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**"A Style So Worn and Bare": Pheidias, Praxiteles, and the "ΕΡΩΣ"
of Robert Bridges**

Most have an eye for colour, few for form.

Walter Savage Landor

One of the more memorable moments in the *Voices and Visions* television series on American poets occurs in "Wallace Stevens: Man Made Out of Words." James Merrill is reading "The Snow Man," and when he comes to the lines describing

the listener, who listens in the snow,
And, nothing himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is,

the viewer is given a close-up of one of those Greek statues, white as snow, with glaring, pupil-less eyes. One suspects that the filmmaker may have been thinking not so much of Stevens's poem as of the following lines from Yeats's poem "The Statues":

Empty eyeballs knew
That knowledge increases unreality, that
Mirror on mirror mirrored is all the show.

Be that as it may, apart from the snow man itself, it is hard to imagine a more fitting embodiment of Stevens's theme. A head of stone, if less abstract, seems just as impersonal as "a mind of winter," and, if not quite

as cold, has "been cold a long time" indeed. As for the "empty eyeballs," gazing blankly upon nothing, the image seems so right that we are apt to forget (or fail to realize) what authorities on the subject have long known: that the eyes of Greek statues, and much else besides, were originally painted.

Exactly how much else besides has been disputed by the experts,¹ but experts and laymen alike appear to prefer unpainted sculpture. This preference may be attributed to historical causes: to the fact that classical statues admired and imitated during the Renaissance had long ago lost their original coloring (Richter 125); to later, Victorian, associations of painted sculpture with cheap manufactured articles or with Madame Tussaud's exhibits;² even, one may suppose (given the sometimes fierce anti-Catholic sentiment provoked by the Oxford Movement), to the association of painted sculpture with the iconography of the Church of Rome. Insofar as this preference is the result of historical accident, it is a matter for historians of taste and falls outside the scope of this essay. Insofar as it may be due to the influence of Pater's aesthetic criticism on poets such as Yeats, it is a matter of marginal concern only. But the preference might be accounted for, and perhaps justified, on grounds which the ancients themselves would have approved: on the traditional and commonplace distinction between *ethos*, or "character," that which is permanent and essential to the subject; and *pathos*, or "passion," that which is transitory and accidental.³ For according to this distinction the colors applied to ancient sculpture, impermanent as they have proven, can have no part in the permanent and essential aspect of the subject, let alone any part in the permanent and essential aspect of the art itself.

Such a view, of course, presupposes the superiority of "ethical" art, of art that is lofty and impersonal in style as well as in subject: the superiority, in other words, of the art of Pheidias to that of Praxiteles.⁴ There are difficulties with such a view, however, quite apart from the difficulties which ordinarily arise when value judgments are made. For example, there were ethical painters as well as ethical sculptors (P. Gardner 24), and ethical sculptors had their statues painted just as surely as did "pathetic" sculptors. Furthermore, not even stone, though more lasting than paint, is immune to the effects of time or the elements. Even so, we think of stone, as we think of the elements themselves, as something permanent and impersonal, the potency of the "pathetic

fallacy" notwithstanding; we think of the head of stone, stripped of personality as well as of paint, and we think how fitting an embodiment of the theme of "The Snow Man"; and we think of Stevens's style in that poem, so plain compared to the style of other poems for which he is famous, and we think not only how well his style suits his subject, but how in this case his subject, so plainly rendered, almost makes us forget about his style.

The fact that Greek statues were originally painted, the distinction between ethos and pathos, and the pathos, so to speak, of painted sculpture must all be borne in mind when we read the poem "ΕΡΩΣ" (1899) by Robert Bridges. This poem has received considerable critical attention over the years and used to be fairly well anthologized,⁵ but I fear that today's readers may be as unfamiliar with it as they are with the poet's works generally. I therefore quote the poem in full:⁶

Why hast thou nothing in thy face?
 Thou idol of the human race,
 Thou tyrant of the human heart,
 The flower of lovely youth that art;
 Yea, and that standest in thy youth
 An image of eternal Truth,
 With thy exuberant flesh so fair,
 That only Pheidias might compare,
 Ere from his chaste marmoreal form
 Time had decayed the colours warm;
 Like to his gods in thy proud dress,
 Thy starry sheen of nakedness.

