

Burke Literature

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## A MAN OF FORETHOUGHT

### I

CARTER admitted it to himself: his hand was trembling. For after all, there was no reason why he shouldn't admit it; and there was no reason why his hand shouldn't tremble. He was to decide a woman's destiny today, and the woman was atrociously good-looking.

As he stood with his eyes fastened on the dull little penny that lay in his quivering palm, Carter mused poetically on the idea that a mere penny would decide his fate. Any number of people had thrown caution to the various winds when tempted by an obese wallet; he even remembered having read a touching tale of a girl's having gone astray for a pair of shoes; but here he was, the prince of all lost souls, following the dictates of a penny.

Perhaps he had better make it the best out of three tosses. After all, one lone final toss was too sudden, too brutal almost. It was like having the electric light switched on when one had been dozing in the dark. It was like trying to step up one more step than there was, and getting oneself disturbingly jolted. The little penny, as it lay head upright before him, shouted its commands at him, and he resented it. By heavens, he *would* make it the best out of three tosses!

Still, that was unfair, both to himself and the penny. He had sworn on the Blue Book that it would be one toss, and only one. Very well, he would compromise.

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He opened the second drawer of his desk and took out a pack of cards. If an ace turned up within the first eleven cards he would take three tosses instead of one.

He shuffled the cards nervously; in his excitement he dropped a couple. They fell face up on the floor, and he saw that one was an ace. He had a sneaking temptation to put it on the top of the deck and begin dealing, but one last spark of manhood held out, and he shuffled the ace out of knowledge into the pack. Then he began dealing.

The fifth card was an ace. He breathed easier. Now he was entitled to two more tosses of the coin.

He took a glance at himself in the mirror and decided that the pallor caused by this excitement made him very handsome. He gave his hair an unnecessary stroke or two. Then he steeled himself for the second toss.

"As before, heads—yes, tails—no; get ready, get set, one, two, three, go!"

The penny sailed high into the air, clinked against the ceiling, fell promptly and rolled under the piano. Carter strained himself to get it out without bagging his trousers. Good—it was tails.

He had earned an intermission. He poured himself a generous drink of his favorite cognac. He paused a bit. Then, made more courageous by the alcohol, he picked up the coin and threw it on his little mahogany *gueridon* with a magnificent carelessness.

Done!

"In God we trust . . . Liberty . . . 1916 . . ." and the serene profile of Abraham Lincoln with his eyes seeking the decanter of cognac.

John Carter cursed *pianissimo*. But his fate was decided—absolutely. Destiny had spoken; and poor dear Clarisse must pay the penalty. For it is the woman who pays; it is not the tempting man but the tempted woman who must suffer. Carter was decidedly comforted by repeating to himself this beautiful commonplace.

But he must act immediately. He knew only too well

his deucedly cautious nature. He rushed to the phone and told the operator in the corridor of the apartment hotel to call a taxi. Then he added a few feverish touches to his toilet.

He reflected with a certain relief that this half-affair between himself and Clarisse was to be settled at last. It had hung on for years now, ever since long before her marriage. Of course, it was a miserable thing to do to Dick. But he had had too much consideration for Dick already. Beginning with the days he had pulled Dick through his Latin at prep school, and ending with his noble stupidity of coming all the way from Italy to be best man at their wedding, Carter's life had been one long list of self-sacrifices for Dick.

Bosom friend or no bosom friend, Carter had at last decided to obey the commands of the tossed penny. He was desperately in love with Clarisse, so much so that he had taken all his other women off the mantelpiece. And such an absorbing love, that might some day spoil his appetite, deserved expression.

The phone rang. Carter swung around with a frightened jerk, and overturned a pile of music. He snatched the receiver.

"Taxi? Yes, be right down. What? No? Oh, pshaw! Tell him I'm not at home." He slapped down the receiver and began picking up the music. He was shaking all over.

"Damn it, I'm too nervous," he muttered. "I'll force myself to be quiet. I'll play something, something of my own, something very gentle. But I have nothing very gentle. I don't turn out things like that. Let's see, there is a soft little thing of Debussy's. But all the little girls play that now after they're through with the 'Dance of the Witches' and 'Snowy Dewdrops.' Grade 3A. The devil. There is a lovely little minuet in one of Beethoven's sonatas. The old masters, something with good solid harmonies . . . that's what I want. Perhaps a good-humored bit of Haydn. Perhaps. . ."

The phone rang. It was the taxi. He rushed out of the room. What luck, what divinely auspicious luck. . . . he just caught the elevator. Evidently everything was going to go well. He tumbled hastily into the cab and almost whispered the address to the driver. The man looked at him sharply, as though he understood. The insolence! Carter felt himself getting angry. What was the ass waiting for?

"Hurry. I am in a dreadful hurry. I will make it worth your while."

"East or West?" the driver asked.

Oh, so that was the trouble? In his precipitancy he had merely neglected to say which side of Fifth Avenue. How ridiculous of him to get angry when it was all his fault. "East," and the taxi was off.

As he was jolted about in the capricious taxi, he tried to form some definite plan of action. For decidedly he was a man of forethought. It wouldn't do to stumble in abruptly, drop on his knees, and blubber out "I love you." Yet, on the other hand, this very suddenness might be effective; women are often highly susceptible to that sort of technique. Still, if he began immediately with these sudden tactics, it might lead to something embarrassing. He had better delay until he had made sure no one was there besides Clarisse. It would be just as well, after a mysterious silence, after five minutes of vague and absent-minded conversation, to be *then* transformed into a passionate whirlwind.

But about this "I love you." Here was a problem which always kept turning up, and for which he had never found a solution. Does a phrase, when applied to these ultimate issues, gain by being so hopelessly banal, or does it lose? Women aren't so particular about the brand-newness of a sentence as men are. They are more taken with the impetus of it, and an "I love you," said quivering enough, was probably the best one could do. They like to think one is speaking the eternal sentence; it lends a certain cosmic air to their love. Just as the little birdies and grass-

hoppers have chirped the same love-chirp for centuries and centuries, so this poor man, prostrate before them under the heavy burden of this ultimate issue, must make the same noise as his ancestors, the same meagre succession of syllables must trill from his love-thick tongue.

## II

THE taxi, getting suddenly clear of all traffic impediments, took a short spurt, and the realization that he was nearing Clarisse so swiftly stirred up a little panic in Carter. When he had calmed down a bit, he resolved to be less practical in his meditations; he grew ashamed of their cold-bloodedness. He huddled himself into an amorphous jostled mass, and let his mind wander back to the more idyllic phases of their attachment.

The various attitudes he had gone through had purified him, he decided. For the first few months after their marriage he had refused loyally even to lift his eyes to her; he had tried to get her out of his thoughts. What a noble time that had been!

First, in the vain effort to forget her, he had written, and published at his own expense, a book of essays on his travels in Italy, but only to spoil it all by the pregnant dedication, "To C."

Then he had become more desperate, and more noble, and sought distraction among the vulgar beauties of the stage. He was nearly succeeding when his funds threatened to give out, and he was thrown more inexorably than ever into the clutches of his dolorous love for Clarisse.

Then Dick had got it into his good-natured stupid old head that Clarisse and Carter should see more of each other. Carter told him outright that Clarisse troubled him—*intrigued* him, as the Café de la Paix would put it—but the man had simply laughed, and felt a little flattered. Carter thought him a charming ass, but he said no more about it.

Then came the day when Carter saw her with a headache, a neat little white cloth tied about her temples. He had tightened his jaw with the sudden realization of how inevitable she was to him. He was proud of the feelings he had for her. *She had never kissed him, but there had been a nose of desire, a lip to his, a breath of passion. He had simply wanted to kiss her on the forehead, to advise her, to smoke big cigars and tell her things. It was a period of uprightness, during which he had maintained the most loyal of attitudes towards her and Dick. And most important, it was an excuse for everything that might follow.*

But alas, it had only been a period of transition. Slight touches of her skirt as she whisked by him, her smile, the way she said "no," the night she hurt her ankle and leaned against him—these things had contrived to change him. He wished he could have remained the big brother he had once felt himself to be. But things had turned otherwise, until now . . . he noticed with a shock that the taxi had turned into her street.

Another three minutes! Why did he breathe so? There was no danger. Dick was sure to be away, and even if he were at home there were excuses enough. Another two minutes!

The vividness of the prospective scene renewed his zeal. He saw himself drop down before her, and take her hands, and kiss them . . . kiss them. For once in his life he would be wild, incautious. Perhaps it would stir him into a different sort of life, a careless, vicious existence with a maximum of dash, far from his neat apartment with its cut glass, its quiet rugs and mahogany. Perhaps he could write a novel about it. Perhaps . . . another minute!

He saw himself there on his knees, pleading. It was a delightful morsel to dwell upon. But had she been prepared to love him? Had she gone through a period of resolute indifference, then brave sisterhood, then metamorphosed gently into a woman ripe for the love of him? Perhaps she would feel a monstrous disgust at his advances,

and turn away from him with scorn, as from something evil and filthy. Or perhaps she would be wounded, deeply wounded, at the insult he offered her, and would run away from him, frightened and whimpering. She was a good girl, and faithful to her husband. He had no right to expect such unworthy things of her. . . .

There was the house now, the one with the colonial portico. What he had been thinking of was impossible. She was not the sort of woman who yields to other men. The calm, smooth life she led permitted of nothing irregular, nothing out of the way. . . . The taxi stopped.

"Drive through Central Park."

"Yes, sir." The driver's voice was puzzling, as though he took a personal interest in all these numerous scandals which he drove people up to and away from. The taxi leapt ahead.

Crushed! Eternally a man of forethought! Carter was thoroughly sick of himself, as if he were a disagreeable food in his own stomach. He would get drunk. Drunk, faugh! What right did he have to get drunk? Drink is for those whose lives are of sharp edges and deafening crashes. The souls that are impelled to drink climb craggy mountains and topple into abysses that are dizzy, very dizzy. For Carter there was nothing; he was ever a man of careful, deliberate, painstaking forethought. He had had the forethought to see that Clarisse was unattainable; he must pay the penalty with his endless mediocrity of action. . . .

Two days afterwards Dick came rushing into Carter's room, savagely drunk.

"She's gone!" he screamed. "The harlot! She deserted me; she's run off with a movie actor!"

Carter promptly left his room, bought a revolver and some cartridges, loaded the revolver, put it to his head and, being a man of forethought, didn't shoot himself.

# MRS. MAECENAS

1

*Ego vox clamantis in deserto.*  
WORDS OF ST. JOHN

AFTER many years of faithful service, the professor had become president of the university, taken him a somewhat scandalously younger wife, and died, leaving a string of pompous titles to the wind, and a flourishing widow over thirty to the world. The wife of the head of the physics department, who was usually well up on such things, had prophesied that the president's widow would soon quit the little town for ever, but contrary to expert opinion, she continued living in the same house, nay, even maintained her former connections with the university. The unexpected consensus of opinion was that this woman was too charming to be beyond suspicion, but yet her scutcheon was radiant with blotlessness. Propriety had been observed with a rigidity that was perhaps even a bit dogmatic, as in the case of her dismissing the chauffeur. And besides, she was left with a little girl, which was even more reassuring.

After the fitting period of black, and another fitting period of subdued colours, she gradually drifted into a superabundance of attire which was perhaps not quite so fitting, but was still within the code. For she never appeared again in *smart* clothes; in fact, even the most unfriendly had to admit that she was almost matronly. A big-busted woman, she carried herself with firm dignity, and talked with a Southern accent in a voice that was rich and deep, and might even indicate that she had once been an instructress in elocution.

Within two years after her husband's death, she had acquired a unique position in the life of the university. There were fussy young girls who, as the expression goes, just idolized her. She was the unfailing chaperon at all school functions, since she had succeeded in the difficult task of both entering in with the feelings of the students and yet making them remember that she was not one of them. If she appeared at any of the games, the students, at a sign from their cheer-leader, would doff their caps, and cheer for her. There is no greater tribute to her tact than the fact that she was honorary head of both the Athenian Literary Society and the Society of Fine Arts, two organizations which were always facing each other with backs hunched and teeth bared. It was as patroness of these two organizations that she acquired the flattering nickname of "Mrs. Maecenas." For of all her interests in student activities, her guidance of "the arts" had been most faithful.

In the course of her five years at the university Mrs. Maecenas had judged twelve debates on the single tax, fifteen on the inferiority of women to men, and nine on various phases of prohibition, state, national, and locally optional; and to her credit be it said that her verdicts were not always the same on the same subjects. Mrs. Maecenas had read a gross of horror stories that had received good grades in English Composition 22, and were written after the manner of Edgar Allan Poe; and another gross or two that had been cribbed from O. Henry. Mrs. Maecenas had gone through thousands of rhymed documents on pubescent and adolescent affections, still in her capacity as a protectrice of the arts. And when the war started, and a big man in the German department had called the French a degenerate nation, Mrs. Maecenas had written a charming letter to the school paper in which she denounced the Huns and spoke very beautifully of modern French poetry.

But the truth is that Mrs. Maecenas was getting weary. She had seen ten semesters of the university, and her hopes

of mothering a little renaissance out here in the wilderness had gradually pined away as the engineering and agricultural schools grew steadily more vigorous. Everywhere, everywhere, typical young Americans were springing up, sturdy tough daisy-minds that were cheerful, healthy, and banal. How could art thrive here, she asked herself, in a land so unfavourable to the artist's temper! These lusty young throats that cheered her at the football games, they were miserably sane and normal. And Mrs. Maecenas found herself entertaining uncharitable feelings towards these fine young men and women who thought so much of her.

Under the plea of ill health, she began to appear less at school festivities. Also, her child was getting older now, and the need of giving it more attention added motivation to her retirement. She became less kindly in her opinions of the stories and verses she was given to criticize, until this burden had decreased almost to a total nullity. As a consequence, within another year Mrs. Maecenas was hardly more than a widow with a little daughter. An occasional attack of her old weakness for genius-hunting would lure her now and then to one of the literary clubs, but she usually returned from them with such a feeling of exhaustion and disgust that she wondered how she ever could have stood it.

Mrs. Maecenas settled down to be the voice of one whispering very quietly in the wilderness. The great machine of the university could dump its annual output of standardized "leaders of America," could ship them off every commencement day labelled "with all the advantages of a college education"; the alumni could put up a sun-dial or a gate, or an iron railing, every year in sacred memory of their dear Alma Mater; the great auditorium could tremble with cheering and shouting when big Dick Holloway, handsome blond-haired Dick, the hero of the university, shot the winning goal; all this could go on if it would—but Mrs. Maecenas got farther away from it all, and nearer

to her books and her piano. The university became healthier, and she quietly blushed for the future of America. . . .

And then it was that her genius came. By the purest chance she had gone to the Athenian meeting. She found the room peculiarly astir. Little groups were talking quite low together, glancing now and then towards one corner of the room. In this corner, with his back turned towards the members of the Athenian, a rather gawkily formed young man was reading a yellow paper-covered volume which Mrs. Maecenas recognized to be a French novel. There was a slight smell of whiskey in the room.

Mrs. Maecenas knew she had found her genius. Yet at this time Siegfried was barely seventeen.

## 2

*Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum  
habitare fratres in unum!*

PSALM 132.

Siegfried presented himself at the home of Mrs. Maecenas late the following afternoon. He was just as gawkily formed as the night before, and another yellow-covered book was in his hand, but his breath this time smelled strongly of coffee-beans. In spite of the coffee-beans, however, Siegfried had had no more whiskey; with peculiar astuteness in these matters, he had realized that it would probably be a false step to exhale the same shocking odour of the previous night; but on the other hand, to exhale the standard destroyer of this odour might give the precisely proper variation. Siegfried selected his breath with as much care as less imaginative souls give to their neckties. The door was opened by the widow herself.

"Mrs. Maecenas, I believe?"

"Oh, Siegfried, won't you come in?" She had always insisted on calling the students by their first names.

He stepped into a dark reception hall, and then fol-

lowed her to the left into her library, Mrs. Maecenas having dispensed with the small-town parlour. "I am very glad you came to see me, although . . ." and here she laughed with her widow roguishness, "although I'm not so sure that I ought to be."

Siegfried was startled. He had not hoped to be taken so freely. But he skimmed the cream of the occasion, and cast away the yoke of his youth in the quality of his equals-to-equals answer, "Throw all caution, etc., I implore you, Mrs. Maecenas, and be less churchly and more Christian. I have come to you as a last hope; deliver me from this American captivity." He began looking over her books without further formality. Mrs. Maecenas sat down tentatively on the piano stool, facing away from the piano, and her two arms stretched back on the keyboard.

"Your remarks might lead me to conclude that you are not an American yourself, my dear boy, but nevertheless I'll risk my life that you, like me, were raised under the tutelage of the chopped-down cherry tree." At this Siegfried turned suddenly, like an ill-tempered dog.

"Ugh! My father was an alumnus of this university. Is that credentials enough?" And then just as suddenly cherubic again: "But you have them all, every one! I might think I was by the Pont Neuf."

"The books? Yes, and I should be pleased to lend them to you, if you should ever want any of them."

"And no George Sand! And no Sandeau! And no Bourget! Why, Mrs. Maecenas, I am in the library that I shall own some day. Oh, please let me come here, in this modern *thébaïde*, in this elevation above the chewing-gum and sarsaparilla of our beloved country men. God bless them, they have carried their Monroe Doctrine into culture. And what a beautiful set of Flaubert!"

"Shhh! *Et les bouquins! Viens!*" With mock caution she led him by the hand to a corner where something square was standing, covered with a drapery of dark purple. She lifted this slowly, disclosing another bookcase. "Popery!"

And she slipped out two heavy breviaries, with black leather bindings, and rich gilt edges. She opened one of them at random, and displayed a beautiful front of red and black, with illuminated capitals. Then she pointed to a Dutch edition of Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophiae*, in the russet-leather of the seventeenth century. There was the Vulgate in five volumes, the *Peristephanon* and *Psychomachia* of Prudentius; Siegfried's eyes followed her hand as it brushed along the books. "I must admit," she said, "I did not collect these. They were my husband's. We spoke of them in secret, as though they were the limbs of a child we had pulled apart and stuffed up the chimney." There was also a copy of Huysmans' *Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam* in Gothic type, Remy de Gourmont's critical anthology of mystic Latin verse, and Saint François de Sales's *Introduction à la Vie Dévote* in a paper cover of ludicrously innocent blue.

"Popery, bah!" Siegfried exclaimed. "The de Gourmont gives you away. And that, down in the corner, that Pertronius! Madam, you are a pagan, for who but a pagan would own such lovely tomes? Nay, you are worse than a pagan; you are a lover of art. I am scandalized. I shall expose you before the world!"

Mrs. Maecenas laughed. "Art was once loved; then it was tolerated; and now it will soon be prohibited, so that we must express our devotion to it in secret, deep in the catacombs. Those are, more or less, the words of de Gourmont. And so you must come here often, Siegfried, and we shall kneel together before the clandestine altar."

After this, they knelt together no less than twice a week. Although Siegfried was more cautious, Mrs. Maecenas plunged headlong into her epithets, and described their evenings as "something rare and wonderful." Love, art, death, renunciation, the beautiful—the two of them drank long draughts of these deep-red vintages, for they each loved art eloquently. Huddled darkly in the crypt, they would discuss all eternal and universal things, and he

would read his prose and verses. She didn't write herself, but what a warm critic!

Perhaps no evening was more wonderful than that sleety night before the holidays. Siegfried had struggled against a persistently vindictive slashing of hail, and arrived with his overcoat feeling like a hulk of iron. As he turned from the street towards the widow's home, he saw the subdued red of the drop-light, "their light," glowing in the window. He felt so deliciously conscious of his health, of his strength, as he stamped on to the porch. Mrs. Maecenas opened the door before he could ring.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, "how many enemies I have out in this night!" He knocked the drippings from his hat, and shook his coat, then stepped into the warm hallway. "I was hardly more than a primitive out in that storm, battling savagely with all the little gods."

She took his coat. "Ah, you have noticed that? It is so easy to understand when one is fighting a storm, just how the original man had to imagine the world peopled with demons. A cutting wind in your face soon seems like a challenge aimed at you personally, just as a fist in the face might. And you can't walk against it five minutes without squaring your jaw, or even shouting as though you were a fiend yourself."

Thus was the platter handed to Siegfried. He returned it graciously as they stepped into the library: "And then, to continue the same viewpoint, think how extraordinarily secure this original man must have felt when he had gained his cave, where there was fire, and light, and warmth to reassure him that he had outstridden the demon. . . . Perhaps that is why I feel so peculiarly comfortable now as I see those logs where I can warm my hands." He laughed. "Congratulate me; I feel that I unwound a pretty statement there. . . . But as to the warming of hands, it is a pleasure to warm them before a log fire even when they are not cold."

"Once the hands are warmed before the fire of logs, we



can then warm them before the fire of life," and the widow had acquitted herself.

"Ah!" After which, for no defined reason, he thought this a time to summon all his boyishness in a toss of the head, and a patent carefree laugh. "How fortunate it is that Landor is not popular."

"Yes, if I were deprived of that lovely quatrain! How right a thing to compose on one's seventy-fifth birthday!"

"Isn't it? It must gratify a man to evolve so perfectly concomitantly with his years, to write patriarchally when he is old, to be so complete an entelechy."

