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PASSION AND PERMANENCE IN KEATS'S *ODE ON A GRECIAN URN*

By CHARLES I. PATTERSON

Despite much that serves as corrective in three subsequent explicatory essays,[1] Professor H. W. Garrod's interpretation of Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, similar to an earlier interpretation by Robert Bridges, has continued to enjoy wide currency.[2] Professor Garrod, I think, offers an impoverished, fragmentary, and static reading of the poem. He states:

> The theme of what has gone before [before the last stanza] is the arrest of beauty, the fixity given by art to forms which in life are fluid and impermanent, and the appeal of art from the senses to the spirit. The theme of the final stanza is the relation of beauty to truth, to thought. Nothing has prepared the transition to this. . . . The figures of the Urn become for him, suddenly, a 'Cold Pastoral'—cold with the character of everything that is enduring. . . . The second half of the stanza—of which the first, marring seriously, as I think, the effect of all that has preceded, has called in question the appeal of art. . . . Down to the end of the fourth stanza there is a very perfect development of the governing idea—'the supremacy of ideal art over nature, because of its unchanging expression of perfection!' Perhaps the fourth stanza is more beautiful than any of the others—and more true. The trouble is that it is a little too true. Truth to his main theme has taken Keats rather farther than he meant to go. . . . This pure cold art makes, in fact, a less appeal to Keats than the Ode as a whole would pretend; and when, in the lines that follow these lines, he indulges

[1] In Kenneth Burke, *A Grammar of Motives* (New York, 1935); Cleanth Brooks, *The Well-Wrought Urn* (New York, 1947); C. M. Bowra, *The Romantic Imagination* (London, 1950).

[2] I had completed the present essay when Professor Earl R. Wasserman's *The Finer Tone: Keats' Major Poems* (Baltimore, 1953) came off the press. The second chapter therein gives the most searching and detailed explication of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* yet to appear. Although he and I agree in some particulars, there are very significant points of disagreement between our two interpretations. Space and my present aims preclude the presentation here of arguments to support my views against his extended exegesis, but I shall indicate a few points of difference. Both readings embrace the whole poem—beginning, middle and end—and both consider the end an integral part of the poem, not a blemish upon it, as some critics have maintained.

the jarring apostrophe 'Cold Pastoral' (for jarring it is,—we detect, do what we may, some accidental undertone of depreciation), he has said more than he meant—or wished to mean.[3]

It is impossible to accept this notion that the poem celebrates the " supremacy " of art over nature, for its total poetic fabric supports a much more comprehensive and virile interpretation. At the risk of being labeled a Freudian, I earnestly contend that there is as much eulogy of passion as of permanence in the Ode. Failure to recognize both in their proper relationship results in this type of " broken-back " reading—an interpretation which cannot embrace the whole and which must therefore condemn a part of the poem to save itself. Such a reading reduces the poem to a simple lyric of escape and makes of the poet a young man unwilling to face life as it is. That Keats was no such " pet lamb in a sentimental farce " there is ample evidence elsewhere in his poetry and in his letters.

The interpretation which I wish to suggest here, chiefly in opposition to one-sided readings like Mr. Garrod's, can be set forth briefly without the aid of elaborate criteria. We need accept only a few basic principles: a worthy lyric should achieve imaginative fusion of all its materials, however diverse; it should be made up of fresh imagery and diction; and it should indicate some solution to the human problems it raises if solutions are possible. There are more complex exegetical techniques, but this particular poem will give forth its richness if, as method, we first strike a balance between the passion and the permanence, noting carefully the importance and the role of both in each stanza, and then reduce the last statement equating truth and beauty to its proper place in the whole.

In the first line of the poem [4] Keats pointedly enunciates the

[3] *Keats* (Oxford, 1926), pp. 105-107. Allen Tate is another critic who considers the last stanza out of harmony with the whole. T. S. Eliot has objections to it also.