Surely thy body is thy mind,
 For in thy face is nought to find,
 Only thy soft unchristen'd smile
 That shadows neither love nor guile,
 But shameless will and power immense,
 In secret sensuous innocence.

O king of joy, what is thy thought?
 I dream thou knowest it is nought,
 And wouldst in darkness come, but thou
 Makest the light where'er thou go.
 Ah yet no victim of thy grace,

None who e'er long'd for thy embrace,
Hath cared to look upon thy face.

Critics agree that "EPΩΣ" is addressed to some representation of the god (presumably a statue) (Beum 177; Stanford 30; Hoffpaur, "Robert Bridges" 34), but although more than one critic has observed that no record of any Pheidian Eros exists (Beum 177; Hoffpaur, "Robert Bridges" 35), only Richard Hoffpaur has ventured to account for the reference to Pheidias:

. . . Pheidias, perhaps the greatest ancient sculptor, . . . could capture god-like beauty and power in "marmoreal" forms, but such forms are finally and only polished surfaces and lifeless bulk, imitations (as Eros is only an imitation) of true divinities. But there is also a submerged dissimilarity between this statue of Eros and those of Pheidias (no Pheidian Eros is known) brought to the surface by the opposition of "chaste" in line 9 and "nakedness" in line 12. Pheidias's statues are usually draped, with "proud dress," and, most significantly, have good reason to be proud (his most famous statues are, of course, the Athena in the Parthenon and the Zeus made for the temple in Olympia). Eros's nakedness is his badge of singular power, he wears it proudly; but again, to emphasize his lack of mind (all too present if we recall Athena), Bridges describes the "starry sheen" of his naked body, a lustrous *surface* only, and reminds us in line 10 of Time's inevitable effects on even marble bodies. ("Robert Bridges" 35)

I shall begin by taking mild exception to that part of Hoffpaur's commentary which would appear to be the least vulnerable to attack: namely, that "no Pheidian Eros is known." Strictly speaking, of course, this is true. Not only has no Pheidian Eros ever been recovered or positively identified, but none is recorded by any ancient commentator.⁷ On the other hand, at least one highly respected and influential modern commentator, Adolf Furtwängler, has conjectured the existence of a Pheidian Eros. That a Pheidian Eros might have existed, however, is less to the purpose than what Furtwängler has to say of it: first, that ". . . Eros . . . in the time of Pheidias was represented—not as an effeminate youth, but—as an ephebe"; and second, that ". . . Pheidias did not give to his Love-god . . . the expression of human longing which distinguishes him in the period of Praxiteles" (69).⁸ Though the Eros addressed by Bridges

is, like the Pheidian Eros, an ephebe, he is clearly not of the ethical type described by Furtwängler. If we assume that Bridges's poem is addressed to a statue of the god, and if we further assume that the statue being addressed is not itself Pheidian (as indeed we must, given the express comparison between Pheidian conceptions of the gods and the Eros of the poem), then it follows that the statue must be the work of another sculptor: one of the "pathetic" school, presumably, though of comparable talent and renown.

Robert Beum has remarked, "If Bridges was struck by a particular Eros, it must have been the massive Eros Centrocelle [*sic*] or the Eros Borghese"; and according to Furtwängler, the statues named by Beum are replicas of Praxitelean originals (Beum 177; Furtwängler 315, 336). Of the Eros Centocelle, moreover, the so-called Genius of the Vatican, Furtwängler writes: "it is the demoniac nature of Eros which is expressed in that bent head, in that face peering up from amid its profusion of locks"; "he has become the bewitching daemon, the captivating, irresistible god . . ." (317). Whether Bridges's Eros may be said to wear an "expression of human longing," or even to be "consumed with repressed longing" (Furtwängler 337), is questionable, since he is called "tyrant of the human heart" and "king of joy." Furthermore, it is the "soft unchristen'd smile" of Eros that attracts Bridges's notice and not, as with Furtwängler, his "upward glance and bewitching charm" (317). Still, the "shameless will and power immense" of Bridges's Eros sound very much like the "all-powerful sway" and "inward might of the god" which Furtwängler says Praxiteles's original statue embodied (317). If one must identify the "daemon" or "genius" of Bridges's poem with some statue of Eros, be it extant, lost, or merely conjectural, the "Genius of the Vatican" seems a logical choice.

