

## HERR PROFESSOR GEORG WILHELM FRIEDRICH HEGEL



"The modern man's daily prayer is reading the daily newspaper."

– G.W.F. Hegel





**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**1770**

August 27, Monday: [G.W.F. Hegel](#) was born in Stuttgart, Germany.

**“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,  
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY**



**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**1790**

[G.W.F. Hegel](#) graduated at Tübingen.



**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**1796**


[G.W.F. Hegel](#) became a tutor in Frankfurt am Main.



**G.W.F. HEGEL**


**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**1806**

 [Napoléon Bonaparte](#) was bringing the Holy Roman empire to an end. His Berlin Decree began the “Continental System” (closing Continental ports to British vessels). He declared Joseph Bonaparte to be King of [Naples](#) (Joseph would rule until 1808, when Joachim Murat would acquire that title). He declared Louis Bonaparte to be King of Holland. Prussia declared war on France. Britain blockaded the French coast. A French army under General Joachim Murat entered Warsaw. A [German](#) heard the pounding of Nappy’s cannon in the distance and then witnessed the French conqueror’s triumphal ride through Jena. This now-famous German heard the thumps in the distance, and “flashed” on the fact that this represented — the unwitting realization of Reason! Reason had been rapping on the door and asking “Please let me in, please let me in.” While they were in town the French troops stole all this famous German’s money. This now-famous German philosopher thus had two ways to go, he could either detest such a dangerous and powerful leader — or might bring himself to adore him. He chose to adore and later this man would become the publisher of a pro-French newspaper in Stuttgart, the *Bamberger Zeitung*. He came to perceive the French commander who had robbed him as what he termed the *Weltseele*, the personification of reason. (Yes, go figure.) His name was [G.W.F. Hegel](#) and at this point he was writing away at his influential THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF MIND. The foundation-stone of his philosophy, upon which everything else evidently was to be predicated, was “Nothing succeeds like success.” (Can you tell how impressed I am?)

[Giacomo Costantino Beltrami](#) became a Vice-Ispettore delle Armate. When he began to do bookkeeping work for the Beretta Enterprise, which had a contract to provide rations for 2 divisions of Napoleon’s troops, his position would enable him, it seems, to very rapidly accumulate a great deal of money.

Napoleon’s invasions formed the Confederation of the Rhine and destroyed the remnants of the Holy Roman Empire. Francis II, the former Emperor, renounced the title in favor of a new one: Emperor of Austria.

 October 14, Tuesday: Invading French forces encountered the Prussians and Saxons at Jena and Auerstädt, near Weimar, and left 32,000 dead [German](#) bodies on the battlefield. As the battles raged nearby a professor at the University of Jena, [G.W.F. Hegel](#), was laboring over his monograph THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF MIND.

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*3 day evening 14 of 10 M / For sometime past my mind has been in such a situation that I have hardly known how to describe it. Sometimes in a very dry barran state not a capacity to think a good thought, nor authority to speak a good word, which I am sensible is the result of sin. & when favor’d to draw nearer the fountain of divine help & feel the precious light & life to arise in my mind, then my unworthiness stairs me in the face & I am ready to blush that I have not attained to a greater degree of knowledge in divine truth, for I see that I have missed of much good which was intended for me by neglecting or not submitting to bear the cross in younger years but to my great consolation there are seasons when I am favor’d to feel that infinite mercy & goodness is yet extended & that on the grounds of obedience I may yet be advanced to a greater degree of religious experience.*



**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**G.W.F. HEGEL**

*I felt this morning entirely destitute of every good qualification not even power to raise a sigh – but the latter part of the Afternoon & evening I can hardly vent them fast enough. My spirit is led to pray for mercy & forgiveness, ability to do good & strength to retain my ground for I clearly see that there is no true help but that which cometh from the Lord who giveth all that is necessary for us – Oh that I may be preserved in humble thankfulness to to him the Author of every good for the many favors which he is pleased to bestow on me a poor unworthy worm.*

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**RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS**

**NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT**






**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**1807**

 Herr Professor [G.W.F. Hegel](#)'s *PHÄNOMENOLOGIE DES GEISTES* (PHENOMENOLOGY OF SPIRIT), [NOT 1797] created strictures which echoed those of Hume and Kant in presuming a crucial role for the faculty of memory, or collective, cultural memory. He thus was able to claim, surprise surprise, that because the Afriks had failed to master the art of writing in European languages, and had failed to developed a system of writing of their own, they could have nothing which could stand for a history of progressive development.






**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**G.W.F. HEGEL**


**1818**

 Herr Professor [G.W.F. Hegel](#) gained the chair of philosophy at the University of Berlin. [George Bancroft](#) went off to study at the University of Göttingen, until 1820. After earning his PhD he would study under Friedrich Ernst Daniel Schleiermacher in Berlin until 1821. While in Europe he would study oriental languages and the Higher Criticism, and meet Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.



*George Bancroft*

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**G.W.F. HEGEL****PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL****1819**

 [Adam Gurowski](#) was expelled from the gymnasium of Kalisz, Poland for revolutionary demonstration (he would, at various German universities, continue his studies, being at one point a student of philosophy under [G.W.F. Hegel](#); at some point he would lose an eye, presumably as the unintended but not to be unexpected result of a student saber [duel](#) of the sort then prevalent).



At about this period a Germanization of Boston intellectual culture would be beginning, with the return from study at German universities of [George Ticknor](#)<sup>1</sup> and [Edward Everett](#).

[CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE](#)

1. Both Waldo Emerson and Henry Thoreau would have classes under Professor Ticknor.



PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL

G.W.F. HEGEL

 January: Arthur Schopenhauer's *DIE WELT ALS WILLE UND VORSTELLUNG* (THE WORLD AS WILL AND IDEA).