[4] I have collated the manuscripts of the transcripts made by Keats's friends, Richard Woodhouse and Charles Brown, now in Houghton Library at Harvard; photostats of another by Dilke; and the first two printed versions. The first of these appeared in *Annals of the Fine Arts* for January, 1820, and the other in Keats's 1820 volume printed in July, 1820. The punctuation in the manuscripts varies remarkably. The second printed version established the text followed ever since, except for the inverted commas around " Beauty is truth, truth beauty " near the end of the last stanza. These do not appear in the manuscripts of the

duality of his theme in a metaphor whose dual functions are neatly balanced. By addressing the urn as a " still unravished bride of quietness," he suggests its changeless ungenerative descent through the ages; it does not reproduce itself, but remains itself and transmits itself and its meaning directly. At the same time the metaphor strongly suggests a real bride and the idea of marital consummation. She cannot remain herself through the ages; she reproduces herself to transmit herself and to fulfill her destiny. It is erroneous to assume that here Keats is merely disparaging the bride of flesh wed to man and glorifying the bride of marble wed to quietness. He could have achieved that simple effect more deftly with some other image than the richly ambivalent *unravished bride*, which conveys, along with the inviolate, undisturbed sanctity of the urn-bride, a hint of disparagement: It is natural for brides to be possessed physically, to be " ravished," so to speak; it is unnatural for them not to be. And this suggestion is strengthened by the next line, where the urn is designated a " foster child of silence and slow time." In the normal order of things the antithesis of *foster child* is *natural child*, which the urn clearly is not; it was not generated by silence and slow time, but adopted and nurtured by them. Only those who cannot procreate their own offspring adopt others, and they do so as a *second best.* Here in the very beginning of the poem is a clue to Keats's real attitude toward the permanence of the urn and the " supremacy " of art.

Having set in motion this tension between something unchanging because it is dead and something transient because it is alive, and having refrained from declaring preference, Keats designates the urn a " sylvan historian," more potent than poetry to tell a tale in a woodland-picture-history. He then hastens into the turbulent passion that dominates lines 5 to the end of the stanza, rhapsodizing upon the pulsing *life* depicted there, not upon the " historian " itself. The urn's

transcripts made by Keats's friends, in the first printed text, or in Mr. Garrod's definitive edition of Keats's poem (Oxford, 1939). I accept the authority of Mr. Garrod's text. Professor Bowra (*op. cit.*, p. 145) states that it is supported by Keats's own autograph of the poem. I have been unable to discover that there is such an autograph in existence, and it is not mentioned in Professor Garrod's list of the manuscripts which he collated.

poignant appeal stems as much from the life it suggests as from its permanence:

> What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
> Of deities or mortals, or of both,
> In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
> What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
> What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
> What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

The word *shape* in this context is highly significant. Is it only a "legend," a story in pictures, that haunts about its form? The term draws attention to the outlines of the urn; and its shape, encompassing and framing the mad pursuit and wild ecstasies of the men and maidens, bears a haunting resemblance to the curving lines of the feminine body,[5] a resemblance already intimated, or at least prepared for, in the initial designation of the urn: *unravished bride*. In his current poems to Fanny Brawne, Keats frequently used the word *shape* in ecstatic phrases concerning her girlish form.[6] (A Grecian urn is

[5] Although Keats had no particular single urn in mind, we do know that he had seen and admired several which can be identified. An examination of drawings and photographs of them will lend credence to the possibility that their shape suggests the outlines of the hips and thighs of the feminine body (see plates in Sir Sidney Colvin, *John Keats*, New York, 1917). In Keats's mind this suggestion hovered just beneath the level of consciousness, I think; therefore to discuss it is to distort it. But there is resemblance not only in shape: the urn is a receptacle, just as is the body of woman—the receptacle from which life springs (in a procession not unlike that on the urn). The connection in thought between the urn and woman in her generative capacity is unmistakably established by Keats in his first line. In nature it is budding or ripening life that usually assumes the swelling shapliness of the urn, and we instinctively think of vitality and growth in connection with the curved line (see note 11 below). There must be a reason for Keats's bringing together the outlines of the urn as *framework* and the carvings as *center piece*, for he actually saw prototypes of his urn-figures among the Elgin Marbles, and could as readily have written an ode on a Grecian frieze or pediment except for a conscious or subconscious desire to represent them as encompassed by form suggesting vitality.

