the trial of Socrates in his composition Xenophon would have had to conceive of the tragedy of a private man. He could not—like most Athenians.

Think on it a second. All the Athenian tragedies are about public individuals, kings and princes, when they are not about gods. There is something radically wrong with the way we read tragedies, as if they were about the lives of private individuals. The private individuals, the individuals who hold no office, appear in comedies. There they trip over their fantasies which they take for actions, grow embarrassed at themselves, at the greatness they feel trapped in their insides but which betrays them when they open their mouths. There they grow haughty with their magnificent and outrageous gods. It is a measure of what happened to Athens that a generation after he had been subject to a comedy Socrates became protagonist of an event that the best of his contemporaries knew they could not understand.[1] For it was the tragedy of a private man. Even now we cannot easily integrate the trial of Socrates into the history of Athens and of the other Greeks—just as historians of the Roman empire hardly ever include the trial of Jesus in their accounts of that period.

I
The Collapse of Democracy at Athens

The last ten years of the war, the period from 411 to 401, represent the precipitation of that crisis in leadership which we call the Peloponnesian War. It is the period of the war in which the war became more and more something that happened to Athens and something that Athens did to herself. It is also the period in which Sparta took to the sea and in which Persia became increasingly deeply involved.[2]

The events of 411, the formation of the oligarchic government of the 400 and then of the Five Thousand, which represented a reaction to the Sicilian disaster, not only shook Athens' domestic political confidence. They isolated Athens in the Greek world. The oligarchic revolutions in other allied cities which had accompanied the changes at Athens in 411 had not served, as the oligarchs at Athens had expected, to

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make settlement with the Lacedaimonians possible, but had instead contributed to bringing these cities under Lacedaimonian sway. Everywhere there was instability, and the cities lived on the brink of civil war. At Athens itself the situation was tense. In 410 the returned democracy had passed strict laws encouraging the punishment of those who had been involved in the oligarchic movement of 411. There were many exiles. The division which had occurred with the coming of the oligarchs in 411 had not been overcome. In an important sense Athens in 410 was no longer one city but two. This meant nobody knew what might happen next.

With the weakening of the predominance of Athens and her instability, other Greek cities grew more aggressive in their views. For the first time during the Peloponnesian War Greek leaders, especially the Spartans, reckon with public opinion outside of their cities. For instance, Pausanias, one of the Kings of Sparta, is said to have intervened in the Athenian civil war at the end of the period of the Thirty because he feared the consequences to the reputation of Sparta if the slaughters of the thirty continued.

In the first part of this period, the six years leading up to the destruction of almost the entire Athenian fleet at Aegospotami in September 405, the war is largely at sea for both sides. The sea war of these six years takes place mainly in the Hellespont and in the Bosporus, and along the adjoining coasts of Thrace and Asia Minor with its three major islands, Lesbos, Chios and Samos. It was through these straits that many of the Athenian grain ships sailed. When she challenged Athens in this area Sparta was aiming at her life lines but not, in the beginning at least, for total victory. For after several of the major battles she attempted to negotiate with Athens. For the first time in the War Athens was on the defensive in a way she had never been when Sparta had wasted Attica in the first years of the war.

For her part Sparta appears to be without a coherent policy in this period. Her most noble commander drowned at the battle of Arginusae, Callicratidas tried to keep free of Persian entanglements, but Lysander, the Spartan commander who was to bring the war to an end, had no scruples about taking all the money he could from Persia for building the fleet and paying its crews.

The main events of this period are the return of Alcibiades to Athens in 408; the victory of the Athenian fleet at Arginusae in 406 and the unlawful trial and execution of the generals of the fleet which followed upon it; Lysander's destruction of the Athenian fleet at Aegospotami in the fall of 405; and the collapse of Athens in the period 405-401, especially after the siege and surrender, in the fifteen months which run from May 404 to August 403, when the Thirty were in power.

Of these events the collapse of Athens or the time of the Thirty, as it is usually called, was the most devastating. The experience of Athens during this period left an indelible impression on the whole ancient world. People thought of it with the same horror as the men of Colonus looked upon the face of Oedipus. Sallust's *Caesar*, written during the death agony of the Roman Republic, in the face of the proscriptions of the young Octavian, recalls the horrors of the years of the Thirty at Athens with a vividness which makes one imagine Sallust had lived through the time. The Thirty, who were led by two of his close relatives, and Socrates' trial—these are the two central experiences of Plato's life.

Somehow no matter what she did Athens always wounded herself. This is the terrible sense of this last decade and earlier—for it really started at Melos in 416. When the Athenian people illegally condemned commanders they suspected to be innocent after the great victory at Arginusae in 406, they hurt themselves. As Socrates later pointed out, they discredited themselves, destroyed their public life and made themselves incapable of recognizing and standing up to their real enemies, when they violated their own laws.

In Socrates' presence Athenians knew they were doing this to themselves. This is the meaning of Alcibiades' wonderful and terrifying remark that Socrates was the only man in Athens who made him feel ashamed. In Socrates' presence he could not fool himself—he knew that what he did somehow betrayed what he was. Alcibiades meant Socrates made him feel alive. Socrates gave men something like the feeling you sometimes get from infants when they make you wonder how you have become what you are.

Alcibiades' return to Athens in 408, with his appearance before the council and the assembly and his election to position of Commander in Chief, made a deep impression on Athens. They saw him now almost like an outcast, like Oedipus, forced to live beyond the protection of the laws, his life always in danger, in Sparta and in Persia. Here was the man who in his life, almost in his person, summed up most of the destructive and constructive actions of the years since 415: the castration of the Hermae and the parody of the mysteries (from which he was now exonerated), the expedition against Syracuse, the Spartan fortification of Decelea in Attica, and the involvement of Persia in the war—and constructively and more recently, the prevention of civil war during the oligarchic crisis in 411 and the re-establishment of Athenian control of the Propontis and the Bosporus in 410.

When Alcibiades sailed into the Piraeus he waited cautiously, without disembarking, for his friends and relatives to escort him up to the city. To many, both rich and poor, democrats and oligarchs, he seemed like the one individual capable at the same time of overcoming the division which

remained within the city and of prosecuting the war with intelligence.

But something like six months later he is either not re-elected or removed from his command because a subordinate—against his express orders—engages Lysander and loses fifteen Athenian ships. He goes into exile on his estate in the Chersonese. The great expectations had come to nothing—the crisis continued.

Almost a year apart, the two great naval disasters of Arginusae and Aegospotami were in a sense both self-inflicted. I call Arginusae a disaster even though it was an Athenian victory, because its repercussions at home did much to discredit the unstable democracy. When Athens learned that the Spartan commander Callicratidas had encircled the Athenian commander Conon at Mytilene she sent out a hastily-gathered fleet of 110 ships which she manned with free men and slaves (who were later awarded their freedom).

Immediately after the Athenian victory a storm suddenly rises which prevents the Athenian commanders from picking up the several thousand dead and survivors floating in the rammed and waterlogged ships that had not sunk. At Athens, the news of the losses blunts the joy of victory. Following a little after the news the Apaturia, a festival which draws together families to acknowledge births and marriages, makes the grief worse.

The matter comes up in the council and the assembly. Under the influence of their politicians the people seem unable to accept that some things are not under human control, that a storm occurs in "divine necessity," as one speaker puts it. Their politicians dominate them by nourishing their yearning to make someone responsible for everything. Theramenes, an important and able politician who had been a subordinate commander at Arginusae, accuses his superiors of neglect. There is debate both in council and assembly, and the six generals who had dared to come back to Athens defend themselves ably and with witnesses, even though they have not yet been formally accused. At the point when it appears the generals will win some kind of release the assembly is adjourned.

In a subsequent assembly it is proposed to vote on the guilt of the generals as a group and to count their previous testimony as a trial—all highly illegal. A brave speaker in the assembly attempts to stop the proceedings on the grounds of unconstitutionality (the *γραφὴ παρανόμων*); but the people, turning into a mob, threaten him. This is the first, crucial attempt to resort to the *γραφὴ παρανόμων* since it had been restored after the Four Hundred had abolished it in 411.[3] It fails. But the grounds of the illegality have been clearly stated in the assembly. The crowd also intimidates all of the council except Socrates when it seeks to keep the motion for sentencing from the assembly. The generals are condemned as a group and immediately executed.

Sometime later the people regret their action, as they had been warned they would in the assembly. They turn upon their leaders and prosecute them, depriving one of them of fire and water. But it is too late. All along they had known what they were doing was wrong, but they could not stop it. Against the speaker who had opposed them they had shouted that it was unthinkable that the people should not be allowed to do whatever they desired.

After Arginusae the tension in many of the cities increases. Returned as acting Commander of the Spartan fleet, Lysander, with headquarters at Ephesus, supports the so-called oligarchs in a bloody seizure of power at Miletus. Four hundred of the wealthy and prominent citizens of Miletus are executed in the market place. For his predecessor Callicratidas' attempt to lead the Greek cities with words, Lysander substitutes terror, for which party labels are mere pretexts. In Karia, a city allied to Athens is wiped out.

Sailing from Samos, the Athenian fleet finds no support among the Greek cities. Except for Mitylene, all Asia turns away from Athens. When news comes that Lysander is retaking Lampsacus on the Hellespont almost the entire Athenian fleet, one hundred and eighty ships, sails to Aigospotami, a barren stretch of beach just fifteen stades (a stade is 600 feet) across the water from Lampsacus. Despite Alcibiades' warning—from his estate on the Chersonese he watches the whole disaster take shape before his helpless eyes—the Athenian commanders remain in their exposed position and offer battle to the Spartans for four days. On the fifth day Lysander surprises the Athenians after they have disembarked and destroys or captures more or less their whole fleet. It is the Fall of 405.

At Athens they prepared for siege: all the harbours except one were filled up, walls were repaired and guards put on them. The city sought a hasty and incomplete unity in the restoration of full citizen rights to those who had been partially deprived in the previous troubles. But they did not recall the exiles.

