



WISDOM

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PHILOSOPHY

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## STATEMENT

This journal publishes essays related to the content of the St. John's program, tutorial and laboratory papers, mathematical theorems, substantial poetic works, and reviews of lectures and concerts. The policy of ORATIO is to select articles for their excellence of content and style. Please submit material to any member of the editorial board.

## T H E V E N E T I A N P H A E D R U S

A formal lecture delivered in Spring, 1971.

For the next hour I am going to lecture on a work largely autobiographical, whose hero is a charlatan and whose author is therefore the same. This is not my own but the author's opinion of himself. My lecture will therefore be an enquiry into the nature of the essential charlatan-- an enterprise in the spirit and tradition of Plato's Ion.

The work I shall deal with is a short novel, a novella, by Thomas Mann, called "Death in Venice", or, more accurately, "The Death in Venice", that is to say, "The Death Appropriate to Venice". Mann considered this novella in certain respects his most successful work, a crystallization of all the elements of his artistry.

Having begun in so deprecating a manner, I ought first to give reasons why this work is worth close study.

The first and general reason lies in Mann's command of words. Let me make a large claim for him: just as, perplexed by some event in one's life, say the advent of friendship, one might go to a classical writer for help in mastering the matter, so, when overwhelmed by certain subtle and complex experiences of civilized modernity, one might read Mann in order to gain an apt and precise language, a language with which to delineate and fix such experiences. This descriptive use of words-- "eros in the word" in Mann's phrase --, this courting of things in language, seems to me to be Mann's primary excellence.

Second, and more particularly with respect to Death in Venice, there is the enormous compositional care that has gone into the work. If music can be described as the art without accidents, Death in Venice is a musical work, a work without unabsorbed events and devoid of episodes. It is even analogous to a musical composition in a more exact way, since it has movements, alternating adagios and scherzi, as well as recurrences and resumptions of themes and motifs. But more of this later.

And third, and peculiarly, Death in Venice seems to be absorbingly interesting because it is a timely work. It begins by giving its own season, year and century, or rather, the exact year is left blank so as to exercise the reader's knowledge of contemporary circumstances. The year, which is also very close to the year of writing, is in fact 1909, the season, spring. The story is set during one of the beginnings of the end of Europe, during one of the Balkan crises preceding the First World War. Mann clearly considers the degenerating political situation as an expression of the contemporary crisis both of the "European soul", and the artist's "self", a crisis which he characterizes by the word "decadence". This word was once much used to describe the modern situation, and its going out of use, is, I think, a sign that the mode it designates has become our "second nature" -- when a preoccupation with the symptoms had ceased to be the poet's prerogative, the mode became public property. In Mann's use, decadence seems to me to be a way of being dependent on one's time, perhaps the very fact of dependence is itself the essential aspect. The dependent consists of this: there is a sickness of, and by reason of, the times which becomes a preoccupation and always amounts to this, that

received goods have lost their savor, that there is irritability and boredom with the forms of life of the community, a feeling that time must be killed, and a consequent search for relief in the forms of excess or perversion--in short a permanent sort of crisis. "Decadence" has, furthermore, the property that the attempt of those caught up in this condition to overcome it, which attempt might be called "reactionary decadence," nearly always takes the form of a kind of brutality, be it exuberant or mean.

The novella is, therefore, timely not merely in the sense of being firmly sited in its own era, but also in the sense of courageously attempting to come to grips with modernity--our own modernity--itself.

Having given these three reasons, which are really three main facets of Mann's artistry, I must immediately say that they are equally the ingredients of his charlatanism--for to be an artist is to be a charlatan--so says Plato, so Nietzsche, and so, as we shall see, said Thomas Mann.

I shall now proceed to trace out in more detail the manner of Mann's artistry as it appears in the novella.

Death in Venice is, in Mann's term, a "pregnant" work--it was to achieve this pregnancy that he gave it the compact novella form. It is a work fraught with meaning, and this burden takes a peculiar form, the form of references. It is a novella of reference and reminiscence which fairly incites the reader to a scholarly hunt through the European tradition.

These references belong to a number of separately discernible spheres, mingled but not blended. I shall proceed to give a very much curtailed review of the chief spheres.

There is, first of all, the autobiographical sphere. The writer Gustav von Aschenbach, the chief, and, in a manner of speaking, only character of the novella, has, as we are told in an introductory biography in the style of an entry into a poets' Who's Who, a foreign mother and a North German father and has chosen Munich as his residence, all just like Mann himself. In the catalogue of Aschenbach's works there is not one which did not eventually have a counterpart in Mann's writings: the "mighty prose epic on the life of Frederick of Prussia" became an essay called "Frederick and the Great Coalition"; "the novelistic tapestry 'Maja' by name", as well as the story called "A Wretch" later became part of Doctor Faustus; and extensive notes for a --significantly unwritten--essay on "Spirit and Art", a work attributed to Aschenbach and said to have been compared by serious judges with Schiller's essay "On Naive and Sentimental Poetry", are preserved in Mann's notebooks. But of chief importance in the biographical sphere is the inner history of Aschenbach, the crisis in his working life, of which more will be said later, and which, up to the fatal outcome, parallels Mann's own in 1911. Mann once remarked of Goethe's partially autobiographical hero in The Sorrows of Young Werther that it is typical of poets that their heroes die young and they grow old. The limits of the autobiographical element, then, reveal the sober truth that the poet as hero is not quite the poet as poet.

A third sphere is what might be called the cosmopolitan setting of the novella, whose sign and symbol is a ubiquitous hotel manager with French tails and French tongue, voluble and agile. His realm is the international luxury hotel which is the scene of Aschenbach's secret and catastrophic adventure of the soul, that discreet business organization devoted to the refined care of strangers, with

its subdued, anonymous, and yet exclusively intimate atmosphere.

Aschenbach is brought to his fatal stay there by a veritable conspiracy of steamers, busses, motor boats, railroads and his own recalcitrant impedimenta: you may remember that he is deflected from his flight from Venice because his luggage is misdirected. Thus the conveniences of modernity, the engines for travelling, in Mann's phrase, "on the surface of the earth", in short, progress itself, forms the background of the artist's decline. Mann elsewhere denominates the whole sphere by the - derogatory - word "civilization" and associates it with the West, with France, or better, with the French Revolution, and its rationality, rhetoric, and republicanism. So Aschenbach, in an attempt to regularize and turn into the shallow channels of social intercourse his relation to the boy Tadzio, makes an abortive effort to address a French phrase to him.