In general, we may be quite sure that Wittgenstein did not derive his later ideas from Buddhism via Schopenhauer, and for two reasons. First, the affinities between Schopenhauer and Buddhism do not correspond at all with those that exist between Schopenhauer and Wittgenstein. Second, the similarities between Wittgenstein and Buddhism are far too detailed to have passed on via Schopenhauer, who, in denying influence by Buddhism, says that in 1818, when *THE WORLD AS WILL AND IDEA* was first published, there were few very good books on Buddhism. Judging by the bibliography of the "best words on Buddhism," which he gives in his *ON THE WILL IN NATURE*, in the section called *SINOLOGY*, one can only agree with him. None of the works which he mentions could possibly have given him much information about the *Madhyamika*; and even **if** they had done so, none of it found its way into his books. ... the close resemblances at which we have been looking can best be explained as being similar reactions to similar stimuli. They are not resemblances due to philosophical heredity. "The author of the *PHILOSOPHICAL INVESTIGATIONS* has no ancestors in philosophy": only predecessors. ...a Wittgensteinian interpretation of *Mahayana* Buddhism, and especially the *Madhyamika*, clarifies a lot of apparently separate issues. ...much of what the later Wittgenstein had to say was anticipated about 1800 years ago in India. ...substantial parallels can be traced because the same movements of thought occurred for broadly the same reasons. ...According to Wittgenstein himself, it is not important if one's philosophical thoughts have been thought before. What matters is that they should do their job of liberating one from perplexity and that one knows oneself to be better off in some way. ...a religion is more than its doctrines – more than what it says. ...all modern adherents of the *Madhyamika* ought, in my submission, to be Wittgensteinians, but followers of Wittgenstein need not become Buddhists. ...I know it seems distasteful to be asked to recognize the kind of liberation, insight and change offered by Wittgenstein as having a "religious quality." ...Let us only remember, then, that Wittgenstein offered benefits which most representatives of academic philosophy –towards which Wittgenstein expressed considerable antipathy– would find embarrassing.

Schopenhauer would apply for a lectureship at the University of Berlin and, with the help of [G.W.F. Hegel](#), would be accepted.



**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**



**Is that Schopenhauer as a refrigerator magnet?**


**CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT**



**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**1820**

 While attending the public schools of Mühlhausen and the city Gymnasium, John Augustus Roebling had also been being tutored privately to qualify him for entrance to the Royal Polytechnic School at Berlin. At the Institute during the 1820s he would be studying under [G.W.F. Hegel](#) and the tradition in the Roebling family, however accurate it might be, has become that he was this philosopher's favorite:

It is impossible to study him diligently and not be profoundly influenced by his teachings, and for a youth like John A. Roebling to have been brought into intimate contact with his dominating personality, was ... a privilege, because it opened the boy's eyes to the spiritual reality back of the change and decay of material phenomena....



His course of study at the Institute, however, would have consisted mostly of architecture and engineering, bridge construction, hydraulics, and languages, rather than of Hegelian idealist philosophy. Meanwhile, in America, during this same decade, [George Ticknor](#), an alumnus of Göttingen, would be seeking to introduce the sorts of reform at [Harvard College](#) which would raise it from the level of a high school to that of a "respectable" high school. And Harvard did try! One of the innovations of this decade, for instance, would be the tradition of "Class Day," and an annual reunion of its graduates.



Alexander Young, Jr. graduated from [Harvard](#). He would go on to the [Harvard Divinity School](#), although perhaps not immediately, as the school listed only the following gentlemen as commencing their ministerial studies in this year:

Samuel Todd Adams




**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

John Goldsberry (Brown University)  
William Farmer  
William Henry Furness  
Ezra Stiles Gannett  
Henry Brown Hersey  
Benjamin Kent  
Calvin Lincoln

(In these early years of the [Divinity School](#), there were no formal class graduations as students would be in the habit of studying there for varying periods until they obtained an appropriate offer to enter a pulpit.)

 March: [Arthur Schopenhauer](#) successfully disputed another lecturer, named [G.W.F. Hegel](#), and won a post at the University of Berlin, but at the same time entered into a long-term and ultimately unsuccessful competition with this academic.

**THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT**






**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**


**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**1825**

 Overwhelmed by the student enthusiasm for Professor [G.W.F. Hegel](#), the lecturer at the University of Berlin with whom he had been in competition for the past five years, who was lecturing at the same hour – and unwilling to change the hour of his lecture in order to cope with this– Herr Professor Arthur Schopenhauer withdrew from the academy to pursue other cultural interests.

[Harry Heine](#) graduated from college. His professor in Berlin had been [Hegel](#). Both he and his Professor were admirers of [Napoleon Bonaparte](#). In order to explore the possibility of a government civil service career, he took the steps necessary to convert to Protestantism, steps such as baptism, and changed his name to [Heinrich](#).

**ANTISEMITISM**


 February 18, Friday: The [Mendelssohn](#) family purchased a new mansion in Berlin, at 3 Leipzigerstrasse. This would become a meeting place for the Mendelssohn circle, including [Heinrich Heine](#), Professor [G.W.F. Hegel](#), and [Alexander von Humboldt](#).



**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**1829**

 March 11, Wednesday: Frances Jane Shattuck was born in [Concord](#), 4th child of [Daniel Shattuck](#) and Betsey Miles Shattuck.

The Reverend [Waldo Emerson](#) was ordained as a junior pastor at the 2d Congregational (Unitarian) Church on Hanover Street in [Boston](#).<sup>2</sup> (His father had been pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Boston but had died early after suffering from a respiratory problem.) Finally Waldo would be able to move out of his lodgings at Divinity Hall in Cambridge, and in with George Sampson on North Allen Street in Boston (he would later board with Abel Adams on Chardon Street, nearer his church).

At 6PM [Felix Mendelssohn](#) conducted, from the piano, using for the first time a baton, the first performance of Johann Sebastian Bach's St. Matthew Passion in nearly a century. In the alto section of the chorus was Fanny Mendelssohn. This performance, in the Berlin *Singakademie*, was much more successful than the original. There was a standing-room-only audience, and in attendance were the King of Prussia, Professor [G.W.F. Hegel](#), Gaspare Spontini, Alexander von Humboldt, and [Heinrich Heine](#).


**DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.**



PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL

G.W.F. HEGEL

1830

 As the editor of Ladies' Magazine, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale “outed” the successful author “Peter Parley” of PARLEY’S JUVENILE TALES, plus PARLEY’S ASIA, plus PARLEY’S AFRICA, plus PARLEY’S SUN, MOON, AND STARS, etc., disclosing his identity as Samuel Griswold Goodrich. Meanwhile, at a university in Europe, Herr Professor [G.W.F. Hegel](#) was asserting that Africa was

no historical part of the World; it [has] no movement  
or development to exhibit.