[6] For example, the following lines (italics mine):

> Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
> Faded the *shape of beauty* from my arms,
> (*The Day Is Done*, October, 1819)
>
> O! Let me have thee whole,—all,—all be mine:
> *That shape*, that fairness, that sweet minor zest
> Of love, your kiss, . . .
> (*To Fanny*, November, 1819)

used at times to suggest the female figure in twentieth-century poetry and fiction.[7]) The shape of the urn is then subtly appropriate to embrace and frame the virile picture of life presented on its surface, for human life unfolds and continues through the body of woman. I think I do not press the pattern of sexual suggestion too far, although explication blunts and roughens the subtle work of the poet. When one sums up *unravished bride, child, haunts about thy shape, men, maidens loth, mad pursuit, struggle to escape, and wild ecstasy,* he amasses a formidable array of the imagery of physical passion—all presented with relish and sympathy. It balances, and in fact, overbalances the eulogy of permanence in *bride of quietness, foster child of silence, slow time, historian* and *legend.* Keats's imagination seems to grasp and hold the urn in a plasm of feeling; [8] it seems to respire with slumbering energy. Though working with words, he presents this object as Rembrandt would in a picture, and projects it before us invested with silent, unmoving vitality.

This equipoise is continued in the second stanza. Although the " ditties of no tone " are superior to the " heard melodies," the former are imaginatively realized and therefore presuppose a living mind if they exist at all. As for the lover beneath the deathless-because-lifeless trees, who cannot kiss the maid who cannot fade, it is impossible to believe that Keats really envied him his dubious happiness or desired to exchange places with him. The word *cannot* (and variants), repeated seven times within eight lines (15-23), pointedly suggests impotence; and the leaves that cannot be shed suggest the fruit that cannot be born. This lad is in a good condition for a lover engraved on an urn; he is in a miserable plight for a flesh-and-blood lover of a flesh-and-blood maiden. The words *do not grieve* readily suggest that there is cause for grief, as do *though thou hast not thy bliss*; and the concluding statement is much less than full

[7] For example, the last ten lines of Blasco Ibanez, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, where Ibanez states that the wind, blowing the folds of his heroine's dress about her as she stands in the military cemetery, molded her figure into the lines of a Grecian urn.

[8] Cf., "Cognition itself can only be understood to approach the real when conceived as operating within the sustaining medium of feeling," Elijah Jordan, *The Aesthetic Object* (Bloomington, 1937), p. 72.

acquiescence in the situation, in fact, is partly an ironic offer of spurious comfort, as the exclamation point helps to imply:

For ever wilt thou love and she be fair!

Thus Keats continues to toy with his dual matter, but he neither asserts nor implies that lasting permanence is superior to transient passion.

Nor does he do so in the third stanza. In sum it expresses the wish that the passion, the piping, and the panting could be more enduring in actuality, not merely in representation. The emphasis is still upon the warmth, the turbulence, the life, especially at the end, where he impetuously calls for more human passion; he wishes it *to breathe*, be it noted, even though far above the transient earthly sphere. This is quite different from his preferring either to *be* the lover on the urn or to contemplate him rather than to be a lover in the world and to consummate love in the flesh. The stanza distinctly does not say that Keats, with his powerfully active senses and his then burning passion, prefers his love vicariously realized for permanence rather than actually experienced for vitality. Anyone who doubts this should re-read the love letters and the poems to Fanny Brawne.

The fourth stanza presents the imagistic and structural climax of the poem; [9] here is carried to its ultimate development the ability of art to stir the imagination to " see into the life of things." And this development leads the poet to an inevitable turning back from the ideal world to the actual. First, there is the sacrificial procession, with its fresh, vital picture of community life and religious ritual; [10] it casts about the lovers their proper and meaningful background. Secondly, the poet is as fully identified with the world of the carvings as he ever allows himself to be, as is evidenced by his use of the word *these*, not *those*, in the first line, as if the figures in the procession are all about him. But the apex of imagistic power and at the same

[9] Professor Wasserman believes and cogently argues that third stanza is both the climax (the point of Keats's identification of himself with the urn-world and all it signifies) and also the point of disintegration of this line of development, hence the point at which the poem takes a new direction (*op. cit.*, pp. 36-41).

