

George Cabot Lodge (1873-1909)

published in *Encyclopedia of American Poetry: The Nineteenth Century*.

Eric L. Haralson and John Hollander, eds. Chicago: Fitzroy Dearborn Publishers, 1998.

Contemporary scholars of American literature have recently been expending enormous amounts of energy rediscovering, rereading, and reevaluating men and women who have, in the process of establishing a canon for the academy, been marginalized or excluded from that canon. Writers are commended to our attention for a number of reasons. Some were popular in their day; they did at one time speak to an audience about things that mattered. Others never found their audience, but still spoke words that are important for their attempts or for their historical significance. Such a man is George Cabot Lodge.

Born at Nahant, Massachusetts, to Anna Cabot Mills and Henry Cabot Lodge on October 10, 1873, Lodge moved to Washington D.C. in 1887, the year after his father was elected to Congress. He entered Harvard in 1891, and published his first poem in the *Harvard Monthly* the year he was graduated. He immediately moved to Paris, where he studied French literature at the Sorbonne. After a year, Lodge moved to Berlin to study German philosophy. This venture, too, was short-lived. He returned to the United States in 1897 and became his father's private secretary. Through this position he came into contact with some of his father's friends that would serve him in good stead, including Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Adams. His father agreed to fund the publication of Lodge's first book of poetry, *The Song of the Wave and Other Poems*, in 1898, while Lodge served in the Spanish-American War as a gunnery officer aboard the *Dixie*, a ship captained by his uncle.

At this time, Lodge began to develop a theory of aesthetics and morality that reacted strongly to the Social Darwinism he saw in the culture around him. This theory, which he called Conservative Christian Anarchy, is seen in his poetry, especially when he writes about the status

of the poet in society. For Lodge, the poet, or the Anarchist, must revolt against society and eventually be crushed by it. Through this seemingly futile process he may perhaps serve as a clarion call to other men willing to stand out against society and call these men to full humanity. These elite would then, in turn, create a new society, founded on the idea of the self found in Whitman and the American Transcendentalists. The degeneration of the human race would therefore be halted through this idea of the importance of and rejoicing in the individual self.

Lodge married Elizabeth Freylinghuysen Davis in 1900. Their first child, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., was born in 1902. That same year saw the publication of Lodge's second volume of poetry, *Poems (1899-1902)*. His second son, John David Lodge, was born in 1903. Lodge's verse drama *Cain: A Drama* was published in 1904. *The Great Adventure*, his third volume of poetry, was published the following year. 1908 was a very good year for Lodge. *Herakles*, another verse drama and his most powerful work, was published. He was also elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. However, Lodge died of heart failure on August 21, 1909. At the time of his death, he was working on *The Soul's Inheritance and Other Poems*. This volume was published posthumously in 1909. His collected works, *Poems and Dramas of George Cabot Lodge*, was published in 1911.

Lodge never enjoyed a great following throughout his life, and his slight popularity waned after his death. However, a few members of the literati did admire his verse. Henry James respected his work. Edith Wharton was moved by his death to write a remembrance of him. Henry Adams published his biography. And of course, his good friend Trumbull Stickney appreciated his talents. It is within the context of these relationships that scholars have addressed Lodge's poetry.

While at Harvard, Lodge met Trumbull Stickney, who became his closest friend. Upon Stickney's death in 1904, Lodge collaborated with William Vaughan Moody in editing Stickney's collected poetry.

Although their editorial relationship was tempestuous to say the least, critics have addressed these three men together as inheritors of “the genteel tradition,” or as “The Harvard Poets.” The latter grouping sometimes includes George Santayana, one of Lodge’s philosophy professors at the college.

Lodge can be seen as one of the liminal figures in American literature. He sits in the trough of two waves, too early for one and too late for another. Lodge wrote at the tail end of the Romantic tradition, attempting to rebel against it. His poetry also shows some primitive attempts to achieve a clarity of the poetic image akin to that later propounded by T.E. Hulme. In many poems, precise images about ethereal “poetic” diction. This Janus-like disposition makes it difficult to categorize his poetry.