The peoples of Africa were seen as possessing neither civilization nor culture. Instead they represented, at least for this white philosopher competent to think world-class thoughts,

the natural man in his completely wild and untamed state.

Hegelianism would become widely influential in the USA in part because it seemed to lend as much support as did PARLEY’S AFRICA to ideas of inherent white racial superiority and thus legitimate the institution of human enslavement.<sup>3</sup>

3. It would seem that my own father, Benjamin Bearl Smith, was a Hegelian — for I vividly recollect how angry he was as he demanded to be informed by me, on a day on which his son had evidently displayed some tiny nascent signal of racial tolerance, of **any** single thing which **any** colored man had **ever** contributed to the sum of human civilization. They didn’t deserve kindness because they didn’t deserve to be alive in the first place. (I was, of course, a clueless subteener, and so at that point my mind simply went blank. I think I offered the weak argument, easily overcome by a man with theological training such as my father, that it wasn’t Christian to set out to harm any human creatures — even the most obviously worthless ones.)



**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**1831**

➡ [G.W.F. Hegel](#), in his LECTURES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY, opined that [China](#) was outside the development trend of progressive human history.

August: Arthur Schopenhauer fled from Berlin to Frankfurt-am-Main to protect himself from the [cholera](#) epidemic that would cause [G.W.F. Hegel](#)'s death.

➡ November 14, Monday: James Kirk Paulding's play THE LION OF THE WEST was staged, in a version thoroughly revised by [Concord](#)'s playwright [John Augustus Stone](#), at the Park Theater in New-York.

Ignace Joseph Pleyel died in Paris at the age of 74.

[Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel](#) died in Berlin at the age of 61, of the [cholera](#). Contrary to what might have been anticipated history did not come to an end (except, we notice, for him).



The Norfolk [Herald](#) in reporting the [hanging](#) of [Nat Turner](#) added that "General Nat" (the white master Nathaniel Turner) had sold Nat Turner's body for dissection "and spent the money on ginger cakes." That surgeons dissected the corpse seems clear, for this would have been according to usual practice. It is alleged, however, that prior to dissection, they had skinned it, and that after dissection, the flesh was rendered for its grease. Turner's "curious skull" was said by the white people to have "resembled the head of a sheep" and to have been "at least three quarters of an inch thick." The skeleton, presumably inclusive of the skull, was said to have become the property of a Doctor Massenberg. A Southampton souvenir collector would make the claim that he possessed a coin purse made from the skin of Turner's scrotum.






**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**1836**

 Arthur Schopenhauer, after 19 years of “silent indignation” at the “charlatan” Herr Professor [G.W.F. Hegel](#) of the University of Berlin –who had been in his grave for some five years– and his oh-so-satisfying theories of progress, published his *ÜBER DEN WILLEN IN DER NATUR* (ON THE WILL IN NATURE).



**Is that Schopenhauer as a refrigerator magnet?**



**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**1840**

July: [THE DIAL: A MAGAZINE FOR LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION](#). The title of the journal came from a phrase Bronson Alcott had been planning to use for his next year's diary,

**DIAL ON TIME THINE OWN ETERNITY**

and the “dial” in question was a garden sundial.<sup>4</sup> For purposes of this publication Bronson strove to emulate the selections from his writings that [Waldo Emerson](#) had excerpted at the end of the small volume NATURE, attempted, that is, to cast his wisdom in the form of epigrams or “Orphic Sayings” which, even if they were unchewable, at least could be fitted into one's mouth. When these were finally published, they were the only transcendental material to appear in [THE DIAL](#), of 24 pieces, that would bear the full name of the author rather than be offered anonymously or bear merely the author's initials. It was as if the other Transcendentalist writers associated with [THE DIAL](#) were saying to their readers, “Look, this is A. Bronson Alcott here, you've got to make allowances.” Some of these things ran on and on without making any sense at all, and here is one that was seized upon by the popular press and mocked as a “Gastric Saying”:

The popular genesis is historical. It is written to sense not to the soul. Two principles, diverse and alien, interchange the Godhead and sway the world by turns. God is dual, Spirit is derivative. Identity halts in diversity. Unity is actual merely....

Well, I won't quote the whole thing. Was Alcott a disregarded Hegelian who had never heard of [G.W.F. Hegel](#)? Wouldn't this be a better world if Professor Hegel also had been ignored? Go figure.

4. The name, of course, carried metaphysical freight. For instance, in his 1836 essay NATURE [Emerson](#) had quoted the following from Emanuel Swedenborg — the Swedish religious mentor whom he would later characterize, in REPRESENTATIVE MEN, as the type of “the mystic”:



The visible world and the relation of its parts, is the dial plate of the invisible.




## PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL

## G.W.F. HEGEL


July 1, Wednesday: Publication of [THE DIAL: A MAGAZINE FOR LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION](#) (Volume I, Number 1, July 1840), a journal of Transcendentalist thought named in honor of the sundial, began at this point and continued into 1844:

“The name speaks of faith in Nature and in Progress.” – The Reverend James Freeman Clarke

This initial issue of [THE DIAL](#) included [Henry Thoreau](#)'s essay on the Roman satirist [Aulus Persius Flaccus](#), which has been termed his “first printed paper of consequence.”




[“AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS”](#): The life of a wise man is most of all extemporaneous, for he lives out of an eternity that includes all time. He is a child each moment, and reflects wisdom. The far darting thought of the child's mind carries not for the development of manhood; it lightens itself, and needs not draw down lightning from the clouds. When we bask in a single ray from the mind of Zoroaster, we see how all subsequent time has been an idler, and has no apology for itself. But the cunning mind travels farther back than Zoroaster each instant, and comes quite down to the present with its revelation. All the thrift and industry of thinking give no man any stock in life; his credit with the inner world is no better, his capital no larger. He must try his fortune again to-day as yesterday. All questions rely on the present for their solution. Time measures nothing but itself. The word that is written may be postponed, but not that on the lip. If this is what the occasion says, let the occasion say it. From a real sympathy, all the world is forward to prompt him who gets up to live without his creed in his pocket.