Yet another set of clearly discernible motifs belong to the sphere of what might be called spiritual topography, that is, the quarters of the earth taken as habitations of the soul. The story begins with a knowledgeable walk through Munich, Mann's city and Wagner's and the intellectual center of Germany. Aschenbach comes to the Northern cemetery, and in front of the Byzantine funeral chapel, a kind of Northern intimation of the facade of the Venetian St. Mark's, where he has a sudden vision of a teeming swamp and tigers, a lustful and luxurious vision of the land whence comes the cholera of which he will die, as well as the stranger god Dionysus. He is incited to take a vacation trip - "not exactly to the tigers", as he puts it to himself, and he chooses to go to the sunny South, to take a light version of the "Italian Journey" which is a stock experience of heavy-souled Germans. But going South, he ends up in Venice on a day devoid of sun, and Venice is not "Italy" but the entrance depot

of the abandoned East, Far and Near, architecturally and atmospherically a European Byzantium. Now Byzantium is a favorite setting for Romantic poets--a latter-day Greece, artful, conspiratorial, fraught with memories, decadent. So the coordinates of Mann's spiritual geography are the melancholy North, the decadent South, the lustful East and the rational West.

Next a "Protestant" sphere is discernible. Mann once commented on Death in Venice that "the character of the whole is, after all, rather Protestant than antique." In this passage the term "Protestant" has for Mann no particular theological connotation--rather it refers to what is sometimes called an "ethos", a circle of moral meanings grouped around the name of Frederick the Great and Prussia. Thus Aschenbach's morality has but one categorical imperative, "endurance". It is an ethics of the "despite", of achievement despite "sorrow, poverty, loneliness, weakness of body, passion, and a thousand hindrances"; it is a kind of Kantianism of decadence. Its saint is St. Sebastian, dear to Aschenbach, who displays "grace under torture" (and is, incidentally, the saint of the plague) and its hero is Frederick, a ruler whom Mann sees as a magnificently malicious demon, a being of incredible industry spurred on by a cold and luckless passion. Thus Aschenbach's Fredericianism is a passion for mastery which arises from a "thoroughly pessimistic relation to passion itself. So Aschenbach, born in Schleswig, the province Frederick conquered for Prussia, will fall prey to "the revenge of subjugated feeling."

There is a second aspect to what Mann means by "Protestantism", another peculiarly German aspect, for which there is no word in English, except that it is possible simply to use the German word which can be transcribed as "innerliness". In its context the



classical opposition of the public and the private realm is supplanted by that of political and apolitical or "innerly". Rather than to circumscribe the term, let me point out how it is evidenced in the novella, namely by Aschenbach's isolation and essential silence. All the weightiest episodes of the work have a dream-like setting, when awareness of time, the mark of wakefulness, disappears, just as Aschenbach's thoughts at crucial moments are characterized as "dream-logic" and the turning point in Aschenbach's inner catastrophe comes literally by means of a dream, the dream of the invasion of the Indian Dionysus. But dreaming is the activity of isolation and marked by the preponderance of the inner world over the external. Similarly the silence of Aschenbach is indicated by his speaking only to officials, to "personnel", and that in the "Welsh" tongue, while he more and more talks to himself. German itself disappears from the scene as the plague spreads through Venice and Aschenbach's countrymen leave. Finally he enters into a conspiracy of silence with corrupt Venetian officialdom to keep the fact of the plague quiet so that the boy without whom he cannot live will remain in Venice, and from this arises his ultimate anti-political dream of social chaos, in which everything is possible, and which ends in the disappearance of all mankind but himself and the boy.

Yet another group of references are those centered around the name of Goethe. The imitation of Goethe was a major fact of Mann's life as a writer. The novella which turned into Death in Venice was originally intended to be about the love of the seventy-three year old Goethe for a seventeen year old girl, an episode by means of which Mann meant to illustrate the theme of any poet's natural propensity for indignity. Mann later made a notation against the entry in his notebooks about Goethe's affair: "this became Death in Venice

Furthermore Mann read Goethe's novel The Elective Affinities five times during the writing of the novella, in order to catch its perfect "balance of sensuality and morality". Beyond this there seems at first to be no immediate relation between the two works. But not only the acquisition of a master's style for a novel about a master of prose who had, so it is said of Aschenbach, become a "text-book classic", but a more peculiar feature of The Elective Affinities made it a model for the novella. Goethe's novel is really what in English is called a "Gothic" novel, a novel of deliberately undefinable horror, at once earthly plain and ethereally unspeakable: an innocent child murder, adultery practised between husband and wife, unintentional suicide, high-spirited sadism, and so forth, but all this is delivered in prose so graceful, moderate, and even dainty, that it is scarcely German at all. The language of Death in Venice preserves precisely such a distance from its subject matter and it was for this that Goethe's novel served as a model.

One more borrowing from Goethe: while prevented from immediate disembarkation in Venice by his luggage, Aschenbach is accosted by an old drunk dandy in a red tie, a pitiful and undignified case of old age--later on, with a wild hope of pleasing the boy, he turns himself into just such a figure (even including the red tie) by submitting to a process of cosmetic rejuvenation. This motif is borrowed from a chapter called "The Man of Fifty Years" in The Apprenticeship Years of Wilhelm Meister, Goethe's biggest novel.

I now come to the two spheres of reference which are most at the center of the work.

The first of these I shall designate "Romanticism". Mann occupied himself much with this term, by which he meant counter-revolution, in particular the revolt of artistry against the baldness

of political revolution as the primary improving activity, the revolt, in his manner of speaking, of artful music against literate logic, of wordless depth against explanatory rhetoric, of complex mysticism against crude clarity. It means the prerogative of passion in its remote pathological forms, and it is essentially submission to and even a search for, what already is and always was, especially for death. Such romanticism might be called decadence in its inner aspect--in Mann's view a specifically German decadence.

Music is its characteristic art, because it is at once most exact and most inarticulate, most exacting and most indulgent, most artful and most licentious. Aschenbach, who is given the high-browed physiognomy of the romantic composer Gustav Mahler, is a writer of prose in the city of music, that is, a man of form in a city of dissolution. His relation to the boy Tadzio is essentially "musical" in the romantic sense: the sound of the boy's undecipherable Polish tongue strikes him as music, he hears his name at first as "Adgic", a reminiscence of that "unbelievably old-fashioned" adagio which Nietzsche describes as enchanting him on his last night in Venice. And at the scene of Aschenbach's death on the beach of Venice, a black cloth, thrown over an unattended camera, flutters in the wind, a reminiscence of the black flag planted on the beach in the first version of the last act of Tristan, the flag in which Tristan enshrouds himself to die. Parts of Tristan were scored in Venice, and, of course, Wagner himself died there.

Although Mann did not know it until later, in the years just before 1912 Maurice Barres had written an essay called "The Death of Venice", which is largely a catalogue of romantic pilgrimages to the decomposing romantic Mecca, and which ends with these words: "The ocean rolls on in the night and its waves in breaking orchestrate

the motif of death by excess of love of life." The central romantic motif of Death in Venice is just that--the fatal effect of the writer's revivification through passion. Appearances and reminders of death and the underworld abound and are interwoven with the development of Aschenbach's passion for Tadzio, who is typically seen against the void of the sea. In particular, there is a recurring death figure, a reddish type with a death's head physiognomy: the wanderer who outstares Aschenbach from the portico of the funeral chapel in Munich, the "circus director" of a captain with whom Aschenbach, when boarding the cavernous black steamer for Venice, signs a Faustian contract, the outcast gondolier who ferries him--in a swimming coffin--to the Lido, the balladeer who, spreading fumes of disinfectant, sings a hysteria-producing laughing song, while Aschenbach sits sipping pomegranate juice (the pomegranate being a symbol of the underworld) in the presence of Tadzio. Each of these wears a yellow piece of clothing as the sign of the "smouldering ugliness" of sickness and, in particular, of the Indian yellow cholera which will be the physical cause of Aschenbach's death.