At Aegospotami in assembly with the allies of Sparta, Lysander executed one of the Athenian commanders, because he had been the first to break the international law of the Greek cities. He had hurled the captured crews of two ships of Sparta's allies from a precipice, and in the assembly at Athens he had supported a motion to cut off the thumbs of all prisoners of war and make them incapable of ever rowing again. Lysander also showed himself as the undoer of other Athenian outrages: at Melos, Torone, Scione and Aigina he restored the remaining original inhabitants.

From Chalcedon and Byzantium on the Bosporus and

elsewhere, Lysander set the Athenian garrisons loose on condition they sail nowhere else but to Athens. He wanted to burden Athens with as many mouths as possible. Everywhere the Greek cities turned to Sparta.

But at Samos, the other port of the Athenian fleet, the democracy held, and again knew itself in the slaughter of prominent citizens. For the first time since before the Persian wars, Athens is cut off from the sea, closed in upon herself, Athens, whom almost ten years before, Peisthetaerus in the *Birds* had called "the city of the lovely triremes."

Throughout the whole winter and until April of the following year, 404, Athens and the democracy resisted—and people starved. There was an early attempt at negotiation in which Athens offered to accept Sparta's leadership in alliance, a situation that would have allowed her considerable independence. But at Sparta the Ephors insisted on tearing down part of the walls. In response the people at Athens forbade any motions concerning peace. Men grew convinced that any terms with Sparta meant the fate of Melos.

In this tense and dangerous situation Theramenes managed to persuade the assembly to let him find out from Lysander whether the Spartans wanted to destroy the Long Walls to reduce Athens to slavery, or simply as a guarantee of their good conduct. Theramenes remained with Lysander, who was besieging Samos until, with the worsening situation at Athens, the assembly granted him power to negotiate.

The new terms which the Lacedaimonians and their allies offered were much harsher than the previous demands of the Ephors: Athens was to have the same friends and enemies as Sparta. (In our terms this meant Athens lost the capacity for an independent foreign policy.) She was to tear down the Long Walls. Her fleet was not to number more than twelve ships. The exiles were to return.

When Theramenes returned to the starving city with these terms, men crowded around him in fear—but in the assembly there was still some resistance to surrender. In acting as go-between between the Athenian democrats who desired to resist to the end and the probably undecided Spartans Theramenes had saved his native city from total destruction—or rather from destroying itself. To the intoxicating sound of flutes, Lysander had sections of the Long Walls torn down. The Spartans and the returning Athenian exiles, according to Xenophon, imagined that that day meant the beginning of freedom for the Greeks. It was April 404.

In the following month the Athenian assembly, in the presence of Lysander, voted to give thirty men the power to revise the laws and reform the constitution. The Thirty promised to make the city clean and honourable and to impell the citizens to justice and excellence. Plato, then twenty-four years old, and many others, perhaps even Lysias (a speech writer, son of Cephalus and brother of Polemarchus, who appear in the first book of the *Republic*), believed in them at first.

The commission delayed the reform of the laws, but appointed magistrates and council, and started to rule. Before the council and with public ballotting, they tried and killed notorious sycophants, individuals who had used the threat of prosecution for extortionary purposes. Although illegal, these killings won wide consent among the citizens, because men felt they were justified.

Soon, however, Critias, a close relative of Plato, and an interlocutor of Socrates, asked Lysander for a Spartan governor and garrison to support him in dealing with unruly and subversive elements. With Spartan troops behind them, the Thirty now began to kill all individuals who might oppose them, and whose property would furnish the money necessary for the support of the Spartan garrison.

At these outrages many went into exile, including Anytus (who later instigated the prosecution of Socrates) and Thrasybulus, who was to lead the democrats. Megara and Thebes teemed with Athenian exiles despite Sparta's order forbidding any Greek city to receive them. (By January 403, when the Thirty left Athens for Eleusis, where they had exterminated the population, perhaps as much as half of the male population had left Attica.)

Among the Thirty themselves the outrages also produced opposition. Theramenes, who knew the distinction between a moderate oligarchy and terror, told Critias that they were now much worse than the sycophants of the democracy who had extorted money, but not killed for it. Critias answered, brutally, that changes of constitution required killing: "How do you think thirty can rule over many without terror?"

Critias now disarmed all the population except three thousand of the more wealthy. All, except these three thousand, could be arrested and executed without trial. As Socrates later pointed out in his own trial, Critias sought to dominate by involving as many as possible in his outrages. Under the swords of the Spartan garrison he compelled the three thousand to condemn the inhabitants of Eleusis to death. When he could no longer tolerate the freespokenness of Theramenes, he made the council his accomplice in his death.

Sometime during the early winter of 404, Thrasybulus, with about seventy followers, took the border fortress of Phyle which overlooked the whole Attic plain to Athens. The Thirty immediately responded, but were repulsed in a minor skirmish. This minor set-back shattered their confidence and showed their cowardice matched their brutality.

Sometime after this Thrasybulus, now with something like seven hundred badly armed followers, took the section of the

Piraeus called Munychia. There in pitched battle the men of the Piraeus, as they now came to be called, managed to defeat the Thirty and the three thousand. Critias, first cousin to Plato's mother, and Charmides, his uncle, were both killed. Mindful that the enemy dead were citizens, the men of the Piraeus did not strip their bodies. They sought instead to use their victory to shake the by now largely forced loyalty of many of the three thousand (especially those who had not committed crimes) to the Thirty. Shortly after the battle the three thousand removed the Thirty from office and elected twelve to rule. The Thirty and their followers fled to Eleusis. It was January, 403.

At this point Athens was no longer a living city but three factions, one in the city, one in the Piraeus, and one in Eleusis. From Eleusis the Thirty sent men whom they fancied ambassadors to Lysander, saying there had been a revolt of the mob at Athens and requesting his help. Intent on surrounding the democrats at the Piraeus, Lysander managed the appointment of his brother as naval commander and authorization for himself to hire mercenaries. But Pausanias, one of the kings of Sparta, alarmed at the thought that Lysander might turn Athens into his private possession, convinced the Ephors and the Spartan assembly to send him to Attica with companies of the regular Spartan army—ostensibly to help Lysander, but actually to prevent the destruction of the men of the Piraeus. Pausanias' expedition, with the Spartan army, amounted almost to a reopening of the war. In fact, Thebes and Corinth refused to join, because they said Athens had not violated any of her treaty agreements. With Spartan authority to come to a settlement, Pausanias managed to negotiate an agreement in which both the oligarchs of the city and the democrats of the Piraeus agreed not to fight each other. At Pausanias' insistence the oligarchs also agreed to return property expropriated under the Thirty to its owners. The consitutuion of the democracy was restored. It was probably August 403, fifteen months after the assembly had first elected the Thirty.

For the next two years Athens lived in fear of renewed attempts to undo the democracy. In 401, upon rumours that the Thirty at Eleusis were hiring mercenaries, the whole city took arms and went out to meet them. During the ensuing negotiations the men of the city killed the commanders from Eleusis and managed a reconciliation with their followers, with the help of their relatives and friends in Athens.

Either at this time or two years earlier, in August 403, when Pausanias negotiated the reconciliation, every individual in Athens swore not to bear grudges for anything in the past. This meant nobody could prosecute for offenses under the Thirty, probably including the expropriation of property which Pausanias had sought to undo. The agreement to forget did not cover the Thirty, "the twelve" who had committed their "executions," and several other categories. It was contractual and could only be enforced upon appeal from individuals in court. (Andocides, for instance, appeals to it in his speech "On the Mysteries" in 399, the year of the trial of Socrates.)[4]

II

Athens After the Thirty and the Trial of Socrates

The atmosphere in Athens after the Thirty was somewhat unreal. It had become a city that feared disturbances and feared itself. It also remained in an important sense two cities. When you spoke at Athens during this time you always addressed two audiences, the men of the city and the men of the Piraeus. In these years Lysias speaks directly to a deep sense of unease and complicity with terrifying events which must have prevailed among the majority of Athenians. For the heroes of Phyle and Piraeus had been few. Lysias understood the deep struggle for self-respect Athenians waged during this time. "The Thirty killed my brother" he says, "they even made it hard to bury him—I will not forget." "Then, under the Thirty, you were afraid," he tells the judges, "but now there is nothing stopping you from voting the way you desire, now there are no excuses."

Lysias attacks Theramenes, not distinguishing him in any way from Critias. Theramenes had betrayed the trust the people had shown him and brought the city down in starvation. Everything which had occurred in the assembly that voted authority to the Thirty in the spring of 404 had been arranged beforehand, secretly, between Lysander and Theramenes. The vote had not been freely taken. If the Thirty had not killed Theramenes the democracy would have had to—a remark that, in its inverted way, pays a deep compliment to Theramenes.

In all the violence the only obvious palpable tie that remained between the factions was the gods; to them the city now made appeal. Of the Thirty, Lysias said, "they wanted us to participate in their shame instead of the gods, to substitute complicity with them for our common relation to the gods." He also described the Thirty as men who believed their power to be firmer than the vengeance of the gods—something quite like what the Melians had said to the Athenians.

When the men of the Piraeus addressed the three thousand after their defeat in January 403, they spoke first of their common gods. Immediately after Pausanias had succeeded in bringing peace between the factions Thrasybulus went up to sacrifice on the Acropolis: he meant to reaffirm that Athens belonged to Athene, who lived on the Acropolis. Perhaps Euthyphro exemplifies this new-found, somewhat showy

piety of Athens after the Thirty. It is full of unquestioning assurance—and yet at a loss for words.

With this piety there is a forced and unconvincing blustering patriotism. Andocides does not blush to compare the Athens of the year of Socrates' trial with the Athens of the Persian wars. Anytus shows the brittle, touchy confidence of these years when he takes "personal" (as we would say) offense at Socrates' observation (in the *Meno*) that the sons of the pillars of the community had not turned out so well. People yearn for conviction, but are incapable of it.