"The entelechy, I always felt, was one of Aristotle's most valuable conceptions," Mrs. Maecenas fell in, thereby advancing the conversation another stage. They were gratified with the way they were talking this evening; already they had, by logical steps, moved from the storm to Aristotelianism, and Siegfried's feet were hardly warm yet. And this in the light of the fact that they had begun with the most deadly of conversations, the weather. Nor had either of them failed to note that the weather itself had been done satisfactorily.

Siegfried was worthy of his task. "Aristotle came centuries too soon. If the divine chronology were in perfect ordination he should have come now, after man had flopped and floundered for so long and so distractedly. For if he came *now*, and offered his massive sanity to the world, men would open their eyes with wonder. But as it is, this astonishing cure for dark thinking was propounded before we began to think darkly, so that we are still *waiting* for someone. If the world should—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Siegfried, but I have been watching you. I have been watching your eyes. Siegfried, do you suffer from headaches?"

Siegfried was content; the interruption was significant. Remarks like this had been an ever-swelling note in their song of late. But one must be cautious. "My eyes—yes—Aristotle . . . oh! Do I suffer from headaches? Why, I sup-

pose they are headaches. I had an aunt who went mad, but I don't suppose . . ."

"No, no, no—nothing like that. Don't say it, Siegfried!" And Mrs. Maecenas stopped her ears, so that Siegfried noticed her full white arms. . . . There was a lull in the conversation, as was fitting. The big clock in the hall suddenly became important, and flooded the library with its ticking. Siegfried looked lugubriously into the fire, religiously observing the ceremonies of the situation. After a time, the widow ventured a timid triad. It was delicious to be pampered this way! Siegfried was basking in the warm sun of sentiment. Then, as if putting aside a great burden, she broke the silence: "Did you bring anything to read to me this evening, my boy?"

"Some more of my Bible. I did good work on Chapter 37 of the Second Epistle of Josephat. And I have the Forty-first and Forty-third Psalms of Obad. But the latter are too rough yet. You would accuse me of excessive youth. I brought only the Josephat."

"You have been working hard, Siegfried." And she closed her eyes in voluptuous expectation as Siegfried opened his brief-case.

Siegfried returned and sat down by the fire. He prepared to read, then put down the paper again to clear his throat. He cast a quick glance in the direction of the widow; she was ready:

"Second Epistle of Josephat.  
Chapter 37, Verses 9-17.

9 And the prophet Mehovah, when he was come out of the dry places of Arabia, lifted his voice before the multitude assembled, saying:

10 Many are the sorrows that beset the ways of sinners and those that trespass against the Lord, for His eyes of vengeance are manifold, and His wrath endureth forever.

11 He shall slake their thirst with salt, and feed their

hunger with the dry bones of His laughter; their bellies shall be empty, and the tongues parched of those that have sinned against Him.

12 He shall smite them until they cry out with madness, and gape and blubber at the sight of seven moons.

13 And they shall be made to run naked in fields of thistle, where the thistle barbs shall prick them, and strike out at them like hissing snakes.

14 And they shall wander in night as black as their iniquity; in the blackness of night, beasts shall brush against them, and unknown things, and voices shall whine out of the funnel of darkness.

15 And they shall wend from the valleys up into the mountains, and from the tops of the mountains back into the valleys, and find not what they seek; no, not even shall they know the things they are seeking.

16 All these evils and many others shall visit the sons of Belial, and Belial's daughters, but for those blessed with righteousness there shall be playing of harps and dulcimers, and an abundance of honey.

17 And when Mehovah had said these things, he turned again into the desert."

"Excellent!" the widow cried out immediately. "Let me have them. And you recited so beautifully!" Siegfried handed her the manuscript. Glancing through it, she made her criticisms. "The delicate irony of the prophet coming up out of the desert just to deliver a speech of about a hundred words, and then going back again, is the kind of thing we love to find out for ourselves. France would have loved to do it. And how much more capable your prophet was of imagining tortures than bliss; the point is ferociously well made. But, Siegfried, I am afraid of you, with your eager *sadisme littéraire*. Your mind is so gloriously unhealthy, so à la Baudelaire. If *Le Mauvais Vitrier* were not already written, I am sure you would do it sooner or later. Or some of *de Gourmont's Oraisons*

*Mauvais*. You are an incipient Giles de Retz. And—paradon me—so young! But why aren't you younger still, Siegfried, so young that I could throw my arms around you and kiss you for this magnificent performance? Siegfried, you are going to redeem America in the eyes of the world."

Siegfried nursed the moment in silence. Mrs. Maecenas went on. "But there are things lacking yet, Siegfried, big things." Thoughtfully: "If you can do this much without experience, on air, as it were, great Heavens, what will you come to when you have lived! Sometimes I feel it is my duty to—to—aid you, Siegfried, to be a—a *real* Maecenas, or a real Mrs. Maecenas rather." Then explosively: "Oh, Siegfried, my poor, dear boy, the wonderful things you are still to learn." Abruptly: "Think, Siegfried, you haven't even been in love yet!" He said nothing. "Have you?"

"I'm not sure, but there's a charming little prissy in one of my classes whose delicate-pink cheeks I should love to slap."

"Faugh! How young you can be at times! Not to know more about oneself than that! You will begin by loving an older woman." With a laugh: "But we both know that you must find out all these things for yourself." And with the echo of this interlude still rumbling in the far valleys, the conversation again turned to art.

As he ploughed back through the slush that night Siegfried attempted to place his relationship with Mrs. Maecenas, and finally contented himself with the conclusion that the general was leading to the specific. Or there might be room for some sort of a syllogism somewhere: he needed *Experience*; Mrs. Maecenas wanted him to have *Experience*; ergo . . . but that didn't quite fit together. In any case, on the whole the thing had a slight *savour* of the Aphrodite-and-Adonis, with him playing Adonis merely because he didn't know how to play anyone else. He hated to be so frank about the thing, but it *did* look as though the day was approaching when he could face the sun stolidly, and proclaim with firmness, "I have become a man."

But the important thing was that these evenings were excellent, and it was delightful to be so worried over.

## 3

*Nemo mundus a sorde, nec si unius  
diei vita ejus sit in terra.*

BOOK OF JOB.

A week later. The dim red drop-light was burning in the window, which might have told the world that this was one of Siegfried's nights. Outside, a soft snow was sifting quietly, making a mystic haze about the street-lamps. Siegfried had just finished playing the *Moonlight*.

For a moment he sat motionless, still facing the piano. The big clock in the hall, ever on the alert for such times, promptly loomed up again. The flames of the gas-fire climbed noisily over the asbestos. He turned slowly towards the widow. "And just think, Mrs. Maecenas, one isn't allowed to like the *Sonata Quasi una Fantasia* any more! . . . But who knows? Perhaps I shouldn't either if it were literature and not music. . . ." She was looking out the window, and made no answer. He let a few moments go by, then instinctively, he plunged into another direction. "You are looking out into the night? . . . It meant a lot to me to come to you through a night like that. It felt as though I were stealing to you. Or as though I were here by the special dispensation of a good fairy who had warned me that I must be home again by the stroke of twelve. . . . The night is full of whisperings about Cinderella. . . . I had to play the *Moonlight*, you see. But I am silly? Yes?"

"A little Siegfried — but pleasantly so." They both thought her answer had a sweetly Shakespearean flavour.

"But you should forgive me. We who have not had the big things of life yet, you will find that at bottom we have a horrible amount of silliness; silly little dreams, silly little expectations, silly little longings. Perhaps we are not so

pure as the little girls in a convent, but we are every bit as silly.

'Little Doris of twelve, what is sillier, Dorrie?  
Is it you, or is it I,  
Or the silly little morning-glory?'

Yes, they are mine; but I never brought them around. I never dared to."

She turned and faced him, having contrived dexterously to keep the divan from creaking. "You should have, Siegfried. I was coming to think of you as a monster. And after all, are we not peculiarly close in our present predicaments? You have not had the things of life, and I . . ." with an uncertain sigh, then explosively, "I have passed them by, I suppose."

Siegfried was sure the flower was in full bloom, but in spite of him, Adonis answered: "Yet we always hold back. There is some sickly longing in man to deprive himself of those things which mean most to him. We are proud; not when we have been happy, but when we have wallowed in misery. *If any one have anything of which he is especially fond, let it be taken from him.* That was, I believe, one of the rules of the Benedictines. It is a sentence that is very beautiful to me, and yet there is no sweeping simile, no brilliance of epithet, nothing but bare bleached bones. It is its sheer austerity which makes it alluring, the mere conception of these self-flagellating temperaments so eager in harvesting their tortures. . . . We no longer have religion, if by religion one means the hierarchy of the angels, and a *Janitor Coeli*, and a God to sit massively on his throne, but ah! . . . how appealing the *instincts* of religion still are to us! I could take the vows of an anchorite, not to attain some ultimate Kingdom of the Blessed thereby, but merely through a vague urge towards asceticism, even though I have nothing for which to be ascetic. For we are all tinged a bit by the stench of holiness, *sanctitatis odore.*

... Perhaps I might be ascetic for my art, but you tell me that the artist must *live*, not *flee from life*. Blind mouths, as Milton has put it. Blind mouths! We are like frail little kittens hardly a day old, nosing around for the mother's teat." Siegfried was dissatisfied for once, even though his rhetoric had been faultless. Still, he had ended the flight happily enough, it might prove.

There was a long silence. Then the widow began speaking very slowly. "My eloquent child, my baby Nestor, have you ever seen Thackeray's cartoon of Louis XIV? You remember the one drawing of the silly runt of a king, old, sallow, dried, hideously devoid of kingliness. Then steps forth Louis the Great, the official Louis, Louis the Emperor Augustus of France, Louis the State, the King of Corneille, of Racine, of Molière. He is stilted, and bejewelled, and sumptuously robed. He is draped and decorated. He is magnified with scaffolds. And behold, he is Regall! In the same way, Siegfried, I should love to make a cartoon of what you have just said. For you have done nothing other than Thackeray says was done to Louis. You have taken a condition that is devoid of interest and value, and you have decked it with royal purples. . . . No, Siegfried, you can say what you like about the beauty of asceticism; but after you have perverted and twisted and beautified to your heart's content, at bottom the original thing remains. . . . For your art's sake, for *America's* sake, you must get up and move. . . . The Muse is a woman, Siegfried, and the formula is that the worse you treat a woman the more she loves you. You may find that if you forget art long enough to live, your art may be all the stronger for it afterwards." Siegfried was content. He found it pleasant to be exhorted, and pled with. But he wished for a way to get off this Adonis strain. He cursed himself for his praise of asceticism; it might have been too discouraging. But while she was making cartoons, why didn't she make another, showing his true attitude towards Experience? Taking the royal purple off his "urge to asceticism" might reveal an

urge of an entirely different sort. Siegfried had no essential objection to being Experienced. But, hell . . . there was plenty of time. Yet it was disagreeable to think so practically about these things.

"But the play, Siegfried! We have wasted all this time, and I am determined to hear the entire play this evening. The little snatches you have told me of it . . . I am mad to hear it all. Begin it immediately."

Siegfried rose from the piano, and went out into the hallway for his brief-case. Mrs. Maecenas pulled a chair up to the light for him, and fixed herself on the sofa, with eyes closed. Siegfried returned and took his seat by the light. He paused. Mrs. Maecenas readjusted her pillow, glanced down at the white of her exposed neck, and then over at Siegfried.

"But, Siegfried," she cried out in sudden horror, "what is the matter with your face?"

He looked up in astonishment. Then he thought he understood: she was pampering him, no doubt. "The paleness? Am I unusually pale tonight? I was smoking a lot today."

"Uh . . . yes. Why, yes, the pallor." Then she seemed to recover. "But that is not unusual, I suppose. The artist's temper . . . nervousity . . . pallor would be natural."

Siegfried understood now. It was not the *pallor*, then, but the *redness*. *Nemo mundus a sorde*; nature is *such* a tyrant. Yesterday they had broken out, and today they were all over his chin. But how annoying that she should react so to pimples!

A few more sentences were offered. She seemed very tired. Siegfried decided tentatively to remember an engagement. "Oh, I am awfully sorry, Siegfried." She would let him go so easily, then? . . .

A few months later they passed on the street, and she nodded to him very sweetly. They even exchanged a couple of words.

She hoped he was getting on well, she said.

## DIALECTICIAN'S PRAYER

Hail to Thee, Logos,  
Thou Vast Almighty Title,  
In Whose name we conjure—  
Our acts the partial representatives  
Of Thy whole act.

May we be Thy delegates  
In parliament assembled.  
Parts of Thy wholeness.  
And in our conflicts  
Correcting one another.  
By study of our errors  
Gaining Revelation.

May we give true voice  
To the statements of Thy creatures.  
May our spoken words speak for them,  
With accuracy,  
That we know precisely their rejoinders  
To our utterances,  
And so may correct our utterances  
In the light of those rejoinders.

Thus may we help Thine objects  
To say their say—  
Not suppressing by dictatorial lie,  
Not giving false reports  
That misrepresent their saying.

Burke, Kenneth. Collected Poems: 1915-1967. 39  
Berkeley: University of California Press, 1968.

If the soil is carried off by flood,  
May we help the soil to say so.  
If our ways of living  
Violate the needs of nerve and muscle,  
May we find speech for nerve and muscle,  
To frame objections  
Whereat we, listening,  
Can remake our habits.  
May we not bear false witness to ourselves  
About our neighbors,  
Prophesying falsely  
Why they did as they did.  
May we compete with one another,  
To speak for Thy Creation with more justice—  
Coöperating in this competition  
Until our naming  
Gives voice correctly,  
And how things are  
And how we say things are  
Are one.

Let the Word be dialectic with the Way—  
Whichever the print  
The other the imprint.

Above the single speeches  
Of things,  
Of animals,

Of people,  
Erecting a speech-of-speeches—  
And above this  
A Speech-of-speech-of-speeches,  
And so on,  
Comprehensively,  
Until all is headed  
In Thy Vast Almighty Title,  
Containing implicitly  
What in Thy work is drawn out explicitly—  
In its plenitude.  
And may we have neither the mania of the One  
Nor the delirium of the Many—  
But both the Union and the Diversity—  
The Title and the manifold details that arise  
As that Title is restated  
In the narrative of History.  
Not forgetting that the Title represents the story's Sequence,  
And that the Sequence represents the Power entitled.  
For us  
Thy name a Great Synecdoche  
Thy works a Grand Tautology.

## ON DELAYING TO PHONE THE HOSPITAL

And if I do not call, not ever,  
What might that mean?  
We'll feed his dog.

(Some dingy outfit in some far-off spot  
Is vibrant with a prophet? Give the bloke  
A girl, then blast the works to hell.)

Happy are those who can die in their own way.  
Let me be gone quick  
While battling at the piano like swear-words.

Of course you're guilty  
When someone is sicker than you.

But who hasn't already written himself off?

196

00 17

## HYPOTHETICAL CASE

Suppose you called into the darkness  
Or across a valley at midday  
Or through the woods  
Or down a corridor, for that matter—  
And got your answer.  
Then what?

Suppose you loved clamorously,  
Coupled,  
Multiplied and prospered.  
Then what?

Suppose you had fun,  
Good friends,  
Did public good,  
Were fawned on,  
Felt fine.  
Then what?

Suppose you lasted long enough  
To have plenty of occasions  
To think much of death, disease, decay . . .

197

VIGIL

I've heard the whip-poor-will at dawn,  
The hoot-owl in the night,  
Heard dogs a-prowl across the lawn  
And toms about to fight.

I've heard things getting ready  
In their peculiar ways,  
While time kept up its steady  
Ticking phase by phase.

Waiting I heard  
World without word.

202

AND HERE I AM, FIGHTING DANDELIONS

It's not their bright yellow  
more frank than boastful.

Yet, though hurried and harried  
carcering and carceing  
I fare forth  
to cut down dandelions.

I patrol the lawn, resenting how they spread  
like a foreign policy.

At times I catch one *in flagrante delicto*  
(in fragrant delight?)  
in an orgy of miscegenation with a bee,  
without benefit of clergy.

I dig up dandelions  
at the height of their excesses.

(I fight fair.  
No chemicals.  
I'm a Rachel Carson man  
and Organic Gardening—  
and damn the fluoridation racket.)

Word goes forth:  
"Burke's after us.  
Hurry, proliferate,  
be a population explosion."

203



HEAVY, HEAVY—WHAT HANGS OVER?

From away back  
the nice old lady next door  
friendly to all  
yet hypnotized by the *mores*

She raged against the Eytalians  
who swept across the grass in springtime  
harvesting the honest dandelion

She fumed because they dug holes in her lawn—  
or was she but responding  
to the way they crouched at their work  
(stoop labor)  
and hurried like stage criminals,  
disappearing around the corner of Friendship Avenue?

At eighty  
reading lines  
he wrote at twenty

The storm now past

A gust in the big tree  
splatters raindrops  
on the roof

KNOW THYSELF

(Mr. Stanley Edgar Hyman, Diagnostician, has written that "Burke has no field, unless it be Burkology.")

Here is a rarity  
Brings no premium:  
A Neo-Stoic  
Agro-Bohemian.

One-third insomnia  
One-third art  
One-third The Man  
With the Cardiac Heart.

When I itch  
It's not from fleas,  
But from a bad case  
Of Burke's Discase.

What then in sum  
Bedevils me?  
I'm flunking my Required Course  
In Advanced Burkology.

208

NOW I LAY ME

Insomniac, the poet is  
hounded by currish doggerel

I would dally with sleep,  
Would give slumber a tumble;  
Would fall, even leap  
Into somnolent rumble.

Should I tap a nightcap?  
Sip a nip for a nap?  
Try a stiff snort of booze?  
Belt a snifter to snooze?

Too lethargic to rouse  
From a drift into drowse,  
In the arms of repose  
May I dawdle and doze,

With a berceuse by Orpheus,  
Cradled by Morpheus,  
Making the best o'  
A lengthy siesta.

All the nodding I do  
Is for yes and for no.  
So I reach with a will  
For my pitiful pill.

209

## PERSONALITY PROBLEM

I'm a teacher in a girls' school  
And I don't want to fight,  
But just outside my bedroom there's  
A rooster crows all night.

At any part of any hour  
He'll trumpet forth full swing.  
He crowded in darkest winter-time,  
And now bejeez it's spring.

He's in a solitary coop  
From which his protests spout.  
The wires that keep him from his hens  
Can't keep the season out.

He's pent up with his hungers,  
Frustrate in his career.  
That's how to deal with people,  
Not a chanticleer.

His virtues are not given vent,  
His talents not employed.  
He either ought to have his wives  
Or else a course in Freud.

212

## A SPECIAL KIND OF GLASS

Alcoholically confessant  
he told her of a dream  
he had in childhood—  
and though it never once recurred  
had never left him.

Of a giant woman  
with breasts like bunches of grapes  
plus one enigmatic detail:  
those swelling clusters  
were

### GLASS

Glass grapes, by God!  
yet as hugely pendant as full udders,  
"Grapes, yes," he said—  
"But why glass grapes?"

In turn she asked him  
(she was the Administrative Type)  
"Were you a bottle baby?"

And bejeez he was!

Drink up!

213

**HE WAS A SINCERE, ETC.**

He was a sincere but friendly Presbyterian—and so

If he was talking to a Presbyterian,  
He was for Presbyterianism.

If he was talking to a Lutheran,  
He was for Protestantism.

If he was talking to a Catholic,  
He was for Christianity.

If he was talking to a Jew,  
He was for God.

If he was talking to a theosophist,  
He was for religion.

If he was talking to an agnostic,  
He was for scientific caution.

If he was talking to an atheist,  
He was for mankind.

And if he was talking to a socialist, communist, labor  
leader, missiles expert, or businessman,  
He was for  
**PROGRESS.**

238

00

22

**LINES ANENT AN INQUIRY**

A loner in the Lone Star State  
Where he was resident

A loner in the Lone Star State  
He shot our President?

A loner in the Lone Star State  
We know of his defections

But who is likely to relate  
Just what were his connections?

239



SEEING HOW HE TURNED HIS ENVY OF OTHERS INTO PRAISE OF THE LORD, YOU UNDERSTOOD WHY HE THOUGHT THE LORD WAS SO EAGER TO BE PRAISED BY THE LIKES OF HIM.

Draw out the time  
 --and one part of  
 an eddy going  
 down stream  
 might seem all  
 your life to be  
 going up stream  
 "Small craft warnings"—that's for YOU  
 with mistletoe and spikes  
 wearing her hat trimmed

every time you  
 resolved to love him,  
 you found out all  
 over again he was  
 just something to  
 take notes on

he felt it was alright to do like the others, if  
 only he did it with a bad conscience.  
 He began by hoping to be heard, and ended  
 by fearing to be overheard.

An ecstatic  
 snowstorm -- a  
 grand dumping  
 of pure white flth  
 that made the  
 whole  
 countryside clean

THE CURE FOR DIGGING IN THE DIRT IS AN IDEA, THE CURE FOR ANY IDEA IS MORE IDEAS; AND THE CURE FOR ALL IDEAS IS DIGGING IN THE DIRT.

good books, read rightly, will help you hold up your head, and not too high

THOUGHT HE DESPISED ALL MANKIND, HE DEARLY LOVED AN ABLEMAN.

he said,  
 "I know my way  
 around, I know  
 what next!"  
 And echo  
 answered,  
 "What Next!"

inherited several million dollars, plus Original Sin

Three stages of  
 universal history:  
 (1) "Be generous,  
 let me in."  
 (2) They let him in.  
 (3) "Be picky, keep  
 me out."

you say "criticism of criticism," and they bear "flax on flax"

they used to say,  
 "Be as straight as  
 a die." Now, in the  
 Hemming Way,  
 "Be as straight  
 as a kill."

it's hard to remember: but often all we need do is nothing  
 he held that poets were made for critics, just as sick  
 people are made for doctors.