### [THE DIAL, JULY 1840](#)

Thoreau would later recycle this paper on the satirist Persius with 28 minor modifications into the “Thursday” chapter of [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#):



[A WEEK](#): The life of a wise man is most of all extemporaneous, for he lives out of an eternity which includes all time. The cunning mind travels further back than Zoroaster each instant, and comes quite down to the present with its revelation. The utmost thrift and industry of thinking give no man any stock in life; his credit with the inner world is no better, his capital no larger. He must try his fortune again to-day as yesterday. All questions rely on the present for their solution. Time measures nothing but itself. The word that is written may be postponed, but not that on the lip. If this is what the occasion says, let the occasion say it. All the world is forward to prompt him who gets up to live without his creed in his pocket.





G.W.F. HEGEL

PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL

Thoreau's effort turned two tricks of interest. First, he espoused an attitude of turning away from creedal closedness, associating creedal closedness with immodesty and openness with modesty rather than vice versa and developing that attitude out of comments such as *Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros / Tollere de templis; et aperto vivere voto* which translates as "It's not easy to take murmurs and low whispers out of the temple and live with open vow." Second, Thoreau perversely insisted on translating *ex tempore* in its literal etymological sense "out of time" ignoring what had become the primary sense of the phrase: "haphazard," "improvised." Thoreau mobilized this phrase to summon people to live not in time but in eternity: "The life of a wise man is most of all extemporaneous, for he lives out of an eternity that includes all time. He is a child of each moment, and reflects wisdom.... He must try his fortune again to-day as yesterday. All questions rely on the present for their solution. Time measures nothing but itself. The word that is written may be postponed, but not that on the lip. If this is what the occasion says, let the occasion say it. From a real sympathy, all the world is forward to prompt him who gets up to live without his creed in his pocket." The force of the essay, then, was to provide Thoreau an opportunity to preach his own doctrines by satirizing a minor Roman satirist, and he admits as much: "As long as there is satire, the poet is, as it were, *particeps criminis*." Thoreau is of course that poet, that accessory to the crime.

Robert D. Richardson, Jr. points out that Thoreau ignored a trope in Persius that had been admired by [John Dryden](#), in order to do quite different things with this material:

With the cool effrontery of an Ezra Pound, Thoreau declares that there are perhaps twenty good lines in Persius, of permanent as opposed to historical interest. Ignoring the elegant shipwreck trope Dryden so admired in the sixth satire, Thoreau gives the main weight of his essay to a careful reading of seven of those lines. Two lines,

It is not easy for every one to take murmurs and low Whispers  
out of the temple -*et aperto vivere voto*- and live with open vow,

permit Thoreau to insist on the distinction between the "man of true religion" who finds his open temple in the whole universe, and the "jealous privacy" of those who try to "carry on a secret commerce with the gods" whose hiding place is in some building. The distinction is between the open religion of the fields and woods, and the secret, closed religion of the churches.

EZRA POUND





PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL

G.W.F. HEGEL

I would point out here that those who are familiar with the poetry of the West Coast poet of place, [Robinson Jeffers](#) (and I presume Richardson to be as innocent of knowledge of Jeffers as was Jeffers of knowledge of Thoreau), rather than see a linkage to the spirit of a poet who worshiped the Young Italy of [Benito Mussolini](#), will choose to perceive a more direct linkage to Jeffers's stance of "inhumanism." But to go on in Richardson's comment about the "Aulus Persius Flaccus" essay:

Thoreau's best point takes a rebuke from the third satire against the casual life, against living *ex tempore*, and neatly converts it into a Thoreauvian paradox. Taking *ex tempore* literally, Thoreau discards its sense of offhand improvisation and takes it as a summons to live outside time, to live more fully than our ordinary consciousness of chronological time permits.

The life of a wise man is most of all extemporaneous, for he lives out of an eternity which includes all time.

Interpreting Persius through the lens of Emerson's "History," Thoreau contends that

All questions rely on the present for their solution. Time measures nothing but itself.

Thoreau's Persius has gone beyond Stoicism to transcendentalism, insisting on open religious feelings as opposed to closed institutional dogmatic creeds, and on a passionate articulation of the absolute value of the present moment.

(Well, first we have Thoreau being like a later poet who was renowned for his personal as well as his political craziness, and then we have Thoreau being an [Emerson](#) impersonator, interpreting things through the lens of the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. That's about par for the course, on the Richardson agenda.)

This initial issue also contained some material from Charles Emerson:

The reason why Homer is to me like a dewy morning is because I too lived while Troy was, and sailed in the hollow ships of the Grecians to sack the devoted town. The rosy-fingered dawn as it crimsoned the tops of Ida, the broad seashore dotted with tents, the Trojan host in their painted armor, and the rushing chariots of Diomedes and Idomeneus, all these I too saw: my ghost animated the frame of some nameless Argive.... We forget that we have been drugged with the sleepy bowl of the Present. But when a lively chord in the soul is struck, when the windows for a moment are unbarred, the long and varied past is recovered. We recognize it all. We are no more brief, ignoble creatures; we seize our immortality, and bind together the related parts of our secular being.

— Notes from the Journal of a Scholar, The Dial, I, p. 14



**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

This initial issue also contained on page 123 the poem by [Ellen Sturgis Hooper](#) “I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty” from which [Thoreau](#) would quote a large part as the conclusion of his “House-Warming” chapter.<sup>6</sup>

**WALDEN:** The next winter I used a small cooking-stove for economy, since I did not own the forest; but it did not keep fire so well as the open fire-place. Cooking was then, for the most part, no longer a poetic, but merely a chemic process. It will soon be forgotten, in these days of stoves, that we used to roast potatoes in the ashes, after the Indian fashion. The stove not only took up room and scented the house, but it concealed the fire, and felt as if I had lost a companion. You can always see a face in the fire. The laborer, looking into it at evening, purifies his thoughts of the dross and earthiness which they have accumulated during the day. But I could no longer sit and look into the fire, and the pertinent words of a poet recurred to me with new force.-

**PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN**

“Never, bright flame, may be denied to me  
Thy dear, life imaging, close sympathy.  
What but my hopes shot upward e'er so bright?  
What by my fortunes sunk so low in night?  
Why art thou banished from our hearth and hall,  
Thou who art welcomed and beloved by all?  
Was thy existence then too fanciful  
For our life's common light, who are so dull?  
Did thy bright gleam mysterious converse hold  
With our congenial souls? secrets too bold?  
Well, we are safe and strong, for now we sit  
Beside a hearth where no dim shadows flit,  
Where nothing cheers nor saddens, but a fire  
Warms feet and hands – nor does to more aspire  
By whose compact utilitarian heap  
The present may sit down and go to sleep,  
Nor fear the ghosts who from the dim past walked,  
And with us by the unequal light of the old wood fire talked.”