I use the terms "daemon" and "genius" advisedly, for I know of no better gloss on the poem than the following comment by Yvor Winters, the most persistent and outspoken advocate of Bridges's poetry:

Aquinas tells us that a demon may be said to be good in so far as he may be said to exist; that he is a demon in so far as his existence is incomplete. This statement is a necessary part of the doctrine of evil as deprivation. But a demon, or a genius, may be almost wholly deprived of being in large areas in which theoretically he ought to exist, and at the same time may have achieved an extraordinary degree of actuality in the

regions in which he does exist; and when this happens, his persuasive power, his possessive power, is enormous, and if we fail to understand his limitations he is one of the most dangerous forces in the universe. (*Defense of Reason* 601)

The danger, as Winters explains elsewhere, referring to the same doctrine, is that "without understanding . . . we may, in a sense, become possessed by an evil power which is great enough to control us and diminish our own being" (*Function of Criticism* 164).⁹ Although Bridges's "EPΩΣ" does not figure in the context of these remarks, their relevance to the poem at once becomes apparent when we recall Winters's comment on D. H. Lawrence: that Lawrence understood little apart from sexual experience "and consequently understood sexual experience so ill" (*Defense of Reason* 126). Be that as it may, the incompleteness of Bridges's "daemon" should be evident not only from "EPΩΣ" but from the much earlier *Eros & Psyche*, from lines which describe the god in terms remarkably similar to those employed in "EPΩΣ":

What the first dawn of manhood is, the hour
When beauty, from its fleshy bud unpent,
Flaunts like the corol of a summer flower,
As if all life were for that ornament,
So Eros seemed in years. . . . (March 15)

The implication, clearly, is that "all life" is *not* for "that ornament"; that "that ornament," though a necessary part of "all life" just as the flower is a necessary part of the total life of a plant, is a part only; and that to mistake the part for the whole is, as Winters says, to "diminish our own being."

The function of beauty as "ornament," however, raises a more serious objection to Hoffpauir's commentary. I have no quarrel with the observation that even the works of Pheidias "are finally and only polished surfaces and lifeless bulk." Bridges himself says much the same thing in *The Testament of Beauty*:

. . . lovers who thereto look for expression of truth
have great need to remember that no plastic Art,
tho' it create ideals noble as are the forms
that Pheidias wrought, can ever elude or wholly escape

its earthly medium. . . . (bk. 3, lines 1062-6)

Neither do I dispute the facts concerning the statues Pheidias is known to have made, nor that they differ from the statue of Eros described in the poem. But while I agree that the beauty of Eros is only superficial, Hoffpauir's interpretation of line 10 is wholly beside the mark. When Bridges writes that "Time had decayed the colours warm," he does not mean the colors of the marble itself; he means the colors applied to the marble by the ancients, colors which time or the elements have since worn away, leaving the "chaste marmoreal form." *Chaste* does not mean modest, as Hoffpauir's reference to the drapery of Pheidian sculpture implies;¹⁰ Bridges means chaste in the stylistic sense given by the *OED*: "without meretricious ornament." By that definition drapery might be as meretricious as color—in which case only nakedness is truly chaste. But the nakedness of Eros is far from chaste; it is mere exhibitionism.¹¹

Clearly, then, "EPΩΣ" is meant to convey an aesthetic as well as a moral judgment; and that aesthetic judgment applies not only to the art of sculpture but also to the art of poetry. What Winters has said of the Elizabethan lyric "Fine knacks for ladies" might almost be said of "EPΩΣ": "it is a poem on love and on the art of poetry and on a relationship between the two . . .": "the relationship between the plain style in poetry and the plain style in love" (*Function of Criticism* 99; *Forms of Discovery* 42). At any rate, it must have been some such thought which prompted Winters, in a review of the enlarged edition of *The Shorter Poems of Robert Bridges* (1931), to regret the omission of *The Growth of Love*, no. 51, "which described so beautifully the poetical quality that Dr. Bridges was to realize in his greatest work" ("Traditional Mastery" 127):

O my uncared for songs, what are ye worth,
That in my secret book with so much care
I write you, this one here and that one there,
Marking the time and order of your birth?
How, with a fancy so unkind to mirth,
A sense so hard, a style so worn and bare,
Look ye for any welcome anywhere
From any shelf or heart-home on the earth? (lines 1-8)

It is tempting at once to equate "a style so worn and bare" with a "chaste" style, "without meretricious ornament," but the context forbids it: the poet depreciates his abilities in the conventional manner; "worn and bare" means trite and poor. But for Winters "worn and bare" meant something positive, so much so that he declared Bridges "the most valuable model of poetic style to appear in the language since Dryden" and a poet "utterly free of any impure attraction, any undisciplined 'personality'" ("Traditional Mastery" 128, 133). In other words, Bridges is a poet of the "ethical" school, the practitioner of an art which is lofty and impersonal in style as well as in subject. Indeed, Winters particularly admired "the purity of his diction, a diction . . . free from any trace of personal idiosyncrasy" ("Traditional Mastery" 128).

