Essays in Criticism

By E. Jordan

With an Introduction and Synopses

BY ROBERT D. MACK

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TO ANNA

Now when I look into our soul
And ponder the divided whole
I do not know if it be I
Or it is you are standing by

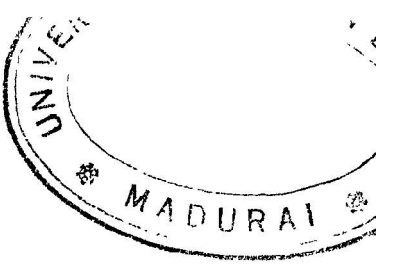


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Introduction

I

THE following essays attempt to formulate objective standards in terms of which art objects may be evaluated. It is argued that most art criticism now is, and always has been, a collection of subjective impressions, unprincipled and formless, telling how a work of art affects the mind or feelings of the critic. Criticism, therefore, has been vitiated by a thoroughgoing subjectivism, in the sense that the individual private consciousness has been considered the sole standard of the nature and value of a work of art and that each critic has found in his own consciousness the principles that guide his judgment in evaluating works of art. This means that there are no principles that hold universally; consequently, criticism is without a valid basis, and all such "criticism" is nonsense.

It is assumed in these *Essays* that there are universal and objective principles of art criticism and that they can be formulated by the methods of philosophic thought with such degrees of precision as to render them safe maxims for the guidance of the judgment in evaluating works of art. And the choice is absolute—either there are such objective principles or the whole enterprise of criticism must be abandoned, and we must accept as final the confusion of tongues that now exists in that field.

According to Professor Jordan, the determination of principles requires an examination of the objects of art, not of anyone's state of mind regarding them. A work of art is an object with a definite structure that can be described and also with a system of characteristic qualities that can be identified. Examination will reveal this structure and these qualities, and propositions can be formulated that state the conditions in general by which they can be described and identified. Such propositions are universal principles, and the nature and value of the art object can be determined by reference to them. These propositions are the principles of valid criticism, and they are such because they are derived from the objects that make up a segment of the real world and are not in any way or degree dependent upon anyone's mere state of mind or emotional state.

It is maintained in the *Essays* that no judgments are true or significant unless they rest on a solid objective ground; that is, unless they stand

on a basis of objects that are real in themselves in the sense that they are constituent elements of the world that is independent of the caprices of minds. If, therefore, a judgment is to express the value or status of a work of art, it must be true in the sense that there are objects implicated by it that constitute the work of art. And it is implied further that these objects can be described or categorized in a way that will account for all the empirical qualities that the work possesses.

The thesis of this book, is, then, that, if there is to be a valid criticism, it must be possible to find and formulate assertions that can be shown to be true about objects that can be shown to be real. It will not therefore be a jumble of psychological statements about mental states or processes, and there need be no mention at all of "emotions" or of "images" or of an "imagination" that is private to the individual consciousness. Criticism when valid will be the evaluation in terms of true assertions of objects that are demonstrated to be real through their objective characteristics. And, while these assertions will be worded with reference to literary objects, they will serve as criteria for evaluative judgments of all other types of aesthetic objects. And this will be true because such assertions will in every case carry implications to the real world, and it is within these implications that the essence of the work of art lies. They will thus have a status metaphysically determined for them, and this is the last and most important result that can be attained through language.

But principles thus arrived at are principles of general philosophy, and the method of their determination is logic. They are beyond the reach of psychology and science. Also their proper use does not constitute *them* a work of art; a critical account of a work of art is not itself a work of art. The work of the critic is accomplished through the use of logic and is judged as to its validity by the canons of logic.

This book undertakes to work out and to state tentatively some of the basic principles of criticism. They can be listed here, but it is to be understood that their full explication will carry us into the body of the text. These principles are not simple, and the full realization of their meaning involves some effort. But there is certainly enough of "easy" criticism for those who want that sort of thing.

1. The object of art is individual, unique, self-sufficient, self-subsistent. But this concept of individuality is, so far as literary discussion is concerned, almost universally misunderstood. And its meaning has been hopelessly confused in the literature of popular politics, economics, and religion. It is a basic conception of philosophy and must be understood in that sense. That is, it must be regarded as an instance of a universal.

2. The law of the constitution of a work of art is synthesis. Here

again, and particularly in critical discussion, confusion is rampant. Coleridge and Dr. Johnson have left us a rather sorry psychology on this point, and their mistakes have not been corrected by the appeal to modern psychology, which leans too heavily upon Freud.

3. The principle of synthesis is the creative act. It is to be understood that the creative act, when considered as principle and as thus universal and creative of real objects, is not a mere process in a mind which could be described by psychological methods. The act is objective, cosmic, and, as expressed in language, the Word and a principle of the order of nature.

4. As the act operates in the artist it is imagination. This is not the mere psychologial process of the formation of images, for images have nothing to do with literary art. The imagination is the designer of objects, and it is through the objects of imagination that the object of art gets its form and constitution.

5. The act of the imagination with respect to word-objects is metaphor. This operates with word-relations to create new qualities and thus to determine the substantial content of new objects. The substance of an object of art is quality.

6. The function of words in language is to assert an object. As corollaries of this principle we can lay down the maxims that (*a*) the function of words in language is not communication; that (*b*) it is not to express an attitude or state of mind of the artist but (*c*) to assert the existence or the quality of an object and (*d*) to pronounce that this object is metaphysically real.

The author's purpose in this work is thus both "critical" in the negative sense and constructive. It has seemed to him necessary to negate the entire mass of critical writing in the interest of showing why the present age is almost void of competent artistic expression. And it has seemed equally necessary to deny universally in order to find ground for the affirmations that may lay the foundation in solid reality for new art—for the possible future that, let us hope, may follow the world devastation that is now upon us and which has come upon us because of the failure of the Word.

The view presented here rejects the approach to the understanding of art by way of the states of mind characteristic of the experience in which this art is appreciated. The history of criticism has rarely shown any doubt of the validity of this approach or any strong tendency to attempt to find for the "art" of criticism a solider basis in the objective characters of the art that is to be interpreted. The psychological description of the mental states of the interpreter thus gives the clue to the nature of the work of art, and this is supposed to be true universally because men in

general will have such mental states in the presence of the work of art. And what people in general experience regularly becomes the principle and standard of truth, and the reality must conform to it. It is true that in recent times there has been an effort to improve on this hopeless position and to find a ground for the critic's function in morality or sociology or in some system of political theory, in biographical studies of the author, or in investigations into the cultural conditions of the period in which the work of art was created. But all these tend to be formulated in terms of mental states, either those of persons contemporary to the interpretation or the hypothetical states of mind of persons living at the time the art was created.

Still more recently there has developed a "new criticism" based upon *explication de texte* which appears to attempt to find within the individual work of art itself the key to its nature and value. But this appears to issue in a discussion that is appreciative rather than in a development of objective principles that would be valid as applicable to other works of the same or allied types, so that the critical categories for evaluation would seemingly have to be developed for each work of art regarded as a particular object. As a consequence, and since there can be under these circumstances no laws governing all cases of a type, each object of art must furnish concepts for its own interpretation, and these "concepts" turn out usually to be nothing more than catchy slogans, and the critic lapses into the rhetorician and his criticism into a pretentious attempt to create a work of art out of itself.

What has resulted from this state of affairs has been skepticism of some form. The propositions that have been made the principles of judgment are statements telling how a work of art affects the mind of the critic and are therefore statements about the critic rather than ones about the object of art. And the method thus of establishing principle has been the psychological. Frequently it is asserted that nothing like an objective standard is possible; that a critical account of a work of art is nothing more than a statement by the critic of how his "emotions" have been affected by it. Another critic might be moved emotionally in a quite different way by the same work, and his reactions would be valid principles for him.

It might be well for those who still deny the possibility of objective standards of value-judgments to pursue Dr. Jordan's arguments through the rest of this book.

II

What follows is for those who might want to read this book within the context of Professor Jordan's other works. The next four sections of

this Introduction will be concerned with (1) some of the fundamental ideas advocated by Jordan in his total philosophy; (2) some of the ideas he opposes; (3) his book, *The Aesthetic Object;* and (4) some concluding general remarks about the *Essays*.

1. FUNDAMENTAL IDEAS ADVOCATED BY JORDAN

Professor Jordan's philosophy attempts to ground itself on objective, as opposed to subjective, principles; it involves at least these two basic ideas:

a) A recognition of the fact that we experience what we do experience of our world by virtue of the theoretical equipment we possess. That is, the world is intelligible only in terms of the theories with which we interpret it. Our theoretical equipment consists of the categories (thought-forms) and concepts and principles by means of which experience *becomes* intelligible and meaningful. Without principles, concepts, and theories, experience is formless and therefore meaningless. As Kant said, percepts without concepts are blind. About sheer uninterpreted experience, about "bare" facts, there is simply nothing to say. Professor Jordan attempts to formulate categories adequate to the task of rendering all experience intelligible.

Thus in his book *The Aesthetic Object* he maintains that every real object is both an existential object and a value object and that, although the scientific categories of space, time, motion, cause, etc., are adequate to deal with objects as existences, they are not adequate for the interpretation of objects as values. In fact, since no adequate categories have ever been worked out for the interpretation of values, Jordan sets about constructing them. He suggests the categories of color, tone, rhythm, design, form, etc. I will have more to say about these categories below, but for the moment I am merely emphasizing the stress placed on the need for adequate interpretive categories or what Jordan sometimes calls logical and metaphysical concepts or principles. He means by an adequate principle at least an objective one, that is, nothing deserving the name "principle" can be dependent on the shifting ground of a merely personal idea. Principles are, after all, universals. They designate universal characteristics of the world, not fleeting states of private minds; without them meanings cannot be clearly determined and no subject matter can be made intelligible. In other words, there must be a stop to personal relativism somewhere and to our twentieth-century versions of the sophistry that everything, particularly value, is relative to the thinking subject. What is needed, then, is a set of principles (concepts, categories) which will enable man to understand his experience, to formulate objec-

tive judgments about it, and to control it. It is the task of philosophy to state these principles.

This view rejects science and the scientific method as the chief instrument by which man can achieve control of his unruly world. Jordan insists that what is usually called "scientific method" is inadequate to deal with basic cultural problems, since these are problems of value, and science cannot even formulate them, much less solve them. The method of science is primarily inductive and analytic and, as such, is simply inadequate for the expression of life in all its aspects because it neglects life's synthesizing elements; that is, it neglects consideration of life as whole or as a unity. Apparently science can give us the economic man, primitive man, or man as physicist, etc.—but never man as a true and whole individuality.

(*b*) The second basic idea of Professor Jordan's objective philosophy which it is necessary to make clear for the reader of the *Essays* is called by him the "principle of corporeity," and it concerns an analysis of the place of institutions in human life. The importance of this principle lies in the fact that it makes intelligible the most important forces which activate cultures; it makes clear the reasons why we must turn away from theories resting on subjective inner states and turn toward the external order of things; and it will give the reader of the *Essays* a sense of what Jordan is driving at when he refers to the necessity for aesthetic (value) theory being objective and being formulated in terms of art *objects*, not merely in terms of the states of mind of the beholder. In Jordan's philosophy art is one of the institutions of life and is to be understood only as such.

Institutions arise because of the fact that ideas, to become significant (i.e., to become meaningful), must become incorporate—must take on body or must be realized in some nonmental object. And realization in some nonmental objects is the usual course run by mental phenomena as these phenomena grow and develop in contact with other similar phenomena. In fact, all characteristic human acts become realized in institutions which are simply the embodiments of these acts or of a culture's leading ideas. Examples of institutions within the meaning here given are the family, the state, property, art, the church, and industry.

The mental states of human beings, stressed so much by individualistic philosophies, are really intelligible only in relation to a complex of institutions within which these states arise and move and have their being. Jordan makes it clear that the crucial issues and problems of human living are "social," not individual, and can be stated clearly only in terms of the relations of institutions to one another. He argues for the public nature of basic problems, as this was understood by the Greeks.

Since institutions are the embodiment or realization of ideas and will (will is an act of mind), they have what amounts to a will of their own; they have efficacy or driving power on their own account and may properly be called "persons." A most important consequence, especially for the control of human destiny, follows from this, namely, that it is institutions (corporate bodies) rather than private persons which are the real agents or actors in most situations. In other words, it is the will of institutions which usually has the most cultural influence.

We are now in a position to see why it is that men taken individually or even collectively are so often impotent to control their lives in the presence of vast impersonal corporate bodies or institutions. Thus men may individually yearn for peace and honesty, yet they remain confronted by war and business as usual. The will of institutions, separated from human conscience, yields results acceptable to no one.

What Professor Jordan does is to reformulate the entire problem of the control of human destiny to take account of corporate bodies as real persons, thereby getting them into the field of ethics where they belong. Such "persons" are, indeed, more comprehensive types of cultural organisms than human beings, and it is only by turning to them that we can understand the driving forces of our culture. There is no denial here of "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason!" The point is that man, as a biological individual, is a less comprehensive form of *cultural* organization, and by reference to man apart from the institutional complex we cannot make intelligible mind, will, or values (including the values of art). Man has an important part in cultural development because he can think, but he is not the only or even the most important cultural factor. As we have seen, his mental life itself is rooted in a complex of institutions, and its ultimate implications lie in these overt, objective facts. Minds must complete themselves in objects and must work their way outward, not inward.

In this manner Jordan suggests a new way of analyzing culture and the problem of cultural control centering on his concept of institutions. This means that any study of values, including aesthetic values, must be committed to an investigation of many things besides human beings; our attention is directed away from the merely subjective and private (which gain cultural significance only when embodied in public orders of objects) and toward the more stable systems of cultural relations called "institutions." We must learn to apply our ethical categories to these institutions and to substantiate our values in something other than the frailties of human beings. Cultural control becomes possible only if we first realize that society is a complex of institutions, not a collection of individuals.

2. SOME IDEAS OPPOSED BY JORDAN

Turning now to what Professor Jordan opposes, we come upon the reverse side of what has already been mentioned. He finds that almost every aspect of life today is infected by the fallacies of subjective individualism. This is as true in aesthetics and art criticism as it is in the other fields of value theory. Subjectivism means the attempt to supply a basis or ground for thought in the thinking subject alone, and individualism is characterized by the attempt to understand individuals apart from the context of the external world which alone makes the concept of the individual intelligible. Thus the idea of a man taken singly, or out of this context, is not intelligible, nor is society intelligible when treated as a collection of such unintelligible individuals.

It has often been pointed out that, according to Jordan, individualism assumes, fatally, that facts are to be found only by a process of analysis which reduces the empirically given world to its parts. But "parts" may be distinguished infinitely, so there can never be an end to analysis; and the analytic method, on its own principles, supplies no way to unify the parts it discovers. Since analysis is thus endless, it has done much to prevent, and seems indefinitely to postpone, attempts at evaluating the facts it discovers. The discovery of facts is not by itself an answer to questions concerning what ought to be; and, after all, the core of philosophy as a practical discipline is evaluation, is an attempt to state clearly what ought to be. That this is no trivial enterprise is emphasized by the ethical and aesthetic inanities perpetrated by our contemporary postivists, existentialists, pragmatists, etc.

By the analytic method one can never understand either the individual or the relations of one individual to others; furthermore, this method, carried to its logical conclusion, destroys the individual itself. That is, institutions destroy themselves when they embody the idea of an individual considered as an essentially separate and unrelated entity operating in something like the manner of billiard balls being pushed and pulled about the surface of a table. With the collapse of institutions, the individual is destroyed. Politically, for example, the individual sovereign state destroys itself in war; socially, individual humans are effectively destroyed when they find themselves submerged (as they now find themselves) in a situation characterized by "fraud, violence, and bleak artlessness."

Influenced by doctrinaire individualism, man fails to attend to the unifying features in culture and persists in interpreting life as a scattered wilderness of warring fact. The system which was to exalt the individual

ends in a purely abstract social equality and in the regimentation, domination, and standardization so characteristic of our age. The absolute, or totalitarian, state affords no solution for Jordan, since it represents the same individualism carried to its last extreme.

We shall see what the effect of individualistic, subjective philosophizing has been in aesthetic theory, but first we must see clearly that such thinking leads to what Jordan calls the "fallacy of the simple." An example of this fallacy is the above-described attempt to treat the individual as a separate fact and the resulting reduction of the individual to an entity which is homogeneous, devoid of all internal complexity; whereas, in truth, a real individual has internal complexity, is characterized by continuity through change, and embodies the same general principles as other individuals of the same type (i.e., is an instance of a universal). Jordan makes use of this notion of an individual all the way through his aesthetic theory. For example, he derives from it a recognition of the tremendous importance of the fact that the *order* of one set of elements within the internally complex individual depends on the other orders present. Thus it is understandable why it is that, once a line has been put on canvas, everything else to be put down will be conditioned by relations to it.

3. "THE AESTHETIC OBJECT"

In his book *The Aesthetic Object* (Principia Press, 1937), Jordan employs the concepts we have been discussing in an introduction to a philosophy of value. His problem is to study the logical and metaphysical aspects of value-judgments in order to see what concepts (categories) are necessary to render such judgments intelligible and something more than the "I know what I like, and I can give you statistics on what others like" of the subjective relativists.

The central concept of this book, and one which is developed throughout the *Essays*, is that every real object is both an existent and a value object; these two aspects of a real object are known by two different forms of cognition: the discursive and the contemplative. Discursive cognition gives judgments of existence; for example, the judgments of the natural sciences. These judgments are actually abstract, offering abstract relational schemes, and they represent only the formal possibilities of cognition. Discursive judgments are the processes of mind which give life void of its substance, void of all feeling qualities, and therefore formulative of abstract but not of real objects. Contemplative cognition gives value-judgments, and the system of primary categories or thought-forms for such judgments constitutes Jordan's value logic. These categories are related to the categories of existence logic, to which they are

analogous, through a system of methodological principles. It is not necessary to the purpose of this Introduction to treat of these principles here; their full development is to be found in *The Aesthetic Object*.

Jordan attempts to demonstrate that the chief types of aesthetic objects (the beautiful, the ugly, the sublime, the grotesque, the tragic, the comic) are functions of the relations among the value categories. As suggested above, the fundamental difference between the existential logic and the value logic is that interpretation in terms of the former is "empty process" in the sense of being endlessly analytic, whereas the categories of the latter are cumulative and directional and thus provide the design of an object which, as individual, is a substantial end for relations, a point where the convergence of relations becomes a unique quality and possesses the concrete meaning required in art, ethics, and religion. The two types of thinking, discursive and contemplative, are ultimate, each in its own sphere. The only possible relation between them is called by Jordan "analogical identity," which is the principle by which the plurality of things is superseded in their unity while still leaving the individual identity of things intact. Since the concepts or categories of contemplative thinking (value logic) are analogous to those of discursive thinking (existence logic), they can be written down in corresponding columns:

Concepts of Value Logic	*Concepts of Existence Logic*
Appropriateness	Consistency
Ambiguity	Contradiction
Cumulation	Continuity
Analogy	Identity
Color	Space
Tone	Time
Color-Tone	Space-Time
Rhythm	Motion
(Feeling)	(Matter)
Line	Cause
Mass	Substance
Form	Structure
Design	Order
(Individual)	(Purpose)[1]

The meanings of these categories will be disclosed as the analysis of the *Essays* proceeds. At this point I merely mention that, according to Jordan, a world of values is inconceivable without presupposing color

1. Jordan says: "The concepts of Feeling, Matter, Individual, and Purpose are written in parentheses to show that they are, strictly, summative each of its preceding list of four concepts" (*The Aesthetic Object* [Bloomington, 1937], p. 86).

and tone, just as the conceivability of the world of nature depends on the presupposition of space and time. Thus color and tone, space and time, are a priori conditions of the existence of a world which can be either thought or represented to experience. We shall discover that Jordan's deduction of these categories reveals them so bound together in an essential unity that they constitute the framework of assumptions for a thoroughgoing metaphysic. Without such a system value theory would have no basis, and we would be left in the subjectivist's limbo to bleat eternally, "I know only what I like."

I have tried to point up the fact that Professor Jordan's philosophy turns away from assumptions grounded in the merely personal and turns toward assumptions grounded in the objective world or toward principles necessary to make the world intelligible. The *Essays* themselves will show how his analysis of aesthetics is consistent with the general philosophy and is rooted in an examination of objects, these objects being determinable and intelligible only by means of the system of value categories.

4. SOME CONCLUDING REMARKS

It would appear that the author of the *Essays* is, however, interested less in the development of a tightly integrated constructive theory of criticism than in a commentary upon some of the major concepts that have been used in recent discussions of literary problems. As more or less desultory comment, the essays do not proceed from a system of clearly formulated principles, but principles are nevertheless supposed to attain some degree of definition as the discussion develops under the guidance of a critical attitude. Critical procedure thus, it is assumed, is forced to set up tentative statements by which it is to be guided, and these are of necessity restated and refined in the interest of accuracy and adequacy to the processes of thought involved and in response to the demands which objective relations within reality impose upon them. These tentative statements have their ground in a general metaphysics, for any subject matter of thought must find its place in the world.

Principles are thus formulated within the process of discussion, and their control of the process will be evident even where they have not themselves yet come to precise expression. But principles are there and are obvious, and the refusal of the author to give to them the form of finality enables him to avoid the dogmatism which is so common a feature of most critical writing. It also allows full freedom of expression and a wide field

for the speculative experimentation that is necessary where the subject matter is made up, as it is in literary art, of substantial intangibles.

There is here also another advantage enjoyed by the author in that he can avail himself of the flexibility of language and still avoid the lapse into mere rhetoric and the tendency to go hog-wild in mysticism and the appeal to the unintelligibilities of religion and Freudianism and the subconscious and unconscious. He can thus lay claim to a strict logic and at the same time show that a logic as strict as may be required is possible in the field of values where freedom of expression is often supposed to be conditioned only upon complete abandonment of logic and the appeal to a technique that is to reach reality directly in "feeling" and "experience." This also makes it possible to show that no new or unique technique of language, no specialized "diction," and no appeal to the magic of signs and symbols are required in the discussion of questions of literary art and to show also that the concepts specialized to literary discussion need not be twisted from their established connotations, need not themselves be endowed with the values they are supposed to make intelligible. This relieves the language of critical discussion of the necessity to be itself "art."

So the major concepts employed in critical connections are, at the beginning, vague replicas of the basic concepts of general philosophy. But they must come to the same definiteness of meaning as the concepts of general philosophy and by the same rules of logic. This means that criticism, as applied to literary or other artistic problems, is a philosophical discipline and not an art. And the critic is a philosopher and not an artist, except in the rare case in which the philosopher apprehends the realities he discovers by and through their form, as Plato did, or in the still rarer case where the artist is able philosophically to think his realities independently of the specific forms he finds for them.

In these essays there is discoverable, therefore, if they have been successful in their basic intention, a "system" of principles which finds and defines a place within a general philosophy for the phenomena of literary art and, by implication, a place for all the arts. There is, then, a doctrine, and in the development and explication of the doctrine the phenomena of art become, or should become, the realities of art. This system of principles can be stated simply. But there is some difficulty in the arguments by which the principles are demonstrated, as also in the discussion in which their application to specific objects is illustrated, as in the essay which attempts to say "what" a poem "is."

The fundamental issues of criticism are represented in the titles of the

essays. Each of the essays therefore is a formulation of the principles from the point of view of the concept represented in its title. But the "system" of the principles requires that the argument of each essay be made consistent with the arguments of the other essays, so that the whole is intended to constitute the design of the object of art as such. This object represents the abstract "place" in reality of the arts, in which place the specific locus of literary art is to be indicated.

