

Horace II, xvi

by Jack Flavin

"Otium divos rogat in patenti . . ."

Travellers caught out in the Aegean pray
The gods for calm seas when no stars light their way
And dark storm clouds hide the moon from mariners
In a pall of gray.

Even battle-hardened warriors from Thrace
And Medes with ornate quivers may sue for peace
That neither jewels nor gold nor even royal
Purple may purchase.

Neither the lictor's rods that clear the consul's
Way of rabble nor a king's ransom expels
The mind's troubles, for cares hover too above
Palatial panels.

He lives well on little whose modest table
Is laid with salt that shines from a paternal
Cellar and whose slumbers no fear can trouble
No mean greed dispel.

Why strive for so many goals in our brief span?
Why should we seek lands warmed by a different sun?
Can an exile from his country flee his own
Self, his life, as well?

Dull care will climb aboard warships beaked with bronze.
It rides with squadrons of cavalry, outruns
Fleet deer, swifter than the East Wind that drives rains
And clouds before it.

Let the soul rejoice in present happiness
Nor care what lies ahead. A tough grin at fate
Will temper bitterness. There's no such thing as
Pure, unclouded bliss.

Death stole away illustrious Achilles.
Age reduced Tithonus to senility.
What Fortune in an hour extends to you, She
May withhold from me.

You own a hundred lowing herds of cattle.
A blooded mare neighs in your racing stable.
The wool you wear is African, dyed double,
To keep you from chill.

Fate, ever chary, has lived up to Her name.
She's given me a small farm for my domain,
Some slight inspiration from a Greek Muse and
For the mob, disdain.



The Patriotic Impulse

by John Lukacs

I must now, in public, repeat what I privately expressed to the directors of the Ingersoll Foundation: my gratitude for their having chosen me as the present recipient of this honorific award. And I must add another source of my gratification, which is the very phrasing of it: the Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters. How much more preferable Scholarly Letters are to their converse of "Literary Scholarship" nowadays, of which there is an unpleasant surfeit, and when there is inflation of what goes under the name of "literary scholarship" while the art of scholarly letters has become lamentably rare. And since it is customary at such an occasion to attempt some kind of a summary of one's philosophy, let me recall the title of Weaver's famous little book. *Ideas Have Consequences*—of course, since I am a philosophical idealist as well as a historian. But as a historian, I must constantly consider consequences. Events—a word that I prefer to "facts"—are revealed to us in a lesser way than they are seen by God; we can judge their importance or their significance (these two are not necessarily the same) only because of their consequences. So it is not only ideas that lead to consequences but consequences, too, lead to ideas—and from this my, perhaps unorthodox, sense of history follows.

I shall sum up its component realities very briefly. I say "realities," because ideas are realities, because the opposites are not the realist and the idealist view of the world and of human

nature but the idealist and the materialist one. There is my belief that history is not a science; that it is not an art, either, except in the sense that if history is an art, then so are all the other sciences. That human life is more than a material, that it is an artistic proposition; but that an artistic proposition, too, is inseparable from some kind of a spiritual one. That life is more than a product, that it is a task. That what matters in this world is what people think and believe—and that the material organization of the world is the superstructure of *that*: that is, a view of the structure of human events that is the very opposite not only of Marx but also of Adam Smith. That our problem is that of our consciousness and not of our so-called subconscious, since we can only think and speak about things that we know, and since the modern psychological categories of the "subconscious" are nothing else but projections, and often illegitimate projections, of intellectual categorizations of our consciousness into something that we do not know. That "subconscious" will not do as a definition to what is unconscious in our lives and in our minds: *that* truly exists, while the suggestion of the former to the effect that what is deep and hidden constitutes the truth, does not. That—and here I depart from categorical idealism—what men do to ideas is more important than what ideas do to men, because human ideas do not exist apart from their incarnation in human beings. That mind influences, indeed, that it intrudes into matters as much as or even more than matter can influence mind. That this is why history differs from evolution. That throughout history the influence of mind on matter increases, and that we must be conscious of this, which is probably why the evolution of consciousness is the only kind of meaningful evo-

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