But aside from these occurrences within the text, the theme of death is its tacit background. As Aschenbach approaches Venice by sea, he recalls an unnamed "melancholy and enthusiastic" poet who had once approached the city by the same route, and he recites some of his poetry to himself. This unnamed predecessor is August von Platen, a romantic lover of antiquity and of boys, and a poet of strict forms. It is easy to conjecture what poem Aschenbach is thinking of. It is a poem called "Tristan" and has these closing lines:

He who has looked on beauty with his eyes  
Is already in the hands of death.

We shall return to them later.

Mann regarded the fourth and central chapter of the work, which he calls an "antiquicising" chapter and begins with a beautiful description of dawn in the classical style, as its most successful part. This chapter is filled with references to Greek antiquity, some of which I shall now note.

The first allusion to antiquity (which occurs even before the central chapter) is that illicit gondolier who ferries Aschenbach across the lagoon of Venice and whom Aschenbach suspects of being about to send him to the "House of Hades"; he is clearly Charon, the ancient ferryman of the dead, who carries souls over the Styx. You may remember that he is cheated of his pay and this corresponds to the fact that Charon will not ferry those who do not pay him an obol--thus Aschenbach has not truly arrived and must reenter the city properly a second time after his abortive flight from the city.

The Lido, the beach of Venice, where Aschenbach is lodged, with its shoreside life of playful leisure, is described by a direct quotation from the Odyssey, significantly a description of existence after death in Elysium where "easy life is the lot of man, where there is neither snow, nor winter, nor storm or streaming rain, but Ocean ever sends a softly cooling breath and in blessed leisure the days run on." Another time it is seen as Homeric Phaeacia, the nautical land of artful luxury, and Tadzio, in his sailor suit, is a Phaeacian youth living in indulgent elegance. Once the boy Jashu, who plays the role of Tadzio's slave, is given advice which is a direct quotation from Xenophon's Memorabilia, from a passage dealing with the ability of the mere sight of beauty to induce madness: "But my advice to you, Critoboulus, is to go and travel for a year, for that much time at least will you need for recovery."

In fact, most of the classical references are descriptions of Tadzio. Aschenbach thinks of him variously as Hyacinth, the boy killed by Zephyr out of jealousy of Apollo; as Ganymede, the boy carried off by Zeus to be his cupbearer, as Narcissus, the boy hopelessly in love with himself, as Cleitus and Kaphalus, two boys carried off by Dawn. He is a sunlit statue of the noblest period, described in words borrowed from the art history of Winckelmann, the contemporary of Goethe, who introduced the notion and appreciation of antique sculpture into Germany. Once he is described in terms of the famous Hellenistic statue of a "boy pulling a thorn from his foot". Another time he is a divinity, Eros, particularly "Eros self-wounded"--he often wears a blouse with a red bow, simulating a wound, over his breast, a blouse on the collar of which "rested the bloom of the head with a charm that was matchless." (In fact the chapter is full of dactylic hexameter tags, such as "the flickering blue of the aether", and "lobsters running off sideways".)

Tadzio also appears as Eros in another, more significant, form. The Greeks, conveniently to Mann's theme, had the same representation for Love and Death, a winged boy of about Tadzio's age, sometimes recognised as a single deity--Eros Thanatos, the Death Eros. There is an essay by Lessing called "How the Ancients Represented Death", which deals at length with the invariable attribute of this Death in ancient representations: that he stands in a graceful pose with his legs crossed--precisely the description of Tadzio as he stands near Aschenbach who is listening to the outcast balladeer while drinking pomegranate juice and inhaling the smell of the plague. And finally, the boy appears as Hermes Psychagogus--Hermes, the Leader of Souls, who conducts the poet, with a beckoning gesture familiar from ancient representations, out into the void of the sea and into nothingness.

It is necessary for a moment to consider how antiquity comes both to Aschenbach and to Mann himself. For the former it is a tradition imparted in youth, that is to say, as part of the upbringing. Similarly Mann's familiarity with Greek myths came from his childhood reading - in fact he had preserved, and used while writing Death in Venice, a childhood favorite from his mother's library entitled "Text-book of Greek and Roman Mythology to be used in Upper Schools for Young Ladies and Educated Persons of the Female Sex". But most of the references to antiquity are accidental finds of quotations or are deliberately collected from books of reference - lexiaca, handbooks, and books of secondary learning. So, for instance, he found Cicero's definition of eloquence as a "continuous motion of the soul", with which the novella opens, quoted in Flaubert. Most of the references, however, come from secondary works somewhat outside of the philological establishment, such as the book Psyche by Erwin Rhode, the friend and defender to the classicists of Nietzsche's Birth of Tragedy. From this work Mann borrowed not only the passage from the Odyssey, and the reference to the figure of Eros, but, most importantly, the description of the orgiastic cult of Dionysus on which Aschenbach's catastrophic dream is based (though he did read Euripides' Bacchae in addition).

I have delineated the spheres of reference at some length and made apoint of tracing the sources of the central one not merely because the work itself invites such an enterprise, but even more because the intactness and separability of the spheres and the indirection and second-handedness of the sources are an essential characteristic of Mann's artistry, that is, of his linguistic virtuosity, of his compositional art, and most importantly, of his conscientious modernity, by which, I should now say, I mean in this context precisely a peculiar relation to the past.

Regarded as a characteristic of style, Mann himself gave a name to his procedure--he called it "parody". By "parody" Mann means "a kind of mimicry" of the styles of the past. The occasion for parody is set out in Mann's last large novel, written during the Second World War, Doctor Faustus. The composer who is the protagonist conducts what must be described as a soliloquy with the devil, which is made to take place in the year in which Death in Venice was written--indeed the time structure of the book is based on a parallelism between the times before the First and Second World Wars. The devil has just commented on the devastating fact that the assumed and binding conventions of the arts have lost their power to carry meaning and that the forms necessary to invention have become worn out; whereupon the composer says: "It might be possible to energize the game by playing with forms from which, as is well known, life has vanished." And the devil answers: "I know, I know--parody..."

Parody, then, is a nostalgic mode which makes the tradition accessible by way of remotion and traduction. By making the tradition a matter of learnedness, not in the sense of the organized industry of the schools, but as an illusionistic creaming of secondary books, the playfully pedantic parodist at the same time makes it serve him and holds it at arm's length--in so employing the tradition he pronounces it dead.

In respect to style in the narrow sense, that is to say, diction, Mann's parodistic treatment is a matter, on the one hand, of a wonderfully versatile mimicry of modes of speech, and, on the other, of a descriptive language precise by the very fact of being somewhat distant. By "distant" I mean that words are used, as it were, with raised eyebrows, fastidiously, exquisitely, with a virtuosity which is essentially a kind of disengagement.