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Words

IT APPEARS to be generally agreed that it is the function of words to "express" and that words somehow carry "meanings." But the terms "expression" and "meaning" are ambiguous and so may perhaps carry any meaning anybody may want to attach to them. It may be that they have this capacity to carry meanings indifferently because we do not know, objectively and in terms of the universals that make knowledge valid, and in terms of the principles that make intelligible the language in which valid knowledge is expressed, either what is meant or what is implied by a meaning or what it means to carry a meaning. It may be that ambiguity is itself the principle that is to enlighten us on these matters. Also, "may be" implies possibility, and possibilities are always worth looking into. One certainty, however, we can lay down: if meanings are to be intelligible, they have to take the form, or be capable of taking the form, of assertion. And this involves, whatever else it may involve, the primary consideration that they refer an object to the conditions of the object's intelligibility as these conditions are presupposed (i) in the nature of cognition as the general ground of assertion and (ii) in the system of objects in which the general nature or species of the object of the cognition is determined. That is to say, the problem of meaning involves, in the end, the logical structure of thought, on the one side, and the ontological structure of reality (real objects), on the other.

On both these matters we know a good deal, on the first most perhaps; but on the second question of the nature of the object in which meanings are realized, or the nature of the object-systems which make meaning-objects individually intelligible, or how to apply this basic knowledge to the interpretation of the facts of meaning when the "facts" are "given" as "data" in "experience," we know very little. And our ignorance of this fundamental matter is no less deep and ominous because of the fact that philosophy has been primarily engaged in analyzing "experience" in terms of "ideas" and "acts" of mind, and thus presuming to make the conditions of cognition intelligible, for three centuries, on the mistaken

assumption that such analysis was laying bare the logical nature of thought; and has been especially concerned with the "meaning of meaning" for a generation, hoping, apparently, to find the secret of meaning within the factual depths of these "ideas" and "acts" of mind, particularly in the immediacy to consciousness of these acts and ideas. And this immediacy now tends to be identified with feeling. As a consequence it is generally assumed that the principles governing meanings and their intelligibility are to be found in psychology. Also science, during recent times, has been concerned, presumably, with the investigation of the object and the object-systems which are supposed to be the ground of meaning and has made and continues to make great boasts of its success in the investigation. Yet its "findings" are formulated in a scheme as subjective as the psychology of meaning and so abstract as to carry no reference to objects or to object-systems. Our meanings thus appear to have no solid grounds: their grounds both in the "mind" and in the "world" have become shifting sands.

There is no claim here to reduce in the slightest either the extent or the intensity of this ignorance and certainly not to specify its location. All that is claimed is that the discussion has left the question as to the substantial ground of meaning still open, and one may proceed to the consideration of the issues without having to recognize any established conclusions and without even any important suggestions as to what the argument should start from or what signposts of direction should be looked for along the way.

I like the practice of starting from the dictionary when the question of the meaning of words is in issue, having an intense respect for the way, or the variety of ways, a word has been used in the past; and generally I am willing to let the objects and relations and qualities (with whatever variation of emphasis) which have been habitually associated with a word, or referred to a word, determine my mind as to how I should use it now. I assume, I suppose, that language has its ground in the relations and qualities of the objective world. And I am inclined to think that the meanings of words are functions of their relations to each other and to the objects these relations substantiate as these objects and relations are given in use. I do not believe that it is possible or important to know what feelings or "ideas" or inner perturbations the users of a particular word may have experienced a century ago or a year ago; and even in the case of the use of the word now, unless there are indicated by the word to the perceptive imagination of the user objects and relations and qualities which are independent of the mind of the user of the word, I see no way of attaching meaning to it. If Ben Jonson had said "scat," I do not see

how I should know what he meant unless the scamper of the cat had been presented or described previously to prepare me for it or afterward to remind me that cats were indicated. And if Ben, relevantly to the cat, had said "damn" or its equivalent while the cat-image and the scamper-image were present to me, I might have got a hint of his inner state. But I should have got his inner state because I know what inner states are usually associated with these images and the distortion and discoloration of countenace and stamping of the foot along with certain ejaculations.

In any case the relevance of words that have meaning is to a system of objects and relations and qualities, and it is only through these objects and relations and qualities, considered as objective and independent of mind, that the meaning of a word is to be determined. And these objects and relations and qualities must not be confused with the attitudinal feel which is the psychological medium in which they are presented as images. Words with a peculiar psychological reference or relevance have meaning only in the sense that, or on the condition that, the psychological factors are themselves regarded as objects that have no peculiar reference to or status in the mind of the individual.

Naturally, as those objects and relations and qualities change under pressure of time and use and history, so the words that are associated with them undergo a corresponding change. But I should want to insist that wherever there are words with meanings there will be objects and qualities and relations that are not dependent in any way upon what might happen to be the states of my mind or of anybody else's mind. And, as we hope to see, words *are* objects within the system of objects and qualities and relations in which their meanings are determined. Words, that is, are elementary constituents of the system of the nature of things, and their meanings, like the meanings of other things, are to be got from their position or status within that system. Of course it is true that the status of a given word in the system is unique, but this only means that a fact is what it is, and that is true of all other types of things in the system. Also, the correspondence, or reference, or relevance, or any type of relation between words, on the one side, and objects and qualities and relations, on the other, should remain identical with itself throughout the changes that may come to the objects, relations, and qualities and to the words that "stand for" them. This identity will turn out to be the substance of the reality involved in any and all meanings that can be attached to the words. That is to say, these relations are themselves objects and so, in their synoptic unity, the ground of universals. And I think that it is the persistence of this identity, as a relation determining the continuity within the changes, that makes it possible to assume that words have

meanings that are universal; and it is also the persistence of that relation that lays the ground for the continuity of the values that make literature an art and that at the same time endow language with the capacity and fitness to be the instrument by which thought effects an equivalence with reality. The same conditions, that is, that determine one object-system an art determine another object-system a logical structure, so that art and logic, since they have behind them the same world of objects, have the same principles.

For these reasons I have, in another connection, called this relation of identity a relation of mutual relevance in that it makes a word an object within a system; and I have called the relation one of analogical identity to indicate that it lies at the basis of both logic, as the technique of word-use and the reality implicated in word-use which the system of objects constitutes. For if the relation of identity, which is discoverable in the historic continuity of use of language, is not itself one of the realities, then there can never be a way of showing that either thought or language is capable of making contact with reality, so long, at least, as we recognize language as the objective form of thought. I am assuming that the hypothesis of the empiric, the mystic, and of all the other types of pure subjectivist, namely, that thought lays hold of reality directly within the substance or "experience" of the mind that thinks or feels, is self-contradictory nonsense; and, being nonsense, and being at the same time the basic assumption of modern philosophy, it shatters to the foundations the philosophy of the modern period and thus leaves without foundation the philosophy of science, except in so far as science is purely and narrowly practical, as well as the philosophy of art and the philosophy of the structure of general culture. This is saying of course that our prevailing theories about literary art are without foundation, and so false, and that contemporary "literature" has no claim upon art at all.

But this leaves also the philosophy of meaning without meaning. The "idea" that meaning is expression and that expression through signs and symbols is the characteristic functioning of that which expresses itself, particularly when the functioning implies its own agent as the object upon which its creative effects are to be produced and impressed, seems to me to be nothing more than the attempt to find a way of representing a psychological attitude so "inner" and indistinct as to have no possible determination; it is the assumption that a meaning is to be expressed by impressive emphasis upon its own ineffability, the process of the expression itself being the meaning that is to be expressed.

This is saying that the type of criticism that presumes to stand on a psychological basis, or that undertakes to "explain" anything in terms

of a reference to the states and processes of mind involved in the experience through which the thing explained is mediated to us, is sheer confusion of thought. And I do not see how the confusion is clarified by reducing the process of mediation to pure abstraction in the technical device of signs and symbols. In recognizing this sort of thing as subjectivism, I assume it has its sufficient refutation. But it is also to be observed that the appeal to signs and symbols is dangerously near to the resort to pure magic. For if there are no independent realities in what we call art and the field of the aesthetic generally, and no such realities in the object-systems to which logic refers us, then discussion will be endless and fruitless precisely because it is a discussion of nothing. The reality of a thing is not its relation to consciousness, nor is it any effect in consciousness produced by the thing, however effectively the relation or the effect may be mystified in signs and symbols. If appeal be here made to the creative act as an instance where a thing is determined by and in its creator's consciousness, it will be argued that the creative act, the reality of which is recognized, has nothing necessarily to do with consciousness.

If a word "expresses" *something*, then, it must express something other than either the "mind" or "experience" of the one who uses it, and other than the magic sign that mediates the expression, or the "mind" or "experience" of that to which the expression is directed. The functioning of a word that conditions meaning need not, except in the most indirect fashion, involve a mind at all. As a word stands in a poem *all* its functioning is mediated in and through its relations to the other words in the poem; the words all refer to one another in a mutual effort to constitute themselves the poem as an object that can stand and sing on its own feet—it need not be mimicked anywhere, not even in the mind or experience of the person who "knows" or "feels" it. And a perfect word would refer to itself alone, like Jehovah proclaim its own self-existence, since all its relevances would become its content. And it would constitute itself, by so intending its relevant implications, an object in its own right, would stand itself up as a universal to itself, a work of art.

This is only a way of saying that a word may and does "express" what it has to express *to an object*, to which object it expresses itself as itself an object or a quality of an object or a relation of an object. The only expression of a word that is or can be realized is *to* the object it tends to create; a word in a poem expresses the poem and nothing else. And this means that the meanings of words are to be represented as existing entirely within an ambit determined by objects and the qualities and relations of objects. And this is to deny of a reference to a mind, or a presence to a mind, or an occurrence in a mind, any part in making up the char-

acteristic meanings of words. Or where a reference to mind and its functions is recognized as the meaning of a word, this constitutes a recognition of the mind as itself an object not differing in its characteristic objectivity from the plainest of things.

In the discussion of the expressed meaning of words, then, we are discussing objects, the qualities of objects, and the relations of objects, and no direct reference to mind will be necessary. No more than that the color of the eye should be mentioned as essential to the function of seeing or as having a part in the determination of the object seen. And where an indirect reference to mind appears, this is to indicate an accidental or chance relation, a relation that can subsist only within subjective conditions and discloses nothing of what is real in the meaning of the word. It is in this sense that we may say that anything in the universe is related to anything, or even everything, else; it is a statement of abstract possibility, what may be, and it carries an objective reference only by implication. Where therefore a reference to a mind appears within the meaning of a word, it does so only by regarding mind as one object within a system of objects all of which taken together constitute the meaning of the word. And signs and symbols appear here only as the ghosts of a theoretic superstition.

And this is saying that the "expression" by which words mean, or have meaning, is an objective and universal relation and therefore itself an object. The reference or relevance of words is therefore subject matter not for psychology, which as a science is merely practical and subjective, but for logic and the system of objectivity the principles of which constitute metaphysics. Then words that are intended merely to convey meaning *to a mind*, or to be signs or symbols to a mind, or to symbolize an object through a mind, used, that is, in "communication," are specified and limited to the knowledge function, have only practical but no constitutive implications, no genuinely objective reference, and their "object" is science. And science is the system of subjectivity. Their "object," that is, is an abstract purpose, an objective, and cannot be an end as all real objects are ends. Words in their psychological or scientific use all refer to the methodology of mind, and their end is attained completely when the recognizable practical or utility attitudes and processes of mind are given such order as is possible to them in the systems of scientific knowledge.

It is, however, to be questioned whether this is not conceding too much to the scientific use of words. The really practical use of words is the ethical use, and this leads directly to metaphysics. But at the point where logic goes over into metaphysics the logical use of words is of

the same type as the aesthetic use, since their meanings identify in and become the object meant, just as the "idea" becomes incorporate in the object of art or as the end becomes incorporate as the ethical act realized. Words which refer specifically to mind are used not to constitute or formulate an object but to condition an act; their end is practical in the limited utility sense, that is, and their ultimate point of reference is to a subject. They are, or may be, "expressions" *about* an object, but they can never be the realization *of* an object; that is, a word that really means must mean reality, must be an element in the formulation of the *design* of an object. Since reality is constituted of objects, *this* a word must do and be if it is to mediate a reality. It is true that where words are to come to expression in logical formulation for human communication they do have a subjective reference, but this only means that they are not in this use intended to formulate realities; they are used to formulate human purposes and thus to give ideal form to the possibility of objects, to picture objects as they ought to be if they are to be limited in their constitution to the single motive of complementing a human desire or some other specifically human relation. But formulating a relation thus limited does not implement the design of an object; it only postulates the purpose of a subject. This is sometimes stated in the proposition, "All knowledge is practical," a statement that is of course true if knowledge is to be limited to communication and the formulation of human purposes, if knowledge is to have no other function than to designate and specify an interest. What is ordinarily meant by communication is not the primary function of words or of language.

But there is a knowledge and a "communication" that are not restricted within the narrow confines of human interests and, in principle, at least, do not or need not directly involve human relations at all. And this is the language of art and of logic when logic is engaged with its metaphysical implications. It abandons the use of expression as failing to represent fully its act. Its act is adequately represented only in the logical term "assertion," which will be used throughout this argument. The sunset does not address itself *to me*, nor does it "express" itself to or for any being whose claim to its recognition lies only in the consciousness of it as a sunset. The sunset has no purposes, no ends; its design, both as determinative of its form and as delimitative of its intention, is its own constitution and the continuity of that constitution with the design of the universe. It asserts its being to itself and to the world that it, together with other such, constitutes, and in that assertion it is. It creates itself an object, and this object is what it means and all it means. This does not mean that it creates an object for itself, an object other than itself which

it proposes to "mean" or use; it means that the sunset becomes an object through the creation of itself as such. Both subject and object within the judgment the creation asserts are the sunset itself.

So act, object, and subject are all the same thing, an individual on the principle of analogical identity. The sunset is what it is as a sunset because of the mode of its self-assertion, because of the way it asserts itself and thereby subsumes itself under the premise of the universe which is its reason. Its words, that is, words appropriate to its intuition as the instrument to its self-assertion, are ideas and, put to a fixed design, are a poem, which it writes itself to be. The same words, put to design in pure intention, and thus formulating attitudes not yet capable of an idea, take form in pure abstract time and come to expression in tones, which, when principled by measure, are music. These attitudes are modes of being; they are not states of mind; their formulation is thus logic, not psychology. The words thus designed constitute an object that stands on its own feet and does not require the medium of mind to hold it up or hold it together. This object has no meaning in communication. The same words, appropriately instrumented as genuine acts and independent of any purpose or any specialized reference to mind or to anything else, execute themselves as a painting and speak in terms of color and space; but they do not speak to anybody or to anything except the world they help to create. This "communication," which is the "expression" of the sunset, may and does, on occasion and by chance, include instances of ordinary knowledge; for example, I must apprehend, unconsciously, it may be, and hypothetically in any case, the sunset as the natural phenomenon that it is, within the act of recognizing it as a sunset; and this knowing is a detail within the larger contemplation through which the design of the sunset discloses itself to me as form. That is, *my* "knowing" the sunset is merely a detail in the larger relation of the sunset to the system of nature.

My knowing thus has nothing to do with making the sunset what it is. I and my mental processes are mere parts of what it is; it is not a part of me. But the sunset as a natural phenomenon, that is, a physical abstraction, together with the logic by which its nature and structure are communicated to me, that is, the system of science by which it is represented, and the psychological processes by which the communication is recognized by me, that is, the whole mess of psychological and epistemological nonsense, all of these are of the shadow and are entirely lost in the contemplative apprehension of the object for itself. I, even I, for modern philosophy the great I AM, go out as shadow along with the shadows. And this contemplative apprehension is not a state of my mind; my mind is rather a state of it; its appearing as a state of my mind is no part of

itself as a creative act or any part of the entity or object that is "expressed." And here all the meaning that can be given to expression is that the object sunset asserts itself as an instance of being. And neither the empirical logic nor psychology, with their purposes and their motives and the rest of their subjective claptrap, has anything to do with this assertion, that is, the act in which the sunset makes itself the object that it is. I am lost within it; literally I become a detail of it in the moment in which I contemplate it.

And the same is true of a painting or a poem; that which the human will and hand make perfect God takes into his own hand and gives existence; the statue breathes, and the artist is lost in his love of it. As an object determined by objective quality within the system of objective relations that give it its design, it has no need of apprehension by a mind in order to be what it is, nor does it depend in any way upon relations to the mind that may on occasion apprehend it. And if one enjoyed playing within the ambered shadows of theology, it could be said that it is the design of the object that determines the apprehension and the apprehender; it is not God that gives existence, but existence taking on meaning and value through design becomes as God. And the word was God. Indeed, if the "relation to mind" is to be objectified, it can only be done by identifying the mind as itself constituted within the design of the object. The mind is in the object; the object is not in the mind. Of course when the scientist or the empirical logician gets hold of that "in," you can expect the work of art and the universe it designs to take their place in the mind of the artist and the misty mind of the critic.

The conclusion we have been groping our way toward in all this is simply: a word, regarded as an implement of objective expression, or assertion, and as in relation to reality, is itself an object. A good tool by significant use becomes itself an object independent of use, an element of reality by its own design. And thus all that can be meant by expression, if it is reality we intend, is assertion, that is, the becoming the object that the word means. And if reality is not intended, then expression means nothing. A word in a poem asserts the poem as its object, and it is that object that the word means. Assertion is thus a logical, that is, an objective act. This means, negatively, that the use of words for communication, if communication means reference to or direction toward a mind, gives us the abstract and superficial system of the sciences and the "practical" or utility arts which have no reality but only a relativity *to us*. Communication is thus never of truth but of illusion and appearance; what is hinted at might be made true if it should become the intent of a real act; the mere act of thought by itself never comes near reality.

Communication must itself be mediated to reality by real action, the assertion of will. But words in poetry and genuine art *are* themselves a system of reality of a higher type than nature and knowledge or than the practical constructs of action and will. This is even true of words in communication, when genuine and disinterested, as in social and convivial circumstances where the talk is for the sake of the talk and has nothing to do with truth and science and morality or what is said, since it has all the qualities that make it a genuine and veritable object, an object of art. Just like the marble waiting for the statue and the cherry or walnut languishing in the "desire" of the table it is to be, so words are clean being, waiting for the form of their design.

And this means that a word has, strictly, no purpose; there is no specific "use" of it; the uses we attribute to words are *our* uses *of* the words, and it is only in relation to us that a word may be said to have a use. The use of a word for science and communication is therefore, from the point of view of art, an abuse of it; such use is an accident of the user, not of the word. A use is never the quality of an object; it is always an accident of a subject. Uses are not intrinsic in good hammers or good fiddles. But a word "used" as an element of a poem or a drama or a song or a prayer has no reference beyond itself except through that character of its structure by which it correlates with other words in the constitution of a word structure and on through that to the universe. I think this is certainly true where truth is concerned in all genuine logical connections; the truth is never true except when disinterested, that is, dissociated from utility. A word "used" in such connections has no outside relevance, no reference beyond to anything. It is pure or absolute matter. Its mere being is all the objective there can be for it, since it has no end outside itself. We use it, of course, but what it is in the poem is independent of our use or any use, since there is nothing beyond itself but the poem it creates. This reflection draws the line sharply between the practical and the real that is real independently of us.

The spheres of morality, religion, science, etc., short of the metaphysical foundations by which they are made art, represent modifications of reality to conform to our purposes; and it is strictly true that the realities involved in these fields are realities only to us, except where they are regarded as aesthetic objects; and they are realities at all only because they are abstract possibilities given a concrete place in the nature of things by our purposes operating as ideal causes. That is to say, so far as any discipline is scientific, its "realities" are all subjective; this is the reason why they are also "practical"; they must forever keep on trying to become, like the endless process of industry. They *are* only in so far as

they are relevant to our minds and experience, and since freedom as indeterminate change is characteristic of mind and experience, such "realities" have their entire being indicated when we recognize them as practical, since their unreality, manifest in their propensity to change, makes their realization possible only in action. We are therefore their "maker," and their constitution has the instability that is peculiar to our purposes and ends.

Consequently, practical objects must be remade endlessly in repetition, as in the bedamned industrial process, since they show a constant tendency to perish or wear out or go wrong. And this, because they are, as objects, false. But in the case of genuine objects of art, a poem, oration, song, prayer (we are concerned here only with objects with a characteristic word structure), we are not their "maker," but they are themselves the architects of their own designs, and it is we who are being used in the process of their determination; it is we who are the signs and symbols in relation to them as creative agents. Moral and religious objects and practical objects generally thus become realities only as art. I should imagine therefore that the poet in writing a poem is not determining the design of an object out of his own innards, but he is formulating as best he can what is pointed out to him by a design that is objective to him and stands before him, directing his every move and suggesting the material (words) that is proper to it. I should imagine that words and forms and figures come to him from the design of the object that presents itself and are often strange to him and have meanings that he only later discovers and of which he is not aware when he "chooses" them. These forms and figures and the words that assert them do not come out of the depths or intensity of his consciousness or feeling, not out of him but out of the great beyond. The poem constructs itself, or *is* through all eternity, and dictates to the poet the form for which it demands assertion, and it chooses the words and phrases and "conceits" from out of the qualities of its own design. But self-determination is characteristic of all kinds of "good" writing and of good work of all kinds, regardless of specific form, which only means that writing, when it is effective of the design that controls it, is art, whether it be intended by the writer as science or history or whatever.

Consequently, a word is not a sign or a symbol. A word is an element within an object (when it is not an object by itself) and is what it is without any relation to any mind (except where the mind itself is regarded as an object or an element within an object); and as such an independent entity it has its own qualities and relational potentialities all referent to itself alone. It is of course true that a quality of an object is a relational

implication to another object, but it is such only in that the other object is a part of the same typic system with itself; so that the implication is a relation with only one term, namely, the whole of all qualities and objects of its type; and its meaning is totally absorbed in the whole-object of which it is a quality. I know, of course, when I come to think it in another connection, that the red of the apple is a relation to a source of light, light waves, reflections, etc.; or a relation to food, prices, markets, etc.; but as a relation all this is *red* only by a reference to the apple as the only term implied. Hence it is called a quality. And to prove that it is a quality and not a relation of the apple: you can use it with reference only to the apple, that is, *apple* red will not apply to peach, plum, or anything but apple; and within that reference you can use it either as a quality of the apple or as the apple-substance to which it, considered alone, belongs as quality. Thus you can say, and can only say, red apple or apple red. This no doubt sounds like nonsense when represented as a description of fact to the reflective or scientific, that is to say, the practical, intelligence, which apprehends by means only of relations that are materialized in images, images that are determined by space and time conditions, images, that is, that are designs of acts; but to the contemplative intelligence it is the simplest fact that a structure of mutually implicative relations is objectified as a simple quality.

This means that no quantitative distinction between quality and substance is possible, nor is any other distinction possible where the quality is appropriate. And the system of relations is not made a quality by its being apprehended. It is a quality by its own design, and as such it is an object to be apprehended. So that to the poet or artist who is capable of apprehending its implicative relations, the mere red of the rose is sufficient material out of which to construct an elaborate and complicated structure, and it is his "virtue" as artist to be able to see in a simple quality all the variety and heterogeneity necessary to the forming of the integrity and unity of the object in its design. Thus a painter can construct out of the pink of the dawn an object significant of the entire system of nature; and a poet will make of it the blood of the universe; and in both cases because the pink is just pink. Thus Hardy elaborates a very complex personality with a checkered and tragic career out of the mere color-figure of the mouth of Tess; and the simple feel of the soil reflected by the sunlight in the green of trees was sufficient material for the creation of a great tragedy in the *Woodlanders*. But the grocer and the hungry huckster would never see that the apple is red or the dawn pink, nor would their progenitor the scientist ever see it except as a datum or a fact.