Lodge’s first poem in the Library of America collection, section I of “Tuckanuck,” introduces the themes that interested him throughout his short career. This poem is taken from his first volume, *The Song of the Wave and Other Poems*. Tuckanuck, or Tuckernuck, is a small island off the coast of Nantucket. William Sturgis Bigelow, Lodge’s father’s oldest friend, owned a retreat there, and it was Lodge’s custom to spend his summers there. In this males-only setting, drinking fine wines and dining as an epicurean, attended to by a staff of servants, Lodge learned of and assented to a schizophrenic Buddhism brought back from the Orient by Bigelow. The tension between the pantheism of the sonnet’s second quatrain and the recognition of the *maya* of the world in its final couplet demonstrates the stress not only of the paradoxical life on Tuckernuck, but also of the commingling of Eastern and Western worlds.

The persona places himself on the beach at Tuckernuck in the first quatrain. He has already accepted the Buddhist life of the overcoming of the Will, and is “content to live the patient day.” The “wind sea-laden,” with its inversion, the “glittering gold of naked sand,” and “The eternity of blue sea” are fine examples of the poetic rhetoric

that clings to Lodge's verse. They are all nebulous enough to say nothing. The verbs in this quatrain are weak, conjuring up the image of a languorous afternoon wherein the persona does not act, but merely observes nature acting around him.

The second quatrain extrapolates from this situation, creating a grand cosmic scheme from this little piece of nature. The persona moves beyond himself, taking the reader into his confidence, and offering a way of life that hardly seems justified by the inactivity of the first quatrain. Again, the verbs show a denial of motion. Humanity has "no need to pray," for the "holy voices of the sea and air" do that for us in their sacramentality. But are these things real? The prayer they speak is a dream. Indeed, all of nature now dreams. This is an interesting turn on the Buddhist belief that the earth is an illusory world, or *maya*, that must be lived in but never engaged. Here the persona does not rise above the world, seeing it as a dream; the world itself dreams away its tears. Humanity is bound to no religious duty, because the world does it for us. However, this is done in a dream of the world, so it is not really done at all. Again, the abnegation of responsibility results in an even greater inactivity.

The persona and reader move toward activity in the third quatrain, but Lodge's imprecise images quickly stop any movement. The persona and reader "row across the water's fluent gold." But the reader is stopped short in the next line, for this "age" that "seems blessed" is problematic. Is it the age we live in? Is it the old age of the person and reader? Or perhaps the old age of the world, mentioned later in the line? The impreciseness of Lodge's images leaves the reader, like the persona, at sea. Even the next action, the taking "from Nature's open palm" is mitigated; we do not grab forcefully but take "softly."

In the sextet, the persona and reader are subsumed into the activity of the earth. We "dream an Eastern dream," which is punctuated by the cries of the homing gulls. The ambiguity of this

image leaves the couplet, and the poem, open to a myriad of interpretations. Do we dream, as Lodge did, of Buddhism filtered through the Western philosophical tradition, namely Schopenhauer? Arguments can be made for many readings, but none of them is wholly adequate. What we end with is Lodge's announcement that he is to be a poet of ideas, not images.

The other three sections of "Tuckanuck" continue in this vein. They owe a philosophical debt not only to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, but also to sources as disparate as Plato's *Republic*, St. Augustine of Hippo, and the medieval Scholastic philosophers. None of these poems are inherently satisfying, for they do not cohere into a unit. Rather, they are like four variations upon a theme which appears too large for them to handle. Lodge attempts to address the passage of time and eternity while clinging to an idea of the cyclical nature of time. He also concerns himself with the transmigration of souls, the dream of earthly existence, and the *ubi sunt topos* of the Germanic/Old English tradition.

The conventions of his forbearers are present in this poem, but there is also something new, something undeveloped and inchoate. Lodge's integration of *fin-du-siecle* philosophies, coupled with his rather ambitious themes must make us realize that he was a poet with promise. We must remember that we are looking at the apprentice-work of a man who barely outlived his apprenticeship. As his career progressed, Lodge moved toward a fuller realization of these themes. Unfortunately, his images and emotionalism, at least in this poem, get in the way of his thematic material.

"Pastoral" comes from the same volume of verse. In fact, it follows immediately upon "Tuckanuck." Again, we have a rather somber meditation, as if Lodge is playing with the form of the pastoral. We rightly expect simplicity of thought and action in a rustic setting. What we read, however, is a deep meditation on the vagaries of human existence, and a longing for passage to another plane of existence.

