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This is the last issue to be published under the editorship of Elliott Zuckerman. The new editor of the *Review* is Pamela Kraus, also a Tutor at St. John's College, Annapolis.

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Telling Lies

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The first lecture of the school year is, by an old tradition, dedicated to that portion of the college new to this Friday-night ritual, the freshmen among us. Yesterday, Thursday night, you participated in the first of many seminars where you yourselves do all the talking. Tonight you are present at the only weekly event where someone else gets to speak to you, a dean or a tutor or a visitor. One thing stays the same. Whether you are speaking or listening, you are intended to hear and to judge. Although you may have allowed the talk of the world to persuade you that "being judgmental" is a social sin, judgments are what you are intended to render — on the words of others, though above all on your own.

For example, this lecture is entitled "Telling Lies." "What," you are intended to ask yourselves, "is she up to?" Is she going to start us off here by giving lessons in lying? Or, what is worse, by preaching honesty to us, good people all? If she is so preoccupied with telling lies, that's perhaps what she does.

And in fact I have already engaged in false speech. That "old" tradition of dedicating this opening lecture to you, the freshmen — I made it up myself and it is only three years old. To recognize this and similar lies you have to know some facts, and to judge their seriousness you have to have some appreciation of rhetoric.

For the bravado of rhetorical overstatement seems to be a species of the so-called white lie. Perhaps such a colorless lie is better than a blazingly scarlet one, perhaps it is not. You will spend time in the language tutorial distinguishing and analyzing the rhetorical deceptions of language and forming judgments about them. To top it off, for your last seminar, not only of your freshman year but again of your senior year, you will read a dialogue by Plato, the *Phaedrus*, in which questions of love, rhetoric, and truth are intertwined. Unfortunately, the knowledge that initiates you into judging speech cannily *can* also be construed as lessons in lying — an uneasy fact to which I shall return.

But I have put the cart before the horse. Before you can judge whether an utterance is a lie, you have to be able to discern what it means: meaning first, then judgment. For example, what does "Telling Lies" mean? Does it mean "what sort of a topic is 'Telling Lies' for an

This was the Dean's opening lecture for the academic year 1993-94.

opening lecture? or does it mean "uttering untruths," as in "She stands up there and keeps telling lies"? Or does it mean "revealing," as in "Achilles' lies are always telling lies, since they tell us a lot about him"?

In order to establish possible meanings you have to know some grammar. You have to know that "telling" can be a gerund, and then "telling lies" is a subject to be talked about, or a participle, and then "telling lies" is something a speaker does. Or "telling" can be an adjective modifying "lies," and then "telling lies" are lies that tell you something. "Telling lies" is in fact a pun, and puns exploit the squirminess of language, while grammar nails down the choices. You will be studying a great deal of grammar in your language tutorial. (If that prospect does not delight you, do but consider that grammar is etymologically connected to glamour, a most telling relation.)

There is one more study that completes the traditional trio making up the art of language. Besides grammatical regularity and rhetorical effect you will also be studying logical validity. I shall return to the relation of logic to lying later.

All three studies are intended to make you canny and witting hearers and speakers, able to discern meaning and judge truth, to have your wits about you. You will need these skills here, because you have joined a community that engages in a very peculiar activity. We ask after truth. We ask whether the books we read contain something true, and we ask on occasion not only what truth herself might be, but also what *the* truth is, independently of books. I will say something later about the reasons why it is unusual for a college to admit these questions after truth and what the conditions are that make them possible.

Whatever the conditions, let me point out one consequence of trying to live in a truth-seeking community. Members of such a community should probably try not to tell lies. It is conceivable that there might be one who earnestly seeks the truth for himself while determinedly telling lies to others. But such a person is probably a loner, not a friend among friends.

Let me give you two reasons that may be new to you why members in any intimate community, such as ours, should be truthful with each other.

We are able to tell lies because we who speak are encased in a cocoon, in our opaque body. Some people think that they can see through others and that others are transparent to them, but where they think they see through our exterior as through a pane of glass they are in truth apt to be looking into a mirror. There are no certain somatic signs of lying. The nervous reaction to being suspected is not

discernibly different from that of being guilty. Consequently even lie detectors are known to be unreliable. The human carapace is really impenetrable.

Now when people live as closely together as you will on this campus, a certain decent distance is essential to comfort. You will not want to observe each other too penetratingly. But a bodily presence that hides a lie draws attention, and a face suspected of being a façade invites searching curiosity. Telling lies in close quarters is a temptation to breached privacy and to sorry involvements. Under these circumstances there is no harm that is not compounded by lies.

The same mortal sheath that hides thoughts can be used to express them. I say "can be used" because every adult expression is part performance. A small, close, lively community acts at its best like those revolving stone-polishing cylinders that take off the rough edges and bring out the natural markings of a piece of rock. Those markings represent the personal rhetoric, the gestures and the diction, that a community of learning brings out in people. It is a curious fact that adult nature has to be brought out by polishing.

Consequently there is nothing straightforward about uttering — which literally means "outering" — your meaning. Some of you may think that spontaneity and sincerity are natural and therefore easy and that controlled expression is hypocrisy, an elderly vice. I think intended spontaneity is a self-contradiction, and sincerity is a sappy virtue, the virtue of insisting on being always one's — possibly reprehensible — self. And isn't it a strange fact that people indulging in natural expression tend to look dramatic and self-dramatizing to their neighbors?

So I think I need to say something in favor of hypocrisy. Hypocrisy derives from the Greek work for actor, *hypokritēs*. It is a necessary part of adult conduct because it prevents something worse. Hamlet urges his adulterous mother to "assume a virtue, if you have it not" (III, iv, 158). She is to make a pretense of purity so that it might turn into truth. There is a stage of badness beyond being bad, and it is not caring how one looks. Hypocrisy, they say, is the compliment vice pays to virtue.

There is another similar word that brings out my point. The word "person" comes from the Latin *persona*, an actor's mask. A person is a being behind a mask, a self-made façade through which come utterances. The lower animals at least do not seem to have such masks, because they have no conduct, only behavior. Perhaps one should say that they *are* masks, masks through which nature expresses herself. But we *have* masks, and we conduct *ourselves*. I mean

that there can always be at least a brief check between our impulse and our expression. Homer uses a wonderfully apt figure: "What word has escaped the barrier of your teeth!" one person will say to another, implying that the words should have been held back. We can maintain silence, and we can shape our speech and its expressive accompaniments. In fact we cannot do otherwise, for all human conduct is a kind of self-presentation, and being natural is a great feat. (A sociological classic on this subject is Erving Goffman's *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life* [1959].)

Suppose I am right in intimating that learning to be oneself, to be a person in a community, is an arduous work of mask-making, requiring much biting back of words, some white lying, and continual attempts to find expression that will do justice to one's meaning. Then to derail these efforts at sculpting one's own expressive persona by the strong jolt of a crude lie would be a crime against your own developing personality, particularly when you have looked someone in the eye and sworn that what is about to come out of your mouth is the truth.

In Robert Bolt's play about Thomas More, *A Man for all Seasons*, Thomas says:

> When a man takes an oath, Meg, he's holding his own self in his own hands. Like water. (*He cups his hands.*) And if he opens his fingers *then* — he needn't hope to find himself again. (Act Two)

So these are my two arguments — I don't think they are preachments — against outright intended lying. Telling such lies prevents intimacy and wrecks self-formation.

There are plenty of authors who disagree with me in both directions. Kant, whom you will read in your junior year, will condemn every kind of lie, from the whitest social lie to the heroic lie told to protect an innocent life. For lying, he says, is "the obliteration of one's dignity as a human being" (*The Metaphysical Principles of Virtue*, 429). He thinks so because he thinks that the will to communicate our thought is part of what it means to be a person, and thus to misuse speech is to abrogate our personality, to undo the intention of our own rational will, which must be to utter truth.

There are, on the other hand, authors who advocate lying like hell. Machiavelli advises his prince to be like a fox and to deceive when it is to his interest (*The Prince*, Ch. XVIII). Rousseau blithely confesses that he often lied from embarrassment just to keep the conversation going. In fact, he does talk a suspicious lot about lying, in his *Reveries of a Solitary Walker* (Fourth Walk), a book we don't read. Nietzsche inveighs against veracity as the impossibly naive wish to come clean,

to expose oneself, and he praises the bracing tonic of a falseness perpetrated without guilt (*The Will to Power*, 377-78).

For my part, I am not entirely persuaded by Kant's absolutism and more than a little repelled by the others' equivocations.

There is, happily, an author who seems to me to speak sweet reason, and that is Thomas Aquinas, who treats of lying in a book of which you will read parts next year, the *Summa Theologica* (II, 2, ques. 110, art. 4 ff.). He gives various useful classifications of lies and concludes that not all lies are mortal sins, sins that entail damnation. Lies that injure God and your neighbor are mortal, but lies told with no intention contrary to charity, are not. This judgment leaves room for white lies and seems to me pretty good for practical purposes. (Practical lying is treated by Sissela Bok, *Lying: Moral Choice in Public and Private Life* [1978].)

But it was not really my purpose to talk about the practice of lying, either whether to do it or how to go about it. What I want us to consider is the theory of lying: What are the conditions of human nature and the world that make lying possible?

It seems to me that the inquiry into telling lies is particularly appropriate to a school devoted to the truth. You will discover in the next four years that the most convenient access to the house of truth is often through the back door. The assumption in the back-door approach is that truth precedes falsity, that it is the original positive. Our language seems to imply the priority of truth, since we speak of untruths but not of unlies or unerrors. Yet, your reading will often take the back-to-front way: In Homer and Tolstoy, War precedes Peace. In Dante and Milton, Hell comes before Heaven, and Satan, the lord of lies, comes before God, the fountain of truth. In Plato, error explicates knowledge. And in Aristotle, art elucidates nature.

Before I proceed to lies, I want to pause a moment to reinforce the claim that in this school we seek truth. Of course that is not the only, or even the first, interest we have. We also acquire skills and learn arguments and even gather some facts. But we do have a remarkable hypothesis. We ask ourselves and each other: "Is what I am reading true? Should I let it enter my life or must I fend it off?" Here are two special conditions that support our search for truth. One is that we are not ashamed to be discovered in error. When I say "we," I mean *we* — tutors along with students. We go so far as to regard the recognition of ignorance in ourselves as a high achievement. The other condition is that we admit no institutional truth, no authoritative dogma. If we had the truth, we would not need to inquire about it.

This hypothesis of ours is peculiar and hard to defend. At most academic institutions the professors deny it and take precautions against it; they bracket the question of truth and set it aside. They have good reasons: They think many old books by now have historical interest only, treating by-gone problems and providing "irrelevant" answers. They think it is a sort of intellectual tactlessness to get too close to students' lives in the classroom, and they distrust the authority such inquiries might give the professor who directs them. They think there is no fixed public meaning in texts, that the meaning is construed anew by each reader, and often they also think that a question after the truth is in principle nonsense, because truth is a private or senseless notion.

All of you will be coming to grips with some of these notions right in the seminar. For example, you will be tempted to say that a proposition is "true for me," if not for another, and then you will have to consider whether the word "true" can be used in that way. Meanwhile we will ask you to act provisionally on our hypothesis that truth may be pursued, to be shamelessly open to the pursuit, to trust your tutors as fellow learners, to work at discovering the meaning of a book, and to treat authors as fellow human beings who raise questions you can care about. In short, we will ask you to engage in what Francis Bacon calls "the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making and wooing of it" ("Of Truth").

By way of beginning the inquiry into telling lies as a prelude to searching for truth, I want to add a classification of lies to those given by Thomas Aquinas: Some lies are subjective, others are objective.

The subjective lie is the one Kant defines and proscribes so absolutely: willful, intentional falsehood. Your straight basic liars intend to tell lies and know they are doing it. But there is also the objective lie, an unintentional falsehood, a failed willingness to tell the truth. Being willing to tell the truth but failing at it is usually called being in error. At this point I might be accused of the rhetorical trick of metonymy, a figure of speech in which the speaker confuses species and genus. For here the genus seems to be the False and the species seem to be the Lie and the Error. An error is not really a kind of lie, but one of two parallel species of the False, the Unwitting and the Witting Falsehood. Errors are all the unintended misses of targeted truth: mistakes, mis-speakings, misjudgments, misperceptions.

Now there will be a man, the guardian angel or perhaps the goblin of your first year, Socrates, who will claim that ignorance, and therefore error, is the genuine or "true lie" in the soul (*Republic* 382b). He is helped in saying so by the fact that in Greek the word for error

and lie is the same. It is *pseudos*, which you know, for instance, in the word pseud-onym, a false name. But he also really does mean to identify lie and error, and his thinking is roughly like this: He will try to persuade you that effective virtue is a kind of knowledge. If he is right, then it is at least likely that ignorance is a kind of vice, and that the particular ignorance manifested in error is not far from the vice of lying. After having studied some logic in the sophomore year you will be able to show diagrammatically that these consequences are not logical entailments but just thought-possibilities.

If you find reason to accept them, then there is no truly unwilling falsehood; our errors become our responsibilities, and we are charged with exorcising the unwitting lie in the soul. This ignorant lie is what I call the objective lie.

Socrates has something to say not only about the untold lie hidden in the soul but also about the outward telling of lies. There is a dialogue we don't read, called the *Lesser Hippias*, so called because it is the shorter of two dialogues featuring a sophist called Hippias. Sophists figure in many of the Platonic dialogues, above all in the dialogues called *Theaetetus* and *Sophist*, in which Plato deals respectively with error and the possibility of lying. I can tell you that no book has affected me more than the *Sophist*.

A sophist is the most fascinating creature in the world, and Plato is never through with him. The sophist has a name that begins with the word for "wise," *sophos*, and ends in *-ist*, a suffix that denotes an imitator and an operator. For Plato ordinary sophists are wise guys, smart and dumb at once, by profession evasive, tricky, and deceitful, though sometimes in person endearingly naive. The sophist extraordinaire is Socrates himself, a canny wise man, whose mode is irony, a wily sort of self-deprecation that Aristotle does not hesitate to classify among the lying deviations from truth (*Nicomachean Ethics* II, vii, 12).

Now in the dialogue Socrates carries on with Hippias, two characters that will soon be very familiar to you come on the scene: Achilles and Odysseus. Hippias, who can quote Homer, cites passages to show that Achilles is a true and simple fellow, who tells Odysseus that he hates lies worse than hell (*Iliad* IX, 312). Odysseus, on the other hand, is a habitual teller of lies. The two men differ as truth-teller differs from liar. Now comes Socrates to prove that Achilles sometimes tells lies. For example, he informs Odysseus that he will leave Troy so that "on the third day he would come to fertile Phthia," his home — and yet he makes no move at all to go. Hippias objects that Achilles tells untruths unwittingly, while Odysseus lies by design. Socrates then tricks Hippias into admitting that it is the person with the more

capable soul, the one who knows exactly what he is doing, who is best, and that therefore the voluntary liar is better than the unwitting teller of falsehoods. The claim that the true lie is a kind of guilty ignorance is here complemented by the not altogether playful assertion that the truer and more genuine person is the liar who knows the truth and determines not to utter it. Athena, the goddess of wisdom, agrees with Socrates' estimation of Odysseus, for she declares her love and loyalty to him as a cunning knave and a witting liar (*Odyssey* XIII, 287 ff.).

Not only, I conclude, is the silent lie in the soul to be held against us as a weakness because it betokens a culpable ignorance, but the utterance of a lie confirms our strength, because it presupposes knowledge of truth. As Nietzsche puts it: "The recognition of reality... has been greatest exactly among liars" (*Will to Power* 378). More generally, anyone who grants the possibility of lying reveals a commitment to the existence of truth.

With subjective and objective lies established, let me now list the rubrics of conditions that make the telling of a lie possible. I will read them off before explaining them:

I. Will		II. Knowledge
	III. Negation	
IV . Necessity		V. Freedom

I. First, then, for a lie to be told there has to be the *will.* This is the main condition for the pure subjective lie. Perhaps will is too strong a word, since much lie-telling results not so much from strong choice as from a weak willingness. In the lingo of this decade: We give ourselves permission. Sometimes lying is even a mere default position of the will. But one way or another the capacity for choice, for letting the words escape from the barrier of our teeth, is involved. What the human will is, and how the will comes not to will, are a long story for another night.

Of course, as I have said, the exterior has to cooperate: The body has to be opaque and the world obtuse. If every lie caused our noses to grow proportionately, or if a spade when falsely called a shovel protested loudly, we would in time lose the will to lie.

II. Second, for a lie to be told there has to be, as I have intimated, *knowledge.* As Socrates shows, a liar has to know the truth, all sorts of truth, but particularly the truth about words. Otherwise the uttered lie may be a false lie, an unwitting truth. Uttering unwitting truth is just what happens to Achilles, when he says that on the third day he will come to Phthia but stays in Troy. He does not know the truth of the name of his all-too-attainable home. The knowledge of such truth

is called "etymology," and *etymos* is a Greek term for word-truth. Socrates has such knowledge. For in prison two nights before his execution he dreams that a beautiful woman quotes Achilles' words to him (*Crito* 44b), and *he* clearly knows what "coming to Phthia" must mean. It means death, for Phthia means "Land of the Dead," from the verb *phthinein*, to destroy (H. Frisk, *Griechisches Etymologisches Woerterbuch* II, 1015).

You have to know both what is the case and what you are saying to tell a proper lie. They say there are no atheists in the foxholes of war, and there are surely few relativists among the true tellers of lies. Consequently, as I have said, this condition for lying is an odd cause for cheer: Every telling of a lie is a reaffirmation of the possibility of truth.

III. The third and central of my five conditions for telling lies is a human capacity, which is an incapacity as well. I will call it the power of blind *negation*.

In the dialogue the *Sophist* that I mentioned before, the main speaker (not Socrates) says:

> To believe or to say the things that are not — that is, it seems, the lie arising in the mind and in words. (260c)

More than two millennia later Captain Gulliver is, in the course of his travels, set ashore by his crew of mutineers in a land governed by noble horses who call themselves Houyhnhnms. The land also harbors some savage, repulsive two-legged ape-like creatures, the Yahoos, with whom the horses identify Gulliver, calling him their "gentle Yahoo." Gulliver tries to give his equine master an account of the mores of the European Yahoos, but the noble horse is hard put to comprehend the Yahoo custom of telling lies, which is, Gulliver notes, "so perfectly understood, and so universally practiced among human creatures." The noble horse calls it "saying the thing which is not," to him a most self-defeating use of speech.

By this testimony, we may begin to define lying as saying the thing which is not. So, of course, is speaking in error, as Socrates had already intimated in the dialogue on error that precedes the *Sophist*, the *Theaetetus* (199d; see also Aristotle, *Metaphysics* 1011b27.)

In fact, in logic the two falsehoods are indistinguishable. For logic abstracts from what is called the pragmatic aspect of speech, the internal intention and the social use. I might put it this way. In the full human context, lies have something infernal about them; they are under Satan, the prince of lies and of denial. In the bright and weightless realm of logic, denial is a mere squiggle or "curl" ($\sim$) — just a symbolic operator. It is defined by a table of so-called truth-values.

("Value" in logic as in life denotes an arbitrary as opposed to an intrinsic worth.) If a proposition, little p, is assigned the truth-value T, then squiggle-p ($\sim$p) is F, false, and conversely. T and F are mere symbols; T has no primacy over F and imparts no particular significance to a proposition. (While it is the case that logicians think about what truth is, they do not feel equally obligated to think about what is true, though it may be finally impossible to separate the two questions.)

Now in real life people do not talk "propositionally" very often, except in courts of law, under cross-examination: "Is it or is it not the case that your mother told you something significant? Just answer yes or no, please." In ordinary speech the negative does not stand outside an impregnable proposition but invades it and is deeply implicated in it. Traditional logic does in fact recognize two additional possibilities for the position of the negation. Textbooks on logic seem quite unamazed by these possibilities, which they blithely declare to be equivalent (e.g. I. M. Copi, *Introduction to Logic*, p. 223), though thoughtful logicians have had their preferences. In what follows, S stands for the subject, capital P for the predicate of a proposition. We can say:

1. S (is not) P. Here the proposition itself, internally, is said to have the "quality" of being negative or positive: Achilles is-not a liar. Some authors maintain that this form alone is correct because logical quality belongs strictly to the copula connecting the subject and the predicate (Maritain, *Formal Logic*, p. 110). I think that view is too restrictive.

2. S is (not P). Whether the speaker is telling the truth or a lie, this form posits a "thing that is not": Achilles is a non-liar. It therefore supports the doctrine of lies adopted by the *Sophist* and the Houyhnhnms.

3. Not (S is P), i.e. $\sim$ p. The negative is outside the proposition: It is not the case that Achilles is a liar. This is how the modern logic called propositional places the negative, though the thought goes back to the Stoics and to Abelard (W. and M. Kneale, *The Development of Logic*, p. 210). Here the whole proposition is externally negated.

The real life differences among the three forms are remarkable when the logical bones are fleshed out with meaning. For while the negative that has got inside the sentence wreaks havoc there with meaning, the denial of the whole proposition leaves it intact, as putting a negative sign before a number leaves it its absolute value. Look at the example of the truthful Achilles, the unwitting liar.

Early on, in the first book of the *Iliad* (352), we see him withdrawn from his friends, weeping on the shore and calling his mother. "Mother," he says, addressing her plainly and intimately, "Mother, you

bore me to be short-lived"; the Greek word is *minunthiados*— minute-lived. The son states it, and the mother confirms it: Achilles will die soon. Now listen to a later episode. In the ninth book (410) Achilles tells Odysseus, who has come to talk him into returning to the battle, that his mother — she is now grandly "the goddess, silver-footed Thetis" — has said that he has a choice of two fates. He can go home and forego fame or stay and die soon gloriously. Unless mother and son have been talking behind our backs, Achilles is engaging in sheer hopeful invention, attributing it to his divine mother. And finally, in a still later passage in the sixteenth book (51) he answers the concerned and suspecting question of his friend Patroclus, whether his mother had told him something from Zeus: "Neither do I care about any oracle that I know nor has my mistress mother [as he now calls her formally and coolly] told me anything from Zeus." This answer betokens what we like to call "going into full denial." Note the *progressive* negation of the truth. At first Achilles admits the hard fact: I and my mother both know I shall die young. The second version is: My mother has told me that I have a choice of fates. Here Achilles begins to say "the thing that is not": S is not-P. For he does not deny that his mother has been in communication with him, but he undoes and denies her message. And third he says: It is not the case that my mother has told me a thing. Now he is denying the whole proposition: not (S is P). This is not altering the message and saying the thing that is not. This is a more radical lie, that of denying blindly that anything whatever has been said. Such is the progress and the pathos of Achilles' peculiarly telling lies, lies that reveal the young warrior's fear of facing death.