So a word is an independent object, a qualified substance, a substance, that is, essenced in quality, and it is a sign or a symbol only to those who have not yet passed in thought the simple and naïve dualism where the world of reality falls in two like an apple split through the heart. One half topples its bleeding side to the sky and comes to a precarious rest in the "mind" of the simpleton as the *locus standi* of all realities that can have meaning and value. The other falls flat upon hard materiality and becomes the hemisphere of drab fact and science and "truth" and practicality. To such a naïve dualist this second half-sphere is after all the only reality. He is really a materialist, and the sphere of mind is to him the shadowy nebula of a troubled sleep. Yet somehow mind is for him the only medium in which values can exist, so that values for him are of questionable reality, so to make them real he lapses into mysticism. It appears not to be comprehended that all aesthetic values are sensuous in origin and, since values are all substanced in qualities and relations, have their ground basis in this objective sphere, this sphere of objects. Also it is only as they stand in this objective sphere that they can be apprehended in a mind. Apprehension, consciousness, for the dualistic realist, is never the quality of a substance, so never substantial, but the mere accident of a relation. It is thus not a factor in the design of an object and not apprehensible as such. For the act of apprehension is assertion and will in every case take the form of a judgment, and where no object is given to the judgment there is nothing to be apprehended. It is not possible to separate the act of judgment from the object of judgment.

Sometimes we make the tragic mistake of assuming that it is the feeling that judges; if so, there would be consistency in claiming that the subjective is the substance of the apprehension and the stuff of art, since the subject of the feeling is its only "object." But this overlooks the fact that feeling never has an object. Its only relation to an object is that it *is* an object, or what may become one. And while cognition may be present *with* feeling, rather feeling is present *in* cognition, feeling is not a cognitive function; it is not active, not a function in any sense but the abstractly mathematical, and thus not capable of apprehending. So the only thing that can be given in contemplation is an object that is not felt but cognized, or only felt as cognized. The feeling may be *what* is given, but it is never that by which anything is given. But to those who are unable to see values in the world of fact and can see values only in the mind and "experience," words are "names" condensed out of the mental nebula by the chilling pressure of reflective thought, and they can have no relation to realities except in terms of the spaces made vacant by the absence of relations, and our scientific philosophers and our philosophical critics

refer to the vacancies as "signs" and "symbols." Thus a world split in two for no other reason than to be consistent with a primitive dualistic superstition will require for its interpretation a magic of some sort, and where imagination responds but feebly the resort to signs and tokens will do for a magic as well as anything.

But such primitive trickery has nothing to do with the realities of things as they are to be formulated in and by words. It is significant that, strictly, a sign or a symbol, or a thing signified or symbolized, can itself be represented only in abstract reflection, can never be presented qualitatively to sense where imaginative apprehension properly begins, can only "stand for" and can have its reality only in a vague reference to something that can never be objectively given; and this, even on scientific and empirical grounds, it would be conceded, is getting pretty thin. That a word has no being in itself but *is* only as an indefinite shadow of something else is too preposterous for words. And it becomes more than preposterous when it is observed that what a word only refers to can never be stated other than as hypothetical and "by definition," can never be put into the form of direct assertion. But what cannot be directly asserted cannot be; where words fail us the very worlds fall away; and a word that by itself is not cannot be even as a sign that can only sigh for the darkening shadows. But a word can be and is on its own recognizance. And this capacity through itself to be, the *demiurgos*, is the life that words infuse into a poem or a song and that gives substantial individuality to those word-structures which thereby attain an intentional design.

But, if a word is an object, it can be not merely represented as a sign but presented as a thing. Thus in the ordinary practical situation (where practice implies merely the creation and manipulation of techniques) a word is a tool that can be taken up and laid down and will remain what it is while it is not being manipulated. And in such a pragmatic world all things are no doubt instruments, lifeless unessenced things which remain nothings until a precarious breath is blown into them by a mystic purpose. So much so, in fact, that many complicated techniques appear to be little of anything but words related to each other only as such mere existences, and that "stand for" nothing more than the abstract process their relations design for them, like the characters in mathematics. One has in mind here the logisticians who have demonstrated that words can and do have reality in their nothingness (nothing, you know, is at least something), can and do have their meanings in their meaninglessness. But even so and as mere abstractions, pure signs, words have a reality, even though their reality could be formulated only in terms of negation.

The being of words in a practical situation is a slender thing, but even so they must *be* if they are to have meaning, for meanings certainly *are*.

And it is the same in ethical connections where the essence of the ethical is the implication of and to action. Words here become substantial causes, and a word whose individual substance has retired into a background of oblivion may yet operate to produce, direct, and control action, even often without the reference to an end. Their autonomy operates causally even when bodiless, and even in scientific and logical connections these husks of words often exercise a controlling hand; not always negatively and in the direction of error, but they appear also to furnish the positive momentum that enables the thinker to anticipate truth, and thus they function as an unconscious and automatic imagination. The words that constitute the mass of inductive evidence in an "empirical" situation lead the imagination to assert more than is "given" in the facts, and the assertion may attain truth. It is barely possible that a structure of live words lying at the basis of the personality constitutes the "mind." And, although the moral may be taboo for "criticism," this synergic power of words has been recognized ever since Aristophanes lambasted his fellow-dramatists for being "wrong." And while the ethical significance of such substanceless words as "duty," "conscience," "right," may lie within the negations which they construct, that is, within the action-in-reverse which they formulate as actions in reserve in custom and blind habit, yet there they are, and they are realities no constructive critical purpose dare overlook. Justice, in spite of the fact that its substance is ideal and hypothetical, has energized many a cultural movement, even if these movements on occasion were empty of positive results because the substance of justice lay only in the form of the word. The word nevertheless had a form, a life, and could breed. But this means that evil is as real as good. And, except for the relation to mind, and within that relation and the thus-determined sphere of the subjective where nothing need be real, the one is critically as good as the other.

In any case, within the sphere of morality where action is the substantial fact, words are substantial forms and, as such, function as causes where they do not operate as wills. And by virtue of this causative power they become the creative, that is, the self-determinative stuff of the language arts. So it is peculiarly in the domain of aesthetics, which is the metaphysical bottom on which the ethical stands, that the reality of words demonstrates itself. Here to be real requires of anything only that it be a form that of its own spontaneity creates a substance for itself by being significant to itself, a form that can be, that is, the object of its own design. Not the subject of its design! Here the word "significant," as the

meaningful, illustrates the active causative and living power of words. In its meaning here it has put behind it all suggestion of the sign that was its "meaning" as a dead existence. It is ridiculous to say that the meaning is in the mind and the word "stands for" it. The meaning is the word itself and has its place in the world where the mind must come to it if it is to be apprehended. This concept of a form that creates the object of its own design is the aesthetic formula of the principle of individuality, so that, since what is, is individual, what conforms to it thus defines itself within the sphere of being. This is the meaning, and the only meaning, of "creation." It involves no necessary reference to a mind. The supporting proof of this proposition can be given only in the whole structure of aesthetic theory, and, as we cannot reproduce that here, we will undertake to exemplify it in the theory of poetry. It is doubtful if philosophers or critics will follow us here.

In a poem a word is an object that is real because, as occupying a position in a characteristic structure, it determines the structure to fall into design such that every element in the structure points to the word as a center of all the relations in the design. In "absolute poetry" every word occupies such a status. That is, each word in a "good" poem serves as an end term for all the relations within the structure, and the system of these relations constitutes the design of the poem, thus determining it an individual object. And the design of the structure reacts upon the words considered as apart from their relations and amasses them into the material substance or body of the poem. That all this takes place in the mind and is then transferred to the object is the superstition that makes nonsense of the theory of literary art. Mind is spectator and commentator where artistic creation is taking place. Its function is critical, not creative. Or, if to avoid perfectionism we must make our peace with John Donne and find elements that will not take a place cozily, the breaks and breaches and the roughage they occasion in the poem themselves have their significance (when and if they have any) in the fact that they exert a recognizable influence upon the structure as a whole, and thus each break serves the function of a word, as a pause in music is as much an element of the time-substance of the music as a sounding note is. That is to say, the break is itself a piece of the stuff of the poem; it has color-tone *in potentia* from its relations to the words and has the same creative efficacy as a word. The word is real because it realizes in a synthesis a system of relations as the design of an object, and, as that object, or an essential part of it, the word gives integrity to the structure in which it functions. The break operates in the same way. But the break comes automatically from the demand of the structure and not from the will or in-

tent of the poet who, if he undertakes to impose it, destroys the unity of the whole.

The word is thus the point at which the real and thought, or thought and its object, become an objective identity, since the design of the object is the condition of the object's intelligibility; the instance of individuality in which thought realizes itself, or in which the real thinks. It is thus the most real of things, the Word that was in the beginning, pure form without void, the content that is life which in a poem sings. The word in a poem may then be an object by itself, or it may be an object as an element in another object; it may cohabit with another word in a compound, coalesce with a complex of words in a phrase or a metaphorical idiom or a fantastic conceit, the instance of the ultimate Figure in which that which merely Seems becomes that which finally Is. And the word is all these independently of the subjective reference to a mind, except, of course, in the special case where the word structure with its references constitutes the mind. But there the mind is itself an object. Its highest completest form is idiomatic, in which the word becomes a metaphysical entity, and this marks the point where language identifies with the reality it represents, becomes itself its own presentation. And this is the one and only instance of absolute truth, so that those who argue that thought and language must always be *about* reality and never *be* the reality have yet to come face to face with a poem or any object of art, and this means they have as yet to acquaint themselves with reality in any form.

Poetic figure is thus indifferently an element of thought or an element of reality or both at once and a substance in and through itself in any case. A complete word then is a metaphor in the original and literal sense of the term. It "bears" or "carries over" between the real that is and the real that thinks, the analogy that attains identity. It is once more the demonstration of the principle of analogical identity, which states the being and the value of everything in heaven or on the earth. As the form and substance of an identity, words, either as independent objects or as elements within a structure of objects (which we remember is also itself an object), constitute structures that are the ground of creative agency, and since the objects in which words disappear through coalescence with each other are qualitatively new entities, become themselves genuine creations. And this is the reason why, given minimal elements of structure in word-relations, such as that involved in the simplest use of language, the direction of movement of the whole which the relations constitute, and the realizing object toward which it moves, are predetermined.

Language, then, as words individuated into self-sustaining form, is an agent and possesses full autonomy, has a life and a history of its own.

A poem, I imagine, has its form and the structure it is to take already determined when one or two master-lines are shaped up in their relations to each other, and this will be true even in terms of the detail which limit the structure to its type. The stanza form, the number of lines and the length of line, the balance of metric emphasis, the rhythmic pattern, all these are previsaged in the first instance where two lines come into relations to each other. In any case the energies of the words when so structured take the initiative away from the writer, and the poem goes on its own way to create itself into an object which perhaps was never in the "mind" of its "author" in any form. It would be interesting to inquire whether the Greek idea of metamorphosis of persons, the changing of persons into objects and functions in nature, may not be due to the grace with which their word-forms interpenetrate and coalesce in new forms through metaphor, thus giving to the word structures an energizing power; and it would be easily suggested that it is this character of the Greek language that made it the perfect instrument of poetic form. And the same intrinsic word-energy may be the ground of what is called the "spontaneity of thought" as it is the ground of the creative activity of imagination, which is thought operating independently of presentations. In any case a word is never a passive sign or symbol but is an active agent when it has any meaning at all. And where words have no meaning they are not words.

But what is beyond argument is that words do actively fuse and coalesce on the principle of analogical identity, and that in the fusion the constituent words may entirely lose their individual identity in the new identity which they constitute. All this is instanced in metaphor and can be observed in any case of good poetry. It is also an objective fact in an idiom, the words in which are used with no reference to their ordinary meaning. Also it is clear that the new identity is, on occasion, not a word or a word structure but an object of a different substance, an object of pure tone combinations or color combinations or a combination of colors and tones, an object of nature or a value objectively defined, different, it may be, from any object that can be determined from simple word fusions. These objects are the "creatures" of the imagination, but they are concretely substanced in objective reality nonetheless. The new object is substanced from the relations that hold among the constituent words after the relations have been abstracted from the words they hold between as terms. That is, it is an object with a purely relational content, a content that gives no hint of the qualities of the words upon which its relations depend; so that the new object is, or may be, different in quality and therefore in species from the original words, since its specific characters

and qualities have nothing in common with the characters and qualities of the words from which its relational substance is derived.

Salt, for example, does not have the characters of sodium or chlorine; the family does not have its characteristic quality from the characters of the persons who make it up; its specific quality is derived rather from the mode of the relations that hold among the persons. The family is thus an individual entity, essenced on the principle of analogical identity. The object presented by a figure in a sonnet of Shakespeare has not the characters of any word in the figure; the object is new and has its substance in the relations that hold among the words in the figure and not from the things supposed to be symbolized by the words. This fact explains the "suggestiveness" of words in a poem, which has been supposed to be a mystery beyond comprehension. It also explains the almost infinite possibilities of interpretation of a good poem. And this not because of the different subjects that interpret it from their blessed experience, but because the objects represented in and created by the word-structures are species and have universal characters and thus appear in the subjective consciousness with the variety limitations that are due to the idiosyncrasy of the mind that interprets. Words then disappear in the harmonies their melodic relations let them fall into and are resurrected impersonally and with a new identity in the new forms the new harmonies take on.

A word then with an aesthetic function, which is its reality function, is not a sign or a symbol of anything. But then it follows that, if logic deals with reality, words in truth relations are not signs either. Signs and symbols are instruments of thought, not objects of thought. They are by-products of thought, accidents of its incidence upon its circumstance, and can never speak of the real either as valid or as valuable. The objects built of interword relations are solid substances and have no necessary dependence upon the words among which the relations hold. Like the child of interpersonal marital relations, they grow to independent maturity and "go on their own." Being of independent content, they are new objects essenced in form, and their substance is quality. The identification of substance with quality is the ultimate synthesis that lies at the basis of all art. It is also the ground of the synthesis of judgment and so is the ultimate of logic and of the truth that attains reality. We have therefore to attack the ultimate mystery—how substance is self-identical in quality; how quality is grounded in appearance; how the noumenon is essenced in the phenomenon; and of whatever more there may be. For all this is given in and as the meaning of a poem. And it is doubtful if the critics, even the philosophical critics, even the new breed of dialectician, comprehends the nature of the problem.

The key to the problem is this new object. It is this new object, namely, one whose substance, although compounded of the relationally determined characters of words, constitutes it an object that is new in quality and that carries no direct relevance to words at all, that we have to deal with in the poem. Its word-elements have disappeared, as words, and we have in their place a system of tone-color qualities and tone-color relations standing fused together as matter and form of the object. The tone-color qualities come into being as the residue of the fusion of words in metaphor and figure, left there as qualities that float without anchorage in any substance, since their word-bases have been lost in their own identity. And as the only condition on which they, as color-tone constants, can continue to be, and they must continue to be, since time, tone, is an element in them, is that they get a new base; since their substance is nothing but the continuity in synthesis of the qualitative, the new base can be found only in themselves as qualities, since they are themselves their only relevance. It would be interesting here to show how a predominance of literal color gives objects whose substance is formed in colored space in painting and the art forms that derive from painting. Similarly it could be shown how a predominance of literal tone gives objects constituted of elements of time in music and the tone arts. We have therefore the curious result that the quality substantiates that out of which it itself originates, and it does so by absorbing its basis within itself; and the identity thus constituted gives to the quality a primacy over its basis, in that it is the quality that activates the fusion. Words, then, in poetry, submerge themselves in the qualities their relations substantiate, and we have in the substantial quality the stuff of value. Words, that is, change over from the relation structure they have as spoken, in which the object they design is determined by the continuity character of time without the limiting character of space, into the pure quality that is in experience analogous to time, viz., tone. Words, that is to say, drop off the limitations due to their time determinants and become pure tones. So, also, words are transformed from the relation structure they have as written, and hence determined by the character of space without limitation by the character of time, into the pure quality that in experience is analogous to space, viz., color. In this instance words are disentangled from their relations in space and become pure colors.

The substance of words, then, prior to their being conditioned in time and space, is color and tone in the complete fusion we call color-tone. In poetry words are thus capable of appearing and functioning as either color or tone or as any possible combination of colors and tones. Words

thus can paint a landscape or tune a lyric. Of course we are not considering the distinction of color and tone from the point of view of the accident that one usually appears in consciousness to or through the eye and the other to or through the ear, since such considerations would again represent quality as a mere accident or attribute, and at that not an attribute of substance but of matter. We have not apprehended the reality of quality when we refer it to material existence but think of it merely as an accident; whereas quality is really substantial and may therefore, because of its self-identity, appear to sense in any attributive shape circumstances may require. The sunset appearing to the painter will be painted; to the musician it will be sung or transcribed upon a violin. And the poet will put it all—picture, music, and the whole brood of their progeny—put it all down in words and thus give genesis to an indefinite line of painters and musicians. The sunset *is* all of these and many more besides. Hence it is better to speak of quality, where it is intended to refer to its substantial status, as the color-tone substance that *is*, that appears in sense to be color *or* tone, depending upon the circumstances of the occasion. But wherever quality is recognized as color *or* tone, it is so as a substance that exists, and thus appears as an experienceable object; quality appears in existence through the analogical identity with space when it appears as color and through identity with time when it appears as tone. That is, it is because of the spatiotemporal characters of words that they are able to express tones and chromatic characters. But *tones* and *colors* are not mere physiologically sensuous qualities; they are sensuously intelligible qualities, hence substances. So a word-structure like a poem is an object with qualities and relational attributes that go far beyond the logical and "literary" relevances of words, and the object thus created has a substance of pure quality, and its relational characters are substantial materials. Words are not signs.

In a poem, then, words have qualitative characters and relational characters, out of which the purpose is to create an object representing so perfect a harmony and balance of the two that each, as a specific character, disappears, and the object is contemplated as an identity without distinctions. It is an object in pure color-tone, and color-tone is not appearance at all but pure substance. Yet, for analysis, the two factors of quality and relation are distinct, and, for purposes of theory, they require to be described each in terms of its own features so far as this is possible.

For experience we identify as tone the qualities of words by their being mediated through the sense of hearing. But it is not because they are mediated through the sense of hearing that they are tones; it is because they are determined within the dominant conditions of time that these

qualities are tones. Tone is determined in existence therefore by its analogy relation to time. Pure quality is the amalgam of tone and color before either tone or color has determinate existence. What tone and color are in experience is, therefore, something less than their reality. For ordinary purposes of identification in perception, the tones of the words are all that are heard. But tone, when contemplated as an experience, fuses with all other sense qualities present or subliminal to consciousness at the time it is heard and thus acquires new tints and shades of the qualities of the other senses with which it is amalgamated into the nonqualitative mass of feeling. This feeling *has* no quality but *is* absolute quality; so it has ontological, not psychological, implications.

Feeling is thus related analogically to the sense elements that compose it; it is their identity, yet it is qualitatively different from them, and the difference is so great on occasion as to be a difference in kind, so that feeling and sense are different species. The modification of tone as an experience is especially important in the case of its fusion relation with color, since it is the color element that gives to tone its spatial characteristics as the first and most important existential factor of the object it is the destiny of tone to create. Tone creates objects in existence then through its analogy with color; it is in this relation that existence itself is given status as real. The amalgamation of all the various elements of all the sensations "present" to the "consciousness" at one time in a self-identical object gives to the words relevant to that object the suggestiveness that makes a wide metaphorical use of them possible. Thus, when I see an apple at a distance, I also taste, smell, feel it, and these elements of the visual color give a great variety of metaphorical suggestion. It is also responsible for the "expressiveness" of words in terms of the delicacy and richness of the particular feelings called up in the mind of the hearer. But this latter effect is merely symptomatic and not determinative of the quality of the tone.

This amalgam of quality which comes to self-identity in feeling is the material content of a poem, and it is the content of all types of art objects. The same sense-stuff, considered in the raw and before it amalgamated into feeling-substance, is the stuff of cognition and the *Urstoff* of logic and science. Here it is made into figures of ideal perfection in accordance with the standard of truth, and the figures are realities only by anticipation. As such they become the norms of ethics, religion, politics, and the formulas for jurisprudence and theology. None of these refers to objects that are realities in immediacy but only to objects that can be or could be real on conditions variously specified in these separate disciplines.

The norms of ethics, for example, are realized as objects in action.

Quality considered as aesthetic material must on the contrary be conceived as a substance that is self-subsistent, as that which can appear in sensation but *is* prior to experience and independently of whether it appears in experience or not. It is what the poem is made out of; what God created the heavens and the earth out of; it is there in the nature of things, before life was or experience was. It is what appears in the consciousness of the poet under the subjective mode of feeling, where it is felt by the poet, when he is not a poet but cognizes it, as some kind of appurtenance of himself. It being the prior reality, and the poet overwhelmed by his interests, the poor fellow thinks it privately his own, as exclusively belonging to him, and he proudly speaks of his genius and has the critic to speculate about it for him to bolster his dignity. It is also because it is felt by the poet as a function of himself, and then disinterestedly contemplated as what it is, that he is able to infuse into it the causative agency of the idea and thus give to the whole the self-creative urge that enables the poem to take form. Nor is the idea the poet's. It is the Principle of the Poem, and it was from the beginning. God himself had to find it before the stars could take their places. By itself the feeling-quality-substance is passive. So that, while we are accustomed to think of the poet as the maker of the poem, I imagine the poet knows that the poem, as an independent and self-subsistent object, is creating itself and is only using the writer as condition and medium and instrument by and through which it comes to form as a consequence of its own energies. The amalgam-mass of sense is *there*, not in the consciousness of the poet—it merely appears there—but there in the nature of things, and it demands of the poet the circumstantial chance to *be*. And, as a spark of the idea from Plato's heaven falls into it, it is formed by a design that creates itself within it as if it conceived of the Holy Ghost; and the person in whose mind the process takes place is often no more than a surprised and embarrassed spectator.

But the amalgam of quality is not only the material substance of the object of art. It is also the stuff that gives whatever reality it has to experience; so that what takes figure in the mind of the artist and what takes form in the temporal-spatial environment are one and the same thing. And it is only because of the subjectivism of our viewpoint, and as a consequence our bumptious egotism, that we are led to put all the emphasis on the internal processes and thus raise and perpetuate the unreal problem of the relation of the "object" to the "mind" that "knows" it. I imagine such a problem does not exist for the poet. There is no such problem anywhere in so far as we know really, and the fact that we insist on making this distinction between knower and known merely testifies

to our ignorance. The distinction is not necessary to an understanding of the process of knowledge but only necessary for "scientific analysis." In a genuine instance of knowing, the stuff of the mind and the stuff of the object are identical, and the stuff takes form and individuality through the co-operation of the two elements of the identity. So what is real is of course at that instant an experience, but all the statement means is that the experience is realized in an object through the co-operation of a matter that is already there. What feels is; and, in being, it becomes conscious, and mind appears and recognizes itself. I should not hope to make this clear, either to philosophers or to critics. But I believe the poet would understand.

So a poem as an objective thing and as an experience are the same thing. It is not, however, experience as momentary and private. And it is not the experience that makes the poem. The important corollary of this is that, *as* such an identity, the poem, as an individuation of a clot of words objectified in language, is an objective fact in the substance of culture. And, so far as values are concerned, it is only by the position occupied in this cultural substance that the poem or object or even the mind or anything has any significance at all.