Socrates came from another world. The world of Athens and the Greeks before the Peloponnesian War. At its outbreak in 430 he was about 40, and already famous throughout at least the Greek world. Men came from as far as Cyrene to listen to him.[5] This is the Athens of the fifty years between the Persian and the Peloponnesian War, the Athens that neither feared itself or others. It was a city that did not fear the unexpected. A city in which important things beside crime happened on the streets. In fact, to that street life and its casual encounters, to how one can live on the streets, Socrates is one of our greatest witnesses. I think his refusal to wear sandals speaks of his feel for that life and of his insistence on its importance.

Another witness to that street life is Herodotus, whose book, like the *Odyssey*, is also a book of manners. Although—or perhaps because—careful and cautious, Herodotus is confident and respectful of his readers' intelligence, of their capacity to think. Socrates has the same respect for the intelligence of the people he encounters. He could tolerate the movement of other peoples' minds (when they did actually move) and he knew that movement to be as unexpected as truth. That is why he preferred to talk, to listen as well as to speak, rather than to write or teach.

Unlike Herodotus, Socrates did not travel—as he remarks, he never left town. Even when everybody went to a festival, he remained behind with the cripples and beggars in the deserted silent city. Herodotus instead went everywhere with the same ease that Socrates stayed at home. Both give an example of the best kind of courage, the unassuming kind, the kind that does not have to prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet.

The Athenians of that time were used to living in a world that strengthened them, in a world where the throbbing flow of the sky was palpable, in a world that knew nuance, that could see the shape of the human body because it knew it to be more than the sum of its parts. Pericles says Athens was largely free of the jealousy of the lives of others which contributed so much to the later hatred of Socrates. In the presence of Herodotus and Socrates one feels one's pretensions like a kind of awkwardness that one could drop.

The only man who breathes this confidence during the Peloponnesian war besides Socrates is Aristophanes. Aristophanes knows in the way he appears to know everything, that in this time you can only breathe it in laughter, his kind of laughter which serves for reverence and respect. Alcibiades knew this confidence lived, but it always eluded his grasp although he traveled the world to seek it—when he knew perfectly well (but only Socrates could make him admit it) you could only find it at home.

This kind of unassuming confidence cannot be experienced without remembering Aeschylus, a man with strength enough to have compassion for a god. Significantly, during the time of the war it is only Aristophanes who can approach Prometheus with something equivalent, but at the same time entirely different from, the pitiless tenderness of Aeschylus.

Most of the spectators and judges at Socrates' trial knew nothing of this world of Athens before the Peloponnesian war except what they saw before them in Socrates. Plato was born in 428, Xenophon, who was not at the trial, perhaps in 435. Meletos, Socrates' official accuser, was perhaps Plato's age, certainly not much older; "a youthful defender of the youth," Socrates calls him. Ashamed at appearing in Court—for the first time in his life, he emphasizes—Socrates at his trial feels the weight of seventy years of living and the dignity they demand. He says he did not prepare a speech because it was not something for a man of his age to do—especially since his whole way of life with its love of justice speaks for him—in his defense.

Plato knew, of course, that Socrates came from another world; in fact one major part of his work is remembering and recreating a world he had never entirely known, but which he knew to be destroyed. Remember that Plato lost Socrates just after the experience of the Thirty had forced him to acknowledge the dishonour of his family, perhaps not of his parents, but of the brothers of one of his parents and of another close relative. His repudiation of their acts is strong, and it awakens admiration. For Plato, the trial of Socrates was as terrible as the time of the Thirty.

Plato's love for Socrates is for a dead man; everything he writes is about a man who has disappeared. Unlike Aristophanes, Plato never had to face Socrates with any of his writings. His writings were meant to substitute for Socrates, to replace him, to keep him alive once he was dead. This is the hardest illusion to deal with when you read Plato, the illusion that you are inside Socrates, that you are hearing his voice. It is also the drama of reading Plato, who is an artist, a different kind of artist than the poets, for he thought he was not an artist.

With Xenophon it was different. He stayed outside of Socrates. In Xenophon you can hear how Socrates' voice

sounded to somebody who did not entirely understand Socrates but who knew he did not understand him, who knew he was out of his depth but had the courage to stay there—that is rare. "I cannot forget him, I cannot forget him, the memories keep overwhelming me," Xenophon says somewhere with wonder. But unlike Plato, he never forgot they were memories.

Socrates was charged with impiety. The specific charge, which is preserved, with slight variations, by Xenophon and Diogenes Laertius, was that he did not worship the gods that the city worshipped and that he introduced new gods. The second charge is that he destroyed the youth. There are other examples of charges of *asebeia* with other charges attached to them. For instance, Aspasia was charged with *asebeia* and letting Pericles meet free women in her house. There is a text of Aristotle that associates *asebeia* with disrespect for parents and corrupting the youth. In any case it is clear that corruption of the youth was a prosecutable offense.[6]

Plato's stress on corruption of the youth accords with Anytus' own views. In the only direct quotation from his speech we have, Anytus told the judges he had not expected Socrates to appear in court, but once he had, they had no choice but to condemn him. Otherwise, he would ruin their sons. In this Anytus agreed with the Thirty, who had actually attempted to order Socrates not to speak to the young.

Anytus' argument to the fathers to protect their sons is the strongest kind of appeal. As Socrates points out in his questioning of Meletus, it makes him responsible for all the troubled youths in the city. How lucky they would be if I am the only one who ruins them, Socrates remarks.

There is plenty of evidence of disturbed relations in Athens between fathers and sons during the Peloponnesian War. The son of Pericles in Xenophon speaks matter-of-factly of Athens as a place where sons held their fathers in contempt.[7] You remember the struggle between Pheidippides and Strepsiades in the *Clouds*, where there is little question of the father holding the respect of his son. In the *Birds* there is a scene between a youth who desires to murder his father and Pisthetaerus, where Pisthetaerus manages to show him, by conversation not unlike those of Socrates in Xenophon, that he belongs on the Thracian front. Aristophanes means to show here—and it is probably meant as a compliment to Socrates—that the youth can be talked out of these wild fancies if there is anyone around who knows how to take the time to talk to him. (Incidentally, in our world, where we do not call things by their proper names, the would-be father-killers pass for revolutionaries.) There is in Xenophon also a remarkable conversation of Socrates with his son who is deeply angry with his mother. In all this we should keep in mind that disrespect for parents carried severe penalties, perhaps even death.[8]

These disturbed relations between fathers and sons were intensified by the war. Thucydides mentions the enthusiasm of the youth for the war at its beginning. Pheidippides would have been brought up in the country if it had not been for the war.

Socrates was one of the few people in Athens willing to look these troubles in the face rather than deny them and, by denying them, wish them away. Anytus instead wanted to wish them away, in somewhat the way Iocasta tried to talk Oedipus out of what he had learned—and then committed suicide. "Because I can help," Socrates says with something like astonishment, "I am overwhelmed by their jealous rage, as you put it, Euthyphro"—the word is φθονέω used elsewhere of the gods' resentment of overreaching human beings.

Anytus' relation to Meletus shows something of what Anytus thought the proper relation of the elder generation should be to the younger. He put Meletus up to charging Socrates, Meletus who was just a kid in Socrates' astonished but fearful eyes. How did he dare accuse him of impiety? Socrates asked, Did he not know what he was getting into? With a charge of impiety anything could happen.

Meletus was one of those young men for whom the world is unreal, for whom, as Socrates said of others, everything is upside down. He was one of those youths who wished to be serious but did not dare to be, who wanted to be a hero but feared the risks. Anytus offered him the easy way out, the illusion of self-respect, the easy way to grow up: the role of protector of the city and of his peers. Socrates is fierce when he questions Meletus, catching all the irresponsibility of that pretended earnestness. Anytus trapped Meletus with his conceit—and to all intents and purposes he ruined him.

Contrast Anytus' manipulation of Meletus with Socrates' handling of Glaucon, Plato's brother, as Xenophon tells it. Like Plato, Glaucon at twenty wanted more than anything else to go into politics. Uncontrollable and the despair of his family, he was making a fool of himself climbing up to speak in public, and doing the other things you did to have a political career at Athens.

Socrates cared about him because of Plato and because of Glaucon's uncle Charmides, and because he must have had all the charm of intelligence awakening. (There is always something important to be said for young men who dare make fools of themselves in defiance of their family—as long as it is on their own—and not to please somebody else.)

Socrates asked Glaucon some questions which incidentally show something that I do not think is apparent from Plato, that Socrates had a fairly extensive knowledge of the facts of Athenian politics. He asked how long could Athens live off

the agricultural production of the Attic countryside, how much food did she need in general, what were her expenses, what were her revenues—the list reads like a catalogue of the facts Pericles had at the ready when he spoke to the Athenians.

Glaucon cannot answer any of these questions. At one point he answers, "But, Socrates, I can make a guess." "No, when you know we will talk." Then Socrates asks him something else, "Why don't you run your uncle's estates?" Glaucon answers innocently, "Because I cannot persuade him to entrust them to me." "You cannot persuade your uncle, but you think you can persuade the city!"

This is pretty much the opposite of what Anytus did to Meletus. It is the kind of humiliating conversation which teaches the difference between dreams and facts, between illusion and life—without learning that distinction (and it is not something you learn in the head), you live your whole life among the shades.

Politics is also a struggle to distinguish the actual from illusions, enemies from friends, war from peace, what you can do from what you cannot, and, most importantly, aggression from goodwill and life from death. In the fifteen years preceding the trial of Socrates Athens had clearly failed in that struggle, over and over again misjudging situations. When the consequences of those misjudgements turned to disaster, it grew difficult to put up with Socrates: he reminded people of too much. Without wanting to he made Anytus feel he was a bad father, and that there might be a connection between the kind of father he was and the kind of political leader he was. More generally he made people feel they might have been responsible for what had happened to them. Or, as he puts it to the judges, "You cannot hurt me but you will hurt yourselves putting me to death."