Lodge's play with musical imagery is handled well, and the paradox of the music of silence in this setting is especially fine. But again the syntax is convoluted, as if Lodge has to pack his sentences with so much meaning that they get in his way.

The first sentence speaks of the setting, claiming for it restorative powers for the soul. The next sentence paints a picture of earthly existence that is unremittingly pessimistic. But these trials of life do not intrude on this setting. This sentence contains two images that, though vague, are nonetheless arresting. The men who "are quenched like dewdrops in the sun," continuing as it does the water imagery, creates a nice unexpected use of the dewdrop image. It is this use, against all the poetical connotations of the dewdrop, that points to Lodge's unremittingly pessimistic turn of mind. Instead of weakening the force of the pessimism of the line, it incorporates even those epiphanies of nature that are commonly assumed to be positive in this gloomy world-view. The next line, with its "haggard women" who "reach to God and weep" plays upon the lamentation tradition with an unusual force.

Lodge continues with a catalog of earthly frustrations, of projects ending badly or left abandoned, that are the rewards of this existence. The poem claims that these are given by the world to "grace the splendid hope our youth imbued." On this image the poem turns upon itself, and becomes not the standard bucolic fare, but the exploration of an indifferent universe and this sylvan glade's participation in that universe. It is as if the poet holds out hope to his reader through the first half of the poem, presenting a harbor from the storms of existence. But he then shows that there is no safe haven in this life, even if it may at first glance appear so.

What does remain for humanity is to move forward to death, to the extinguishing of the soul. Only then shall we experience the full harmony of life. Lodge's concluding sentence is mature enough to acknowledge that earthly pain somehow participates in and enhances

otherworldly music, like the trace metals necessary for the forging of a brass bell. He touches here upon large ideas. It is not difficult to trace his ideas to the pessimistic philosophies in the air at the time, but Lodge's allusion to the Pythagorean notion of the soul's communion in the afterlife with a force larger than itself shows a sophistication of thought that bodes well for his further poetry.

The next poem in this volume is "Fall." Again, Lodge attempts to be a nature poet, and nature calls him beyond his putative subject to more human themes. The imagery of the opening sentence is common enough, but once again Lodge attacks a grander theme. This is evidenced in the plea to the reader that is couched in this sentence. The persona tells the reader to "be content," for "Thy heart can ask no more" than the image of autumn framed by their shared door. This framing device neatly calls to mind Lodge's concern for the ordering of nature through art. What the reader and the persona perceive of nature is constrained by humanity's creations. Even the light that spans the world is constrained by the roof and floor of their dwelling.

This limiting is a reciprocal relationship between nature and artifice. It is carried on in the next sentence, for the persona speaks not of the pine trees, but of the "horizon of the pines." This horizon "holds our world within its shadowy shore," for nature both bounds and is bound by humanity's creations. This paradoxical connection between humanity and nature must have some object to filter itself through. Humanity perceives nature through the figure in the doorway, the liminal figure of beauty. Beauty participates in both the creations of humanity and in the creations of nature. But it is only humanity who must come to nature through beauty. Nature is self-contained; she has no need to enter the dwellings of this species. But humanity must move outward, beyond what it has developed, and, for Lodge, this process involves moving through beauty.

Instead of taking that step across the threshold, Lodge presents an allusion to John Donne's "The Good Morrow," with "Thine eyes in mine!" This opens up the possibility for the experience of beauty without venturing into nature. We must see the reader's eye as a doorway akin to the doorway onto nature. In both cases, beauty sits on the threshold, and is always a part of the experience of forward movement. The movement into nature is aligned with the movement into another person; both yield the same results. This image is immediately followed by more images of nature. These images explore the cyclical character of the natural world. The unrelenting motion of time is essential to the death and rebirth of the world. But Lodge and the reader "need not fear / The ceaseless pageantry of death and birth," for they have stopped time for themselves.