As thus both experience and quality and as an identity of the two, the object (poem) is immediately felt. But as immediately felt there is no distinction of experience and quality, and, so far, the poem is an unintelligible what, a value undefined and undesigned but apprehended immediately or a value apprehended in immediacy. And this means that it is not merely felt by me or you but felt absolutely and by itself; it feels itself, is feeling; consciousness of itself develops within *it*, out of its own synergy, that is; *its* substance *is* feeling, and thus its feeling is continuous with the feeling that animates nature and the feeling that is in you upon the accident that your apprehension of it is adequate. It is not yet individuate and corporate as the subject of a judgment; it does not and cannot yet assert itself; and, so far, it does not function in knowledge except as an abstract potential stuff, a "datum" the "what can be known," so *as yet* it is a mere material condition of the possibility of knowledge.

And it is thus limited to an "epistemological" status because the idea or the ideal element in its constitution is entirely objectified and "used up" in the process of giving it form, so it does not make the reference to another that is necessary in a judgment. So it has as yet no logical status, and judgments made upon it or about it are assertions of uncertainty, not valid, yet valuable. And assertions can only be made about it; it cannot yet be asserted in a judgment, cannot yet assert itself. A poem in this sense, appearing within the cognition of feeling alone, is a mere content,

indeterminate to the reflective judgment and so indefinable to knowledge so a mystery to the ordinary logic. It has, in this aspect, no particularity of structure and only an undelimited form, so no "beauty." Its being is limited to the "experience" of itself through you, limited, that is, to its being merely the being that is perceived. This is the "poetry" that is getting the subjectivist interpretation at the present time. And so far and at this stage there is only a nisus toward structure, and as an object the poem is now but a mere subjective intent, the design that purposes itself to be an end. An object is not made out of mere qualitative content by itself; this is mere promise, sheer possibility. And this possibility cannot be hardened into reality by simple exaggeration of the intensity of feeling, or by "roughening" to the point where it irritates attention by its formlessness. It is here that much of contemporary "poetry" is faulty. It attempts to objectify itself through sheer intensity of quality or by forcing itself to subjective attractiveness by rudeness and crudity; it overlooks the fact that the intensity of a quality can reach a degree where the quality disappears. It fails to see that quality alone does not make an object; to make an object requires the delimiting force of continuity relations to give it form. And what is without form is void. Only as quality is figured by relation does it have the form that makes sense, and sense is necessary if quality is to be known.

It is thus only as words are qualified relationally that they construct an object that has design and that can be known, and known to be structured as an object of value. We have noted above that an object can be constructed out of the complex of a system of relations as the relations mutually transgress each other and that in this objective connection the relations do not require to be considered from the point of view of the terms by which they are defined. Relations, that is, may have their essential meaning without reference to their terms, in the abstract medium of connectivity or continuity which they constitute, and it is this meaning that becomes important in the use of words in poetry. And this medium of abstract continuity, despite its abstractness, becomes important because it jells down into that degree of solidity that enables it to bear qualities as attributes; so that the qualities are in this case immediate implicates of the core of relations. In this sense the relations of words *to each other* are the basis both of the intelligibility of the objects they construct and of the order of these objects in the systems of culture. For it is the relations of words to each other in an object which the words and relations together build up that determines the element of form. And without form nothing has being of any kind, and form is the essence of the being that is value. The quality of words must therefore be formed by the

relations the words sustain to each other before it can have the form that is the essence of a poem. Sheer quality is formless and sheer relation is unformed; and formlessness cannot be shaped by emphasis upon intensity, or hardened into reality by the dire soulfulness of feeling. Relations are also responsible for the intelligibility of their objects where these objects are elements in any thought structure and thus also for any knowledge of the words and for any *theory* of the objects that can be constructed from the words and their relations.

Thus the relations of words to each other and without reference to the words as terms are the basis of the structure of any object that can be created out of the words, just as the sense quality of words was found to be the content of all objects that can be created out of them.

A poem, then, has a structure built up of the relations of its words, as those relations are apprehended as pure objects of thought without reference to the terms that delimit them, and used practically as materials that give the poem form and that give it also all the characters that depend on form.

A poem also has a content made up of all the qualitative elements of the words whose relations to each other constitute the structure of the poem. The form of this quality is what we shall later attempt to develop as the texture of the poem. Structure and texture are thus the two formal concepts upon which as a basis the theory of poetry and of literary art in general is to be formulated. This quality is the substance that is formed within the relational structure. As substance it is both subject and object, both experience and experienced, but either only so far as relation gives form. Quality is pure abstract matter, and all things of value can be made of it, as all existences have been made of it; but by and of itself it makes nothing. The substance of a poem is quality, but its active essence is relation. Relation is thus the condition of intelligibility for the poem, and "communication" depends on it. But any actual communication, any communication within the medium of the subjective, communicates only the abstract possibility of meaning, gives only the form that is void, with respect to which any quality is of necessity but a mere accident, and will hover about the void of meaning as a disembodied spirit forever vainly seeking a place of rest. No, the purpose and function of language is not communication, and words are signs only when they are significant of nothing. If the function of language is expression, it is the object that is expressed, not the subject—and expressed to itself, not to you or me. The judgment that states the essence of a poem is the act of self-assertion that constitutes the poem. The poem is, and is real, and a work of art, because it creates itself such by this act of asserting itself. But to treat the

poem as an instance of communication in which a value is put over from and by one mind to another is to make of it a dead existence that is and can be merely talked about.

Poetry is the only perfect use of words. A poem has a structure of word relations that makes it intelligible, built into its substance of word quality, which latter takes form from this structure and as a consequence becomes a universal for experience; and its becoming universal for experience is necessary in order that it be individual and so to be real as an object.

Words have two primary characters. These are relation and quality. It is the purpose here to show how these two characters are the grounds of the two elementary functions of words by which the language they constitute acquires a creative agency or the capacity to live and act. This creative agency we shall try to demonstrate in connection with poetic "expression," which is, properly, poetic assertion.

Words, then, "have" universally the two characters of relation and quality. This means that a word is constituted an object by the integration of the two characters, so that it is not a question of words *standing in relations*, or *having* qualities, but of being substantiated and made what they are by the integration into a solid mass of the relations and qualities. For it has been shown that both relation and quality are substantial in their capacity to assume the nature of each other, that is, they are substances, since in assuming a mutuality with respect to each other they constitute the concreteness that individuates an object. The substance that results from, or follows upon, relational integration is quality, and that which follows from fusion of qualities is relation; so that quality and relation are analogues, and the object, that is, the object as such, any object, is constituted in and by their identity. And it has been suggested that by relation we mean, concretely, all the various aspects of the interconnection between words by which they are tied up to each other in the continuing process of language expression, which becomes the historic continuity or "life" of language. Words have no meaning except as they "run together." They have a separate existence only through the physical necessity of writing; in speech, where words are given their reality, they are constituted of their relations to each other. Instances of a purely sensitive nature are the liaison and the slur in music. A better instance for the purpose, perhaps, would be any conjunction, preposition, adverb, or qualifying adjective, the very content of meaning of which is just this continuity or running together of words in discourse. Most of the meaning of any word is contained in that aspect of it which necessarily overlaps other words in the process of expression. It is ridiculous to assume

that words have a meaning only by their reference to objects that exist outside and beyond the language continuity formed by their assertion. And by the process of expression and the resulting language continuity we mean essentially the continuing reality of language in time which subsists independently of its use but which has its origin in the fusion of words in ordinary use; language is, by virtue of the continuity in time and substance of its structure in qualified relations, precipitated out of use and becomes an independent real.

So that language is not essentially the instrument of communication as communication formulates itself in local and present use and wont, not language as the mere fact, but as the substantial ground in historical continuity of life and culture which makes communication possible. And it is necessary to emphasize that by word relations we do not mean the supposed one-to-one relation of words to the hypothetical objects to which they are said to refer; or, as Hobbes would have it, a word is supposed to represent an existent as "seamen mark a rock." The object "referred to" by words is the object constituted by their qualities and relations, the language continuum which is the ground of institutionalized culture. And equal emphasis must be put on the denial that a word relation is a connection between a word and the mind whose vocal instruments give it tonal expression. Also, a word is not the "sign of an idea," nor is it the sign of anything. I should insist on this even in the difficult case of proper names. The primitive superstition that the name is the spirit of the thing or person it represents is sounder than the sign theory. The relation of words to ideas is a complex question intelligible only in metaphysical explication. In general, the relation is one of analogical identity—that is, words and ideas both have meanings in their mutual reference to the world of objects and are explained only through a knowledge of the nature of objects; and the typic object here is the language-continuum as the ground of culture. By word relations we mean the relations of words to each other in the system of real objects their interconnections tend to set up in the body of culture, where they have no necessary or direct reference either to hypothetical external objects or to any hypothetical mind. The system of culture is a system of objects that are real independently of any reference to external objects or mind.

The system of interword relations is language. It is usual to describe language as having the function of communication, where communication is taken to mean the process of intercourse among persons by means of a system of sounds or other "signs." And language appears in this view to be simply the collection of these signs and to have no historic continuity and hence no organic or individual identity. The tendency in this custom-

ary scheme is to put the burden of meaning, the emphasis, and importance of words upon the persons between whom the intercourse takes place and inside of these persons to locate the seat of importance within their minds. Language in this sense is a set of mere qualityless relations holding externally between persons, who are the only entities in the process. Even the content of the language of communication is supposed to be the stuff of these minds. It is the usual thing to go deeper still, when we get so far away from any facts, and to find the ground of communication in some hypothetical intent or purpose within these minds, and beyond this it is not possible to go because the intent is itself beyond the reach of any empirical access. So language is in the accepted theory a process of intercommunication between minds or between their hypothetical purposes or intents, mediated through a set of signs which are supposed to "mean" or "stand for" the intents and purposes of these minds. As an afterthought it is sometimes reminded us that these intents are themselves exemplified or signified in the objects of the real world; but it is not usual to remark that we would have no reason to know of the existence of the intents if the objects of the real world were not taken for granted as somehow there in advance of the intent, and, by being there, making the intents both possible of existence and meaning at the same time. The only other alternative is to assume that the intents are existent and knowable only for the mind for whose depths they are, and this precludes any possibility of communication.

This assumption appears in the mystical tendency in literary discussion where the meaning of expression seems to be sought in the endless and futile attempt at the externalization of what on the assumption is so inner as to defy all efforts at formulation or objectification. And the fact that this is contradictory seems to recommend it to the more voluble of the subjectivists, as the unintelligibility of the spiritual appears to recommend that formless entity to the religious mystic. It is all so very simple; what you feel so warmly and deeply within you must be the reality, and the mind or thought with its laws of contradiction has no business to interfere. Yet the major emphasis of late has been upon the meaning of words and language, and the chief question relating to meaning is that as to the nature of the "reference" or "stand-foring" by means of which the mind knows its object. And the epistemological venture after this hypothetical meaning loses itself in the depths of the intents and purposes of these minds, so deeply bogged in subjectivity that there is nothing left to do but feel its abysmal intensity.

But it is obvious that in these terms of a reference to objects the tendency is to presuppose that the primary purpose of language in communi-

cation is science and what science calls truth, since science is supposed to possess the truth about the world of objects. But the "objects" of science are abstractions, and words and language are in their literary use supposed to give access to reality. Meanings must somehow give us concreteness to sense, if there is to be a bottom under imagination and the act of creation. Or, with those aesthetically inclined, the emphasis is put on the supposed function of language to give expressive force to the emotions, with peculiar anxiety about the realization of every degree and all kinds of intensity. But intensity, even the intensity of emotion, is a quantity, and this again hands over to the scientist the question as to the nature and meaning of words and language, of which he knows nothing. The actual or possible concrete formal qualities of feeling and emotion appear to escape the interest of both aestheticist and scientist alike. It is thus difficult to understand why literary people, who are for the most part romantic subjectivists, should fall for this abstract scientific machinery and the clank of symbolic wheels. For science and the interest in truth are historically much later developments than the cultural purposes and their interest in the various phases of value and the good.

As a consequence, language got its initial impulse to "communicate" and the propulsion to "expression" from other motives than those of truth. Man sought to give form to his world, and thus to infuse his words with meaning, long before he was curious to understand it, and this urge to form was the largest determinant in the development of language. He could "make" his world with his words long before he could do it with his hands or his ideas; in fact, he had pretty well "made" it before he discovered that he had ideas or the mind by which the ideas came to him. In fact, again, he coupled his words with the work of his hands long before and much more effectively than he ever did, even now, with the work of his mind. His first making instrument was his words in any case, and what he made with them first was the world of objects about him. So in origin, form, and meaning language relates to the objective relations of culture and not to the psychological motives of men or to the abstractions of science. In those periods of the development of human culture in which men have had serious purposes, even the purpose to truth—and we mean by purposes not psychological intents but previsioned plans of action—those purposes have themselves uniformly related to a world that was supposed to be real outside of and in some anxious way beyond them. This real world behind and beyond but involved in every purpose was what later came to be recognized as the world of the imagination and was to be realized in the practical activities and objects of work, war, play, and religious ritual. It was the imaginatively con-

ceived practical form of the world, and not its truth or any "experience" of it, that thus became the ultimate objective of men, and all their motives toward expression took their contour and substance from that objective and from it developed creative power. So neither science, with its world of quantitatively determined objects, nor the romantic mystic, with his world of psychologically determined intensities, has anything to say about the world of realities and the words that express it as they are designed by the use of words in language. This is a matter for metaphysics.

The instrument of this creative or designing power was art, and its "making" tool was poetry. Poetry is just the imaginatively designed use of words to construct this world, and this real world and this poetic formulation by the "expressive" word are still the basis of any possible culture. It would be easily possible, I imagine, to show by historical evidences that all the genuine activities of men, even the activities of man's mind, are modifications of, and have grown out of, the primordial poetic impulse that is at the root of work, play, and worship. It is the original impulse to chanceful adventure and the conquest of what is not, which in youth leads to war, the chase, and the conquests of love, and which in the older man takes form in poetic recitation; and it is this life-impulse as imagination seasoned in reiterated expression or formal assertion that is the creator of all institutions. Poetry is literally the creator and legislator for the real world.

Words are, then, not signs of objects that have status in the machine world of the scientist antecedently to the reference of words to them, nor are they references to mind or to states of mind, or to modes of reference between a mind and such objects, or between a mind and other minds. Words do not have their primary significance in the processes of knowledge as represented in the scientific interest; they have their elementary character and significance in their logical use, and logic is not the hard machinery of knowledge but has its origin and character in the same poetic or artistic impulse that gave the Greeks the drama and sculpture and the other art forms. Words are constituent objects of the real world; there is nothing that is behind them, not even the poetic impulse, which is itself rather the mode of their action. They are not determined by anything, not even their status in the world; it is through them that the world itself has status, and it is they that are behind everything so far as reality is a cultural system. In the beginning was the Word.

The objects that are constituted of word constructs possess a unique character which is known as quality.

Words, then, are, in reality, related directly and essentially only to

words. And as a consequence their interrelations constitute a system of words a structure, and set it up as an object in the substance of the world. Thus a given word stands within the system with relations to other words in all appropriate directions, and these relations intersect each other with such complication as to constitute the medium in which they and the words lie. Now this medium is what appears in consciousness as the new prime stuff of quality, and, *for experience*, it is the reality that alone can be present to or in consciousness, since it identifies there with feeling. There is no word, for example, in "I wandered lonely as a cloud" that by itself has any peculiar quality or that refers cognitively to any object outside the poem; but in and through the relations in which the words stand to each other in the poem each word contributes its modicum to a total of elemental substance that is this medium of the poem's quality. This quality is not cognized or felt *in* consciousness, but it is the feeling of consciousness. It is the massive object that we have in mind when we think of the poem as impressive. Feeling is, then, with respect to experience, the consciousness of quality in general, just as, with respect to experience, the consciousness of relation in the abstract is cognition. That is to say, *what* it is that is given to or in experience is always a quality, or the form of a quality, by which form we mean the design of an object which a quality always implies; and this quality, when itself made an object of intellectual inquiry, or when experienced in cognition, always appears as a set of relations, and the relations seem to have their being in their "set," that is, in their fixed mutuality of reference to each other.

It is this set of a complex of relations that identifies with the form of a quality in the design of an object. The relations whose set designs an object do not get their substantive status from self-subsistent objects supposed to be "given" before the relations are apprehended; for an object can only be given in experience by that which substantiates it as an object, that is, by and through its relations; out of its relations the object is a pure construct of the poetic urge and a "term" for logic or a "concept" for science, since the objects which are supposed to be prior to their relations seem to be assumed in order to give particularity of concrete locus to relations already apprehended. An object that is prior to its relations could never be perceived; it has being only in the cognitive act by which it is assumed and could never have quality, being an abstraction. Thus we do not see the sun and then see the light of the sun, but we see the light and then single out the sun as its "source" and the object the light falls on as points with reference to which the light has particular and identifiable status. It is the light therefore that is given in

experience, and it is given by the relations that substance its quality. The light is therefore a substantial relation not constituted by its terms, but substantial to its terms in the sense that they have their locus and status in experience and nature determined by it. Light is thus substantial quality, the essence of a relation substantiated, and the object out of which it "arises" and the object it "falls on" are only determining limits which individuate it with respect to the structures that are possible to it. We see the red first directly and as pure quality-substance and then become aware of the rose as that which individuates the red within a given status in a relational system of objects that make up the garden. It is the red that, as objective, is universal and so given as real in perception and therefore determinative of experience; but it also determines the rose-object as a limit by which the red has particularity and concreteness. The red is the reality, and it is given in experience because the rose and the sun and the system of objects are ideal and hypothetical limits or bounds by which the red is made concrete and thus individuated.

So, analogically, like the red of the rose, a word as an element of quality in a poem is a primal reality, being an individuate mass of objective feeling or substanced quality, a pulse of the poetic urge, and "refers to" nothing, neither to a world outside nor inwardly to a hypothetical mind. It has no reference, needs none, because it is. It is therefore not a sign which gets its significance from something whose nature is other and different from its own. As independent reality it does not depend on anything, but all dependence is from it. It is the reality of the value world, the substance of culture. In the beginning was the Word. As an individuate instance it is related to other words analogically, but this "relation" is nothing but the acknowledgment of identity of nature and character with other words. The "relation" to other words is therefore constitutive and thus constitutional to the object, the poem, which the words in their relations to each other create. A set of words in their analogical interrelations constitutes a poem, and the poem is an independent reality. It is a veridical creation; the words create it out of the void. They create it by constituting it an object designed by their own relations. Its substance is the quality, individuation of which by limits determines the set of relations whose design constitutes for it a structure. It is thus formed by the primal act. The poem has first an independent design, a design peculiar to itself and constituted of word relations, which is recognized in experience through rhythm, rhyme, measure, which are forms of primitive feeling when activated by design; and this design is made substantial when quality has fleshed it out into form. But the essential elements of the poem are the words that give it structure and design as

well as the quality whose flesh gives it life. And the quality is essentiated or essenced by interconnection of word relations. It would of course be nonsense to suggest that these words have being only when spoken or written; the speaking or writing of a word is an act which is itself called into being by the design of the word, which is there from the beginning.

Words are, then, not signs of anything, nor do they signify anything to anything. They are *de*signs in the two basic senses in which this term is used; as a structure through which an object is formed and contemplated, and as the intent toward an end that gives the structured object its dynamic urge. This is the poetic or creative urge, the Demiurgos, and it pervades the universe. There is of course in nature a field covered with daffodils on a hillside at the water's edge. The sun shines, and the wind sways the blossoms in rhythmic motions. And these things—the flowers, the light, the color, the wind, the motion—constitute a situation in nature, and the botanist and the physicist and the florist can communicate their damned truth about it and set it all out in symbols, graph the life out of it. And the farmer and the horticulturist can also communicate states of mind about it, trade impulses, swap "ideas," can work up inner agitations in minds which, as "interests," "intuitions," "empathies," can be measured by will volitions or beslimed by a commercial price, as an amount of money they will be willing to let go in order to ease their inner perturbations. And the aesthete could gush a lot of hot anguish about the "beauty" of the situation, and the aesthetician spew a pot of psychological hooey about the exalted rarity of the "experience" and could speculate on how the "emotions" or nerves or glands empathize. And the "scholar" could dot its *i*'s and fondle its feet and call reverently upon Freud or God and compare it with Titian or Picasso or somebody and be wondrous wise.

All this is mere recognition of particularities, all necessary for purposes of communication, that is, for the purposes of the rarer tremulosities of the insides of men. But there are no purposes in reality, and, where purposes are, there is as yet no poem. Neither the natural facts as experienced, nor any of the experiences, nor all of them together, however eloquently or beautifully communicated, have anything to do with the poem. Nor are the metaphors, similes, "conceits," or any of the signata, however suggestive and impressive, the poem there *in potentia* in the situation. The poem (a generic universal that might have any one of many individuations) will come into existence only when a set of analogously appropriate words are "set prettily together" by a design (there are no purposes in nature) working in the cold blue of pure form and are adjusted and adapted *to each other* so that they generate relations

that burn with structurally constitutional power. It is a cosmic process. If the "words" had been materialized by a temporal design as pure tones, the poem would have come out as a piece of music; if they had been condensed as colors by a spatial design, it would have been a picture; if the words had cut themselves a design in stone, a cathedral or a statue. It is childish to assume that this performance in any case takes place in the mind or consciousness of the individual—it does not take place *in* an individual but constitutes itself an individual, creates itself the object that it is, and the object is a poem.

The relations generated in the creation of the poem so interfuse as to essentiate their total creativity in a substantial quality, and the two grounds of a real object are thus set forth. These two grounds are (1) the structure determined by manifold positions, positions being merely points of tangency of relations, and (2) the quality-substance generated out of the amalgam of elements of this structure. Given these two grounds in their continuity, all the normal characteristics of the poem appear as the attributes of the object created. Thus there is the rhythm as the being of the quality of the poem-object, that segment of Being that is specified by the presented quality. The quality is there in the nature of things and is cognized as rhythm when the quality is experienced. Its only relation to time is the metaphysical relation of analogy, so that time relations and the number or quantity "signs" that are used to describe it are only symptomatic of its nature; they only describe the space which the analogy of time suggests. The only way to *express* rhythm is through tonal or color fusions, the formal or static rhythm of quality; or it can be *represented* through formal balance of positions or motions, the dynamic rhythm of design. And in either case it is not time that makes rhythm intelligible; it is rhythm that makes time intelligible where it is so. Time makes nothing intelligible; it is only as time comes to analogy with space, and thus implicates tone and color, that rhythm can be or be understood or can have any relation to time. Time *alone* makes nothing intelligible, not even the number that symbolizes it. Nor does number by itself make anything intelligible. And the tones and colors involved in rhythm can be expressed only by means of the techniques of the arts. Rhythm cannot be expressed and can hardly be described through the discursive use of words and language, as any artist knows. It can of course be *embodied* in words in a poem. But this is not using words discursively, nor is it expression; it is the assertion that creates. Rhythm cannot be expressed in terms of number and literal measure; these are symbols only imperfectly and left-handedly suggestive of the rhythm that is the being of quality. They are *about* rhythm; they do not express it. And to try to

"state" the rhythm for communication by means of such "signs" is only to give an abstract scientific account of the object for purposes of the pure discursive intelligence which only cares to know but cares not at all what it knows. But the spirit of the poem has remained in the rhythm undisturbed by these abstractly cognitive or practical motives.