Nobody in public life after Pericles, and probably not even Pericles, had been able to make people feel responsible for what happened. Socrates made them feel responsible because he came in between the relations between generations. You remember how he says, "if I went abroad and had conversations, the fathers would drive me into exile; and if I did not, the sons would." In Athens it had taken collusion between generations, between Meletus and Anytus, to prosecute him. For it is the relations between generations which determine whether cities live or die or merely survive.

People had gone through disaster; they had seen their fathers and brothers and children and friends killed. They had taken that, but they could not take the dim but unmistakable sense they had in the presence of Socrates that these disasters were of their own doing, that these disasters had to do with how they thought and talked and what they were. When Socrates told them they took better care of their slaves than their friends, of their bodies than their lives, he reminded them, quite unwittingly, of that.

Because he knew his own smallness Socrates struck other men as grand, boastful, even arrogant. Because he took his own measure, he appeared to tower over other men who had trouble telling themselves from gods. And this was intolerable, especially after the events of the last ten years had held up their smallness to them. A generation before they had laughed at him and respected him—now in the narrowness of defeat, possessed by memories they could not face, they killed him—because they feared themselves in him.

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1. For the relation of *The Clouds* to Socrates, Bruno Snell, "Das fruehste Zeugnis ueber Sokrates," *Philologus* 97, 1948, 125-134; Wolfgang Schmid, "Das Sokratesbild der Wolken," *Philologus* 99, 1948, 209-228; T. Gelzer, "Aristophanes und sein Sokrates," *Museum Helveticum* 13, 1956, 65-93.

2. On the sources for this period, S. Accame, "Le fonti di Diodoro per la guerra Deceleica," *Rendiconti della R. Accademia dei Lincei* (Classe di scienze morali, storiche e filologiche) 14 (sixth series), 1938, 347-451; "Trasibulo e i nuovi frammenti delle Elleniche di Ossirinco," *Rivista di filologia classica* 28, 1950, 30-49.

3. J. Hatzfeld, "Socrate au procès des Arginuses," *Revue des Etudes Anciennes* 42, 1940, 165.

4. For the character of this agreement, Ugo Enrico Paoli, *Studi sul processo Attico*, Padua, 1938, 121-142, especially 122; also, *Studi di diritto Attico*, Florence, 1930.

5. J. Burnet, *Plato's Euthyphro, Apology of Socrates and Crito*, Oxford, 1970 (orig. ed 1924), especially V and the commentary to the "Apology".

6. For the charge, A. Menzel, *Untersuchungen zum Sokrates Processe, Abhandlung der Sitzungsber. d. kais. Akd. zu Wien* 145, 1901-1902, especially 7-29. Also E. Derenne, *Les procès d'impiété intentés aux philosophes à Athènes au V^me^ et au IV^me^ siècles avant J.-C.*, Liége, 1930; N. Casini, "Il processo di Socrate," *Iura* 8, 1957, 101-120. For the association of *asebeia* with disrespect for parents, Aristotle "On Virtues and Vices," 1251[a] 31: *ἀσέβεια μὲν ἡ περὶ θεοὺς πλημμέλεια καὶ περὶ δαίμονας ἡ καὶ περὶ τοὺς κατοιχομένους καὶ περὶ γονεῖς καὶ περὶ παιρίδα.* Also J. Lipsius (with Meier and Schoemann) *Das Attische Recht und Rechtsverfahren*, Leipzig, 1908, 359.

7. On the relation of Xenophon's "Defense of Socrates" to Plato's "Defense," U.V. Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, "Die Xenophontische Apologie," *Hermes* 32, 1897, 99-106; J. Mesk. "Die Anklagerede des Polykrates gegen Sokrates," *Wiener Studien* 32 (1910), 56-84; E. Gebhardt, *Polykrates Anklage gegen Sokrates*, Diss. Frankfurt. 1957. For the attitudes of Socrates' judges, see Larissa Bonfante and Leo Raditsa, "Socrates' Defense and his Audience," *The Bulletin of the American Society of Papyrologists*, 15, 1978, 17-23.

8. For the death penalty for disrespect of parents (*κακώσεως γονέων γραφή*) Lysias, 13, 91. As with many crimes, the penalty for disrespect of parents was probably not specified (for leeway in Attic legal procedure after conviction, U.E. Paoli, *Processo Attico*, Padua, 1938, 86-89). Recent scholars think disrespect for parents was usually punished with partial loss of citizen rights. (*ἀτιμία*) for life, for instance with loss of the right to hold office and speak in the assembly—but not with the loss of private rights, such as the right to hold property. L. Beauchet, *Histoire du droit privé de la République Athénienne*, Paris, 1897, I, 362-371; A.R.W. Harrison, *The Law of Athens*, Oxford, 1968, I, 78-81.

German Resistance to Hitler: Elites and Election

Beate Ruhm von Oppen

It is my task today to start with German resistance to Nazism, such as it was. The title of the whole conference is "The Role of the Educated Elite" and the subtitle "An examination of the response of the professional, intellectual, and religious communities to the rise of Nazism and the Holocaust." Yesterday's speakers have addressed themselves, among other things, to intellectual and political antecedents and developments, and social or sociological conditions and preconditions of the Nazi period. We also had a brilliant discussion of some goings-on in the bureaucracy. It is now my task to say something about German resistance.

In thinking about the subtitle, I stumbled over the word "communities." It gave me pause. It sounded so American, so un-German, so inapplicable to the German social configuration—and yet it was Germans who made so much of *Gemeinschaft*, community, as, for instance, contrasted with *Gesellschaft*, or society. The togetherness of community or *Gemeinschaft* was the soulful thing, the thing engaging the inner man, the thing which could cure or counteract the ills of society, *Gesellschaft*.

Perhaps there's the rub—and a method of access to the subject. If one proceeds by word association, by listening to overtones and compounds, one may get into it. The rub seems to be that *Gemeinschaft* or *Gemeinschaftserlebnis*, the experience of community, did not, on the whole, provide the human cohesion that acted as an effective barrier to inhumanity. No, on the whole not: but what barrier, what resistance there was, did depend on community or communities, on family and on friendship. Perhaps what is awkward—and helpful—about the subtitle is that it elicits the difference between, say, America and Germany, certainly the Germany before 1945.

The point of difference seems to me to be that Germany *had* no professional or intellectual communities, or had at best some pockets of solidarity *in* the professions, or *some* degree of professional ethos. Community did exist in somewhat higher degree among *co-religionists* and that may have been a difference in kind as well as degree. Christians speak of the *communion* of saints; and the German word for that is *Gemeinschaft der Heiligen: Gemeinschaft* here has to do for both communion and community. By "communion of saints" is meant the community of the faithful. But it is salutary, not just an archaism, that the sacramental word, the name of the sacrament, is kept in English. It may have contributed to the German perdition that they only had one word for the religious and the secular community, that that word, charged with religious connotation and increasingly perverted, was appropriated for the paramountcy of the People's Community, the *Volksgemeinschaft*. The other communities the Nazis broke up and atomised and used the atoms to fill the totalitarian system. That is what totalitarianism is and does. It absorbs the de-structured or destroyed.

As you know, all parties, unions, and associations but one, the National Socialist, were destroyed, that is, abolished or nazified. Only the churches remained.

Why did not a sense of danger make the opponents to Hitler and his victims into a community? There may be several reasons: Hitler's uncanny gift for timing and deception; an inadequate discernment, among his opponents and victims, for seeing where the greatest danger lay; an inadequate talent for appropriate and effective combination; economic insecurity; an almost nationwide resentment of the Treaty of Versailles and the Western powers which had imposed it and were still enforcing it—and looked like giving to Hitler what they had denied to his predecessors. This was probably Hitler's strongest card in the months and years of consolidation of power. His promise of removing "the Shackles of Versailles," getting rid of reparations and removing unemployment—promises which he seemed, surprisingly, to be able to keep—helped him immensely and hindered the formation of early and effective oppositional groupings.

And then, of course, there was a whole series of punitive decrees and laws, brought in with breathtaking speed, which punished any banding together and any protest or dissent. A legal profession brought up on an overemphasis on positive

This is the somewhat shortened text of a paper presented at a conference, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, on *The Holocaust: The Role of the Educated Elite*, held at San Jose, California, March 27 to 29, 1978.

law and without a tradition of natural law (a lack probably due to the prevalence of Lutheranism), applied these laws, decrees, and regulations—even if many members of the profession did their best to circumvent them or to interpret them in ways favourable to the accused. And then there were the extra-legal means of coercion, concentration camps and, in the summer of 1934, the blood purge ostensibly directed against rebellious Nazis, but in fact also against anti-Nazis, such as the Berlin head of the Catholic Action.

The records of the Gestapo and Security Service show where resistance persisted, where groups that had avoided *Gleichschaltung* continued to cohere in some sort of fashion and continued not to conform. The Secret Police files are the chief *source* for what resistance there was.

On the subject of sources, the following needs to be said: they *have* to be read in the original, because the business of wrong translations goes on and seems to be getting worse. Because of these mistranslations there is a risk that written history will seriously misrepresent what happened.