AFTER FIFTY,  
 ONE FURTHER  
 THING TO  
 LEARN:  
 HOW RIPEN  
 WITHOUT  
 ROTTING?

ALONE WITH STARS AND HORIZON, BY A HERMIT ROCK OR WIDE WATER, OR A BIG BARE TREE — & ALL SET TO THINK PUBLIC THOUGHTS

Flowerishes  
 Flowerishes

business becomes a ritual than when ritual becomes a business

authority in sorsed  
 ritual of  
 losing his  
 faith in  
 skepticism

THEY SAY ALCOHOL REVEALS OUR  
 TRUE SELVES—BUT WHICH IS  
 WHICH?

Freud's theory of the father-kill may not be true of all, but it does seem true of Freudians

if they were getting along so well, why did one harp on the theme of killing rats, and why did the other keep spitting?

consider the plight of the hired-exploiter who, in order to exploit a man, must sell him an electric refrigerator, a deep freeze, a washing machine, a television set, a new automobile before his old one wears out, a trip to Florida, a ton of magazines, etc., etc.—and that's not all!

The hard lot of the proverbialist

he said: "When I recall the Russian rape of Belgium in the first world war, and the Russian sneak attack on Pearl Harbor in the second, and how the Russians dropped the atom bomb on Hiroshima, I can certainly understand why our leaders should want us to arm Germany and Japan."

he ceased to follow the news, having found that, though he would not do much to it, it could do an awful lot to him

On the good ship Squalling Bret, in a time of Crying Need

Not knowing either how to live with money, or how to live without it ★ better when busi-

the enemy was accused of "stirring up fraternalization"

AS OUTMODDED AS LAST YEARS MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE FULL OF OLD NEWTHINGS

the few teeth he had left, he ground them in his sleep

say "he is wrong," and they'll call you clear; say precisely how he is wrong, and they'll call you obscure

of people to hell  
 he began consigning all sorts of virtuous-and-diffusing-and-witty a poet as Herbert, he felt when reading so religious-and-worried, my shorn darlings. For every one of you thus a-shiver on a bare hill in the winter wind, there is a wool-clad over-stuffed fathead even now miserably sweating in some over-heated city apartment.

the shepherd to his flock: "Don't you worry, my shorn darlings. For every one of you thus a-shiver on a bare hill in the winter wind, there is a wool-clad over-stuffed fathead even now miserably sweating in some over-heated city apartment."

as he lay half awake in the bedroom, the sound of jays in the garden was like the scraping of carrots in the kitchen

they were so keen on standardization, their women had interchangeable parts

an old decrepit cometary itself near death ★ it is dangerous to cross raging torrents and

They also serve, who only at and are waited on

KEYS ARIAD TO TREAT THEM WITH RESPECT, LEAVE THEM TO CEASE TO BEG

CEASE TO BEG

KEYS ARIAD TO TREAT THEM WITH RESPECT, LEAVE THEM TO CEASE TO BEG

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KEYS ARIAD TO TREAT THEM WITH RESPECT, LEAVE THEM TO CEASE TO BEG

Flowerishes  
 Flowerishes

Flowerishes

HE CAME TO HER THROUGH NEITHER RAIN NOR S...  
 ...wholesome people who stay sane  
 by driving other people crazy  
 committing suicide  
 And when the  
 clock strikes  
 twelve, may it  
 not strike you.

He learned how to be one of those simple,  
 wholesome people who stay sane  
 by driving other people crazy  
 committing suicide  
 And when the  
 clock strikes  
 twelve, may it  
 not strike you.

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Flowerishes

Even if you don't know him, you know he'd like to get more this year than he got last  
 retracted its course from sewer to source but wouldn't stop until it had  
 retraced its course from sewer to source but wouldn't stop until it had  
 He learned touch-typing so that, while writing stories, he could look at himself in the mirror  
 they can't see around corners, his enemies said he had crooked vision  
 Her friends said he could see around corners, his enemies said he had crooked vision  
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✓ ALKY, ME LOVE

Spirit of Alcohol,  
Bejcecz,  
One by one we have failed you.

Jack's liver, Tom's kidneys,  
Bill's pump, Howard's bean  
(they took him off in a wagon)—  
Always there was something or other  
Just couldn't stand it.

Here's the roster:  
Ulcers, high blood pressure, cyanosis,  
obesity, diabetes, insomnia, the shakes—  
And other such.

Herb's arteries held out,  
But his money couldn't.  
That night he told off his boss,  
It all seemed so simple at the time.  
What a load was lifted from his mind,  
But the next day, oof!

Alky, me Love,  
We have been unworthy of you,  
With our pills and dicting and resolves and  
going slow.

It's a dreary outfit we've come to be,  
We, the Dispirited.  
Everything is one long morning-after.  
(We were the real thing in our day, though)

Well, damn it all:  
Down the hatch, old man . . .  
Bottoms up, old girl . . .  
Here's to you—



TEMPORARY WELLBEING

The pond is plenteous  
The land is lush,  
And having turned off the news  
I am for the moment mellow.

With my book in one hand  
And my drink in the other  
What more could I want

But fame,  
Better health,  
And ten million dollars?

INDUSTRIALIST'S PRAYER

Lord, make all men feel that they are suffering from the lack  
of my commodity. Let them not *really* need it, since  
I would be uncharitable in asking that. Let them  
just *think* they need it—and let them think so, very  
very hard. And let them get the money somehow to  
buy it.

Not from the government, since that would increase my  
taxes. Not from higher wages, since that would  
increase my costs of production. And not as manna  
from Heaven, since that would cause inflation.

All that I ask of Thee—Lord—is just one more miracle, that  
good business shall not perish from the earth.

## Two Poems of Abandonment

(to Libbie, who cleared out)

### I-Genius Loci

Until you died, my Love,  
somehow I had belief in fear of ghosts.  
But now, in this lonely place  
that is so full of you  
whereby I am not in my essence over-  
lonesome,

what lovelier  
than if your spirit,  
the genius of this house,  
did materialize right here before me?

Dear Love,  
always I tried to earn you,  
but now you are the absolutely given

while I each night  
lie conscious

of my loss

### II-Postlude

When something goes, some other  
takes its place.

Maybe a thistle where had been a rose;  
or where lace was, next time a church-  
man's missal.

Erase, efface (Life says) when some-  
thing goes.

Her death leaves such a tangled after-  
growth,  
by God I fear I have outlived us both.

KENNETH BURKE

**REVIEW**

**Oscillation  
as Assimilation:  
Burke's Latest  
Self-Revisions**

**by Michael Feehan**

Univ. of Texas at Arlington  
PRE/TEXT, Vol. 6, Nos. 3-4, 1985

Readers have complained throughout Kenneth Burke's career that his sentences are difficult to follow, that he seems to leap from insight to insight across distances too great for mere mortals to traverse. At one point, in "Literature as Equipment for Living," Burke steps aside from his argument a moment to comment that "They are not 'leaps' at all. They are classifications, groupings made on the basis of some strategic element common to the items grouped. They are neither more nor less 'intuitive' than any grouping or classification of social events" (*Philosophy of Literary Form*, 2nd ed, p. 261). But readers were never responding to the degree of Burke's leaps but their idiosyncrasy, their Burkean impishness.

The problem has been compounded over the years and especially in recent years as Burke attempts to summarize, from the perspectives of the last quarter of the Twentieth Century, the developments of a publishing career that spans seventy years of that century. For instance, a paragraph from Burke's new "Afterword" to the third edition of *Permanence and Change*:

The Story that now takes shape more and more urgently among us involves the gargoyles, the grotesquenesses, of the perspectives forced upon us by the incongruities of the relationship between the two 'eschatologies' (supernatural and counter-natural) that arise from the juxtaposition of the personalistic and instrumentalist 'fulfillments' resulting from humankind's peculiar prowess with the resources of 'symbolicity.' (332)

It goes on like that, Burke trying to simplify for us by piling up in one place all the central issues that concern, or should concern, us in these closing years of the Century. Unfortunately, understanding this simple summary requires a thorough immersion in the specialized language Burke has developed since *P & C* was first published in 1935.

As the early books *P & C* and *Attitudes Toward History* appeared in second, and now third, editions, Burke added introductions and afterwords and appended articles, which direct readers to see the early works in the light of subsequent developments. For the second edition of *P & C*, Burke wrote a "Prologue," authorized an "Introduction" by Hugh Dalziel Duncan and appended an article called "On Human Behavior Considered Dramatically," all of which served to situate the book among Burke's later productions. For the second edition of *ATH*, Burke performed the same re-placing, combining two volumes into one, adding his own "Introduction" and "Afterword" and appending the new article "The Seven Offices." As a

result, Burke's central theoretical books of the Thirties were now presented to readers within the frame of statements written ten 20 years later.

For the third editions of these books, now distanced from their author by half a century, Burke performs substantially the same framing work, providing for each an "Afterword" which explains, or purports to explain, how the early versions of Burkeology fit into the latest versions. Unfortunately for readers, Burke has so compacted this latest version, down to four words — "Bodies That Learn Language," that his attempts at explanation appear as whitewashed walls providing neither surface drawings nor portals to the interior. And compaction is not the only problem; Burke's philosophy has actually taken a series of surprising new paths, so that the latest version, *Dramatism/Logology*, cannot in any simple way be equated to the earlier philosophy Burke called "Metabiology." At the broadest level of analysis, the earlier philosophy was a monistic extension of Pragmatism, while the later philosophy depends upon a dualistic perspective that simultaneously acknowledges the value of Pragmatism and transcends its limits. But Burke's "Afterword" pays no attention to the philosophy that has been transcended; Burke must get on with his work, his crusade to "purify war," leaving insufficient time for scholastic disputation over the past and its leftovers. For readers, however, both sides of the line between old and new are important: If we are to break through the wall of Burke's distressingly compact language to the values he proposes, we need to comprehend Burke's method of assimilating his old work into the new. Such comprehension comes most clearly when we see the old and new in juxtaposition, in stereo, where we can watch the boundary between them as it filters, purifies, the earlier version into the language of the later.

In 1935, Burke's "Metabiology," was a philosophy that focused on language as the particularly human perspective-making device. All living creatures are critics; humans can criticize like other creatures, but we can also criticize/interpret our world through symbols:

Though all organism are critics in the sense that they interpret the signs about them, the experimental, speculative technique made available by speech would seem to single out the human species as the only one possessing an equipment for going beyond the criticism of experience to a criticism of criticism (*P & C*, 3rd ed. p.6).

We are connected to all living creatures through the biological processes of attention to environmental problems, but we move beyond all other organisms in our ability, through symbols, to pile perspective on perspective. Language includes the reflexive possibility of language about language about language, an infinite mounting of levels of transcendence. We build cultures and advances of cultures out of the new capacities which language provides us. "Whereas all organisms are critical, man seeks by verbalization to perfect a methodology of criticism. Such verbalization involves the attempt to reason, hence involves a consideration of motives which he assigns for his acts" (*P & C*, 3rd ed., p. 18). We come to consider motives because language includes the capacity to systematically evaluate our evaluations, creating levels of response to environment that exist only in and through language. In *ATH*, Burke focuses this notion of the reflexive nature of language on the social aspects of symbolic action, the layers of self-defeating bureaucracy which arise to meet those needs which have been created by earlier stages of bureaucratic activity.

This approach, "Metabiology," maintains the essential monism of Pragmatism. Though language provides us the possibility of reflexive interpretations, language should be understood as the specifically human end of a continuum of interpretive capacities which stretches from unicellular bacteria to the most abstruse mathematical calculations. When we talk about the processes of human action, we have made a shift of degree from primitive physical adjustment to environment to the symbol-based capacity for reflection: "The topic of rationalization has carried us beyond orientation proper into the *theory of motives*. The Pavlov-Watson-Gestalt kind of approach confined itself in general to a description of the conditions under which simple responses are formed and altered. But man attempts to extend the range of his responses and increase their accuracy by deliberately verbalizing the entire field of orientation and interpretation" (*P & C*, 3rd ed., p. 18). The universe of living creatures includes myriad tools for confronting the recalcitrant environment; humans possess the specialized tool of language. We "extend the range" of our responses; we gain by language a new degree of the general capacity for reorientation; we gain the reflexive.

But the foundational moment in Burke's more recent work has been the radical break between the realms of the physical and the symbolic; the first principle of Dramatism/Logology is the separation of the symbolic from the non-symbolic realm.

Symbols do not inhabit a continuum with the universe of the physical. Language gives us the Negative, a realm of creativity and expectations, of forms, that has no analogue in the physical world. The farmer cannot wish his five trees into five thousand, but the poet can and does, with the result that readers can become so enamored of the poet's symbolic triumphs that it appears possible that chanting a poem can actually transform five trees into five thousand. The monist view of the power of symbols works backwards, taking our ritual dreamwork as a confused analog of physical fertility and blaming language for misrepresenting the correspondence between symbol and thing. The new dualism of Dramatism/Logology, though it recognizes the many confusions that symbols create, takes those confusions as secondary reverberations from the genuinely creative power of symbols — within their own wholly Negative realm, everything is Really possible. The monism of Pragmatism captures a valid point: the naming process abstracts from the world beyond language, classifying it in terms of socially conditioned symbols. The concept of mind that informed earlier philosophies develops from the mistaken notion that symbols "reflect" entities in the world beyond language. Yet this monism cannot fully comprehend the power of symbolic action because it cannot see that words-among-people can make worlds-among-people, worlds so appealing that people choose to live "as if" those worlds were real. Language provides us both the capacity for fiction and the capacity for making fictions believable.

The distance between the first edition of *P & C* and *ATH* and the second is the distance between language as one among the multitude of orientation instruments and language as the wholly new, wholly separate tool of the symbol-using animal. The distance between the second and third editions is the distance between the initial broad strokes of outline for Dramatism and the grand finale which Burke sloganizes as "Bodies That Learn Language."

Yet I do not want to argue that Burke has wholly abandoned his own beginnings. On the contrary, Burke's views of his own work, even now, are deeply influenced by his starting point in the Symbolist literary concerns of his first critical book *Counter-Statement*. (In fact, I would argue that the logical problems implicit in *Counter-Statement* reappear in Burke's latest work. In *Counter-Statement* [2nd ed. 1968, p. 152], "The Symbol is the verbal parallel to a pattern of experience." In "Afterword"

[ATH, 3rd, p. 381], "And the concept of 'psychogenic illness' suggests the likelihood that a sufferer's mode of attitudinizing is being psychologically paralleled." The concept of parallel — correspondence, duplication — is precisely at issue in a theory of symbols as separate from the rest of the living world). Burke will always take the artist's work as the definitively human activity. The artist struggles directly with the relations among symbols, self and world, taking on herself the terrible and awe-filled task of examining the precarious balances implicit in being a symbol user. What has changed, most seriously, is Burke's sense of the depth and breadth of the chasm between "I" and "Thou." Artists have always stood at the edge of this chasm, testing its meanings, searching for bridges; Burke has always attended closely to their obsessions. But the new method, Dramatism/Logology, makes the artist's work all the more impossible and essential.

We can, for the purposes of introduction, draw Burke's career as a series of repetitions/revisions. *Counter-Statement* lays the groundwork — *Permanence and Change* is to *A Grammar of Motives* as *Attitudes Toward History* is to *A Rhetoric of Motives* as *The Philosophy of Literary Form* is to *Language as Symbolic Action*. System, Society, Poem. P & C examines the resources of communication in Metabiology; *A Grammar of Motives* studies the resources of symbols in themselves. *Attitudes Toward History* studies the actual developments of communications in Western Civilization; *A Rhetoric of Motives* examines the resources for creating and controlling order in human action. *The Philosophy of Literary Form* examines the systems artists employ for recreating their lives as poems; *Language as Symbolic Action* studies the ways in which artists expand into Drama the resources implicit in symbols.

Burke planned to publish *A Symbolic of Motives* in the early Fifties, but the book has still not appeared. Not accidentally. Through the Fifties, Burke became progressively more concerned with the implicit resources of language, turning to write *The Rhetoric of Religion* (the shift to the definite article is intended), a study of the analogical extensions of symbols which lead people to take seriously the purely Negative realm we call the Supernatural. *A Symbolic of Motives* should have completed his *Motivorum Trilogy* with a study of attitudes in symbolic action, but just here Burke confronted the most serious challenge of his new philosophy.

When Burke turned to work on *A Symbolic of Motives*, he found himself dealing with the intertwining of two distinct con-

ceptions of attitudes, an intertwining whose features have only recently become clear. The complexity of the problem is evident from Burke's hesitations about the term "attitudes" in *A Grammar of Motives*. Under the chapter head "Action," Burke discusses attitudes as "Incipient Acts." In an addendum to the *Grammar*, Burke presents attitudes as an equal partner among the essential elements of Dramatism: The Pentad could well be a Hexad (to Act, Agent, Scene, Agency and Purpose add Attitude). In this second version, Attitudes stands outside the heading "Action" as manner or *quo modo* in the drama of human relations. The uncertainty here masks a logical issue about the role of attitudes in Dramatism/Logology. Attitudes operate in the fuzzy realm between the wholly symbolic and the wholly non-symbolic, partaking of both, influencing both, confusing us all about the nature of symbols and their relations to the non-symbolic.

To get clear about "Attitudes," we need to recognize that the term performs two quite distinct functions in Burke's philosophy. (1) As "Incipient Act," the term attitude focuses on the ways in which we prefer to act, our tendencies, our inclinations, our values. So powerful are these individual tendencies that we can use them, subconsciously, to change our bodies. For instance, our hearts beat faster and harder during a terrifying event or film; we make ourselves sick by naming the world as poisonous. In the opposite direction, our bodies can influence our symbols: We rarely write poems while we are nauseous, but we often write poems about our nausea, after and because of our nausea. (2) As *quo modo*, attitudes form a continuum of manners from complete acceptance of a situation to complete rejection. We may take the essential colorings of other agents, dance as they dance, dress as they dress, or we may refuse to conform to patterns around us, or we may choose any of an infinite variety of intermediate positions. (Burke suggests that the generic symbolic realization of attitudes *quo modo* is the Incipient Act: the verbalized cry — Ouch, Oh, Damn, etc.).

Conflating these two quite different versions of attitudes prevents Logology from becoming a complete system for the analysis of Motives. The first form of attitudes, "Incipient Act," often appears in action: We act as we do because we choose to do so. But we may equally well act in violation of our values: We may find ourselves trapped in a situation which we abhor but which we cannot escape; we may find ourselves trapped in a society whose conception of right action we can never accept but whose coercive power we cannot avoid. Our incipient acts may

Logic, connections are "implicit," forming clusters and cycles of related terms. Throughout the whole series of changing perspectives, attitudes appear on a slant, in mathematical or musical terms, as "slope," "incline," "curve." Always the "mystical" battles the "real" in the recalcitrant external world of science; always the "mystical/magical" joins hands with the "real" in the world of symbols.

P/T

not have the power, in the face of society, to become Acts. Yet, we may, despite our deep-seated rejection of society's values, pretend that we accept them. Our attitudes *quo modo*, our self-presentation in actual human events may show us enthusiastically immersed in the drama even when our attitudes as "Incipient Acts" wholly reject the values implicit in the drama around us. Thus Burke's uses of the term "Attitude" have included two quite different issues in his philosophy: The values each of us holds implicitly, internally, eternally, our preferred repertoire of roles, our ideal Self; or, *quo modo*, our manners, our actual modes of deference in society.

For Dramatism/Logic, then, attitudes *quo modo* are contingent aspects of actual human events, dependent for their description on some real ongoing drama. Attitudes as "Incipient Acts," however, are not contingent properties; they form that category of human action that acts as a link between Body and Symbol. "Incipient Acts" exist as preferences for action within individuals, constituted only within individuals as the relationship between language and the body, between symbols and the nervous system. From this point of view, symbols are not linked to the general capacity of living creatures to orient themselves to Nature, but the actual body that surrounds the single, separate individual nervous system that has learned language. On that separate individual body-to-nerve-to-symbol/symbol-to-nerve-to-body complex can be built an infinite range of universes of discourse, any of which can claim, with justice, to be "Real." Symbols can be linked to the general properties of orientation and interpretation, but they are linked through analogical extensions of the relationships I understand between my body and the language my body has learned. We believe that we understand one another because we use the same words; we overlook the fact of the irreducibility of the differences between my body and yours, a fact, which makes the range of communication always approximate. Insofar as our bodies are the same, our symbols structure common worlds. Where our bodies differ either in their present structures or in the history of their development, our worlds differ. "Bodies That Learn Language."