The "references" in which words stand in a poem, then, are simply the interrelations into which words enter with each other by virtue of the designed quality that they are. And instead of signifying a world outside of and beyond themselves, or representing such a world to a mind, or communicating between minds, words constitute themselves a world of objects that is sufficient to itself. Set up in abstract colorless design, the design that never becomes realized in the individual but remains always abstractly general, words constitute the world of nature and the science that represents it. Set up in the concrete flesh of quality words constitute the world of culture and the systems of the cultural values. And the knowledge of this word-world, and its "explanation," consist merely in a representation, through appropriate techniques, of its structure and the quality the structure factually implies. But to give effect to this representation in terms of concrete quality is the function of literature as an art, which becomes creative and not merely representative through a system of delicately chiseled techniques. The use of language for communication makes it a mere tool of practice, and it will inevitably have its price. What I say *to you* I do not say because it is real or true but because I want something of you and am evil; or I want to give something to you, which is wicked. What have I for you or you for me? The artistic function of language is to create objects out of the nothing of what is and according to the form of its own substance, objects that justify themselves by their being. If there are no such objects, there is nothing; and, where there is nothing, there is nothing to say.

The attempt to combine the communicative or practical function with the creative function, which appears to be the purpose of criticism, makes of criticism the bloodless thing that it is. Words are creative agencies, and their action has its typical form in the poem. The action perishes when it is required to communicate. The poetic synergy is the genius of language, and the poem is the characteristic and original form of linguistic "expression." It is to be noted here and throughout that the term "expression" does not state the whole meaning of the language act. The act that issues in artistic form is the primordial assertion that comes to full clearness in the logical judgment. By assertion in this original sense we mean the act that designs itself as an object and so takes individual form and full being out of its own synergy. It is thus the creative act. Expression

implies an action through some sort of implementation, or by a symbol or instrument that gets its meaning entirely from its use for that specific purpose. Expression thus has a distinctly practical implication which is entirely absent from the act of assertion. The assertive act has no suspicion of purpose.

The original form of the poem, the form that genuinely asserts, and is basic, was probably the lyric, the short exclamatory, unmediated, and direct first envisagement of an object. It is not a communication, not an expression, implies no specialized implementation, but is the self-assertion of an aesthetic object crying out to be born. The motive to communication might possibly have found its first expression, and here expression has its proper meaning, in the epic narrative by the device of stringing the lyric synergy-impulses together to accommodate them to the dance, that is, to motion lapsing and lingering on through time. It is thus practical, as its resort to a device indicates. But it is not the motive of the epic to tell something to somebody; it is complete and done when it is said, recited, if even the gods do not hear it or take heed. The attempt to make the epic communicate would put an extaordinary and excessive emphasis on the element of time, and poems are not made primarily of time, as music perhaps is. Out of the lyric outburst which is in but not of time has developed all the basic forms of "expression," the two elementary forms perhaps being poetry and song, the two of course being the same at bottom. Song is poetry with emphasis on variations of tone, and by including in its synergy the energy of movement-form the lyric has created the derivative expression-modes of drama, the dance, and sculpture.

Emphasis on color and motion (space) turns the lyric urge to painting and the plastic arts. Thus all types of expression known to us are modes of the original poetic urge, even the primordial assertion. The impulse to knowledge and science is its bastard progeny, the bastardy fathered by the false image of rightness or accuracy or adequacy and the assumption that the elemental harmonic rightness could be formulated in terms of quantity. Perhaps the highest and most fully developed form of the poetic impulse, so far as physical nature is made the instrument of expression, is that which leads to the practical arts; there is no form of expression higher in this sense than that of the blacksmith or ditch-digger or that of the farmer in harvesting and planting. The ultimate norm of "expression" is quality, the essence of assertion, and its measure is rhythm. The real is not a machine that moves but a life that vibrates, rhythms, and the type of its being is form, not size or shape.

What limits knowledge and science and all the forms of communication to this artificial and abstract standard of rightness quantitatively de-

termined is the fact that their elemental word-relation is the hypothetical relation between mind and its object. Thus a relation that is in reality hypothetical and contingent is forced into an assertion that is apodeictical. I say this is a hypothetical relation, for the only instance where the mind attains a real relation with its object is that in which the mind creates the object out of its own modes of assertion in their impact upon the stuff of sense. But this is the poetic act. All communication is therefore description, about and about and about. What is there to say about a sunset? So long as the mind and its object are assumed to be in nature distinct and separate, their identity is at once negated, and the measure of this negative relation must be abstract, and the ground of all abstractness is quantity.

In all genuine realization, therefore, mind and its object are one, in accordance with the principle of analogical identity, and in their oneness they cease to be *as* mind and object; and this indicates the basic condition of art. Mind disappears and is consummated in the life of the aesthetic object, and the object (of knowledge) disappears and is superseded in the Individual that every aesthetic object is. Mind disappears because it is concrete and particular, while the life of the aesthetic object is concrete and universal; the object (of knowledge) disappears because it is universal and abstract, whereas the Individual is universal and concrete. The identity of mind and object in the Individual indicates also the bounds of "the arts." All the arts thus are activities in which "mind" comes to completeness and fulfilment and realization and so annulment as mere mind in an appropriate object, or activities in which that which is quantitatively objective and unformed mere matter is informed by the suffusion of it by the mind operating as the principle of creative agency. This is the primordial act of assertion. The result in every case is the identification of mind and object and the disappearance of both as such and as particular, so that this identity, as the form of the Individual, becomes the principle of discrimination and criticism for all practice. The ultimate standard for both thought and action is thus the aesthetic, since the aesthetic principle is the law of the creative act.

But this means also that all types of practical activity are at bottom art; they all, when real, assert the identity of their characteristic act with their characteristic object in the Individual, and the degree of their failure to become genuine arts is the principle by which they are to be criticized. A work of art is always an individual. If any types of practical activity are not aesthetically right, they are morally wrong, since morality is the system of the laws of practice. And behind practice is the aesthetic or poetic urge, the primordial assertion. The test rule in every case is

whether there is this "reference" to mind as self-sufficient and distinct from its object. Where such a reference does occur, the situation is unaesthetic, and there could thus be no ordered practice with respect to it. This reference is subjectivism. The distinctness and apartness of the mind from its object is the condition that in morality is called privacy; and where the element of privacy is, there is the ugly and the unreal. And where the ugly is, there is wrong and evil and error. What is real only because it is so to me comes by that to be the root of the false and the unclean, and my sense must abhor it. If the reference to mind is there, then privacy, and failure. Nothing can be real to me until I give it up as not mine, but God's, as the religious would say. Nothing can be real *for me* or *for* anybody. What is only mine is not, and what is, is beyond the private reference. If we should accept the position of privacy, then we should have to accept "meanings" as that which words are supposed to carry as you carry eggs in a basket, and they then must be found and verified in either a distinct and self-sufficient mind or a distinct and self-sufficient object. The fallacy and folly of such a point of view can be shown by the most superficial glance at any of the practical disciplines. All of them are instances of false or incomplete assertion.

To begin with the ground "science" of all practice, ethics, it is clear that the words that express the ultimate object of ethics fail of their creative function in that they do not present us with a realized and completed object as they represent it in the concept of end, and the prevailing theory of ethics is therefore false and its practice abortive. It cannot offer in its own defense any instance of an object completely realized, nor can it show how such an object can be realized. Hence it offers us the spurious object as an "ideal," the idea of an object that can exist only under conditions that cannot be specified. It must then turn the problem over to imagination, and this is surrender to the aesthetic where the object can be fully asserted. The only proof required here for this charge of failure of ethical thought and practice is the observation that all ethical thought finds its ultimate in either a mind-state of good will, pleasure, happiness, or conscious realization of purpose or a body-state such as adaptation to nature or perfection of development or some other physical condition. And the either-or is rigid in nearly all ethical thought: either ethical reality is the perfection of the external and independent sphere of the body or it is the perfection of the independent realm of the mind; either materialism and mechanism, naturalism; or idealism, spiritualism, subjectivism. And a world of horrors. So that "a sound mind in a sound body" is formulated as the ideal hope of an object that, it is acknowl-

edged, cannot be realized; or, in any case, the ethical systems fail to show how it can be realized.

And the same failure to achieve objective synthesis vitiates theory in economics, politics, religion, and aesthetics.

In all these cases where the poetic synergy ought to be effectively integrating action with respect to the objects of pure art, thus realizing its words in the objects they carry as postulates in them, there is confusion and dualism because of the knowledge-science demand for quantitative standards and the consequent negation of all relations between the external and objective and the internal and private. We fail to see that words are objects; that they are constitutional to the integrity of the world and creative of all its factors of order. The poet is, with and because of his words, not only the legislator to mankind but also the maker for mankind of the world that makes man Man. But as metaphysician he is also the final knower, and the image he presents to us is the replica of the world that is real.

It has appeared that the concept that is fundamental from any point of view in which the interpretation of language may be approached is that of words in relation. The basis of the importance of word relations lies in the fact that from them the notion of structure follows immediately.

All that is needed with which to formulate structure is the complication that accrues to relations through their mere plurality, since variation of their direction of intent is implied in plurality; for a parallelism of relations would mean the kind of identity which abstractly negates all things. Real relations, relations in reality, by variety of intent intersect and establish positions. And it is position that posits stability, and thus substance. The fact that all its interrelations remain particular and never interfuse is what makes mathematics exact. It is also what makes it abstract in the sense that it refers in no way at all to the real world. Of course there is a real world for the mathematician; but it is a world that is real only by definition. Thus if we recite a mere nonsense word a number of times, we shall have all the structural factors of rhythm, since each tone quality in each instance of expression is individual and so cannot literally be repeated. And within the pure rhythm the factor of temporal repetition can be distinguished from the factor of intensity, which latter may vary widely, and also from the quality change that comes from the variation of the vowel.

Now all these characteristics and all others that imply substance depend finally upon the relations among the words; even the change in vowel quality could not be sounded if it were not differenced in each occurence by the relations between the occurrences. This is observable as

fact in the difference of quality of the strokes of the clock. There is a pronounced difference of intensity also in the last stroke. Even the ticks of the clock establish a rhythm and thus a harmony. If we should take as example for comparison a simple sentence, or a line from a poem, in which the words are supposed to have "meanings," the complexity of characters increases enormously because the word relations in the sentence are by the meanings greatly increased in number. However, within all these complications, I think it can be shown that the functioning characters of the words, considered as implicates of their relations, can all be included within two great types which we may designate as the qualitative and the structural. Later we shall find the qualitative characters substanced in what we shall call "texture." And that quality, in the universal as texture, and structure are basic notions for any interpretation of language is, I think, demonstrated in the fact that they can be shown to be analogues of the two basic concepts of all interpretation—form and substance. If this be objected to on the ground that it is the appeal to metaphysics, I shall answer that no explanation or interpretation of anything can be known to be valid short of the final metaphysical or cosmic reference.

So at every point from here on the argument will revolve around the notions of quality and structure. Both are implicates of relation.

Structure in language as in other connections is the notion of a plurality of relations given order by their mutual relevance, this relevance determined mutual by the fact that the relations have in part common terms. The terms are words, and the relations of words, when considered as relevances and not as mere connectives, are said to have or be meanings. A relation, regarded as a mere connective, becomes a relevance by modification of the quality of its terms. It may be necessary to remind that this modification of quality is a modification of substance, since quality, where meanings are involved, is substance. The light, considered as a manifestation of relations, or as a relevance to the sun, makes the rose red by qualifying the rose so that it is no longer a mere existence. A reflexional emphasis upon a drab word will make it sting or soothe. That a relevance is more than a mere connection is obvious when we reflect that a connection permits of no judgment beyond the mere statement of the connection as fact. Language relations in knowledge and science are therefore nothing but abstract connectives, they do not modify or inhere in the "facts" "symbolized" by their terms in the sense of effecting a change in them, so that scientific language is merely descriptive, and it is true in no sense but the narrow practical and utilitarian. Such language does not represent the facts, as it uniformly boasts, but rather the subjective interest of him for whom existence becomes a practical necessity. A

relevance, however, involves an objective reason for the connection it represents; so that it can be defined objectively as the set of conditions in immediacy that stands as the ground of inference.

No inference but only a bare consequence can rest on a mere connection. The reason is of course that such a connection as is presupposed by science and its abstract logic cannot subsist in reality, cannot be real in any sense or degree. As genuine inference, a relevance implies a connection that has an objective reason and suggests what the reason is. Meanings are then word interrelations, or interrelevances, or mutualities, connections that imply grounds or reasons which, having a ground in reality, present a structure for a determinate object. The modification effected upon its terms by a relation assimilates the terms, brings the terms together in a qualitative identity, where what were the qualities of the terms now become the qualities of their unity, so that terms, relations, and qualities now are one integrated whole, an identity by analogy, a structured individual. This, it may be noted, is the definition of metaphor, the realest and most perfect, truest form of expression possible to language. Metaphor is therefore the element of linguistic art. Structure is thus the condition of concrete form—form that constitutes the design of an individual.

Meaning is thus a relational situation which directly implies reality in determinate form and of definitive structure, reality instanced in the individual. And this situation is entirely beyond the reach of any function that can be carried by a sign or a symbol, since signs and symbols can never carry relevance to structures but only to abstract constructs where the abstract constructs are replicas of pure empty process. Signs and symbols are thus valid in the pure void of mathematics where no object is involved that can be determinately real because the symbolic determination of an object gives it abstract form without structure and so without either quality or capacity to manifest quality. Obviously also such merely "signified" entities cannot stand in relation, but can only manifest abstract connection, a connection that is abstract in the sense that it can have no reality but a status only in the subjective purpose that postulated it. If this determination of abstractions by signs is to be permitted to preempt the word "significance," then all the uses of language except mathematics and abstract science have no significance. The word "meaning," however, has implications that were determined long before mathematics and science were dreamed of, in the poetry which gave to its notion a being in the life-substance which later took the form of art. We may therefore give over to the knowers their abstractions and the

dry husks of empty word-forms. These have no meaning, for meaning is a matter of quality, and quality is the substance of value.

Perhaps we should also make our peace with the other tribes, the romantics, the pragmatists, and the soulful humanists, all perfervid psychologizers; we may surrender to them the luscious half-truth that the meaning of language and its objects is to be found in and identified with the inner perturbations of the mind. We can give this up to them because the false and faulty conceptions they have of the nature of mind will effectively prevent them from obstructing the thought by which the theory of meaning is to be developed. But it may be our duty nevertheless, on another occasion, to rescue the theory of mind from them, to clean out the gush of rhetoric and show up the mind in its hard aesthetic dignity as it is manifest in great poetry.

Words have their meanings in their mutual relevances, not in something beyond the reach of their relevance which they signify, but in an object which they through their interrelations immediately create. Since "reference" appears to be the term by which philosophers and critics designate the abstract relationality or connectivity of words, the only thing they could mean by their shibboleth "association," we will give it to them. We will reserve for ourselves the term "relevance" by defining it functionally as that relationship which stands between terms whose natures are analogous and are made analogous precisely by their relevances. The circularity of this statement is deliberate. The terms become, that is, elements in a new object created by the relation, which reduces the original terms to identity: analogical identity, not mathematical. The relation is therefore active and, resting as it does upon analogy, becomes the point of origin for the generic object. That is to say, words stand in relation to each other, and the relations they stand in so assimilate the words as to unite them as a substance, and this substance materializes in the type-objects of experience, where it appears as quality. It is this fact that is referred to by the term "idiom" in both its generic sense as referring to the peculiar syntactical structure of a language and in the specific sense of an idiosyncratic expression. The word group in the latter instance, thus determined by its interrelevances, is an individuate object, and its self-identity converts the mere connectivity of its constituent relations into a genuine identity, the principle of objects in general thus being instanced as analogical identity.

A poem will be found to have within it, and distributed throughout its parts, words and word-groups whose relevances to each other constitute the structure of the poem, so as to give the whole a contained integrity; and this integrity in the poem would be inconceivable if its

words merely referred as signs to something beyond themselves, to either an object "meant" or a mind to which they refer their "meaning." The poem, taken either as a whole or in its parts, refers to nothing; the parts "refer" to themselves and to and through each other mutually to the whole they constitute. And this mutuality of reference, which we prefer to call a relevance, is the characteristic and peculiar function of words in a poem. And it is their primary and peculiar function everywhere. In so far as words suggest a complicated set of imagery of a sensory sort other than that contained in the direct tones and colors of the words themselves, they are not functioning in poetic assertion. They are not functioning in artistic assertion of any kind. It is to be feared in this connection that the imported foreign imagery sometimes found to be so important is derived from the critic's techniques and not from the poet's art. The poem as a whole cannot be given meaning in terms of references, but only through the relevance of its parts to each other, so that there is no reference to anything but the poem as a whole, and this means nothing but itself. A poem does not "have" meaning; it is meaning.

What we are coming to now is a bit obscure even with the best intentions to clarity. We have seen that a perfect piece of linguistic assertion like a poem is a self-subsistent object, constituted by its own internal mutual relevances, and that these relevances are the continuities that hold among its words. And it is precisely in its being a self-subsistent object with an intelligible corporate structure, an individual, that it is art—that it is the substantial thing that is capable of bearing elemental value. This is precisely and literally true of any "good," that is, logically sound, bit of argumentative prose, and it is, I am convinced, equally true of any good piece of narrative or descriptive literature. And this means that what is true and right for thought in intellectual activity is of the same generic type as what is good aesthetically. So that any language structure that is good of its kind is a work of art, at least *so far as its formal structure is concerned.* Intelligibility is therefore the general condition of "goodness" of any or all kinds. The fundamental difference between a work of language art and a mere description or narration in science, history, etc., is that in a work of art its only "reference" is the implication to the cosmos; whereas the reference of scientific, etc., language is always limited to some particularist aspect of the world, never to the world as a whole. There is thus no genuine universality in scientific discourse; the best it can attain to is generality.

These reflections lead us to the most difficult of all aesthetic questions: what is it that, in principle and in individuating detail, distinguishes a work of art, an aesthetic object, from the mere object of cognition or

from the practical object, the object of action? It appears that realities are always objects, or are subjects only when the subjects themselves are objects, and that differences in the nature of reality will be represented by different types of objects. The question of meaning, then, like all other real questions, will require to be formulated as one as to the nature of a type of object. The object that represents the reality of meaning is the aesthetic object; and the object that asserts meaning in language is the aesthetic literary object. It is of this that we shall have to inquire.

We shall answer at once and then undertake to say what we mean by the answer. The aesthetic object, then, in literature as elsewhere, is self-subsistent and of the nature of an end; it is thus structured by its own internal relevances and individuated by its own quality, and makes no reference beyond itself in any direction. All its references are internal relevances. It therefore has no relations, in the ordinary sense of the term, either internal or external. And this for the reason that its relations are terminated, that is, identified into their terms. It is then a question of the nature of poetic relevance, and this is the topic of inquiry throughout all these essays. It is a question of the logical interpretation of the concepts in terms of which poetry is discussed in critical discourse; it is then a problem of formulating a technique of criticism. The first principle of criticism for purposes of art is that all references, relevances, and relations generally are superseded in the implication to the universe, the cosmic implication by which the individuality of a work of art is recognized. It is to be shown that an implication of the cosmos is real only as it is substanced in quality and that it thus determines a unique object. The object of cognition and the object of action, the object of science and the object of practice, as differing from the aesthetic object, cannot stand alone, but have their nature, in part, in their reference beyond themselves, in their dependence upon something other than themselves, either a reference to or a dependence on another object, or a reference to or dependence on the subject by or for whom they were defined. In the one case it is the object that gets its nature from its status in the abstract infinite causological process, the object of science, where it refers to its other indefinitely; in the other case the object is defined in abstract plan or as a mere possibility, as "ideal," the always-to-be-realized object of action, and it gets its nature from the subject who defines it. The aesthetic object is therefore the only real, that is, realized, object. It is therefore an end. But, being an end, it must be identifiable in sense, since sense is for experience the locus of quality, the ground of substance; it must be possible to come to immediacy with its substance in experience if experiences of

it are to be valid as the ground of the judgment that formulates it in thought or asserts it in words.

What distinguishes an aesthetic object therefore from other forms of objects is its quality-stuff or substance by virtue of which it appears directly and immediately in sense, together with the characteristics of structure that are necessary to accommodate differences inherent in the quality-substance. The first and hardest part of this job of defining the aesthetic object is to say what we mean by quality after we have committed the argument to a test by objects only and have not the refuge in the dark uncertainties of mind and consciousness and experience, which we gave over to the subjectivists. Even the direct or immediate appearance in sense, which for experience distinguishes the aesthetic object from other sorts of objects, must somehow be described in terms of objects and not expressed merely in terms of mind or consciousness or the unconscionableness of raw feeling. Feeling, being identified with quality, after all is the thing to be explained. It is the *direct* appearance in sense that, for experience, distinguishes the aesthetic object from the object of ordinary perception, which is mediated by elements of reflection and so does not appear directly. But without reference to experience we shall have to say finally in objective terms what we mean by quality.

Meaning, we have already said, is relation-complication, the relevances which an object has internally among its elements and externally for other objects. By this we mean that relations, in so far as they have anything to do with meanings, are relevances, and mutually imply each other, and in this common implication we have all that can be given, to objective thought, of the idea of the objective. Given structure, that is, the relation-complication made determinate, and thus individuated, we have the generic object, the individual that is species to a plurality of instances. And structure is itself formed by the mutual implications of relations. So when we speak of anything as objective, we mean that it is something designed by the relations that constitute its own structure and that this structured design is given in thought as that which substantiates the experience through which it is known. This relational structure, then, as the ground of the design of the object, becomes the common predicate for all subjects and that which, as species, identifies the multiplicity of subjects; it is what, for thought, is commonly designated "substance." That is to say, it is substance that is given as ground in the necessary idea of plurality inherent in relation, and the character of substance, in the aspect in which it appears in thought, seems to depend upon the fact that relations imply structure. Substance is, then, the immanent unity of a structure, the self-identity of the structure, by virtue of which

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it implies only its own being; and this means that substance is implied as that which gives to structure the character by which it remains what it is independently of any change, the character of stability, permanence. And permanence is what substance means when referred to experience. It is to be kept in mind here that, when we say that substance is implied in and by structure, we mean that both structure and substance are objective reality and that the implication is itself a real self-constituted and independent object, that is to say, the implication is an objective assertion. Substance, that is, is the quality that is the self-identity of the structure, and its being so is the assertion by which it maintains itself. The thought by which these realities are recognized has nothing to do with their determination and cancels out of the equation by which they are asserted, for their determination is given in the nature of things.

That is to say, substance, considered in itself and objectively, is the stable structure of mutual relations on which the being of any specific thing is premised. It is only in this way that the relativity doctrine can be made to make sense; that relation can have meaning only as it implies substance universally. For the relativity doctrine, however, relation is substance. Relational structure, as the abstract design of an object, is the form in which reality first appears in experience; or, rather, it is that form by which anything is given in experience, and the experience of it is the form in which reality is first given to thought. It is thus that what is given in immediacy to sense must for thought first have its possibility outlined and contoured in reflection, and it is this reflective predetermination that is responsible for the determinateness of sensuous experience. Without this predetermination what is immediately given would have no form, no identity, and so no meaning.

But this means also that given-in-experience is itself a feature of the substance, a part of the predicate by which an individuate substance is defined. We do not then appropriately say that a substance is given *in* or *to* experience—this is the subjectivist fallacy—but that a substance appears or is given *as* experience. It is not that the substance is grounded or made a ground by appearing in experience, but rather it is experience that has appeared as an instance of ground. Not that substance is realized in experience but that experience is realized as substantial. So that by which a structure is made stable as a substantial individual thing is that its relational base is identified with elements of experience; its structure and its substance come to identity in the analogy that is the genus and genius of all relations.