Unfortunately, when we examine the diction of "EPΩΣ," we find that it is anything but "pure." We may make allowances for stereotyped diction: such diction is hardly "personal," and the ethical poet, like the ethical sculptor, may be expected to celebrate the type rather than the individual. But although the tone established by such clichés is consistent and controlled, we cannot, as Winters does, call the diction of this poem "plain" (*Defense of Reason* 82). It is one thing to wink at inversions such as "colours warm" and "power immense"; no amount of special pleading, however, can excuse "The flower of lovely youth that art."¹² In later years Winters revised his original estimate of Bridges: "the bulk of his work," he wrote, "is corrupted by the facile diction of the nineteenth century," "such diction as Shelley's and Wordsworth's" (*Forms of Discovery* 194, 195). But I can find no clear precedent for this species of inversion in Milton or Spenser, let alone in Shelley or Wordsworth; the only precedents I can find occur in Bridges's own works.¹³ If this is not a "personal idiosyncrasy," then nothing is.

There are other problems with the diction of "EPΩΣ," problems of imprecision as well as impurity. Donald E. Stanford has called the following lines "four of the greatest lines in all of Bridges's poetry" (30):

O king of joy, what is thy thought?
 I dream thou knowest it is nought,
 And wouldst in darkness come, but thou
 Makest the light where'er thou go.

But however meaningful is Bridges's allusion to the story of Eros and Psyche, surely *dream* is a vague, voluptuous indulgence for a poet whose attitude towards his subject is not "that of a lover in the grip of the mindless ecstasy of Eros but that of a philosopher and critic who seeks to know rather than to feel" (Rosenthal and Smith 184).¹⁴ Donald Davie points to a similar fault in "The Affliction of Richard," a poem addressed to God and dealing with the loss of religious faith:

But what the heavenly key,
What marvel in me wrought
Shall quite exculpate thee,
I have no shadow of thought. (lines 17-20)

On the one hand we have the almost surgical precision of *exculpate*, a precision which reminds us, ironically, of the following lines from Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty":

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought.

On the other hand we have "the utterly slack, unrealized and unrealizable metaphor in '*shadow* of thought'" (Davie 21).¹⁵ As Winters has remarked in another context, one should never "express a state of uncertainty by uncertainty of expression"; instead, one should "make a lucid and controlled statement regarding the condition of uncertainty" (*Defense of Reason* 87). The uncertainty of the expression "shadow of thought" is doubtless inadvertent, but it compares very unfavorably with, say, the expression of uncertainty "unimaginable touch of time" in Wordsworth's sonnet "Mutability."¹⁶ In the case of "I dream thou knowest," at any rate, it would appear that "we are required to tolerate a 'timeless' or archaic or improperly marmoreal expression for the sake of the beautiful and meaningful cadence which it makes possible" (Davie 22). In other words, "marmoreal form" is maintained at the expense of "chaste" diction; Bridges's style becomes "worn and bare" in the negative sense; and the "poetical quality" praised by Winters degenerates into the worst sort of "poetical" diction.

Nevertheless, there are moments in Bridges's poetry when the demands of meter are satisfied at little or no cost to his diction. One of these occurs in "EPΩΣ":

Surely thy body is thy mind,
 For in thy face is nought to find;
 Only thy soft unchristen'd smile,
 That shadows neither love nor guile,
 But shameless will and power immense,
 In secret sensuous innocence.

After making the usual allowances for archaism, we may still balk at *shadows*, though the word bring with it the pertinent association of Marlowe's lines:

Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
 Than has the white breasts of the queen of love.