Then, in reading Burke, watch for the changing key words: In P & C, "linkage" (a vestige of the organic metaphor which informs Pragmatism) connects symbols to the physical environment. In the Motivorum Trilogy, "insofar" and its cousins "to the extent that" and "mutatis mutandis" carry out the transformations of terms that ground the idea of Dramatism. In

**ARTICLE**

# In Haste

**I**

It had been my fond hope that I could somehow have as a context for this *PRE/TEXT* piece a topical outline of the Afterwords "In Retrospective Prospect" added to the new U. of Cal. P. editions of *P&C* and *ATH*. But though that was not forthcoming, Michael Feehan had provided a review that covered some of the main considerations involved in that material, and Victor Vitanza sent me a copy of those

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pages along with this advice: "You might want to look over it and RESPOND to his responses. I could publish it along with Feehan's review. Aug. 1st would be the deadline." "I'll try valiantly to meet those exacting conditions, as I'd like to be Among Those Present in the projected issue. It's a good article, and the author is kind to me; but there are a couple of spots which, as I size things up, need a bit of modifying.

First, there is a puzzling twist whereby, though the opening summary of my position is built around quotations from my own text (and quite essential ones), the over-all impression is, I fear, a bit misleading. I have always considered myself a dualist with regard to what is traditionally called the mind-body, spirit-matter dichotomy (our bodies being physiologically in the realm of nonsymbolic motion, but genetically endowed with the ability to learn a kind of verbal behavior I call "symbolic action"). This dualism Feehan treats as combining an "essential monism of Pragmatism" with a "monistic view of the power of symbols." And he calls this "the new dualism of Dramatism/Logology."

True, in going back over *P&C* and *ATH* I saw them in a new way, via Nietzsche's *Perspektivismus* (which, via his quarrels with Schopenhauer, had a notable Kantian ingredient, as Marx did via his quarrels with Hegel). And (after considerable confusion, including seeing double, that made me get my brain examined for possible traces of cancer) I began realizing that my sheerly *terministic* speculations amounted to the traditional distinctions between ontology and epistemology. But though this particular formulation was a new twist, the underlying distinction between the "methodical" and the "rational-irrational" dichotomy was already discussed in *P&C*. (See p. 297 in the new Afterwords, then consult pp. 233-4 on the "Metabiology" outlines in the original *P&C* text.) Already, in *P&C*, I was explicitly engaged with the problem of a bodily *locus* of motives that fell on the bias across the realm of symbolic action, and I explicitly discussed the matter with regard to the pragmatism of William James and related issues in pp. 273-287 of my section on "The Philosophic Schools" in *A Grammar of Motives*. Even though I continually delight in the twist of the James-Lange psychology whereby "we're sad because we cry," my observations anent "The Range of Pragmatism" in those pages make it quite obvious why I feel lost when Colleague Feehan by two incidental strokes obscures my dualism behind two monisms. And he confuses me further when, whereas I had battled Skinner's brand of behaviorism by avowing that I postulated a difference

in kind between bodily behavior and verbal behavior, the issue gets lost in the present article by references only to differences of degree. (In my article on "(Nonsymbolic) Motion/(Symbolic) Action," *Critical Inquiry*, Summer, 1978, "Motion and Action on the Screen," pp. 833ff, I state almost *absolutely* the ways in which the two realms join and divide.)

Fellow-Theorist Feehan confronts this essentially dualistic situation thus: "The foundational moment in Burke's more recent work has been the radical break between the realms of the physical and the symbolic; the first principle of Dramatism/Logology is the separation of the symbolic from the nonsymbolic realm. *Symbols* do not inhabit a continuum with the universe of the physical." The italics there are mine. It is the symbol-user's own body that supplies the *continuum*. It does so because, when our primordial ancestors somehow developed from animals that had sensations and feelings to animals that introduced a principle of duplication (*words* for sensations and feelings) precisely at that juncture in human evolution STORY was born. For from then on our primitive ancestors were developing a medium of expression and communication that could in effect tell about the bodily realm of sensations and feelings.

Feehan's successive paragraphs beginning "But the foundational moment," "The distance between the first," and "Yet I do not want to argue" are a scrupulous and competent summing-up of my concerns with this "duplication." And all the necessary elements are there. In particular I liked the formulaic resonance of his notion that "words-among-people can make worlds-among-people." And he is right to focus upon "Attitudes" in the paragraphs that follow. Also, his terminology-mindedness is serviceably acute to the end. Yet confound the luck, here is where I must try somehow to convey both my gratitude for his good job and my reservations, in the light of what his own interpretation of my case amounts to, kindly as it is. Let me detail my agon thus:

I had learned from Bergson the peculiar *linguistic* nature of the *negative*. But, possibly because of my ingrained rhetorical slant, I added a twist, I distinguished between "propositional" negative ("is" and "is not") and the "hortatory" negative ("do" and "do not"). Later, when "logologizing" Kant's three *Critiques* (which go from *knowing* and *willing* to *feeling*, since the third comes to a focus in feelings of pleasure and pain), I here encountered a stylistic problem. For we usually refer to unwanted or unexpected results as "negative." Yet I had experi-

which the object is not a tangible one, the object, the existence of which is thus asserted, not being a real existing one, the object, if it must be termed an entity — as on pain of universal and perpetual non-intercourse between man and man, it must be — it may, for distinction's sake, be termed a fictitious entity. . . . To every word that has an immaterial import there belongs, or at least did belong, a material one. In a word, our ideas coming, all of them, from our senses, . . . from where other source can our language come?" I have noted how the grammar and syntax of a language could also figure as a source of what Bentham calls "ideas." But the main point is that, even if our vocabulary did not develop largely by the use of what Bentham calls "fictions" (which I take as synonymous with Emerson's concept of analogies) language is implicitly analogical inasmuch as we constantly apply the same terms to many different situations whereas no two situations are the same in detail.

I go on trying to locate the spot where, for all our agreements, a basic disagreement arises, a disagreement such that, precisely where I am becoming clearer, Feehan thinks I'm in more trouble. I by no means assume that my position "settles" things. Rather, my claim that it points the direction in which future discriminations should proceed. And in this connection, where Feehan's review says "Under the chapter head 'Action,' Burke discusses attitudes as 'incipient Actions,' " I do ardently wish that the discussion had been more specifically accurate and extensive in reporting on this crucial spot before advancing to the judgment that "The uncertainty here masks a logical issue about the role of attitudes in Dramatism/Logology."

There is [in *A Grammar of Motives*] no "chapter head 'Action.'" The reference is to a chapter headed "Incipient" and 'Delayed' Action." It begins thus:

In his chapter on "Attitudes" in *Principles of Literary Criticism*, I.A. Richards writes:

Every perception probably includes a response in the form of incipient action. We constantly overlook the extent to which all the while we are making preliminary adjustments, getting ready to act in one way or another. Reading Captain Slocum's account of the centipede which bit him on the head when alone in the middle of the Atlantic, the writer has been caused to leap right out of his chair by a leaf which fell upon his face from a tree.

enced again and again, in many guises, situations, such as toothache or bad news, which were *most positively* there to be dealt with somehow. And I was quite aware of what a perfectly realistic guide pain is in helping us find our way about in the world. (In fact, I recalled a news item about some human beings whose body did not register as pain the effects of blows and bruises, and they were thus so unguided in this respect that they were greatly battered. "Obviously," I thought, "many of the painkillers now sold over the counter are in effect designed to help keep you from learning what the *positively real* situation is that your pains are telling you about.") So, fun-lovingly, I decided to call this kind of negative the "positive" negative. Start listening that way, and you'll forthwith realize its ubiquity.

Yet though Feehan was quite with me in accentuating the negative, his way of collaborating is subtly amiss: "Language gives us the Negative, a realm of creativity and expectations of forms, that has no analogue in the physical world." Yet as I see the issue here, rather than introducing precisely at this point, along with the related reference to "no analogue," I logologically wish that he had referred to passages in my work where I show by positive quotations from texts as different as Emerson's and Bentham's how our ancestors' terminologies, in going from sensations and feelings to *words* for sensations and feelings did so by what in *P&C* I called "analogical" extension. I also speak of "metaphorical" extension, and the two meanings overlap though I think there are places where one is more accurate than the other — for as I shall try to show, whereas the metaphorical principle in language is often deliberate, there is a sense in which the analogical element is inevitable.

(This is so in the sense that, whereas every situation is in its details *unique*, we can learn language only because we apply the same words to characterize many different situations — and analogy is, as per my dictionary, "resemblance in some particulars between things otherwise unlike.")

The article in *Critical Inquiry* already mentioned quotes Emerson and Bentham (pp. 811-812), for all their attitudinal differences, discussing this analogical process. Excerpting briefly, Emerson thus: "Every word which is used to express a moral or intellectual fact, if traced to its root, is found to be borrowed from some material appearance. *Right* means *straight*; *wrong* means *twisted*; *Spirit* primarily means *wind*; *transgression* the crossing of a *line*; *supercilious*, the *raising of the eyebrow*," etc. Bentham: "All our psychological ideas are derived from physical ones — all mental from corporeal ones. . . . In the case in

The importance of Mr. Richards' book as a contribution to the analysis of poetry unquestionably centers in his speculations as to how our responses as readers or audience involve such attitudes (which he also calls "imaginal" activities and "tendencies to action"). The symbolic representation of some object or event in art can arouse an added complexity of response in us, he suggests, because it invites us to feel such emotions as would be associated with the actual object or event, while at the same time we make allowance for it as a fiction.

And since we are not called upon to act, no "overt action" need take place. In fact, Mr. Richards considers it the sign of intelligence and refinement that we are able thus to leave our impulses in abeyance, at the incipient stage, where they can be contemplated and can thus enrich our consciousness. It is the "stupid or crass person" who habitually responds to his impulses by overt action. (235-36)

Obviously, "liberal" speculations, observation, and legislative policies figure regarding the current concerns with this issue as a vexation in the case of porn. And having in mind the thought that, just as a *rhetorical* address seeks to make a certain policy persuasive by appealing to attitudes already embodied in the audience, so we might say that all works of art are, like war plays in war-time, appealing by the choice of an adventitious "timely topic" except that, like death and taxes, its topic goes on forever being "timely" (unless, unlike Fitzgerald's *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam*, it loses too much by translation).

Ironically, I am not going to do here what I wish that Feehan's summarizing had done. But I'll do enough, I hope, to make it clear why there is no logical problem in my belated formal recognition of the Epistemology needed for my Ontology. We Dramatistically are the symbol-using, etc. animal; we Logologically *know* via the step from wordless sensations and feeling to words for such, whereby we analogically develop our many universes of discourse, in all a kind of dialectical Pluriverse, which can go on variously expanding and contracting as we modify one universe of discourse by metaphorical or analogical borrowings or methodological borrowings of heuristic suggestions from other universes of discourse (a process probably accelerated by the clamorous innovations and corresponding new discriminations of technology). But although I wish that Feehan and his readers would sample the remainder of the book's asseverations under the head of "Act," I hope to cut corners for present purposes by dealing with but a bit more of that particular material. My purpose is to show why I don't think that my settling on the Dramatism/Logology formula involves

me in logical embarrassments, though I think it does make clearer exactly what is still to be done, including even notions in the realm of piety. (I take it that our bodies' acquired ability to talk about the mystery of existence imposes upon us, in all decency, an attitude of awe.) Returning to our immediate text:

... the concept of *incipient* acts is ambiguous. As an attitude can be the *substitute* for an act, it can likewise be the *first step towards* an act. Thus, if we arouse in someone an attitude of sympathy towards something, we may be starting him on the road towards overtly sympathetic action with regard to it — hence the rhetoric of advertisers and propagandists who would induce action in behalf of their commodities or their causes by the formation of appropriate attitudes.

In the sphere of social relations generally, the work of George Herbert Mead has developed with great subtlety and thoroughness this alternative aspect of the incipient. As he puts it in *Mind, Self, and Society*, attitudes are "the beginnings of acts." Indeed, we should not be straining matters greatly if we read his other major work, *The Philosophy of the Act*, as if it were entitled *The Philosophy of the Attitude*, if only we remember that his concern is primarily with the incipient as the *introductory* rather than with the incipient as the *substitutive*. Thus, similarly, we would place his valuable treatment of language as "vocal gestures." By such "gestures," he says, we arouse in ourselves the attitudes that language serves to arouse in others; and thereby we adopt the "attitude of the other" in the formation of our moral consciousness.

"I am going on the assumption," he writes, "that action is distinguishable from motion." . . . [It] is equated with the internal motivations of an organism which, confronting reality from its own special point of view or biological interests, encounters "resistance" in the external world. And this external resistance to its internal principle of action defines the organism's action. . . . When we turn to the higher levels of consciousness we find, according to Mead, that the sense of "self" is developed as the individual learns to foresee the kinds of resistance which external things will put forward if he acts in certain ways. . . . The individual learns to recognize whether the object will have an elusive or slippery or light or heavy attitude towards his grasp. And "the attained preparation for the manipulation is the result of this co-operation or conversation of attitudes." In studying the nature of the object, we can in effect speak for it; and in adjusting our conduct to its nature as revealed in the light of our interests, we in effect modify our own assertion in reply to its assertion. . . . "We are ready to grasp the hammer before we reach it, and the attitude of manipulatory response directs the approach." (236-38)

Alfred Korzybski was, in his own way, involved with the linguistic problem whereby we necessarily use the same words to identify situations that are, like all situations, different in detail, but may in the given case be different with regard to some overlooked discrimination (such that the difference makes *all* the difference). His "structural differential" is a kind of dialectical machine (an admonitory device on the slope of Artificial Intelligence) designed to introduce a degree of "delayed action" in our response to such matters. I both appreciatively and fun-lovingly deal with his position from the standpoint of my thesis that "substance-thinking" is intrinsic to language, hence should be taken for granted and should be made as clear as possible. I aim to show how, whereas he proposes to *eliminate* substance-thinking by excoriating it as "elementalism," he smuggles it in undecared by various of his entitlements. And I direct the attention to the paradoxical fact that his methodic attitude towards the need for delay is promptly there from the start. And there are "Korzybskyites" whom that very name makes in fact "con-substantial" to the extent that they swear by the doctrines of *Science and Sanity*.

The rest of the section, that continues to p. 274, deals with many further implications of the relation between my terms "attitude" and "act." But I dare feel that we already have enough of such considerations to indicate why, though the Dramatism/Logology pair of terms sets up much still to be done, we are not confronting any internal conflict implicit in the definition of us as bodies-that-learn-language. And I'll wind up these pages by summarizing the implications of that definition.

The more I work with these definitions of us as *composite* beings, the more convinced I become that no analogical dichotomies (such as mind and body, or spirit and matter) can contrive to "solve" the problems traditionally confronted in those terms. For in many cases the difference comes close to making *all* the difference. And that's why I settled on the chapter, "Incipient' and 'Delayed' Action," which is so directly concerned with the *interrelation* and *absolute distinction* between the two realms. The Richards anecdote is particularly felicitous for our purposes since it so clearly shows how the *personality* of verbal STORY fits in with the *physiology* of response, yet the anecdote so clearly indicates why, when our kind of verbalizing bodies no longer exists, all and any such STORY will cease to be; and the kind of discrimination we describe in terms of "geology" must go on sans geology (since sans the technological

possibilities of STORY).

But before hurrying to end up I should tarry at least to the extent that (as I didn't in the pages I focussed on, though I have done so in many places) we should consider the ingenious role of *money* in Dramatistic speculations "On the Imputing of Motives," the original title for the book I ended by calling *A Grammar of Motives*. For a methodological starter (from the technological point of view) I suddenly recalled "the economic theory of Frank Hyneman Knight propounded in his book, *The Ethics of Competition*." He works out a theory such that, as I would now add, without knowing whether he also said so, each day's trading on the stock market adds up to an aggregate of outcomes.

Another critical exhibit in the act-attitude section of my *Grammar of Motives* is in connection with Knight's genuinely inventive book (pp. 256-57) when on the ambiguities of the term "tendency," which has no trouble at all shuttling between the tendency to do or happen and the tendency not to do or happen. And:

The author reveals for us another such Janus-term by noting the function of the concept of "*caeteris paribus*." For you may say that A's behavior will reproduce that of B, "all other things being equal," yet you need not be embarrassed if it doesn't, because "all other things never are equal."

With regard to "the ethics of competition," I (who, like Alexander Pope, believing in the lyric possibilities of doctrinal verse) was so moved by the thought that the dialectical relation between competition and cooperation could be idealized, as per my "Dialectician's Prayer" (*Collected Poems*, pp. 39-41) I after my fashion was moved by the topic to song thus:

May we compete with one another,  
To speak for Thy Creation with more justice —  
Cooperating in this competition  
Until our naming  
Gives voice correctly,  
And how things are  
And how we say things are  
Are one.

Let the Word be dialectic with the Way —  
Whichever the print  
The other the imprint.

Knight's dialectic of competition introduces an ironic dimension into his dialectic thus: "He begins with the concept of a perfect economic world, obeying ideal market relationships,

which in his case are conceived as pure individualistic competition." Each individual or his agent decides to buy or sell so much stock of this company or that, the trend of the market serving as a mechanism that adds up to an outcome of its own. While quite aware "that the market in our imperfect world of actuality does not obey the laws of his ideal market," he sets it up "as both a technical aid to the description of the actual market and as an ethical norm (a direction towards which he would have the market 'tend')." Insofar as the market does not strictly obey these laws he "saves the day by noting that it 'tends' to."

Next, he observes that "the 'economic' man . . . is not a social man, and the ideal market dealings of theory are not social relations." And it is the properties of men as social beings (their "imperfections," as judged from the standpoint . . . of ideal competition) that serves to convert the "tendency" of exchange to follow the laws of the ideal market into a "tendency" *not* to follow them.

Time permitting, I want to say quite a bit more about the "technology" of money as a motive. But at the very least, I'd like to make clear why, although despite its ubiquity as a means of accountancy in the current state of things, it has the same powers of ambiguity as I have associated with "attitude" and corresponding terms for either images or ideas as *loci* of motives. Consider, as one's equivalent for the "ideal market" the motivational place of the coin tossed to a leper (a design which, may underlie many bequeathments on the slope of philanthropy).

But I assume we have considered enough "attitude" words to make it clear that their pliancy involves no logical embarrassment. Aristotle, who says that Rhetoric "proves opposites," packs his manual on rhetoric with a list of topics designed to *persuade* us by forming our attitudes, as "responses." One could say that the rhetorician aims, by a selection of various attitude-terms, to arouse one particular attitude in the audience (as with a judgment pro or con some particular political candidate. I incline to view such jugglings as on the slope of rhetoric or poetics depending on whether such verbal activity has an ulterior purpose (like a speech in a political campaign) or performs just for the love of the art. Antony's famous speech in *Julius Caesar* is formally rhetorical, being so designed that it can arouse the mob to mutiny. But as regards its dramatic appeal to the theatre audience, it is wholly on the slope of the poetic, in the sheer delight it affords us as verbal manipulation.

The Jesuit priest's sermon in Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is a similar case. But the over-all nature of that book as a Joycean Bible of Estheticism involves perturbations of a different sort (insofar as Stephen's "mythic vision" of his vocation was in essence an *act of apostasy* from Joyce's religious faith.) Djuna Barnes's "Nightwood" can be classed in this same mythically stylized category. We could thus call it a Bible for Lesbianism as a kind of calling. Though I had been almost a kind of agent in behalf of her book, she bitterly resented my essay on it, and even talked of suing me, though she didn't specify on what grounds. I liked it because it is the only book I know of that is somewhat like my *Towards a Better Life* (and I recall a review of Ann Radcliffe's *Well of Loneliness* saying that the heroine had read my problematic *tour de force*, though I don't know in what connection).

End of this digression. I will now cut down to hardly more than an abstract of what this piece has got entangled in.

## II

(1) Our ability to learn a so-called "natural" language has made possible our departure from the state of nature, here called the realm of the "Supernatural," and the conditions of "Counter-Nature." The first involves a principle of "personality," the second a principle of "instrumentation." Included also is the principle of accountancy, money, which directly involves both (the one by profits and taxation, the other by its role in technology). And its great *intermediary* role makes it readily liable to enhancement as an *end*.

(2) The quickest way to illustrate the step via the principle of personality to the realm of the Supernatural is to note the relation between nature and the gods in primitive polytheistic mythologies. There are not just such natural phenomena as thunder and lightning. There are *gods* of thunder and lightning. Such *animating* of discriminations in the realm of nonsymbolic motion is in effect imputing the character of language to the non-linguistic (a kind of "derivation" that is intrinsic to the relation between language and the mythopoetic powers implicit in it).

(3) This derivation of the nonlinguistic from the linguistic is most ingeniously contrived by the radical idealism of Plato's archetypes, which are the *transcendent forms* (like *perfect definitions*) which we experienced in a prior stage of existence, and of which all the material things we see in this earthly world are but imperfect copies. The design amounts to deriving the

world of earthly experience from the ideal forms of language. (Plato's version of such a pattern is but the absolute "mythologizing" of a quite useful linguistic resource, as with Knight's book on the "ethics" of competition or Max Weber's concept of "ideal types," which do not exist in actuality but do function "in principle.")

