

Goodness existed: that was the new knowledge  
His terror had to blow itself quite out  
To let him see it; but it was the gale had blown him  
Past the Cape Horn of sensible success  
Which cries: "This rock is Eden. Shipwreck here."

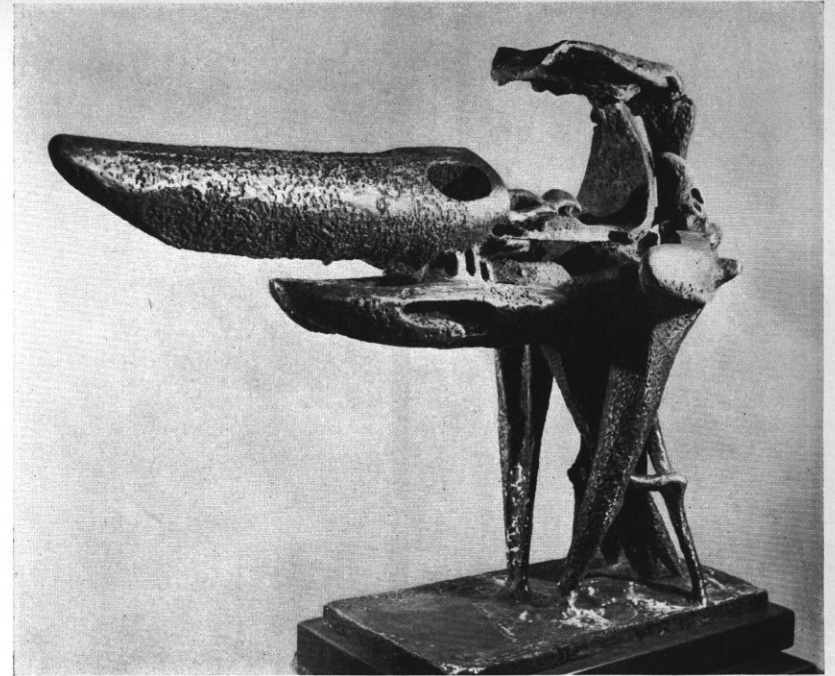
But deafened him with thunder and confused with lightning:  
—The maniac hero hunting like a jewel  
The rare ambiguous monster that had maimed his sex,  
Hatred for hatred ending in a scream,  
The unexplained survivor breaking off the nightmare—  
All that was intricate and false; the truth was simple.

Evil is unspectacular and always human,  
And shares our bed and eats at our own table,  
And we are introduced to Goodness every day,  
Even in drawing-rooms among a crowd of faults;  
He has a name like Billy and is almost perfect  
But wears a stammer like a decoration:  
And every time they meet the same thing has to happen;  
It is the Evil that is helpless like a lover  
And has to pick a quarrel and succeeds,  
And both are openly destroyed before our eyes.

For now he was awake and knew  
No one is ever spared except in dreams;  
But there was something else the nightmare had distorted—  
Even the punishment was human and a form of love:  
The howling storm had been his father's presence  
And all the time he had been carried on his father's breast.

FROM "Herman Melville" BY W. H. AUDEN

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ROSZAK: *Whaler of Nantucket*, 1952

Let us make no mistake: Him is himself and nobody else—not even Me. But supposing Him to exemplify that mythical entity “the artist,” we should go hugely astray in assuming that art was the only selftranscendence. Art is a mystery; all mysteries have their source in a mystery-of-mysteries who is love: and if lovers may reach eternity directly through love herself, their mystery remains essentially that of the loving artist whose way must lie through his art, and of the loving worshipper whose aim is oneness with his god. From another point of view, every human being is in and of himself or herself illimitable; but the essence of his or her illimitability is precisely its uniqueness—nor could all poetry (past present and future) begin to indicate the varieties of selfhood; and consequently of selftranscendence. Luckily for the poems which I shall read, they have no such ambition. All they hope to do is to suggest that particular awareness without which no human spirit ever dreams of rising from such unmysteries as thinking and believing and knowing.

e. e. cummings

## *Object and Image in Modern Art and Poetry*

Art and poetry cannot do without one another. Yet the two words are far from being synonymous. By Art I mean the creative or producing, work-making activity of the human mind. By Poetry I mean, not the particular art which consists in writing verses, but a process both more general and more primary: that intercommunication between the inner being of things and the inner being of the human Self which is a kind of divination (as was realized in ancient times; the Latin *vates* was both a poet and a diviner). Poetry in this sense, is the secret life of each and all of the arts; another name for what Plato called *mousikè*.

JACQUES MARITAIN

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