This experience-substance or substantial experience is known as quality. It is to be kept in mind here that this "substantial experience" is not

to be confused with the subjective experience of the individual but is objective in the sense that it is the identity of all objects. Quality, then, as that which is objective in whatever is real, is the stuff of all objects that can be, and so therefore of all objects that can be known. When quality is made determinate by relational limitation, it comes to individuation in experience, and here it is *known* and known *as* feeling; and as feeling it is the substance of all objects that can be and of all objects that can be known *and* can be valuable. When I say that the rose *is* red, I mean just that. I mean that the rose is real in and through the red; the red is the reality of the rose; I do not mean that the red is real or realized in the rose, as if the red and the rose were distinct individuals. The rose is realized in the red. The red and the rose are then the same *thing*, all one thing. But when I come to recognize it, the red is the predicate, the universal, the substance, the object. All objects are real through the quality that substantiates their structural design. Quality—we call it sensation when we psychologize—is the stuff of the world, the elemental matter by which all things are individuated. And as the substantial common stuff of every object it is that by which every object is assimilated to every subject, that in which every subject becomes an object; the medium in which all distinctions between object and subject are lost in their identity. The expression of this identity as universal is the ultimate assertion; it asserts the essential being of the identity. This is Meaning, Being positing Itself. And the self-assertion by which the identity is the ground of being is also the primordial judgment, the Word. Quality is thus the point of contact between mind and not-mind, as it is the essence of both. There is no difference in saying a quality exists in a mind, or a mind exists *in*, or, better, *as* a quality. As a matter of substance the quality is prior to the distinction of subject and object. As the universal implicate of existence, quality is the only thing that can without limitation be said to exist. That is, it is existence in general, the presupposition of existence. Limit it, and it appears as specific existence, an individuate thing. The only limit there can be for quality is relation, and relation is the implicate of relevance, the ground of meaning. Quality limited by relation and thus constituted a meaning is that which enables existence to be; in the absence of which existence is abstract potentiality. Its ultimate status as the presuppositive ground of all value is the metaphysical foundation for any consistent and adequate theory of value.

Let us now try to see what all this means for a theory of the functions of words and of language. It means, put briefly, that, since quality is ultimate substance, word-quality is the stuff of every word-object. The stuff or essence of a poem then is the quality of its constituent words, words

whose relations at the same time give the poem its structure. We have here the two essential factors of every value object: structure and quality. With respect to language and the language arts this means that the structure and quality involved are the structure and quality of words. We have given an account of the element of structure, and must now go on to work out a descriptive and analytical account of quality. If we were concerned with the ultimate nature of the aesthetic object in this essay we would say here that that nature is form, and that form is the structure of the quality of which an object is substanced. But our problem is now to say how it is that word-quality is the substance of every word-structure and the stuff of all objects that can be created by or out of language.

All quality is, both for experience and in reality, color-tone. And quality, color-tone, is objective value; it is not an "experience" and need have no relation to experience. Quality, we said, is the point of identity of mind and not-mind. And quality, color-tone, is the substance of all value realities. For the meaning of this proposition and for the arguments by which it is supported I refer to my *Aesthetic Object*. The substance of words is their quality, and their quality is in every case color or tone or fusions of color and tone. A poem is a word structure built up out of word-tones and word-colors. As pure and not as yet differentiated, quality is the color-tone which supervenes as a residue where word relations fuse in an identity and thus disappear, as relations, leaving the quality unformed but as a primal matter capable of appearing in, or as, any sense content. The color-tone which appears in a rose as a pure color will in a melody appear as tone. It is the flexibility of pure quality, formless but big with every possibility, that gives it its infinity of forms and degrees as it appears in particular objects, and this universality is the empirical evidence that quality is substance for all objects of value. But we are not here so much concerned for the general theory as to see how our theses serve as bases upon which critical and evaluating judgments must depend for their validity.

All our principles depend upon the mutuality relation between structure and quality, as both structure and quality point back to relation as their common ground. Where quality is treated as the stuff of particular objects it is better characterized as texture, and this concept of texture becomes of peculiar critical importance. Its meaning is developed in later essays. The situation can perhaps best be put in illustration. There is a relation between the rose and the sun, and the relation is substantiated in light. But the light is, as such, not substance for me, since I do not, with respect to the rose, experience it as light. The light is presented to me,

and represented by me as red, and so appears to me as quality. That is, the *relation* of the rose to the sun becomes substantial *red* for me, a pure quality. We represent this relation, however, as a fact of pure structure, that is, as still relational, when we interpret it in terms of vibration rates and the other physical characters, because as vibrations it *as a quality* is not yet in being, has not yet come to be but trembles on the verge of substance. And we would signify the vibrations with numbers, the abstract characters of mathematics, because we cannot as yet connect them with the solid stuff that would end their uncertainty. They appear to us so far not as color but as motion and have as a consequence no stability and so cannot be substantial. And all this abstract signifying is quite proper; only it has no meaning at all when we undertake to apply it to the red. No signs or symbols will ever say what red is, even though signs and symbols can give a fairly adequate representation of the relational structure within which red is substance.

It is this realization of the substantiality of quality, the fact that pure word-quality is the substance of all objects of value that can be constructed of words or language, that gives to the poetry of the present its febrile intensity. The poet wants his words to *be* his feeling, to give the pure wine of quality without the support of the cup, so that, having drunk, there is nothing left that might disturb his intoxication. If, he seems to argue, the pure quality is directly given in his feeling as the real, then there should be nothing else, and there should be no restrictions that might contain it or prevent its flowing out to infinity. The reality, for him, is the formless confusion of "life" and "experience" which he sees as a consequence of our commercialized culture. And his poetry, he thinks, should be of that. Consequently, he seems to assume that formlessness itself is capable of form, is the essence of form, and attempts to write the formlessness into poetry. He succeeds in "creating" the formless, but it is not poetry. And he gets intensity, but his intensity is and has no quality, so no substance. So, he thinks, there should be none of that restraint by form or the rhythm by which form is technically represented, since he confuses form and rhythm with movement and number. And so he minimizes form. And life is little and its measure short and hard or flat and thin because, as he thinks, we cannot maintain the intensity which we think is the measure of feeling to us. And we cannot maintain it, which apparently he does not see, because it can only be felt continuously by continuously increasing its degree, and this process runs ad infinitum.

It is perhaps for this reason that there is impatience and the veritable despair which sees nothing real in or for this commercialized world of things, whose continuity depends upon endless "production" and repeti-

tion and intensification of its mere vacuous "quality" of inaneness. It is the unconscious realization that this emptiness will surely wreck the "scheme of things entire" along with the false word that originally gave it being. And it is the fact that this formlessness of pure quality, which our poets interpret and attempt to state in terms of intensity of feeling and are ever striving to come upon, *is* nevertheless formless and so without substance and so impotent to save even itself that gives the poetic motive its revolutionary and negative intent. We do not see that our protest and our protesting are as pointless as the world we want to destroy is hollow and void. And our protest is without power for the precise reason that the world we envision, being formless, is also without content. Both the protest and the world it would destroy are void, without form, substanceless because they both hope to body themselves in nothing but the strain of intensity. The negative and empty quality of direct and sheer and incisive intensity of being is the only factor they will recognize as fit stuff for the world of their dream, a world adream because colored by the tints of infinity for which they perceive no formal bounds. And since their world is unreal, a dream world, they develop myth as its truth; or, if too lazy to develop their own myth, they accept the myth of tradition, or accept tradition as a myth. And at the basis of all of it there is cosmic ignorance.

But a world that has nothing but content cannot be, especially if the content is taken as qualitative intensity confused with subjective feeling; and a void must be limited at least by its contour if it is to answer to its word. This our poets sometimes apparently see: there must be limitation to the raw infinity of quality, but the limitation must shape and form and not merely restrict and bound. It must free the word to be the world, give emphasis to its urgent creativity, and remand to outer darkness the stuffy nothing of experience or feeling that stands in the way. And here lies both the promise and the weakness of contemporary poetry. For, like the poet's love, "It was begotten by despair / Upon Impossibility." We have discovered the ultimate in quality, but we do not know its form, and since quality is ultimate in one direction we assume that from it alone we can derive the means by which the infinite void of a confused world can be given total form.

That is to say, words *are* reality as they manifest themselves in their sheer quality, but they are reality only as existents and as yet without design, intent, meaning. And the conditions and materials of meaning are not to be derived from quality by itself. The qualitative stuff of words is made effective only by and through the structure imposed upon it by word relations. And by word relations here we mean the interreferences

and interrelevances and mutuality in which words stand to each other in discourse. A word by itself has no meaning, is not a word. It is the relevances that hold among words that become the content of the words, and this implies the solid and extensive medium of discourse. And by discourse we do not mean communication; we mean such use of words in their relations to each other as will constitute an intelligible object. And this means that quality and relation must find their proportion and harmony in form. It is form that becomes the norm of meaning, which is law for reality itself. And this law of form has nothing to do with communication or with signs. I do not speak or write to convey to another person the "ideas" I have "in my mind." I do not even intend to convey or transfer or represent anything to anybody or even to my own mind. When I speak, it is with the purpose to construct the design of an object, and the object itself, as it uniquely is, is the only intent that I have and the only reason for the being of anything. It is by itself real, and as real a value without reference to any mind or purpose, even my own. It must be a universal and stand alone. It is true, of course, that, if I want to offer empirical evidence of its universality, I may point it out to myself or another, but this epistolary purpose is an afterthought which occurs to me only after the object is created. The object needs no description or recommendation or reference to another to make it real; I speak it into existence, and it stands alone. I speak to create the object, which is good in and of and for itself; and, if I want to prove empirically that the object can stand alone and on its own feet, I call your attention to it. But you have nothing to do with making the object be; and, when it is done, I may call your attention to it to show that it can stand alone without even my support. I write a poem—if I could write a poem!—because the poem calls out to be made. There is no reason I should make it stand before you; it has no reason or purpose to be there, or to be at all for anybody, but is its own reason if it can stand up.

I want to make objects of my words with my words therefore. And I know that words cannot be objects or stand in objects by virtue of their quality-stuff alone. You can make a world out of the void only when you add something to jell it with. So I impose on the bits and masses of raw and undistinguished quality relations to bind them. I impose relations upon them to curb their abstract infinity and to weave them into a structure, give them a hint of form. The absolute positive void of quality, the mere stuffness of its being, is thus given form by negation of its infinity, and the object stands up in its concreteness and uniqueness as an independent being. A mass of feeling, however intense, has no meaning until it is tamed to form, condensed to objective quality, and infused with

design; and this is effected only in the "tranquillity" that curbs its active intensity and transforms it into pure passion. I can, of course, create an indistinct shadow of an object by pouring out inarticulate masses of quality which we generally designate as feeling or, more respectably, emotion. But its subjectivity is obvious, and it can never become an object with genuine universality. It may please with the undefined glow of a blob of feeling that can never be put into language or words ordered in such a way as to assert the object they mean; but such an emotionalized entity has its being in its being perceived, and it will vanish with a mere shift of attention.

You may say with Horace, if you like, "I have lived today," but you will go on to boast, as he does, that your verses will attain eternity for you, your words will become immortal forms. Intensity may carry through the day but not the days. And Horace has justified his boast because he has realized an idea in an object that can stand not because of the ineffability or intensity of its content but because of the finality of its form. The void of feeling is formed in objective quality and, as formed, is substanced for eternity. And the form is final because the quality is limited and defined and restricted to sense. A poem is not an exclamatory splash of vivid stuff but a passive and impassioned stuff contoured to form by intent, and this *intent* lies in the creative relationality of words whose *content* is quality.

And the "making" is the weaving the colors and tones of words into a texture of color-tone given form by the interconnecting threads of relation. The poetry of the day is not great because it is without design; and sheer designlessness cannot be designed by any kind or degree of emphasis. It is not great because it attempts to "make" out of raw feeling and leaves it to purposeless feeling to find in its own indefiniteness limits for itself. But chaos cannot create, and the cosmos awaits its maker.

The following essays will attempt to show how word relations are the condition for the development of structure, and how structure becomes form through intent and design. And word-quality will be traced from its primitive state in raw "experience" and feeling to its submission under form to shapeliness in texture and so prepared for its culmination in pure value as the substance of an individuate object.

II

Experience

I DO not wish to argue with the experience philosophers; I have seen the passion and the power of their convictions. It is evident that such robust convictions constitute not only their philosophy but also their religion, and it is too late to argue about religion. Besides, their ground principles come to them with such immediacy of self-evidence that any adverse argument seems an affront and intended to offend. For does not experience immediately inform us that it itself is the real? Everything else in the universe that comes to us must come to us in and through our experience; it must be experience therefore that makes everything real that is real, everything unreal that is unreal, everything appearance that is appearance, since it is the element that is present uniformly in all things. So that to deny experience or to question experience is to deny or question everything, and that, as everybody knows, is self-contradictory. Anyhow, and this is the argument to which for them there is no reply, what does not appear in your experience does not exist for you—but here the experience philosophy lapses into subjectivism and solipsism where no argument is possible or necessary. The tragic thing, however, is not their falling into subjectivism; that, with the necessary modicum of logical acumen and the requisite amount of hard work, might be carried on and over into a solid and consistent idealism. But the empiricists halt their subjectivism at psychology and revel in it there; they regard the deliverances of psychology as final for their own field and equally authoritative for other fields.

Moreover, psychology, as the universal science, applies everywhere by virtue of our empiristic assumptions, and, when reduced to general terms, its pronouncements become laws. As a consequence of a lot of such empirical generalizations that are at once made over into laws, the system may be summed up in the simple phrase, "Experience is the real." And as an inference derived from a set of previous inferences, which are themselves of questionable validity, such a proposition can be accepted if we are willing to risk the strength of the logical stilts upon which it stands.

Thus they make this proposition the basis for a metaphysics, and their metaphysics becomes epistemology. They lay it down as a foundation for ethics, and ethics turns up pragmatism, or utilitarianism, or instrumentalism, or any other kind of the Lord knows what damned rubbish. They worship their empiricism as gospel in economics, where the universe resolves itself into needs and wants and slop and advertising and war. In politics it becomes law, ultimate, imprescriptible, inalienable, in short, natural; and the state is turned over to business and chaos and hell. It becomes their religion: everyman his own god; and this lays down the basis of the self-worship in the individualism that is destroying human culture. Empiricism is accepted as the veriest truth for science, although science, mind you, has and tolerates no dogmas; and thus it becomes the maxim in accordance with which science produces airplanes and atomic bombs and electric eggbeaters and makes of human culture a gadget to be marketed by businessmen, sold as rubbish for the bonfires of war. The same empiricism is applied with enthusiasm to the theory of aesthetics, and for it here the artistic urge is whatever violent organic bellyache you may find in you; as a consequence "modern" art is the thing that it is. And Beauty pukes out at every corner in jazz and commercial art. The artist even appears to be convinced of empirical truth, and as a consequence his work, when he happens to create any, contradicts the maxim by which he works; and he, along with his art, muddles in confusion. The critics, since it is their business to know, know that of course experience is the ultimate, so their most urgent problem is that as to the individual private genius of the artist. Being artists themselves, they go at the problem with great gusto.

So that anybody who should have the effrontery to question the sacred dogma would be an obvious fool. As a consequence nobody who has anything to lose will face the issue, which leaves the matter in my puny hands.

It is inconceivable that anyone should doubt that experience is real. Experience is an existent fact, and the psychologist has done a fairly good job of analyzing it and describing its factual characters and in drawing up useful generalizations about it based upon the classification of its characters. In fact, many useful maxims about experience have been known and widely employed for a very long time, since Aristotle, in fact, or even earlier; and it is altogether possible that still other useful rules will be developed in the future. There has been also for a very long time a strong tendency to draw far-reaching inferences from the facts of experience, to be used in a practical way in improving the condition of man in his environment, and these have often been successful; in fact, upon

the successful positive inferences man has made from his experiences has depended the development of civilization and culture and even his continued existence in the world. As a matter of mere fact, experience has always been taken as real, with a few exceptions for a few morbid religious fanatics; and not only taken as real but regarded as in some intimate special way connected with whatever other things there may be that are real. And to this I should say, "I know all that, yes"; so my folly is not of the same type as that of those empiricists who, for the sake of some religious or philosophical prejudice, deny the existence of what stands before their wary eyes. And I would even take issue with those who believe, or who claim to believe, that experience, in its normal objective form of language, is real only as it stands for something else and not real on its own hook. I do not believe, for instance, that an idea is real because it symbolizes something other than itself, that it is the sign of the existence of something that could not get into my mind except by its proxy, something that by itself could not be known. The old doctrine therefore that the "idea" and its "object" stand forever staring at each other across an empty void has never appealed to me—I have had too many brickbats and splintered air castles on my mind for that. Somehow, if the things that get into my mind were not real things and were mere words, or, what is worse, were mere images, experience would be for me a silly thing, and I should, as literary people sometimes do, appeal to Freud about it. And I should, as literary people also often do, not thereafter bother overmuch about such things.

That experience is real is then beyond any rational possibility of doubt. But our empiricist, in all his various forms, from philosopher and religionist to the literary critic and the artist, appears to make the simplest of logical blunders with this proposition. Experience is real does not mean experience is the reality. Even if we say, "Experience is reality," this does not permit or justify us in saying "Reality is experience," which the empiricist seems to do. It may be that there is nothing in the universe that is real apart from mind and experience, but it is also likely that there is no case either where experience is real apart from the other things which together with it make up the universe. Experience, like an empty sack, can never stand alone, be independent, individual; it must have something in (on, by, through, next to) it, even if nothing more than brickbats or pumpkins or modern poetry; it is a part of and has a part in everything that is real, but it is never real alone. There can thus be no such thing as *an* experience. It is generic in character, and the sack must be at least partly filled. Also, even as filled it must lean against something if it is to stand firm in reality. That is to say that experience takes its

place along with everything else in the universe; and its place is unique—like the place of anything else in the world; there is nothing that can take the place of experience. But there is nothing that can take the place of anything else; so as to the necessity of its relation to reality, experience is in exactly the same case as anything else in the world. We must not confuse that by which we get our realities with the realities themselves, although it is one of them. And, however great its importance, it has no superior or exalted place among the realities by virtue of that fact alone. Its importance to us does not constitute it a specific type of reality.

Experience, then, is one of the realities, an important one, no doubt. It has its unique place, and that place is that point from which it is able to be aware of the natures and places of itself and of other things. It is possible that it is not, as a matter of fact, so far, actually aware of all other things; but that is nevertheless its destiny. Its peculiar relation to the rest of reality may itself not yet be realized in full, but the relation is there and is real and is known nevertheless. It is true that a hypothetical case of something out of all relation to experience cannot be formulated; but its abstract possibility also cannot be denied or disproved. But to decide this is not necessary for our problem. What meets our requirements here is stated in the proposition that there are other things that are real besides experience, and real in just as full a sense as experience, and that some of them have important characteristics that do not directly involve or imply experience at all. So far as reality is concerned, experience occupies no peculiar position. It is odd that the literary thinkers seem not to have heard of the philosopher's refutation of the philosophy of experience. The appeal they sometimes make beyond experience to religion should shock them a bit, unless they find it possible to identify religion with their experience of it. How sad, in that case, if they should change their minds!

But what are the other realities? I imagine that most people who talk experience, even people who find their experience the key to the universe, get a little dubious about it on occasion. Push them into a corner and they begin to talk about "life" as the genus of experiences, and they can quote the great critics, even philosophers, on the proposition that life is the object of our quest, the reality we seek. They go to religion for it and find that they must have it forever more abundantly, not, however, noticing that this commits them to the infinite search that forever finds nothing. There is no end for the abstract continuum. And this *reductio* is there for the religious enthusiasts and the empirical philosophers as well as for the various types of naturalists, literary or scientific, crude or refined. Still it is pretty obvious that life makes a solider content for the nature of

things than experience does, since it at least makes a pretense of continuity, even when we allow it to dissolve into sweetness and light or to explode and vaporize away in naturalistic passion or to drift away into abstract hedonic infinity in religion. In fact, the advocate of life has on occasion had some fine hard things to say about the fineness and hardness of life which tend to jell it down into something fairly substantial where it seems to require no necessary dependence upon experience. But in any case life is recognized as another element of reality that cannot be reduced without residue to terms of experience without reducing it at the same time to absurdity. Nobody would want to argue seriously that the life that we observe in plants and in many lower animals has anything to do with experience, unless he were one of those naturalists who are also religious mystics, or one of those highly imaginative philosophers who can identify habit with the processes of uniformity in the lower aspects of nature. Certainly the continuity of life in plants and animals goes beyond the individual, which would exclude that life from any reality in aesthetics or religion. Of course it is possible that a man with strong literary tendencies, or in any case a poet, would want to talk about life in terms of metaphor that identifies life and experience; and the religionist yearns for the same privilege; but these people are artists when they make such demands, and artists are privileged to say what the rest of us cannot say because they make their reality as they go along. And the reality they create goes beyond life and beyond identification with experience, because it is a reality of another type than these. Life is of course real, and so is experience; but neither has a monopoly on reality, and they are neither identical with each other nor coextensive with reality.

The claim of literary people that it is life that is the object of their interest would make an interesting topic by itself, so we need not go too far into it here. Perhaps if one were to undertake a running analysis of a piece of fictional literature, giving his attention successively to its detailed scenes and situations, he could describe each scene in terms of its meaning to the life of the characters involved or to the life of the interpreter himself; but it would be difficult at the end to say what the meaning of the piece is, if it is a poem and has no characters, when taken by and for itself and as a whole. The mere experiencing the parts of the literary object would not integrate them on any permanent basis, and meanings must stay put if they are to be values. For, except in music, where experiences are constructed of time yet are outside of time, and so cannot take place, a succession of experiences will hardly ever unify down into a rounded whole even in the life of the interpreter or anybody else; life has a rather poor reputation in our human religious and literary

and ethical history on the matter of getting itself together as the basis of a whole of significance. It is difficult to see how life can be regarded as the bearer of meanings and values so long as it is regarded as a summation of experiences; it will not stay together with itself long enough to entertain an attribute; a slippery thing is life, and qualities that smell of substance will not stick onto it. In fact, life has a certain flavor of ill repute for its refusal to permit itself to be summed up in any form or in or on any terms.

I should rather think, therefore, that experience does not make very substantial stuff for reality even when we try to squeeze its flabby pieces together in life; what happens is that we rather tend to reduce life, which is as hard and stubborn a fact as is to be observed anywhere, to a sloppy stew of subjective states when we identify it with experience by way of justifying it as the material of literature and of art generally. This too, I think, is recognized by the more reflective among us. When we observe that life and experience, certainly when we take life *as* experience, fail to give us the solidity we need in the stuff of art, we appeal to what we take to be the ground of both experience and life, namely, nature.

Naturalism, either philosophic or literary, is probably not susceptible of definition. But in the vague idea of something plain and sober and matter of fact which furnishes a hard landing place when we shy away from a culture that has grown soft and shabby with refinement, it has tended to recur at periodic intervals all through the history of the race. This has been the case with philosophic naturalism at least, and this has doubtless been basic to the literary form also. And this recurrence, in any given instance, can be interpreted, supposedly, either as a lapse into a cruder but ruddier motive or as the beginning of a new phase of the development of a higher type or degree of refinement, whether the lapse is up or down, depending largely upon the interpreter's artistic preferences. That is to say, if we think of culture as embodying all the refinements of life and experience, then we can oppose it, but in a complementary way, to nature as representing everything that is new and fresh and hard and vigorous and which acts with cold disdain of the niceties except when they appear as embellishments of its own strength and hardihood. Nature thus comes to be the concept of a substantial but dirty crude purity, and it has and gives the feeling that it lies at the bottom of what is delicate and refined as a rugged but not too nice a ground. It is then quite appropriate to think of nature as basic, as the foundation for all structures that can arise about any plan or idea. It is thus that nature, which is opposed to culture in the matter of delicacy and quality of constitution, is yet regarded as the foundation upon which all cultural structures rest and as

also the material substance which gives body to whatever cultural structures there may be.