Let me step back for a moment. It seems to me that we can think more than we can say. The papers you write this year will probably demonstrate that fact. We can also say more than we think. Some of your colleagues in seminar will seem to you to give examples of that fact. Moreover, while the world contains more things than we can enumerate, it is also true that we can say what corresponds to no thought and no thing. We can speak without meaning. The word can become footloose.

One good example of a word rattling around by itself is the pseudo-name by which Odysseus introduces himself to the Cyclops, No-One (*Outis*, IX, 364-412). The poor monster literally does not know what he is saying when, having been brutally blinded by Odysseus, he calls on his neighbors for help. Who has hurt you, they ask, and he answers "No One." Nor do they know what they are saying when they go off shouting something to the effect: "Well, if no one has hurt you, you must be sick. Go see a doctor." For in conditional contexts

the form *outis* turns into *mē tis*, which means again "No one," but it also sounds like *mētis*, which means "cunning, craftiness": "Cunning has done you in, go see a doctor" — that is what the Cyclopean neighbors truly but unwittingly say.

But particularly to my point are the words *no* and *not* and the prefixes *un* and *non*. The first philosopher, Parmenides, said that "neither could you know that which is not (for it is impossible), nor could you say it" (Diels Fragment 2). I think he holds too nobly simple a view of speech. I agree that it is not possible to think what is not. The intellect is incapable of the pure negative. When it tries to think not or non or un it always finds itself attending to something different or other rather than to nothing. For example, Un-rest is not No Rest but Motion, and Non-being is not Nothing but something Different or Other. I think that in perception too there is never nothing but only difference. Even the imagination cannot practice negation effectively. For an image of the imagination may be nullified, as a stamp is canceled so that its value is gone — yet its face, though smudged, is not obliterated. In the imagination and in visual thinking — which is what we mostly do — negated being nearly always has a positive look. Denial produces a murky or perhaps a monstrous shape, but never a nonentity.

In speech alone can we say the negative and for a moment really mean nothing. It is, I think, this potent incapacity that makes lying possible. So let me sketch out for you how telling lies seems to me to come about as a product of negating speech and defective will.

There is a crucial moment — for Achilles it comes last, but often it is first — when we say a blind and ignoble *no* to the truth, when we will to tell the lie. The proposition that we know to be true remains untouched but we determine in our hearts to reject it, ignorantly and uncircumstantially: "Not (S is P)." The hero decides to maintain: "It is not the case, Patroclus, that my mother confirmed my pending death" — without thought for the consequence to the interior of the sentence. We *say* no and think *nothing* constructive, only "I shall not tell the truth whatever follows." Our two strange negative capacities for exercising an infirm will and for uttering an unmeaning word come briefly but momentously together.

In the second and third moment the negation invades the sentence and begins to generate meaning. Perhaps it first attaches itself to the copula so as to disjoin subject from predicate: Achilles and his death are not to be conjoined in speech. But eventually the negation ends up attacking the predicate itself; S is not-P: My mother told me not what you all think, Odysseus, but something else, that my death is

still my choice. That "not" when stuck to the predicate no longer betokens pure blinding negative non-truth, but signals an alternative to the truth, a positive invention; the lie goes out of control and becomes baroque. Here cross the activities of telling lies and telling tales. Both tell the thing that is not.

Let me conclude this section on lies and negating language by reminding us that except for the willing, all I said holds also for error: Lies differ from errors only in beginning wilfully and then sliding out of control, while errors begin inadvertently and then settle in. I cannot resist adding that telling lies is also close in form to asking questions. A lie is in fact a kind of inverse question. For a question is a directed receptivity, a shaped expectation of a truth as yet unknown. And a lie is a directed rejection, a determined negation, of a truth already known. Since we are a school for questioning, lies, the diametric opposite of questions, would seem to be, on occasion, a proper preoccupation for us.

IV. I would phrase the fourth condition of lying, *necessity*, in this way: We can lie because we *must* lie. I am thinking not of the subjective pseudo-necessity of lying from fear or need, but of unavoidable objective lying. If human speech is to be efficacious it must accommodate itself to a world about which it is, as I have already intimated, simply not possible to speak with total truth.

Let me quote an author of the junior year with whom I maintain a — necessarily one-sided but cordial — friendship, Jane Austen. She says:

> Seldom, very seldom does complete truth belong to any human disclosure; seldom can it happen that something is not a little disguised or a little mistaken. (*Emma*, Ch. 49)

It is an ever-rewarded effort to try to tell the truth, but to tell the whole truth is beyond our cognitive abilities and to tell nothing but the truth is outside of our linguistic equipment. Anyone made to swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is being asked to stretch it.

We cannot utter exactly what it is we think because the qualifying internal history behind every thought is enormous. It cannot be put in finite words. Similarly we cannot tell all that we perceive, because the world's space is indefinitely extended and infinitesimally detailed, and in addition every spatial point has behind it an infinite history in time.

The case is not entirely hopeless and offers no excuse for not trying. Our cognitive constitution, our capacity for speech, and the external world all do seem to be to *some* degree geared to each other. Ou

attention highlights parts of the world that seem to be meaningful wholes. The parts of speech seem to fit the behavior of the world, and the words of language seem to be able to collect items scattered widely in space. Sometimes many things can be said "in a word." The constitutional limitation on our truth-telling, our necessary objective lying, is therefore also an incitement to subjective truthfulness, to the effort to do what we can with such telling speech as we have.

V. There is, finally, a fifth condition, *freedom*, the condition for telling true lies of a marvelous sort. Here is an activity in which the reckless will, the footloose word, and the feckless world intersect. This activity produces the freely willed lie called fiction (feigning wonderful worlds in words) or poetry (making splendid fabrics out of words).

The notion that fiction and poetry are a kind of lie is attributed to Socrates, and you will hear him say so when you read the dialogue called the *Republic* (Bk. II). Yet it was not a philosopher who first published this slander, but a poet, Hesiod, Homer's younger rival, for whom we have no time in the program. He takes seriously what Homer takes lightly: the aboriginal birth of the gods and the daily work of men. This peasants' Homer tells how the Muses spoke to him, a shepherd of the wilderness, and said:

> We know how to tell many lies that are similar to true words, and again, when we wish, we can utter true things. (*Theogony* 27-28)

These are wonderful lines because they introduce a distinction into the truths that are opposed to lies. There are what I will call world-truths, *alēthea*, and there are word-truths, *etyma*, the term I mentioned before, the one that goes into the word etymology. Hesiod's Muses tell lies that are similar to true words. These are the free lies I am talking about: words freely chosen to tell lies that are true in the world of words. How is it possible that such liberated lies should acquire the force of a peculiar and special truth? The answer is in a strange capacity we share with the world, the power of entertaining certain half-existences called images. But like the will, the imagination is a mystery for another night.

I am nearing the end, and your turn to express your judgments of my lecture in your questions for me is about to come. Let me, on the way out, return once more to the second hero of this lecture, Odysseus. When he is about to become the teller and poet of his own travels, he introduces and reveals himself in this fashion to the Phaeacians, who will be the first folk to hear his odyssey:

> I am Odysseus Laertides; I am the preoccupation of mankind for all my deceits... *But* I dwell in lucid (*eudeielos*) Ithaca (IX, 19-21).

Telling false lies and telling true lies, telling lies from necessity and for pleasure, Odysseus attains the sunlit clarity of the home he loves. Not, I think, the worst way to home in on truth!

But there is a better way still, Socrates' way: the unwillingness to tolerate the unwitting, untold lie in the soul, and the wit and wisdom to transmute the unavoidable lying of any utterance into the telling lies that reveal truth.

A Biological Theme in Aristotle's Ethics

John White

Before we look at Aristotle's discussion of virtue — before we can look at any discussion of virtue — we have to look at an inquiry about virtue. The first inquiry about virtue begins this way:

> Can you tell me, Socrates, whether virtue can be taught, or is it acquired by practice, not teaching? Or if neither by practice nor by learning, does it come to mankind by nature or in some other way?

The dialogue *Meno* begins with that question. Socrates never answers it. Socrates doesn't even take the question seriously. The content of the question is serious, but beneath the words is an attitude which is not serious. Meno's attitude is not the openness of seeking, but is in fact the opposite: "answering" and the closedness of habit.

By ignoring Meno's question, Socrates shows that he has no respect for questions as such. When Meno asks Socrates a question (75d), Socrates says that there are two ways to respond. If he thought the question was argumentative, he would say "Prove me wrong." If he thought the question was genuine, he would try to answer it. Socrates begins to make us self-conscious, aware of the attitudes that underlie our questions.

Socrates also makes us self-conscious and critical about answers. Meno (76d-e) likes the definition of color in terms of "effluences" and "pores" (cf. *Phaedo* 96e). But Meno here submits to a style of answering (a "tragic style," 76e) because he is used to the words; he has no insight. The occasion of this superficiality in Meno is Gorgias and his ability to answer questions. Gorgias has given Meno a habit of answering "fearlessly and magnificently" because Gorgias lets anyone ask him questions, and he is never at a loss. It has been a long time since anyone asked him anything new (*Gorgias* 448a). Because of this habit, Meno's opening question is not serious as a question.

We can see naiveté and lack of seriousness in the attitude behind Meno's question when we learn that he is not prepared for Socrates' answer, "I don't know." Meno is baffled by it. He cannot take it

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seriously because he cannot take seriously the ignorance that seeking implies. *Attitudes* collide in this dialogue (and in *Gorgias* too). There is no disagreement about substance between Socrates and Meno. What is at stake in the collision is seriousness. Which is more serious: answering or asking?

In this struggle between question and answer, Meno will "lose." He loses not because he is wrong but because the attitude behind his questions makes him unprepared for what now happens, after Socrates' admission of ignorance. When Socrates said "I don't know," Meno thought that Socrates was admitting failure. But Socrates' ignorance was for himself the occasion to ask a question. Meno has never heard a question like the one Socrates now asks and he does not know what to do with it. The question Socrates asks, "What is virtue?" is Socrates' own discovery, and it makes him "like nothing in the ancient or modern world" (*Symposium*). He discovers the question "What is?"

"What is?" is a universal question and can be asked about anything (*Meno* 74b). But even though the question can apply to anything, it is not a success when we ask it about a technical matter, seeking the answer of an expert. Ignorance about technical things is ordinary. But if the question is asked about what we think we already know, something we know just by living in the human world, then the question has enormous power. For example, I think I know what virtue is, and Socrates must be using trickery. But if I know, why don't I *know* that I know? Why am I not even more knowledgeable about my own possession of knowledge than I am about its content? And if Socrates is right and I don't know what virtue is, something even worse and more embarrassing has happened: I don't know that I don't know. My real ignorance is not about virtue; my ignorance is about my own self and what I know. The absence of that knowledge is now painfully present to me.

Socrates completes this riddle of self-knowledge with the slave boy. When the slave boy thinks he knows, Socrates shows him that he doesn't; when the slave boy thinks he doesn't know, Socrates shows him that he does. Whether or not I know what virtue is, I am ignorant about myself. We become self-conscious and aware of ourselves in a new and baffling way. Socrates tells a myth of reminiscence (81b; *Phaedo* 73a ff.) along with the slave-boy play. The myth says that the soul is immortal. Originally it knew all things, but it has forgotten them. Learning is recollecting. Whether the myth is true or false, whether learning turns out to be teaching or recollecting, I have learned things — haven't I? — so why don't I know the answer to this

question about learning? Whether the myth is true or false "objectively," it is still true. The myth turns knowledge and ignorance upside down.

Meno sees the slave-boy play and agrees that an inquiry about virtue is possible. But then he returns to his opening question (How does virtue come to us?). The "forgetting" part of the myth is no longer mythical. Maybe the slave-boy episode "proves" recollecting; maybe not. But forgetting is right there in front of us. Forgetting is deeper and truer than remembering; it is the unknown basis of human self-knowledge. Even if someone "proves objectively" that learning is not recollecting, the shock of recognition we feel at forgetfulness — ignorance not about things but about ourselves — would not be overcome. No "objective" proof or knowledge can deal with this problem. To be human is to be forgetful.

The changes brought about by Socrates' question and the myth cannot be reversed or ignored. There is no return to the situation before this question was asked. For example, although Meno (or Polus or Callicles) may eventually discover arguments to prove the truth of his belief about virtue or justice, his belief would no longer be a belief but the conclusion of an argument. After his proof he might think that he is back where he was before Socrates intruded, since only the form of his belief has changed while the content has not. But mere change of form brings other changes with it, because the change in form is a change in one's self-understanding. Knowledge goes inside and invades the privacy of a person. Since people's beliefs are disappearing as beliefs, Socrates' question makes people fear that they are "disappearing" somehow. For example, when Polus talks to Socrates in the *Gorgias*, what he discovers about himself is not just that Socrates is somehow stronger than he is, but that Polus is unknown to Polus. Polus has within himself beliefs that are different from what he thinks he believes. Polus discovers that he is unknown to himself, and the person he believed himself to be begins to disappear.

One becomes aware of one's self as it is by itself, as "numb in tongue and soul" (80b). One's ordinary "social" or "political" self fades into the background. Naiveté and worldliness begin to change places. Now we are not in the position to judge the relative merit of answers. The question has somehow begun to "measure" us or do something to us. Asking is more important and serious than answering; what looked like a form of activity is a form of passivity. Being numb is waking up. Ignorance is interesting and deep; silence is eloquent.

Socrates' question reveals naiveté or superficiality in people, rather than mere mistakes. But being naive is worse than being wrong in

Athens (and in freshman seminar, as most of us discover to our discomfort; we have opinions that aren't even good enough to be wrong). We are shown to be frivolous and superficial because we are full of "opinions" in an uncritical, naive way. We weren't aware that we could understand all our opinions as "answers to questions." We are shown something that is "prior" to our opinions: Since an opinion is an answer, surely the question is prior? Our opinions are seen to be "answers" to questions that we are no longer aware of having been asked. We have forgotten how these opinions became part of us. We have forgotten a state of ourselves prior to "answers" and opinions, a pre-existent state behind the self we are aware of. Our naive self-awareness is an astounding kind of forgetting. We have become what we are, in our ordinary and everyday understanding of human life and human beings, by this forgetting. Only forgetfulness makes us appear transparent to ourselves, whereas a few minutes conversation with Socrates might turn all this upside down. The "what is" question rules all of this.

The "what is" question is prior to any discussion because it reveals "presuppositions" that underlie discussion. There can be no discussion without this new kind of inquiry. Moreover, besides being prior to any discussion about anything, the "what is" question appears to be *the* question — a question that must not only be asked first, it must also be answered before any other questions can even be asked. Answers to other questions presuppose an answer to this question. Other questions, insofar as they are questions, presuppose this question.

So, on the one hand, how could this question conceal anything? "What" could be hidden by asking "what is"? Nothing that is a "what" could be concealed by this question. That is, nothing that can be asked about can be hidden by the question. And on the other hand, how could there be any other question that does not conceal this question within itself simply by being a question? That is, how could there be a question that has no "what," that is not "about" anything? This question is *the* question. So, in fact, actually and beneath the surface, this question is the *only* question one hears, if one listens seriously to questions as questions.

I began with *Meno* because it is present in the *Nichomachean Ethics* in many ways — questions from *Meno* are sometimes repeated, sometimes even parodied. The most obvious difference between the attitudes of the two books is that Aristotle's *Ethics* shows respect for "answers" as such (e.g., he says the young can gain from listening to the opinions of elders even when they can't argue for them or explain them).

If Aristotle wishes to praise habit — even to go so far as to talk of something like a "habit of thinking" (*Meta.* 993b15) — we want to be sure that he understands Socrates' question. We have to acknowledge the force of Socrates' question. There is no return to the uncritical acceptance of habit, unless one can believe in self-conscious naiveté. Socrates has discovered *the* question and a new, disorienting seriousness. The Platonic dialogues, by their very form, enshrine questions and the seriousness of an unappeasable longing.

On the other hand, Aristotle seems to respect the form of an answer. Aristotle certainly appears as if he has all the answers. And if he doesn't have *the* answer, or if he usually has two or three possible answers, at least the form of seriousness that underlies "answering" might come to light. Aristotle is in part a return to Gorgias, in style and content.

But if Aristotle is going to do anything "new" — and a return to a prior position is new if the return is not naive and uncritical — he has to show how inquiry has presuppositions that could not be discovered by asking "what is." Inquiry must have presuppositions that cannot be discovered by asking questions. If an inquiry and the "what is" question can discover all presuppositions (even their own), then inquiry can always be deepened and it has no limits. Aristotle has to show that there are presuppositions that are concealed by asking this question. He will do so.

Presuppositions

When we attend to the content of what we are saying, we assume things on the level of "It goes without saying," things obviously true but not explicitly stated. We do not say all that we mean. We can say all that we mean only by attending to the form of what we say. A particular form of saying, "argument" or "proof," is a standard by means of which these hidden steps come to light as gaps. The search for presuppositions looks for logical steps that have been skipped. And the "obvious but hidden things," things at the edges or borders of our attention, once discovered and explicitly stated, are no longer "obviously true" (and true because obvious). They cannot be taken for granted; they have to be argued for. Once a belief has been questioned, the question takes root. Beliefs can never again "go without saying" (*Republic* 539b-c). And when these beliefs have been stated and argued over, it doesn't matter if the argument is successful or not. If you *can* prove the belief, the belief is no longer held as a belief but as a conclusion; if you *can't* prove the belief, it remains suspended in the field of explicit attention. You might then decide to call it an axiom or

postulate, but these names mean only "the assumed part of a system of proofs." The form of the belief has changed; its form is now determined by its role in a system of proofs.

This kind of presupposition, an unexpressed or hidden content, is brought to light by a "what is" question and the reflection it involves. The presuppositions we discover are things necessary if we want to prove something, if we want to be able to think it rather than feel it or sense it or point to it. This search turns all beliefs into propositions — conclusions or axioms of a system of arguments.

Within any proof system, there can be many proofs of the same theorem; no proof is unique. (Even if there is only one proof, its attachment to the theorem is not unique.) A proof can show only the truth of a proposition about an object, its possibility or its thinkability. Logical presuppositions reveal how the truth of a proposition is possible. In the search for presuppositions we might uncover the "being" of something in the sense of "being-true." But odd as this sounds, this kind of being and this kind of inquiry are not what we need.

To put the claim in its boldest form: the search for logical presuppositions assumes that we are looking for the truth. *But we are not looking for the truth.* Philosophy as the search for truth is not what we need. Aristotle says:

> As for being in the sense of being true...falsity and truth are not in things, but in thought — for example, it is not the good by itself that is true, nor the bad by itself that is false. As for simple things and that whatness of them, not even in thought is there truth and falsity of them... We must leave aside being in the sense of being true...; it does not make clear any nature of being as existing outside. (*Metaphysics* 1028a2)

Odd as it may sound, the kind of inquiry that seeks the truth cannot uncover the right kind of presupposition. There is another group of presuppositions — not of the "truth" or "possibility" of an object, but presuppositions of its actuality. That is, what things are presupposed if something is to be perceived as well as thought, to be "meant" by speech/thinking as well as to be "present" to perception (to be present as "particular" for perception as well as "universal" for thought or speech—De Anima 417b20)? To be a *tode ti*, a "this-there"? (See Husserl, *Ideas* #14.) What are the presuppositions if something is to "be there" rather than "be true"?

If we want to search for "a nature of being as existing outside," we need a new understanding of whatness and a new way to think it.

Thinking about actuality is different than thinking about possibility, even though the actuality of something does not differ from its possibility in any determinate way (i.e., a determinate difference is a something, a "what"). For Aristotle, the difference in the kinds of thinking appears in the difference between mathematics and physics. Knowledge in physics, to be actual knowledge of the actual, has to grasp the difference between actuality and potentiality.

We need to compare mathematical and physical thinking about a thing. In one sense we are far from the *Ethics*. But if we understand the different ways mathematics and physics think of their objects, we might be able to understand the ethical difference between the old and the young — the young are good at mathematics and abstractions but are not good at ethics (also physics and biology — "concretions," specifications).

The mathematical way of understanding the being-there of a thing (*tode ti*) begins this way:

> If the place of each body is what primarily contains it, it would be a boundary; so...the place of each body is its form or shape, by which [it] is bounded...But insofar as place is regarded as the interval of the magnitude, it would be the matter of a body..., and this is what is contained or limited by the form...Now such are matter and the indefinite... (209b2)

If we think about a thing mathematically, we speak of a border or edge as the limit of the thing. A thing, a "this-there," is "there" within its borders, its limits. We understand the spatiality, the being-there, of a thing as the limit of its extension, as the "outside of what is inside" a thing. Shape is the fundamental idea. For mathematics, the "being as existing outside" — borders and edges as part of the outside — is not part of what a thing is. Mathematical objects exist only in their definitions, their explicit content. The definitions have to be "clear and distinct" because they are the beginnings of a proof (rather than an action; *Physics* 200a24).

But if we think of a thing physically, the place of a thing is neither its form nor its matter, because they don't exist apart from the thing, while the place of the thing can exist separately (209b22). So the way that physics understands a thing's place, the thing in its existence, is as the "boundary of that which contains" (212a20). For physics, "If a thing is somewhere,...both the thing itself is something and also something else is outside of it (209b33). We do not want "clear and distinct" ideas here. We need ideas with messy edges — a thing and also something else outside it — in order to make clear "being as

existing outside." We need ideas that have a "beyond" as part of them. For physics the place of a thing is not the same as its shape. Now the boundary of a thing does not belong to it but to its surroundings; it is the limit as belonging to the *outside*.