(4) The principle of personality becomes a principle of individuation by two routes. There is the legalistic fact that one at birth is registered by a name, a personal identification of great critical import to the individual as citizen and tax-payer until the day of death. But Thomas Aquinas defined "matter" as the *principium individuationis*—and logology likewise stresses the *biological* situation: though all human bodies may be made of the same chemicals, with much the same sensations and feelings, the *centrality of the nervous system* is such that each individual body's sensations and feelings are immediately its own and no one else's. Thus it makes an important difference whether your body or someone else's gets the steak or the toothache. Here is a kind of individuality that is grounded in the realm of nonsymbolic motion. It is not to be confused with "individualism." Though it can eventuate in that brand of symbolic action, and the medium of money can invite to further notions in that direction, things can turn out quite otherwise.

(5) The principle of instrumentation "flowers" in the innovations of Technology, which constitute a state of "Counter-Nature" insofar as our ways of life and livelihood are notably different from the conditions that our primordial ancestors lived under, prior to the many inventions which have changed the environment radically enough for it to have become a kind of "second nature." To this extent we have become "separated from our natural conditions by instruments of our own making," to adapt a clause from the definition of humans that is the first piece in my volume, *Language as Symbolic Action: Essays on Life, Literature and Method*. (Anyone sampling it should also consult, on p. 61, my discussions of some quotes from T.S. Eliot's doctoral thesis, *Knowledge and Experience in the Philosophy of F. H. Bradley*.) My later definition of us as "Bodies That Learn Language" is not fundamentally different (when using this later definition as the basis of a lecture I refer often to the first, particularly my anecdote of the wren, on p. 4, who was a technological genius, but lacked the linguistic ability to recognize that it had made a "break-through" and then hand on the knowledge to other wrens.) I think the later definition led me to

further observations, and made my position easier to present.

(6) Q: "Why so much stress upon the *linguistic* inasmuch as there are so many mediums that meet your own definition of 'symbolic action' ('a collective, arbitrary, conventional medium of expression and communication,') a definition which would also apply to the forms of music, painting, dance, architecture, etc., etc.?" Answer: Every medium has powers of its own, powers not equalled by any other. I take it that language is the most competent to discuss and criticize itself, all other mediums, the realm of nonsymbolic motion, the subject-matter of fields such as sociology, psychology, history, though each medium can provide insights profound in ways that make verbal discussion and analysis by comparison as crude as the *description* of a food is to its *taste*. Also, to quiz our project thus is suddenly to wonder "just what are the borders of 'Technology'?" All the instruments of a symphony orchestra are part of music's "technology." The subtitle of Father Walter J. Ong's book *Orality and Literacy* is "The Technologizing of the Word"—and it helps us realize how technologically advanced such texts as the O.T. and N.T. were, before the use of printing (with new notions of how we think, or should think, "inspired" by the current vogue of computers to perfect a corresponding technology of Artificial Intelligence). But the situation is clear enough if we start from where it is clear. Then we can readily recall, for instance, how the pianist, or the man with the horn, make their instruments a part of them. After all, even the realm of Counter-Nature is in its very essence a *humanizing* of nature, in being projections of human nature. (Yet there are the vexations of "Unintended By-Products.")

(7) Unintended By-Products arise owing to the fact that every thing or method has a nature of its own, not just the nature that it has as an instrument for the performing of any particular person's purpose. With the invention of the Atomic Bomb, by the technology of atom-smashing we entered a radically new era in the "advance" of Counter-Nature. And now this great "break-through" of the physicists has been matched by the biologists' similar prowess, in their tricks with gene-splicing. Not until now, in our descent through all prehistory, not until now do we have the powers which, unless not misused, could destroy us, or at the very least cripple us gruesomely. In an article entitled "Variations on 'Providence,'" (*Notre Dame English Journal*, Summer 1981) I put the matter thus: "The 'instrumentalist fallacy' (or perhaps 'quandary') is the unstated assumption that any improvement in instruments or methods is

"Judeo-Christian."

Conceivably, the *instrumental* aspect of such controversies may have involved an incidental matter of "funding." That is to say, any priesthood needed the economic backing of believers. The Epistles of St. Paul testify in this respect to the *organizational* purpose as an aspect of their astounding rhetoric, as were he the Church's first mythic secretary and treasurer.

On the specifically Roman side, along with the myth of the fratricidal war between the State's eponymous founders, Romulus and Remus, there is the mythic fact that Mars was Rome's guiding god, and the feud between Rome and Carthage was the outcome of Aeneas's having driven Queen Dido to suicide. Personalistic motives all. The instrumentalist fact is that Rome and Carthage, as rivals in the technology of trade, encountered each other in the technology of war until Rome destroyed Carthage totally — AFTER WHICH CAME THE PAX ROMANA.

The Empire in its early years was so generally beneficial to trade that much of its expansion was not by conquest, but by provincial areas' voluntary joining the Roman commonwealth. And by the time of Emperor Constantine the Christian community had become important enough for the Emperor (obviously a major exemplar of the personality principle) to have a vision that converted him to the Christian faith, which thereby began the formal turn of the Empire's instrumental structure from identification with the polytheistic "person," Mars as a kind of tutelary deity to identification with the triune God whose earthly devotees named their faith after the Second Person, the Son. This identification was by now pronounced enough for the Christians to call for laws prohibiting the teaching of the doctrines as based solely on the O.T.

Virgil's personal identification with the pagan rationale of the Ruler as a kind of god (a *pontifex maximus* bridging the realm of the supernatural and the realm of nature, itself already quite Counter-Natural) had a direct personal motive. It was customary for military leaders, when an army was disbanded by a peace treaty, to favor the practice of shifts in ownership whereby many of the soldiers took over properties owned by persons who had been identified with a different faction. And Virgil's estate was thus being taken over, but was saved by the intercession of a wealthy benefactor (Maecenas, I believe) his "Eclogues" testifying that the dignities of ownership (as manifested in the State's agrarian technology) could honestly move a poet to song.

As the central role of the Emperors gradually loosened, with more authority exerted by local figures, often these local au-

to be evaluated solely in terms of its nature as that improvement. But everything has a nature of its own, and this identity is not reducible to its nature as the function for which it was rationally designed. . . . And therein lies the Vast New Realm of Counter-Nature and its Unintended By-Products, to be studied with its possible relations and disrelations to the natural order, including the nature of our species as developed out of the prehistoric past (a past *bodily, physiologically* still with us now) in relation to the natural order."

(8) It is unthinkable that the variety and complexity of operations involved in the production, distribution, and use of the commodities constituting the traffic of modern technology could be managed without a system of accountability such as that provided by money (and its almost fantastic modern augmentation, *credit*). These purely *instrumental* functions tie in with the *personal* not only as regards wages, "honorariuma," awards, dividends, royalties, interest on bank deposits, profits on investments, etc., but also as regards costs, taxes, fines, penalties, etc. Even the Church, which rationalizes human conduct on the basis of Supernatural authority, must as a worldly institution get involved in financial matters. The incredibly vast sums paid by taxation and mounting debt to the "military industrial complex" could be called a kind of "funding," which the economy under technology allocates in one way or another to many sections of itself. (Much Television is in effect "funded" by the advertisers who buy time for their "commercials.") But I will try to now wind up by a general discussion of our "trends" since our cultural beginnings at the time of the Roman Empire.

### III

Within the realm that was becoming the Roman Empire there was a "personalistic" shift, involved in the relation between O.T. and N.T. It showed up linguistically in two ways. (1) Though much of the theological controversy was to be done in Latin, the foundational texts were Hebrew and Greek. (2) Though both texts were monotheistic, the N.T. finds a way of defining the One as a Trinity (a God of Three Persons, the second of Whom, as a Divine Son, was sent on a sacrificial mission, and has given His name to the new creed.)

The believers in the N.T. treated it as a sequel to the O.T. But there were many of the devout who wholly rejected the N.T. In modern times, when the developments of Technology have turned the focus of attention to other matters, the issue is liberally moderated, but its history is implicit in the term



head of the ecclesiastical order honors the head of the secular order. But also it sets up a situation whereby the ecclesiastical authorities can negotiate with the prospective secular ruler and proceed with the coronation on the basis of such prior understandings.

But the most astounding account of these matters is the step-by-step record (pp. 136-139 of the Eleventh Edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Vol. xvii) the article on how-one-thing-led-to-another following Martin Luther's *Ninety-five Theses* about "indulgences" nailed on the Cathedral door. The same article (p. 139 c) tells how the new Church committed the same theological error that Luther had attacked the Roman Church for, except that in this case no exchange of money was involved. And near the end of p. 138 d we are told that "the name *Protestant*" came from a dispute over an allocation of funds, whereas I had always assumed that it came from purely personal concerns, matters of ethical doctrine.

For the rest of this piece I must simply give the barest outline of how I want to proceed. I want to get through the feudal period from the later stages of the Roman Empire to the "acceleration of history" that Henry Adams in his "Education" sums up as the turn from the "Virgin" to the "Dynamo" (the agrarian economy being more and more replaced by the industrial order as embodying the *instrumentalist* emphasis that was to "set the tone" for Western economic development). It has been a period in which *The Communist Manifesto* has decreed a nomenclature, with corresponding dialectic, ideology, and rhetoric (the three are essentially one). It comes to a focus now in a threatened USA-USSR confrontation as radical as the confrontation between Rome and Carthage for domination of the Mediterranean *orbis terrarum*. But the realm of instrumentalities has been "enhanced" by a new kind of weaponry such that, if used in a conflict like that between Rome and Carthage, would make the current analogue of a *Pax Romana* impossible. For not only would both sides suffer the fate of Carthage, but much greater disaster than that would befall our planet. The "Star Wars" angle will be considered later.

Meanwhile, trying to be as "encyclopaedic" as possible in my shortcuts, I thought of building the whole period around Charlemagne (c. 742-814), whose genius in building "marches" both within his Christian Empire and about such outlying peoples as the Saracens, made him also a figure of much legend. And there is the notable fact that, by the time of his death, he had built up a

34. thories began raising the taxes on land-owners whose properties were under their immediate jurisdiction. Ultimately many farmers were so in debt that the only way to avoid being taxed out of existence was to retain ownership by mortgaging themselves as collateral. This practice gradually developed into the manorial system whereby local authority had a body of serfs under personal control, in a relationship such that the serfs, in being bound to the land, also had traditional rights that were bound to the serfs.

This scheme of things became the agrarian order that marked the culmination of the Middle Ages. The traditional relations between the different sectors of the society were highly *personalistic*, as was the relation to the instrumental structure, to the modes of funding, and to the beneficiaries of such funding. The personalistic dimension was so capable of idealization that, in Marx's *Communist Manifesto* (the dialectic of which treats capitalism as a progressive step in the emancipation from slavery), the monetary destruction of personal relations is treated as a kind of crudity (his rhetoric here adopting an attitude which is always lurking in the bourgeois judgment of its own fellow-citizens).

During all this period the Christian Church had been going through developments with relation to the personal principle, the instrumental principle, and matters of funding. The issue is complicated by the fact that a Ruler is so readily identified with his State that the results due to the activities of the personnel operating the State's instrumentalities, including its profits, can be ascribed to the Ruler. And in the case of the funding that the Church received, it involved financial transactions that conflicted with Canon Law.

One aspect of the matter touched drastically upon new developments of the situation hyphenetically summed up in the term, "Judeo-Christian." Wealthy Jews played an important role in the supplying of monetary funds needed for development of the secular and ecclesiastical economies. The situation was sometimes so handled by secular Gentile rulers that it led to popular uprisings ("pogroms," a line of anti-Semitism that Hitler would coordinate with his use of the "personal" principle as an attitudinal rhetoric in his rule of the great instrumental resources that the people of his *Reich* had built up prior to his take-over.

A formula that the personalistic dimension had developed in relation to matters of rule, "The Divine Right of Kings," had an ingenious twist worth recalling. On its face it involves a "pontificating" performance, since coronation is a ritual whereby the



structure which, in its decay, gave us the 9th to 15th centuries of feudalism, with its highly *personalistic* suzerain-vassal relationship (a tenant swearing fealty and owing homage to his lord).

Charles combined in one person three major persons, being King of the Franks, King of the Lombards, and Emperor (also he was on good terms with the Constantinople side of the Roman Empire). And though having got election to that office through the action of an Anti-Pope, when he died he left most of his vast estate to the Holy Sea, as would the great Countess Matilda of Tuscany (1046-1115), likewise many lesser sovereigns, whereby the Church being a major landowner, many ecclesiastics controlled highly profitable "temporalities." The donation of her estates, in her day, says the *E.B.* [Eleventh Edition], "though never fully consummated on account of imperial opposition, constituted the greater part of the temporal dominion of the papacy."

We read of Charles, as King of the Franks, coming to Italy and issuing an important "capitulary" which increased the authority of the *Lombard* bishops. We read of his "relieving" freemen who had been by famine forced to sell themselves into servitude, a statement which I would tie in with an apparently unrelated statement that he had condemned abuses in the system of vassalage. At the same time he encouraged commerce by abolishing unauthorized tolls and made improvements in the coinage. Also he forbade the trade in Christian slaves.

The principle of instrumentation was implicit in the institution of vassalage since even many of the services that the tenant performed for the landowner (such as corvée, work on the upkeep of the roads) amounted to profits for the economy as a whole though no money was involved). Thus to a large extent, the ways of instrumentation are to be located in terms of the *personal* suzerain-vassal relationship, which can be most effectively summed up in terms of "investiture" (from the top down), along with the growth of towns, for which a glance at Florence will serve our purpose ideally.

"The word investiture (from *vestire*, to put in possession) is later than the 9th century," but the institution was "an outcome of feudal society." In its betokening "the feudal relation between suzerain and vassal," for my purposes I'd stress its nature as the most essential instance of the *personal* principle in the socio-economic order insofar as the human societies had gone beyond the primitive stage of hunters and gathers, via the emergence of land-tenure. Marx and Engels were rightly enthu-

siastic about Henry Morgan's studies of the ways in which the clan (*gens*) marked an economic division within the tribe. In fact (it's worth repeating) I keep on looking for variations of ancestor-worship since, insofar as the ancestors are other-worldly members of the same clan when they were living on earth and had carved out the special rights they bequeathed to their descendants. By undergoing human death a member of the clan became immortal (thus a kind of god). The special inherited privileges of the clan thereby merged death, immortality, and the principle of private property not shared by the tribe as a whole.

I am "Marxoid" in tying all this in with David Winspear's *The Genesis of Plato's Thought*. There one sees how the author's implications can carry things down even to the Party Line in suggestions whereby the *personalistic* "demon" that guided Socrates in his disputes with the Sophists (who performed for money) fitted "ideologically" with the sympathies of his patron, Plato, who was of the land-owning class.

Investiture with the pronounced personalism of the suzerain-vassal relationship, cut directly across the distinction between Church and State. Since the Church had large feudal landholdings, a bishop or abbot might control a domain which required much upkeep in the realm of purely secular instrumentation, including even the assistance of lay figures, such as lords, who were powerful enough to war in their behalf. And there were "bishop-dukes, bishop-counts, etc., themselves vassals of other lords, and especially of the king, from whom they received the investiture of their temporalities."

Or (as an adumbration of out-and-out investment) a lay figure of means might found (fund?) a church or abbey on condition that the right of *patronage* (that is, the choice of *beneficiaries*) should be reserved to the founder's line. The corresponding illicit "freedom" intrinsic to such an order was *simony*, "the crime of buying or selling ecclesiastical preferment." (I can imagine current situations in which a wholly secular form of such practise has been so "laundered" that our legislatures are beset by "lobbyists" representing corporations frankly and honestly giving or withholding funds to back the candidacy of the politician or party that would legislate such loopholes.)

Another complication was that many ecclesiastics had wives or concubines — and bit into the Church's holdings by finding "loopholes" (to speak anachronistically) whereby they might bequeath benefices to their sons or their beloved bastards. (It was not until later that the rule of celibacy was papally intro-

And it is doubly welcomed by Logogers because the E.B. article on Florence gives us the notable historical data leading to so clear a presentation of our case (a quite Marxoid consideration of the transformation from the personalistic principle to the instrumentalist principle that we confront head on with the shift that Henry Adams contrasted as the *Virgin* and the *Dynamo* (personalistic/agrarian/suzerain-vassal vestiges to the innovative/technological/marketwise/instrumentalist). And the E.B. article's data tell us, step-by-step though not so fatalistically as in the chronicle on Lutheranism's evolution out of a standard medieval monks' practice of proposing theses to argue about. These theses led to his victory *sociologically*, but by no means *theologically*, since he ends by committing the same theological breach he had charged the Roman Church with, though in this case the person "indulged" was more in the role of an influential patron (a V.I.P.) than a customer, since no money changed hands.

In 786 Charles was in Florence, which had already been profiting by its position on the road from northern Italy to Rome. And the "simoniacal election" of a bishop in 1066 had caused great popular outrage. But the development we would focus upon dates from the time when the Countess Matilda ruled for forty years over the margraviate of Tuscany, of which Florence was a part. Her responsibilities were so extensive (there were times when she even led armies to battle) the *grandi* (feudal nobles, judges, lawyers, and the like who assisted her) ruled in her absence. The nobility of the surrounding hills, "Teutonic feudatories of Ghibelline sympathies," interfered with the commerce of the citizens. Florence frequently warred with these nobles, in the name of the Countess, whose sympathies were totally and untiringly Guelphic. Though after her death, in 1115, the *grandi* continued in control, they did so in the name of the *people*, the first sign of an emerging *commune*. There followed a series of vicissitudes that reflected the conflicting interests of Guelphs and Ghibellines, confusion within the city, wars with other cities, sometimes aggressive, sometimes defensive, different factions being forced into exile, incursions by the Emperor. Through it all was the division between the nobles and the guilds (of both merchants and craftsmen). At one stage the feudal party triumphed, having gained the support of the minor guilds. By the beginning of the twelve hundreds Florence had become "an important banking and industrial center," and was opening the highways of commerce that led to Rome. All told, much political instability — yet each of the seven greater guilds

3. duced). In the pages I read, the subject of simony involved the OT-NT dichotomy only indirectly. There was the charge that a bishop had purchased his see for 100,000 *solidi* (there's the outright money of it), then he plundered his church of relics and crucifixes which he sold to Spanish Jews in order to secure 100,000 *solidi* more, which he paid to buy a bishopric for his brother. There was apparently a stage at which simony was so standard that a bishop might stoutly affirm his rights to an office because he had paid good money for it. In time the War of Investitures "polarized" in the contrast of interests between Guelphs (parties allied to the Papacy) and Ghibelline (parties allied with the Emperor).

All that time the "principle of instrumentation" was going through "Marxoid" involvements of its own. These were the developments of towns, each of which had a set of confrontations local to itself. But a parting glimpse at Florence (in Tuscany where Matilda had been the "great" Countess) should help us get to where we wish we could have arrived at, when noting how, once the *Pax Romana* led via the Empire to local tax-collecting authorities so powerful in their own right that they transformed free land-owners into serfs, a state of affairs feudally humanized (plus all its faults) in the suzerain-vassal structure of Charlemagne's ideal Christian Empire (he a pious ruler who also had his concubines).

Sometimes local authorities became so powerful as to endanger the position of the Emperor himself. And the merchants of Venice (which gave us the word Ghetto, the division of the city where the Jewish participants in such enterprises and all others of their racial identity lived) had their own ways of carrying out the trade that Christian and Jewish merchants had in common, where they joined in negotiating the measures needed to protect that trade. In the very system of vassalage that Charles's Christian hegemony was organizing with primary stress upon the tenure of the land in terms of personal fealty and homage, the principle of instrumentation was undergoing quite different developments, in the rise of towns, particularly in Italy, where the convergences and conflicts between the two Romes, the Empire, and the Holy See, were so near.

To consider the republic of Florence in particular. There are records that the city was besieged by Goths in 405 and delivered by a Roman general. Later, it was occupied by Goths. But it is ideal for our purposes because, in 252, it first struck a *gold coin*, the *florin*, famed for both its beauty and the purity of its metal.

was organized like a small state, and in times of trouble they constituted a citizens militia. Florentine cloth was highly valued and sold throughout Europe; Florentine merchants were considered foremost; and while the shifts in government was almost like "endemic civil war," the guilds had a "solidity" such that they could go about their business regardless.

I had hoped to end this portion of my statement with a summary of developments in Florence as a republic, then via Henry Adams on the law of acceleration in the increasing tempo of technological innovation to *The Communist Manifesto*. Next, as much as possible, I'll swing into my distress about the threatened USA-USSR confrontation (ironically twisted by the Star Wars "vision"). But time presses — so I must simply say all that in the briefest outline, my purpose being less to "prove" my thesis than to present it, for further "collegiate" discussion (a compromise acceptable at least inasmuch as I devoutly hope that, despite the big money to be made by high finance in this ghastly enterprise, the project will be dropped).

Suffice it to say, the article on Florence in the Eleventh edition of the E.B. gives us evidence a-plenty of the veerings to do with the vestiges of a feudal economy. There are repeated reports of florins (always in the hundreds of thousands) paid as fines or for advantage. And the many references to the many kinds of guilds attest to great activity in the Republic's instrumentalist dimension. So, although I had already abandoned the hope of summing up the trends of such developments, a mere glance at the article will serve to find the evidence of their new presence.

My references to *The Education of Henry Adams in Grammar of Motives* (pp. 120-121) and *The Rhetoric of Motives* (pp. 11-12) can be enough to deal with Adams's way of "personalizing" the "instrumentalist" dimension with regard to his viewing the eschatology of human history as a technological (hence man-made) fulfillment.