But if nature is thus substantial and underlies everything, then it is appropriate, if not necessary, to regard it as the material and ground of all artistic endeavor, as the *that* which all art is about; art becomes a descriptive epithet for substantial nature. Also, since that which furnishes the ground reason for a thing also contrives its purpose and defines its end, nature will appear as the *that* to which it is the purpose of art to give form and thus to dedicate to reality. For that which is the beginning and the end of an activity also embodies the activity as the condition of unity of means and end, that is, substantiates the act in the instrument by which it is given expression. The block of stone is that in which my act begins and what it ends in if I am a sculptor. The block is thus the instrument of my act through its period of process, that is, while I am acting, and it is the object or end of my act when the statue is complete. It is in any case that in which means and end are identified. But the embodied activity, however ideal, is yet the material content of the object in which the act is objectified when it is realized. This is the *deus sive natura* of Spinoza, to be sure; but nature tends to identify with the ultimate object when it is made the ground of departure for theory, whether the motive of the theory be religious or ethical or aesthetic. It seems evident, then, that the hard distinction between nature and culture cannot be maintained and that in terms of their substances they tend to run together. Possibly, then, in order to be realistic, we need not be Hemingwayishly dirty. Even the scientist, he of the hard head and open mind, grows lyrically mystical when he toys theoretically with nature, and philosophers of nature have found no limits to the high flights of their idealistic fancy. As nature thus seems to be all things to all men, there is no mystery in the fact that it should be supposed to be the mysterious entity that lies at the heart of art and the creative making that so obviously appears to be a function of the world.

It seems clear, then, that, when life and experience fail as the ultimate *that* which art and artistic activity are about, nature stands in good stead as the world that they still have as ground and basis and end. But it is a chastened nature; the plainness and crudity have somehow come to be refined out of it or, if they have not disappeared, have become qualifying characters of the ideal and give to the ideal the ruggedness which makes it capable of bearing a permanent form. This idealized nature, however, is a pure imaginative construct, a poetic creation, and is not nature in the literal fact at all. So the term is ambiguous, so serves no theoretical, so no critical, purpose. Nature is real only as art makes it so.

Also, life and experience and nature, each in its own way and with an emphasis of its own, all appeal to competent artists as the substantial ground of the realities that art exists to create and maintain in the world. If experience by itself is never the substance of art, it yet does substantiate itself in nature and culture where it can take form. And if life by itself is an abstraction without form and void, it finds its ground of form when experienced in nature and realized in objects of culture. It is the function of art to give effect to this realization. It may very well be inferred from this that they all—life, experience, nature—have a place in the real. But, recalling the fact that the active essence of art is the function of synthesis, it may be that each of these factors can and does have its substantial role because it is modified and adapted to that role within the process of artistic creation; and, at the same time that this fact explains the status of life and experience and nature in reality, it also formulates the essence and function of art. That is to say, it is precisely the function of art and artistic activity to effect in the world that synthesis of life and experience and nature which will make the world substantially real so that it will stand up against all show and appearance. For it is show and appearance without substance that is the deadly enemy of art. For art is truth realized, objectified, and it can tolerate no deception. In performing this function of verifying the world, it naturally becomes the process of fulfilment and enrichment of life to full realization; it builds out the shadowy vacuity of experience into real and realized objects of permanent worth; and it gives the finishing touches to the realization of the nature which, taken as it is, is but the merest blank outline of the reality which its own native beauty only promises to be.

The function of art, then, is the realization of life experienced as embodied in nature and rendered permanent there as an object of worth. To single out life *or* experience *or* nature as the exclusive stuff of art gives us a wrong view of the reality we are seeking; it just as surely gives us a bad or at least a puny and perverted art. The periods of great art probably did not know of the distinction, and the art is evidence that they did not feel it. The function of art is to realize in beauty life as it is lived or experienced in nature. And by beauty we mean simply the principle of a life fully lived in a nature purified and rarefied by the perfection that life as it is finds as only potential in nature as it is. And within these terms and concepts life and experience and nature and art and worth and beauty and value find whatever meaning and significance there is to be for them in this world. For they make this world, and they make it what it is. The maker is life as it is, functioning as life as it is to be. And the tool it uses, the instrumental power by which it creates, is synthesis in experience,

otherwise known as imagination. But this creative imagination is libeled in the psychological accounts commonly given of it. It is not a process in a mind but an agency free in the world, with which minds co-operate when they can rise to it and shake free from a particularized experience and a nature circumscribed within mere life. And the end it creates, this cosmic imagination, the ultimate object, is objective Beauty, self-created in the identity by analogy of its parts or members. Life imaginatively materialized in the object it creates is experience. The process is work, which has two forms: artistic creation and artisan production. Experience imaginatively realized in the object it creates is nature. Its process is growth. Nature formed in the object it creates is art, and art objectified in form is Beauty.

Thus the theories that find the reality of art in life, or experience, or nature, are true and demonstrable. But each is only partly true, being incomplete; and the whole truth shows them each modified by the logical and aesthetic necessity that it be made consistent with the others. This is necessary so that all can be fitted into a whole by the same synthesis that is the method and instrument operating within each. The motive to beauty, what we sometimes call "the aesthetic impulse," is this creator. But it is an ideal force and not an organic function; it is the making agent, and what it makes is itself; what it makes itself out of is life and experience and nature; and what it makes itself into becomes obvious when these are all properly made and made up to each other in an individuate whole which lives and experiences *naturans* in a formed Object. This is the object of art and is universal. We call it "Culture."

What, then, can we conclude with respect to experience when considered as the content of art? What is to be constructively said of the nature of experience, considered, as we have seen it must be, as only an element in the aesthetic process, and what is its peculiar aesthetic function in the process of creation of art through life and nature?

We mean by culture the system of created objects that make up the solid social and political body of civilization. It is a system of objects made by life within the set of conditions furnished by nature, and it was made by life as a housing organ for itself. And as life made culture out of nature, it did so by using experience as tool, as material, and as working rule. It even used experience on occasion as the driving power in the process, but it never was on any occasion used as designing agent. It is this designing agent that is meant by the creative or artistic "impulse"; it is not an organic motive, and it is only the crude psychologism that haunts us from science that deceives us into assuming that it is. We sometimes go on with Freud to morbidity and identify it with the sex "instinct." It is

this crude psychologism and scientism that has led to the common naturalistic literary habit of representing experience as something coarse and obscene in the physiological life as the materials of literary art. But it is the attempt to justify the purely natural of experience as an artistic element that makes that element obscene, just as it was the attempt to cover it up with hush-hush that made it obscene for a previous generation. But there is no reason for the obscenity question to come up at all if we will recognize that experience, in its aspect as nature, has only a material role in the artistic process and that it has nothing to do with the design that makes that process the creation of art objects. The natural as mere experience is too unstable to carry moral attributes; moral qualities cannot attach to it. So the language appropriate to the purely natural is the descriptive and classificatory language of science, or that in its technical practical form of medicine. The proper expression of nature is its organic functioning; it requires no other language; giving it or forcing upon it another language is obscenity.

For the "experience" that enters into the creative design already has within it the elementary features of design. The experience is not the urgency of a gland or the explosive impulse of a ganglion that makes tension or convulsion in the sympathetic nervous system. The experience that functions creatively in art is the idea, the *eidos*, and this is an as yet nonexistent object shaped up in "image" and held as the form to which all objects that can be of its type must conform. And this form is at the same time the element of agency in all experience, from the highest flights of thought to the most primitive of sensory process. It is because of the presence of this ideal element in the processes of nature and the organic experience that those natural and organic processes can, so far as it is possible, be worked over into art forms; and it is through this connection that we explain, for example, the sexual impulse felt in the observation of personal beauty. The organic functions that operate automatically may on occasion be brought into or near the focus of the idea, and it is arguable at least that they are always within the marginal areas of the idea, where they can, sometimes at least, be fished out by psychiatric methods for "adjustment." It is the absence of this rational or formal element that makes contemporary art the shabby thing that it is, and the shabbiness shows up nowhere more shabbily than in the literature of the day and in the criticism that undertakes to explain what is not capable of explanation because it is not intelligibly worth it. I mean the sort of thing that comes from the gut of a Hemingway and the thing that tries to make literature out of it. For pure nature and pure life and pure experience are, of and by themselves and in their purity, and for aesthetic purposes, dead matter.

They move as the winds of chance move them, where the pressure is weakest in the mechanism of existence; but they will never mold a form or shape a body. And they will not do these things because these and such things can only be achieved by a designing idea operating within a rational world or in a world that at least permits the attempt at rationalization. After all, the glands and ganglia and sympathetic networks and structural devices all have a central connection, even if totally unconscious, and none of them functions for an instant after the connection is broken. Nature and life and experience are transformed into art by the rational design; it is not a psychological process or fact at all, and by the same agency are constituted the systems of culture. This cultural milieu is the atmosphere and medium of art as well as of all other human activities.

Much of the confusion with respect to experience comes from the fact that it is rare to find any attempt to define it or to delimit the area in which it exists. The whole matter of definition seems prejudged in the assumption that everybody is in immediate contact with his own experience, and this presumes that experience is defined in terms of the immediate consciousness—rather it seems to be identified with the consciousness. This is, of course, pure subjectivity, and no conclusions or inferences can be derived from it; so the assumption is false, and the question is not capable of statement and so not arguable. It is supposed on occasion that experience gets a fairly durable objectivity in memory, which seems to be regarded merely as a prolonged, if sometimes interrupted, consciousness which has hardened a little by continuity in time. Objectivity is supposed to be got for it also in literature, science, history, etc., where experience becomes permanent in the record by a sort of precipitation. And it is supposed, especially in literary quarters, to get a final objectification in "life" where it is assumed to precipitate as the substance of art. Experience here seems to be identified with the flow of life, and it is the purpose of literary art to catch, stop, and harden down the process into a substance durable enough to hold form. And it appears to be on a basis of these unconscious assumptions that not only the literary art of the day is produced but also the theory that is shadowed forth in the criticism of the art of the day. Being thus based on a foundation of pure subjectivity, both the art and its criticism turn out to be as fluid and thin and unstable, in spite of their robustious strut, as the ground they rest on. It would be something in the way of mitigation if the philosophers had produced a solider aesthetic theory, but it is to be feared that the philosophers have suffered from the same limitations as the literary people. Indeed, the two breeds are hard to distinguish by their progenies.

There is no occasion here to formulate the criticism of these assumptions. Negatively, they furnish their own refutation when the attempt is made to state their supporting arguments by logic and to collect such statements in a metaphysical prospectus. What comes out of the attempt is an epistemological quarrel with the tools of thought and expression, supplemented for proof by a descriptive psychology which runs strongly to rhetoric. Thus there is no possibility of stating such assumptions in logical terms in a constructive theory, for neither epistemology nor psychology ever touches bottom where metaphysical principles can be formulated. Such a theory involves the building-up a metaphysics on the relational basis of the objects of art and by strict logical methods; and, when this is attempted in connection with epistemological and psychological principles, all substance will fall out of it and leave it an empty skeleton. If literature is to have philosophic implications at all, it must be criticized on a firmer basis than is furnished it by epistemological and psychological pronouncements, which themselves have no philosophical basis. Such a basis for literature will have to be looked for among more solid realities than are to be found in experience. For, taken by itself and as such, it is never real and can become real only by complicating itself with other things. And in this complication it must undergo changes and adaptations that eliminate such individuality as it has, so as to blend it in analogy with other things. And the reality that comes out of the blending has an individual identity within which the experience element could not, as such, be recognized. No. Experience is not real, and the realities it enters into as an element are not empirical in essential nature. As a consequence there is no art form that is substanced in experience; experience is therefore not the stuff that literary art works up into its objective constructs even when it is most successful. Contemporary poetry is evidence of this fact, better, perhaps, than better poetry would be; no experience can be recognized within the stuff it undertakes to formulate.

If it be suggested that in this argument we should appeal to experience itself, the suggestion could be accepted at once. Only, instead of a psychological analysis of a hypothetical experience, which is all that can be got from identifying experience with consciousness, I should insist upon resort to the actual experience of history. And in this case I should refer to the developed religions, all of which deny any reality for experience as given in its psychological actuality. The reality they find is always beyond. So then religion, which starts from experience and hopes to realize in it, must abandon that hope and find, if it can, a solider reality elsewhere. The recent appeal of some literary people to formal religion is the appeal to abstract form itself, and this appeal ends, as it only can, in

mysticism. For whoever appeals to pure form to furnish itself with content will find a content for it from the negative depths of his own imagination.

What, then, is the substance of art, the stuff, the material of art, that in and for which art exists and which at the same time justifies its existence?

The substance of art, the cause, origin, intent and purpose, material and goal of art, is Reality itself. There is no specialized field, no delimited ground, no clearly defined sphere of reality in which art can be adequately or successfully thought about or discussed. The substance, stuff, of art is not merely one of the realities along with that of religion, science, industry, etc., but reality itself. And it is reality in intelligible form, reality made intelligible by the form that art imposes upon it. Art is not about experience, not about life, not about nature, not about God. It is concerned with a reality that gives to experience, life, nature, and God whatever substance they have, and it has its existence upon a higher plane of being than these. Its substance matter is reality itself; its specific or individualizing relation to experience, life, nature, and God is that it is the synthetic identification of all these in a world, a universe to which it gives constitution and form and so substance.

Art is then the creator, the Demiurge. This is the peculiar essence of literary art, which, operating as it does directly through the instrument of language, has immediate relation with the creating Idea, the Agent Thought. It is therefore itself substantive in nature. Experience and nature and life are attributes, and God its substantial quality; all are related adjectively to it. Art as substantive shares directly in reality; it is universal. Experience is a process; it has its being in time and change; it approaches the universal indefinitely but never attains it. Art is universal and so more real than experience and could therefore not be made out of experience. The same is true of life and nature. They are processes and are never complete, never whole; they never attain to universality in the individual. The relation of art to experience, life, and nature may be indicated in this way: experience is the process wherein life as existence in nature is transformed into culture. Art is the active agent, the creative cause and power involved in the transformation. It therefore is substantive to experience, life, and nature and can therefore be an Object—the object in which life as experienced in nature is given form in culture. Without this form all is void. Experience thus is not the substance of art but its instrumental process. The substantial stuff of art is reality itself in its character of Beauty (Plato) and Perfection (Aristotle). Art is universal, and in the concrete it always appears as and in an Object. It has thus

its existence in an object and is known as such and only as such. As thus known in objective form, it becomes the ground of judgment and so can be stated in terms of experience; experience, however, is here already changed in the course of the objectification from the raw stuff of sense and feeling into the solider substance of thought, so art becomes intelligible. Represented in terms of experience and with reference to experience, it will appear with differing characters, which, for empirical purposes once more, may be designated as different types. Art objects are, then, we may say (1) useful, (2) decorative, and (3)substantial. With respect to their differing relations to experience, the useful object is so defined with emphasis on its relation to the will; the decorative object is defined in terms of the desires; and the substantial object is so defined with reference to thought and the idea.

Perhaps instead of the useful arts we should speak of the utility of art, since in a very broad definition of utility it could be said that all arts are useful and that utility is a character of all arts if it can be defined in terms of one relation alone, as we defined it in terms of the single relation to the will. We can make such a definition here only because we have limited our field of discourse to experience, which should be kept in mind. What is beautiful in terms of use is always an object that serves a purpose or performs a function beyond its own being. It is determined such by the mode of interest in it; in terms of experience its utility is a reference of the object to the will and to the requirements of action. If it were no more than a beautiful thing, it would make no reference, in terms of the observer, beyond itself, which is a mark of the complete individual. And in so far as an object is considered an individual and as thus necessitating no relations with other things in its environment, and in so far as it is apprehended through the qualities that give it substance, it is an object of art and is beautiful.

It is to be remembered here that the ugly in all its forms and degrees is a negative instance of beauty, and the definition of beauty must provide for it. If now an object can be judged as meeting these conditions, and at the same time that it makes no reference to anything other than its own individuality, it yet suggests a possible act on the part of the observer by which another object may be changed in structure or position or quality in the interest of or at the design of the observer, it is then also a useful object, an object of utility at the same time that it is an object of beauty. It will be readily seen that the utility is not a function of the beauty, nor does its beauty depend in any way upon its usefulness. Its beauty depends upon the self-reference and self-sufficiency of its design and the purity and order of its quality; its utility depends upon its suggestion of an act to

the observer, usually by disclosing through some of its qualities the possibility of supplementing some of his body's movements. As a character of the object therefore utility is accidental, while beauty is of the essence, substantial. For example, a handsaw may be a beautiful thing in terms of the uniqueness of individuality of its design as presented in formed color. Its end as such would be served perfectly if kept poised upon a workbench or hanging on the wall of your study with your old pipes. And to look at it would satisfy you or any observer. But if at the same time that its beauty were observed it also suggested the book ends it might saw out for you, or suggested to you abstractly the act of sawing by the feel of the hang of the saw in your hand, the saw becomes also an object of utility. Its utility lies thus in its relation to you. Its beauty is independent of you or anybody.

So the thing, the saw as it would be described in a scientific account, is really two objects. Or, better, perhaps, three objects. It is a prosaic factual thing as an object of space and time and material determination in nature; the expert in knowledge could explain how it is made of steel and go on to show how the steel is iron refined by various processes until it acquires the qualities of hardness and flexibility, in spite of its thinness and delicate polish, and how these qualities make it an object of possible utility and hence of economic value. All this is interesting within its limits and is knowledge worth having. But the saw is also, beyond its limits as a mere thing and in relation to certain bodily movements on the part of the observer, an object of actual utility in that it gives to the observer the prospective design of an object that could be created by its use. It is to be noticed here that this design is not a psychological image but a structure designed within his muscular tensions. It is the "feel" of an object that does not yet exist and so could not be presented to the sense. Anybody who ever had a good saw in his hand will feel the "image" of a book end, say, in the muscles of his arm and be aware at the same time, in terms of a rare pleasure, of the eagerness of those muscles to put the arm in the proper motions to produce it. The saw in this sense is an object of genuine utility, and utility in this sense is a genuine aesthetic conception. Thus the relation of utility to beauty in the instance demonstrates the relation of aesthetics to ethics; the Object is the ground of unity and identity for all distinctions in reality. But the saw as either aesthetic or ethical reality must in God's name be distinguished from the saw as a thing for sale and profit and the "goods" of business which have no reality in any sense or degree. The man who sells a good saw denies God.

The saw is, then, two objects. But it is also three, and the third has already, in the larger terms of theory, been defined as an object consti-

tuted an individuality by its perfection of design. What is involved in this perfection of design is the long story required to formulate the systems of the categories by which the nature of the aesthetic object and its place in the universe of objects is made clear. There are three distinct objects on the principle by which objects are themselves determined. In the first case, that of the "thing," the saw is determined an object of nature by defining it in and through the system of categories that constitute the system of nature. It is determined the thing that it is by its characters of quantity, weight, etc., and the system of the categories that constitute the structure of science. It is by virtue of the place the saw has in this system that it is the "thing" that it is; what we are emphasizing negatively is that the saw is nothing at all if we try to define or understand it in terms of its relation to us as mere scientific observers. The saw as so categorized is absolutely nothing to me; its relation to me is in no conceivable case real enough to determine it an object of a given kind or any kind. The saw as an object of utility is an object of utility by virtue of its determination by the system of categories from which it gets its nature—the system of houses, tables, bridges, the system of objects determined by practice—by which its design is determined. It gets its nature not from its reference to me but from a reference to the system of objects whose qualities determine complementary qualities in the saw. Its definition in terms of a reference to experience is therefore limited. Its reference to me is an abstract universal, and such a relation cannot enter into a design. Its reference to me can in no case be distinguished from its reference to anybody else, can thus never be individuated. It is only by reference to the system of the objects that determine its type that the saw is of a kind; it could never get such determination from me. Any suggestion that the object is a saw because I and everybody else who uses English call it a saw is mere nonsense and an acknowledgment of ignorance of the nature of language.

The substance of a work of art—literature in particular—is never experience. The experience that is involved in connection with a poem is the experience that is created by the poem, which is universal and can be had by any number of people. It is not the experience of the author of the poem or of its reader, nor is it any abstract human experience. It is the ideal and universal experience objectively expressed in and by the poem in the design of the poem, and it is not felt or need not be felt or experienced by anybody.

Similarly, the saw is an object of art by virtue of a nature determined by the system of categories that constitute the universe of culture, and that prescribe within that universe a place that can only be occupied by the saw—first the saw as such and as universal, a type, and then the saw,

the individual. To describe this nature and to demonstrate its place within the system of culture is the task of aesthetic theory, which for the most part has unfortunately not been written. What is clear from the idea of a work of art developed here is that the object of art has a nature determined by the design of the universe to which it belongs, a nature that is independently objective and is intelligible only as contemplated within a system of objective relations. The relation of a work of art to experience, or to a particular experience, has nothing to do with the determination of its nature as a work of art. Nor is any experience, abstract or general or concrete, the material or content of a work of art. This is what is intended in the emphasis throughout this paper upon the object which art always involves and presupposes. There is no art or beauty except in and as an object that exists by itself so far as any subject is concerned.

Perhaps more argument has already been given than the question demands; but the fact that aesthetic and artistic criticism, and the theory on which such criticism rests, are premised upon an assumption of universal subjectivity makes the issue of fundamental importance. It is the more dangerously important in that philosophy itself has fallen into the same fallacy. Philosophy in the Western world since the Renaissance has been *about* the mind and the inner experience of individuals, and the objective world has been left in the incompetent hand and the irresponsible mind of the scientist—irresponsible because he can never see beyond the narrow limits of utility and practicality. The scientist hired by a corporate industry organized for private profit is at the lowest depth ever attained by human depravity and degradation. The "philosopher" contemplating a pragmatic world limited within the subjectively human is of the same species, a little paler in color. British philosophy since Hobbes has been little more than an analysis of mental states, with the puerile purpose to manipulate mental states in their relations to each other so as to "find" truth and to control the truth in the interest of business. The philosophy of the Continent narrowed the interest in mental states to the thought-processes or "reason" alone and differed from the British primarily only in their lesser emphasis on the "passions" and a little less keenly aspiring hope of heaven.

As a consequence of this debacle in philosophy, the legal systems, the religions and theological systems, and especially the political theories and systems were shot through with the same shallow subjectivism and survived by the grace of a favoring fate. The assumption appears universally to have been that all problems, any problem, can be approached only through a description and analysis of the states of mind in which the issue is stated. And the same method is followed now. If we are to deal with

the objective evil of war, we shall have, so the assumption goes, all first to come to the same state of mind, to come to "agreement" on the evil of war; we shall all have to "make up our minds." As a consequence propaganda, deception, or fraud becomes the uniform method of procedure in practical affairs; and, when agreement is reached, the purpose is to find ways of dodging the obvious objective means to the implementation of the agreement, because the means have all come under the control of a like subjective motive in the private interests of practical men. And the practical man of business and the practical man of culture—the scientist—have become the instruments of a total moral depravity.