Lodge then begins to unpack his allusion to Donne. Donne's conceit was to create two hemispheres of the lovers' eyes. These hemispheres were "Without sharp north, without declining west" (18). The lovers, then, possessed a love without decay, without diminution. Their love will enable them to live forever, for they are mixed perfectly, possessing the quintessence of love. Lodge ignores an ironic reading of this poem, choosing only to handle the conceit as it stands, without wordplay and sexual innuendo. He buries a reference to "The Sun Rising," Donne's companion poem to "The Good Morrow." Lodge and the reader have tasted perfection (which is only possible if time does not move), even "if tomorrow's sun / Should find us fallen with the summer's rose." For Lodge, the gaze can encase moments in eternity. It does not stop time, but rather moves ahead of it. The persona and reader have touched the *Ipsam Esse*, Being Itself. In the Western philosophical tradition, this is communion with the Godhead after death. But Lodge, influenced by the East, proclaims it "the soul's oblivion." This moment of transcendence perfects all of life and death, those movements which the reader and persona have been able to move beyond. The pains of

earthly existence are transformed into art through this foretaste of the soul's rest. In the midst of this reverie, nature and time continue apace. Flowers bloom, the dawn gives way to morning (and eventual nightfall), and the season attacks both nature and humanity in its relentless pursuit.

Lodge is not concerned with the traditional form of the pastoral in this poem, but this does not mean that he is uninterested in established models. He shows a predilection for old forms in his poetry, as evidenced by the inclusion of forty-four sonnets in the seventy poems of *The Song of the Wave and Other Poems*. "On An Aeolian Harp" is a representative sample of Lodge's work in this form. It is also fairly typical of his thoughts on the crafting of poetry. The octave describes the harp, historically a symbol of the poet's art. The sextet addresses the motivation for or subject matter of the songs that it produces. The first quatrain describes the sound of the harp, the proper presentation of poetry. Lodge infuses his description with melancholia, as if the harp only played in minor keys. For Lodge, poetry should be "wild," "strange," and "touched." These three descriptors are all connected to some sort of loss or diminishment, some form of pain or suffering. This quatrain describes the life of humanity in dolorous tones.

The second quatrain moves beyond humanity, to something larger than mere mortality. Again, the picture of life is dour, with its "world-wide monotones that toll." It is also ununderstandable, for life's "solution" lies "past the mind's control." The traditional juxtaposition of head and heart is abandoned, however, for the heart is also too full of misery to grapple with the problems of existence. Lodge once again expresses his debt to Schopenhauer's pessimism, although he does not go so far as to advocate the subjection of the personal Will and the acquiescence to the Universal Will. This Universal Will may not even be, as it is for Schopenhauer, a blind striving force. For Lodge, it may even be

malevolent toward humanity. Certainly something should be held accountable for the suffering that Lodge wallows in.

The sextet offers a solution to our quandary. What is it that makes life so rough? It is our memory. Perhaps influenced by Santayana's thoughts on memory, Lodge holds this faculty as the cause for humanity's woes. It is memory that creates the minor key of the harp. A reader cannot help but recall Gustav Mueller's idea of the "golden haze of memory" as an aesthetic principle when reading this sextet. It is as if all the sorrows of the past must be recounted and relived in the present through this faculty. But poetry allows us some hope in the midst of this despair. We possess a sense of memory deeper than memory of our own lives. The sad "lapsing chords" of the harp call forth a more primitive memory, that "Of other lives, like some unceasing dream." This progression of life to life, filled with forgetfulness than can only be overcome through the music of the harp, is another of Lodge's amalgams of Platonic notions, Schopenhauer, and Buddhism. The transmigration of souls, as discussed above, is a notion as old as Plato. It is also a basic tenet of the Buddhist faith. But the Buddhists go beyond Plato when they claim that earthly existence is merely a dream. Schopenhauer himself explains this point:

...theism looks upon the material world as absolutely real, and regards life as a pleasant gift bestowed on us. On the other hand, the fundamental characteristics of the Brahman and Buddhist religions are idealism and pessimism which look upon the existence of the world as in the nature of a dream,... ("The Christian System" in *The Will To Live*, 315)

Lodge offers, then, a way above the misery of the earth, a way steeped in Eastern mysticism and pessimistic philosophy. It is important that he chooses to do so through the vehicle or image of music, for this

outlines one further debt to Schopenhauer. The German's aesthetics call for a definition of art that is not concerned with action, but with Will less perception. The world is seen in abstraction from the desires and anxieties that go with humanity's normal perception of it. Therefore, aesthetic knowledge is greater than any other knowledge, because it knows in a disinterested way, in a way around the Universal Will. All art is this way except music. Music expresses the Will itself, directly and immediately. Music is closest to the ultimate, unmediated reality which humanity bears within itself. It speaks an imageless language that we all share. The creations of Schopenhauer's artists are akin to the human language, where something created points to something else created or uncreated. But Schopenhauer's music likens itself to God's creating, a direct experience of reality which is unmediated by language.