Mrs. Hooper



**ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER**

6. Would she be married to Concord's Harry Hooper, and would he possibly be related to the signer of the [Declaration of Independence](#) who lived in the south after attending Boston's Latin School?



**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**

**G.W.F. HEGEL**

It is to be noted, as an exercise in becoming aware of how much our attitudes toward copyright have changed, that in the original edition the last line, indicating that the poem was by a Mrs. Hooper, did not appear.

The poem as it had been published in [THE DIAL](#) had been entitled “The Wood Fire.” It would appear that Thoreau had intended to quote even more of the poem, and that seven beginning lines had been suppressed in the process of shortening the [WALDEN](#) manuscript for publication:

**“When I am glad or gay,  
Let me walk forth into the brilliant sun,  
And with congenial rays be shone upon:  
When I am sad, or thought-bewitched would be,  
Let me glide forth in moonlight’s mystery.  
But never, while I live this changeful life,  
This Past and Future with all wonders rife,  
Never, bright flame, may be denied to me,  
Thy dear, life imaging, close sympathy.  
What but my hopes shot upward e’er so bright?  
What by my fortunes sunk so low in night?  
Why art thou banished from our hearth and hall,  
Thou who art welcomed and beloved by all?  
Was thy existence then too fanciful  
For our life’s common light, who are so dull?  
Did thy bright gleam mysterious converse hold  
With our congenial souls? secrets too bold?  
Well, we are safe and strong, for now we sit  
Beside a hearth where no dim shadows flit,  
Where nothing cheers nor saddens, but a fire  
Warms feet and hands – nor does to more aspire  
By whose compact utilitarian heap  
The present may sit down and go to sleep,  
Nor fear the ghosts who from the dim past walked,  
And with us by the unequal light of the old wood fire talked.”**



**G.W.F. HEGEL**

**PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL**



Thoreau's poem "Sympathy," or "To a gentle boy" also appeared in this 1st issue of [THE DIAL](#).

The title of the journal came from a phrase that Bronson Alcott had been planning to use for his next year's diary,

**DIAL ON TIME THINE OWN ETERNITY**

and the "dial" in question was a garden sundial.<sup>7</sup> For purposes of this publication Bronson strove to emulate the selections from his writings that [Waldo Emerson](#) had excerpted at the end of the small volume NATURE, attempted, that is, to cast his wisdom in the form of epigrams or "Orphic Sayings" which, even if they were unchewable, at least could be fitted into one's mouth. In the timeframe in which these were being created, Alcott was reading [Hesiod](#) (he had in his personal library HESIOD'S WORKS, TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK, BY MR. T[HOMAS] COOKE, SECOND EDITION, 1740), Dr. Henry More, the Reverend Professor Ralph Cudworth,



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Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. When these were finally published, they were the only transcendental material to appear in [THE DIAL](#), of 24 pieces, that would bear the full name of the author rather than be offered anonymously or bear merely the author's initials. It was as if the other transcendentalist writers associated with [THE DIAL](#) were saying to their readers, "Look, this is A. Bronson Alcott here, you've got to make allowances." Here is one of the easier and more pithy examples:

Prudence is the footprint of Wisdom.

Some of these things, however, ran on and on without making any sense at all, and here is one that was seized upon by the popular press and mocked as a "Gastric Saying":

The popular genesis is historical. It is written to sense not to the soul. Two principles, diverse and alien, interchange the Godhead and sway the world by turns. God is dual, Spirit is derivative. Identity halts in diversity. Unity is actual merely....

Well, I won't quote the whole thing. Was Alcott a disregarded Hegelian who had never heard of Hegel?

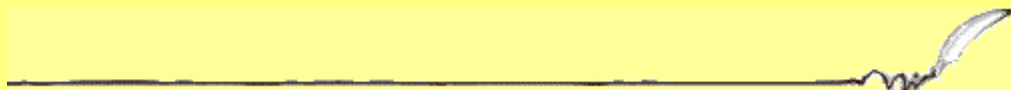
7. The name, of course, carried metaphysical freight. For instance, in his 1836 essay NATURE [Emerson](#) had quoted the following from Emmanuel Swedenborg — the Swedish religious mentor whom he would later characterize, in REPRESENTATIVE MEN, as the type of "the mystic":



The visible world and the relation of its parts, is the dial plate of the invisible.

And in December 1839, [Emerson](#) had written in his journal:

*I say how the world looks to me without reference to Blair's Rhetoric or Johnson's Lives. And I call my thoughts The Present Age, because I use no will in the matter, but honestly record such impressions as things make. So transform I myself into a Dial, and my shadow will tell where the sun is.*



HDT

WHAT?

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**Sophia Peabody (Hawthorne)'s Illustration for the 1st Edition of  
"To a Gentle Boy" in TWICE-TOLD TALES**



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G.W.F. HEGEL

Wouldn't this be a better world if [G.W.F. Hegel](#) also had been ignored? Go figure.<sup>8</sup>The initial issue included



Americans of Thoreau's day accepted as axiomatic the Lockean-Jeffersonian principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and Thoreau did not challenge this axiom. But he applied it in an unorthodox way. The unit that gives consent, he asserts, is not the majority but the individual. The reason, he explains, is that consent is a moral judgment, for which each individual is accountable to his own conscience. The majority, on the other hand, is not a **moral** entity and its right to rule not a moral entitlement. As Bronson Alcott, who set Thoreau the example of resistance to civil government, aptly put it, "In the theocracy of the soul majorities do not rule." The alleged right of the majority to rule, Thoreau declared, is based merely on the assumption that "they are physically the strongest."

a poem by Christopher Pearse Cranch, "To the [Aurora Borealis](#)":

Arctic fount of holiest light,  
Springing through the winter night,  
Spreading far behind yon hill,  
When the earth lies dark and still,  
Rippling o'er the stars, as streams  
O'er pebbled beds in sunny gleams;  
O for names, thou vision fair,  
To express thy splendours rare!