Before focussing on *The Communist Manifesto* (Communism's *Declaration of Independence*), I'd like to sum up my views of Western instrumentalist innovation in our country. About the time when the conditions brought about by technological development in Europe were heading towards revolutionary disturbances such as eventuated in the French Revolution, Technology had also advanced to the stage where navigation, though dangerous, could begin transporting successive waves of immigrants to settle in the various parts of this continent now called USA. They brought with them such "legal fictions" of ownership that, whereas the natives had no such Constitutional

distinctions as the new settlers introduced, the area of *sheer nature* that the waves of settlers from abroad took over from the natives is now divided into *real estate*, itself divided into properties individually owned, publicly owned, or collectively owned (this last kind currently being invaded in a big way by managements or would-be managements which either have or hope by displacement to have their hands in the corporations' till (technically the dividends of the stockholders). At an earlier date the resources of technology also made possible and profitable the forcible import of black slaves from Africa for use (there's utility for you) in plantations of the South. Also there was a small percentage of white indentured labor. And in early days when a US dollar could buy fantastically much in *China*, workers "freely" signed contracts to labor here for a sizeable number of dollars, only to find when they got here that they were in debt from the very start, since the dollar bought so much less *here*.

But the Supreme Court, in its austerity, decided that the wording of the Chinese contracts was sacred — so unless the workers contrived to escape and hide in some Chinese laundry or such, if they survived the hard work they were probably returned to China as per their contract, having in effect worked for next to nothing. (At least, that's my impression of the case.)

The very state of Technology in Europe that made it possible for various waves of European colonists to come here and settle also made for a kind of "Darwinian" situation whereby the instrumentalist lore they brought with them introduced innovations such that the primitive technology of the natives became in comparison obsolete. Not only did the natives have to move over; their whole way of life was now perforce impossible. Thus it was not just the successive waves of new settlers that, by their sheer numbers, "progressively" hemmed the natives in. Rather, as the vulgar "Social Darwinists" *should have* said, the European modes of exploitation made it impossible for the natives' tribal way of life to compete with modes of investment along nationalistic lines, and corresponding modes of expansion.

Even in the early days when much of the land east of the Mississippi was still Indian territory, patriots who wholeheartedly believed in the glorious future of our country speculated ("invested") in land as far West, I believe, as Ohio. They called for a Standing Army to protect their holdings. This was an instrumental adjunct to our replacing of the natives' technology that was intrinsic to their way of life. These two arrangements

differed so greatly from each other that in effect the state of Nature itself (the realm of nonsymbolic motion) was a correspondingly different background, as different as both were from the cultural developments after the *Pax Romana* following the destruction of Carthage, with the bequeathment of two Romes (the Empire and the Holy See, via the suzerain/vassal investitures). Then, the shift from the agrarian rationale to the focus upon the instrumentalities of industry, whereby farming becomes an "agribusiness," with a money system as the mode of accountability needed for regulating the production and distribution of technology's commodities and services.

But time presses. And with redoubled haste I yearn, for the analogue of nailing to a door of some sort some further theses by way of wind-up. But to emphasize the "collegiate" aspect of the enterprise (particularly since I have a "problematical" notion to build on), to mark the turn, I resort to a subtitle, thus:

#### If Not, Why Not?

There are probably three approaches to systematic concerns with the Human Condition. My *Grammar of Motives* builds about one of them, the PARADOX OF SUBSTANCE. (Ross's authoritative book on Aristotle, I am happy to say, introduces the concept even there, but I was not consciously aware of it, though I had often consulted his text, for one reason or another.) In my *Rhetoric of Religion* I built about another approach, the Concept of ORDER. (It is often dealt with in reverse, as per the Marxist gospel of salvation by revolution.) If I have time and opportunity (if it fits in somewhere with what I'm discussing) I'll add a further twist on that subject. In a Foreword to *The Philosophy of Literary Form*, I referred to an "other major clan, the POWER family."

It is composed of many members: social power, sexual, physical, political, military, commercial, monetary, mental, moral, stylistic (powers of grace, grandeur, vituperation, precision) — powers of emancipation, liberalization, separation ("loosing"), powers of fascination and fascization ("binding," as in Mann's "Mario and the Magician") — and powers of wisdom, understanding, knowledge.

[I went on to discuss] ways whereby, owing to the nature of synecdoche, any member of this family may come to do vicarious service for any other member, or for the family as a whole.

For all my references to the "ambiguities of power," including further notes on the "permutations and combinations" that my terms make possible, the closing reference to "the family as

a whole" is the nearest I came to the term which, I do fear, has become my most boring fixation. Put it this way: on TV, a strung-out logo avers

whether it's Telephones, Information Systems, Network  
Systems, Long-Distance Services, or Computers . . . AT&T

Where all I intrinsically hear is

whether it's  
Technology, Technology, Technology, Technology, or  
Technology,  
. . . Technology

Looking back, I would say, for better or worse, that many of my stories are "careerist" in their slant, often "mythically" so. The problem of growing up involved both the actualities of a difficult adolescence and the fantasies of a "vocation" that would, somehow or other, not be like applying for a "job." As for the first story in my book, *The White Oxen*, when I see it in the light of what I have been writing in these pages, my comments (discriminations) now, lead me to a "spin-off" such that I glimpse how and why Henry Adams's Virgin-Dynamo dichotomy is at the basis of that "careerist" story. For it's about a personal relation that my character Matthew had to outgrow. He had to renounce his way of establishing a bond between him and his oxen. For he was told that "our hero's" proffer of food (the very essence of agrarianism) would throw their scientific-ly (technologically) allotted diet out of line.

And as the story ends, I suddenly see it in the light of the distinction I have been making between the personal and instrumental principles. The story is a variation on the theme of Henry Adams's Virgin-Dynamo "education." Matthew has lost his last contact with his pets, the white oxen, the personal principle to perfection (as in Charlemagne's design of a suzerain-vassal feudal structure, also embodied in the nomenclature of the ecclesiastical orders headed in the papacy, the Holy See). I do wish that the story were not so naive stylistically. But alas! its very naiveté is "accurate" as a statement of attitude. Looking "out there" Matthew in effect "sees" his motivational situation "within":

The lights lined the shores of the river, and thinned away as the river serpented off into the blackness of the hills. [That was to his right. But on the instrumentation side . . .] To the left he saw the steel mills of Millvale and Etna, with their quick flames licking at the sky . . . And of a sudden a feeling of promise came over him, the hope of a boy of sixteen who sees a vision of futurity, of the world before him. He felt an

steel mines of Millvale and Etna), as complicated by an alternative "vision" that gets lost in the darkness.

Before winding up this phase, I beg to ponder on a piece written about half a century later. It's in my *Collected Poems*, near the end: "Tossing on Floodtides of Sinkership: A Diaristic Fragment." The topic is as "instrumentalist" as could be, the "Traffic War." I was driving from New Jersey to the Northwest, to teach for a spell as a Wandering Scholar in Central Washington. (. . . going West, the wife and I — / I told the Selph I'd say again / them resonant words of Horace Greeley, / 'Go West, elderly couple.' ")

The poem was written during our doings in Vietnam, an "instrumentalist" adventure I regretted as profoundly as I presently now regret the current backing of the Somozist *Contras* in Nicaragua, being "personalistically" presented in terms of "democracy."

But the realm of innovations and corresponding discriminations that we call technology has expanded so greatly since the night sky of Millvale and Etna that Matthew saw, surely even Henry Adams with his "law of the acceleration of history" (and he died about the same year as when Matthew had his "vision") would be astounded to see the increasing rate of acceleration that the "instrumentalist" principle has evinced since then. However, by my schedule I would arrive at my destination just in time to give a public lecture. And the "diaristic" aspect of my verses builds gossip-wise about this very situation: The author, who despite himself is fascinated by the cultural tangles of Technology, is driving West, is planning, when he gets there, to give a talk focused upon what he calls the "Traffic War." Obviously, his subject (beginning in our culture with the building of highways such as Rome built to mould an empire) would radically concern the "instruments" of Technology.

But the actual article has verbalizing that overlaps into the bibliographic categories of either "rhetoric," or "poetic," or both. Whereas much poetry today is in the "imagistic" groove, I was indulging a love for *doctrinal* verse.

My lines are a *personal* response to a jungle war so instrumentally accoutred that by "body count" was meant not the direct counting of corpses, but calculations roundabout, instrumentally computing how many victims there were likely to be in a given area if it was systematically subjected to a certain amount of random shelling. Suppose we viewed our democratically capitalist state as the modern analogue of a feudal suze-

acute interest in what life might have in store yet, trust that there was going to be a great change, a faith in the proximity of some new vista. For a few moments he was rich with this unreasoning foretaste of conquest.

Then it was gone, leaving him almost physically weakened.

"Rich," it says, an adjective that I, as a rule of thumb, tend to psychoanalyze Marxistically in such contexts as this. The money theme figures explicitly in the case of Gabriel Harding, the one of Matthew's white oxen who steals from him. And on p. 10 there is the revery concerning a brief interview with the proprietor of one or another among the big houses on the upper end of Highland Avenue. Their owners "atoned for their shallow ancestry" by hiding their expensive dwellings in thick foliage (a remotely Henry James twist [by a beginner who had read no Henry James] anent our *nouveau-riche* class and what Veblen would call "conspicuous consumption" for "establishing or enhancing social prestige").

It has been my experience that the decidedly transitional stage of human existence, adolescence, is *usually* the time when most persons whose vocation is to focus upon the kinds of discrimination that characterize some particular mode of symbolic action (music, painting, poetry, philosophy, sociology, mathematics, chess-playing, etc., etc.); but the more we know about the matter, the more likely we are to see the emerging of the subject's "calling" in early childhood. And "Matthew's" discriminations about the various kinds of animals in the Highland Park Zoo date from a time in childhood much earlier than the period of adolescence the story is built around. And as for the "woman of the streets" that "Matthew" is so contrite about, she was but a figment of the author's late-adolescent imagination. The sexual barrier in part three of a five-part story (the *turn*) had not yet (damn the luck!) been crossed. And the zoo experiences were a merging of the author's high school days (when he had begun writing poems and stories) with memories of a four-year-old who (since the lions were fed twice a day), heard their roars across the valley in the early morning, but his most vivid memory is a nightmare about a giraffe reaching down from over his cage after poor lil ME. It's mixed up somehow with a popular tune about Casey waltzing with a strawberry blond while the band played on.

It was all as *personal* as the feudal rationale that a vestigially eighteenth-century Adams "in search of a father" aimed to supplant by a historical "fall" into the *instrumentalist* (technological) future (from Virgin to Dynamo = from white oxen to the

rain, being served in the role of loyal vassals by an army of free citizens conscripted by a democratically elected Congress on the basis of a provocative lie told us by a democratically elected President. This would be the situation such as marked our longest war (in Vietnam). And I believe there was a concept such as "cost-effectiveness" to decide how much squandering of fire-power and instrumental expenses generally our accountants would write off as a plus.

But by the test of "cost-effectiveness" (if that was the precise formula), when thinking of how many patriotic citizens were killed and maimed in that misguided technological enterprise we might (aghast) ask whether it could have been *worth the sacrifice of one single soldier*. Monetarily, I believe, the levying of taxes was postponed by the minting of so-called "Euro-dollars," though all persons who had a profitable place in what our President Eisenhower taught us unforgettably to call the "military-industrial complex." And though our nation had a hang-over of much indebtedness, it is my fuzzy memory that President Johnson's estate ended up five million dollars ahead.

But when writing my story half a century ago, I had implicitly taken the Virgin-Dynamo (personality-instrumentation) dichotomy as more *antithetical* than in my poem on the subject of traffic by motor-car (as my representative anecdote for an interpretive attitude towards the discriminations typical of technology). Recall Nietzsche's thesis, entitling us to be *anthropocentric* in our perspectives, to view nature in the way most congenial to human nature (a thought-style he calls *Anmenschlichung*). And above all, why not so behave where the counter-nature of *man-made technology* is concerned? I admit that I am adding this further step — as per my poem's ("doctrinal song") way of introducing the personal principle with reference to the pronounced instrumental nature of the car as a machine:

How walk faster, except by working harder?  
Likewise how run, or speed up a bike,  
except by greater effort? . . .  
Ever so lightly press the pedal down a fraction farther  
And your massive technologic demon  
spurts forward like a fiend.

Tell them that.  
Talk of such brutal disproportion  
between decision and the consequences.  
"Might we not here, my friends,  
confront the makings of a madness,  
an unacknowledged leap  
from *This is mine*  
to *By God, this is ME!* . . . ?

Might our mechanic hopefulness  
contain, in this quick easy magnifying of the self,  
(to match industrial wastefulness)  
a fatal moral canker?  
Is it all over,  
already at the start?

The money theme figures in this way:

Though Whitman  
apostrophizing ideal travellers  
elatedly spurns "riches,"  
it is but by the grace of money  
that all the parts of travel  
commune with one another.

Leave out money —  
and no mightiest of tyrants  
imposing his absolute will upon a subject people  
could remotely match these bonds of service  
that bind free men together.

Tied by this knot  
strangers minister to strangers  
in self-willed strife with one another  
striving to give the best years of their lives  
towards answering a motorist's demands  
for fuel, food, lodging, repairs, and entertainment.  
Add but this major comprehensive Virtue  
And the vast network  
falls into place as by an act of nature  
like thirsty cattle leading themselves to water.

Five sections in all. First and third featuring *sensations of travel*, but from a "survey" point of view that fits in with sections two and fourth which indulge my hankering after *doctrinal* verse. In the fifth section I "cosmologize," out of what I think of as *frogpond idealism*, from the mythic past, full of seasonal sounds that are our psychology there outside us. Turning "Law" into "Law-Word," we get to the idea of words going back into the wordlessness from out of which our wordiness came into being — thence to an Ultimate Conceit, of simultaneously seeing sunrise and sundown simultaneously:

the  
Absolute  
seeing every sunset / from every angle / at every instance,  
and all the while  
seeing every sunrise

Our Law-Word could so see such *in principle*. But lol our TV screen can do that telescoping of time for you, whenever you

pay the money to experience it *actually*. It's part of the genius that Technology has brought into the world along with its ability to control the smashing of atoms and splicing of genes, powers that, for the first time in human existence, can make it possible to, by sheer method, deliberately or accidentally, obliterate us all.

I beg that, at least, you take to heart my doctrinal lines anent the thesis that our technological (instrumental) innovations become *personalized* — for I need that notion urgently, in connection with this statement's wind-up, which centers on the instrumentally inspired shift from "this is mine" to "this is ME." There is a book by Walter J. Ong, S.J., *Orality and Literacy*, that I am clamorously in favor of. And above all, at this point I relish his subtitle, "The Technologizing of the Word." For when his last sentence ends on a reference to "the evolution of consciousness toward both greater interiorization and greater openness," I take it as in effect saying in its way what I shall say in mine about the way in which the *personal* principle figures in what I see going on (from my technological point of view) in the ceremonies to do with the Statue of Liberty, both *its* repair and *her* emblematic character as she towered there when the job was finished. I do not object that either he or his editors wouldn't allow my work "on words and the Word" to be even as much as listed in his bibliography, though his long central paragraph on the last page of his book features precisely this subject. And he might object to my version of what he means by "technologizing" as a mode of "consciousness." (My usage is in line with my notion that the Marxist concept of "class-consciousness" is "class-unconsciousness," when the bourgeois thinker who writes of "man" in *general* is really writing of *bourgeois* man. (I take it that feminists will not object to my generic use of the term in this somewhat dyslogistic sense.)

### Wind-Up

On the jacket of A.R. Ammons' *Collected Poems, 1951-1971* there is a summarizing sentence that is ideal for our purposes: "The critic Harold Bloom has suggested that Ammons is in the great central line of American poets — from Emerson through Whitman, Frost, Pound, Stevens, and Williams — who have written a specifically American poetry, concerned to compound the visionary and the visible."

There's no ambiguity about the "personal principle" in that statement. Bloom is talking about a set of poets, every one of

whom was using *imagery* to perfection in a way that Aristotle would class under the head of *enargeia*, which one might zestfully translate as "putting before your very eyes." And each such poetry has its personal "vision." Though I'd need Bloom's help to specify exactly why they are "American," I spontaneously agree with his judgment. (I'd have to work at that problem roundabout, by saying why they are *not* Russian, *not* German, *not* French, etc.)

In the meantime there the exhibits already were what they were — and that's where I am when we turn from their kind of ceremony to the kind of ceremony enacted in the festivities connected with the Statue of Liberty. I saw that show close up, and it engrossed me as I (even sometimes tearfully) watched in my kitchen on color television (a technological presentation of a truly historic technological event), while shrewdly eating up gossip-wise whatever data I chanced to encounter about the political and financial finaglings and inveiglings involved in the promotion of the enterprise and, incidentally the promoters. Our principle of personality ran the whole gamut of the money theme, and necessarily, since the project was so vastly expensive it required the enlistment of countless donors, many with personal interests not charitable but purely in the hopes of incidental profit.

And what of the "vision" compounded with all this fantastically spectacular *visibility*? During the maneuvers about the bay and up the river, the procession of the tall sailing ships (surviving nostalgically from an earlier era of technologic innovation) was in itself a kind of lost solemnity that engrossed me. Each event had its own kind of eventfulness. And behind it all, the mere *bookkeeping* required to keep that unique complexity of things and timings in order was a marvel of technologic progress. So much POWER. And all in the spirit of *goodwill*. That thought for me was on the weepy side.

The technology that was in effect celebrating itself got personalized by the nationalism of Lee Iacocca in one way and President Reagan in another. The tendency of both USA and USSR is to persuade themselves that they are in quite different realms, one nation capitalistic, the other communistic (in aims), while both in their ways invite the rest of the world to co-personalize by subscribing to their particular ISM. The USA, inviting successive waves of immigrants hither in quest of "freedom," was identifying the celebrated statue with the *most personal* of *universal* promises.



*Implicit in the "contract" was the kind of "freedom" that our Technology made possible by the unseating of the natives' Technology. Our Technology being on parade during the festivities, there was "naturally" no reference to the Three Technologic Freedoms which (as we now realize) much of our "success" has been based on; namely: the Freedom to Waste, the Freedom to Pollute, the Freedom Not to Give a Damn. It was the Freedom the chemical industry has had with the polluting of streams, air, and its toxic waste dumps. It was the Freedom the vast investment in the use of atomic energy is now leading us to be shifty about, in continually contriving not to admit, out and out, that there has been no solution at all for the disposal of atomic waste. (We might conceivably ship it out into space, or back to the sun for "recycling" — but if one consignment suffered an accident such as befell the *Challenger*, the resultant disaster to our existence here on earth would be drastic indeed. The problem of burying it where it won't risk eventually being moved about by currents of water confronts us with an ironic "out of sight, out of mind" temptation.*

One could continue in this vein. But above all, I must guard against seeming to be involved in an anti-technological tract. This is not by any means the burden of my non-song. I take it that technology has opened a vast new realm of discriminations made possible to us as bodies that learn language, discriminations about the wonders of both nature and human nature — discriminations that it behooves us to puzzle over, in keeping with the proposition that environmentalism is not anti-technological, it is technology's self-criticism. The mere opportunity to see the wonders of a bird's wing in slow motion is a privilege available to no one who lived prior to the resources of modern technology. We don't realize the astonishing act of *analysis*, "right before our very eyes," that is going on in a replay of a maneuver in some sport we are watching on TV.

But in discussing the ceremonies to do with the Statue of Liberty, my aim is to guard against the tendency to see behind all that visibility the merely nationalistic vision which the variations of personalistic principle lead us into. And above all, I would have us here see in terms of a *history* that is confronting a notable matter of *eschatology*. The eschatological vision (or simply *situation*) centers in the rhetorical genius embodied in the Marxist *Declaration of Independence* in behalf of ideal Communism. This we confront from out the *Capitalist Declaration of Independence* implicitly in the Statue that waves of immigrants saw on their entrance to our ways of displacing the

natives' primitive technologies with our (European) more sophisticated brand.

In Russia the party of Lenin (with both Stalin and Trotsky as subordinates) confronted a quite different situation, displacing a Czarist dictatorship, and with no successive waves of new settlers arriving to displace the natives. In fact, the Leninist Party was in effect a kind of secular priesthood that aimed to *convert* the natives. Convert them to *what?* To *precisely the same technology* that capitalism had developed, but by replacing the capitalist *market* economy with a system of communal ownership which replaced the capitalist system of private property with regard to the means of production.

Though the factory system was obviously an instance of advanced *technological* development, and though bankers don't own the money which is deposited with them and which they convert into credit (in effect selling several dollars of credit for each dollar deposited in their care), *The Communist Manifesto* makes no mention of Technology as such, and reduces the whole issue to the distinction between those who own machines and those who are paid to operate them. This ideology functions as a rhetoric which leads to real disputes between U.S. in its actual, and USSR in its theoretical, relation to technology.

My heuristic conceit (that we see the ceremonies of the Statue in terms of them as the affirmation of an *instrumental* principle that becomes deceptively *personalized*) gets me into embarrassments to do with the fact that, for its intended vision in terms of *nationalistic freedom* I would substitute considerations of *technology in general*. So by ways of wind-up let me list the major vexations involved in this perspective.