Now "the limit of what contains and what is contained coincide. Both are limits [the same limit in fact] but not of the same thing. The one is the form of the thing; the other is the place of the containing body" (211b13). For mathematics the limit belongs to the inside as the limit of extension, of the non-dynamic occupation of space. But for physics the limit or border belongs to the outside because it is the outside which contains the motion of the thing. For mathematics, the border is the "outside of what is inside"; for physics, place is the "inside of what is outside" a thing, the container of motion, *for only then is location actual, and physics thinks about things as actualities.*

The difference between shape and place, potentiality and actuality, does not exist for mathematics. Since "no interval exists [between] the body which is enclosed by the border" and the border (211b7), there is no quantitative, mathematical difference between the mathematical and physical understanding of the being-there. There is nothing for mathematics to think about. Mathematics can't think about the difference between itself and physics, so mathematics can't understand itself. (But physics can.) For example, in a tank of water the cubic foot in the middle has boundaries geometrically, but this boundary cannot belong to what *physically contains* the cubic foot, because the contained and the container are continuous. If the parts were separate but in contact, as they would be if a cube of ice sat on a table, the cube would have a place. Aristotle says that the first example, the water, is potential place; the second is actual place. Place makes clear these dynamic relations of containment:

> The locomotion of physical bodies and simple bodies...makes it clear not only that a place is *something*, but also that it has some power. For each of these bodies travels to its own place, some of them up and others down...Now such directions...do not exist only relative to us...By nature...each of these [sets of directions] is distinct; for the up direction is ...where fire or a light object *travels*..., as if these directions differed not only in position but in power. Mathematical objects...are not in a place, and with respect to position it is [only] relative to us that they have a right and a left; so the position of [mathematical objects] has no nature but is only conceived [by the soul]. (*Physics* 208b9)

Mathematical objects have right/left, etc., only by convention, whereas physical elements have these distinctions "inside" them-

selves, as principles of their motion or of their rest: up/down is not only true about the motion of fire and earth as described from the outside, it is also true for them on the inside. And in cases of rest, an ashtray is *on* the table while a balloon is *under* the ceiling — a dynamic relation to what contains it.

There is a further stage to the analysis of the being-there of something. There is also a sense in which elemental bodies (like mathematical shapes) have the directions only by convention. Elements such as fire or earth are never fully "there" in their place because they are at rest by constraint or they are part of a whole. But for living things the situation is different: "Above and below belong to all living things, plants as well as animals". Sometimes the difference is in function only, sometimes in shape as well" (285a15). The study of actual things, beings, is itself most actual when we look at living beings and the way in which they are "there":

> Above and below, right and left, front and back, are not to be looked for in all bodies alike, but only in those which, because living [besouled], contain within themselves a principle of motion; for in no part of an inanimate object [without soul] can we trace the principle of its motion. Some do not move at all, whereas others, though they move, do not move in every direction alike. Fire, for instance, moves upward only, earth to the center. It is in relation to ourselves that we speak of above and below or right and left in these objects. But in the objects themselves we detect no difference. [That is, the "body" of fire or earth is mere extension, whose parts differ only in geometric location. The parts of an organic body differ in function, so the spatial relation of the parts to each other is important.]
>
> This is a part of biology, for in living creatures it is obvious that some have all these features — right and left and so forth — and others some, whereas plants have only above and below. Each of the three pairs is in the nature of a principle. These three-dimensional differences may reasonably be supposed to be possessed by all reasonably complete [*teleios*] bodies. Their nature as principles may be defined with reference to motions...Growth is from above, locomotion from the right, the motion which follows sensation [appetite] from in front (since the meaning of "front" is that towards which sensations are directed). (*On the Heavens* 284b14-285a26)

"Being as existing outside" is present in a new way: the three dimensions of space are not merely true about a "complete" organic body; they are also true for it. A living, sensing body has all three sets of oppositions always significantly true about its spatial presence

wherever it is — e.g., it can never be "up" nor can it move "up" in the way fire does because an animal's position is not indifferent to right/left, etc., as is the position of fire. This means that space is organized as being "around" the living body (and thereby space and place start to become "environment"). In animals, back/front, right/left, up/down are three sets of spatial opposites related to and radiating from a "Here," an origin (*archē*). In an animal, to exist, to be-there, is to be "Here" (*Progress.* 707a7).

The new distinction of front/back, which allows all three sets of oppositions to be actually distinct and which unifies them in a "Here," depends on sensation and the way that the animal exists in the world in order to sense things. The physical presence of an animal, given in sensation for the one doing the sensing, is *not* the relation of "place" or "a thing and also something else outside," but a new relation that contains and goes beyond them.

In sensation, the spatial relations are changed, but the change is subtle. Since "sensation consists in being moved and acted upon" (*De Anima* 416b32), physical presence and contact (having the same border or limit) is necessary (touch is the primary sense, 413b9), so one might think that "place" is sufficient. In fact, in touch the physical contact and the sensation seem to be the same thing (unlike vision, where I see things at a distance). While the physical contact in touching is mutual (my hand is in the same kind of contact with the table as the table is with my hand), the sensation rejects the mutuality of physical contact: I sense the table and it does not sense me. The word "external" in the context of "sensation of external objects" (and the meaning of "being as existing outside") cannot be the kind of externality that objects have in the *Physics*, where objects are external to each other mutually and dynamically in the relation called "place." The sensed body is external because it is sensed. In sensation, even in touch, my body is *not* present as a body (which it surely is and has to be for the *possibility* of sensation). Rather, in sensing the table, my body "mediates" between me and the table. My body is the transparent medium of my presence (*Parva Naturalia* 436b8): "the faculty of sensation has no actual but only potential existence" (*De Anima* 417a2). When I sense something, I do not sense the thing directly (without my body as a medium), nor do I sense the medium directly — I do not sense my hand touching the table. When I see something, my body is not present as a visible object. My body is present in vision as a "point of view." The "Here" of my body is present in sensation as a perspective; "Here" becomes a "from over Here." I see something from a perspective (from over Here), and I am aware of this perspective (my

Here) as one actual out of many possible perspectives. The perspective, the "from over Here," is what makes vision a sensation rather than a thought. The perspective is the "particularity" of sensation (*De Anima* 417b20). Sensation senses particulars, but not because particulars are what is "really there." The particulars that are present in sensation are "the one actuality out of many possibilities" — a One out of Many, a One against the background of a Many. This "One out of Many" is present in sensation as the perspective, the "from over Here" (existing outside the "Here," a difference that is not mere otherness), the "One actual out of Many possibles."

In addition, when one analyzes the spatial existence of the animal body, the form of an animal is not "shape" in the mathematical sense, because organic bodies are not geometric forms, are not an arrangement of surfaces in space to be reduced to an arrangement of elemental particles (Driesch, *Science and Philosophy of the Organism*, p.8). Organic bodies have "non-homogenous parts" such as face or hand or foot (*Parts of Animals* 640b20). These parts are united (and distinguished) by their functioning, and they do not exist independently of the whole. Because these parts are not quantitative parts, an organic body is not the sum of its parts. Because the parts are unified by their functioning together with each other, the spatial relation (and distinction) of the parts to each other is essential to what their whole is. The three spatial dimensions are most clearly present and articulated in human beings because humans are "most in accordance with nature" (706a19). "The principles 'up' and 'front' are in humans most in accord with nature and most differentiated." (In four-footed animals, "up" and "front" are not differentiated. Humans and birds have the differentiation [706a26;706b12].)

Organic form is expressed by the functional relations of the parts to each other reciprocally. But there is also a function for the whole (*Parts* 645b15). Thereby a living body is related to space in a new way. The being-there of an active animal is not grasped by "place" nor by the "from over Here" of sensation. The active body is located and spatially unified only as "Here" in this new sense, as the origin (*archē*) of its actions, and the surrounding space has a functional organization with respect to the living body: right/left, up/down, front/back — three sets of opposites related to and radiating from a "Here" which, as a beginning of action, is also a "Now." We live in anticipation of a future.

Because "form" takes on this new, functional meaning for organic bodies, functions and motions take on a new significance. Not only is the organic whole different from its elemental matters and "homoge-

nous parts" (where the whole is the sum of the parts); the living being is even opposed to its own matter, its physical nature (and this means that elemental nature is not "natural" in the ruling sense):

> Loss of power is contrary to nature. All instances of loss of power are contrary to nature, e.g., old age and decay, and the reason for them is probably that the whole structure of an animal is composed of elements whose proper places are different; none of its parts is occupying its proper place. (*On the Heavens* 288b5)

Because organic forms are ultimately built from elemental matters (like fire and earth), they consist of contraries, motions in opposite directions. There is no special "elemental matter" for organic forms, so their form insofar as it is organic is not a static "shape." Organic form is an *achievement.*

> What is it that holds fire and earth together [in a living body] when they tend to move in opposite directions? [Their bodies] will be torn apart, unless there is something to prevent it... (*De Anima* 416a5)

Form is not something an animal has so much as it is something an animal does to keep from being torn apart. The animal body demands effort and action from within for the motions which produce and sustain it. The adult organic form is produced by growth. Once grown, the living body is not in a state of rest, because the living body is always being "torn apart." The state of rest (no growth) is another set of form-producing motions (*De Anima* 416b10). Rest involves the metabolic replacement of cells which age and decay, the healing of cuts and fighting of disease (259b9). A part lost in a struggle may regenerate. If regeneration is not possible, the animal might compensate for the loss by the functional reorganization of the remaining parts. The animal cannot save the whole as a sum of parts, but it might be able to save the whole as a function.

We are in a realm of "ideas with messy edges," where we wish to see something as well as think it. Mathematical thinking, with its "clear and distinct" definitions, cannot grasp actual beings, rather than possibilities, because the distinction between potentiality and actuality doesn't exist for mathematical thinking. The distinction is "there" only if we are "there" as the relation of perceiving and speaking.

> We should not seek a definition of everything, but should also perceive an object by means of an analogy. As that which is awake is to that which is asleep — let "actuality" signify the first term of such relations and "potentiality" signify the second. (*Metaphysics* 1048a34)

These beings are "there" if we are there as the relation of perceiving and speaking. The perception or knowledge of these living beings is actual only if we are already "internally related" to the object. This is odd language. I will try again.

The actuality of a thing is different from its possibility (and the difference is not a mathematical difference) if the thing is in-between what is eternally necessary and what is accidental, chance — most clearly if the thing is a living, mortal being. The "in-between" is perceived as an in-between thing (living but mortal) only if the knower is of the same kind. The knower is internally related to, while also distinct from, the thing known. This sameness of knower and known is a relation deeper than knowing, if knowing is the knowing of whatness, because this sameness is not the logical identity of A=A. This sameness makes the *relation* of knowing possible as an actuality. Knowing is now possible as an actual knowing of the actual. *Perception is recognition* (*Ethics* 1139a10). A look at the study of biology will make this clearer.

A condition for understanding biology, a presupposition whereby we do not "see" something unless we are internally related to it, where perception is recognition, is indicated by Aristotle in the following line of thought. There are two kinds of works of nature: those which come into being and perish, and those which do not perish. The imperishable are divine, but we have few opportunities to study them because there is little evidence available to our senses. We have better information about mortal things because we live among them. Our knowledge of mortal beings is greater "because they are nearer to us and more akin to our nature," and that is compensation for the relative inferiority of the object. Knowledge about mortal things is one we get from the "inside" as it were, being mortal ourselves. Knowledge of mortal beings is not available to someone outside the mortal situation, to someone who is not "there." The prime mover does not contemplate the world nor does he know other beings. In his "thinking of thinking," animals are not "there" for him.

The more usual pre-conditions for understanding biology come up in the more ordinary discussions. When people discuss a science of animal life (paraphrasing and re-arranging *Parts* 639b20 ff. and *Physics* 198b10ff.), they divide into two parties. One group wants to talk about a creating god or demiurge behind the being of animals. The other group wants to talk about matter and chance combination. Biology turns into theology or physics. It looks as if biology must begin with one of these two presuppositions, for they are the only possible presuppositions here.

But, according to Aristotle, either presupposition makes the actual subject disappear. Life may be more "thinkable" with either presupposition, and the science of biology may be more understandable as a science, but neither "life" nor "biological knowledge is any more actual. If we look at the world "objectively" and see only the parts that are immortal, parts whose mere possibility means actuality, the eternal actualities of matter or god, we would not be able to see animals or plants at all, the living/dying beings, the beings whose "being-there" is a set of motions, a function, a doing. We can "see" this in-between possibility (between necessity and chance) in all things that grow:

> When we say that nourishment is necessary, we mean "necessary" in neither of the former modes, but we mean that, without nourishment, no animal can be. This is "conditional necessity" or "hypothetical necessity." (*Parts of Animals* 642a8)

"Hypothetical necessity" — another idea that is unclear and indistinct, that appears to combine opposites. But it does make the actuality of a living being more understandable.

For example, look at the rabbit. There is no "transcendental deduction" of a rabbit; it is not "necessary." A rabbit does not have to be the way it is: there are many kinds of animal life. A rabbit's kind of life is conditional or hypothetical; it has to be "given." But, on the other hand, there is a kind of necessity to the rabbit. If there are going to be rabbits, they "make sense" in a particular way. For example, if I try to "improve" a rabbit by adding a better weapon — by giving it fangs — I see that, for the actual possession of such large teeth by a rabbit, I have to make another change: the jaw has to be larger. If the jaw is larger, then the neck has to be stronger and heavier. If the neck is heavier, then the front limbs have to be stronger to support the larger mass. With a heavier head and neck and front limbs, the rabbit won't be able to hop; it will need a new way to move. And it needs a new way to nourish itself; the rabbit is no longer an efficient eater of grass. If its nourishment changes, chemical changes will be necessary — a new set of digestive enzymes, a new immune system that recognizes the new parts as "same" rather than "other," and so on. So there is a necessity that follows the "hypothetical" givenness of any one function and animals are eternal "in the manner which is open to them."

> Of the things which are, some are eternal and divine, others admit of being and now-being...Being is better than non-being, and living than not living. These are the causes on account of which the generation of animals takes place, because since the nature of a class of this sort is unable to be eternal, that which comes into being

> is eternal in the manner that is open to it. Now it is impossible for it to be so numerically, since "the being" of things is to be found in the particular, and if it really were so, then it would be eternal; it is, however, open to it to be so specifically [in *eidos*]. That is why there is always a class of men, animals and plants. (*Generation of Animals* 731b25)

Animals as a whole are not necessary. Because there are many species and many ways of living, no particular way is necessary. But there is a necessity in the unity of the parts because of the relation "*If* this particular way of eating, *then* this particular way of walking." All of these hypothetical statements have attached to them an "in order to survive." There is no other ground of necessity here. The rabbit is not "necessary," but this particular group of properties and weapons and organs "makes sense" under the conditions of life, if the rabbit is going to survive, if its own survival is an issue to it. There is no way to imagine an improved version of an animal. Although animals are not perfect or divine, somehow they are "at an end." There is no good for them that is beyond them. There is only life, "this" kind of life. All animals are intelligible in this way: whale, shark, hawk, cockroach, horse, tiger, bower-bird — even such pieces of apparent whimsy as the fringed lizard and the ostrich (a parody of a human face with its eyelashes and almost-binocular eyes; its tiny wings; its legs which bend the wrong way — *Prog. Animals* 714a18). It looks like a parody of human form because both humans and birds have "top distinct from front" (706a26).

> Nature makes nothing without purpose but always with a view to what is best for each thing within the bounds of possibility, preserving the particular essence (*to ti ēn einai*) of each. (*Prog. of Animals* 708a11)

In the theoretical sciences we begin with "what always is" and Necessity (*Parts* 639b23-640a4). But in the knowledge of nature, the sciences of the actual, we cannot begin with what *always* is. If we begin with "what always is," the implicit temporality of the statement would misrepresent living nature. Aristotle says that in natural science we do not begin with "what is" but "what will be' (*Parts* 639b23). In the sciences of the actual, of living things which become *and* are themselves, we have to begin with a beginning, with "what *will* be" or what is going to be, a goal or project, a future, an actual possibility, an aiming. Life is something that is never simply possessed but is always the object and product of our continual effort, always the future, because of mortality. Life always has the real possibility of

being "torn apart." This is why biology and science of nature cannot study "abstractions" (641b11). Nature makes things for a purpose, things that have a future built into their present because they have mortality built in. The existence of these things is not merely an "is."

If we are to have a science of biology, "what is" needs temporal qualifications because the present of living beings is not a simple "is." Because we must begin with "what will be" in the study of living beings, their present is the past of that future, a "what was to be," *to ti en einai.*

> The reason why earlier thinkers did not arrive at this method of procedure was that in their time there was no notion of *to ti ēn einai* and no way of dividing/defining being. (*Parts* 642a26)

In ethics also the future is built into the present — a possibility opened up by life itself — in two important ways. In *choice*: what distinguishes choice (*proairesis*) from behavior that is voluntary (*airesis*)? Animals and children have voluntary behavior, an idea that is needed in biology as the complement and completion of "form." *Pro-airesis* is the future that is built into decisions made in the present. A decision is always made in the present, but moral virtue and character allow us to pre-make our choices, to choose the kind of choosing we will do, to put an *airesis before* the *airesis*, a *pro-airesis*, to begin with the beginning of actions (the beginning as the *archē*), *to make present choices the "past of a future." This possibility — of deeds needing both a beginning and an origin, archē — is grounded by the other crucial idea of ethics, habit, hexis* (which comes from the future tense of *echō*).

To say that "Perception is recognition" means that the outer, what is seen, is the expression of the inner and cannot be seen or understood without the looker, looking at the outside, inwardly being the same as the observed, having a "key" or lexicon to decipher or translate the outer as a sign of the inner. This means that when we look at an animal, we are looking at Form, not geometric shape, and the motions that we see are not motions but *actions*, behavior. This kind of looking is as actual, as real, as the animal we see because looking also is an action of a living being, not the "objective" observations of "consciousness." When I go to the Washington zoo and look at the hippopotamus or the giraffes or Mark, the kodiak bear, I become aware of my own looking. To look at these animals you have to sit down and give yourself a long time. As you watch them move around, you feel your inner pace changing, slowing down. And the animal begins to appear. The animal has been "there" as a shape, but now it begins to "be there" as a form,

a functional whole, a being-there that is for itself a Here, a center. Its motions begin to appear as behavior emanating from a center, as action with an origin (*archē*). The animal and the seeing come into being along with each other and for each other. They are equally present to each other. Looking is a kind of attunement.

Of these two ideas, form and action, form is the one that is usually emphasized in biology — especially prominent in the readings and dissections of Freshman laboratory. But the idea of action is equally important because it completes the biological understanding of form. Form only appears as something expressed by actions. A form is a functional whole, actual when functioning. A hand severed from the body is no longer a hand.

Action, choice, appetite, voluntary behavior — these are biological ideas that are taken over and completed in the first half of Aristotle's *Ethics*, the part about moral virtue. If these ideas belong to both biology and ethics, then ethics is able to understand moral virtues on their own terms and not turn them into intellectual virtues. Aristotle's *Ethics*, in its ability to understand moral virtue, knows that the problem of virtue is not to make us "act rationally," but rather almost the opposite: How can the intellect become part of human virtue without undermining moral virtue even while attempting to support it (*Magna Moralia* 1182a15; cf. *Republic* 365a5). Intellect is a danger because it destroys the innocence necessary for moral virtue by encouraging the self-consciousness that drives inquiry. The danger represented by the intellect is countered and overcome by the most extraordinary and deep thing about human beings: *forgetting*. The *Meno* discovers and wonders at this forgetting. Aristotle's *Ethics* uses forgetting in the form of habit to let self-consciousness and the intellect disappear into the background.

Now we will look at the first part of the *Ethics*, moral virtue and its aesthetic/religious climax in "greatness of soul." Moral virtue culminates in this virtue because moral virtue begins with the problem of the relation of virtue and self-consciousness in the desire for honor. In Book I (1095b15), Aristotle says that men of action agree that the practical human good is honor. But the desire for honor reveals the difficulty of being virtuous and knowing that you are virtuous at the same time.

> Honor seems too superficial [to be the practical good for man, even though men of action pursue it]...since it appears to depend on those who confer it rather than those upon whom it is conferred...Men's motive in pursuing honor seems to be to assure themselves of their own merit; they desire to be honored on the

> ground of virtue. (1095b25) Those...who covet being honored by good men [rather than powerful men], and by persons who know them, do so from a desire to confirm their own opinion of themselves; so these like honor because they are assured of their worth by their confidence in the judgment of those who assert it. (1159a20)

In ethics as well as biology there is also a privileged state for observation, a mature state, in which seeing and being seen are most actual. The young cannot understand the science of ethics, nor are they capable of ethical action — they cannot see or be seen here. Only the mature human is capable of understanding and performing action, behavior that springs from character.

Animals and the young are not capable of ethical action; their behavior is only "voluntary," a biological character. Their behavior does not spring from a fixed disposition, from character. They live in a "Now" of acting, and thereby they are closer to the internal and external conditions of doing. They are not yet separated and isolated from the conditions. *Proairesis*, the way a mature being chooses, is not made simply in the Now; it is made *before* the moment of decision, never simultaneously with it. It endures into the present moment because of training and habit, and it allows us to have character. Animals and the young do not have character. Their lives aren't temporally integrated; the "before" (and "after") are not part of the deed for them. "Action" and "character" are the two ideas we need in order to enter ethics. These notions (and "choice") are not simple. We will look at their roots and growth briefly.

The young are good at mathematics. (There are youthful prodigies in mathematics, music, and chess, sciences that are "abstract.") But "mathematical speeches have no *ethos* (custom, habit), since they do not involve any choice [*proairesis*]. For they do not have 'that for the sake of which'" (*Rhetoric* 1417a19). In mathematics there are no decisions that involve the separation or opposition of means and ends. There is no ambiguity or tension (a possibility opened up by the opposition of form and matter in biological form). All decisions and actions within mathematics are determined by knowledge of the object. There is no need for a choice which can be justified only by the character of the subject.