As far as composition is concerned, the parodistic mode results in something analogous to counterpoint, an interweaving of intact themes, namely precisely those I have just finished extricating. It might be said that so musical a use of themes requires a very external relation to events and people.

But the parodistic mode is most intimately related to the third facet of Mann's artistry, his specific modernity, for, as the passage from Doctor Faustus shows, it is nothing but an attempt to do battle with "decadence". Mann once characterized his literary mission as the loving dissolution of the tradition, by which phrase he meant a kind of modern re-use, and therefore abuse, of the past in an attempt to fill the emptiness of the present.

It is in more than one way no accident that the Greek past plays a central role along these lines in the novella, and for this reason: that antiquity offers for re-use not only conventions and styles but also myths, time-honored tales full of precise and publicly accepted detail concerning events and persons of divine or grand stature..

To characterize his later works, especially the novelistic sequence Joseph and his Brothers, Mann liked to use the linkage "myth plus psychology". By "psychology" he meant, as we usually do, the exposure of hidden personal motives, which he superadded, as a kind of modernization, to the mythical aura of his characters. In Death in Venice this "psychological" aspect is absent, for Tadzio, on whom the use of myth centers, is, so to speak, not a person at all but a living statue, so that the use of myth is, as it were, balder than in later works.

Now how, precisely, are myths, or rather references to myths, used to give meaning to the novelistic present? The answer is simple, sad, and significant: the reference is the meaning of the work.

Tadzio is a conglomeration of mythical shadows, he is Eros and Thanatos, Love linked with Death, but what love and death might be is not itself in question.

I have often been told--in fact by a former dean of this college--a seminar story which precisely illustrates the deficiencies of this use of myth. As you know, the rule for visitors to seminars is that they may not speak unless there is imminent danger of internal combustion. One night a certain academic was visiting a seminar on Sophocles' Oedipus Rex. The question that was being discussed was why Oedipus chose to punish himself by putting out his eyes. The visitor, who was beginning to meet the requirement for contributing before described, was invited to speak, and gave what he claimed was a perfectly obvious and conclusive reason: that that was the punishment Sophocles had found in the myth. Whereupon a student, presumably with a look of wide-eyed innocence, asked: "And why did he choose to punish himself by putting out his eyes in the myth?" That is precisely the question the mode of meaning as reference or allusion does not consider.

I would like to inject a comment here: this way of celebrating our tradition by making a rite of it, by putting the seal of completion on it, does not seem to me good or safe--perhaps we can talk about this in the question period. But we do live in a state of decadence, of falling away, the more so for no longer naming it as such, and Mann's way of laying the past to rest seems to me vastly better than the hatred of it accompanied by ignorance which characterizes the brutal branch of the phenomenon of decadence.

But to return to the exposition and now to somewhat wider considerations.

Behind the parodistic style, as its source and ground, there is a view of the world which we must now look into. It is caught in

the word which Mann used most often and most persistently of his work--the word "irony". The signification which Mann gave it has its origin in the romantic school of writers and their theorists. "Irony" itself is a Greek word which means "dissembling" and which was made notorious by Socrates. When, in the Platonic dialogues, an interlocutor refers to Socrates' "wonted irony" he means Socrates' strangely arousing claim not to know. It is not that Socrates is considered to be crudely pretending not to know what he in fact knows. Rather the interlocutor thinks that the claim not to know is itself a subtle assertion of knowledge--the knowledge of ignorance--so that Socrates' dissembling reveals rather than hides superiority. It is precisely this aspect of irony that the romantics abstracted--a certain superiority in intercourse, a sense of holding oneself aloof and above the conversation. They combined with this attitude, or perhaps found as its source, the idea of the human being as a "self" or "subject". By a "self" or a "subject" is meant an original source of all representations, or more simply, of all experience, exactly as when someone, inevitably, says in seminar that "everything is subjective". From such absolute subjectivity they drew the sense of a lack of responsibility and obligation, a right to hover above issues, to play infinitely with the creations of one's own thought. Romantic irony is thus a negative principle, an "infinitely delicate play with nothingness" in Kierkegaard's words, and is therefore easily seen as the very principle of art, interpreted as the externalized play of the subject, which is carried on according to no rules but those established and recognized by itself. In the romantic vocabulary the complement of irony is enthusiasm, the--baseless--intoxication of the self with its own creations.

This must be the place to interject once again a brief circumscription of the term "romantic", a term so indispensable to the dis-

cussion of Mann's work. To begin with, there are artless and cunning romantics. By the artless kind I mean children of all ages engaged in the self-indulgent excitation and expression of the emotions. The others are the interesting romantics, in whom--I am using Mann's words--a "yearning and dreamy" aspect is supplemented by enormous "artistic refinement". Let me quote from his essay significantly entitled "Germany and the Germans": "The romantic" he says, "is counterrevolution, the revolt of music against literature...the pessimism of honesty" as against the optimism of rational action. "The special prerogative which it accords to the emotional over reason, even in its most remote forms, such as...dionysiac intoxication, brings it into a special and psychologically immensely fruitful relation to sickness." For Mann, Romanticism is, then, essentially a counter-movement, a consequence of and reaction to optimistic rationalism, that is to say, to the world of applied science, which defines a counter-world of emotion, but does so wilfully, artfully, and self-consciously. The romantic is the deliberately passionate, which we may call the emotional.

With this understanding of romanticism Mann's "irony" has the following character. It too contains the notion of aloofness or hovering. But hovering is always between something, between two extremes or poles, and it is consequently typical of the ironist that he engages in what I shall call "polar thinking", a variation of thought which seems to me of great clinical interest since it is deeply characteristic of modernity. (Of course, it might be argued that such polar thinking is the consequence of the polar constitution of the world, but I shall here disregard that possibility as unlikely.

There are three names behind Death in Venice, three spheres of thought that Mann has appropriated for his own purposes--Schiller,

Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche--and it is precisely in respect to polarities that might be extracted from them that Mann absorbs their thinking. Among these, Schopenhauer is most tacitly in the background; Aschenbach's novel Maja, a novel "under the shadow of one idea," is the only explicit reference to him. Mann himself had planned a novel by that name, and his notebooks explain the connection of the title with Schopenhauer's "Veil of the Maja", the web of illusion of isolation and appearance in which we are caught. The novel was to set out an interpretation of desire, in particular the desire of the weak for "life", that is for those who have health and beauty, as the entanglement of the isolated individual in the "Veil of the Maja", and was to present the artist's mission as the double one of exposing and preserving the illusion. The polarity here is that of life, that is, hale and hearty mere existence, as opposed to deprivation and desire.