First of all, I must clamorously guard against the charge by professional patrioteers who might cite my position as evidence that by mine own words I have proved myself to be unpatriotic. Flatly, I state my position thus: I would not want to be a citizen of any country in the world but ours, which I have had the good luck to be born in. (My parents, though born here, had parents who came on the waves of immigrants from Europe.) And among the proudest privileges of U.S. citizenship that I always boast about is my Constitutional Right to beef like all get-out about whatever policies and practices our legislators, executives, or judges may (as I see things) be getting away with. I have cited some of the technologic freedoms that the course of events has proved to be here, *and are still with us in a big way.*



And if you but knew how many clippings along that line I have been compulsively piling up! I don't eat of one single food that doesn't make me wonder what kind of contaminant it may have been produced by and contain. Our great nation also provides many shelters for many enterprising fellow citizens who, in the current innovative stage of technology, are free to provide the occasions for the exercising of such rights to complain.

With regard to the USA-USSR dichotomy which *The Communist Manifesto* encourages, there is an incidental vexation an aspect of which besets us now. In that same document which presents the Communist Party as a *threat* to Capitalist technology (in the Marxist dialectic eschatologically foretelling the inevitable replacement of actual capitalist technology with the same technology as run under-new-management by the theorists of communism, which by definition is ideal) there is also a list of many improvements which the Party can call for in the interim before Capitalism's prophesied total demise. For a long time the countries of Central America have needed many such improvements. And the history of that area even before the Russian Revolution tells of resistance to any reforms in behalf of U.S. enterprisers who have different interests of their own. Now, whenever an administration in that area seeks to improve the conditions of the people, the *Manifesto* has the unintended rhetorical effect of sanctioning the "Domino Theory" according to which any such "Marxist" improvement in one country, if allowed to succeed, will but lead to another such in an adjoining country, etc. The result (to quote a summing-up of this well-known situation in a column by Tom Wicker, *New York Times*, Sept. 7): "Washington seems always more willing to support a military solution — in Angola, in Nicaragua, now in the Philippines — than to encourage genuine economic and political reform, or negotiated compromise."

But my main point is this:

*Technology* is the issue, the instrumental principle. It comes to a focus in the situation bequeathed us by the *Pax Romana*, following the destruction of Carthage, a rival technologic power in the Mediterranean (then the *orbis terrarum*). The *personal* principle centered in the Church, but also provided the rationale of the feudal suzerain-vassal structure of property and funding, as complicated by the entanglements of investiture. For the Church, in also being a major land-holder, thereby enjoyed "temporalities" which even required military defenses — and in fact the same person could often be both duke and bishop.

*The Communist Manifesto* featured the instrumental principle inasmuch as it was built about the economic structure involving the means of production. It *personalized* the issue *monetarily* by the distinction between the profits that went to the owners and the wages that went to the workers. In the agrarian system the land-owners had serfs to do the work. In the industrial system the owners of the machines had "wage-slaves" to do the work. Then Marx *universalizes* the personal principle by turning it into an ISM. As an ISM it has a rationale that Lenin brought out the implications of. The authoritative role of the "monolithic" Communist Party would be built into the State as long as there was a State. The Party would in effect both propound the doctrine as a secular priesthood, and police obedience to its decrees (Papacy and Emperor in One).

Galileo, with his pronouncedly instrumentalist study of motion, said that "God" as the single motive of everything would explain nothing because it explained everything. I leave it for you to decide whether a pronouncement that universalizes the ownership of an economy's productive resources eliminates the variety of interests that are indigenous to the highly diversified nature of modern technology. *The Manifesto*, by reducing the whole matter of such interests to the distinction between private ownership of the productive resources and collective ownership automatically deflects attention from the divergence of interests that is intrinsic to the degree of "social labor" involved in modern technology (plus the vexing paradox whereby, not only is innovation a prime virtue of technological "progress," but every innovation in the productive plant implies a corresponding obsolescence).

If the economy is built about the use of steel, for instance, and a cheaper, more efficient method is invented that uses plastics, to that extent the whole complex of "interests" is out of line with the complex of interests resulting from what, in capitalism, would involve the competition of a shift in the market. Trade unions often resist such changes, since often the innovations require new kinds of expertise. And there are gory stories of industrialists whose investment in a certain kind of equipment led them to give an inventor a sizeable sum for an invention with the explicit intention of *not* using it, but to prevent it from being used by a *competitor*. (The inventor may even be enchanted by a contract that would pay him handsomely for each commodity supposedly to be produced.)

True, I am here illustrating a quandary of *technology* by examples from *capitalism*. But my point here is this: under both

capitalism and communism, the *economic* justification for technology must be that it is *profitable*. Although under the capitalist marketing system the concept of "profit" involves the test of *selling* at a bigger price than it costs to produce the given commodity, surely no one would deny that a typical US super-market, designed to make *monetary* profit for its owners, is a technological structure that *delivers the goods* for its customers. It's much the same sort of "goods" that citizens of the USSR, motivated by much the same technology, put down their rubles and kopecks for, whereupon, thanks to the individuating of choice that money thus makes possible, they can take home for private consumption the "goods" that "social labor" in the name of *their* ISM, made available for consumption (consumption by the human body, our original economic plant). But the over-simplified owner-worker dichotomy, as though by design, deflects attention from the central problem which we confront, regardless of our ISM.

The Utilitarian concept of "interests" helps make clear a notable respect in which the Manifesto's stress upon the class distinction in terms of *ownership* is too blunt for discussing the nature and problems of technological innovation. For the introduction of any substantial change in productive method will in effect quite "naturally" improvise a new line of interchanges (and corresponding "interests") among the particular departments of social labor that the new method will engage. I have already brought this point up, but I plead that it needs dwelling upon. In going from steel to plastics, for instance, new contacts with different sources of material will be involved. Different devices for processing the plastic material will be required. If the new method is "radical," the whole complex of living arrangements built about the steel factories (the schools, hospitals, transport systems, markets, etc.) would be to that extent expendable as then functioning.

The market system of accountancy has usually had one way of dealing with problems of that sort. Yet as I write these lines, the news is playing up the disastrous effects upon our people produced by the illicit traffic in cocaine (every step along the way quite *instrumental* while intensely *personal* as all relations among fellow-conspirators "naturally" must be, plus the poignant fact that all contracts must be purely verbal, quite as though each smuggler swore an oath of allegiance in God's name, and devoutly believed that by violating the oath one would end up in Hell, a "personal" kind of belief that must motivate those terrorists who hope that, by getting killed under

such conditions, they will for sure have plenty of good fun in heaven.)

Our social problem with this latest technological innovation as regards the processing of coca leaf in the form called "crack," begins largely in Bolivia, whose peasants inherited the tradition of coca-chewing, not as a mode of dissipation, but as a medical aid to survival under the severe conditions that their land, its resources and its elevation above sea level imposed upon them. Market conditions are now such that, by making coca leaves a money crop, they can make big money (like in the gold-rush days of California) whereas the minerals that many of them once mined for a living are now in poor demand. Yet we are perforce asking the Government of Bolivia to suppress the growing of coca leaves while we are not shelling out the funds needed to keep these peasants from starving.

(On the side I am reminded of the USSR's situation in Afghanistan. In deposing the Czar it took over a mountain area inhabited by tribes who grow opium poppies for the drug trade in smuggled heroin. And I recall a heroic version of this story. In regions where the natives were so poor the government's most effective way of exacting revenue was by a salt tax, "criminals" came to the people's rescue by smuggling in salt at a minimum charge. Gandhi's sainthood was earned in part by his openly extracting the salt from seawater and distributing it for free. The sudden craze for crack, burned like in the old opium dens, has almost totally eclipsed the scandal of heroin, and "rightly" inasmuch as the opiates all lead to quiescence, whereas cocaine is jaggy, like a kind of hyper-active caffeine, in its effects. And another anecdote along this line might be the reminder that our bootleggers were as zealous as the Prohibitionists in regretting the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. For their *interest* in the illicit sale of alcoholic beverages was the basis of all *personal* relationships involved in the many exchanges of money to do with these operations, much of it paid to the elected officers whose job it was to report all such offenses which the Eighteenth Amendment declared to be crimes.)

But here I am, winding up — and why precisely now do I insert a paragraph which is so far afield? Obviously, I am all set to end with my focus on *technology*, the *instrumental* principle, and, though perhaps not so obviously, I above all want to leave with the stating of a decidedly "negative" attitude towards the kind of USA-USSR confrontation that the Star Wars project would have us squander fantastic sums of money on, money that could otherwise be expended in behalf of our national welfare. Yet if

only owing to the garrulousness of old age, I find myself like a pendulum that goes on OSCILLATING between a personality principle and an instrumental principle, with a monetary principle midway between them, the whole range of variations being due to the kind of prowess that we humans have developed through acquiring the kind of attention and communication made possible by a "natural" language (a medium which our children have usually become quite at home in by the age of two, though there are some gallant Chimp Champs and the like who, despite such organisms' unconcern with such personality-terms as ISMS, which can even rationalize such Domino Theory projects as our recent adventures in Vietnam and now we are on the ragged edge of one in Central America).

But my "Philosophy of Language" brand-named Dramatist-co-Logology involves a "comic" appreciation of language (and I do indeed stress *appreciation*, for I consider it truly *miraculous*) leads me to wind up by much stress upon our medium's foibles, which I guess are on the personality side.

Dear Vic  
it,

IX/12/86

This damned thing threatens to get out of hand. In particular because of many considerations on the personality side. I'll begin with the one I had intended to mention in this parting note. Recall President Johnson's wisecrack about Gerald Ford, who was so slow witted he couldn't walk and chew gum at the same time. Compare this with (on p. 9), where Matthew first meets his white oxen: "They were chewing in deliberate contentment. At times they would move their heads to look in another direction; at such times they ceased their chewing, as though disapproving of too many simultaneous motions. But once their head was firmly established in this new direction, their chewing would be resumed." My version was first published in 1924. (My title for my first collection was "Here and Elsewhere." The publisher, Albert & Charles Boni, schemed that, by getting "white oxen" in the title, they might profit by the fact that [I forget whose] "Black Oxen" was a current best-seller.)

President Reagan's seizing upon the crack issue as a splendid topic of personal appeal got me into recalling my experience when ghosting a book for Arthur Woods, *Dangerous Drugs: The World Fight Against Illicit Trade in Narcotics*. Colonel Woods had been a Police Commissioner in New York City and an Assessor to the Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium and Other Dangerous Drugs of the League of Nations. The problem was precisely what we find in Bolivia now. Officials being commissioned to aid in the control of the illicit drug traffic would be in the position of curtailment needed revenue. The traffic in cocaine is of great advantage to the State itself. At the very time when Woods's book was asking other nations to curtail the traffic in opium and cocaine, I recall going to a speakeasy with him where we could talk things over while having cocktails with our meal if we wanted them. I don't recall whether he, who was also Chairman of President Hoover's Commission on Employment, had drinks. But I can say for sure that, when thus having a meal at the Boss's expense, I seized the opportunity to put away more alky than enough — and I was always ready, at a party, to drink a bathtub-gin cocktail to Hoover's official pronouncement that Prohibition was a "noble experiment."

Yet now, lo! when considering the situation in Bolivia, and precisely when I was bringing things to a close by a resounding stress upon technology (instrumental principle), thoughts on the way whereby the crop that provides peasants an honest living and gold-rush income for many can do so only thanks to the product's transformation into what (even if we discount the role of the "media" making this new kind of cocaine a timely topic in a big way) ends in a drastic empowering of organized crime.

The thought of that situation threw me back into the feudal, personal side, the *mystique* of conspiracy. In my P&C I had been speculating along that line when, analogically expanding Santayana's definition of piety as "loyalty to the sources of our being," I saw, in the crude "culture" of the Gas House Gang, a sense of stylistic "propriety" as exacting in its way as Matthew Arnold's was in his. And the whole sweep of the subject obviously called at least for mention. The production, transport, and marketing (including the deceptive "laundering" of bank accounts) involved much that would belong under the head of instrumentation. But the personal dimension in such transactions is based on kinds of reliability to one another among the "collaborators" that can't be enforced by formal, legal contracts. So far as dealings with the law courts are con-

cerned, the "grandest" formula of a "principle" is the Mafia's reliance upon *omertà*, the code of silence such that no one who gets caught will not only not try to save himself by "squealing" and turning informer, but will refuse to say anything at all, an implicit vow that is *transcendent*, an *absolute*.

But that somewhat ironic notion, the Mafia's code of silence as a kind of absolute, suggested to me a different way of discussing Cassirer's book, *Language and Myth*, in this regard. Its very title, as a form, takes us, in one fell swoop from language to the *personalistic* aspect of it since, as I have observed already, "*mythos*" is *Story*, and story is what the human animal has added to the realm of nonsymbolic motion when duplicating its sensations and feelings by in effect a nomenclature that *tells about* its sensations and feelings. But the silence of *Omertà* is not the silence of speechless nature. Rather, it is a kind of silence that is an *offshoot* of human speech. A tree, when but rustling in the wind, is not in effect saying, "I ain't saying," which is precisely what in effect the Mafia's code of silence is saying. Cassirer stops when he goes from myth to its secular beginnings in art, per his *Language and Myth* (which in its very form takes us at one step, immediately, from language to words in the realm of the supernatural, next going to the secular stage of art, as embodied in the poetry of Keats and Holderlin, though he conceivably might just as well have gone from the stage in Greek mythology when the gods, thought of as real persons dwelling on Mount Olympus became *poetic* terms for motivation, as in the *Illiad* and *Odyssey*).

But there is the point at which he could as well have noted the *instrumentalist* development from myth, as in the lore of *astrology*, which led into the most thoroughly *scientific* (in the *instrumentalist* sense) modes of *prophesying*, as per signs that the "progress of the Sun about the Earth" is in the Constellation foretelling the time of the spring rains, a notion as "instrumental" in its bearings as the instructions you read on the packages of seeds you buy for planting in your garden, we having lost the *practical* art of so singing a song in springtime that it brings about rain in the rainy season. But the esthetic correspondences still persist, whereby a poet's or musician's body may inspire a spring song in response to the nature of the season (though such are the resources of symbolic action that a song of harvest may be nostalgically imagined in the severest middle of winter).

Of a sudden I realize that my survey should have boned up on the nature of the personal-instrumental dichotomy with regard

to the Crusades (and how funded). But as things stand, we but consider in general the notion that any technologically instituted situation of any sort "naturally" sets up the conditions for corresponding personal kinds of relationship (be they in the way of organized crime, gang morality, terrorism, TV evangelism like Jerry Falwell's well-paying investment in the cause of supernatural salvation, or in our poor-paying project that pleads for collaborators [a grass-roots kind of collegiate gathering] a community of mutual-correspondents-in-principle). I am asking them all to be asking themselves and one another just what does it all mean to be the kind of animal whose Western culture became polarized about the shifting relationship between the two roads to and from Rome, the Empire and the Holy See (ideally differentiated in these pages as instrumental power and personal vision, but confused like all else in this actually imperfect world of possibly accurate verbal distinctions). And I am asking for collegiate advise about how I go on from there, to end up precisely as I hope to do.

Meanwhile, even as I was writing these last paragraphs, I heard on TV a documentary ("Decade of Destruction") giving precisely in detail an account of the very process I was talking about: how in our West settlers of European extraction, introducing a rival technology, turned what had been wilderness from time immemorial into tax-paying real estate, each settler being given one specific piece of land as recorded in the expanding nation's ledgers, ingenious linguistic time-binding devices that make possible a system of accountability such that human relations can be regulated by a market economy of monetary profits and losses, with corresponding developments.

That documentary (Part 1 of 4, "The Search for Kidnappers") details the effects that destruction of the Amazon jungle was having on the environment and inhabitants. The subtitle builds about the wretched actuality of a father who has left his three sons by the river, and on returning finds the eldest boy killed, another wounded by a poisoned arrow which will kill him, and the youngest carried off by the native Indians, whose way of life is being gradually made impossible by the settlers. There are sporadic attempts to make peace with the Indians, and by the end of Part I the father has some grounds to hope that in this case he may be able to recover his child. (The mother is doubly distressed at the loss of her child because, if he does go on living with the Indians he may live all his life with but animals, because "Indians are animals.") But don't get the idea that we are talking

about an artistic imitation. This *Hegelian* kind of conflict (between settlers and Indians for both of which we feel pity), is being recorded for us in a way that has an ironic aspect; for technology itself is telling us of environmental depredations that are being made possible by technological progress. And the implications are that eventually, if such "progress" continues, in the course of destroying the Indians' modes of livelihood, it will eventually do drastic damage to all, though we still profit by our good luck in living at a time when the instrumental powers of technology have extended the "second nature" of Counter-Nature only so far that these Amazon jungles, so necessary to the kinds of climate we humans need, are still largely functioning.

In the meantime (praise be to the Principle of Laudability) despite the many personalistically motivated types of terrorism and drug-abuse that technology can implement, there are still stylistic foibles about that we can appreciate in the spirit of comedy. (*Le style, c'est l'homme même.*)

Thus, in the heyday of Prohibition, there was the localized application of the word "protection." The proprietor of a joint that sold booze could do so only thanks to the "protection" he got from the law-enforcement officials by regularly paying them a bribe. I remember patronizing a bar the door of which had several padlocks, an obvious indication that it had been closed several times (as honestly recorded in the files). But that was the front door — so to get in you had to take the *side* door. There was a certain delicacy about these matters. Along Bleeker Street the scent of fermentation that arose from the cellars was as glorious as the aroma of drying tobacco leaves is in North Carolina.

There's the ironic transformation of the word "intelligence" whereby it has become a euphemism for "spying," and the current related stir about shiftings whereby a U.S. Journalist's news (possibly about Russian concerns in Afghanistan?) can be classed in Russia as we would class a K.G.B. agent's getting inside info on the Pentagon.

Quite as I tend, until I am shown why otherwise, to put all isms on the personality side (particularly when a decision is to personal advantage or on ethical grounds), if I were writing my *ATH* now, I would exultantly include among my examples of the "Neo-Malthusian Principle" a certain current rash of maneuvers in the stock market. My theorizings went thus: Malthus said that

a population tends to increase at a faster rate than its means of subsistence. However, my term refers not to the proliferation of a *people*, but to the proliferation of *habits*. The management of a corporation, in having as its function the organizing, supervising, controlling, etc., of a commercial corporation and being responsible for the results, thereby also is active in deciding matters of policy. That is the point at which enters the possibility for the introduction and proliferation of an ingenious habit. The management introduces a variety of "perquisites," or "fringe benefits" over and above the fixed salary for performance on the job. The Neo-Malthusian Principle figures, sometimes in a big way, because there are possible legitimate financial finaglings whereby rival managements can "raid" this profitable holding — and there are corresponding *habitués* to whom, as the result of practice in the art of taking-over, managements are like piles of money lying about on the shore, and all that is necessary is to sail in and grab, if one but knows (as they do) how to avoid the rocks.

The truly charming stylistic contribution to the rhetorical-poetical-positivistic (all three) terminology of management-survival in this realm of corporate counter-nature is the mythically tinged expression, "Golden Parachute," a clause written into the bylaws of the corporation whereby, if the given member of the corporation "retires," he gets as severance pay the handsomest fringe benefit yet. And he can get that e'en if the raiders, or the stockholders, *throw him out*.

But when "addressing" this issue in terms of the Neo-Malthusian Principle we must add one further paragraph. This time the term is on the dirty side: "junk bonds," delicately named, I believe, "high-yield" securities. They are issued to raise funds for an attempt to forcibly take over the management of some corporation. Often, if the project succeeds, since the operation is highly expensive the loan is repaid by selling off some of the property which the new management has got control of. Then there are cases where the incumbent management contrives to outwit the invaders by buying back at a high price much of the corporation's own stock, enough to keep the raiders from getting control. This procedure, of course, saddles the corporation with an added debt. In all, the spread of such habits adds up to a collective corporate debt structure due solely to such schemings. Much market activity in such stocks is due solely to insiders "making money," not to the corporation for providing goods and services, but simply for themselves at the expense of the corporation's shareholders.

And as to the word "defense," it invariably causes me to tremble. There is an article published by United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America. It is Remarks by Dr. Michio Kaku to delegates at UE's 50th International Convention, Sept. 16-20, 1985, in Milwaukee, Wisc. (United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America, Eleven East 51st Street, New York, N.Y. 40022.) It is entitled, "Star Wars, The Missing Link to a First Strike?" It describes "The Pentagon's Secret War Plans," from 1945 to the early 1960's, much of it made available through the Freedom of Information Act. The article is along this line: "Beginning in 1945, when Stalin, Truman and Churchill were shaking hands and talking about ushering in an era of permanent peace around the world, Truman ordered the U.S. Air Force to begin to draft plans for a possible first strike on the Soviet Union with atomic bombs." At the end I read: "Contents of this speech are taken from the forthcoming book entitled, To Win a Nuclear War: The Secret Plan of the Pentagon, South End Press, Boston, based entirely on the Pentagon's recently declassified Top Secret War Plans."

Insofar as any U.S. President orders our Department of "Defense" to draft such a plan, along with estimates as to the degree of its feasibility, it is clearly their job to do so. And as long as Congress votes the laws needed to finance and perfect such a Technological Marvel (or Monstrosity), we can but bring our hands (except insofar as the iron laws of economic survival, by sheer capitalistic tests, might make such squandering of funds impossible; yet war-orders have traditionally been advocated as a way of "priming the pump" because so much of military technology has the same needs as civil technology.

