

agency of "Socrates" does not firmly establish that the historical Socrates actually held them. To assert with dogmatic finality either that he did or did not is folly. As Guthrie remarks concerning the issue of immortality, "on no other subject is it truer to say that everyone has his own Socrates" (p. 478).

If suspension of belief is requisite at this point, a similar tentativeness is by no means indicated in reading much early Greek Philosophy. And considerable difficulties are created for all but the most expert investigators by the plethora of fragmentary and highly specialized accounts. In this, as well as in the two previous volumes, Guthrie threads his way through the great store of both antique and modern literature to produce a coherent and intelligible analysis of an era in the history of Philosophy too often regarded only as an area for arcane philological research. The result is a reconstruction of the thought of the sixth and fifth centuries in which no technical rigour is sacrificed to the lucidity and wit of the exposition. The Cambridge University Press is to be highly commended for its support of this work, which is certain to be the standard source in English for early Greek thought for many years to come.

Mount Allison University

GORDON TREASH

SOLAR PLEXUS

Richard Kohler

I am the sun thinking about the planets:
 First I supposed them nine annoying gnats,
 Mechanical midges mocking me in matter—
 Who am all energy, a lion plagued with fleas;
 But my first thought burnt on, on—I realized:
 They are fearful slaves of space, chained to my heat;
 Cowering from my eyes, fearing my mind,
 Feeling my dreams pursue them where they turn—
 I am their fate, their father, their desire.

Seeing then their bondage to the edge of fire,
 Why does the third one out move me to burn
 With troubled fancy? stir my depths to find
 An incandescent vision of deceit?
 O particle, your name is advertised
 As Falsity, Pride. You stretch as if to seize
 The very heart of light. Your dark flights batter
 And wrestle the sundering void as if to mate
 My eons to your monstrousness of minutes.