The "Nietzschean" polarity becomes explicit toward the end of the novella, in the fifth and last chapter. Whereas the fourth, central, chapter is presided over by Apollo--it begins with a description of the dawns of days spent within sight of the sunlit Tadzio, the sun-god's ascent in his chariot, and the sunny beach--the fifth and final chapter is dominated by Dionysus. It contains an exact and lengthy description, in the tradition of Thucydides and Lucretius, of the invasion and course of the plague, the Indian cholera, which is insidiously wasting Venice and which forms the background of Aschenbach's growing illicit passion for the Polish boy. Then comes a night in which Aschenbach has a dream of the orgiastic entry of Dionysus into Greece and his own soul, which dream constitutes his internal catastrophe and the beginning of his end. The source of the two gods which dominate the chapters is Nietzsche's Birth of

Tragedy, though, of course, Mann has made this important change-- that the savior god of The Birth of Tragedy has become the destroyer god of Death in Venice.

The last polarity is derived from Schiller's essay "On Naive and Sentimental Poetry", the only work which is, together with its author, mentioned by name in the novella, namely when Aschenbach's essay on "Spirit and Art" is said to be comparable to it. That essay, which Mann intended to write himself, was to be, in the words of the novella, a work of "antithetical eloquence", and Mann's extensive notes list the "antitheses" with which it was to deal: Spirit and Nature, Spirit and Art, Culture and Art, Will and Representation, and many more, in fact so many and so mutually involved that Mann's largest critical attempt was intellectually doomed from the beginning by the very excess of polar opposites. The object of the essay was to be to save the artist from the imputation laid upon him by Nietzsche, of being a charlatan enslaved to the "Olympus of Illusion", by establishing a type of "literateur" who would be free of such enslavement, a dignified moral critic of his times, a man of intellect and psychological insight. Death in Venice, in which such a writer is invented only to be shown to be doomed to exposure and destruction must have made this enterprise morally impossible for Mann.

It was Mann's intention furthermore to set off this modern "sentimental" writer against a naive poet who might perhaps be healthier and nobler but would not be so much a man of the times.

Let me here explain briefly what Schiller means by "naive" and, especially, by the word "sentimental". The sentimental poet's concerns are sentiments rather than objects of nature; he reflects on impressions received; he is "subjective", while the "naive" poet, such as Homer, who is for Schiller the naive poet par excellence, sets out nature, that is, natural objects, in shining sculptural

clarity, without introspection or reflection.

For Schiller this distinction is largely coincident with that of "ancient" and "modern"--the ancients being naive, namely "objective", attending to what is given by nature, and the moderns "subjective", namely attending to themselves. Now, the founder of German Romanticism, August Schlegel, on his part identified the literary distinction of "classical" and "romantic" with "ancient" and "modern" (and I might interject here that Goethe, by whom Mann's definition of romanticism was clearly influenced, in his Conversations with Eckermann abruptly identifies the classical with the healthy and the romantic with the sick.) An argument might be made; then, that there is a kind of grouping of terms--naive, classical, ancient on the one hand and sentimental, romantic, modern on the other, which informs the novella as its most specific "polarity".

The latter group circumscribes a notion which plays a dominating role in Death in Venice, the notion of "Art". The source of Art, with a capital A, the Artist, is, for Mann, not primarily one who possesses art, namely craft or knowhow, but a man whose ultimate preoccupation is with the conditions themselves of his production. The novella, then, turns centrally about the relations of the sentimental, romantic and modern subject, the artist, to his opposite pole, the naive and classical object of nature, which is therefore very appropriately and tellingly presented in the guise of antiquity. But just as the antique form is second-hand and modernized, so what the artist of the novella faces is not an object of nature conceived as having its own being, but a product of natural art. For the boy Tadzio is always described as a statue, whose language is music, and is said, in a thought borrowed from Schopenhauer, to be the product of a "strict and pure will which, darkly active, had been

able to project this divine sculpture into the light". In a word, the novella is about the decadent artist's confrontation with a living work of art.

With a significant ineptitude, for which one hardly knows whether to laugh or to cry, the proponent of this problem presents himself under the guise of Socrates.

As always, Mann works from modern prototypes: he has in mind not only the rationalizing, disintegrating Socrates of Nietzsche's Birth of Tragedy, but especially the Socrates of Hoelderlin's poem by the same name, two lines of which are twice paraphrased in the novella; they are: "He who has thought most deeply, loves what is most alive, and in the end the wise man bows to the beautiful".

But Mann did also read two Platonic dialogues while at work on the novella, the Symposium, especially Socrates' speech, which happens to be directed to Phaedrus, and the dialogue Phaedrus itself.

Mann's use of what he read in the dialogue is, as always, thoroughly parodistic, that is to say, the text, as in the case of Schiller, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche, serves as an occasion for mimicry and reminiscence, not for responsible appropriation. In fact one might say that the Platonic references in the novella contain nothing but external allusions to the dialogues and that to explicate the differences would be to set out a new modern opposition to supersede the classical one of philosophy and poetry, namely that of philosophy and Art in the sense before described--and it is possible to find better contexts than this for that enterprise. However, it does seem to me that Mann was in some way sensitive to the Platonic text, since there are certain salient points which he quite particularly and sure-handedly reverses.

The passages in question are Aschenbach's two soliloquies, acknowledged by Mann to be the centerpieces of the work in which he



apostrophizes the Venetian Phaedrus.

In the first of these, which occurs in the "Apollonian" fourth chapter, the writer, under the influence of the ironist's enthusiasm but still in control of himself, raises the setting of the Platonic Phaedrus, the plane tree and the turf outside the walls of Athens. There Socrates is made to court Phaedrus, the wise man the beautiful youth, and the courtship consists of instruction concerning desire and virtue. This is an adaptation of that part of Socrates' recantation in the Phaedrus which describes the behaviour of the temperate and the intemperate lover of beauty, including an adaptation of Socrates' definition of beauty as the sole and only one among the beings of the realm beyond heaven which can become visible, that is, as visible form. The passage closes with a reference by the romantic Socrates to the Symposium, to "that perhaps most tender and most ironic thought ever thought" by means of which the enthusiast seeks to save his superiority and his dignity--the passage in which Phaedrus himself claims that the lover, filled as he is with divinity, surpasses the beloved.

The second apostrophe is spoken by the cosmetically rejuvenated, already infected Aschenbach in the "Dionysiac" fifth chapter. It begins by once more characterizing beauty as visible divinity and as such "the way of the sensual man, the way of the artist to the spirit" and proceeds to set out the "problem" of the novella, the problem of beauty. It is not the question "what is beauty" that concerns the sentimental Socrates but the problem beauty poses for the "artist", which was expressed by the lines from the poet Platen quoted above:

He who has looked on beauty with his eyes,  
Is already in the hands of death.