Let me give you an example. On 29 April 1937 Hitler addressed a gathering of Party *Kreisleiter* or District Leaders. It contained what is, to me, the most telling and—on the sound recording which I have heard—most frightening utterance by Hitler on the subject of the Jews. Lucy Dawidowicz in her book *The War Against the Jews 1933-45* even translates it correctly, but gets the setting wrong. She calls it "a speech before a regional NSDAP meeting."[1] The important point, however, is precisely that it was only the medium level party hierarchs—a section of the Nazi elite, if you will—who were thus addressed, in confidence, which is why the speech was only found and published long after the war. It was not generally known at the time. The significant paragraph was a response by Hitler to a question in a newspaper why more was not being done against the Jews. Its gist was the inexpediency of uttering a clear and premature challenge to the enemy one means to destroy. Before this audience of Party Leaders Hitler explained, in a voice rising with emotion, how he does *not* tell his enemy to fight, but calls on his own inner wisdom to maneuver him into a corner before striking the final blow. The *translators* of that passage, in a book containing some background papers prepared by members of the Munich Institut für Zeitgeschichte for the Auschwitz trial in Frankfurt in the middle sixties, have Hitler telling his audience that he shouts louder and louder as he tells his *enemy* what he has in mind for him.[2] There are probably two reasons for this misrepresentation; the translators' insufficient knowledge of the subject and their failure to notice a pair of square brackets that show that Hitler on the sound recording shouts louder and louder as he tells this select audience of his internal dialogue: "and now, wisdom. . . ."[3] In the case of Hitler but also in that of Goebbels, historians should *hear* the original, not just read a transcript. In this case, however, punctuation showed what happened.

If that speech *had* been generally known at the time, if it had been published—let alone broadcast—in April 1937, many Jews would *not* have waited until November 1938 before beleaguering foreign consulates to get out of Germany, now an unmistakable death trap. Because they did *not* know, despite the Nuremberg Laws and everything else that had happened and been written, it took the pogrom or *Kristallnacht* on November 10, 1938, to step up the rate of emigration.

Like the victims the bystanders, including the "educated elite," also did not *know* about the threat of physical extinction. Before Hitler had come to power I had read *Mein Kampf*, secretly, because of its obscenity (sex, sadism, an obsession with syphilis and the "racial" pollution of blood) and other objectionable features that, to put it mildly, made it unsuitable for a nice young girl. Among other things that reading prompted me to leave the country in the summer of 1934, at the age of 16. But put yourselves in the position of fathers of families, perhaps aging fathers with unexportable professions, in the midst of a worldwide economic crisis and unemployment everywhere and restrictions on emigration not only to the Western democracies but also Mandatory Palestine, and you will see why many stayed so long—many too long. As for Hitler's old book—few seemed to know how seriously to take it.

You will also see why friendly and decent gentiles did not think of removing Hitler by force until 1938 and why the final plot did not happen, and miscarry, until 1944.

But to turn more specifically to the reactions of the educated elite in Germany, let me start with the professional academics—or rather with the leading luminaries in the politically and ethically most relevant disciplines. There was quite a spectrum, from instant and continuing collaboration to instant and persistent recalcitrance and resistance. There was also early collaboration, or at least toleration, and later resistance, and vice versa. In some cases there was more than instant collaboration, there was anticipation. And remember, the student organizations were nazified *before* the Nazis came to power. Much of academic youth, inasmuch as it was political, was in the vanguard of the Nazi Movement and exercised pressure on the professors. Not *all* students were Nazis, and there were many spontaneous nationalists and even some Nazis on the faculties. The organized student body, however, was far more advanced in Nazism than its teachers. This readiness to embrace Nazism among students may have had something to do with the economic crisis and academic unemployment as well as with the restlessness of youth. Speedy faculty adaptation to the new regime was enforced from below as well as above, from the students as well as the Party and government. Some professors, many of them, were responsive to pressures, including at times physical violence, from the students and the younger faculty.

The leading German philosopher, Martin Heidegger, was not, one would think, intimidated; more probably he thought his Moment had come with the momentous upheaval in the country. He was probably not mainly or merely or primarily subject to the mental climate prevailing in 1933 because of his *philosophy*. I think it was his relationship with *language* that was his temporary undoing when in 1933 he made a nauseating Nazi speech as the newly-installed Rector of Freiburg University[4] and when later, in the fall of that fateful

year, he fulsomely endorsed—as did the prominent theologian Emanuel Hirsch—the government's decision to leave the League of Nations and to put that decision to a plebiscite that won the nation's overwhelming support.[5]

Heidegger's philosophical language was so deep, his spirit dwelt on such heights, that he could be badly mistaken about what happened in the middle ground of politics where people's livelihoods and lives are at stake. I would say that he had a tin ear for everyday political language—and he had never read *Mein Kampf*. This was, admittedly, a distasteful reading—but I think it was a duty, certainly for anyone who took part in the political dialogue.

There was a *general* weakening of the sense of language among the educated; not only because political emotions were inflamed and the language in which they were expressed tended to extremes, but also because nineteenth century philosophers, from Hegel to Nietzsche, had disdained common comprehensibility and played their own games with language which, in Nietzsche's case, was often aphoristic or poetic. But in a nation as given to music as Germany, music provided the chief corrupter: Richard Wagner.

In all the discussion of Wagner's contribution to Nazism (and we know what a Wagner-addict Hitler was ever since his attendance, in his teens, at a performance of *Rienzi* in Linz) and in all the discussion of Wagner's anti-Semitism, too little attention has been paid, so far, to his destruction of the sense of language (and of shame) among his compatriots. Whatever he served up as language (written, remember, by himself: he did not employ librettists), with its compulsive alliterations and hypnotic music, cast its spell, its destructive spell, on the music-loving educated elite—to the extent that it went to the opera and did not avoid Wagner. Remember Mime in the *Ring*? He is the excessively unattractive foster-father of Siegfried. He has also been interpreted as an incarnation of heartless capitalism. Remember the terms and manner of Siegfried's rejection of him before storming out, free at last, into the world? Take Mime himself. Although he is a mere mythological dwarf, he sounds exactly like "the Jew" who, in Wagner's article on "The Jew in Music," is said to be incapable of human speech and therefore also of music. Everyone knows about Beckmesser in *The Mastersingers*, that sunny work (when compared with the gloom of the others): he was meant to represent Eduard Hanslick, Wagner's "half-Jewish" critic. What people do not seem to realize or to have, so-to-speak, any gut-reaction against, is the frightening text of Beckmesser's garbled version of the prize song in Act III. I do not see how any solid citizen, *Bildungsbürger*, or opera buff can sit through that scene of the good people of Nuremberg all turning against the limping plagiarist who delivers a nonsense-text full of frightening metaphors, among other things about hanging and deprivation of air. True, few people really hear or know the text—but *that* is what Wagner, as always, wrote first, read to others, and published separately. What no-one *can* help noticing in this scene of "radiant joy" and apotheosis of peoplehood is the all-against-one scenario on the sun-drenched *Festwiese* outside Nuremberg. It seems to me it is not so much Hans Sachs's aria about the survival of Holy German Art, even if the wicked and shallow West were to make the German People and Holy Roman Empire fall apart, or the patriotic and anti-*Eastern* harangue of King Heinrich, Henry the Fowler, in *Lohengrin*, that are the most objectionable. What strikes me as bound to be either acutely uncomfortable or dangerously de-sensitizing is the combination of massive rejection of single figures that resemble Wagner's "Jew" and the incestuous narcissism of the rejectors, the heroes and heroines, whether human or divine, or half-and-half. The desensitizing language in which all this is transacted leaves those who submit to the experience with an impairment of their sense of language or linguistic judgment.

Whoever sits through a work by Wagner without at least some reservation or revulsion is bound to be brutalized by the exposure. Can opera or music drama really have such an effect? Yes, but, of course, mainly on people whose German is up to understanding the language of the work. That is the only mitigating circumstance about the Anglo-American and Jungian new wave of Wagnerism. Its followers and *aficionados* know not what they hear.

The Berlin opera celebrated Hitler's arrival in power, in early 1933, with a Wagner opera. In my remaining months in Berlin—until June 1934—I got most of my operatic education: it included quite a dose of Wagner. I am grateful for the experience.

While finishing high school in Holland after leaving Germany, I noticed that other "intellectual" young German refugees, including especially Jewish Germans, were not only reading Thomas Mann, with whom I was acquainted, but also Stefan George, whom I did not know. For me it was the beginning of an interest in George which was both philological and political. I had not got much beyond Christian Morgenstern before, in German poetry.

Stefan George is not much in favor now, largely because he and his circle are rightly regarded as "elitist." There are those who consider him a counterpart to Wagner. They are wrong, I think. There may be snobbery in the Wagner cult, but one can hardly call its devotees an *elite*.

George's poetry had power, although it strikes many as forced; it helped to keep the language truthful and forceful. The George Circle *was* elitist and it included Jews. They left the country as did George himself. He evaded Nazi approaches to him by going to Switzerland in 1933, where he died in December. Led by brothers called Stauffenberg, some young disciples took care to foil the new German government's attempt to claim George as its poet laureate at his funeral. Claus Stauffenberg was the man who tried to kill Hitler on 20 July 1944. Until their execution for complicity in the plot to remove the Nazi regime, Berthold and Claus Stauffenberg were George's literary executors.

To denounce the regime and rally opponents, Claus Stauffenberg recited "The AntiChrist," a poem not in George's usual hellenic and pagan manner. This was not just a case of using an appropriate old poem of George's to elicit recognition in listeners who could be expected to share Stauffenberg's detestation of the regime and, possibly, his willingness to take risks to remove it. Stauffenberg made it his business to brief

himself on the theology of resistance and tyrannicide, both Catholic and Protestant, in order to overcome the conscientious scruples in the pious men he recruited for the conspiracy. It may sound strange that this needed doing. But it is not strange if you put yourselves in the shoes of a Catholic or Calvinist or Lutheran. The Lutherans especially had the greatest difficulties of conscience. Gestapo interrogators knew the connection between religion and resistance. They always asked those they questioned about church connections and religious ties.

I am inclined to say, after what I have seen and heard of the surprisingly pervasive presence of Christian faith among those who did resist, among the educated elite as well as among common folk, that Bonhoeffer was right in his statement, in his *Ethics* and elsewhere, about the rediscovery of the Christian foundation of Western culture brought about by the attack of the neo-pagan barbarians.