A human understanding of human beings begins when we recognize ambiguity and tension. We first meet this tension in our youth, the tension between thinking and feeling. The young excel in mathematical thinking; in action, the young are led by their feelings. The difference between these two faculties, thinking and

feeling, characterizes young people. Mathematics and rhetoric (usually in the form of music) are their possibilities. Morally, the young are capable of startling amounts of generosity and terrifying amounts of self-righteousness. Youth is a time of either/or: something is either precise or imprecise, thinking or feeling, right or wrong.

The young are wrong. But I want to qualify this. Their mistake is not a "logical" mistake. Their mistakes shows vitality, the presence of a particular form of life, youthfulness. If we look at a "youthful" question about thinking and feeling and say, "You'll grow out of it" or "Just do it; don't dither about it so much," *we* would be making another kind of mistake, the mistake of being old. Age tends toward impatience and coldness. Tension withers because feeling withers (their friends often are useful to them rather than pleasing — 1156a25). An impatient intellectuality gets stronger. Habit begins to suffocate nature.

This youthful mistake is just the first form of the *human* problem — relation of emotions and intellect, nobility and justice. This ambiguity, first present in youth, continues. There are many ambiguities or tensions in the *Ethics*. Choice is the fullest expression of this tension and unity. Choice, *proairesis*, is "either thought related to desire or desire related to thought; and man, as an origin of action (*archē*), *is a union of desire and intellect" (1139b3). Moral virtue is a habit of choosing, a union of desire and principle — "if choice is something serious" (1139a24).*

The answers for which Aristotle is famous or notorious are very often a paired set of two answers (thoughtful desire or appetitive thought, the actuality of a potential, hypothetical necessity, etc.). Sometimes they seem to be merely two opposites just stuck together. With these answers, one sometimes feels that one is just hearing the question again (Is motion an actuality or a potentiality? What is it in its self-same simplicity?) What is good about this kind of answer, even though it can't be separated from its context like a mathematical theorem, is that it tries for visibility as well as thinkability. Such an answer is really and obviously connected to the question; the answer doesn't destroy the question. The answer is often only the "mature" form of the question, where a question in its maturity is the answer in its freshness.

The "paired set" of answers that holds together the science of ethics appears when "the good for man" is first investigated. When Aristotle asks "What is the good for man?" he gives two answers. The good for man is both "Happiness" and "the function of man, which is doing virtuous acts." Despite "virtuous action" being the explicit content of

the book, it is not the most interesting and serious question of the book, which is, what is the relation of these two answers?

"Happiness" as the goal of human action makes sense as a theory of human actions when one looks at the variety of human actions and tries to find a common goal. But it is too general to be practically useful; it cannot be "aimed at"; there is no goal for striving, no future, in it. The other answer, "the function of man, doing virtuous acts," is very practical and can certainly be a goal for aiming and striving, but it lacks the confident self-consciousness that goes with happiness. Aristotle says that the two answers are related by "visibility" or explicitness (1097b24; cf. 1107a28): Doing virtuous acts is an explication or specification of happiness. This, "specification, actualization, application, becoming visible," is the center of moral virtue and the key to understanding choice as the relation of thinking and feeling. On the one hand, ethical action is the specifying of the general rule, where the general rule gets applied. On the other hand, ethical action is where very specific doings and happenings get generalized, get a general and universal character — where "this act" becomes a "noble act" and where "this person" gets character. Character gives our actions a universally recognizable quality, and we are able to appear.

Action

So we will look at action and habit briefly. Then we will look at the climax of moral virtue in "Greatness of Soul."

An action is not merely doing something. That kind of doing is best exemplified by making. In making (producing an object by labor or craft) the end of the doing lies outside of the doing. The maker doesn't appear in the thing made — at least he doesn't appear as a doer with character; he appears as skillful or clumsy.

Actions allow me to appear as a doer, as having character, as being a source of the shape of the doings. The soul must actively appear in its actions; it must not disappear as it disappears into the object of labor or of knowledge. The moral good as giving a shape to doings is "something to aim at" in my actions rather than something to know. If the virtuous action is given by a rule specifying what to do, then virtue is actual as virtue when the rule is followed because it is a rule. The character that would appear would be a person who is a rule-follower, someone with a compulsive personality disorder. If I want to become just actually — not merely "do the just thing," mere behavior — I do not want to go to someone who knows what justice is and is able to tell me the correct thing to do. Because he is able to do that, my action would not have an "aiming." My action would be mere doing and would

not point beyond itself. If I myself want to become just, I want to see someone who is aiming at justice. He is the only one useful to me because I want to see his aiming, his action. Aiming presents the person and the goal, character and virtue, as distinct and yet related. Aiming presents the universal and the specific at the same time, so I can look at an action and separate the important from the unimportant parts — the just part from the merely specific parts of the action. This separating is the part of the doing that makes it mine. With the separating, I come on stage pointing: "There, that is what's just or noble to me." We want to see in actions their aiming rather than their "knowledge of the whatness" of justice so we can see the hidden part of an action, the *pro* part of *pro-airesis*. Aiming is both the specifying of the general and the generalizing of the specific.

Virtues, as objects of "aiming," are one pole of the relation of aiming. Virtues themselves have a certain relational structure. They are not simple positive presences. They are a mean between two extremes, a not-this and not-that, a doubled negation. This structure, a mean and extremes, is a necessary feature of an object of choice qua choice, i.e., as something aimed at. If I look at a portion of food, I might observe its properties and weigh it — i.e., treat it as an object of knowledge. But if I am to choose or reject it, it must be either just right, too much, or too little. It is imprecise mathematically but is something appealing to me. The mathematical value of the mean can change, if I go on a diet. What formerly appeared to me as "just right" now appears as "too much." But the mean/extremes structure is still there. It is a universal structure of object of choice.

Practical wisdom first appears to us as paired sets of opposites without a mean, a large dose of the kind of answer that Aristotle often gives. These generalities often make sense as a reflection about human action, but there is little hope of using them as a guide to action. When I was growing up, my grandmother would watch me do something and say "Haste makes waste." Then she would watch me again and say "A stitch in time saves nine." I should not be "Penny wise and pound foolish." However, I should remember that "A penny saved is a penny earned." This aspect of growing up is maddening and hilarious — was she trying to help me or drive me crazy? Eventually, a way of doing things begins to appear, almost of itself — a mean, a way that is "mine." There is no way that is "the" way (universal) nor is there a way that is "merely mine" (specific), but there is "my way" of being temperate, "my way" of doing the general goals. The mean and the "mine" of character, the universal and the specific, come into being at the same time.

The goal of training is not mere behavior but a stage where the

boredom and the struggle recede into the background because of habit, allowing for a new possibility, action and character.

Choice is a more certain sign of character than is action (*Ethics* 1111b4). While a choice is made before the moment of doing and choice is made possible by prior training, choice is more visible after the moment of doing, when someone reflects on what they did and shows regret or satisfaction. Afterwards they claim the action as their own or reject it; they show whether or not they meant it (rather, whether they now intend to mean it). We have all received apologies along the lines of "I'm sorry, if you were offended. But I had a bad day, too much to drink," etc. You are seeing the choice made again, but not under the pressure of circumstances. As the qualifications to the apology pile up, the deed and its circumstances as a whole are being chosen right now. The *pro* part of the *pro-airesis* appears in thought about the deed afterwards. This thinking takes place at the edge of the moment of action. It is the transition from the general to the particular (and also the reverse). The present moment, the moment of doing, is the past of a future. It is a reflective affirmation of what we approved of in advance, in deliberation. Before the deed, the object of choice or voluntariness is too general, a mere rule, and it needs specifying, shaping. After the deed, the deed by itself was far too specific (was the sneeze part of the deed or not? the color of my shirt?) so the "factual" doing needs shaping, a separation of the important from the unimportant. I as a doer need to be sorted in the same way, important from unimportant. Choice does this: it both chooses and recognizes (as its own — "Yes, that's what I meant") the shape of the action. Without those two kinds of shaping and specifying, there are no actions. There is only behavior, mere voluntary happenings without shape. *Proairesis* allows me to "make an appearance" in the world as a doer, a source and origin of action. Without character, deeds have a beginning — a unique place in the series that is physical time — but they have no origin (*archē*).

The climax of moral virtue is a virtue called "Greatness of Soul." What this person sees in his aiming is not so much a mean between two extremes but the distinction between the important and the unimportant, the great and the petty. He has a reflective and poetic grasp of deeds. This man is the climax of the imprecise side of virtue, for we know that he is idle and slow to act, but we don't know what he does, only that it is great.

Aesthetically and religiously, however, he is very precise. He has a deep voice and walks slowly. He likes beautiful and useless things. (He himself is beautiful and useless for the most part.) He is worth the

greatest of external goods, honor — the kind of honor we offer to the gods as a tribute. He is moderately pleased with honor from "serious" people, but no honor is adequate. He does not care much even about honor. It is "small" to him because he is aware of the greatness of his own soul and its worth. Human life itself is not too "serious" to him. In this he approaches the insight given later in the book, that "it is absurd to think that political knowledge or prudence is the most serious kind of knowledge, inasmuch as man is not the best thing in the universe" (1141a20). He has insight about limits and transcendence. To understand him as a limit — that he is worth the greatest honor but he doesn't pursue honor; that honor is small to him, but he deigns to accept it from serious people despite its inadequacy — we have to remind ourselves of the difficulties moral virtue and self-consciousness have with each other.

In Book I (and again in Book VIII) Aristotle said that although men of action pursue honor, honor is superficial. Honor is superficial because it has a hidden part, a choice hidden underneath the surface choice of honor. "Men's motive in pursuing honor seems to be to assure themselves of their own virtue." Men pursue honor because of a weakness or difficulty with self-consciousness, self-knowledge.

Later in Book I (1101b10), Aristotle distinguishes honor from praise. When we praise just men, we approve of their actions. But when we praise the gods, it is absurd that they be measured by our standards, but this is what approval is. So when dealing with the gods (or godlike people), we give them honor. Honor here is not an occasion for self-knowledge in the one honored, but in the one doing the honoring. Honor is a recognition of our own incapacity to recognize the worth of the virtuous soul. The man of greatness of soul, in his self-knowledge and his worth, his grasp of the limits of honor, and as a occasion for our self-knowledge, is godlike. He is an aesthetic and religious climax.

When Hobbes looks at ancient thought, he doesn't think that it was "wrong." Hobbes doesn't even take it seriously. The ancients don't understand the problems deeply enough. They are superficial because they are "uncritical" — naive — about thinking. The mind can't be objective or find truth without some preliminary critical work.

First, ancient thought uncritically and naively believes that we can begin to think without understanding language first and without getting true definitions. Words in their daily use appear to have their meanings "simply there," as the diagrams of Euclid are simply there, open to vision with nothing hidden, nothing implicit, nothing pre-

supposed. But this is a deception. Words are not simple presences. Words do have a natural core of meaning, but they also have an overlay of the accidental, an historical accretion of evaluative judgments (which often can be traced back to Aristotle). Hobbes gives an analysis of the word "tyranny" as an example. The natural part of a word's meaning has to be separated from the historical part before we can think without hidden prejudice.

Second, the other source of the ancient's naiveté and superficiality was their religion.

> There is almost nothing that has a name that has not been esteemed by the Gentiles as a god...The Gentiles make images and statues so that we might stand in fear of various objects of devotion: [the Gentiles have worshipped rivers, trees, mountains,] men, women, birds, crocodiles, snakes and onions...

Ancient religious thought concerns poetic fancies, mere "figures of honor." A plurality of gods is needed to express their love of comparing and competing. Even the Prime Mover in Aristotle's *Metaphysics* is "prime" rather than "only." He is the chief or first mover rather than a god beyond comparing. The hidden presence of polytheistic religion makes Aristotle's philosophy an unsystematic doctrine of separate essences or actualities or substances. The only thing that is striking about his thought is his use of "insignificant speech" and self-contradictory definitions. Aristotle fools no one who can listen deeply to speech and hear what is being said. (Hobbes is a great translator, able to hear beneath the surface of words.)

The Bible, whether true or false, makes it possible for us to be "deep," serious and rational in a way that was not possible for the ancients. Monotheism is not truer than polytheism. Monotheism is more rational than polytheism because it allows us to be more serious and rational.

Both ways of being uncritical make ancient thinkers naive. This naiveté shows up as an inability to see through the deceptions of honor and its poetry, the mists with which honor hides and decorates the ordinary, the natural. Honor decorates and hides nature and natural justice at every opportunity. Hobbes exposes honor continually. For example, even laughter is unmasked as being a kind of honor, "sudden glory." Aristotle's *Ethics* is impossible because it tries to hold together honor (nobility) and justice.

The particular book that Hobbes takes as a standard — to show us a new sense of seriousness, a way to see the world and people not hidden by honor - is Job. There the world is filled with figures of power

and pride: lioness, raven, wild horse, ox, vulture, and leviathan. The strangest being on God's list is the ostrich. It doesn't even care for its eggs. God says it is the silliest animal. But the ostrich, despite its lack of seriousness, rises up and outruns the horse, that figure of pride and courage in war. I look at the animals and I see that I am not the most serious thing in the universe, but I do belong in it — I do belong to that series of beauty and power, where power is justified by its serious beauty. But then I look at the ostrich. It is almost insulting. It is in bad taste, an aesthetic mistake, to put the ostrich on this list.

The other way in which Job turns against ancient standards and makes them look naive and not serious is its ending. If the ancient pagans had written Job, they would not have written that short, annoying ending, where Job gets everything back and gets a new family. They would not have allowed such a spiteful, mocking turn of the religious against the aesthetic. They would not have allowed such a short ending to overbalance the long beauty of Job's suffering. The disproportion of the length and content of the ending is as if, at the end of *Oedipus at Colonus*, Apollo would come on stage and say, "On second thought, never mind." Oedipus would have been furious. This book should end with Job repenting. His suffering is justified aesthetically because he suffered beautifully, fearlessly, and magnificently. Job would have greatness of soul and belong in the world with leviathan and the crocodile and the hawk and Oedipus.

But the book doesn't end there, nor did God end creation before the ostrich. Not only does Job get a replacement family, he loves them. How can he love them so simply? It is disloyal to his first family and his own suffering at their loss. If Job forgets his own suffering and its magnificence — if *he* does not respect his own suffering — how can we take him seriously? If we can, Job is something stranger and deeper than Oedipus.

Endings

There is no one way for me to end these thoughts. I have two endings. One is "philosophic." The other is an aesthetic and religious image.

First, the philosophic ending. Suppose that Hobbes is wrong about Aristotle. Suppose that Aristotle is right about actuality and that speech, when it tries to talk about fundamental things, is at best a kind of pointing or aiming. Suppose that circular and self-contradictory words are designed to bring out this pointing, that they are not "insignificant speech," as Hobbes claims, but speech transcending its

limits. Suppose that Hobbes's criticism is the thought of a prosaic man, one who clings to the ordinary because of fear and a lack of vitality, one who admires the orderly but slavish East (and Egypt) over the disorderly freedom of Greece.

Even if all that were true, things that cannot be clearly said, things that can only be pointed at, tend to disappear in the course of time; and we are not even aware of their disappearance. We repeat Aristotle's definitions. Unlike Euclid's definitions, which do not wear out so easily, the words become more familiar, more ordinary, the basis of a "habit of answering fearlessly and magnificently" rather than the "actualization of knowing."

This wearing out or mortality of words makes us desire something more than mere knowing from philosophy and its interpreters, something more poetic and aesthetic than mere concepts. What we want is to regain the freshness or immediacy that was there in the original pointing. We want the aiming, the striving, the pointing from the philosopher. What we need from philosophy is not so much "knowledge of what is" as the recovery of that lost sense of being, of actuality, that drove the inquiry before there were answers, the actuality of the attitude behind the knowledge that knows the world. But philosophy must resist this wish to be uplifting. Poetic talk about seriousness and pointing can have an empty depth, an intensity without content. This depth is not distinguishable from superficiality. Philosophy must beware of the desire to be exciting.

The most important look at choosing and the effort to understand it is in *Exodus* (18). Jethro visits the children of Israel at their camp in the wilderness after their escape from Egypt. Jethro is the priest of another religion or sect (a priest of Midian; he is Moses' father-in-law). Before the escape, God said that He intended to bring Israel out of Egypt in order to prove to them he was *their* god and also, at the same time, to prove to Pharaoh that he was *the* god. But it is impossible to do both, especially at the same time. God has to be either the God of Israel or the god of all. His choice of Israel is a rejection of Pharaoh. Both Pharaoh and Israel will think that Lord is Israel's god and not Pharaoh's god, hence not *the* god. Jethro, being neither Pharaoh nor Israel, might be in the best position to understand what has happened. He listens to the story and he does understand. He says, "Now I know that the Lord is greater than all gods." The story worked somehow — God *did* do both things at once, to be both "*the*" god and "*this*" god. The particularity of Lord's choice does not undermine his universality. Jethro somehow understands this. He sees that Lord is the god, the

only god who is a god, *because* He makes choices, not in spite of His choices. Lord, instead of having the impassive universality best expressed by a statue, makes choices and performs actions. He is a living god.

Once Jethro has seen that Lord is the god and has chosen Israel, how could Jethro not stay with Moses, taking a new family and religion? But, unlike Job, he can choose to return to his old life. Jethro offers a sacrifice and goes back to his own country. He goes back to a mistaken religion and empty ceremonies, back to what is now merely "his own," one actuality among many possibilities that are false — maybe even irrelevant. What can the life he chooses mean to him? Although Jethro knows that Lord is *the* god because of His choice, *the* god is not his god. God did not choose him. God did not even reject him.

A Note on Sources:

Kurt Goldstein, *The Organism*
Hans Jonas, *The Phenomenon of Life*
Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Structure of Behavior*, *Sense and Nonsense*, *The Primacy of Perception*
Erwin Straus, *Essays in Phenomenological Psychology*
Leo Spitzer, *Essays in Historical Semantics*

Where Is Greece?

Radoslav Datchev

I mean the question of my title literally. To find Greece on the map is what I would like to try to do tonight. And I think that this is worth talking about, because, it seems to me, it is not at all clear which map is the map to check. Worse, it seems to me that even if we had the right map, it still wouldn't be clear how to identify Greece on it.

A modern map will not do. The Greece that we care about, the Greece of Homer and Plato, of Sophocles and Aristotle, is separated by an abyss of discontinuity from the Greece that we would find on a modern map. It has to be an old map: ideally, a contemporary map.

Now, an old map means Ptolemy. Ptolemy wrote a *Geography*, and just as astronomy for the next thirteen centuries meant Ptolemy's astronomical treatise, geography meant Ptolemy's *Geography*. For the next thirteen centuries if anyone wanted to draw a map or to travel far afield, they turned to Ptolemy. But we would be researching the maps of Ptolemy in vain. Greece is not one of the thousands of names on these maps. There is no Greece on Ptolemy's maps.

Ptolemy is all tables, charts, and maps. But there is another geographer, Strabo, who wrote a voluminous descriptive *Geography* a little over a century before Ptolemy. Can Strabo help?

Strabo speaks of the Greeks all the time. But according to his book there are Greeks in Rome and there are Greeks in Spain, and also in Africa, in Asia Minor, in Phoenicia, even in India. Something seems to be wrong.

One thing that is certainly wrong is the time. Ptolemy and Strabo lived in Roman times, five to six centuries after the time of Aeschylus and Socrates, of the Persian and Peloponnesian Wars. It seems that we should turn to Herodotus and Thucydides rather than Ptolemy and Strabo.

But again there is a difficulty. Without hindsight we simply cannot extract a map from Herodotus and Thucydides. There is no reasonable way to draw a map based on identification of places by "further and above," "not far from," or "they sailed for three days." We need latitudes and longitudes to draw a map, and we have no latitudes and longitudes before Strabo and Ptolemy.

So I have compromised. My map is drawn from Ptolemy and Strabo. I have done my best, however, to reduce it only to what is explicitly mentioned in Herodotus and Thucydides.

It is a map of the world. The world is divided into three parts: Europe, Asia, and Libya. On the fringes is the Ocean, the river, according to Homer, that encircles the land, but whose existence Herodotus doubts. In the middle of the land, as its name still indicates, is the Mediterranean, the sea which the Romans of Ptolemy and Strabo's time called *mare nostrum*, our sea, and which the Greeks before them called simply θάλασσα, simply the sea.

And just as the map is a compromise, so is this lecture. It is a compromise between what Ptolemy says geography should be, and what Strabo says that it should be. Ptolemy begins his *Geography* by saying that geography, being the business of the mathematician, should represent the whole known world exactly. Strabo begins his *Geography* by saying that geography, being the business of the philosopher, should serve the study of the art of life. So I have tried

to follow Ptolemy's dictum and stick to maps and, possibly, exactness. But towards the end of the lecture I have taken Strabo seriously, too, in order to see whether geography may turn out to be philosophically significant.

But first, how do we find Greece on this map of the world?

In no Greek book is there a hint of an entity, political, economic, or religious—of an institutional entity of any kind—demarcated and denoted as "Greece." As a matter of fact, the very word "Greece" occurs seldom in Greek books. Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, Strabo, all talk instead, almost exclusively, about "the Greeks."

We need a criterion, then, to identify the Greeks, to identify in this manner the place where the Greeks lived, and thereupon, perhaps, to say that this is Greece.

Now the question of who the Greeks are is explicitly addressed in a famous passage in Herodotus (VIII, 144). The Athenians are speaking to some Spartan envoys. We cannot submit to the Persians, the Athenians say, because we are Greeks, we are one in blood and one in language; the shrines of the gods belong to all of us in common, and the sacrifices are in common, and there are our common habits and our common customs.

Blood, language, the shrines of the gods, sacrifices, habits, and customs. This is what Herodotus says the Greeks share. Are these the criteria we need?

We can discard blood, habits, and customs out of hand. For are the Greeks who build bridges for Xerxes and lead him through the mountain passes, are these Greeks in the Persian army of the same blood, habits, and customs as the three hundred Greeks who fight, all by themselves, several hundred thousand Persians at Thermopylae? We see in Herodotus half the Greeks allied with the Barbarian Persians against the other half. In Thucydides, too, we see half the Greeks against the other half eagerly slaughtering one another. We could see in later times half of them again, with Philip the Macedonian, subjugate the other half. And still later, we could see half the Greeks join the Romans against the other half. Needless to say, the halves in all these instances do not coincide.