[10] That the sacrificial offering is female—a heifer rather than a bullock—is subtly in harmony with the whole imagistic pattern.

time the inescapable turning point are reached when the poet's imagination, completing the scene, creates for itself the deserted little town not pictured but from which the people in the procession must have come forth:

> Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
> To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
> Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
> And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
> What little town by river or sea shore,
> Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
> Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
> And, little town, thy streets for evermore
> Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
> Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

This little town possesses, at one and the same time, the charm of the remote and the pitiableness of the desolate. It is like the fairy lands forlorn of the *Ode to a Nightingale*—utterly *lost* (as the root meaning of *forlorn* denotes), that is, beyond human reach; it is lost at the end of a corridor of rare dreams which we can enter but briefly and where we remain not long. The hint of disparagement in the earlier silence, the foster parent of the urn, has now become unmistakable, though reluctant, derogation; for here *thy streets forevermore will silent be* is equated with *thou art desolate*. We have been carried into a world that is permanent, but permanently empty, just as the art on the urn is permanent but permanently lifeless. From our momentary viewpoint here, the world of the living, transient though it be, beckons in its realness and vitality. Keats has tried not to deceive us all along, has constantly reminded us that he is talking about carved figures, even when making them glow and come to life. Now he is about to make sure that we are put straight.

In the final stanza, therefore, he deliberately shatters the spell he has cast over us and ends his dual game. Henceforth he emphatically addresses this thing of beauty as just what it is, a Grecian urn:

> O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
> Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
> With forest branches and the trodden weed;

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thous say'st,
Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

This work of art has teased us " out of thought," that is, out of the world of the actual and into an ideal world in which we can momentarily identify ourselves imaginatively with life that is free of the particular imperfections of our lot here. But this ideal world is not free of *all* imperfection; it has very grave deficiencies, for it is lifeless, motionless, cold, unreal. At the very apex of our enjoyment of its permanence, we realize that it has these imperfections and that it exists only in conception. Hence we leave its desolate streets, which we could see but could not enter, indeed which no one will ever enter, and willingly return to the world of the actual. In the first lines of this stanza, attention is again centered upon the urn's physical outline, and the sexual suggestion returns with compelling insistence. The urn is designated an " Attic shape," a " fair attitude," with a " brede of marble men and maidens," a " silent form "; and it is in the midst of " this generation " (whose double meaning is played against " Cold Pastoral," as is that of *brede*). The cumulative effect of all these terms is to summon forth very, very delicately in the background the lines of the feminine form in all its vital richness—woman the eternal, holding deep within her the sum of all, the ability to recreate and transmit life.[11] As this image pervades the consciousness, the glowing carved figures, which have been vivified by the poet's imagination, recede and fade; they reassume their immobile, lifeless status on the urn. The words *Cold Pastoral* fall upon the apprehension like the tolling of a bell, placing the

[11] Cf. Coleridge, " The beautiful in [an] object may be referred to two elements . . . the first belonging to the shapely. . . . The curve line is a modification of the force from without by the force from within, or the spontaneous. These are not arbitrary symbols, but the language of nature, universal and intuitive (" Fragment of an Essay on Beauty " appended to *Biographia Literaria*, ed. Shawcross, Oxford, 1907, p. 251) . . . [Beauty] is, in the abstract, the unity of the manifold, the coalescence of the diverse; in the concrete, it is the union of the shapely (*formosum*) with the vital " (On Poesy or Art "—appended to *B. L.*, p. 257)."

cold art at the opposite pole from the warm life. The brief journey into fairy land is over, and Keats unmistakably means for it to be over.