It was the turn or return of so many men of conscience to their faith that made Helmuth James von Moltke—a landowner and lawyer far removed from George and his circle, though acquainted with the lawyer Berthold Stauffenberg—work quite systematically to bring Catholics into his own group of planners for a better Germany. He may not have been far from the truth in a letter to his wife written during and after the trial that sentenced him to death: he commented sardonically that he was dying as a martyr for St. Ignatius of Loyola. A Protestant, he had had the temerity to bridge the denominational gap and to bring three Jesuits into his circle. One of them, Alfred Delp, was sentenced to death in the same trial. And it was not just the judge's, Roland Freisler's, personal aversion to Jesuits that caused his diatribes and death sentences. Hitler himself had, on the one hand, officially deplored and, on the other, energetically exploited the religious schism in Germany. To oppose him effectively one had to overcome the division between Protestants and Catholics.

It is surprising that the cultural historians of our time have paid so little attention to the factor of religious faith and theological foundation, and only little more to its attenuation and perversion. An Israeli, Uriel Tal,[6] seems to be *the* notable and laudable exception. He limits himself to the Second Reich, but within those limits he traces, with great seriousness and subtlety, the differences between "Christian" and anti-Christian anti-Semitism and shows the deadly danger of the replacement of the first by the second.

Attention to or neglect of this aspect may be a matter of generations and personal experience. The generation of Thomas Mann and Max Horkheimer saw the significance of religion in the lives of those who had it, in times of pressure and persecution. The younger generation that stayed in Germany and did not succumb to the National Socialist pseudo-religion saw it too.

The small group of student rebels who were executed in Munich in 1943 for a campaign of anti-Nazi leaflets deplored the failure, the sins of omission of the educated majority. They pleaded for a recognition of guilt and for an uncompromising struggle against Hitler and his all too many helpers. In their indictment of the most detestable tyranny the German people had ever put up with, they mentioned the misguidance, the regimentation, the revolutionizing and anaesthetizing of a whole young generation, in order to make it into godless, shameless, and conscienceless exploiters and murderers. Their—at first cautious, at least circumspect, and finally quite reckless—campaign against the regime ended in a proud and willing expiation on the guillotine. One professor died with them. It was he who had undertaken to help them to get something like a real education—both in his classes and in extra-mural meetings involving some of the leading figures of Munich's displaced intelligentsia, such as Theodor Haecker and Carl Muth, the former editor of the Catholic monthly *Hochland*.[7] Among these students, too, there was the realization that an education without a metaphysical and religious dimension was making their academic generation into tools of the regime. They made up the deficiency as best they could and were fortunate in finding older mentors to help them.

"Elites" are apt to be faithless. The part of the educated elite which resisted the Nazis found its faith again in surprising measure. And I think there are enough records left, if one knows how to read them, to show the role not only of a proper education, but of *faith*, in a person's ability to resist the devil and his works.

Perhaps I should not end without saying that these conclusions were reached by an agnostic observer.

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1. Lucy Dawidowicz, *The War Against the Jews 1933-45*, New York 1977, 488.
2. Helmut Krausnick and Martin Broszat, *Anatomy of the SS State*. Translated by Dorothy Long and Marion Jackson. London 1970, 51-2.
3. *"Es spricht der Führer": 7 exemplarische Hitler-Reden*. Herausgegeben und erläutert von Hildegard von Kotze und Helmut Krausnick, unter Mitwirkung von F. A. Krummacher, Gütersloh 1966, 148.
4. *Die Selbstbehauptung der deutschen Universität*, Breslau 1934, 22. For a fuller treatment of the subject see the texts of two lectures, "Student Rebellion and the Nazis," St. John's College Press, Annapolis 1972.
5. *Bekenntnis der Professoren an den deutschen Universitäten und Hochschulen zu Adolf Hitler und dem nationalsozialistischen Staat*. Überreicht vom Nationalsozialistschen Lehrerbund Deutschland/Sachsen. (Dresden, n.d., pp. 13-14 and 36-37 [Heidegger] and 15-17 and 38-40 [Hirsch]).
6. Uriel Tal, *Christians and Jews in Germany: Religion, Politics, and Ideology in the Second Reich, 1870-1914*. Translated by Jonathan Jacobs. Ithaca, N.Y. 1975.
7. See "Student Rebellion and the Nazis," (Note 4); also Inge Scholl, *Students against Tyranny: The Resistance of the White Rose, Munich 1942-1943*. Translated by Arthur R. Schultz, Middleton, Conn. 1970; Christian Petry, *Studenten aufs Schafott: Die Weisse Rose und ihr Scheitern*, Munich 1968.

Between the Old and the New

An Autobiography, by R. G. Collingwood. 167 pages. Oxford University Press 1939.

In 1933, at the end of his life, the professional English philosopher R.G. Collingwood wrote a short autobiography. He called it the story of the thought of a man whose business was thinking. It is not, however, directed to others in the business. Its audience is the moderately well-educated public which cares more about the front page than philosphers' disputes. The *Autobiography* records how Collingwood came to understand the importance of the link between the front page and philosophy. A revolution in the teaching of philosophy at English universities had broken that link around the turn of the century. The consequence, he learned to believe, had been the corruption of public life.

The *Autobiography* itself reforges that link. It contains a clearly argued account of the English philosophy of his youth. It leads us step by step through a life of thought on apparently unrelated subjects—philosophy, history, archaeology—yet shows us how all his pursuits turned out to be parts of a single concern. And it is written with the passion of a decent man whose country had, in the year he wrote, forfeited its decency.

The process of corruption had been gradual. Newspapers had stopped educating active citizens; instead they had started to treat public affairs as spectacle and turned their readers into *voyeurs*. The public had learned "to forgo that full, prompt, and accurate information on matters of public importance which is the indispensable nourishment of a democratic society." It had developed a "disinclination to make decisions in the public-spirited frame of mind which is a democratic society's lifeblood." Moral debasement had culminated in the betrayal first of Abyssinia and then of Spain and Czechoslovakia. Appeasement of Fascism abroad, Collingwood concluded bitterly, had been accompanied by surrender to Fascism at home, for the essence of Fascism was the politics of naked self-interest, the appeal to fear or greed.

The people had been misled, but so had their leaders. They had been taught by philosophical "realists," obsessed by the task of refuting the "idealism" of Green and Bradley. According to Collingwood, Green and Bradley were not "idealists"; their school was critical and derived from Hume. Its criticism did not paralyze, though, since "it sent out into public life a stream of ex-pupils who carried with them the conviction that philosophy, and in particular the philosophy they had learnt at Oxford, was an important thing, and that their vocation was to put it into practice."

The realists held that "knowing makes no difference to what is known." Their model for all knowledge thus was those disciplines which give a formal, quantitative description of relations among phenomena but do not say anything qualitative about the phenomena themselves. These disciplines make up modern natural science. Just as the "realists" understood modern natural science to reduce natural things to a common, mathematical standard, so they wanted to reduce human things to some common, formal standard. Traditional moral philosophy, it now appeared, had been based on a mistake, because it went beyond a formal description of moral behavior and claimed to teach students how to be moral. "Realism" set to work on a "new kind of moral philosophy, purely theoretical, in which the workings of the moral consciousness should be scientifically studied as if they were the movements of the planets, and no attempt made to interfere with them."

The new moral philosophy came to nothing. The realists soon discovered that the very words and categories they used to describe "moral behavior" were shot though with qualitative, "unscientific" assumptions. The notion of "moral behaviorism" was, as B.F. Skinner has most recently demonstrated, a contradiction in terms. In the hands of the "realists," every part of philosophy suffered the same fate. Even the theory of knowledge, where "realism" had begun, turned out to involve self-contradiction. How could a theory of knowledge be developed on the implicit assumption of the impossibility of actual knowledge?

As the masters of realism fell silent, its students learned that philosophy was a "futile parlour game" which could not help men to live. Taught to reject reason, the British ruling class could only turn to passion for direction. They had been trained, Collingwood lamented, "as the potential dupes of every adventurer in morals or politics, commerce or religion who should appeal to their emotions and promise them private gains. . . ."

Collingwood rejected "realism" on philosophical grounds before he became fully aware of its political consequences. Among the best passages of the book are those which recount how he groped his way to an initial break with the realists. He brought his experience as an archaeologist and historian to bear on their chosen field of logic.

Both the realists and their opponents, Collingwood came to see, held that truth inhered in propositions which were in turn understood as analagous to a grammatical sentence. Thus the realists were "intuitionists," maintaining the existence of a one-to-one correspondence between the factual truth and its expression in a logical proposition. By asking himself what he was doing when he excavated a Roman site or contemplated the supreme ugliness of the Albert Memorial as he walked through Kensington Gardens every day, Collingwood came to the view that the propositional model of truth was a fallacy. Before you could judge the truth of a proposition you had to know what question the proposition had been advanced to answer. Until he could comprehend what the architect of the Albert Memorial had thought he was doing, Collingwood's aesthetic judgment, formulated perhaps in respect to quite different problems, would be unfounded.

Collingwood was not preaching relativism; he did not mean that all "questions" were equally intelligent or appropriate, much less that anything, no matter how muddled, could be justified as an "answer." By his logic of question and answer, he insisted on carrying into the elements of rational discourse the principle that you have to understand what is being said before you can refute it or agree with it.

When the realists refuted their predecessors' "errors," it usually meant that they misunderstood them because they misunderstood what it was their predecessors had been trying to do. Those who refuted the ancients' "theories of moral obligation" translated δεῖ as though it contained the notion of moral

obligation. It was, Collingwood contended, like saying "trireme" meant "steamer" and then proving that the ancients did not understand steamers.