This problem, which is very much an autobiographical one, might also be called the problem of "the two abysses". Aschenbach, like

Mann himself, is said to have been in his youth "problematical and unconditional", by which Mann means that he indulged in the uncompromising, dogged, melancholy, conscientiously thorough pursuit of such insights as lead to the exposure of motives, the doubting of talent, the betrayal of art; in short, that he pursued such knowledge as consists of "seeing through" or "breaking up" things and is usually called "analytic". But these sharp and bitter insights lose their charm and begin to be felt as an abyss of dissolute and "indecent psychologism". Aschenbach turns away from them in middle age as having and conferring no dignity, and experiences what he terms the "wonder of a reborn naivete". But in the sentimental poet this new naivete, this moral resolve to abjure psychology, takes the form of a classicism of form, a "purity, simplicity, and symmetry" which results in a "moral simplification of the world", a moral indifference

It is in this condition of being under the discipline of a thoroughly formalistic classicism accompanied by a strict regimen in his private life, that the emptiness of his inner life is invaded and the second abyss opens. For the master of classical form sees a live work of art which is the realization of his own efforts to become a "naive" artist. And because it is flesh and blood, it brings with it Eros and the formalistic poet of the "second", that is, acquired, naivete has no inner substance wherewith to withstand his devastation. "For"--I am quoting from the second Phaedrus apostrophe--"we poets...are not capable of rising, only of straying". In other words, for the poet of the novella, because he knows no lovable wisdom and therefore has no love of wisdom, "the way of the artist to the spirit" which leads through sensual beauty, that is, through visible spirit, is not viable; the poet's Eros precisely reverses the erotic motion of the Symposium- it is not a raising but a de-meaning motion. And not only is the road not viable but (and this

may be the same thing) its terminus is left perfectly uncircumscribed--there is no indication of what is meant by the "Spirit".

Let me read a last quotation. "The masterly bearing of our style is a lie and a foolery, our fame and honor a farce, the trust of the crowd in us highly laughable, and the education of the people and the young through art a risky undertaking which is to be forbidden."

These words are not from Plato's Republic but from the second Phaedrus apostrophe in Death in Venice. This is what Mann, perhaps in the end not so inappropriately, allowed Socrates to say about "art". Let me summarize the reason for his condemnation: the artist is a man of form and his form, or rather formalism, has a false relation to the passions.

I have, in turn, tried to show what the elements of the artist's forms, of his artistry, are and what the vices of their virtues might be, such that they impose on us and can be called charlatanism. Let me summarize them also.

There is Mann's linguistic virtuosity, his way of using words. Aschenbach makes nine attempts to describe Tadzio, to render his appearance in words, only to realize that this descriptive use of words, which Mann somewhere calls "Eros in the logos", is forever inadequate, and is, in fact, a hopeless enterprise. Nor are Aschenbach's words for human communication--perhaps the most telling reversal in Mann's use of the Platonic Phaedrus is that a dialogue, which deals with the relation of eros and rhetoric, suggests to him a soliloquy, that the writing Socrates has no way to form and control his love by logos, and that not a word ever passes between him and the Venetian Phaedrus.

Then there is Mann's mode of parody, a way of battling decadence

characterized by a wilfully irresponsible and yet persistent, somehow loyal, relation to the tradition, in which the present is referred to the past for its meaning. Associated with parody is a "musical" mode of composition in which themes occur to provide moments of allusion and reminiscence intended to elicit a pre-set reaction, a device analogous to what is called "leit-motif" in Wagnerian contexts.

And finally, there is Mann's manner of disposing of issues and preparing them for novelistic use which he calls his "irony"--a way of seeing problems in polar terms and playing with these, trusting for resolution to something indefinite called the "Spirit".

Let me end as I began with an apology for Mann and the study of Death in Venice. Mann prided himself, rightly, on his laboriously conscientious pursuit of the problems which he saw--and what he saw and pursued in the novella was the problem of romantic reaction. But this problem seems to me to be one of the most complex and recurrent aspects of modernity, the one which shows that to attempt to battle the evils of our times while firmly planted within them only leads to a deeper implication with them. To put it another way--Death in Venice is a serious reflection on what it means to have a false relation to the passions and to the past.

Eva Brann, Tutor

Lines from a Troubled Lover

Your heart is restless, cannot cleave to mine;  
When I approach, you seem to move away.  
You look to me a pilgrim at a shrine:  
I sense the loneliness in which you pray.  
The wistful sadness that is in your face  
Is there no less when you are overjoyed;  
In springtime, you are still a winter place:  
You feel no warmth; yet sunlight you avoid.  
You yearn for perfect love between our souls,  
And only sigh at my caress; and when  
I gently answer, one must love by wholes,  
Your look of sadness blossoms once again.  
My love, the flowers weep to see you smile!  
Why not then come, take rest with me awhile.

Roger Greene

Lovers' Walk, in Snow, in the Night

The sparking, dark-eyed fierceness of our words  
Has made us pause; and like the wounded, we  
Must rest from pain inflicted by the swords  
We wield, each at the one we know should be  
The gentlest to us and most gently loved.  
We stand here breathing hard, as if we lance  
Our souls, recoiling in the hate of love.  
But now our startled eyes have met; the glance,  
A look beseeching, granting closer love,  
Has passed; we touch again, again hold hands.  
The moon has risen patiently, from white  
To whiter in the crystal, breathless night.  
But come: the winter air is sharp, and chills.  
Our love will hurt and heal us as it wills.

Roger Greene

## Numbers, Counting, and the Measurement of Length

This note criticizes the treatment of the measurement of length and of counting in the Freshman Lab Manual, Part I, and suggests alternative ways of understanding the same phenomena. It also criticizes the Manual's account of numbers and suggests another more satisfactory view of them. Naturally, criticisms of this note are more than welcome.

The first chapter of Part I of the Freshman Laboratory Manual deals with the measurement of length. Measuring length is reduced to counting because, like counting, it is said to be the finding of a ratio between a multitude and a unit length that is the same as the ratio between some number and unity (P. I-11).

I do not think that either this account of measuring length, this account of counting, or the implied account of numbers is accurate.

When I think of a table as eight feet long, I do not think of the length of the table as bearing the same ratio to the unit length that eight bears to one. What I think is that the length of the table is divisible into eight parts, each equal to the other, and to some other length external to the table. The "eight-feet-ness" of the table, the "being-eight-feet-long" of it seems to me to be something that is as much "in" the table as its length is "in" the table. Indeed, it is its length. The length of the table may indeed be said, in addition, to be octuple the external length. But the octuple ratio is a consequence of its length being eight feet.

But if the Manual's account of measuring is inaccurate, its account of counting must be inaccurate also, since the one is assimilated to the other. And, indeed, it is inaccurate. When I have counted a group of eggs, I do not think that the count I have come up with, say twelve, is a ratio between the eggs I have counted and the unit egg which is the same as the ratio between twelve and one. (P. I-9) What I think is that the multitude of eggs is divided into twelve items, each equal to one another and comparable to the standard egg which is external to them all and which, existing only as "idea" in the logos, I am using to determine what shall be included and what shall not be. The "being twelve" of the eggs is in the multitude of eggs; it is not a ratio.

In large measure responsible for the Manual's false definitions of measuring length and counting is its equivocal use of the word "numbers". The word "numbers" is used throughout the first chapter sometimes as if it could refer to things of a certain kind which can enter into ratios and can have the same ratio to one another that a multitude can have to one of the units in it.