Lodge advocates this Will-less perception. Like the Buddhist, we must remove ourselves from the desires and anxieties of the world. Music allows humanity to do so, for it expresses the Will directly. But even music is tainted with the sorrow of past experiences. For Schopenhauer and Lodge, music is an aid to a state of enlightenment, for it enables the self to view life as a dream. Therefore, life's petty indignities and failures, sorrows and setbacks, are all of no consequence, no matter how our memory presents them to us.

Lodge's second volume, *Poems 1899-1902*, was received, as was his first, tepidly by the critics. The general consensus was that Lodge did not address the shortcomings of his first volume, those of insubstantial images and ideas too big for his forms. Again, most agreed that the poems showed promise, but the foretaste of great poetry is less to be forgiven in a second book than in a first. In this collection Lodge began to extend his range, writing many longer poems in Whitmanesque rhythm and structure. He also produced a few odes for this volume, showing again his interest in traditional forms. He once again relied on the sonnet

form, including twenty-two in the fifty poems he collected. From this volume we have his “Sonnet: Strong saturation of sea. . .”

In this poem Lodge moves away from a meditation upon the human condition, and, in a surely more mature vein, personalizes the experience of the poem. He writes not of the human condition, but of his own plight. At once, we can see the power that this brings to his verse. However, he has not become a cheerier poet. The first quatrain impugns the pain of existence even to nature, for the sea moans its “litanies of pain.” Instead of concretizing this image, Lodge loses hold of it when he describes it as “the music of a wild refrain / Heard thro’ the midnight of a feudal town!” There are too many questions to ask of this nebulous description to pin it down. It does give some shape to the pain of the sea, but means little because it can mean so many things. Again Lodge’s ideas are too big for the words that seek to contain them. The second quatrain continues in this vein, for it too is fraught with images that, when pressed upon, yield nothing. The images of nightfall are pedestrian, save for the fine oxymoron where the “evening lights intensely wane.”

The sextet takes this vague pain of the earth and personalizes it. Lodge places the persona at the mercy of the pain of natural existence, which creates a “formless fear” in his mind. His thoughts return to one of Lodge’s favorite themes, the passage of time into eternity. The guarded optimism of “On An Aeolian Harp,” where what has been past can be redeemed through Will-less perception, is lost here. Even memory cannot retrieve the “life’s lost, irrevocable hours”; there is no salve for this wound. The mind of the persona is as roiled as the sea, and in this Lodge raises the entire octave to the position of a psychomachic image. This allows us to read the “litanies of pain” and the intense waning of the lights as Lodge’s “passionate fancies of a formless fear.” The pain of existence is not to be avoided, for the pain of the earth is the pain of the poet. Here we see Lodge’s Conservative Christian Anarchy at work.

Christ-like, the poet must take upon himself this pain, and bear it in hopes of creating a new human order.

This creation of a new human order, the ultimate goal of Conservative Christian Anarchy, is brought out more forcefully in Lodge's verse dramas. Both *Cain: A Drama* and *Herakles* show the individual at odds with the society that subjugates him. These are certainly Lodge's most ambitious works, and the verse drama seems to be the perfect sphere for him. Here he can, at leisure, give full voice to the ideas that were so cramped in other forms for him. These too received the most attention from critics, who praised Lodge's ambition and daring while noting that, as in his other poetry, sometimes his language did not live up to his ideas.