It is impossible to accept Professor Garrod's belief that the magnificent, controlled stroke of " Cold Pastoral " is an inadvertent disparagement of the previously glorified art, unintended by Keats. The inability of Professor Garrod's reading to embrace the last splendid stanza is the failure of the interpretation—not the failure of Keats at the height of his lyrical powers. For him contemplation of art, nay, even imaginative cognizance of it to the fullest, cannot supplant experience. Art is an adjunct to life, an aid, not a substitute. Art can enrich, illumine, and intensify actual contact with life, but never take its place. Hence the most important words in the stanza follow this emphatic shattering of the dream. The urn is now termed *a friend to man.* In that relation to the living, it shall remain in midst of " other woe " transmitting its message and meaning to other men born of woman, and born, it should be stressed, as a result of " generation." Here the far-reaching significance of the potent, ambivalent image in the first line of the poem can be seen to the fullest: Both the brides—the ravished and the unravished—play out their roles to the end. What the urn says it says *to men*; without them it could neither *be* nor *be heard*, for men made it in the first place, and more men must be born if it is to have an audience in the future. One of the glories of the poem is its so deftly handling the problem of the relation of art to life. I disagree entirely with Professor Bowra's belief (*op. cit.*, p. 148) that the poem presents only a " theory of art, a doctrine intended to explain his own creative experience " and not applicable beyond those confines. Of course, the poem does not present a complete philosophy; but Keats saw fit to conclude by stressing that the urn is *a friend to man*, not merely to the artist, and that it says something of vast importance to men.

What it says in this capacity can be explained briefly, and it may be neither new nor profound; but it will make sense in the light of human experience. That is always the point of view from which Keats works and the pole star that charts his course, even in and out of the fairy lands he frequents. Keats pro-

claimed several times that the poet speaks to men, not to himself or to other artists. Even in the early *Sleep and Poetry* (1816) Keats has said that the great purpose of poetry was "To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts of man." And in lines added to *The Fall of Hyperion* Keats states:

> Sure a poet is a sage;
> A humanist, physician to all men. (189-190)

A few lines later, the priestess Moneta comments:

> The poet and the dreamer are distinct,
> Diverse, sheer opposite, antipodes. (199-200)

No sage, no physician to the human spirit, prescribes that men attempt to dream themselves into happiness by contemplating the "superiority" of works of art over experience rather than by participating in experience. Keats repeats again and again in his letters: "Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced" (letter to George and Georgiana Keats, February 14-18, 1819). This, of course, means *experienced and understood.* He had written shortly before: "I never can feel certain of any truth but from a clear perception of its beauty" (letter to George and Georgiana Keats, December 1818). To Keats this clear perception of beauty came with imaginative insight into the essential nature of an entity, and this deep awareness of the real truth of things is the only way to happiness, as is clear from his statement in *Endymion* that happiness is "fellowship with essence" (I, 779). Now for Keats, especially the Keats of 1819, *essence* is more like Aristotle's *Idea* [12] than like Plato's; that is, Keats's *essence*, like Aristotle's *Idea* exists either in close relationship with an object or in a mind, while Plato's *Idea* is an absolute in itself, apart from mind or object. Actually, Keats's *essence* has a kinship with Hegel's conception

[12] Without invoking the name of Aristotle but mentioning Keats's "unconcern for Plato," Professor Jacob D. Wigod (*PMLA*, LXVIII, September, 1953, 779-790) interprets *essence* very nearly as I do and indicates a reading of *Endymion* in harmony with that meaning of the word. He opposes the extent to which Platonic and Neo-Platonic interpretations of *Endymion* were carried by Colvin, Bridges, De Selincourt, Murry and Thorpe. Professor Walter Jackson Bate has expressed a view of Keats's poetry as a whole which agrees largely with Professor Wigod's view (*Criticism: The Major Texts*, New York, 1952, pp. 347-348).

of the *real*, for the poet's ultimate reality most often seems to be the life force unfolding itself in and through phenomena. Keats does not reveal a sufficiently serious and abiding affinity with Neo-Platonism [13] to do what Professor Bowra (*op. cit.*, p. 141) contends—use the urn as a means of sustaining himself more than momentarily in an unchanging, timeless sphere (although he may toy with the notion of remaining there). Keats's poetry feeds on his sensory realization of time and phenomena, expresses itself in concrete images of time and phenomena; it eschews abstractions very pointedly. It is as difficult to believe that for Keats in 1819 the real is an abstract, absolute, unchanging world, typified by the carved figures on the urn,[14] as it is difficult to make such an interpretation embrace the magnificent concluding stanza, where he puts art in its place (and no inglorious place it is).