Clearly there can be...no...ratio between things of different kinds but only between things of the same kind, between eggs and between numbers and numbers. (P. I-9)

But this meaning of "numbers" is no sooner affirmed than it is denied in favor of another one:

Strictly speaking, it is the system of proper names (not the numbers) that we carry "in our heads"; the numbers themselves are present wherever there are multitudes. The number twelve, for example, is just as much a physical (!) characteristic of a dozen eggs as is their shape, color, weight, or chemical composition. (P. I-8)

This "more strict" use of the word "number", however, to mean a "physical characteristic" of a group, is only mentioned to be immediately



forgotten. For in the very same paragraph in which it is said that numbers are physical characteristics, they are spoken of as things between which and eggs a one-to-one correspondence can be set up. (pp I 8-

That these two uses of the word "number" are radically distinct is clear from the fact that although one might be able to speak of two numbers as having a ratio to one another, one could never say that two characteristics had a ratio to one another. A further absurdity results since by this account of numbers we do not, after counting, come up with a number. Or if we do, then a third sense of "number" (ratio) is added to compound the confusion already caused by the other two.

An Alternative Account of Number and its Consequences for an Understanding of Counting and the Measurement of Length

Let me suggest that numbers are neither physical characteristics of things nor things themselves nor ratios between things but rather groups of things. By this account the "number books" of the Elements contain propositions about groups of things from which considerations of place, time, color, weight, shape, and individual multiplicity have been prescinded. This is why "numbers" can be represented there by straight lines; all that is left is individuality and relative size.

To count a number, multitude, or collection, then, is to determine which one of several predicates, e.g. two, three or four, each associated with a sound in a certain order, "two", "three", "four", to predicate of it. What predicate belongs to a given multitude will be determined by matching the items in the multitude, making sure they are all as much the same as one another as required, one-by-one with the individual sounds

associated with the predicates and repeated in the proper order. (The proper order among the sounds is derived from the proper order among the predicates and has no intrinsic necessity; there is no reason that I can see why the predicate signified by "five" could not be signified by "four" and vice-versa.) When the individuals in the collection have been exhausted, the predicate belonging to the multitude will be signified by the sound last uttered.

There is nothing remarkable about this procedure: anyone with a "counter" in his hand need only push it every time another individual is included in the tally and, at the end, read off the name of the predicate belonging to the multitude he has just counted. The procedure, in fact, is fundamentally akin to that involved in determining what predicate should be assigned to any subject: reason seeking and finding her own children.

To measure a length is to determine what predicate to apply to that length when it is considered as divided into parts each equal to some other external length. Because the items in a "length collection" are apparently continuous with one another instead of, as in a collection of eggs, discrete, "counting" this kind of collection will require that that which separates the individuals from one another, the principle of individual distinctness and, therefore, of individual being and knowability — let us call it the gnomon\* — will have to be introduced into the "collection" from the spatial outside. The genesis and consequent intelligibility of the individual units which will be counted is precisely what aligning a ruler alongside an object to be measured accomplishes.

(In the case of counting, the gnomon remains outside each individual, but non-spatially. Its principle of countability, that by virtue of which each one "counts" as one of whatever is being counted, i.e., its "being-an-egg",

is other than it though at the same time intimately one with it. Some of the counting gnomons are to be found in law books. For law books are the depository of those definitions through which individual members of important political multitudes are generated and hence become knowable, e.g., citizens, dependents, corporations, states of emergency, etc. Others are in the books of united growers, e.g., "Grade A Fancy Maple Syrup", or artisans, e.g., "Twelve-Light Barn Sash", or the wise, e.g., "DNA", "hyperbola". Generally the making or altering of these gnomons is in the hands of those who know or who have the power which in the mind of the many is a sign of knowledge.

As in the case of counting, what predicate properly belongs to a given continuous collection is determined by matching the items in the required, i.e., that the ruler is well calibrated, one-by-one with the predicates by means of their name. When the individuals are exhausted, the predicate belonging to the multitude is that whose name is the sound last uttered or read off the ruler -- for most rulers also count the ones which they generate and make known: they not only mark off equal distances: they have on them predicate-symbols placed near the unit divisions, e.g., "2", "3", "4". The meters in yard goods departments exhibit this principle as do service station gasoline pump meters.

The difference between counting and measuring length is, therefore, that although both involve counting images of a gnomon in an underlying something which remains peculiarly unknown and out of reach, and although both gnomons somehow seem responsible for the being of that of which they are the gnomons, the gnomon of continuity is external to the counted while the gnomon of discreteness is internal to it. But in both cases the

unnamed is named, the unknown made known, through the association of presumed identified parts of a whole with a certain kind of predicate.

Edward G. Sparrow, Tutor

\* This gnomon is one of a very limited class of *εἶδον* that can be spatially approached; should it be destroyed, what it causes to be (feet, meters) would also be destroyed. It is not accidental that the National Bureau of Standards, the custodian of these material *εἶδον*, only allows the purified initiates to approach them. This is because they dwell in a region apart (a cave!), as far as possible from the turmoil of becoming while yet accessible to the very few who must have recourse to them in order to rule the world which is theirs.

## The Shepherd's Song

The last movement of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, entitled "Shepherd's Song," is a remarkable piece of music, considered by itself. Of the movements of the Pastoral Symphony it is, if not the most pastoral, certainly the most innocent. This paper will examine "The Shepherd's Song" musically, and then discuss its innocence.

The orchestration of the movement is not particularly unusual. In addition to strings and two each of flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, and trumpets, two trombones are included in the instrumentation, although theirs is a relatively minor role in the unfolding of the movement. The burden of the melody falls largely on the strings, and particularly the first violins. The horns are used prominently as melodic instruments, and the wind instruments are generally massed, in contrast to some other parts of the symphony, particularly in the first and second movements, where solo winds are very important. The string basses seldom play the same parts as the cellos, and often play pizzicato under the other strings playing the melody. There is little manipulation of the timbres of the instruments for special effect, as there is, for instance, in the first movement of the Eroica or, more blatantly, in the storm in this symphony. The interest, when it is not melodic, as it admittedly is most of the time, is dynamic or textural.

Harmonically this movement is very tame. The rate of harmonic motion is slow. The tonality of the piece is always right around F, straying for short periods of time into C and B<sup>b</sup>, but returning quickly to F. An interesting kind of cadence occurs twice at the beginning of the movement and once at the end. In measure 5, the cellos begin to play a pedal on the tonic and dominant over which the V-I cadence that leads to the melody in measure 9 takes place. The cadence itself, however, instead of occurring on the first beat of measure 9, actually takes place in measure 8 on the fourth eighth note. Something similar happens in measure 12, where the harmonic movement IV-V takes place on the upbeat to bar 13. On the next to last note of the movement, the lack of any dominant feeling whatever and the premature fortissimo generate the same sort of cadential motion. The effect of all this is that the cadences that are affected are weakened, and their function as articulations, as stops in the melody, ceases to be served. As a consequence, the melodic flow, despite its emphatically square character, seems to be smooth, and to reach continually after the next measure.