How are we to reconcile this picture of Greeks endlessly killing Greeks, relentlessly slaughtering and enslaving one another, with the notion of common blood, habits, and customs? It seems that to understand the Greeks who were constantly warring against Greeks as an ethnic unity, as an entity with common upbringing and common practices, we first need to know who the Greeks are. Blood, habits, customs, seem to be part of the riddle of where Greece is, not part of

the solution.

And unfortunately, so are the rest of the criteria suggested by Herodotus: language, the shrines of the gods, and sacrifices. Shrines, gods, and sacrifices, or what we would generally and misleadingly call the religion of the Greeks, are simply phenomena too unstable to provide a meaningful guide for identifying the Greeks. The Olympian pantheon included several dozens of gods of several generations. Different gods were venerated differently and to a different degree in different paces. A countless number of heroes were honored with shrines and sacrifices locally. Rivers and trees and winds were venerated. Ancestor worship, always of course local, was central to their beliefs. The hearth of each house was sacred.

Then again, none of these cults and practices were exclusively Greek. Greek shrines seldom shunned Barbarians when they brought appropriate gifts to their divinities. Apollo's Delphi had no qualms about quietly siding with the Persians when the threat of being burnt down became too real. And if their rites were open to the Barbarians, so were the Greeks open to Barbarian rites. Alien gods and their cults were routinely adopted, and among these were some of the most widely venerated. Dionysus and the Bacchae, for instance, are of Eastern origin, the Orphic mysteries of Thracian. Plato's *Republic*, by the way, begins with the return of Socrates and Glaucon from the festival of a newly introduced Thracian goddess. Religion, again, is part of the problem, not of the solution.

And finally, so is language. We know the neighbors of the Greeks almost exclusively from Greek sources. Lydians, Carians, Phrygians, Scythians, Persians, speak in Herodotus and Thucydides nothing but Greek. We do know that they had distinct languages. But the degree to which the Hellenization of their habits, upbringing, blood, and language stems from our sources, or is rather a matter of fact, is in each case an extremely difficult question.

Indeed, it was a question which the Greeks themselves found very hard to answer. There is a story in Herodotus about a Macedonian king (V, 22). The Macedonians, apparently, spoke a Greek dialect, participated eagerly in the Greek wars, and sacrificed to the Olympian gods. They shared, it would seem, language, habits, and gods with the Greeks. Still, when the king tried to take part once in an Olympic footrace restricted to Greeks, he was asked to prove that he was not a Barbarian. And a century and a half later, when Philip, Alexander the Great's father, threatened to conquer the Greeks (the Greeks, that is, who had no doubt about themselves being Greek), Demosthenes, the Athenian orator, argued at length that Philip was a Barbarian (*Phil.*

3,31). And Demosthenes had to pay for being wrong with prison, exile, and eventually his death. He had to pay because Philip and Alexander settled the question by conquering the arguing sides, both those who took the Macedonians seriously when they claimed to be Greek, and those who did not.

Instead of one more or less clearly demarcated language, we see Greek as numerous dialects blending into one another, not always mutually comprehensible, gradually merging into Barbarian tongues, borrowing heavily from them. Language, too, is part of the problem: knowing who the Greeks are is more likely to help in the examination of whether a dialect is Greek or not, rather than the other way around.

All along I meant by "Greeks" and "Greece" what in Greek itself is Ἕλληνες and Ἑλλάς.

In Homer Ἑλλάς is an alternative name only of the region ruled by Achilles (*Il.* II, 683; *Od.* XI, 496; etc.), and the Ἕλληνες are just one of the numerous tribes whose leaders besiege Troy. Later Ἑλλάς came to mean the North of the mainland as a whole and as opposed to the Peloponnese peninsula as a whole. Still later, Ἕλληνες became the generic name for all the traditional Dorians, Ionians, Aeolians, and so on, but why Ἕλληνες came to be the common name, rather than some other, is obscure. It was already obscure by the time of Herodotus and Thucydides, who could only derive the name Ἑλλάς from a myth about a legendary descendant of the man who survived the deluge (Her. I, 56; Th. I, 3).

The etymology may be obscure but by the fifth century, by the time of Herodotus, Thucydides, Aeschylus, and Socrates, the name is employed routinely.

Herodotus, for instance, begins his *Histories* by saying that he wants to record the deeds of Greeks and Barbarians. Thucydides begins the history of the Peloponnesian War by introducing the war as the greatest turmoil ever to befall the Greeks and even some of the Barbarians. Both historians speak of the Greeks all the time, without much ado, in a matter-of-fact kind of way, apparently with no doubt that their audience would know what they mean. And so do Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. To speak of the Greeks, in short, has become commonplace.

And here is an instance of how Aeschylus speaks of the Greeks. The king in *The Suppliants* (913-15) scolds the Egyptian herald: You Barbarians, the king says, you insolently bother the Greeks, you do nothing right, you stand upright in nothing. Is the poetry and the passion of Aeschylus, a veteran of the Persian War himself, overdoing the opposition Greeks/Barbarians?

In both Herodotus and Thucydides the Greeks are always very explicitly meant in opposition to Barbarians. Persians, Egyptians, Lydians, Scythians do not seem to be names on the same level of generality as the name "Greeks." They seem to belong to sub-classes of the class Barbarians, rather like the Athenians and Spartans, or maybe the Dorians and Ionians, who are sub-classes of the class Greeks.

The opposition Greeks/Barbarians seems to signify a division that goes deeper than geography, a division of the world as a whole, of nature, of φύσις. Listen to Plato in the *Republic* (470c): Barbarians and Greeks are enemies by nature, φύσει, Plato says. Or to the *Statesman* (262d). The stranger from Elea is illustrating a dichotomy. He says it is like dividing the whole human race into two by separating the Greeks from all other races, which are countless in number and have no common blood or common language, and giving them the name Barbarians, as if they were all of one kind. Aristotle is, as usual, even blunter. He says in the *Politics* (1252b5-9) that among Barbarians there is no difference between the female and the slavish, because there is no ruler by nature (φύσει) among them, and they are all a group of slaves, male and female. That is why the poets say that the Greeks should rule the Barbarians, because the Barbarian and the slave are by nature (φύσει)one and the same.

φύσει, "by nature," recurs in these passages. The distinction Greeks/Barbarians is by nature. It is on the level of distinguishing, say, plants from animals.

It is worth noting also that the usage of "Greeks" and "Barbarians" becomes common in the years of the Persian conquest of Asia Minor and the invasion of Europe afterward. The oldest surviving tragedy, and the only one based not on myth but on experience, *The Persians* of Aeschylus, abounds in appreciation of the Greeks and wonder at the hubris of the Barbarians. And the oldest clearly pejorative use of "Barbarian" is in Heraclitus (fr. 107), who was a Persian subject all his life. The rise of Persia, a threatening alien force nearby, apparently strengthened the sense of unity of the Greeks and presented the distinction Greek/Barbarian as more than ethnic, as implying a judgement of value, good and bad, as well.

Greeks and Greece, then, are first of all a cultural denotation—"cultural" in its most general, broadest, and vaguest sense. "Greeks," as the Greeks used the word, is not on the level of generality of, say, our Brazilians, Canadians, or Pakistanis. It is closer to what we mean by Christian or Muslim, but that would be misleading by implying religion too strongly. It is closest, perhaps, to whatever it is that we mean when we speak of Western civilization, for instance. But even this would be

inadequate. The distinction Greek/Barbarian is a distinction by nature, φύσει, a division of the world as a whole, of the cosmos rather than just the surface of the earth. Plants are different from animals, gods are different from men, and so too the Greeks are different from the Barbarians.

Can geography, then, describe a cosmic distinction; can it describe the division of the world as a whole into Greeks and Barbarians?

Well, in a vague way the distinction is also cultural. And culture does leave tangible remains. Books, for instance. Then, even though lacking criteria to identify the Greeks, we can try to compile a list of the places where, according to the Greek books, the Greeks lived, and we can put these places on the map. And a picture—a more or less clear geographical picture—may emerge.

This is what I have done with my map. I have marked some 75 places which seemed to me to have the strongest claim of belonging on a map of Herodotus' and Thucydides' time. These are the major participants in the two wars, the Persian and the Peloponnesian. I have also put on the map the places associated with the authors and characters of our great books: their home cities, the cities where they were active, and the cities where they died. I have also marked places like Cyrene in North Africa, and Massalia in the Far West, which are often mentioned as comparable in size to the two largest Greek poleis, Athens, and Syracuse in Sicily. Athens and Syracuse, and perhaps Cyrene and Massalia, should have had populations of over 200,000 each, a respectable number even today. I have also put on the map the chief sources of the main commodities that Greek cities exchanged, grain and slaves, most of them on the Black Sea. Slaves from these regions, where the stupidest people in the world lived, according to Herodotus (IV, 46), had very high reputation. I have also marked Tanais and Emporiae, the cities at the far points, East and West, of the Greek world. There are reports of cities even further away, on the Atlantic, for instance, but those are most probably spurious.

And it seems that a very clear picture—geographical picture—emerges. What these places seem to have in common is that they are all on the Mediterranean coast. Greece appears to be the Mediterranean coast.

There are exceptions, but very few. And ignoring for the moment Sparta, the quintessential land power of Greece, and Boetia and Thessaly, the picture of Greece as the sea coast, as the littoral, seems to me compelling.

And we shouldn't find this surprising at all. The Greeks were a sea people. I don't know of any other people whose epics are so closely

linked to the sea. The invading army in the *Iliad* stays on its ships for ten years, and it is a catalogue of ships, of course, that lists all its contingents. And Odysseus wanders for ten years at sea, not on land.

Herodotus calls the Barbarians landlubbers. And there is the famous passage (VIII, 61) where Themistocles proudly says of the Athenians, who have just lost all their land and all their shrines to the Persians, that as long as they have two hundred ships they have land and they have a polis greater than anyone's. There is the story also of Xenophon's *Anabasis* (IV, 7). An army of Greeks, over ten thousand strong, was stranded in Barbarian territory, in the heart of Persia. After an ordeal of many months through a thousand miles of desert and mountains, having left thousands of dead behind, Xenophon suddenly heard the soldiers cry θάλασσα! θάλασσα! They had seen the sea. And having seen the sea, they were finally home, right there, on the Black Sea coast. It became a catchphrase. Like "Know yourself," which became attached to philosophizing, θάλασσα! θάλασσα! came to mean that after a long and dangerous journey one was finally home.

I should mention that the Greeks never built roads. There are incredible instances. Sybaris, a city in the West, founded a colony on the opposite side of its narrow peninsula. But close interchange between the two cities did not make them use the convenient valley that connected them, rather than the sea route around the peninsula, which was dozens of times longer, more dangerous, and more expensive.

They did not build roads, but ships the Greeks built by the hundred. Their triaconters and pentaconters were unmatched in the Mediterranean and the Greeks' domination of the seas was taken for granted by their neighbors until Roman times. And I can't help mentioning that in the *Politics* (1256a35) Aristotle lists the five ways of obtaining a livelihood as farming, animal husbandry, hunting, fishing, and—of all things—piracy. Some people, Aristotle adds (1256b2), are engaged in two employments: a farmer may also be a hunter, and a shepherd also a pirate. Piracy was so trivial that a contract between two cities has survived, regulating—not outlawing but regulating—piracy.

There is no phenomenon displaying the ties of the Greeks to the sea in a more powerful way than their colonization. "Colonization" is the name given to a huge wave of resettlement, of founding cities along the Mediterranean coast, which began in the middle of the eighth century and did not subside for two centuries.

Colonization is well documented. Founding a city was an important event, important enough to record on stone, and to celebrate and remember for a long time afterward. On the criterion of memory and

records, no event was comparably important in the first couple of centuries of Greek history: not wars, not building, not poetry. The oldest and most abundant dates are the foundation dates of cities. Herodotus, Thucydides, Strabo abound in information on how and when cities were founded.

We know today of some seven hundred Greek cities, ten times the number I have on the map. What I render here as "city" is in Greek πόλις, of course. And these πόλεις were all independent cities. And the substantial majority of them were founded after 750, in the age of colonization.

It was a huge wave. By 750 Greeks inhabited the Southern Aegean coasts. Two centuries later, by 550, by the time the Persian threat appeared in the East, the Mediterranean coast was crowded with Greeks.

Why in the world did the Greeks colonize the coast?

The Greek word for what we call colony is ἀποικία, a home that is away. It was always meant in opposition to μητρόπολις, the mother-city. Here is how a mother-city founded a home away.

First, as with everything that really mattered, a god was consulted, usually Apollo at Delphi. If Apollo was interpreted to promise success, a leader, called οἰκιστής, a founder of a home, was appointed or sometimes chosen. The colonists were usually volunteers. But not always. Sometimes they would be drafted. In either case they were people with little or no land in the mother-city. More often than not, they were only men, and they were young, the sons of landowners rather than landowners themselves. Numbers were usually in the hundreds. They knew where they were going. When Apollo was asked, he was asked about a specific place, a place rumored to offer a good location. Then they sailed off and they settled.

Settling meant distributing the arable land in the colony fairly, building temples of the gods, establishing local government, and building houses, usually in that order. Sometimes additional colonists might join them. Usually, local women would be heavily relied upon to insure the procreation of the colony.

Other than marrying local women, relations of the colony with the native people were limited. With very few exceptions, the Greeks just didn't bother with regions where they expected to meet resistance. They chose sparsely populated areas where the native people, even if they wanted to, could not resist the heavily armed, technologically superior Greeks, secure on their ships for as long as needed. Settlement in Carthaginian territories was attempted once, for instance. It met with disaster, however, and Apollo was not tempted again to send

colonists there. The Greeks simply left alone the heavily populated and armed coasts of Phoenicia, Egypt, and Carthage. As Thucydides says, the Greeks never left their home to conquer other people (I, 15). Colonization, apparently, he did not think of as conquest.

The ties of the colony with the mother-city tended to be symbolic. As a sign of independence the founder of the colony, the οἰκιστής, was venerated, rather than the mother-city's hero. Even though in war a colony tended to ally itself with its mother-city rather than against it, a generation or so after foundation, with its ethnic mix likely to be already different, it became a full-fledged polis. In Thucydides, Nicias, the leader of the Sicilian expedition, argues that amidst alien and hostile people the Athenians can only survive as a polis; without a polis they will fail (VI, 23). And we know that when Corinth tried to meddle in the affairs of its colony at Corcyra (I, 34), the Corcyraeans turned to Athens for help. We were not sent out to be the slaves of the Corinthians, they said, but to be their equals. The Athenians found it convenient to agree, and so the Peloponnesian War began.

There is something defying belief in Greek colonization. Miletus, an Ionian city of perhaps forty thousand, is reported to have sent out ninety colonies. Even if this is an exaggeration, cities of two to three thousand people are known to have founded colonies. What made these tiny independent cities found other independent cities at the opposite end of the world?

Lack of land is the answer of Thucydides (I, 15). The pressure of insufficient territory, says Plato (*Leg.*, 708b). Were the Greeks really, in the course of a couple of centuries, continuously lacking land, continuously under the pressure of insufficient territory?

Well, the Greeks were certainly an agricultural society. Self-sufficiency, explicitly meaning food, was the ideal for a polis from Hesiod to Aristotle. The Greeks lived off the land, and considered commerce and the trades, as Aristotle says in the *Politics* (1258b1-8), dishonorable and unnatural. Piracy may have been a natural way to earn a living, commerce and the trades were not.

But land was not just a means of livelihood and not just a means of production. In a lengthy discussion of wealth and property in the *Politics* (1256a1-8b9), Aristotle does not once mention land among the objects of acquisition and wealth. Property and wealth meant movable things to Aristotle—chattel, slaves included, but never land. Land was something more than property, actually much more. It was where the bones of ancestors were buried, and the bones of ancestors, as in the *Oedipus at Colonus*, were sacred. Numerous gods dwelled in the land. It constantly gave birth to gods, to rivers and trees. The land was a

goddess herself, the mother, in Hesiod (*Th.* 45), of all gods.

In very few cities was it lawful to buy and sell land. land had strong ties to the community, to the polis as a whole, stronger indeed than its ties to whoever happened to work it. In the rare instances when it was lawful to sell land, foreigners were explicitly prohibited from buying it. And foreigners here means not Barbarians (such a thought would be a sacrilege) but alien Greeks, Greeks from outside the community, citizens of other poleis, the so-called μέτοικοι, those who have come home, but are—as the word implies—not home.

Like the old man Cephalus in the beginning of the *Republic*, these μέτοικοι, aliens, sometimes lived for generations in a city and sometimes amassed substantial wealth. They still could not marry a citizen, and they could not own land. Aristotle, a wealthy μέτοικος in Athens, could not own his own school, the Lyceum.

Tied by deep tradition to the land, citizenship was jealously guarded. There was no naturalization; one had to be born of citizens to be a citizen. Pericles, the leader of the most permissive of democracies among the Greek poleis, introduced a law revoking the citizenship of those who had one rather than both parents Athenian. In enforcement of the law, five thousand μέτοικοι were sold into slavery (Plut., *Per.*).

In this sense, colonization, being acquisition of land, was also acquisition of sovereignty. The perception of lack of land was also a search for a stronger hold on one's bond to a city. The perception of opportunity more than the pressure of circumstances made colonization an unabated wave.

That colonization was perceived as an opportunity rather than an escape is strongly suggested by the fact that the Greeks expanded overseas rather than inland: that they preferred to sail into the unseen rather than fight their way against the neighboring Barbarians. With Themistocles, who believed that as long as the Athenians had 200 ships they had land, the Greeks felt certain that the sea would give them land, somewhere. Inasmuch as they really needed land, they met the challenge extensively: the thought of trying to increase productivity or perhaps to exploit part of the citizenship, notions economically as sound as there are, never seems to have occurred to anyone as an alternative to colonization. Land, in this sense, was a means, not an end. It was a means to acquiring a city.

I have spent all this time talking about colonization in an effort to present it as a unique phenomenon, as something pertaining uniquely to Greeks.

In a broad and vague way it can be said that all more or less homogenous, organized, and dense centers of population have always tended to expand. In particular, all ancient civilizations, empires, societies—whatever we may have to call them—did expand. None of them expanded by sea.

Egypt filled the valley of the Nile and stopped on the borders of the desert, remaining for the last 5,000 years one of the most densely populated regions on Earth. The tiny warlords of Sumer in Mesopotamia expanded northward along the Tigris and Euphrates, and so did the Assyrians and the Babylonians after them. The settlement of Phoenicians overseas at Carthage remained an isolated affair, and it was only after the appearance of huge numbers of Greeks in their seas that the Carthaginians were provoked into consolidating their position in the Western Mediterranean.

The very fact that the Greeks found the Mediterranean coast available for colonization also shows the uniqueness of Greek colonization. Egyptians, Assyrians, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, had remained, essentially, closed within their lands—landlubbers, essentially.

It is probable that their environment—long, dented coastline, countless islands, dearth of large fertile valleys—made the Greeks turn to the sea rather than inland in search of land. But colonization seems to suggest that the ties of the Greeks to the sea were deeper than just being a response to natural limitations. Colonization was the founding of cities, hundreds of independent poleis, not just a movement of populations. The ties of the Greeks to the sea were motivated politically, religiously, and culturally as much as they were the result of natural pressure. Their will, rather than nature, seems to have given the Greeks the direction and limits of their expansion.

But I still have to address the question of the exceptions to the image of Greece as exclusively the Mediterranean littoral: Sparta; the home country of Hesiod and Plutarch, Boeotia; and Thessaly, the land of wealth and horsemanship, where Meno hailed from.

Thebes, the main center of Boeotia, is some thirty miles north of Athens. North of Boeotia along the Aegean coast is Thessaly. And still further north, also along the coast, is Macedonia.

Now in Greek usage the further north you went, the farther away you were from culture. "Boeotian" came to mean in Greek, as it has come to mean in English, too, uncultured, dull and stupid. As to Thessaly, when Socrates laughs at Meno in the beginning of the dialogue because the Thessalians have suddenly become wise next to being famous for horsemanship and wealth, he is belaboring a joke

that was already in the language. And, of course, north of Thessaly one doesn't even know whether one is in Greece anymore—one is in Macedonia.

Boeotia and Thessaly remained for a long time loose and rather disorganized confederations of tribes rather than poleis. Boeotians and Thessalians lived in villages, not cities. They had no ships and no determined governments to oppose the Persians. Spartans and Athenians and Corinthians had to defend them. They never sent out colonies. And having said all that, I should mention that Boeotians lived within twenty miles of the sea, and Thessalians within thirty.

Sparta, the quintessential land power, the unchallenged master of the land battle, seems to defy the picture of the Greeks as sea people. The Spartans not only lived inland, they were peculiar in every respect. The only polis with mandatory education, with state-regulated marriage, with both persistently authoritarian and at the same time stable government, with restricted access to sacrifices and rites, with prohibition of individual ownership of practically everything, the Spartans were universally recognized by the Greeks themselves as different.

But curiously both Herodotus and Thucydides speak of "the Lacedaemonians and their allies" rather than the "Spartans" when recounting battles. A common expression in Xenophon and Aristotle as well, "the Lacedaemonians and their allies" appears to be a cliché. Who are the Lacedaemonians, then, and who are their allies?

Lacedaemonians were the inhabitants of Laconia, the region surrounding Sparta. And it turns out that the cliché is correct; it turns out that the Spartans rarely, if ever, went to war as Spartans alone, as an army of the ten thousand citizens only. They would rather go into battle taking along the inhabitants of Laconia, the so-called περίοικοι, those who lived around the home. The περίοικοι were Greeks like the Spartans. They had no polis of their own, however, and the Spartans decided for them who their enemies were.

Laconia, the country of the περίοικοι, is actually a sea country, a long and narrow valley on the Peloponnesian coast. Is there in this fact a hint that Sparta may not be so detached from the sea as it appears?