Blush upon the cheek of night,  
Posthumous, unearthly light,  
Dream of the deep sunken sun,  
Beautiful, sleep-walking one,  
Sister of the moonlight pale,  
Star-obscuring meteor veil,  
Spread by heaven's watching vestals;  
Sender of the gleamy crystals  
Darting on their arrowy course

From their glittering polar source,  
Upward where the air doth freeze  
Round the sister Pleiades;--

Beautiful and rare Aurora,  
In the heavens thou art their Flora,  
Night-blooming Cereus of the sky,  
Rose of amaranthine dye,  
Hyacinth of purple light,  
Or their Lily clad in white!

Who can name thy wondrous essence,  
Thou electric phosphorescence?  
Lonely apparition fire!  
Seeker of the starry choir!  
Restless roamer of the sky,  
Who hath won thy mystery?

8. July 1840, [The Dial](#), "Orphic Sayings," xvii.



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Mortal science hath not ran  
With thee through the Empyrean,  
Where the constellations cluster  
Flower-like on thy branching lustre.

After all the glare and toil,  
And the daylight's fretful coil,  
Thou dost come so milt and still,  
Hearts with love and peace to fill;  
As when after revelry  
With a talking company,  
Where the blaze of many lights  
Fell on fools and parasites,  
One by one the guests have gone,  
And we find ourselves alone;  
Only one sweet maiden near,  
With a sweet voice low and clear,  
Whispering music in our ear,--  
So thou talkest to the earth  
After daylight's weary mirth.  
Is not human fantasy,  
Wild Aurora, likest thee,  
Blossoming in nightly dreams,  
Like thy shifting meteor-gleams?

[Thoreau](#)'s own copy of this issue of [THE DIAL](#) is now at Southern Illinois University. It exhibits his subsequent pencil corrections.



PROFESSOR G.W.F. HEGEL

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## Aulus Persius Flaccus

If you have imagined what a divine work is spread out for the poet, and approach this author too, in the hope of finding the field at length fairly entered on, you will hardly dissent from the words of the prologue,

“Ipse semipaganus  
Ad sacra Vatum carmen affero nostrum.”

Here is none of the interior dignity of Virgil, nor the elegance and fire of Horace, nor will any Sibyl be needed to remind you, that from those older Greek poets, there is a sad descent to Persius. Scarcely can you distinguish one harmonious sound, amid this unmusical bickering with the follies of men.

One sees how music has its place in thought, but hardly as yet in language. When the Muse arrives, we wait for her to remould language, and impart to it her own rhythm. Hitherto the verse groans and labors with its load, but goes not forward blithely, singing by the way. The best ode may be parodied, indeed is itself a parody, and has a poor and trivial sound, like a man stepping on the rounds of a ladder. Homer, and Shakspeare, and Milton, and Marvel, and Wordsworth, are but the rustling of leaves and crackling of twigs in the forest, and not yet the sound of any bird. The Muse has never lifted up her voice to sing. Most of all satire will not be sung. A Juvenal or Persius do not marry music to their verse, but are measured faultfinders at best; stand but just outside the faults they condemn, and so are concerned rather about the monster they have escaped, than the fair prospect before them. Let them live on an age, not a secular one, and they will have travelled out of his shadow and harm's way, and found other objects to ponder.

As long as there is ~~nature~~, the poet is, as it were, *particeps criminis*. One sees not but he had best let bad take care of itself, and have to do only with what is beyond suspicion. If you light on the least vestige of truth, and it is the weight of the whole body still which stamps the faintest trace, an eternity will not suffice to extol it, while no evil is so huge, but you grudge to bestow on it a moment of hate. Truth never turns to rebuke falsehood; her own straightforwardness is the severest correction. Horace would not have written satire so well, if he had not been inspired by it, as by a passion, and fondly cherished his vein. In his odes, the love always exceeds the hate, so that the severest satire still sings itself, and the poet is satisfied, though the folly be not corrected.

A sort of necessary order in the development of Genius is, first, Complaint; second, Plaint; third, Love. Complaint, which is the condition of Persius, lies not in the province of poetry. Ere long the enjoyment of a superior good would have changed his disgust into regret. We can never have much sympathy with the complainer; for after searching nature through, we conclude he must be both plaintiff and defendant too, and so had best come to a settlement without a hearing.

[“nature” should  
read “satire”]



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I know not but it would be truer to say, that the highest strain of the muse is essentially plaintive. The saint's are still *tears* of joy.

But the divinest poem, or the life of a great man, is the severest satire; as impersonal as nature herself, and like the sighs of her winds in the woods, which convey ever a slight reproof to the hearer. The greater the genius, the keener the edge of the satire.

Hence have we to do only with the rare and fragmentary traits, which least belong to Persius, or, rather, are the properest utterance of his muse; since that which he says best at any time is what he can best say at all times. The Spectators and Ramblers have not failed to cull some quotable sentences from this garden too, so pleasant is it to meet even the most familiar truths in a new dress, when, if our neighbor had said it, we should have passed it by as hackneyed. Out of these six satires, you may perhaps select some twenty lines, which fit so well as many thoughts, that they will recur to the scholar almost as readily as a natural image; though when translated into familiar language, they lose that insular emphasis, which fitted them for quotation. Such lines as the following no translation can render commonplace. Contrasting the man of true religion with those, that, with jealous privacy, would fain carry on a secret commerce with the gods, he says, —

“Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque  
Tollere susurros de templis; et aperto vivere voto.”

To the virtuous man, the universe is the only sanctum sanctorum, and the penetralia of the temple are the broad noon of his existence. Why should he betake himself to a subterranean crypt, as if it were the only holy ground in all the world he had left unprofaned? The obedient soul would only the more discover and familiarize things, and escape more and more into light and air, as having henceforth done with secrecy, so that the universe shall not seem open enough for it. At length, is it neglectful even of that silence which is consistent with true modesty, but by its independence of all confidence in its disclosures, makes that which it imparts so private to the hearer, that it becomes the care of the whole world that modesty be not infringed.

To the man who cherishes a secret in his breast, there is a still greater secret unexplored. Our most indifferent acts may be matter for secrecy, but whatever we do with the utmost truthfulness and integrity, by virtue of its pureness, must be transparent as light.