But "soft unchristen'd smile" is exactly right, suggesting both the pre-Christian nature of Eros and the mysterious, almost nameless fascination he inspires. Though the smile itself would seem to express emotion and hence personality, its softness renders that personality indeterminate, at least for the moment; indeed, *shadows* means "conceals" as well as "shadows forth" (and, as in Marlowe's line, "shelters"). By the time we come to the phrase "secret sensuous innocence," however, we better understand the meaning of that smile, that mysterious power of attraction: at once innocent and sensuous, it is precisely that of a demon that is good insofar as he may be said to exist, but a demon insofar as his existence is incomplete.

A more impressive instance of diction in the service of theme occurs in "Low Barometer," a poem dealing with the threat to reason posed by the unconscious:

Unbodied presences, the pack'd
 Pollution and remorse of Time,
 Slipp'd from oblivion reënact
 The horrors of unhouseld crime. (stanza 4)

Like *unchristen'd*, *unhouseld* (despite the orthography) is technically precise without necessarily being archaic; like *shadows*, it brings with it the very pertinent association of lines from an Elizabethan dramatist, this time Shakespeare:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled.

Even when Bridges does use an archaic word, as in the third stanza of the same poem, the archaism is justified by the context:

And Reason kens he herits in
A haunted house. Tenants unknown
Assert their squalid lease of sin
With earlier title than his own.

Kens, of course, is dialectical rather than archaic; it is *herits* which is obsolete—obsolete in sense as well as in form. But the obsolescence of the word (meaning both "takes possession" and "dwells") effectively belies the obsolescence of the concept: the "squalid lease of sin," despite the lapse of centuries, remains in effect. In the highly charged atmosphere of the poem, moreover, the word neither passes unnoticed nor draws undue attention to itself. *Herits* may be an "impurity," but it is certainly not a "meretricious ornament"; it is a flaw in the marble itself, so to speak, not a patch or daub of paint.

Of course, not all of Bridges's archaisms may be justified in this manner, and it is difficult to make allowances for the diction of a poet who, though he lived well into the twentieth century, never substantially modified his style. Ezra Pound's irreverent anecdote in Canto 80 bears repeating:

"forloyn" said Mr Bridges (Robert)
"We'll get 'em all back"
meaning archaic words. . . .

Indeed, one must examine the corpus of Bridges's work very closely to find more than four consecutive lines that do not exhibit similar faults. It would seem that, like the ancient Greek sculptors themselves, the excellence of Bridges may be appreciated only in fragments; and the

credit for recovering most of these belongs to Yvor Winters.¹⁷ Nevertheless, Bridges's excellence, which Winters defined as "an extreme generality or universality of import accomplished with no loss in the specification of the perception" ("Traditional Mastery" 130), is clearly discernible in the poems I have discussed. It is an excellence analogous to that which Demetrius, the Athenian orator, recognized in the works of Pheidias: sublimity and precision (Jones 99).

If we, having imbibed the prejudices of our anthologists and textbook scholars, are unable to appreciate this quality, so much the worse for us. Yeats's lefthanded compliment to Bridges is well known: "every metaphor, every thought a commonplace, emptiness everywhere, the whole magnificent"; and though we begrudge Bridges the magnificence, we are all too eager to credit the emptiness. Yet if this is true of many of his poems—it is certainly true of most of those selected by Yeats for inclusion in *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, the Introduction to which contains the famous remark—it is hardly true of "ΕΡΩΣ." The poet who chides the god for having nothing on his mind, for having nothing in his face, would never tolerate the emptiness described (and evidently admired) by Yeats, though he would probably concede that the thought of the poem, the doctrine of evil as deprivation, is a commonplace. Commonplace or not, however, Bridges's treatment of the theme is distinguished by the quiet but firm precision of his style, a precision we must learn to recognize just as surely as we must learn to read the faces of our gods. As Pater remarked in his essay on Winckelmann, speaking of Pheidian sculpture, "To all but the highest culture, the reserved faces of the gods will ever have something of insipidity."

NOTES

1. See E. A. Gardner 29; cf. Richter 30.
2. According to Waldstein, "A statue covered with something, whatever it be, or painted, . . . invariably call[s] forth . . . the petty monster of the vulgarity of sham who lords it over the works of modern Nürnberg and Birmingham" (285). Cf. E. A. Gardner: "there was no tendency in a Greek marble statue to resemble a wax-work image" (31).