In a bold reading of the texts of Genesis, Lodge posits in *Cain: A Drama* that the title character slew his brother not because of jealousy, but because Cain could not bear to see a race of callow men engendered by his brother. Cain recognizes the divinity of his own nature, and does not wish to see the promulgation of subservience to any other God. Adam and Abel represent the cowed society that does not recognize its own worth independent of fealty to God, while Cain and Eve possess the inner strength to stand on their own, with their own morality and self-justification. This distaste for the imposition of morality upon an individual obviously owes much to Lodge's reading of Nietzsche's *On The Genealogy of Morals*. But rather than the philosopher's historical attack on morality, Lodge strikes at one of the core myths of Western civilization. He saw this assault as a necessary step in the conversion of an elite class that would form a new human society. Society cannot get much more basic than the four characters of this play, yet there is a breadth here, a grappling with universal issues that makes this text expansive, enlightening, and mythic.

The plot of *Herakles* is similar. Lodge never intended this work for a large audience, for, by the time he was working on it, he had been so

discouraged by the reviews and public reception of his verse that he recognized the futility of writing for popular acclaim. Instead, he wrote *Herakles* for a select group of his friends, ones he hoped would understand the complexities of his thought. Again Lodge reworked a myth, choosing this time from the classical corpus. Herakles seeks his own self-divinity, and it comes at a terrible price. He must reject many temptations, especially those of worldly power and submissiveness. He recognizes that he must distance himself from society, and does so through the murder of his children. Then he attempts to acquit himself before the remainder of his family, and moves forward to free Prometheus. It is only through this most heinous act that he becomes free enough to assay his heroic labors. While the most stunning dramatic scene here is the killing of his children, the most important scene for Lodge was Herakles' freeing of Prometheus. He does this not through force, but through making Prometheus realize that the chains that bind him are only the products of his own mind. Through this truth, then, Prometheus becomes not only free, but, like Herakles, the archetype of the Conservative Christian Anarchist. *Herakles* contains the summation of Lodge's philosophy, in a scope large enough for him. It contains some of Lodge's finest poetic and dramatic moments. Lodge saw this piece as his defining work, and gave it a care that is sometimes missing from his other productions.

Lodge's final inclusion in this collection, "Lower New York," was uncollected at his death, but his father placed it with *The Soul's Inheritance and Other Poems* in *Poems and Dramas of George Cabot Lodge*. These two sonnets are Lodge's answer to Wordsworth's "Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802." Lodge creates a bleak urban landscape that is familiar to readers who know the Modernists, but was written long before they flourished.

The first sonnet begins painlessly, with its spectacle of dense sleep thrown upon man's creations. But the image of "windows blank as

sightless eyes” is a harbinger of the despair to follow. The “haughty skies” are far removed from the futile striving of humanity. Below these skies lies a creation filled so fully with human miseries that it cannot remember them all. Even the constant process of change, both natural and man-made, is without purpose. Delving deeply into Schopenhauer’s pessimism, Lodge shows these bare streets that offer nothing for humanity save the silence that greets our struggles. The sextet explains why death is no longer a refuge from this existence, for this city “is a vast necropolis of souls!” Humanity is already dead. The suspension of time, of life, that occurs here is not as it was in “Fall,” a thing of beauty, but rather a weary stillness that is “more dead than death.” What we call life is nothing more than the empty and aimless thoughts of an idiot’s mind.

The second sonnet pounds home the emotion of the first. Dawn does not bring comfort, but rather a “sordid and pale” illumination of this scene. The first quatrain’s image of the exhausted reveler, falling not into sleep but into oblivion, compares favorably with Eliot’s “patient etherized upon a table.” This relentless light shows that all of humanity has lost not only those things particular to the soul, but also all hope. The scene is so consuming, so dire, that it is difficult to imagine it different anywhere on earth. Lodge closes the door on any escape to his earlier “Eastern dream,” for the tide does not flow outward, to deliverance or diversion, but turns in upon itself in self-destruction.

Lodge’s command of his emotions here is masterful. He channels his rage against society into language that fixes it resolutely. There is no vagueness, no ambiguity, no loss of force through dissipation of an image’s energy. This is, make no mistake, some of the most powerful verse that Lodge produced. His images have depth and resonance, declaiming with such force that we are taken aback. There is an urgency in this verse, as if the meaninglessness of the universe has finally overtaken Lodge, and he must write it out. The power of his bitterness can only be matched by the masters of Modernism. The fascination with

the city, as well as the obvious foreshadowing of Modernist concerns and images, show that Lodge may have been moving in a new direction, one which faces the squalor of the modern world and denies the refuge of aesthetics or religion. Perhaps it is best to allow John W. Crowley the final word on this late poem and its promise: “It is idle to speculate about the direction of Lodge’s work, had he lived longer; but it is possible that the Imagist Movement, barely stirring in 1909, might have provided Lodge with a fresh poetics and thus have allowed him to escape the poetic genteel tradition” (*George Cabot Lodge* 114).