In keeping with my *theory of language*, I would question either rationale (be it capitalist or Marxist-Leninist) that allowed the ISMIC distinction between actual capitalist technology and ideal communist technology to deflect us from the fact that USA and USSR in our day confront each other like Rome and Carthage, the drastic breach in that analogy being that the book we have been discussing gives us more reason than ever to fear lest an ultimate confrontation, now that atomic warfare has entered thanks to Technology, would make of both sides Carthages.

And now, in keeping with Logology's permanent tendency to study worldly relationships in the light of theological or metaphysical analogies, let's logology-wise see how things look if we put under the same umbrella as a Grand Finale, along with the personality principle: capitalism, communism, democracy, presidential election campaigns (the rhetoric of), religious

orthodoxy (news as "intelligence," "spying"). There will be more under this umbrella, but let's start it this way:

Religion is founded on *belief*, for which the theological word is *creed*. The three great religious virtues are, *faith, hope, and charity* (= love, the word starting in Latin from the prime meaning of *carus*, which meant "dear" in the sense of "darling" or "beloved," but English took it over from French, which introduced the aitch). In Biblical usage it means love of God or one's neighbor. But if you read it as love of *money*, then go from *creed* to *credit* (as another form of belief) — then lo! you see how wholly *personal* has been the descent from heaven to earth via *capitalism*, with *faith* being the investor's trust in the soundness of his investment, and his *hope* that it will *pay off*.

So far as ISMS go, Marx's reduction to *ownership* was quite inaccurate. (Some investors put a certain amount of money in purely *risk* projects. If this sum gets lost, you can write it off as a loss, to that extent at least cutting down your income taxes for what does pay. And when such "risk capital" does pay off, as with those investors who put some money in computers, the rewards for your tentative "belief" in such "futures" can be fantastic, particularly if you sell out at the peak.) Bankers make their money by turning their depositors' money into *credit* whereby, though only Congress can mint *money*, bankers in effect mint and sell considerably much more credit. And I have also already pointed out how the Russian revolutionaries, in seizing a Czarist empire, by the same token took over the permanent role of a secular priesthood, in converting the people from life in a *Czarist* dictatorship to the *Party's* kind.

Democracy figures here so neatly, one discerns quite easily why the ideal one-man-one-vote structure of democracy as a *form* is the best system of government conceivable. And it fits into the same groove as capitalism in that voting for something is like buying something, and paying for it is like being taxed. It seems in principle the most civilized political system possible in this imperfect world ("naturally" imperfect inasmuch as all sorts of people will differ from one another because they are different kinds of bodies who undergo different situations involving different *interests*. Plato's dialectic was so designed that he could attack democracy quite as Marx could give qualified praise of capitalism. Quite as Plato could attack democracy because it leads to tyranny, so Marx viewed capitalism as a necessary step to Communism.

Our present President (exemplar of the "personality principle" to near-perfection, having been democratically elected by

far the greatest majority in all our history) raises some quandaries, in connection with our intention to put all these subjects "under the same umbrella." There was a stage when he might have seemed to be tugging at the edges of democracy. For, as I understand it, he was in favor of legislation such that, once we elected representatives to officiate in our behalf, it would be against the law for any of them to tell the rest of us what kind of dealings internally had gone on during their time in office. As I understand his notion, he would make it illegal for any official to offer for publication memoirs, even many years later, for anyone to divulge such information. The sort of divulging that David Stockman did, for instance, would have been totally illegal.

I confess, my occupational psychosis as a critic is such that I spontaneously associate democracy with freedom of criticism. In fact, my basic *personal* disagreement with Marxism has been that, tough and accurate as his criticism of capitalism was, Marx's dialectic was so set up that communism was ideal, hence by sheer definition beyond criticism.

At least, our President's policies with regard to the situation in Nicaragua manifests a different attitude towards the problems of democracy in Nicaragua. Our Supreme Court has sanctioned curtailed freedoms under "emergency situations" such as foreign wars. As I size up the matter, for the elected Sandinista government of Nicaragua, a body of alienated citizens subsidized by a terrifyingly stronger foreign power, to invade the country militarily would constitute a situation that could be called "emergency." For instance we take it for granted that in times of war our democratic freedoms are temporarily curtailed. So the President's insistence upon subsidizing rebellion rather than negotiating with the government (and perhaps giving the incumbent administration at least a sizeable fraction of the financial assistance that our Congress is being asked to give the "Contras") would be a more "democratic" procedure, while also making it more difficult for critics of present policy not only to see here a violation of international law, but also much the same kind of government-subsidized terrorism as our President is understandably so determined to marshal our military forces against.

One more matter to do with democracy, and we shall be through. Planning to participate in a Festschrift in honor of Stanley Diamond, the editor of *Dialectical Anthropology*, I have thought of discussing US political campaigns (specifically the one in which Ronald Reagan so clearly triumphed, by ideally

democratic means). And I have thought of treating the subject in keeping with Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, which is directly concerned with the kind of "persuasion" aimed at in the typically democratic campaign conducted by both winners and losers.

Aristotle's tract being a "manual" of such tactics, I have been asking in what major respects Aristotle's analysis agrees and disagrees with the method of "persuasion" (his word) employed in the political campaign.

As I see the issue, the notable difference is this: Aristotle's focus is upon an individual speech by an individual speaker. Though our political campaigns every four years are centered in the choice of a *President*, the personal principle takes on a somewhat ISM-ic differentiation by the fact that the candidates are heads of different *Parties*. Cicero says that the three "offices" of the orator are to inform, please, and move the audience. Aristotle's manual, quite some time before Cicero, covered that area in advising the speaker to construct his address by the use of topics listed under the head of *logos*, *ethos*, and *pathos*. Under *logos* would fall the matters of ways and means, the expedients, the policies which he, as the leader of his party, intended to enact as head of the State. Under *ethos* would fall his ways of building himself up as a fit leader, as an appealing personality competent, informed, compassionate, hopeful, friendly, authoritative, determined, etc., etc. Compare, in this respect, Jimmy Carter with Hitler when a candidate for office. *Pathos*, appeal to the emotions, or sentiments, with the speakers in our system using admonitory topics when referring to the opposition and promissory topics when referring to the speaker's party.

But a political campaign, I take it, is contrived in ways quite different from the orations of Aristotle's Athens or Cicero's Rome. The typical address is usually concocted by a whole battery of speech-writers, secretaries, librarians, specialized consultants of one sort or another. And I have newspaper clippings detailing how Ronald Reagan's appearances were so carefully staged (probably in response to the specific communicative resources of television) that we might tinker with Aristotle's Manual by referring to an "ethos of the eye" (thereby bringing his term *enárgeia* up to date?).

I won't stop here to deal with the rhetorical devices the planners of the political campaign invented for dodging the normal requirements of *logos*, thereby concealing, until David



Stockman burst out with his divulgings, that the planners of the program didn't themselves know how they would proceed, as regards the basic matters of "ways and means" which every political party must build its policies about. But in noting how effectively Reagan comes through as a *person*, I in my "collegiate" capacity beg to ask for advice along this line: Do any readers of these pages have any notions they might care to share about a tentative question I have been puzzling with?

Considering the role that John Wayne consistently played throughout his career as an actor (a role so "American" that Congress voted him the right to the honors of burial in a national cemetery), is there any notable analogy between John Wayne and Ronald Reagan? Could we, with regard to the *Rhetoric* on *ethos*, when considering the personality portrayed by John Wayne in the theatrics of the movies, see Ronald Reagan personally as the John Wayne of our political drama?

Meanwhile, be all that right or wrong, we are bequeathed by Rome and Marx's *Communist Manifesto*, the vexing paradox whereby both USA and USSR are, though by different ISMic routes, enmeshed in the same technology. Our Personality Principle, whose great emphasis upon *democracy* as a *term* has wavered considerably about how it should be embodied as a *practice*, favors *subsidized military rebellion* rather than *subsidized negotiation* with regard to the Sandinistas' attempts to solve some very real purely economic problems in Central America, problems that were there before the USSR existed. Thus the need for a basic principle of negotiation between USA and USSR gets confused by being viewed in terms of what might be called "ideal democracy."

Whereat, lo! Our Personality Principle, assisted by persons associated with the realm of Instrumentalities (useful to both sides, but like conspiracies, such "science" being confined to one side insofar as democratic freedom of information is successfully ruled out) our Principle of Personality, who conceivably might be the John Wayne of American Politics, has in his Star Wars project envisioned the perfect union of Funding, personal ISM, and instrumentality (by far the most complex technological arrangement ever brought into being. The Statue ceremonials, all done under the aegis of peace and good will, would have evinced but a fraction of such superb human progress).

...

And now I rest my case. But let's end on an anecdote. Explorers of outer space spot an astral wanderer headed in

our direction. Our skill with the invention and use of symbol-systems has given us the mathematical aptitude to calculate precisely when it is set to hit our Earth. Our experts also accurately calculate the nature of the mass and speed of the approaching object. Also all our scientists, by pooling their knowledge of such matters, figure out that, if the whole scientific community gets together on this problem, by using all our technological resourcefulness we can deflect the path of the invading body just enough to have it miss our Earth. Hallel here is a happy ending for the nuisance we have imposed upon our language-making and language-using aptitudes. . . . The object reaches us as per schedule. The deflection takes place as calculated — hence lo! this ability of ours to make all human habitation here impossible works gloriously, since our devices work, and the invader sweeps by, leaving us untouched.

Or in the light of the Star Wars confrontation and its possibly getting out of hand, might our story have an ironic ending? The Defense Departments of the USA and USSR each secretly withheld enough of the available atomic power so that, after the danger has been averted, each could annihilate the other. But this amount of retention was just enough to impair the amount of deflection necessary to avoid the fatal contact.

P/T



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## Logology is our loco



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**NOTE**

## Some Manuscript Collections Containing Kenneth Burke Materials

The Kenneth Burke Collection at Penn State is the largest and most important collection of Burke materials available to scholars. Charles Mann's essay on this collection describes it admirably, and the partial index available at Penn State offers further guidance to interested scholars.

Unfortunately, prior to 1950 Burke did not keep copies of his outgoing correspondence on a regular basis, so many of his responses to incoming letters are not in the Penn State collection. What follows is an annotated list of some manuscript collections that contain Burke materials, mostly such responses to letters from others. This list does not purport to be complete, or even especially extensive, and if *PRETEXT*'s readers are familiar with other archives and libraries containing Burke materials, I would appreciate hearing from them.

**by Lewis Baker**

Univ. of Texas at Arlington  
Vol. 6, Nos. 3-4, 1985

**Brown University  
John Hay Library**

The John Brooks Wheelwright Papers at Brown contain correspondence between Wheelwright and Burke dating from 1922 to 1939. Topics discussed include the prose and poetry of both men, with plenty of unrestrained criticism in both directions. The Wheelwright collection shows Burke at an early stage of his career wrestling with problems that still confront him, and is especially valuable for scholars interested in Burke's aesthetic theories.

**Columbia University**

**Butler Library, Rare Book and Manuscript Library**

The Butler Library contains approximately 45 Burke items scattered through a dozen collections. Of special interest are the materials relating to Lionel Trilling, Isidor Schneider, and William Knickerbocker.

**Indiana University  
Lilly Library**

The Lilly Library has four collections with significant Burke holdings. The smallest is the Ezra Pound Collection, which contains a rejection letter written by Burke while a young editor at the *Dial*. The Henry Rago Papers and the *Poetry Magazine* Files contain letters from Burke to Henry Rago, editor of *Poetry*, dating from 1950 to 1967. The Newton Stallknecht Papers contain the most Burke items: 47 letters by Burke and 51 to him. The correspondence is with Richard Hudson, Director of the Indiana School of Letters, dated 1951 to 1953; and with Hudson's successor, Newton Stallknecht, dated 1955 to 1972. The Stallknecht collection is particularly interesting for the insight it provides into Burke's teaching career, and the relationship between his teaching and writing.

**Kenyon College  
Chalmers Library**

The Kenyon Review Papers contain approximately 100 pages of Burke-related material, mostly correspondence from Burke to John Crowe Ransom dated 1938 to 1959. Much of the material relates to essays and reviews that Burke published in the *Kenyon Review* during Ransom's tenure as editor. The letters range over a wide variety of topics, focusing on literary critic-

ism. Ransom's letters to Burke are in the Penn State Collection. The collection also contains small amounts of correspondence between Burke and Phillip Blair Rice dated 1938, and Burke to George Lanning, dated 1964 to 1968.

**The Newberry Library**

The Newberry Library contains the Malcolm Cowley Papers. Because Burke and Cowley recently exchanged their letters to one another, the Cowley Papers contain most of Cowley's letters to Burke, while the Penn State Collection contains most of Burke's letters to Cowley. Nevertheless, the Newberry holds over two hundred and fifty Burke items, as well as a handful of letters written by Elizabeth (Libby) Burke. Stretching from before the First World War to the present, the Cowley correspondence is Burke's longest and richest. Paul Jay is currently editing a volume of this correspondence for publication. See his article in this issue of *PRE/TEXT* for more information on this major source for Burke studies.

**Princeton University Library**

The Princeton University Library contains approximately 200 pages of Burke material, located in the Allen Tate Collection, the Harold A. Loeb Collection, and the Richard P. Blackmur Papers. These collections contain mostly Burke's letters, with the correspondent's letters in the Penn State Collection. The Blackmur correspondence dates from 1929 to 1950. Much of the early correspondence relates to Burke's writing for the *Hound and Horn*, or, as Burke preferred, the *Horny Hound*, the literary magazine edited by Blackmur. The Loeb collection contains only two letters from Loeb to Burke and one from Burke to Loeb, all dated 1922, relating to the literary magazine *Broom*. The Allen Tate Collection dates, from 1929 to 1978, contains about three quarters of the Princeton holdings, and is one of Burke's longest and most entertaining correspondences. Burke frequently addressed his letters to J. Allensby Titti, Esq., and signed himself Ignatz de Burp. Tate joined in the slapstick: When Burke complained of a stiff back, Tate replied that at his age KB should be glad to have anything stiff.

**Southern Illinois University at Carbondale  
Morris Library**

The Hugh Dalziel Duncan Papers contain three files of correspondence between Burke and Duncan, dated from 1938 to 1970.

More of both sides of the correspondence is in the Penn State Collection. The Duncan correspondence is one of the best examples of Burke's impact on the social sciences, for Duncan was among the first and most prolific sociologists to apply Burke to the social sciences.

#### University of Chicago Library

The University of Chicago Library has approximately 200 pages of Burke material. The approximately 170 pages in the *Poetry Magazine* Papers dates from 1935 to 1961. The remainder, in the Morton Dauwen Zabel Papers, dates from 1934 to 1937, during which time Zabel was editor of *Poetry*. About three-fourths of the collection is essays, author's proof sheets, and other materials available more conveniently in published form. The letters, however, particularly those in the Zabel papers, illuminate the way that Burke educated himself by reviewing books.

#### University of Pennsylvania Van Pelt Library

The Van Pelt Library has three collections containing small amounts of extremely interesting Burke material. The Van Wyck Brooks Collection contains five letters dated from 1921 to 1937. In one of the early letters, Burke makes an interesting attempt to explain his own 'younger' generation to the more established Brooks. The Waldo Frank Collection contains eight Burke letters dated from 1922 to 1934. In these letters Burke argues with Frank (and himself), about philosophy, literary aesthetics, and political and economic theory. The James T. Farrell Collection contains about 40 pages of Burke material, including letters, postcards, and phony Communist Party memos that the two men wrote to one another to satirize the factionalism of the left. In the memos Farrell goes by the name of Jonathan Titelescue Fogarty, and Burke signs himself as anything from Comrade A To Anti-Fogarty. The material is dated from 1934 to 1936, except one letter dated 1971, in which Ignatz de Burp, President of Lunar Paradiacs, Inc., invites Mr. Fukkardy to invest in Helhaven. Much of Farrell's correspondence was destroyed by a fire, but Penn State has more of this Rabelaisian feast.

#### University of Virginia Alderman Library

Two collections contain about ten Burke items. The *Virginia Quarterly Review* Files contain letters to and from Stringfellow Barr and Lambert Davis, both Review editors, dated 1932 to 1935. Accession Number 9313-A contains a 1972 letter asking Burke for his social security number, to which he replied with a poem that contained it.

#### University of Wisconsin — Milwaukee The Golda Meir Library

The *Little Review* Papers contain three Burke typescripts: the short stories "David Wasserman" and "The Death of Tragedy," which both appeared in *The White Oxen*; and the poem "Rhapsody Under the Autumn Moon, which appeared in Burke's *Collected Poems*. All contain some minor revisions which might be of interest to specialists. There is also a little correspondence dealing with Burke's work as a translator.

#### Yale University Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library

The Beinecke contains approximately 200 pages of Burke material scattered in several collections. Three fourths of this material is in the Mathew Josephson Papers, which contains Burke's letters to Mathew and Hannah Josephson dated 1926 to 1966. Other collections containing Burke materials include: the Robert Penn Warren Papers; the William Carlos Williams Papers; the *Dial* Correspondence Files; the *Dial/Thayer* Papers; the *Southern Review* papers, and others. See the card catalogue for complete listings. Josephson's correspondence is second only to Cowley's in providing a sustained dialogue over much of Burke's life. The Warren papers are especially interesting for Burke's reaction to Warren's "Proud Flesh," the play which was to end up as *All the King's Men*. A copy of the play itself is in the Penn State collection. The correspondence in the Williams papers also supplements material at Penn State, filling out another of Burke's more ribald correspondences.

**NOTE**

## The KB Collection: The Penn State Library

The Kenneth Burke Collection now housed in the Rare Books Room of The Pennsylvania State University Library at University Park, Pennsylvania, is primarily a correspondence file of letters written to Mr. Burke through the year 1961. While the collection does contain occasional manuscripts and typescripts of Burke poems, articles, and reviews, the manuscripts of Mr. Burke's own essays, articles, books, and poems remain in his possession. There is some discussion underway toward the depositing of such items at Penn State in the near future.

by **Charles W. Mann**

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The collection of letters and documents at Penn State was obtained in 1974. Mr. Burke had taught several times at Penn State, and had had a long friendship, dating from his time in Chicago, with the then-head of Penn State's English Department, the late Henry Sams. Thus, it was a matter of great satisfaction for such a collection to come to Penn State, as in addition to its fundamental importance to modern letters it serves even now as a recognition of a long association between Mr. Burke and the University.

It comprises, in archival terms, 11.5 feet of material — that is, nearly four quite-full filing cabinet drawers. It ends with the year 1961, as Mr. Burke wished to retain his current files. It consists of both family and professional correspondence, as the earliest letter was written by "Master Kenneth Burke" to "Dear Mom and Lewis" on August 8, 1906, the first of about 1,080 notes or letters in original or on carbon by Burke himself in the collection. KB frequently did not send a letter, or less frequently had some returned to him. He also began in the 1950's to retain carbons of his own letters. Also of direct KB interest are the countless tiny spider-like summaries in margins or on the versos of letters which he used to work up a reply.

The "public" correspondence begins in 1915 with letters from James Wilkinson, James Light, and a surviving letter from Burke to Malcolm Cowley written September 11, 1916; the earliest letter from Cowley is dated June 11, 1918. These gentlemen still correspond on a regular basis, sixty-eight years later.

Files of correspondence for the 1920's are quite good but there are obvious gaps as KB's correspondence was not really organized until the late Mrs. Burke took on the job in the 1950's.

The collection is thoroughly organized chronologically, and a full card index to correspondents is available. A calendar for the collection is about halfway toward completion. It ends with "Forsdale," and the 37 pages are available on order for around \$5.00.

The scope of the collection is just about what KB scholars would expect. The major files of correspondence include letters from Stanley Hyman, Theodore Roethke, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, Hugh Dalziel Duncan, John Crowe Ransom, Robert Coates, Hart Crane, James Light, Jean Toomer, Waldo Frank, R.P. Blackmur, Bruce Bliven, Peter Blume, James Daly, James T. Farrell, Francis Fergusson, Norman Fitts, Charles Henri Ford, Lincoln Kirstein, Sidney Hook, Marianne Moore, Gorham Munson, Howard Nemerov, Harvey Slochower, Gilbert Seldes,

J.S. Watson, and above all, William Carlos Williams. Williams wrote to Burke several times a week from 1921 to his death in 1959, often sending along poems for Burke's reactions and comments. Theodore Roethke also counted on Burke (whom he addressed sometimes as "Paw") for a poetic sounding-board, so that the 88 items in the Roethke file include corrected galleys and typescripts for poems as well as letters and cards. The Robert Penn Warren file, while smaller in size, includes a typescript draft for the play "Proud Flesh" which eventually became "All the King's Men." Allen Tate also sent poems, including a typescript draft of "Death of Little Boys."

Other important names which appear in fewer but still significant letters include Ezra Pound, Katherine Anne Porter, E.E. Cummings, Stefan Zweig, Jacques Maritain, Robert Fitzgerald, and so on.

The above list may be a little long on names and short on detail but perhaps the names may serve as touchstones. The material is, with permission from KB, open to consultation. He readily grants such permission in response to a letter or postcard written directly to him.

General inquiries about the collection may be addressed to the writer, who will be pleased to return *short* summaries of specific correspondence upon request.

P/T