3. See P. Gardner 24-7. We must not confuse the Greek terms with the use made of their English equivalents by Pater and especially Yeats. For example, when Yeats writes in "The Statues" that "passion could bring character enough," the reader who substitutes the Greek terms for the English construes a meaning which would have dumfounded the ancients.
4. Modern commentators seldom hazard such value judgments, but they generally observe the same distinction. The following remarks are typical: "Pheidias embodied in his great statues a noble conception of the permanent and immutable character [ethos] of the deity, his power and benignity. . . . Praxiteles seem[s] rather to realize the gods as individuals of like passions with ourselves, to express their varying moods and phases of character or emotion [pathos], or to draw subtle distinctions of personality" (E. A. Gardner 351).
5. The most thorough critical treatments have been by Beum, Stanford 29-31 and Hoffpauir. Hoffpauir's remarks have since reappeared in *The Art of Restraint*; I shall be citing from the periodical publication. Few anthologies currently in print carry Bridges's poem, but it may be found in H. Gardner and in one or two other collections.
6. All citations of Bridges's works are from *Poetical Works of Robert Bridges*.
7. See Jones. This book was first published in London, 1895; Oikonomides adds a preface, bibliography, and indices, but preserves the original text.
8. The original, German edition of Furtwängler's book appeared in 1893; the first English edition, translated and edited by Eugenie Sellers, was published in London by Heinemann in 1895. Oikonomides reprints Sellers's text without alteration; only the illustrations have been "revised and enlarged."
9. Cf. Beum 176 and Hoffpauir, "Robert Bridges" 34, 36. Ironically, Bridges had little use for theology in general and for Roman Catholic theology in particular; see Guérard 74-5.
10. Pliny records that the people of Kos, when offered the choice between two statues of Aphrodite by Praxiteles, one nude (the celebrated Aphrodite of Knidos) and "one whose form was draped," preferred the latter "as the more chaste and severe" (Jones 151-2). But Bridges contrasts form with color, not chastity with nudity; the comparison is between the "colours warm" of the Pheidian gods and the "exuberant flesh" of the god of the poem, both of which are superficial and, by subtle implication, transitory. Doubtless the ancients would have considered "chaste marmoreal form," i.e., form deprived of color, as incomplete as Aquinas's demon; but as demons go, Bridges's Eros is far less complete: he is color deprived of form and of the mind that form implies.

In any case, the Pheidian Athena and Zeus were not, as Hoffpauir inadvertently implies, executed in marble but in gold and ivory, the media in which Pheidias excelled; Praxiteles was the marble sculptor *par excellence*, and every modern commentator remarks the exquisite surfaces and graceful poses of his figures. Moreover, it is recorded that Praxiteles, asked which of his statues he valued most, answered, "Those which the hand of Nikias [a famous painter] has touched" (Pliny 157). If Bridges has in mind any marble sculpture by Pheidias, it can only be the

Elgin marbles, which are commonly attributed to Pheidias's influence if not to his hand. But although the female figures on the Parthenon pediments are famous for their flowing drapery, the recumbent male figures are conspicuously naked of clothing as well as of color.

11. Winters says this of the style of Yeats (*Forms of Discovery* 221), notwithstanding Yeats's resolution in "A Coat." Be that as it may, Winters errs when he says that Bridges's Eros is "naked in every sense" (198).
12. Winters says this line "is trite and contains an unnecessary inversion" (*Forms of Discovery* 198); others have defended the line (Beum 178; Hoffpauir, "Robert Bridges" 34).
13. "Won by the heart my father's heart that won" (*Growth of Love*, no. 41, line 14); "The passions, once her peace that stole" ("The birds that sing on autumn eves," line 19). The fault might be pardoned in the second instance (*stole* is contrasted with its rhyme-word, *console*), but in the first instance the chiasmus is a jingling ornament dependent upon a commonplace rhyme (with *son*).
14. The passage continues: "and the knowledge is the fruit of experience, not experience itself." The contrast with Pater's "Conclusion" to *The Renaissance* is instructive.
15. Davie criticizes Winters for overlooking this fault.
16. Winters has praised the lines by Wordsworth cited in this essay (*Forms of Discovery* 170-1, 195); his failure to detect the fault in the lines by Bridges is thus all the more regrettable.
17. In *Forms of Discovery* an exasperated Winters writes, "if Bridges survives, he will have my talent to thank as well as his own, and I might never have been born" (324).

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