Sparta came to dominate the Peloponnese peninsula after a series of wars during the seventh century with Argos, the ancient city of Agamemnon. In the course of these wars the Spartans subjugated Laconia, and most importantly they gained control over the three main openings of the peninsula to the sea, Pylus in the west, the island of Cythera in the south, and Prasiae in the east. In Thucydides those three are the main objectives of the Athenian offensives, and the

Athenian capture of two of them, Pylus and Cythera, in the first phase of the war, created panic in Sparta.

These, and a few other ports in the Northern Peloponnese, were consistently the "allies" of the expression "the Lacedaemonians and their allies." Sparta, it turns out, was the land power that it was by being secured by sea. Needless to say, the Spartans always maintained control over many ships in the ports of their allies, and, like the maritime poleis, sent out dozens of colonies.

And, once again, Sparta, too, is less than twenty miles from the sea. I am tempted also to note that Sparta's most memorable victories, in the Persian and in the Peloponnesian Wars, were decisively and (even if with unmatched heroism) unambiguously lost on land, and won eventually at sea—when the Persian navy was destroyed first at Salamis and once again later off the coast of Asia Minor, and when the Athenians first lost more than 200 ships in their Sicilian expedition and later 171 more ships in the Northern Aegean. Reduced to a handful of ships, the Athenians capitulated.

Sparta, Boeotia, and Thessaly were socially, politically, and economically an aberration among the Greeks. A fossil of an earlier ethnic distribution, they preserved a vanishing tradition which was struggling (in the case of Sparta successfully) against new times. To Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, and Aristotle, Boeotia and Thessaly appeared simply primitive. Sparta, on the other hand, both when they admired it and when they criticized it, reminded them of the East, of Persia and Egypt. And this is, probably, how we should see Sparta as well: as marginally belonging to Greece, or, perhaps better, as belonging to an earlier age of Greece. Notably, there are no Spartans among the authors of our great books.

There is one last place that I would like to mention: Arcadia, still a byword for shepherds, peace, and tranquility. Arcadia is in the middle of the Peloponnese, in the heart of the Greek landmass. In the time of Herodotus and Thucydides it was inhabited by mountain people, wild, speaking an incomprehensible tongue, eaters of acorn, Delphi's Pythia called them (Her. I,66). In all their countless wars, their neighbors, and Sparta among them, avoided the Arcadians. When they wanted to fight each other, they circumvented Arcadia. Arcadians lived in the mountains until the fourth century, when Thebes, having for the first time in memory defeated the Spartans on land, decided to create in Arcadia a buffer between itself and the Spartans. The Thebans herded the mountain people in the middle of Arcadia and forced them to live in a big city, and that's what they called it: Megalopolis, the big city. Polybius, the third Greek historian, was born in Megalopolis a century

later. But the age of Megalopolis, of Arcadia and big cities inland, was not the age of Greece anymore. Even though he wrote in Greek, Polybius wrote about Rome.

It seems, then, that geographically it should be claimed that Greece is not just on the Mediterranean coast, but in a very strong sense is nothing but the coast, nothing but the littoral of the Mediterranean, which the Greeks called θάλασσα, the sea.

We should probably imagine Greece as seven hundred small islands. Or, perhaps better, as three concentric circles: the sea in the center, the land, and the ocean—or rather the unknown—outside. On the inside of the land, on the coast of the sea, lived the Greeks; inland, blending into the unknown, outside, lived Barbarians. It is a simple, symmetrical picture of a simple and symmetrical world, similar to the depiction on the shield of Achilles. And it is a very Platonic picture, too, and also Aristotelian, of circles and symmetry.

This is the geographical answer that I have to the question where is Greece. And for only a few more minutes I would like to say what this picture suggests to me.

I will begin with a few numbers. A difficult estimate derived from limited data suggests that in the fifth century there were some seven to eight million Greeks in the world. This is seven to eight million people distributed along a coast over 10,000 miles long. And the distance between the southwestern end of the Mediterranean and the northeastern end of the Black Sea is, as the crow flies, well over 3,000 miles, more than the distance between New York and Los Angeles.

Now, these seven to eight million Greeks lived in at least seven hundred, and possibly many more, independent cities. The average number for the population of a polis is in the range of, say, less than 10,000. Plato recommends 5,000 households as the optimal number (*Leg.*, 740e). The Greeks, then, lived in tiny communities, miles away from all other Greek communities, isolated from April until October by long and treacherous sea passages. From October until April, when navigation was impossible, they were totally cut off. They lived on islands surrounded by the sea and Barbarians.

It seems to me an unbelievable picture. What motivated these people? What sustained them in their tiny isolated communities? What made them fiercely independent? What made them belong to some abstract unity of Greeks whom they seldom saw and seldom heard from?

It seems to me that the uniquely Greek phenomenon of the polis is the answer to these questions.

πᾶσα πόλις φύσει ἐστίν, Aristotle says in the *Politics* (1252b31), each polis *is* by nature. And a couple of lines later he repeats and adds: καὶ ὁ ἄνθρωπος φύσει πολιτικὸν ζῷον, not only is the polis by nature, but man also is by nature a polis animal (1253a3). A man without a polis, Aristotle continues, is either a beast or a god (1253a29).

We should take Aristotle seriously when he claims that each city is φύσει, by nature. And we should probably refuse to translate πόλις. Like λόγος, it does not seem translatable.

But we could, perhaps, approach the polis by following the Greek words. There is one root that kept recurring among the Greek words that I had to mention, the root -οικ-, as in οἶκος, one's home. A colony is ἀποικία, a home away; the leader of a colony is an οἰκιστής, a founder of a home; the resident aliens are μέτοικοι, those who are at our home; Sparta's subordinate people are the περίοικοι, those around the home. The dwellings of the gods are οἰκίαι; to inhabit a place is οἰκέω; from Homer to Thucydides all Greece happens to be called οἰκία. And to live in a city is σύνοικέω, to share a home; to be a citizen is σύνοικος; and συνοικία is synonymous with polis.

This is what a polis is. It is home.

There was no distinction in the polis between being a citizen, πολίτης, and taking part in politics, as the word still indicates. If a city had a popular assembly, it was exactly that, the assembly of all citizens. There was no distinction between being a citizen and being a soldier. Anyone under sixty procured his own arms and served, period. I don't know of a record of anyone who ever refused to serve. Aeschylus served, Sophocles led an army, Thucydides led a navy, Socrates was famed for his courage in battle. There were no priests in the cities either. Attending to the gods, taking care of shrines, sacrifices, rites, even discussion of religious dogma, were trivial matters, open to everyone as a matter of course, or rather as matter of nature, φύσει.

The polis had no institutions, in short, that were religious, political, educational—no institutions of any kind, no archives and no bureaucracy. Armies were put together as circumstances required. Children were taught whatever the father's appreciation of tradition suggested. Religious ceremonies were organized by whoever could afford it. Legislation was initiated by real or contrived emergencies; there was no body sitting in sessions, making laws.

The idea of rights of the individual as opposed to the polis would be a misunderstanding. The notion of criminal prosecution, for instance, was never born in the polis. As in the trial of Socrates, an individual had to initiate a case of supposed violation of the body

politic. The notion of someone detached from the polis, opposed to it, independent from it, suggests to Aristotle not individual rights but a beast or a god.

Even in what we would think as economy, the polis as a home motivated the citizens. Which is what the word implies anyway: οἰκονομία is house management. Aristotle says in the *Politics* (1258b1) that in obtaining property only taking care of one's home is honorable, any kind of trade outside the home is unnatural and disreputable. Surprisingly perhaps from our point of view, the rich bore almost exclusively the financial burden of the city. They were required to build and maintain the ships of the city, to organize its religious festivals, to support public building. The poor were maintained at public expense, and proving need was less important than proving citizenship in order to qualify. Dealing with money, profit, increasing production, remained matters alien to the polis, and if they nevertheless occurred, they were the doing of aliens.

If it overgrew itself, a mother-city simply built a new home, an ἀποικία. And like a true home the polis made one feel intimately belonging—cozy, I suppose, may be the right word. In the *Crito*, awaiting his execution in prison, Socrates speaks of Athens with a love that seems to transcend philosophical arguments.

Well, if the polis was home, there were about 700 of them. Geographically they had no center. Geographically the center of Greece was in the sea. Greece was nothing but periphery geographically, many homes without a center.

The history of Greece begins with the foundation dates of independent cities. And I don't know of any other culture whose written history begins with anything but a succession of kings.

In Egypt, in Mesopotamia, in Persia, in the Mycenaean civilization before Greece, there always is a very strong center: a palace or a temple. To one degree or another this center dominates the lives of everybody within its reach. Religiously, the center has prerogatives over the relationship of the community with the divine. In Egypt, in Sumer, in Assyria, the ruler is a direct descendant of the gods, god-like, and all too often god himself. Politically, within the reach of the center, there are only different levels of the ruler's dependents. They work his land, they owe him their labor and the food that their labor grows. They owe him their lives as a matter of course.

Even the little writing that was done in the East was all done in the palace, on the order of the palace, and for the sake of the palace. No writers' names survived in the East because there were no writers in the East, just scribes. The largest collection of writing that has been

unearthed there, some 20,000 clay tablets, contains inventories, ordinances, messages to the gods, and not much else. The collection was in the center, of course, in the palace of the Assyrian king Ashurbanipal.

If the Greek polis had a center at all, it was the ἀγορά, the place where the assembly of the people took place. The market-place also. And from ἀγορά a verb developed: ἀγορεύω, to speak in the assembly, and generally to speak. No wonder that books could be bought in the agora. The book of the philosopher Anaxagoras is the oldest book reported, by Plato in the *Apology*. Sold cheaply, too.

This apotheosis of the Greeks is leading toward freedom, of course. Having no political, no religious, no economic, no cultural center of any kind, feeling at home in their tiny cities, the Greeks discovered freedom. They are slaves to no one, no one rules them, the Chorus answers in *The Persians* (243) when the Persian queen wonders who the Greeks are. Not tied to the land, if they felt uncomfortable in their surroundings, they just sailed away and founded a new home for themselves. Not tied to a divine court and its rule, they began questioning the divine, questioning nature itself, proving theorems, and so on. The fact that the Greeks discovered freedom, I take it, is all around us.

But freedom is ἐλευθερία in Greek. And ἐλευθερία has also the disturbing meaning of manumission, of letting a slave go free.

If the Greeks discovered freedom, this implies that no one was free before, not even pharaoh, owning all Egypt. Thinking of philosophy, mathematics, things like that, we can probably appreciate such an idea. But if freedom is also necessarily in opposition to slavery, does that mean that the Greeks discovered slavery, too?

I think that it does.

The rise of the polis was typically accompanied by legislation against debt-bondage. Outlawing debt-bondage was the cornerstone of Solon's laws, for instance. Debt-bondage was the practice of offering oneself, one's own person, as security on a loan. Default, then, meant bondage. Debt-bondage remained trivial practice in the East and contributed substantially to creating populations that were tied to the land as a group.

The abolition of debt-bondage in the Greek polis enhanced enormously the privilege of being a citizen. It created the unprecedented phenomenon of poor but free people, for instance. But it had the effect also of robbing the citizens, more or less all of them landowners, of an easy opportunity to labor less than their fields demanded. The solution was chattel slavery.

The image of the Greeks as slave-owners should not be exaggerated. The polis was never anything but a community of small-holders. But the more a small-holder perceived himself as superior to Barbarians, and the more he appreciated the superiority of his ships, sword, and ideas, the more likely he was to own a slave or two.

And not having obedient subjects to build pyramids for it, the polis kept its projects small. But still, it did have some projects, and since the citizens were busy discussing public matters in the market-place, the polis relied more and more on slaves for its projects. Athens maintained no standing army, but had a police force of a thousand, all of them Scythian slaves, replenished as need required. The citizens abhorred the idea of taxes, and being the government themselves, taxes no one but aliens. The treasury of a big polis like Athens, then, had to rely on the production of public mines worked by tens of thousands of slaves. All record keeping, temple maintenance, harbor repairs, construction of new walls, was done by slaves.

Enslaving entire populations and conquering other peoples might not have appealed to the citizens of the polis. But they discovered chattel slavery, the counting of a few men or women among one's belongings, and they appreciated it enough to make it trivial.

Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle take slavery for granted. Aristotle also takes it to be by nature, φύσει. But there are more disturbing instances. In his *Ways and Means* (IV, 13-32), Xenophon proposes that the city of Athens purchase enough slaves (three per capita, to be exact) and put them to work in mines so as to ensure free maintenance for all Athenians. Athenians then, whether merchants or philosophers (V, 3), Xenophon says, would be happier.

There is also a speech by Lysias (24.6), the orator ridiculed in the *Phaedrus*, in which a poor fellow argues in the popular assembly that he deserves free maintenance, on the grounds that he is not rich enough to buy a slave.

How well the discovery of chattel slavery was liked may be judged, perhaps, by the letter that a few centuries later a minor philosopher, Libanius, wrote to the Roman authorities (*Or.* 31.11). He asked for money, pleading the poverty of the scholars in his school, who could barely afford, he said, three slaves each.

So when Plato and Aristotle suggest that philosophy requires leisure, this may be a disturbing thought.

But I don't want to finish on this gloomy note. Both Plato and Aristotle suggest also that curiosity is the source of philosophy. And I'd rather finish with an image of curiosity. It is the image I have of Heraclitus of Ephesus, one of the first philosophers.

We know little of Heraclitus. He wrote no books, it seems. He had no students. He avoided the market-place. He never married. He never left Ephesus. So what did he do?

Heraclitus is the first philosopher who survived in a number of fragments—131, most of them complete sentences. And among Heraclitus' seventy to eighty sentences the names of three contemporaries of his are mentioned, Pythagoras among them. Now how in the world did Heraclitus get to know of his contemporaries?

The sea was the only medium of communication, of course. Ephesus was an important city of perhaps thirty thousand. But how many ships would dock at the self-sufficient Ephesus every year, April through October? Ten? Maybe twenty? Just possibly thirty? Now, how many of these ships may have come from another self-sufficient city, Croton, at the other end of the world, in Italy, a city of hardly more than twenty thousand, where Pythagoras had established his school? One every year? One every ten years? One during Heraclitus' entire lifetime? And could any of the sailors, or more likely pirates, could any of them really have known, or cared about, Pythagoras?

The only way that I can imagine is a Heraclitus obsessed with curiosity. A Heraclitus talking to every sailor on every ship. Going from sailor to sailor, instructing them one by one to ask any sailor, in any port where they might stop, and to ask them, too, to ask other sailors, so that if any of them happen to come to Ephesus, they might know something, anything, to tell Heraclitus.

I imagine Heraclitus sitting on the docks, staring into the distance.

Two Poems by Sandra Hoben

Odysseus and Calypso

He didn't go willingly. He laughed
when she suggested building a raft
and sailing back to Ithaca;

and poured more wine,
stoking the fire, which cast
their shadows on the thick rugs.

He had everything: a goddess,
her fertile island, the sun
coming out of the sea each morning

like a small animal searching
for food. The nights were endless,
her body stronger than a man's.

Suspending himself above pain and death,
he drank her immortality and looked out
over the sea through her gray eyes.

He stood speechless while she
hacked down her favorite grove,
lashed the logs together then pointed

for him to board and sail alone
across the infinite sea with a few meals
of water and dry bread,

to live out the last painful years
as king of a land that didn't need him,
beside a woman with liver-colored spots

on her hands, her memory fading
like clothes hung so long in the harsh Aegean sun
that she no longer knew his name.

St. John's College

That's where we should have met,
thirty years ago. The worst
that could have happened—
I would have rolled away from you

to light a cigarette.
Or beat you at a game of chess.
And though you wouldn't have inhaled,
we could have tried a little dope:

We could have read Marx together
and Hobbes, and while we wouldn't have understood
taxes yet, we could have explored together
the idea of taxes.

Sandra Hoben, a graduate of the College, has published a volume of poetry, *Snow Flowers*, with the Westigan Press. These poems are from her latest collection, *Stage Money*, which was a finalist in this year's Brittingham Prize at the University of Wisconsin Press. Her poems have appeared earlier in the *Review*.

Book Review: Two New Books by Alumni

Eva T. H. Brann

Neal O. Weiner. *The Harmony of the Soul: Mental Health and Moral Virtue Reconsidered.* Albany: State University of New York Press, 1993.

Grant P. Wiggins. *Assessing Student Performance: Exploring the Purpose and Limits of Testing.* San Francisco: Jossey-Bass Publishers, 1993.

Yielding to the influence of our context-conscious age, I sometimes play the game — to my credit be it said, half-heartedly — of trying to ferret out the facts of authors' biographies from their writings. In the case of the two books here to be reviewed I think I could have guessed that they were alumni of St. John's or some similar school (a small field), even if I had not known both of them as students.

I am not sure the college can claim credit for the virtues the books seem to me to have in common, those the Greeks called *sophrosyne*, "sound mindedness," and *phronesis*, "mindfulness," — sanity and thoughtfulness. There is, however, a mode of inquiry they share that *is* recognizable as an intended result of the Program. In both books the intellectual tradition is employed to sustain as well as to subvert the current condition. Both authors move fluently across the millennia and use their learning to appreciate and to criticize the present situation. To put it more sharply, both authors appear on the surface to be attuned to the going pieties in their area of interest, and both tactfully turn them upside down to effect an adaptive recovery of old truths.

There is one more rare excellence both books display for which the college can take little credit — more's the pity. Both are written in humane, communicative, and vigorous English.

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Neal Weiner's *Harmony of the Soul* offers a "reconstruction" of ancient virtue for modern life. It seems, as a matter of fact, to fit into a current tendency of which Alasdair McIntyre (who lectured in Annapolis some years age) is a leader. There is now a trend to recover antique conceptions of virtue as a counter both to the rule-governed rationalistic morality of modernity (p. 14) and the groundlessness of postmodernity. But Weiner's book is the least tendentious imaginable. Though he takes respectful account of current writing, his book is manifestly the issue of intensely personal experience and reflection. It is the very opposite of an intellectual exercise in staying current. Not that it is unduly personal — it preserves a dignified distance of tone. The resulting combination of palpable personal conviction and presentational prudence is one of the attractions of the book.

The mode of inquiry Weiner has chosen is expressive of these characteristics. He presents a strong, even repulsive thesis, "the worst possible news for the human spirit." He posits it, however, not in the mode of a thesis but of a hypothesis, a conjecture or likelihood whose consequences are to be worked on an "as if" basis. The conjecture is that

> human consciousness is a thoroughly natural thing and that we are mere parts of nature, not as different from the rest of animate nature as it has flattered us to think. (p. 1)

The project then becomes to find a way to reconcile our brute nature and our human goodness, or, in more conventional terms, to compose the notorious fact–value opposition. The bridging notion will be the "harmony of the soul." It is a theory of human health as psychological balance, such that even under merely natural conditions, that is to say, in the absence of any transcendence, "only the best would follow." One way to put Weiner's aim is this. He wants to test an understanding that construes human nature as continuous with the whole of nature, requiring no extrinsic teleology to define its proper goodness. The naturalistic term for "good" is, of course, "healthy." Weiner wants to see if he can delineate a sound-mindedness whose picture jibes with ordinary notions of goodness.

This endeavor is carried out in three parts of geometrically ascending lengths, "The Body," "The Soul," and "The Good."

Physical health is understood as an evolutionary and social adaptation of a functionally integral body to its tasks. Health is therefore relative to situation, but in a given time and place it is a knowable entity. "It is a tattered, empirical ideal, but autonomous and natural" (p. 37).

Psychic health is, again, a very broadly conceived sort of functional

ideal, the soul in a condition of balanced adequacy. I would like to point out here that it takes some courage these days to use the word "soul" in a publication expecting to be taken seriously by the philosophical and psychological professions. As Bruno Bettelheim pointed out a decade ago in *Freud and Man's Soul* (1983), Freud's English translators betrayed his humane intentions by systematically erasing the original German references to soul in favor of the more technical-sounding "psyche" or the more intellectual-sounding "mind." Weiner is doing a good deed of terminological recovery in his bold use of the word soul. Like Freud, Weiner intends to strike a tone of humaneness; like Freud he intends no overtone of transcendence; like Freud he evades an essential definition. The index will send an interested reader to whole sections and then to "Human Nature" and "Self." I found nothing explicit.

My guess is that Weiner would say that it is pure Platonic prejudice always to demand to know what an entity is before being willing to be told how it functions well. And I would agree, but with the proviso that to go along with this book for the practical wisdom it offers is to reconfigure it from a pure inquiry into a handbook, an enchiridion in the antique sense, that is to say, a book prescriptive of conduct. I mean that not as a criticism but as an admiring observation.

In respect to "soul" Weiner considers first behavior, then motivation. Under the naturalistic hypotheses the central motivational mechanism is pleasure, which is, in certain circumstances, the relief of pain. Pleasure is presupposed to be harmoniously related to naturally and socially adaptive behavior. By and large, well-functioning feels pleasant. We are naturally sound and originally well.

"What then makes an individual sick?" Weiner's answer seems to me to be at the credal heart, as it is at the literal center, of his work. Mental sickness is *anxiety.*

Anxiety, objectless fear and indeterminately directed worry, is recognized by Nietzsche, Freud, and Heidegger as the mark of Cain branding modernity. Weiner takes his analysis of this illness largely from Freud, and then proceeds, in the name of moral responsibility, to stand Freud's concept of the unconscious on its head.

Anxiety is, more specifically, self-condemnation on a level too deep for self-conscious recognition. Hence the concept of anxiety requires an unconscious to which guilt-inducing experiences are relegated or "repressed." Weiner accords Freud's unconscious the "purgation, simplification and resurrection" it needs (p. 86). Instead of being understood as a demon-like alien agency or place within us, that is, topologically, the unconscious is taken as an evidential fact, phenom-

enologically. It is not placed as a power within the soul but observed as a

> commonplace phenomenon. It can be understood as nothing more than the familiar but puzzling mental state called "self-deception." (p. 88)

Here then is the bridge between pathology and responsibility. The Freudian unconscious was a moral convenience, a locus of self-serving ignorance. Weiner's resurrection of a harmonious soul returns responsibility for self-knowledge to the conscious individual. In particular, all the neurotic or false or dysfunctional pleasures which, being intended to relieve anxiety, constitute mental illness, become accessible to self-therapy (p. 147).