In the third satire he asks,

“Est aliquid quò tendis, et in quod dirigis arcum?  
An passim sequeris corvos, testâve, lutove,  
Securus quò per ferat, atque ex tempore vivis?”

Language seems to have justice done it, but is obviously cramped and narrowed in its significance, when any meanness is described. The truest construction is not put upon it. What may readily be fashioned into a rule of wisdom, is here thrown in



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the teeth of the sluggard, and constitutes the front of his offence. Universally, the innocent man will come forth from the sharpest inquisition and lecturings, the combined din of reproof and commendation, with a faint sound of eulogy in his ears. Our vices lie ever in the direction of our virtues, and in their best estate are but plausible imitations of the latter. Falsehood never attains to the dignity of entire falseness, but is only an inferior sort of truth; if it were more thoroughly false, it would incur danger of becoming true.

“Securus quò pes ferat, atque ex tempore *vivit*,

is then the motto of a wise man. For first, as the subtle discernment of the language would have taught us, with all his negligence he is still secure; but the sluggard, notwithstanding his heedlessness, is insecure.

The life of a wise man is most of all extemporaneous, for he lives out of an eternity that includes all time. He is a child each moment and reflects wisdom. The far darting thought of the child's mind carries not for the development of manhood; it lightens itself, and needs not draw down lightning from the clouds. When we bask in a single ray from the mind of Zoroaster, we see how all subsequent time has been an idler, and has no apology for itself. But the cunning mind travels farther back than Zoroaster each instant, and comes quite down to the present with its revelation. All the thrift and industry of thinking give no man any stock in life; his credit with the inner world is no better, his capital no larger. He must try his fortune again today as yesterday. All questions rely on the present for their solution. Time measures nothing but itself: The word that is written may be postponed, but not that on the life. If this is what the occasion says, let the occasion say it. From a real sympathy, all the world is forward to prompt him who gets up to live without his creed in his pocket.

In the fifth satire, which is the best, I find,

“Stat contrà ratio, et recretam garrit in aurem.  
Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiabit agendo.”

Only they who do not see how anything might be better done are forward to try their hand on it. Even the master workman must be encouraged by the reflection, that his awkwardness will be incompetent to do that harm, to which his skill may fail to do justice. Here is no apology for neglecting to do many things from a sense of our incapacity, – for what deed does not fall maimed and imperfect from our hands? – but only a warning to bungle less.

The satires of Persius are the farthest possible from inspired; evidently a chosen, not imposed subject. Perhaps I have given him credit for more earnestness than is apparent; but certain it is, that that which alone we can call Persius, which is forever independent and consistent, was in earnest, and so sanctions the sober consideration of all. The artist and his work are not to be separated. The most wilfully foolish man cannot stand aloof from his folly, but the deed and the doer



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together make ever one sober fact. The buffoon may not bribe you to laugh always at his grimaces; they shall sculpture themselves in Egyptian granite, to stand heavy as the pyramids on the ground of his character.

T.



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1842

In New-York, the Hecker bakery had returned sufficient capital for the elder brothers [John](#) and [George](#) of [Isaac Hecker](#) to expand from baking into milling.<sup>9</sup> They named their company the Croton Flour Mill. The youngest of the brothers, [Isaac](#), began to avidly consume the theoretical speculations in the Reverend [Orestes Augustus Brownson](#)'s [Boston Quarterly Review](#). Brownson was aware that Hecker spoke German at home, and recommended [Immanuel Kant](#), Johann Gottlieb Fichte, and [G.W.F. Hegel](#). The young man, ill prepared for this sort of reading, became confused and fell into skepticism. At the time Brownson was having his own problems of confusion and skepticism in regard to issues of pantheism and of epistemological subjectivism, and was taking an ill considered resource in the synthetic philosophy of Leroux's *L'HUMANITE*, which offered to him that the problems of human society could only be approached by hoping for particular Divine interventions in the course of history, and really was not of much help to Hecker. Basically, Brownson's problems were social and intellectual, Hecker's personal and emotional, or rather, Brownson's problems were problems of positioning, Hecker's of survival. —Which is not to say that Brownson was not also suffering from clinical depression, or from physical illness. Before the Reverend's conversion to Catholicism, he had been taking a view of New England history and its role similar to that of the historian George Bancroft, although with what one of the commentators has referred to as “a proto-Marxist twist.” His conversion experience of this year would quite invert that earlier structure, and the rise to liberalism in religion would come to be viewed by him as a lapse into divisiveness and impiety.

9. This firm would pioneer a new type of product, self-raising flour, pending introduction of single-acting baking powder (a combination of baking soda and cream of tartar) as a separate commodity. (What we know today as “double-acting” baking powder would not be readily available as a substitute for yeast until midcentury.)



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**1847**



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Fall: [Brook Farm](#) was officially disbanded:



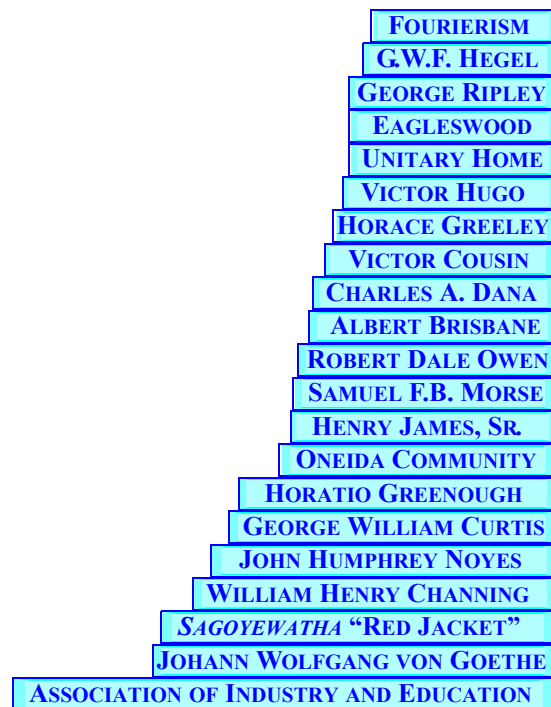
When the Brook Farmers disbanded, in the autumn of 1847, a number of the brightest spirits settled in New York, where The Tribune, Horace Greeley's paper, welcomed their ideas and gladly made room on its staff for George Ripley, their founder. New York in the middle of the nineteenth century, almost as much perhaps as Boston, bubbled with movements of reform, with the notions of the spiritualists, the phrenologists, the mesmerists and what not, and the Fourierists especially had found a forum there for discussions of "attractational harmony" and "passional hygiene." It was the New Yorker Albert Brisbane who had met the master himself in Paris, where Fourier was working as a clerk with an American firm, and paid him for expounding his system in regular lessons. Then Brisbane in turn converted Greeley and the new ideas had reached Brook Farm, where the members transformed the society into a Fourierist phalanx. The Tribune had played a decisive part in this as in other intellectual matters, for Greeley was unique among editors in his literary flair. Some years before, Margaret Fuller had come to New York to write for him, and among the Brook Farmers on his staff, along with "Archon" Ripley, were George William Curtis and Dana, the founder of The Sun.... The socialistic [William Henry] Channing was a nephew of the great Boston divine who had also preached and lectured in New York, while Henry James [Senior], a Swedenborgian, agreed with the Fourierists too and regarded all passions and attractions as a species of duty. As for the still youthful Brisbane, who had toured Europe with his tutor, studying not only with Fourier but with Hegel in Berlin, he had mastered animal magnetism to the point where he could strike a light merely by rubbing his fingers over the gas-jet. The son of a magnate of upper New York, he had gone abroad at nineteen, with the sense of a certain injustice in his unearned wealth, and he had been everywhere received like a bright young travelling prince in Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Constantinople. He had studied philosophy, music and art and learned to speak in Turkish, —the language of Fourier's capital of the future world,— driving over Italy with S.F.B. Morse and Horatio Greenough and sitting at the feet of Victor Cousin also. He met and talked with Goethe, Heine, Balzac, Lamennais and Victor Hugo, reading Fourier for many weeks with Rahel Varnhagen von Ense, whom he had inspired with a passion for the "wonderful plan." He had a strong feeling for craftsmanship, for he had watched the village blacksmith along with the carpenter and the saddler when he was a boy, so that he was prepared for these notions of attractive labor, while he had been struck by the chief Red Jacket, who had visited the village, surrounded by white admirers and remnants of his tribe. In this so-called barbarian he had witnessed aptitudes that impressed him with the powers and capacities of the natural man, and he had long since set out to preach the gospel of social reorganization that Fourier had explained to him in Paris.



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At Robert Owen's "World Convention," held in New York in 1845, many of the reformers' programmes had found expression, and, since then, currents of affinity had spread from the Unitary Home to the Oneida Community and the Phalanx at Red Bank. The Unitary Home, a group of houses on East 14th Street, with communal parlours and kitchens, was an urban Brook Farm, where temperance reform and woman's rights were leading themes of conversation and John Humphrey Noyes of Oneida was a frequent guest.



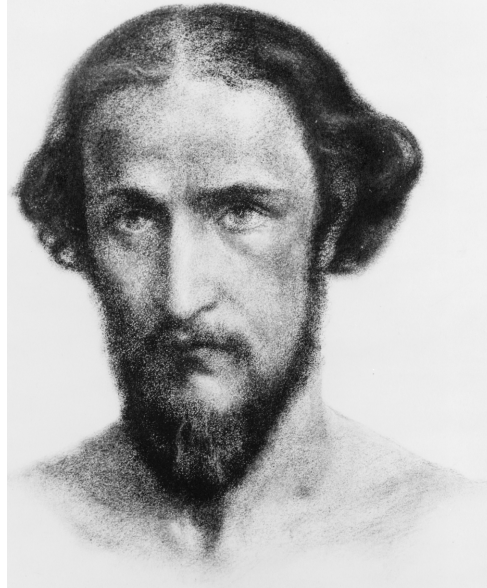


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**1855**

January: [William James Stillman](#) began The Crayon, a heavily theory-oriented journal devoted to the graphic arts and



the literature related to them, to champion in America the aesthetic theories of the English art critic John Ruskin. This publication would attempt to oppose not only the aesthetics of Frederic Edwin Church but also those of Church's teacher Thomas Cole. It would characterize the "Voyage of Life" series of paintings as bad landscapes, "false, artificial, and conventional," and as not being "faithful" studies of "Nature," as failing to be suitably "reverent toward those truths which it is made the duty of the landscape-painter to tell us." (Then, in 1859 when sections of *AESTHETIK* were translated into English, this journal would go [Hegelian](#) in a big way, embracing a new doctrine known as "subjective idealism.")

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**1859**

Sections of [G.W.F. Hegel](#)'s *AESTHETIK* were translated into English. The heavily theory-oriented art journal which had been founded in 1855 by [William James Stillman](#) to champion in America the aesthetic theories of the English art critic John Ruskin in opposition to those of Frederic Edwin Church and his teacher Thomas Cole, [The Crayon](#), embraced the doctrine of "subjective idealism."



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**1890**

The substance of Reverend [Francis Ellingwood Abbot](#)'s lectures in Philosophy at [Harvard University](#) was published as THE WAY OUT OF AGNOSTICISM, OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF FREE RELIGION in two editions by Little, Brown & Company of Boston. This caused Professor [Josiah Royce](#) to set out to destroy the Reverend's "philosophical pretensions" — it seems temporary teacher Abbot had been so remiss as to somewhat misunderstand [G.W.F. Hegel](#)! Professor Royce, on the other hand, was a true academic philosopher, for he knew that reality was due to the existence of an absolute mind. We can know a truth beyond ourselves only when we fashion ourselves as a part of this world-mind. He had achieved this, substitute teacher Abbot had not. Although science depends on description, appreciation must precede description and consequently our moral ideals must be deeper than the mere mechanism of our science. The natural order of the world must be first and foremost a moral order, or it cannot be a natural order. Our ethical obligation is to the moral order, and takes the form of loyalty to the great community of all individuals. Therefore Professor Royce is better than anybody else and you should do as you are told.

(Well, at least that was the way Professor Royce thought things went down, or the way things should go down.)

**“NARRATIVE HISTORY” IS FABULATION, HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY**



**G.W.F. HEGEL**

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"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

- Remark by character "Garin Stevens"  
in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST



Prepared: January 7, 2014



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# *ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT*

## *GENERATION HOTLINE*



This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.



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Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

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