Had Lodge lived a century before he did, no doubt many may have dubbed him a “poetaster.” And it is true that his family’s influential position, as well as his father’s friends, did much to further his poetic career. But all of this must be disregarded as we encounter the poems. They are not all of equal value, but they do show him as a transitional figure attempting to address philosophical concerns. Unfortunately, the constraints of his language sometimes make a jumble of such efforts. Nevertheless, we must see him as more than a dilettante, as more than a Romantic orphan and a precursor to the Moderns. He may not stand as tall as those who came before and after him, but he stands on his own two feet, his head filled with concrete ideas that sometimes did not quite translate themselves into concrete images.

Selected Bibliography

Primary Sources

The Song of the Wave and Other Poems. NY: Scribner’s, 1898.

Poems (1899-1902). NY: Cameron and Blake, 1902.

Cain: A Drama. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1904.

The Great Adventure. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1905.

Herakles. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1908.

The Soul’s Inheritance and Other Poems. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1909.

Poems and Dramas of George Cabot Lodge. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1911.

Poems and Dramas of George Cabot Lodge. 2 vols. London: Heinemann, 1912.

The Song of the Wave and Other Poems. Reprint. Upper Saddle River, NJ: Gregg Press, 1970.

George Cabot Lodge: Selected Fiction and Verse. Ed. John W. Crowley. St. Paul, MN: John Colet Press, 1976.

Secondary Sources

Adams, Henry. *The Life of George Cabot Lodge*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1911.

Brown, Alfred H. "The Poetry of George Cabot Lodge." *Twentieth Century Magazine* I (1910), 403-414.

Crowley, John W. "George Cabot Lodge (1873-1909)." *American Literary Realism* VI (1970), 44-50.

---. "Whitman and the Harvard Poets: The Case of George Cabot Lodge." *Walt Whitman Review* XIX (1973), 189-204.

---. *George Cabot Lodge*. Twayne's United States Authors Series n.264. Boston: Twayne, 1976.

Frederick, William Conner. *Cosmic Optimism*. Gainesville: U of Florida P, 1949. pp. 295-314.

Gregory, Horace, and Marya Zaturenska. *A History of American Poetry 1900-1940*. NY: Harcourt, Brace, and Co., 1942. pp. 25-32.

Jones, Howard Mumford. *The Bright Medusa*. Urbana: U of Illinois P, 1952.

Pavolini, P.C. "George Cabot Lodge." *The Living Age Seventh Series* LIX (April-June 1913), 400-408.

Riggs, Thomas, Jr. "Prometheus 1900." *American Literature* XXII n.4 (January 1951), 399-423.

- Roosevelt, Theodore. "Introduction" to *Poems and Dramas of George Cabot Lodge*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1911.
- Wharton, Edith. "George Cabot Lodge." *Scribner's Magazine* XLVI (January-June 1910), 236-239.
- _____. *A Backward Glance*. NY: Appleton-Century, 1934. pp. 147-151.
- Wilson, Edmund. "Introduction" to reprint of *The Life of George Cabot Lodge* in *The Shock of Recognition*. NY: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1943.
- Yearsley, Meredith. "George Cabot Lodge." in *Dictionary of Literary Biography* LIV. Detroit: Gale Research Co., 1987. pp.246-251.
- Ziff, Larzer. *The American 1890s: Life and Times of a Lost Generation*. NY: Viking, 1966. pp. 308-321.

Additional Bibliography

- Mueller, Gustav. *The World As Spectacle*. NY: Philosophical Library, 1944.
- Schopenhauer, Arthur. *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung: The World as Will and Idea*. Trans. R.B. Haldane and J. Kemp. 3 vols. London: 1883.
- . *Selected Essays of Schopenhauer*. Trans. T.B. Saunders. London: 1951.
- . *The Will to Live: Selected Writings of Arthur Schopenhauer*. Ed. Richard Taylor. New York: 1962.