Collingwood found support for the logic of question and answer in much of the philosophic tradition, notably in the Baconian-Cartesian scientific method, in Plato and in Kant. Contemporary philosophy, however, was dominated by propositional logic; it had taken a philosopher who was also an historian to see the difficulty. It is therefore not surprising that for Collingwood history became the discipline which served as his model, as natural science had been the model of the realists. The historian, after all, worked by setting himself a series of questions whose purpose was to understand the actions of the past. The historian tried to put himself in the place of other men, now dead, and think their thoughts. This reliving was never total; the historian relived Caesar's thoughts on the banks of the Rubicon while remembering that he was not himself actually Caesar. But though the reliving was "incapsulated," kept apart from the historian's life in the present, it was real.

Collingwood brought philosophy and history close together. The study of a problem, he argued, was actually the study of the history of thought about that problem, and the study of history was actually the study of past thought. He might then appear to be simply an historicist, supplanting philosophy with history as the subject for rational attention. Quite the opposite seems true to me. The characteristic mark of historicism is that time changes everything, even human consciousness. Consequently each age is unique and the experiences and thoughts of its men cannot be recalled by the changed minds of later generations. Collingwood's absolute assurance that re-enactment of thought is possible, that time can be crossed as readily as space, is diametrically opposed to the historicist view. If anything, that assurance could be questioned. Is that "capsule" in which reliving takes place, really airtight, i.e. timetight? On what prior assumptions does this assumption rest?

In turning to history and the logic of question and answer in reply to a philosophy of propositional logic that based itself on natural science, Collingwood was trying to "save the phenomena," the way human things appear to human beings and the way humans talk about them. He understood the futility and perversity of studying human beings by pretending they were not human. In this case, the measurer and the measured are the same—the human mind. A standard alien to the measured is alien to the measurer as well. A mathematical description of moral "behavior" does not help someone with a moral problem, though it may tell him the untruth that there is no such thing as a moral problem. Through history, Collingwood tried to save philosophy from sterility and the language of human discourse—of feelings and judgments, of praise and blame—from degradation.

For us, Collingwood's *Autobiography* raises disturbing questions. We seem more confused and cynical than Collingwood's England in some ways. His shock at newspapers which substitute entertainment for sober information seems quaint today. Our political language is poorer than England's in 1940. Just compare the debates of the 1976 presidential campaign, with their timid reliance on social science jargon and meaningless accumulations of incomprehensible statistics, with parliamentary speeches of the thirties and forties. Or consider the Mayor of New York who followed contemporary convention in finding no epithet worse than "senseless" for the murderous bombing of Fraunces Tavern.

Even when moral issues are faced directly, the terms in which they are treated often blur them beyond recognition. A high government official extends the term "political prisoner" to criminals whose poverty may have influenced them to commit their crimes. The same official uses "racism" for insufficient sensitivity to the problems of racial minorities. Others extend the term to mean those who oppose policies of race preference. (And the United Nation smears as "racist" anyone who defends the existence of a Jewish state.)

Recently, however, our academic philosophy has begun to show lively concern for moral and political issues. Books with titles like *A Theory of Justice* and *Taking Rights Seriously* have had great success outside departments of philosophy. They have even demonstrably influenced high public officials. Has this new moral philosophy begun to clarify our discourse? There is evidence that its effects are at least mixed. A liberal professor of law, for instance, justifies his belief that liberals (but not conservatives) should be exempt from the libel laws by referring to a principle laid down by the author of *Taking Rights Seriously*. The principle is that "inequality to enhance human dignity is permissible." A Justice of the United States Supreme Court follows the same author's argument that discrimination against an individual by reason of his race is permissible if that race is not thereby stigmatized as inferior.

Will the revived concern with moral philosophy among those who determine policy improve the health of our democracy? Or will it merely provide the attack on its fundamental principles with new and sophisticated weapons? Was Collingwood right in longing for a revival of philosophic interest in the ruling class, or were we better off without it?

Are the basic principles of our republic properly revealed as inadequate in the new thought? Or, perhaps, is there something unphilosophical about some of the new philosophy which accounts for the curious results that can obtain when it is applied to contemporary political problems?

Collingwood's *Autobiography* advocates the logic of question and answer as opposed to the logic of propositions. Philosophy, he contended, should return to the Platonic "dialogue of the soul with itself" in order to escape the dogmatism of a teaching that assumes its own categories. The power of the view of philosophy as dialogue extends beyond Collingwood's attack on a particular dogmatism, the positivism that sought to replace philosophy with its version of natural science method. Philosophy conceived as question and answer excludes all dogmatisms, all ways of thinking that start with the answers already in place.

If one wanted to pursue further the question of the new moral philosophy—its authenticity as philosophy—Collingwood's *Autobiography* would be a book to reflect upon. It is not only that its argument reminds us of what philosophy must be if it is not to become sterile. Rather it is that it shows us what real philosophy looks like in action as it records the life of questioning and answering of a genuinely undogmatic man.

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Recent Readings

Tolstoy's Letters. Selected, edited, and translated by Mr. R. F. Christian, 2 volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1978.

Professor Christian has selected whole letters and portions from 608 out of the more than 8,500 of Tolstoy's letters now published in the Soviet edition of Tolstoy's works. The letters are presented chronologically in nine periods in Tolstoy's life, each with a short introduction. Bibliographical notes introduce each of Tolstoy's correspondents as they appear. Tolstoy wrote the earliest letter in 1845 when he was seventeen; he dictated the last a few days before he died in November 1910.

As a young man Tolstoy writes frequently to certain relatives: to tante Toinette Yergolskaya, and to his second oldest brother Sergey. These letters are informal, conversational, affectionate, full of descriptions of what he is doing and people he has met. He tells of plans to study music, drawing, languages, and law.

Interrupting his university studies, he goes with his brother Nikolay to the Caucasus to serve as a soldier. In his travels and his life in the army he is continually interested in the customs of the people, in army life and the character of the officers with whom he associates. In his leisure time, which appears to be abundant, he spends much time hunting, gambling, debauching, reading, and beginning to write. He is frequently sick. At times bored with army life, he feels a lack of rapport with his companions: ". . . there's too big a gap in education, feelings and outlook on things between myself and those I meet here for me to find any pleasure in being with them."

He keeps himself busy with quiet pursuits such as reading and writing, and the intimacy of a few friends. Yet he evaluates this period as a beneficial experience in the trials of life, in activities and physical deprivations which teach him to yearn for the tranquillity and peaceful delights of love and friendship. But after almost two years he says he's bored beyond endurance—everything seems meaningless. "If only there were a single person one could talk to from the heart."

In the 1850's letters to the editors of current literary journals appear as Tolstoy then in his mid-twenties begins to write for publication. He forms close associations with a few among the society of writers, with whom he corresponds over the years. He reads extensively the contemporary novels, drama, poetry, and criticism. His letters to fellow writers give his opinions on works written, advice and criticism of the use of characters and plot, his evaluation of the grace, clarity, authenticity of style and its lack of contrivance. Tolstoy is critical of his own writing while immersed in it; he does not know whether it is good or bad. He needs to share it with others, to read it aloud, to see its effect upon himself and the audience. For him dishonesty and lies are exceedingly ugly.

He travels in 1857 to Paris and Switzerland. During his travels he writes of the impression scenes make upon him: peasant women about their domestic work, a horrifying experience of a public beheading in Paris, a night stagecoach ride through Switzerland sitting beside the driver. He speaks about the state of mind and health of Russians living abroad: the social freedom and the charm of living abroad changes many. He, however, considers the state a conspiracy designed to exploit and corrupt its citizens with loathsome lies. He cannot distinguish between the greater and the lesser among the lies politics speaks. "I will never serve *any* government anywhere."

On his return to Moscow and Petersburg Tolstoy finds people continually shouting and angry. Everywhere he sees incidents of patriarchal barbarism, thieving, and lawlessness. He feels disgust for his country. The only salvation is to be sought in a moral life, in art, poetry, and friends, undistrubed by government intervention. Yet it is ". . . not possible to create your own happy and honest little world, in which you can live in peace and quiet, without mistakes, repentance or confusion". "To live an honest life, you have to strive hard, get involved, fight, make mistakes, begin something and give it up. . . ."

In the early 1860's Tolstoy feels that he will not write again, that he is ashamed of all he has written. He had not said what urgently needed saying with courage and strength. He gives himself to farming at his estate, Yasnaya Polyana. He starts a school for boys and girls and for older people that are interested. He is impressed by the disproportion between educated and uneducated Russians: the majority remains ignorant. With no regard for the children's needs or for society's interests, Government schools make pupils stupid. Tolstoy develops methods of teaching and materials such as a primer and selected readings. He appoints teachers and supervises the teaching. He is enthusiastic over the response of the children, their fondness for him, their attentiveness and good behavior. "I don't reason about it, but when I enter a school and see this crowd of ragged, dirty, skinny children with their bright eyes and often angelic expressions, alarm and terror come over me, not unlike what I feel at seeing people drowning."

Real life is too rich in events for anyone to have time to think. In order to write, he must arrange to be free of interruption. He must "get off the anthill," where one is continually intruded upon and struggling with pretense and falsehood. Tolstoy withdraws to a distance (without closing his eyes), in order to allow creation to occur. When so inspired he plunges into his work with enthusiasm. In his early years as husband and father, he feels happy in family life: "I've never felt my intellectual powers, and even all my moral powers, so free and so capable of work. . . . Now I am a writer with *all* the strength of my soul, and I write and I think as I have never thought or written before."

Of *War and Peace*, Tolstoy in 1865 says, ". . . I describe events and the feelings of people who have never existed." They are marvelous people, "his children," whom he loves very much and would like to move his readers also to love. Art must tell the truth, must convey what real people do and feel. The reader can participate only if the author understands his characters. The artist desires to show his readers the wonder of life:

> The aim of an artist is not to solve a problem irrefutably, but to make people love life in all its countless inexhaustible manifestations. . . . if I were to be told that what I

should write would be read in about twenty years' time by those who are now children, and that they would laugh and cry over it and love life, I would devote all my life and all my energies to it.