Once again, Weiner has emphatically sidestepped a foundational question, this time the question of the existence of self-condemnation as a deep and determinative human affect (p. 84). Not everyone's introspection will yield the same sense of the cause of anxiety. For my own part, I am convinced that guilt-feelings are the residue of wilfully unexpiated guilt, and that at some point we are meant to decide either to rectify our post-original sins (mostly stupidities) or to fold them away in our memory of exhausted facts. Yet also once again, there is much to be learned by going along, particularly in the last long section on the Good, where the practical, prescriptive conclusions are drawn.

Weiner now introduces another and a very sensible hypothesis, that of "rough decency" as a basic inclination of human nature to compassion. It is not a rational moral principle but a psychological, affective force, "a part of the original configuration of pleasures (p. 115). This pre-rational morality (to employ a contradiction in terms) is identified by Weiner with ancient — Aristotelian — virtue, for like virtue it has a structure conformable to mental health, as vice has to illness.

Weiner urges a turn away from rule-ridden legalistic morality and a return to spontaneous psychological virtue. All that is needed to achieve "the union of spontaneity and goodness" (p. 125) that is true happiness is to rid ourselves of anxiety, so that "primitive virtue" that is, rough decency, may surface.

The task that then remains is to establish and to trace out naturalistic routes first to self-knowledge (with its concomitants, freedom and conscience) and finally to ethical knowledge. Under the naturalistic hypotheses, self-knowledge is knowledge of one's own true desires, and ethical knowledge is not primarily dialectical but persuasive. Weiner is here preaching what he has all along practiced. The final chapter, in which these points are made, is much richer in observation and analysis than this summary conveys.

Anti-foundationalism is yet another tendency of the day. Weiner's approach is in this spirit in a double sense. He presents as an exercise in the "as if" mode reflections that turn into the most earnest practical — in fact therapeutic — prescriptions. And he invites us to assume, without theoretical underpinning, the existence as well as the meaning of a number of entities, for example, the soul, primitive virtue, and, above all, nature. In the context of the *Harmony of the Soul* nature is

> represented most poignantly in the human being by the body, and the body is a moral presence as desire — as the collection of what are called the "bodily desires," which is really the collection of *all* desires insofar as they stem from the natural forces that have made us. Whoever understands these desires ... is thought to possess a kind of knowledge worth calling "wisdom." (p. 7)

And this is surely a perfectly sensible, but not at all a necessarily true, version of human nature, whose glory it may well be that it is fundamentally unharmonious. At any rate, the point is that Weiner evades all foundational claim-making and argumentation in order to get the sooner to the coherent and healthful consequences of his hypotheses and its attendant assumptions. It is the sound-mindedness of this enterprise that is its justification.

One last time it must be said that Weiner has adopted a mode without joining a trend. What I mean is that, far from displaying a postmodern taste for groundlessness, he has simply chosen a fitting way to communicate the reflective and wise result of a vital personal experience.

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Public preoccupation in education used to change with the generations, every quarter century or so. Then every decade brought a new issue. And now a novel notion agitates the educational establishment quinquennially. The current obsession is "assessment," and though the excitement may pass, its institutional residue is bound to last quite a while. Among the hypotheses of the assessment movement are these: (1) This country needs the kind of education that results in nationally assessable outcomes. (2) Assessing students improves institutions from primary school to college. There is a great likelihood that under the coming assessment regime schools of all degrees will become more homogenized, but there is no assurance that they will become better. A lay person would have thought that to improve education one would

first of all address the learning of students. Such approaches are, however, always small-scale and consequently maladapted to the intentions of a regulative bureaucracy. They seem to have receded into the background in the current preoccupation with "accountability."

Having read my fill of the periodical literature on the subject, I would have expected the worst of a whole book on assessing student performance. Grant Wiggins's book is, it turns out, a glorious disappointment. He shows how assessment can be a benign and even necessary element of learning.

The title of the first, introductory, chapter sets the tone. One of its sections is called "Assessment *versus* Testing" (my italics). Let me quote some key sentences:

> *Assess* is a form of the Latin verb *assidere*, to "sit with." In an assessment, one "sits with" the learner. It is something we do *with* and *for* the student, not something we do *to* the students [p. 14]. ... The assessor tries to ferret out all of what the student knows and can do by various means [p. 16]. ... At the very least, assessment requires that we come to know the student in action [p. 17].

Wiggins's chief complaints against testing as the main instrument of assessment are that tests tailor the task to the tester's need to get a score and that they are systematically unresponsive to the individual learner. What Wiggins is mindful of — and what educational officialdom is unmindful of — is the *educational* function of assessment properly understood as that attentiveness to students' learning which emphasizes overt production of some sort, that is, daily performance. Tests subvert this function in a way Wiggins feels entitled to regard as immoral. The main issue of the Introduction is therefore the morality of testing. The reason that tests are dubiously moral is Kantian. They invariably treat the child as an object; they show it disrespect,

> because a test, by its design, is an artifice whose audience is an outsider, whose purpose is ranking, and whose methods are reductionist and insensitive. (p. 7)

The Introduction consequently ends with an "Assessment Bill of Rights" that details the rubrics of respect for students. Its nine articles can be summarized by saying that assessment should be as humane in the largest sense as possible. I might go so far as to offer our oral examinations, especially the senior essay oral as an exemplification of the ode of assessment Wiggins's Bill of Rights calls for: a worthwhile common inquiry in the course of which, under the guidance of models of excellence, the student gets to take up questions, justify answers,

and hear contrary opinions. (I must, however, report that Grant has told me in a private letter that he missed detailed feed-back while he was a student, and he may well be right. Sometimes our watchful non-intervention goes over into simple slackness.) The second chapter asks: "Assessment of *What?*" Recalling the horrible example of Meno, the memorizer, Wiggins delineates a liberal sort of learning that is the opposite of thoughtless mastery — if there is such a thing. Thoughtful mastery is the object of sound assessment, but it is evident that there are dilemmas here, and Wiggins makes them explicit. For example, liberal learning requires not only skill but also what Wiggins calls "intellectual character," very nearly what Aristotle would call "intellectual virtue." Intellectual character includes both discipline and independence. It ought therefore to be assessed in ways that are "enabling, fair, and responsive." Wiggins accords such modes of examination in the title of "Socratic tact." He concludes with nine Postulates of thoughtful assessment, which include detailed desiderata: Students should have a chance to justify their understanding. They should be presented with good models and feed-back, and be judged by non-arbitrary criteria. They should engage in self-assessment, and be performers and not mere spectators of learning. They should develop their individual "voice," and be assessed through their questions as well as their answers. They should be encouraged to articulate critically the limits of the theories they have learned, and have their intellectual virtue taken into account.

The remaining six chapters amplify these ideas through an abundance of conceptual explications, applicable experiences, and imaginative examples.

Assessing Student Performance is therefore an eminently *practical* book. Grant Wiggins understands what the educational establishments seems to be professionally prevented from apprehending — that with respect to humane learning, efficiency is the enemy of practicality. How I wish that this book might gain some influence!

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One Man's Meter

Elliott Zuckerman

Part 1

I spent much of my high-school and college years in the noisy and uneven trains of the Interborough Rapid Transit System. The full name, as you have just heard, constitutes a good line of iambic pentameter with a feminine ending—the *Interbor*ough *Rap*id *Tran*sit *Sy*stem—but it was nevertheless known for short as the I R T. According to an antiphonal ditty that is now known only by aging New Yorkers, the I R T was, along with its sister subway, the B M T, one of the routes on which you Could Not Get To Heaven.[1] The New York City subways did, however, take you anywhere else that could conceivably be of interest.

The borough I commuted *from* was Brooklyn, where I dwelt in a neighborhood called Crown Heights. My streets were just to the west of the area that has recently been in the news. My neighborhood was identifiable as the location of Ebbets Field, whose outfield was visible from the roof of my apartment house, and the Brooklyn Museum, on whose imposing frieze I first encountered the names and figures of Socrates, Zoroaster, Lao-Tse, and Saint Paul.[2] Behind the Museum stretched the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. It was there, in the appropriate setting of nature controlled and manicured by artifice, that I began to read poetry. More accurately, I should refer to what I did as *intoning verse*—for the poets I recited more or less out loud were Edgar Allan Poe, Algernon Charles Swinburne, and others more noted for what was glibly called the "music" of their verse than for what was, with

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This was the Homecoming Lecture in Annapolis on October 1, 1994.

[1]The B M T, of course, provided the first and famous verse:

Oh you can't get to heaven
On the B M T
For the B M T
Will be emp TEE...

but at least in my linguistically advanced crowd other verses were composed, the point of which was that they were pointless.

[2]There was no guide to pronunciation, and some of my initial construals have remained with me. I remember wondering about the chiseled U in HAMMVRABI. They were all, I realize now, law-givers, prophets, and founders of religions. On the main building of the nearby Gardens were inscribed botanists, some of them obscure. I knew foreigners who found it characteristically American to label buildings in that way, like our preference for written-out road signs instead of the international symbols, and our invention of the talking T-shirt.

like glibness, called their "thought." They tended to have three names.

I intoned another poet, also not of the highest rank, but quieter and less ornate. Within the Garden there was a particularly pleasant section that was known until the end of 1941 as Japanese. As part of the War Effort it was renamed Oriental. It featured an avenue of flowering cherry trees. I think of it now as having been *metrical*—which is to say that the trees were planted equidistantly from one another. The distances had once been measured by the planter and could still be paced out by the walker. If the rows had been wider apart and repeated, it would have qualified as an example of the best of all those groves in which we show our agricultural talents: the *orchard*. The orch-yard is a kind of orchestra, and the orchestra was, as you know, the space where the members of the Greek Chorus danced. When they recited, the chorus members probably stood apart from one another at equal intervals, like the living pillars in Baudelaire's natural temple—articulate evergreens in a pine-forest, or perhaps columns in a man-made space, like those, striped in red and white, that support the arches in the Grand Mosque at Cordoba. Trees and columns and arches: as the language of art-criticism reminds us, we can *look* at rhythms as well as hear them. But when looking we have to keep our eyes open and our heads still.

At the time of my intoning I took the cherry trees in Brooklyn to be indistinguishable from those that had been the subject, fifty years earlier, of a famous poem by A. E. Housman. Housman does not describe his trees; the poem depicts nothing except their color and something akin to the rhythm of their arrangement.[3] The titleless stanzas come early in the collection named for an anonymous and almost featureless Shropshire Lad, and meant, I think, to be spoken by one:

[1] Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough.
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

5 Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

9 And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

[3]Housman's poem is of course very much better than what at the time was the world's most famous poem about trees, which happens to be in the same meter and to have the same rhyme-scheme as Housman's, and also starts out with the notion of loveliness, but goes on to say *too much* about its tree, for each image contradicts the others. Some of the worst poems in our language have been inspired by dendrophilia. I knew the song-setting of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," often sung at our piano. I therefore set Housman's poem to music, without knowing that other poetic and musical teenagers had also done so. My setting was for tenor and piano.

Housman devoted most of his scholarly life to producing an edition in five volumes of Manilius, a Latin author who has never made it into a list of Great Books. In spite of long years of careful and presumably brilliant emendation, Housman described his subject as "a facile and frivolous poet, the mightiest facet of whose genius was an eminent aptitude for doing sums in verse." The middle stanza of the poem before us could easily represent Housman's bid for the same distinction in English.[4] Soon we shall look at the prosody of that stanza. Meanwhile, I do hope that the *meaning* of it does not have to be explained. Just in case the first couplet of the stanza presents a difficulty, the second couplet says the same things again. The poem used to be set as a high-school test of reading comprehension. The question about the middle stanza was "How old is the poet?"

Before we look at metrical details, I should say that I find that the only question of semantic interpretation lies in the final word of the poem, and even there I may be seeking out ambiguity. Do we take "snow" as an easy figure for the stuff of white blossoms, or does it refer literally to *snow*? When reading the poem aloud I had to choose between these interpretations—I chose the first—for they require different patterns of intonation for the final line, and it is impossible to straddle them. Here are the two interpretations:

> (1) Premise: The cherries are in bloom. Second premise: I have only fifty years left. The conclusion: I'll go look at them.
>
> (2) Premise: The cherries are in bloom. Second premise: I have only fifty years left. The conclusion: I'll go look at the trees in the winter, too.

The second interpretation, with real snow, requires the emphasis on the final word:

> About the woodlands I will go
> To see the cherry hung with *snow.*

But the first interpretation is much the likelier, as well as being the

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[4] I recently came across a stanza recorded about 1615, probably decades older, in which Tom o'Bedlam recites the following madness:

> Of thirty bare years have I
> twice twenty bin enraged,
> & of forty bin
> three tymes fifteene
> in durance soundlie caged...

The alignment is meant to reflect the view that the verse is a proto-limerick, b the third and fourth lines are set as a single third line, the resemblance to Hou even more strongly suggests that there is a history of what could be called arithm quatrains in English.

less fancy. It is, in fact, of some interest that the plainer reading is the one that takes the ambiguous word *figuratively*. But it is hard to work up much more interest in that final word, largely because both interpretations rest on an assumption that is psychologically unlikely. I wonder how many twenty-year-olds who are expecting a normal life-span are likely to be seriously worried that they don't have all that many years left for looking. It is granted that most of the lads in Housman's Shropshire are destined to die young. But in the case of the cherry-tree watcher I fail to find room for irony in his confidence that he will enjoy a full seventy years. If I am missing something important about the poem, I hope someone will set me straight, for the poem ought to mean more than I have mentioned. Not only did the poet place it second in his collection, but it has since been included in any number of anthologies.

Meanwhile, if it is only the end of the poem that provides any ambiguity of meaning, it is interesting that it is also only there that the poem reaches—or succumbs to—complete metrical regularity. Only there do both rhyming lines have four full iambs:

> ˘ / ˘ / ˘ / ˘ /
> About the woodlands I will go
> ˘ / ˘ / ˘ / ˘ /
> To see the cherry hung with snow.

The entire third stanza would be perfectly regular if it weren't for the line that begins with the word "fifty," lacking an opening upbeat:

> ˘ / ˘ / ˘ / ˘ /
> And since to look at things in bloom
> / ˘ / ˘ / ˘ /
> Fifty springs are little room...

We do leave a little room for that missing upbeat, of course. It is one of the truths about rhythm that we can't utter a downbeat without a preceding upbeat, just as we can't exhale without inhaling first.[5] Still, it does matter a little whether or not the upbeat is actually sounded. That it is not sounded here places emphasis on the word "fifty," just as, at the same place in the second stanza, the word "twenty" is emphasized. Our other number, "seventy," on the other hand, acquires its distinction from the extra syllable that must unobtrusively be slipped in, "seven" being our only disyllabic digit. If there is undeniably a music of numbers, there is also a music of the names of numbers. Making poetic capital of the equation Twenty plus Fifty

[5] I have eschewed the terms "arsis" and "thesis," which have hopelessly exchanged meanings at various times.

equals Seventy may rival in its way the profound judgment, in the realm of philosophy, that Seven and Five equals Twelve.

What happens at the lines beginning with "twenty" and "fifty" is not the same as what happens at the beginning of line five:

Now of my threescore years and ten...

—I am assuming that "Now" takes an opening stress. But that line does have its full quota of syllables. It is just that—as is very often the case in iambic lines—the opening iamb (da-*dum*) is replaced by a trochee (*da*-dum). We are still given the material for saying the iamb "now *of*." Any handbook about meter will tell you when an iamb is replaced by a trochee. What is at the same time never made explicit, and what I ask you to observe now, is that the *stress* remains in the *same place*. When one stresses the downbeat of the trochee "now," the stress occurs right where it would have occurred on the word "of," if one had chosen to say an iambic "now *of*."

The lack of clarity in this example is owing to the fact that one *can* also say "now *of*," or, to put it another way, that the metrical shift is not sufficiently clear-cut. When contemplating this weakness, I was forced back over the rest of the poem, and discovered that semantically the "now" that starts the second stanza uncomfortably repeats the "now" that ends the first line. Should we suspect the earlier "now" of being necessary for the sake of the rhyme? And is the second "now" *supposed* to be wavering between the temporal and the resumptive? These doubts serve to show that metrical questions often lead to fresh questions about content.

In any event, let me switch to another couplet where an opening iamb has been converted to a trochee, this time unambiguously. Here, in the same meter (and coincidentally with a similar rhyme) is a couplet of Andrew Marvell's:

[2] My vegetable love should grow

Vaster than empires and more slow...

We are concerned only with the first halves of the lines. Later we'll pick up on the secondary stress that amusingly extends the adjective "vegetable." Right now we are listening to the assertive trochaic conversion that begins the second line. If the line had opened with the regular iamb, it could have gone like this:

[3] My vegetable love should grow
Ás vást ás émpires...

When "as VAST" is changed to "VASTer" we do not lose any syllables, and to my sense of rhythm the "VAST" in "VASTer" is in the same place as the "VAST" in "as VAST." Since this is one of my main points, I'll say it still another way: The "VAST" of "VASTer" is still on the downbeat, and we breathe or think an unspoken upbeat for it, just as we did in the Housman poem for "fifty" and "twenty." The only difference between the defective lines and the line with the reversal is in the number of syllables *between* the initial downbeat and the next stress.

It should be helpful to compare all the lines in question. For the sake of the timing, in each instance I include the preceding line:

[4] (a) And since to look at things in bloom
Fífty springs are little room...

(b) My vegetable love should grow
Ás vást ás Émpires, and more slow...

(c) My vegetable love should grow
Vástěr thán Émpires, and more slow...

(d) Fífty springs...
Ás vást ás Émpires...
Vástěr thán Émpires...
(Nów óf mỳ three...)

Marvell's couplet was not chosen at random. Soon afterward in the poem there are some famous lines that ask to be compared with Housman's:

[5] An hundred years should go to praise
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead gaze.
Two hundred to adore each Breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest...

The numbering here is beyond arithmetic; and there is more than

hyperbole in the unexpected geometric leap.

But we must return once more to the Housman poem, because we have not yet reached the *beginning* of it. We started with the final word, a kind of rhetorical climax, such as it is. But metrically it is the very opening of the poem that is most memorable. It is, in fact, so arresting that it sustains the rest of the poem, and carries it right into the anthologies. Nothing later on matches the musical call-to-attention.

The poem starts out with a metrical conversion of the "*vast*er than" or "*Now* of my" sort. But when we count "loveliest" as trisyllabic, then there are not two but three unstressed syllables between the downbeat and the next stress:

[6] Now of my three...
Love-li-est of trees...

Since the scansion requires that there be only two, we can reduce the middle syllable to a semivowel:

[7] Love-lyest of trees...

But whether it be a trochee or a dactyl, "loveliest" stands in place of the iamb asked for by the meter, as the meter might be in the following line, where I have kept the final sound of "loveliest" but stressed the syllable:

[8] The best of trees, the cherry now...

Move from there to this mis-stressed version—to hear what's happening we must dare to distort:

[9] Love(l)yest of trees...

And from there to the correctly stressed but disyllabic

[10] Love(l)yest of trees...

—which corresponds to "*Now* of my *three*", and finally to the poem itself:

[11] Love-li-est of trees...

Substituting for the standard meter

[12] u / u / u / u /

we have not simply the still usual

[13] / u u / u / u /

but the remarkable

[14] / u u u / u / u /

Part II

In everything that has been noted so far I have taken for granted an underlying meter, which was easy to deduce even though the poem begins irregularly. Here it is represented on the page—it can be spoken using "da" for the unstressed and "dum" for the stressed syllables, a familiar "da-*dum*":

[15] u / u / u / u /
u / u / u / u /
u / u / u / u /
u / u / u / u /

Four lines of verse with four stresses in each line. Notice that I have represented the stresses as equidistant on the page—as though charting an avenue of trees—and suggesting that the soundings of them should be equidistant in time, isochronous or isochronal. I am representing the meter itself, not any particular rendition of a verse that is, as we say, *in* that meter. Even the rendition of the meter in nonsense-syllables is already a particularization, for those syllables aren't entirely tuneless. The stresses are the same—though the placement of the short syllables is not the same—as they are in the couplets of four-beat nursery rhymes:

[16] One, two, buckle my shoe.
Three, four, knock at the door...

Or, if you consider those lines not four-beat lines but pairs of two-beat lines:

[17] Eeny, meeny, miney, mo...

Or, if you think we're being irrelevantly trochaic:

[18] One, two! One, two! then through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack...

Remember that the opening numbers here are meant to be a pair of iambs,[6] and we're back to Housman's meter. It is hard to recite nursery rhymes or comic ballads without showing the isochronality of the stresses. But the stresses can be spaced similarly evenly in more solemn verse, even though the performance need not be quite so insistent.

Taken alone, without considering the meter of the rest of the poem, the opening line of Housman's poem could easily be construed as having five stresses, with an official stress on the third syllable of "loveliest":

[19] Love-li-est of trees, the cherry now...

If we provide the line with a sounded opening upbeat, we have a full and normal iambic pentameter, the staple meter for English poems that are neither nursery, comic, nor ballad-like:

[20] The loveliest of trees, the cherry now...

In an idle moment I have gone on to stretch the other lines of Housman's quatrain into pentameter, as in example 21. The expansion of line three—the standing in tears—owes something to the sadness of Ruth in the Ode to a Nightingale; and in line four I couldn't help completing for the celibate Housman the incipient suggestion of marriage. It is in anticipation of such desecrations that I chose a mediocre poem to work on. Yet there really is no good reason why we shouldn't perform such experiments on the most sacred passages of poetry, just as we can profitably tamper with the tunes of Mozart and Bach, hoping to understand how they work or come closer to spotting where the mystery lies. Anyway, a well-made melody can easily survive a temporary dislocation:

[21] The loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is pendulate with bloom along the bough
And stands in tears about the woodland ride
Wearing a bridle white for Eastertide.

A good deal that is new emerges simply from the change in meter itself. Notice, for example, that with a bit more formality of expression we would be bordering on the end-stop couplets of the eighteenth century. Which is to say that now the tendency is to wait at the end

[6]Compare the separate stresses—"one,two,"—in example 16 with the iambic "one-*twos*" of example 18.

of each line—to wait metrically, for what amounts to the beat of a sixth stress. It is as though the stresses asked to be paired. When there are four in a line, as in Housman's tetrameter, we can go straight on. When there are five, the fifth stress expects its silent partner, a sixth. You may feel that I have exaggerated the definite counting-out of all this. But I hope it will at least be granted that each meter has its own character.