The rhythms throughout the movement are varied but regular. Often, as in, for instance, measure 32, the same rhythmic pattern is repeated (three times in this case) and then altered. But as often, the obsessive harping on certain rhythms (e.g. measure 146) that is so characteristic of this symphony as a whole is demonstrated. The downbeat is always

prominent, and the music has not a trace of syncopation. The only striking rhythmic change that I can detect occurs in the motive that appears in measure 32, where the pattern shifts from the waltz-like emphasis on the upbeat and downbeat that characterizes the main theme of the movement, to a concentration on the first two beats of each group of three.

I shall treat the form of the movement by making a diagram of the successive melodies that appear, but I must first justify this practice. Since form is the orderly arrangement in time of the action of a piece of music, and since, as I have mentioned, the action of the movement is largely melodic, then its form is dependent on melody. If we suppose the individual melodies themselves to be separate in thought from their temporal relations to each other, then the music can be divided neatly into what we might call substance, the melodic raw material, and essence, the organization of the material in time. This point of view is superficially attractive, for it might be argued that because music is a creature of time and cannot live outside of the passage of time, the way in which time passes in a piece of music (i.e. the form of that piece) is its very being. By this argument, the melody and the other "matter" that is in the music, because they are qualities that determine the mode of being of the music, and not its very existence, can be called its substance.

, This argument overlooks two facts about real music

as it is written and heard. First of all, it ignores the presence of a certain necessity in the writing of music. The theory above outlined presumes there to be no logical intercourse between the superstructure of a piece and its substance, but the existence of the Beethoven sketchbooks belies this view. Sketches, which document the attempt to achieve an accommodation between the idea of the piece in the composer's mind and the fact of the written music, demonstrates the impossibility of conceiving substance and essence separately. For what can the idea of the piece, that standard against which the composer measures his productions, be but its essence; if the conception of the piece is not its essence, how can it be said to be the completion of that piece rather than some other? It cannot be denied, however, that the demands of musical essence on substance and substance on essence are very real. Could the B-Minor Mass be composed of minuets? Could its Kyrie be a theme and variations? Could a fugue be written into the first movement of Tschaikowsky's Pathetique Symphony? The negative answers to the preceding questions are not really extramusical. The pages and pages of music that Beethoven rejected from his sketchbooks are testimony that there is indeed a musical appropriateness, a logic to the marriage of form and matter.

The existence of musical taste, it seems to me, also militates against the metaphysical theory of di-



chotomy between form and melody. The existence of music is inseparable logically from the capacity for, and exercise of judgement on the part of its listeners. But the presence of this faculty in listening to music presupposes some sort of principle, no matter how narrow or baseless, by which they accept or reject. One might argue that musical taste is a result of vogue, but this does not in any way alter the fact of its presence in people. Somewhere a judgement has to be made, and it is plain that that judgement is a reflection on the whole musical experience. For while the supposed elements of music may be separable in thought, although it seems to me unlikely, they cannot be separable in sensation. The passage of time and the motion of sound will not wait on metaphysics.

So, with the intimate relationship between form and melody in the last movement of the Pastoral Symphony in mind, let us quickly make a picture of them. It is my contention that the whole of the movement melodically is generated out of two motives in its beginning. The first, which is properly speaking at the end of the storm, is designated (I) on the accompanying music paper. The second, which I call (II), is closely related to the material that introduces it (III), although the sketches reveal that they were conceived separately. In the interest of brevity, I shall list the melodic events of the movement with their accompaniment, if any, below them, and the motives to the

right of those derived from them. Roman numerals refer to musical examples printed below.

measure #	4th movement, m. 146				m.1	m.9	m.32
melody (from..)	I				III	II	IV
(accompaniment)					(pizz.) (arpeggios)		

msre. #	m. 50	m. 56	m. 64	m.80		
melody	V (I)	III	II	VI (IX; cf. m. 86 & 24)		
(accmp.)			(arpeggios)	(arpeggios)		

msre. #	m. 99	m. 117	m. 125	m. 140	m. 158	
melody	VII (I)	VIII (II)	II	IV	V (I)	
(accmp.)	(III)	(II)	(VIII)	(arpeggios)		

msre. #	m. 164	m. 177	m. 206	m. 237	
melody	III	II	VIII (II)	IX (II, III)	
(accmp.)	(II)			(II)	

msre. #	m. 260	
melody	III	finis
(accmp.)	(VII)	

I know of no name for this form. There are elements in it of a rondo, theme and variations, even sonata form. The question is, then, what kind of form is it, and

what kind of piece is it? We can see the lightness of the organization of the movement by looking at this chart. It is hard to miss the continual repetition of melodies, the lack of modulation, the simple textures, the slow harmonic movement, and the rhythmic regularities. I have already remarked on the device of weakening cadences so as to make the very regular four-bar phrases melt into each other. In fact the first and only satisfying cadences in the movement are in the final section of the piano, the section marked "sotto voce." But these observations do not help to understand the force of the movement.

The secret of the Shepherd's Song is the quality of its melodies. Though it may never be possible to make pronouncements on what is natural in a melody, or on what effects are produced by various kinds of melodic combinations, it is possible to generalize about the group of tunes in this movement. Then, bearing in mind that melody is the heart of the movement, we can use this generalization as a sort of paradigm for the piece as a whole. We might sum up the characteristics of rhythm, harmony, and orchestration enumerated above with the word "simplicity." The melodies here are simple, too, founded on a triad and a major scale. But all of Beethoven's melodies are built from material of this sort; one is reminded of the them of the first movement of the Eroica, which is as unabashedly triadic as the theme of this movement. There is something more to innocence than simplicity, and there is something more to the melodic writing

in this piece than triads and scales. Without treading on the treacherous and embarrassing ground of emotional analysis of the music, I would like to make two points. The first concerns music, and it is that the melodies in this last movement have what I would call a downward bias, by which I mean that descent in pitch, and sometimes in dynamics, receives the rhythmic and formal emphasis in the piece. Of course, the most obvious example of this is fragment (I), which is simply a series of appoggiatures. But an examination of the rest of the melodies shows a deliberate pattern, and the sketches bear this hypothesis out. The final point I wish to make does not really concern music, but rather words. Innocence is essentially a negative word, denoting an absence of evil.. Although simplicity need not co-exist with complexity in the world to be meaningful, innocence inevitably implies guilt. The pastoral life, of which the sixth symphony is presumably a picture, is a powerful temptation to those in the real world, but it is only seductive because of the corruption of the world. If it were not seductive, moreover, it would be boring. To write a pastoral symphony or to compose a pastoral poem is to be confronted with corruption, for there are no pastoral symphonies in the land of the innocent. It is as if one revealed that he was clad by the act of disrobing. I think it is not altogether meaningless to call the innocence of the Shepherd's Song the innocence of the guilty.

Submitted by:

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David Stevenson, Tutor  
Alan Roth Plutzig '71

4th Movement

I. m. 146 150  
Vn. I

II. 10 etc.  
Vn. I

I. m. 1 5 Hn.  
Cl.

I. m. 32  
'cellos

I. m. 50  
'cellos

I. m. 80 85 etc.  
2 Cl.

VII. m. 99  
Vn. II

VIII. Vn. I (m. 117) etc.

IX. m. 237 240  
Vn. I (sotto voce)