In the 1880's, distressed by the futile and frivolous life in Moscow, Tolstoy returns to the country or travels in Russia. Partially estranged from his family, he writes to his wife distantly, but says he will be delighted to return to the family and to her if she wishes. For his peace of mind he needs to love her. But repulsion for the family's way of life shows through. In 1896 he writes his wife of the pain of seeing in his family just the opposite of everything he considers good: they have proved unresponsive to his pleas and urgings to amend.

He becomes acutely aware that his way of life with its material advantages and vanity contradicts his beliefs and undermines his credibility in his own eyes—but also in the eyes of others. He rejects his great property and struggles to change personal habits; he withdraws from social pursuits that do not conform with his professed ideals and seem evil and meaningless. To change the evil in the world each individual must try to live well and to love.

The answers to these questions of the heart are translated into actions in the ritual of the church. Tolstoy will submit to tradition when it accords with what lives in his heart. He seeks to understand the meaning of life given by Christ. For him prayer is asking for God's help—but also asking another person for help. Tolstoy wants to know what he should do when he sees a mother beating her child, when he sees bribery, terrorism, censorship, religious persecutions. Activity must satisfy the needs of the soul but it must also help others.

At times miserable, confused, he wants to rest. He wishes to die, yet feels that he is living the last years of his life badly, angry with those around him, a grumbling old man. Tormented by his relationship to his wife, he writes to her describing his state of mind, asking forgiveness, anticipating recriminations, reviewing disagreements, and solutions. He fears to lose his freedom and betray his own convictions in a false reconciliation. But he wishes not to hurt her. The weakness of his physical powers intensifies his sense of going downhill without the ability to resist—and with the world's wrongness mercilessly before his eyes.

From conviction he continues to do the work he can do best of all and which he considers pleasing to God and useful to other people. He corresponds extensively with people who are interested in his social, ethical, and religious ideas, with artists, teachers, philosophers, and musicians. He writes to foreign newspapers about the persecution of the religious community of the Dukhobors. He writes to authors and editors of journals about ways to convey to the public an attitude toward life in accord with Christian principles. Many letters are to his children growing up. The tone of his letters to everyone is honest, wonderfully candid; he is open in his words.

Tolstoy does near the end leave his wife, to go he knows not where, a mystical sort of departure. He travels with friends, and then, falling ill, dies in a train station. He had said goodbye to everyone.

LAURA BRIDGMAN '75

A registered nurse, Laura Bridgman works at St. Luke's Hospital in New York.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Talking With Pictures: 'Les Bandes Dessinées'

Paris: One aspect of individual self-assertiveness in French culture is the cult of disrespect exhibited in French literary graphics, a type of art which is sometimes labelled *caricatures de moeurs* and one in which French artists have excelled since the time of Honoré Daumier (1808-1879).

Literary graphics are drawings produced in a printed or lithographed form that satirize morals and manners. They are composed in a literary, compositive manner, relying upon the combined use of dialogue, narrative sequence, and linear representations to achieve their effect. They encompass a wide range of subjects, including the lower classes and their way of life, caricatures of societies' "solid citizens" such as businessmen, doctors, lawyers, politicians, the petits bourgeois, and well-known literary characters.

The modern school of French literary graphics was greatly affected by *les événements* of spring 1968, the short-lived, student-led "revolution" which resulted in the liberalization of many previously ossified French institutions (such as the Sorbonne) and encouraged an atmosphere of inciteful, witty commentary among the Paris intelligentsia.

One way this criticism of society was expressed and subsequently distributed throughout France was in the monthly *bandes dessinées* journals such as *Pilote, Métal Hurlant, Charlie Hebdo, Hara Kiri, L'Echo des Savanes,* and *(A Suivre)*. The majority of these journals were established in the aftermath of *les événements* of spring 1968 and contain much of the best work of contemporary French literary graphics.

In addition to the work published in these and other journals, deluxe, large-format albums are regularly produced as individual *roman* by Parisian publishing houses. The work of these artists and their predecessors is regularly evaluated in the French academic quarterly *Les Cahiers de la Bandes Dessinées,* now in its tenth year, and the less scholarly, intermittently produced *Phénix*.

Since its establishment in 1959 *Pilote* has offered the general reader a comic assessment of everyday French life. Currently one of its best artists is the forty-five year old Claude Klotz who has al-

ready published twenty-four *romans* and is especially well-known for his *Le café de la plage* stories. These stories are concerned with droll caricatures of the ambitious, middle-class Frenchmen, who are portrayed, as David Overbey has written in *The Paris Metro*, as "suave dogs, cats, and other creatures, on the make for money, fame, and romance, but whose minds are so crammed with dreams and illusions fostered by the popular media and filtered through a nutty self-psychoanalysis that they rarely succeed in being anything but funny."

Most of the work which appears in *Métal Hurlant* represents a future in which men and women are oppressed by machines, totalitarian political regimes, or their own uncontrollable psychoses. There is also a tendency in *Métal Hurlant* to focus on images to the exclusion of words, as in the work of F. Cestac, Michel Crespin, "Moebius" (J. Giraud's pseudonym), Philippe Druillet and Bihannic, that lends this collection a cinematographic quality.

Charlie Hebdo and *Hara Kiri* offer, as the latter's name might suggest, highly satirical, sometimes distasteful and vicious parodies of contemporary French life. They represent a strain of triumphant nihilism in French literary graphics in which the idea is no longer to criticise in order to illuminate a particular problem or to bring about humorous relief—but to criticise *for the sake* of criticism. An internationally aimed example of their distinctive brand of nihilism could be seen on a recent cover of *Charlie Hebdo* which showed a vomit-yellow caricature of a Chinese soldier and a Vietnamese peasant trying to bite each other's mouth off—with a huge caption emblazoned above their heads: "GO! GO! YELLOW PERIL!"

The artists of *L'Echo des Savanes* are more in touch with the mundane problems of life such as pollution and French politics. They try to combine their criticisms with a sophisticated use of black-and-white graphics. The editor of *L'Echo des Savanes* recently explained their artistic philosophy, "I see *L'Echo des Savanes* as living up to its title . . . [for it] means to me the echo of things heard in open space . . . the sounds of the city heard in images."

The most consistently sophisticated use of black-and-white graphics can be found in (*A Suivre*), which first appeared in Paris in February, 1978. As the American critic David Pierce has

One of the more striking ads for the *Pilote* series of *roman*.

pointed out, this use of black-and-white graphics is effective because it directs the reader's attention first to the use of space, of light and shadow, and thereby imparts a purity of line to the narrative that cannot be gained with color. In other words, with color literary graphics the reader's attention is *distracted from*, rather than *directed towards*, the actual story and the language that is being used.

Probably the best example of this technique in *(A Suivre)* (whose name is the English equivalent of the "[to be continued]" message that comes at the end of a serialized story) would be the surrealistic work of Tardi-Forest, Montellier's bleak stories of the wastelands of suburban life north of Paris, the more adventurous material of Hugo Pratt and Deschamps-Auclair, and the sardonic caricatures of Benoit Sokal.

French *bandes dessinées* artists proudly trace their tradition back to Honoré Daumier. A set of his literary graphics which St. John's readers would be especially sensible to would be Daumier's illustrations for Homer's *Odyssey*, first published in the journal *Charivari* in 1842 as part of the series *Historie Ancienne*.

One lithograph of June 26th, 1842, *Ulysses and Penelope*, is meant to illustrate *Odyssey*, xxiii, 295ff., the final bedroom reunion of Odysseus and Penelope, which Homer lovingly described in the following manner:

> They then
> gladly went together to bed, and their old ritual.
>
> [And when they] had enjoyed their love-making,
> they took their pleasure in talking, each one telling his story.
> She, shining among women, told of all she had endured in the palace. . .
>
> [While] shining Odysseus told of all the cares he inflicted
> On other men, and told too of all that in misery
> he had toiled through. She listened to him with delight, nor did any
> sleep fall upon her eyes until he had told her everything.
> (*Od.* xxxiii, 295-296; 300-303; 306-309)

In contrast to Homer's version, Daumier's illustrated version of this scene shows an octogenarian, petits bourgeois Odysseus lying back in bed, sound asleep, probably snoring, with a huge stocking cap covering his bony skull, while a chubby, slovenly, throughly middle-aged Penelope stared down at her returned beloved with an adoring but bewildered look on her face—as if she were about to say, "*What*? You're *asleep*?"

John Dean '70

LETTERS

March 18, 1979

To the Editor:

The Jacob Klein memorial issue of *The College* was most welcome. In particular, it was good to have a record of Mr. Klein's spontaneous speaking manner, irresistibly turning even a speech into a kind of dialogue, in the lecture on the Copernican Revolution; the silent presence of the student audience could be vividly felt. One phrase in the transcription puzzles me. On page 16, paragraph 2, line 8, there is a sentence beginning, "But Rheticus had already chosen as a model for the first report (*Narratio Prima*) this sentence of Albinus . . ." I spent some time wondering in just what ways a sentence could be a "model" for a treatise and what the significance of that description was, and ended by wondering whether Mr. Klein had not said "motto". As you know, Albinus' sentence *is* the motto of the *Narratio Prima*. Further, this would lend point to the following remark that Rheticus *also* used the sentence *within* the report. Could you clarify this?

The photographs were also welcome. I well remember the snow sculpture. There was a lot of excitement building it, and then everyone waited impatiently for Mr. Klein to appear, to hear what he would say. He approached it with faultless self-possesion, stood contemplating it for a moment, his body as still and stable as Ptolemy's earth—he had a curious choreographic capacity to transform anyplace he stood into a center—, but with his eyes full of animation. Finally, waving his arm at it, he passed his judgement: "It's a good symbol. It melts," and dissolving back into motion went on to his office.

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Professor Freis' conjecture is correct: the tape of December 6, 1967, says "motto," not "model." Also, the translation from Osiander is Edward Rosen's, not Klein's, as I wrongly stated in footnote 9.—L.R.

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