What we must do, I think, to clarify what the urn says to Keats and to all men is to find some common element among *essence, beauty, truth, and experience* as Keats uses these terms. If we recall the duality of his theme in the poem, we can be sure that he treats of two kinds of experience: (1) human love in actuality, and (2) the appreciation of an imaginary representation of several human activities—love, art (in the music of the pipes), community life, and religious ritual—which together represent nearly all the human fundamentals. The representation is projected on an urn resembling the outlines of the feminine figure. The two kinds of experience are thus related. By contemplating this picture *in this framework* men can see, as Keats came to see, the essence of both love and art. The essence of art is mimesis; in the appreciation of it we must not confuse it with the actual, for then we cannot

[13] We need very much a full reappraisal of Keats's Neo-Platonism in the light of the view of him that emerged in recent decades.

[14] Professor Wasserman has stated, "Keats did not believe the world itself to be symbolic; it is not an imperfect shadow of the real, where all values reside, . . . But things of 'water, fiery realm, and airy bourne' may become symbolic by a transfiguring act of the percipient which leads him into the presence of their essence, 'where the Powers keep religious state.' . . . Real things—boughs, a nightingale, and urn—become ethereal things, symbolic things, by the mind's hallowing act which disengages them from time and space and intensifies them until they are seen as the mortal-immortal, the beauty-truth, which is the mystery that permeates all things and gives them their meaning (*op. cit.*, pp. 53-54.

grasp its meaning and significance. Just as he is about to comment on the meaning of the art-experience in the poem, Keats reminds us that the art involved is merely a carved scene of marble men and maidens—a cold pastoral. He knows that it alone can never satisfy us completely, and he is here rejecting it *as reality*; it is only an imitation of reality, " a shadow of a magnitude," as he says in the sonnet on the Elgin Marbles. But this work of art can tell us something important about the real experience in the realm of the actual, the love passion that is so fleeting and transient, can mitigate our pain that it is so. That is, the essence of physical love is participation in the life force and the continuing life process; only the individual instance is transient and short-lived, not physical love in all human life of all time. The fiery heat of desire, that " leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd," is only its immediate form of being, not its essential reality. In essence it is the life force that pervades and interfuses phenomena, and it is enduring and real, and therefore " true," for Keats says that the urn shall remain in midst of other life than ours, not in midst of nothing. " Beauty is truth," then, means that beauty is total reality properly understood; that is, beauty is the true significance of things in our world and in the ideal one, and we perceive this beauty when we neither mistake art for life nor mistake the ever-changing phenomena of life for the great, enduring organic reality in which they inhere. Keats is saying that beauty lies in the real world of men,[15] not merely in art and in the fairy lands of fancy. *To Autumn,* written a few months later, is an emphatic statement of his belief in the living beauty of the phenomenal world. But the art-experience of the urn, understood for just what it is worth and no more, has helped his cognitive imagination to realize this truth. The urn has been to his mind what light is to the eye, has made insight possible.[16] Hence, the poem ends in a tone of noble resignation,

[15] Here Professor Wasserman and I are in direct opposition, for he holds that the poem does not mean to assert that beauty is truth in the phenomenal world (*op. cit.*, pp. 60-62).

[16] Cf. Coleridge's dictum that a beautiful object can offer " a short-hand hieroglyphic of truth. . . . As light to the eye, even such is beauty to the mind. . . . Hence the Greeks called a beautiful object . . . [a] *calling on* the soul " (" *Principles of Genial Criticism* " appended to *B. L.*, p. 243).

as if his mind had pierced to the heart of our life here on earth, and had accepted *it*—not the spurious comfort of an imaginary escape from its imperfections.

The meaningfulness and range of the poem, along with its controlled execution and powerfully suggestive imagery, entitle it to a high place among Keats's great odes. It lacks the even finish and extreme perfection of *To Autumn* but is much superior in these qualities to the *Ode to a Nightingale* despite the magic passages in the latter and the similarities of overall structure. In fact, the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* may deserve to rank first in the group if viewed in something approaching its true complexity and human wisdom.

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