Chris,

As I remarked yesterday, I was charmed by the essay on the Child.

p. 18. "Where is the sisterhood?" May I risk an answer?

The myth of the child is one with the myth of the maiden — the maiden being the flowering of the child. The Hellenic (not pre- nor post-) vision is primarily ~~of~~ in-formed with ideal form and remains its passion. Actuality appeals more to it than does possibility (romanticism) or finite consummation (doomed to pass away; world weariness). Seed (possibility) and fruit (finite consummation) split, burst and issue in fragmentation, manyness. It seems an affront to kosmos, whole, impeccable, shining, incorruptible. The horror of generation and corruption (through the mother) is — at least for one shining hour — held at bay in the undivided and undividing sheen of maidenhood. Here is the acme of the arc: seed, flower (acme), fruit. Fruit bursts, splits and the

whole mournful sound is resumed — over, again and again.+ The great Greek philosophical problem of the One and the Many is an expression of this passion for actuality self-contained as art. The Hebraic positivist, instrumentalist moving and shaking is far, far removed from all this and understandably looks on it with a measure of contempt and envy since ethical concern (utilitarian, measured) is not remotely dominant here but sheer unfettered intellect and imagination — and intellect moves nothing. (This helps me to understand Christianity's schizoid career — particularly in its Augustinian character* and strain which attempts to force oil and water to renounce their natures).* in it attempt to reconcile Greek vision and Hebraic piety.

The Maiden is all unself-serving, aristocratic splendour and glory be, and, like the circle, turns upon herself. Why another?

(What this means for spirit continues to ravish me)

Allen

+