Part III

That meters have their own character is one of the main points of this lecture. The other is that once a meter is established, the metrical stresses in each line have what may be thought of as their established places. I would like to examine each of these assertions a little further.

For the first, let us return to the established meter of the Housman poem, which is pictured back in Example 15. But this time, instead of expanding into pentameter, let us subtract, starting with the omission of the last foot of the even lines:

[22] u / u / u / u /
u / u / u /
u / u / u / u /
u / u / u /

Now we have the most common of ballad meters, most common in both popular ballads and literary imitations. Housman himself seems to have preferred this form, a preference not surprising in a poet who, when asked about his influences, listed not only the songs of Shakespeare but Heinrich Heine and the Scottish Border Ballads. About this meter let me call your attention to something so obvious that it is seldom registered in the discussion of verse. It is that we still have the same lengths—in musical terms, the same number of measures—as we had in the sixteen-foot meter. No doubt there are many ways a reader or reciter can perform a common ballad. There is one way, however, that is rhythmically impossible, and that is to go right on from the short line to the next without a pause, as in this rendition of Example 22:

u / u / u / u /
u / u / u / (go right on)
u / u / u / u /
u / u / u /

There are annoying people who sometimes show up at song fests. After one phrase of the song seems to them to end, they begin singing the

next phrase without waiting for the first phrase really to finish, without waiting the amount of time required by the meter—as though the musical time was in session only when the tune of the song was actually being sounded. I think even *those* people feel compelled to wait the required foot-length at the end of the second and fourth lines of the meter in Example 22.

Let's attach the meter to a poem. Though I was tempted by some rousing ballads—and even by a purple cow—I owe it to you at last to give you something better. So here's one of the most beautiful lyrics in the language, Wordsworth on the loss of Lucy:

[23] She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

It has some kinship with the Housman poem. There is something that borders on counting, and, although there are two similes, they are confined to the middle stanza. The last stanza is imageless, and it is one sign of its beauty that when speaking it we want to leave a lot of space. Space and silence are required by the plainness, and by the combination of exclamation and understatement:

[24] But she is in her grave—and oh—
The difference—to me—

When contemplating the pauses in the poem, one should distinguish between those that belong to performance and those that are *required* by the meter. What, for example, allows us to postpone the last foot of the next-to-last line?—so much so that a listener might mistake it for the opening of the final line? And what has happened to the second stress in the final line, the metrical stress on the last syllable of the word "difference"? *Where* are the stresses in that poignantly laconic ending?

For now, let us continue with the subtraction from the original four times four. This time we'll end *every* line with a rest, and for the embodiment in a poem we can return to Housman, who, in a famous Shropshire lament, has lost not one Lucy but a whole crowd of lads and maidens, all of them nameless:

[25] With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

As with most of the poems that take me back to the Botanic Garden, it would be morally useful to analyze the factitiousness of the sentiment. How seriously are we to take the difference between the fate of the boys and the fate of the girls? But in this lecture I only have to note the metrically important fact that we still have sixteen feet per stanza—that now *every* line carries a rest. One could easily be driven to some theory about the evenness or dupleness that we seem to require in our verse-meters, just as we do in our dances. But whenever I delve into that matter, I rediscover the truths that we walk with two feet, and that two is an even number.

There's not enough time to ring *all* the changes of what happens when we leave off various measures of the original quatrain. So far we have looked only at 4-4-4-4, 4-3-4-3, and 3-3-3-3—but those combinations do underlie most of the great ballad-like poems in the language, whether by Wordsworth, Blake, Emily Dickinson, or one or two others. But I can't resist listing one more, the fairly unlikely 3-3-4-3:

[26] u / u / u / (u /)
u / u / u / (u /)
u / u / u / u /
u / u / u / (u /)

Now put that into measures with a triple beat, whether you want to call the result anapestic (uu/) or dactylic (/uu) or related to that foot known as the amphibrach, a stressed syllable between two unstressed—u/u—which for me always summons up the vigor of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. Here is the new quatrain:

[27] u / u u / u u / u (u / u)
u / u u / u u / u (u / u)
u / u u / u u / u u / u
u / u u / u u / u (u / u)

We now have a meter in what amounts to six-eighths time—a meter that tends to be comic. To make it fully so, we'll leave out two shorts in line three:

[28] u / u u / u u / u
u / u u / u u / u
u / u u / u / u u /
u / u u / u u / u

Even though I haven't mentioned a Man from Calcutta or the Countess Lupescu, I hope you recognize the form, which is that of the Limerick. It is usually laid out on the page like this:

[29] u / u u / u u / u
u / u u / u u / u
u / u u /
u / u u /
u / u u / u u / u

But that is merely a convention to show the rhyme, which could have remained internal. There is really nothing metrically five-like about the Limerick; as we have just seen, it is simply a variant of a fundamental four-times-four, which also hems in most of our favorite melodies. The same scaffolding holds up a poem by Edward Lear, a ballad by Jerome Kern, Schiller's Ode to Joy, and Beethoven's Ode to Joy.

Part IV

I promised to return to Marvell's line about his "vegetable love," when I said that the meter informs us that the word "vegetable" has four syllables with a subsidiary stress on the third. Even if we choose not to emphasize the secondary stress, the meter still should prevent a reading of three isochronous stresses, like this:

[30] My veg(e)table love should grow...

What's wrong here is not that there are only three enunciated stresses, but that they are in the wrong place. They should not be equidistant

from one another, but in an isochronous set of *four* stresses they should occupy positions one, three, and four:

[31] My veget-a-ble love should grow...
1 (2) 3 4

The nature of my assertion will be clearer if we expand to the ten-syllable line. It is anyway in the realm of iambic pentameter that the controversy usually takes place.

Some years ago an influential critic of rhetoric and myth wandered into the field of prosody and observed that a great many lines of iambic pentameter have only four enunciated stresses. The observation was, of course, right, and it happened that he could adduce as examples the opening lines of the most famous speech in Shakespeare. Here it is, with that critic's stressing:

[32] To bé or nót to be: thát is the quéstion.
Whéther 'tis nóbler in the mínd to súffer
The slíngs and árrows of outrágeous fórtune...

In the first line one may prefer, for existential reasons, to retain the metrical stress on the second statement of the infinitive—"To *be* or *not* to *be*"—but certainly in the second and third lines there is no spoken emphasis on "in" and "of." These lines, then, not only have four stresses each, but those stresses group into pairs on both sides of a central unstressed preposition. Let me add to the collection an equally well-known line of Pope's:

[33] The proper study of mankind is man.

Although there can be little controversy about *how many* stresses there are, there should be greater attention paid to *where* they are. By *where* I do not, of course, mean *which syllables*, but *how those stressed syllables accord with the stresses of the underlying meter*. By now you should have predicted that I will maintain that the meter should prevent the performance of four equidistant stresses in the pentameter lines. Listen to what I consider the wrong reading of Example 32—the reading implicitly recommended by the misguided critic, using four equidistant stresses:

To bé or nót to be, thát is the quéstion

Whéther 'tis nóbler in the mínd to súffer

The slíngs and árrows of outrágeous fórtune...

And even, encouraged by what I hope is an anachronistic pronunciation of the chief word:

The próper stúdy of mánkind is mán.

The stresses should not march as though they were one, two, three, and four in a four-stressed line, but as though they were at positions one, two, four, and five of a line that leaves room for the central stress even when it is not uttered:

[34] (a) To bé or nót to be (/) thát is the quéstion.

Whéther 'tis nóbler (/) in the mínd to súffer

The slíngs and árrows (/) of outrágeous fórtune...

(b) The próper stúdy (/) of mankínd is mán.

(c) The próper stúdy óf mankínd is mán.

The pentameter of Shakespeare and Pope—and Milton and Wordsworth and Keats—normally counts out a single short syllable in each foot; the meter is not purely accentual but what is called accentual-syllabic. You will note that reading pentameter lines with four equal stresses ignores this fact. Shakespeare and Pope are not imitating the meter of *Beowulf*, nor do they anticipate the sprung rhythms of Gerard Manley Hopkins.

One final example. This time it is Macbeth, beginning to contemplate the parade of his magnificent despair:

[35] Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow...

If you choose to stress only the three tomorrows, there are still, between each pair of stresses, silences that are as strong as stresses. Indeed, I hear a certain advantage in articulating all five stresses of the pentameter:

[36] Tomórrow ánd tomórrow ánd tomórrow...

When properly stressed, the little word "and" can be the most weary of common words. It can also connect worlds of hopelessness, as it does here and (say) at the dead center of Wagner's *Tristan.*

Part V

In speaking this lecture I have used certain nonsense-syllables when I wanted to convey the meters without the words that embody them. I didn't always know in advance what syllables I was going to use. Recently I have found myself suggesting to the next generation that some linguists ought to do a study of the syllables people use for such renditions. And while they are at it, they can do the same for the related renderings of the motifs of music:

ba-ba-ba-*bum*

da-da-dum da-da-dum da-da-*dah*-dum

La-da-dee-*dah*-dum-da-dee-*dah* dee-*dum*[7]

Actually there would be at least two branches of that study, one of vowels, the other of consonants. It is a rich field, and, so far as I know, it is quite untilled. Such studies would inform us about the nature of language itself, and about the character of individual languages—not to mention the insight into a person's psyche. Is the subject labial or dental, and what childhood doings determined the preference?

All that the syllables for conveying meter really needed to convey was stress, and not even degrees of stress but simply whether or not a syllable is accented. It turns out that the differentiations of verse are far *simpler* than those of prose, where, according to most analyses, we need four degrees of emphasis in order to convey the significant contours of syntax and meaning. The merely *binary* difference between syllables in *verse*—all we need to know is whether the stress is *on* or *off*—can be viewed as representing a selection and stylization of the more complex elements of ordinary language.

The analogy can be carried through. The poetic *foot* can be regarded as a simplified and stylized all-purpose *word:* each carries only one main stress, but in the case of the word the placement of that stress is harder to specify. The poetic *colon* is comparable in turn to the *phrase,* and the poetic *line* is the stylized analogue of the *sentence.*

[7]These three sets of syllables were sung, respectively, to the opening motif of Beethoven's Fifth, the opening of Mozart's Fortieth, and the big tune in the second movement of Tchaikowsky's "Pathetique."

And so on to the longer forms, via the *stanza* of verse and the *paragraph* of prose. And in every comparison the element on the metrical side is easier to discern and less ambiguous than the prosaic parallel.

More to the point of this lecture, it has been observed that the stricter isochrony of the stresses of verse is a stylization of the tendency to equalize the stresses in our speech. If you have any doubt of that tendency, then listen to the stress patterns of the responsive readings in church and synagogue, or at any occasion where a number of people are asked to recite in chorus not verse but heightened prose.

Or, to take a slightly different turn in this quick comparison of verse and heightened prose, consider a formal recitation of this well-known bit of our prose tradition, which I have suggestively re-aligned:

> We hold these truths to be self-evident
> That all men are created equal: that
> They are endowed by their creator with
> Certain unalienable rights; that among these
> Are life, and liberty, and the pursuit
> Of happiness...

To get my five and a half lines of rather good blank verse, I may have had to be a bit Yeatsian in the line containing the "unalienable rights,"[8] but otherwise all I did was add a single "and."

If the reading of prose benefits from knowing the parts of speech and where the joints are, it is a small wonder that the attention to metric elements should improve one's performance of verse. Everything artistic seems to me to benefit from having been put into a roughly suitable Bed that may seem to some to be Procrustean. The freedom of the dance is derivable from the discipline of rigid and sometimes awkward exercise. One of the most flexible and emotional sopranos of our century used the word "straight-jacketing" to describe the first stage of studying a new role—the phase when she was learning exactly what the composer wrote. And we have a wealth of statements by poets themselves about the importance of the underlying symmetries—even the underlying monotonies—of verse. T. S. Eliot spoke famously of the life of verse as a contrast between flux and what he called Fixity. We can't notice flux without the help of that fixity. And since I have fallen into the sententious mode, and wish at least to be classically sententious, I'll remind you that the river we can't step into twice is the *same* river.

But too much attention has been paid this evening to the performer.

[8]Try thinking a stress on the fifth syllable of "unalienable," and a reversal of the proper stressing of "among."

The chief reason for attending to the details of meter should be not performance but plain knowing. Among performers there may even be some merit in the common sentiment that attention to the mechanical might subvert the natural, and that the metronomic can stifle rhythm. But I believe there is no room at all for that sentiment when it comes to our more important business, which we engage in not as performers but as students. As students we leave behind the sentimental notion that dissection means murder, and that "analysis" can kill the "creative." The attempt to force a phrase into a pattern, whether it fits or not, is bound to be revealing. And, as I said earlier, I have yet to find a good poem or piece of music that doesn't survive such fittings with a newly noticeable richness. The workable criterion for a poor poem or piece is that it fails to withstand the rough treatment the analysis calls for.

Everything that is rhythmic or melodic or poetic must have an ingredient that is rational and logical and subject to some sort of simple numbering. The word "meter" carries that truth, along with that other apt word for lines written in feet, the word "numbers" itself.

I recently picked up what turned out to be an informative book on the various dances used in the music of Bach. I must say I was surprised and then puzzled by a sudden *caveat* in the book's introduction. The authors (there are two of them) say it by way of what they call " a *personal* word of advice." I have as much trouble with the word "personal" there as I have with the advice itself, which is that they urge their readers "not to intellectualize rhythm." They go on to explain that "many problems arise when rhythm is analysed as a thing to be understood by the mind, rather than as an activity perceived primarily by the body and only secondarily by the mind." I find myself baffled by an epistemology that has the so-called body somehow making sense of things before the so-called mind is brought into play. I am also annoyed by the easy invocation of the buzz-word "intellectualize," which depends for its pejorative effect upon the just barely justified foolishness that hovers over the noun "intellectual."

But most of all I am taken aback by the objection that in the course of analysis "many problems might arise." That analysis should uncover difficulties is surely something to be welcomed—which is my way of reminding you that the main reason for lectures given in this room is to introduce the Question Period. Notice that I called it by what I believe to be its proper name: the Question Period, not the Question *and Answer* Period. Perhaps I can re-assert an old tradition by putting it into a line of iambic pentameter:

It isn't Q and A but just plain Q.

Results of Crosswords Numbers Five and Six

The winners of the $35 book tokens, redeemable at the St. John's College Bookstore, Annapolis, are, for #5:

Larry S. Davis, Austin, TX
Peter Norton, Acton, MA
Geoffrey Rommel, Oak Park, IL

for #6:

Nathaniel Cohen, Washington, DC
James Craig, Havre de Grace, MD
Jean Stephens, Annapolis, MD

Solution to Crossword Number Five

("[Sins] of Omission")

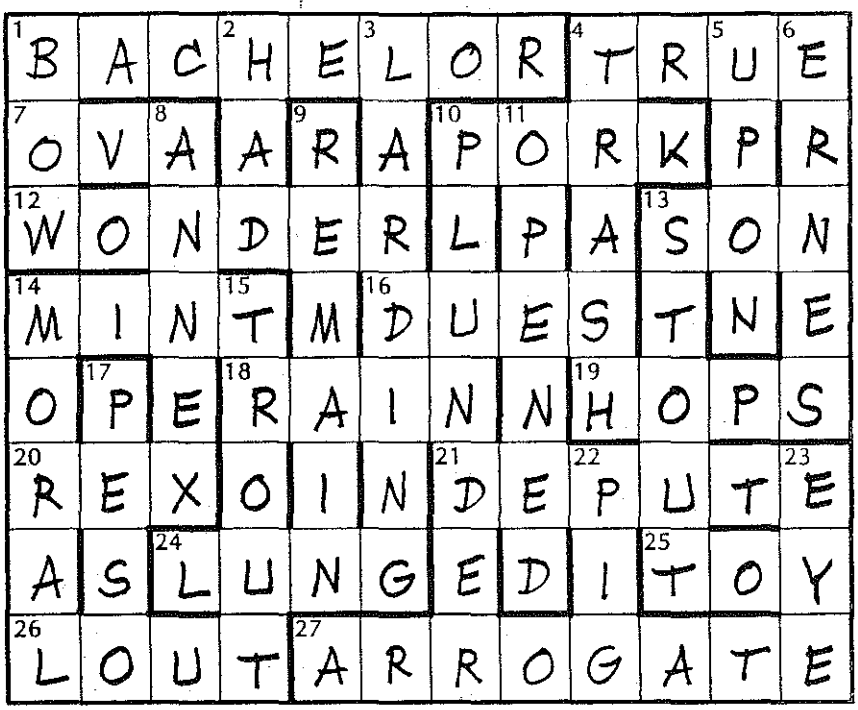
1 A	2 V	3 A	4 R	I	5 C	6 E	7 L	8 C
9 N	A	V	Y	10 M	O	N	E	Y
11 G	R	E	E	12 D	N	V	V	S
E	Y	13 R	A	R	E	14 Y	E	T
15 R	16 E	T	A	I	N	17 E	R	18 S
19 A	X	20 E	21 S	E	E	N	22 G	L
M	E	V	O	23 R	24 A	D	I	O
25 P	R	I	D	E	26 L	U	S	T
S	T	27 L	A	M	B	E	T	H

Editor's Note:

When I was editing the solution, it seemed to me that one of the seven deadly sins appeared twice—as AVARICE and as GREED—while GLUTTONY was omitted. I consulted "Cassandra," who said that GREED stood for GLUTTONY. I detect the influence of the British usage of the adjective "greedy."

Solution to Crossword Number Six

("Porcus")



Editor's Note:
"Porcus"=Pig Latin

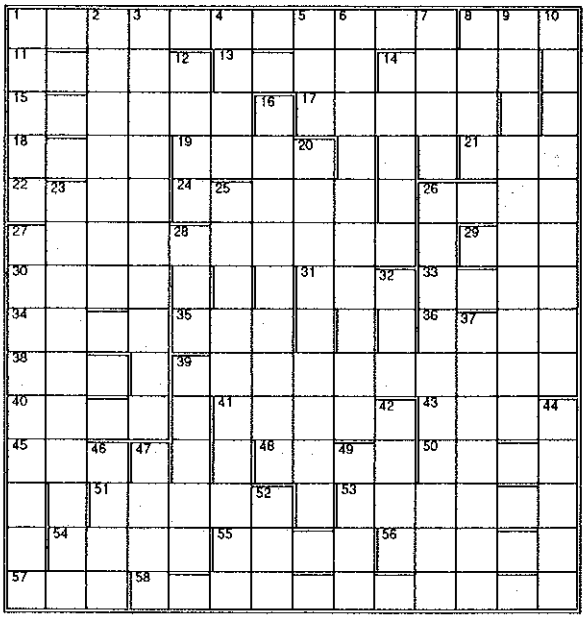
Crossword Number Seven: "Let's Be Liberal"

By EZRA

The six solutions without clues share a common theme. The puzzle contains three acronyms and an unusual spelling at 24A.

ACROSS

1. Cheerleaders have it according to commanding officer and nurses found in some mills (11)
8. Ancient enemy departs, fooled (3)
11. Unending worry? Rebound with a forward direction (5)
13. To the Romans, Jesus was among their main rivals (4)
14. Place to wash a brass bass (4)
15. Curt western lawman is a descendent of Muhammad (6)
17. Bug detected in the colic (abbreviation and word) (5)
18. Do you know what comes after pro and con? (4)
19. Fixes radios (4)
21. Even stake on outcome of bout (abbreviation) (3)
22. Gale blows one end to the other making French equal (4)
24. Stitch a Ramadan veil for variant concubines or Turkish city (5)
26. Bore coffin (4)
27. Giver of oneself and Wurlitzer? (two words) (10)
29. By virtue of being at heart the same (3)
30. French well operates the first half of every other year (4)
31. Oddly, tonite is still explosive (3)
33. It's a nuisance to take a half-step back and a half-step forward (4)
34. Author Bagnold returned to eat (4)
35. Up to the time that they returned illuminated (3)
36. Alien switches sides in feminine ending (4)
38. Cyclone's eye is a nuclear spiral (3)
39. Prude, grief stricken, imagined with anticipation (10)
40. Look with desire at dance turns (4)
41. Profane rancher backing stadium (5)
43. Vocals are... are unusual? (4)
45. Family finds rich cloth without starting south (3)
48. Tsongas' troubled end or Reagan's last comeback, either one is an unexpected obstacle (4)
50. Better to marry than to... be a Scottish stream? (4)
51. The Aegean coast is in a region I adore (5)
53. Wrinkled mother fell back in pit (6)
54. Eastern religion lacks quiet: in the beginning was the word from a division problem (4)
55. C m t ee (4)
56. Poles are a trap (5)
57. Drag back abandoned, careworn crone (3)



DOWN

1. Upset dupe with the hollow stick (5)
2. Foretell WJC era (7)
4. Widespread flare-up of fire (4)
5. Heard choice word about mineral (3)
7. Feel splenetic compound of half sulfur, potassium (4)
8. Final notice: love stung (4)
9. Dull? Trace skull fractures (10)
10. Abandoned a Kennedy underneath of sun in Spain (9)
12. Hope is embraced by the foremost of willing hearts (4)
14. In Boston, error makes copies black (5)
16. Wandering players in street, they are high in Las Vegas (9)
25. Undisguised pleasure in contemplating the beautiful but disheveled maid with soldier's chow (10)
26. Early Christian saint suffered pain, bore up (two words and number) (10)
28. Crank fastener (3)
32. Identify game in which it becomes you. Just the opposite! (3)
37. Emotional shocks drain energy from destabilized amateurs (6)
39. Quietly transcendental, a negation (5)
42. For example, the last shall be first in as many generations (4)
44. Without starting up flipped over (5)
46. Nine inches missing from front end of brand-new ruler (4)
47. In Greece, I bit (4)
49. In re: coast revision - sea sound out (two words) (2-2)
52. Grp. of physicians wet nurse (3

Note: A larger version of the Crossword Grid appears on the next page.

Let's Be Liberal

BY EZRA