I do not see how there can be any question that modern literature is largely responsible for the sorry state of things. Like the religion and the politics of the period, and perhaps because of them, since literature tends merely to reflect at second hand the religious and political attitudes of the time—what it calls the "life" of the time—modern literature has apparently operated on the assumption that the reality for it was to be found whole and entire within the privacy of the human mind. And since on this assumption universality is never attained and cannot be attained, the "reality" is found in the particular mind of the individual. Neither the political nor the religious nor the literary purpose seemed to be aware of the progress of objective reality along its own directions, or to perceive that the directions followed by objective reality were the same as those of their own; so that "mind" and "nature" ran side by side on parallel lines and could never meet short of the infinity of oblivion. So that culture was without guidance from mind or "experience," and mind was without objective end in nature and so without form and void. And in many other respects the two systems of directions were parallel also, in the sense that they could not meet and were thus doomed to different ends. What men thought and hoped and felt has no point of continuity with what was there in the world waiting to give reality to the thoughts and hopes and feelings. The literary subjectivism reached its *reductio* in the invention of the novel, and with this the literary motive has dissolved in substancelessness and formlessness. The consequence is, of course, a universal cynicism and skepticism—a cynicism and skepticism of honest doubt that courageously abandons hope, and a cynicism and skepticism that retires in cowardice and despair within the empty walls of a formal religion. At the same time the objective structures of civilization and culture are following a course laid out for them by their own blind momentum and are headed for oblivion in chaos.

Now I am sure that all this is true of modern literature in general, in spite of the obvious fact that it is not true of the few instances of really

great literary performance. Lear is not a man, and he does not have experiences; he is a king, whose "life" is the conflict of universals; he is not an individual but the type of all individuals. He *is* the Tragic Flaw; the question whether "he" is insane is ridiculous. The sphere of the "existence" of universals is not within the individual mind or experience; besides there are no flaws in the Flaw, no insanity in what is neither sane nor insane. Read in terms of states of mind, Lear makes no significant sense at all, for his sufferings are not mental pains or psychic miseries but writhings and contortions of the Great Fault that runs through the structure of all Being. Shakespeare put in symbolic relations what Hardy put in word-pictures, but it is the same It. Any ordinary man would have had more sense than to start an emotional rivalry for power among three women, even if one of them is the symbol of truth and beauty; it is just the mistaken blunder that only the Flaw Itself could fall into, damn It! Even as queen of truth and beauty the third sister would have had no power as against two ordinary human women, for the ideal in goodness and rightness and beauty (art) is helpless and hopeless as against the Intrigue even when it appears in the ordinary human form. It is true of course that the Flaw, as pictured in human terms, is emotionally powerful and produces deep and intense states of mind; but these states of mind are reflex effects of the picture and neither the content or the reason for the picture being drawn nor its justification after it is drawn. The Reality is the Object itself; the states of mind are superficial incidents.

A similar interpretation is necessary, it seems to me, of any great work. Milton had no doubt profound ideas and attitudes upon religious and political questions. As "ideas" or as private states of mind they are found in his political and religious tracts. But as realities he pictured a political structure in a theocratic universe as their objective form. Even when he tries to give expression to his grief at the loss of his friend, he can do so only by objectifying it as best he could in a pastoral scene against the background and under the shadow of a corrupted church. And then the emotional effect on the reader is less one of grief than one of tear-compelling admiration of the perfection of the object in which the grief is given expression. That is to say the grief as a private mental state has to be transfigured into an objective contradiction as the form of the Flaw before it becomes art. The mental states that are properly involved in literature are not the content of the literature but reflex effects of the objects created by and in the literature and have their being and their significance after the literary purpose has been achieved and its work done. They are not ends indicating the perfection of the objects created to house them but incidental issues from the objects which may or may not occur.

Lycidas is a great poem whether anybody ever did or ever will experience fraternal grief or not; it stands as a created object perfect in form and complete in design independently of any mental states. Experience has not the stability that substantiates a work of art.

Hardy says nothing in terms of mental states of awe and dread and gloom. He describes Egdon Heath, and objective dread and gloom stand before you. It is not a state of his or your or anybody's mind but an object; it is there in absolute independence of anybody's mind, presumably there before there were eyes to see or mind to apprehend. It is there and was there and will be there because awe and dread and gloom are objective aspects of the eternal It, and the heath is Its eternal Face. It is a universal, and the individuals with their minds and their mental states are mere motes that crawl upon that Face.

There is a reality, and it manifests itself, instances itself, to us in objects. It does not, cannot, will not wait for the adventitious event of a state of mind. These objects are the stuff that art is made out of and made into. Experience is an accessory afterthought.

III

Imagination and Its Organon Metaphor

IF WE define reason as the basic cognitive operation of the mind, then all functions whose primary motive is cognitive or noetic will be phases or aspects in some way and in some sense of the reason. It is in the sense that the inherent motive of the imagination is cognitive that it is defined here as a form of the reason. And it must be so defined if it is to be represented as a creative agent or as active in any way. Imagination is reason where reason is concerned to deal with the qualitative, where quality is considered as an object as such; or where reason is dealing with the qualities of things considered independently of those things when regarded in their quantitative or physical aspects. The question whether quality thus abstracted can fairly be considered an object except in the subjective sense that anything is an object upon which the attention of any mind is directed ought, perhaps, to be discussed here; but I shall take for granted the argument for the substantial and objective status of quality that has been given in another place.

Furthermore, I shall assume that, where questions of value are involved, quality is to be taken as *the* substance, the object, in relation to which physical and quantitative aspects are attributive. Then for our purposes here, which have to do with aesthetic creation in literary art, quality *is* the object, since it is the ultimate "that" to which every judgment of value finally refers. If we must go on to say what this ultimate object is "for experience," quality is to be identified with feeling through the concept of analogy. But it is to be understood that this "feeling" that is a genuine object of thought and that is identical by analogy with objective quality is not the private experience of *a* mind. An object, in this transsubjective sense, is the necessary implicate of the functioning of the reason; and, as reason operates at the basis of imagination, this object is the object with which the imagination deals. So imagination is a faculty of objects; it is not a faculty of "images"; so, also, to understand the functioning of imagination as a process "in a mind," we must approach its examination through the object or objects with which we find it invariably con-

nected. It is hence obvious that psychology, as a science, is not equipped to deal with the question of the nature and function of imagination as it operates in literary and other aesthetic connections.

Reason as imagination has an object where values are involved, at least, because it makes it; and it makes its object out of the elements of qualitative reality "presented" to it. But presented is hardly what is meant: what is meant is that the imagination, being a process in reality, operates within a surrounding medium or matrix much as a cell grows within a fluid medium. And the imagination, as does the cell, derives the materials with which to make its activity real from the medium in which it lives. This medium of the imagination is the whole complex circumstance of the environment, including the cultural tradition with a content that is practically unlimited in variety. It is this great variety of content available to the imagination that gives to the latter its reputation for originality and creativeness. It can therefore utilize in its constructions *any* thing within the entire realm of reality. The imagination is reason unlimited, free of the principle of contradiction, operating with complete abandon and in disregard of the rules that limit the reason in scientific activity or in speculative thinking which latter is limited by its own presuppositions. The "freedom" of the imagination consists in its being able to make use of *any* content it may acquire from its circumstance, and this is infinite. As the elements of reality that are taken in from its circumstance in nature and tradition are "presented" to the imaginative reason, that is, as they are apprehended within the process of their being mediated to the reason from the medium in which the reason operates, they are called "experiences"; and they are called "experiences" because they are converted into feeling-quality "in sensation," sensation being cognition in its immediate relation with the objective. That is to say, the object is, as yet and before sensation, undefined and formless, hypothetical, being merely what is there within the environing circumstance awaiting formulation. Its apprehension through sensation, its conversion to feeling-quality, is the first step in the process of taking on form which is objectification.

But the conversion into feeling-quality does not mean a change in the nature of the elements "presented"; they are, as still elements of the world, *there* in their elementary inherency, what they are, prime being; they have merely assumed a new relation, and, as they appear in and to the process of the reason, they are named "feeling" for the mere purpose of designation. To be "in the mind" does, of course, "make a difference" to what is "in"; but the difference is not within the essential qualitative nature of the elements but in their relational continuity with other things;

and this new relational interconnection is of course the condition of new quality for the new object set up by it, but it makes no new quality for the elements. As the elements are given in the nature of things and abstracted from the process by which they are given, they are called "qualities." And, since they are substantial qualities, there is no necessity that they inhere in anything; they are independent objects.

An instance of this quality-object is called "red" when I see it through its relation to the rose; but as it is in me it is a sensation or a feeling, and I still call it red. I can shut my eyes and still see it there in me, rose or no rose. It remains red, of course, because whether in me or in the rose it is what it was in the nature of things before either I or the rose were there for it to appear in. So quality and feeling are the same thing; being "in" or "out" of "consciousness" is the same thing. The thing is called "quality" when circumstanced outwardly in the world; the same thing is known as feeling when apprehended in objective connection with the process of apprehension. These elements—which are feeling or quality according as they are looked at from within or without—are made into objects when the reason as imagination gathers them into apprehensible groupings. If it is preferred to speak of the gathering as itself an objective process, they are grouped when "nature" as cosmic imagination through growth organizes them into the structures that are in science assumed to be "given" to us in experience. A still higher stage of the gathering or objectification occurs where the artist realizes them through form in the act of artistic creation, paints them in a picture, or in abstract symbols writes them in music or poetry.

This process of "gathering" calls for careful definition. One can take eggs from various nests and put them in the same basket with no order or arrangement at all, except what is determined by the physical characters of the eggs and the basket, and this is gathering the eggs. The truckman gathers bricks at the kiln and puts them together in the simplest ordered structure in the truck. The mason gathers the bricks into a wall, ordered with respect to some principle which is derived in part from the characteristic natures of the bricks and the wall but also from other sources not directly connected with either the bricks or the wall. His imagination supplies these latter elements. The architect gathers walls with other things into a house, in accordance with principles that have only remote reference to walls and the other things. Note that we now call *all* the bricks *a* house; order in its various stages has made the sheer plurality of the bricks over into a single unitary object. The bricks go into the truck and the eggs into the basket under the simplest of spatial and quantitative conditions. Yet they would never even go there thus

without the imaginative intent of the reason, which can see the form of the order before the order exists as fact. A little higher stage of the same intent, individuated now with respect to a tentative object, places the bricks in the wall; a tentative object, because the wall is not there until the bricks are in; and a higher, that is to say a more comprehensive, intent orders the walls and other things into a house before the house is there, because the house is not there until the walls are in. The point being that all relations among elements that put the relations of quantity and number and space and position into subordination to a principle are relations which assert intent; and intent is made evident by the design that comes into being in the object that is consequent upon it. Design is intent objectified. Objects are thus real before they exist. In fact, intent and design, up to a point, have identical meanings. I can say I have intentions toward or designs upon that girl, that house, that picture. That is to say the girl, etc., are objects of my intent or my design. I use "intent" when I think of the relation as active and the object not yet realized; "design," when I think of it as fixed, as what can be made permanent by being given form, as, for example, graphed as the plan of a house.

Another way to put it, too simple to be quite true, is that it is intent when observed as a process in our minds and design when we see it operating as a principle of structure in an object. But it is the same thing after all. This all means that, in gathering elements of quality, the reason as imagination operates under the principles of objective intent and objective design, and it is this kind of operation that is contemplated when we speak of the reason "making" or the imagination "creating" its object. But neither intent nor design is a limit to the imagination; while they are conditions under which or within which it acts, yet they are universals, and universals are enabling statutes rather than restrictive rules. So they leave the imagination free, since they present to it unlimited possibilities of action within the infinite environment. There is an infinite number of objects of the act of imagination (number itself is perhaps created by the act), all possible objects are its objects, even the designs of impossible objects are its objects; and this is what is meant and all that is meant by its freedom. The word that "expresses" this making, this free action, is synthesis. In the abstract form of pure logic, it is a corporate judgment of quality, and this judgment "expresses" nothing; it asserts the self-identity of whatever operates as its subject.

When the reason as imagination effects a synthesis of qualities into an object—the object, mind you, being created in and by the act of synthesis—thus abstracting the qualities from their inherence in outward substances, it creates thereby a new object in the unity it designs within and

among these qualities. Thus the pink abstracted from the rose and the pink abstracted from a cheek and the pink abstracted from an apple the poet or the painter will make into the morning and call it dawn. It is this act of abstracting qualities from existences, while yet recognizing the existences, and synthesizing them to unity in new objects that we call "imagination." What is created is of course the relational system that effects and binds the unity. But it is still an act of the reason. Its essence is cognitive; otherwise its object would never be known, as distinct in nature and character by virtue of its relational structure, from the object of mere sense, which latter takes its undistinguished fixed place in the memory as a mere factor for communicable knowledge. But the object of imagination is distinct from the object of sense in just the presence in it of design and order, where design is substanced in quality. The object of sense has no design; it has limits, a contour, but no internal active structure. Design, and its substance in quality, which is imaged to thought as relational structure that implies quality, is thus the identifying factor in the act or the object of imagination, the factor that identifies itself in its object and makes the object an object of art. The imagination is thus distinguished by some of the older critics from the "fancy," which gives no object but only detached and undesigned floating qualities. These qualities float by magic into mysticism or by a certain leaden gravity into realism.

Design is an act of reason also in that, in passing from one quality to another to determine their mutual fitness for elements within the unified object which it intends, the imagination "draws an inference" for which it can find judgmental assertion in terms of words and ideas. These assertions are the essences of relations. So the same act that creates or makes the reality of the object also makes the language or other form through which and in which it is asserted. This is the genesis of the poetical metaphor, the most misunderstood of critical concepts. The imagination is then reason, intelligent and intelligible, and less of a mystery than any other function within the entire reach of mind. It is the basis, I think, of the self-knowledge or awareness that we call "consciousness" and of the self-critical activity we call "conscience," and, as such, that is, as maintaining the integrity of its subject, it is the function of knowledge as such. Tragic that knowledge has become science, cut off from its proper subject, conscienceless, "objective," so immoral.

But the imagination that is reason differs from the ordinary discursive reason in that, whereas the discursive or communicative or scientific or abstractly logical reason is bound by law, by a law legislated in and by its own limitation to communication and "fact," the imagination is free and creative because it is bound—not so much bound as bonded—by

nothing but the universal law of form. It is free through form because the very law of form itself is the assertion of the world's structure, a structure that presupposes a substance in quality, and thus the criterion of the real; but also because form is the universal of the reason's design, the ultimate Intent. The ordinary reason—now that we have distinguished the reason that is from the reason that is not the imagination—is bound by its own formulation of the permanent quantitative and relational characters of the things presented to it, which formulation is necessitated in the hypotheses it must make of a qualityless real, if it is to proceed at all. And, even though the formulation is its own law, it cannot but abide by its conditions; otherwise it is guilty of self-contradiction. These conditional quantities and relations that determine the objective world for the scientific reason are given, fixed, world without end. The reason finds itself—its self—within these conditions, so that to deny the conditions is for it self-denial. But it is also a denial of the world and so violates the world as the real in fact, an objective contradiction.

The imagination, on the other hand, is free and creative, and its creative power lies in the fact that its object comes into being in and by the act of synthesizing the qualities of the things presented to it under no law but its own intent toward that object itself. The object therefore is a realized replica of the intent, which has now become the design of the object. And since the intent is still the intent of the reason as well as the design of the object, "thought" and "its" object become one. The imagination therefore makes its own conditions, even the conditions that previse its own intent, and this intent it gives reality through formulating its design. It thus asserts itself and the reality at the same time and in the same act. This assertion is the aesthetic judgment. So that the object of the imagination at the same time *is* for itself. The qualities that are the material substance of the imaginative object are thus taken out from under the conditions of time and space and position and quantity, their external relationality is denied, negated, and so the object is relieved from dependence upon any substance, being now self-identical, thus becoming substantial in its own right.

The sunset is such an object, and as an object it is a synthesis of the colors and their tonal characters formed and framed with respect to design; or it is a tonal synthesis with the colors of the tones playing a sonata on the sky. But the relations of the colors to their existential ground in time and space and quantity are denied, negated, and the colors are made an object by analogical identity. It is not a "thing" constructed out of raindrop, light, cloud, etc., not determined by the relations of these phenomena, and controlled by conditions of existential reason to be told over

to somebody or something that otherwise would not see it. You do not talk about a sunset; it is not communicable; it asserts itself in a poem or plays itself on the violin; you remain silent while it speaks.

It seems necessary to state these definitions and distinctions because of the loose way such topics are quite generally handled by the literary people. Imagination is perhaps generally treated as the image-forming function, where images are identified with the photographic replicas of things dumped into the mind by the senses or in some mystic fashion carved out of the sheer blue of the imagination itself. It is apparently assumed that these replicas are of fixed form and determined content, and that they arrive in the mind as a sort of substantial entity with which the mind can deal only by making up and breaking down relations that hold among them. The critical mind seems to accept the stripes and the rock pile of its prison and to work under the guard of necessity, within these same assumptions. Thus the "image" the literary people and the critics have of the image appears to be a wholly mechanical fact upon which active spontaneity is exerted by "the mind" to shuffle it about. And the shuffling is the mind's spontaneity. They seem to get this sort of thing from psychology or from some other mask of the harlot science, the source of nearly everything that goes into criticism. And it is nearly all illusion, most of it to the extent of morbid mysticism. But the spontaneity of the mind is itself now leaving science with her bastard criticism to their own folly; that spontaneity is really nothing but the life of these "images," which are not dead things or abstract replicas or pictures of things at all. They are the things themselves. They *are* the mind in so far as it is necessary to attribute substantiality to the mind or to define it in terms of its mere content, and they have a life that by its normal functions enables them to take part in determining the conditions upon which their destiny rests.

You can make out of images only what is in images to be made, to be sure, and there can be no quarrel with their will to be what they are. But they are all there is to be, for "images," that is to say objects, are the form in which all reality appears to mind—reality comes to mind, that is, to self-consciousness in "images," so "images" are whatever there is. And they have a hand in shaping the relations that "stand between" them and thus exercise a functional urge in the design that is to shape them. Images are not the abstract and dried-out ghosts of things that wander blind within the profundities of the mind's spontaneity; they are moments of the energy of that spontaneity, and, with appropriate other elements, constitute the mind itself, as they already constitute the world. It is these "images" that exert sovereign power over the mind of the

artist, in that they condition the freedom with which he creates his forms. His freedom is only their life. But they are not lifeless bits of sense dumped physiologically into the hypothetical mind which waits empty for them. They are not images but themselves the *objects*, simple and complex, already within existence, that have been created and so made real objects within the mind and subject to the conditions of its freedom.

It is not, then, images, in the psychological sense employed by the literary people, that tell the tale of the artist. The artist is dealing at all points and at all stages with objects, and the artist with words is no exception; and it is his business to make these objects elements within the constitution of things, that is, to make them real. And for this purpose his instrument or tool for the making is the imagination. But imagination is the same thing with the reason. And the act of the reason in all its forms is synthesis. And a synthesis in words is, as we shall see later, a metaphor.

But it is just the matter of the nature of synthesis that our literary friends should look into. Dr. Johnson and Coleridge and Wordsworth have not said all on the question there is to say, and it may be that what they have said is not the most important. Lately the psychologists, led by the doughty Mr. Richards, have said everything, with every degree of emphasis and every possible nicety of style, about imagination and the creative function and its images; but they have unfortunately said nearly everything that is false and very little that is true because their pronouncements have all rested upon a hypothesis that is groundless in logic and without foundation in fact. The first step therefore toward a theory of imagination as a basis for criticism is to ignore the whole structure. What Johnson and Coleridge and Wordsworth said may have been the pragmatically useful thing to say when they said it, for their interest, it seems, was in fashioning a rule or maxim or tool for the practicing poet. And the psychologists seem more interested in celebrating the genius of the artist than in discovering the nature and essence of art. But even the good workman often reaches the limit of his tool's application; also, the bad workman, it is reported, sometimes quarrels with his tools. In any case, a tool may become dulled, and it is, on occasion, necessary, even on Johnsonian principles, to sharpen it up or get a new tool. Also, the imagination of the artist is not, strictly speaking, a tool. Neither is it a psychological "faculty." It is a creative instrument or organon such as is itself used up finally by being embodied as the design in the object it shapes. The imagination cuts its way into the marble and ultimately is buried in it as its design or formal structure.

A long line of philosophers have had something to say about the way the imagination handles the object it works with. Plato and Aristotle said

aplenty openly, more by implication, and modern philosophers of a rather high order have written out in clear form a statement on the unifying function of the mind that lays down, I should think, the basis for a competent literary theory. So far, at least, as literary theory depends upon a knowledge of the functioning of the imagination, there exists already an adequate theory of literary form; all that is required is to translate it into terms that simplify its application. Literary people seem to forget that even the imagination with all its creative power cannot "make" out of whole cloth. Kant and Hegel have had perhaps most to say, and possibly also the most important things; but they are very, very bad as literary artists, and some lesser philosopher must translate them. Yet I think it is possible to belabor out of their crude and lumbering verbiage a quite adequate notion of the function of imagination, provided the reader will make use of enough of his own imaginative acumen to keep himself close to the subject. Kant is writing objectively, or trying to, and, if he fails, it is because of his psychological presuppositions, where the rest of us moderns fall down; but he is writing objectively about the imaginative synthesis and in any case is not straining at his rhetoric to find pleasant metaphor for his statement, not trying stylistically to illustrate the phenomena he is describing. So the critics misunderstand where they do not overlook him altogether. And poor dear old Croce has mangled Hegel. Also, out of Kant's efforts and Hegel's, more recent philosophers have built up an impressive system of logic around the idea of synthesis; but pragmatism has spoken to the literary people more lightly and more sweetly and with more éclat and has flirted more blandishments of the flesh to their private interests and so has taken the field. And the field is bare. But the superficial empiricism of the pragmatist, which is the psychological comet with a tail of rhetoric, is not solid enough a foundation to build an aesthetic on; in fact, it may in a serious way be responsible for the light fantasticality of those aery edifices which have lately been attempted.

Among our contemporaries there is a brave appeal to philosophy: Mr. Ransom and Mr. Winters and Mr. Richards and Mr. Burke—nearly everybody, in fact—have done honor to its name. But they have apparently not been aware that there is a substance behind the name. So the Philosophy of Literary Form and the Philosophy of Rhetoric and the Philosophy of Style are literary essays on style and rhetoric, perhaps, but they do not reach far enough to make contact with philosophy. Possibly it would be well to permit the philosophers to look after the philosophical implications of such questions. That a substantial aesthetic grounded in philosophy is necessary to lay down a ground for critical principles is taken for granted here. This, I think, the critics all feel. It has a negative

proof in the fact that the critical systems, which now rest upon psychological presuppositions, go to pot either in the extravagances of Freudianism or in a reversion to the mythologies of religion. But no psychology, Freudian or other, or any pathology or mysticism, no religion, has the substance that must go into the grounds of the principles that apply in any fundamental way to art.

What, then, is the synthesis of imagination? We shall naturally want to know this for a general aesthetic, as well as for any particular artistic application. It will have therefore to be grounded not only in a logic of mind but also as well in a logic of nature, that is to say, in a general metaphysic. But this is asking for more than can be done here, more perhaps than I could do anywhere; and we shall have to be satisfied with a citation to the philosophers. The question of the nature of synthesis and its general implications is central for any philosophical discussion, and a full treatment of it would require the development of a complete system of philosophy.

It would seem from the reading of recent literary discussion that poetry and poetic form embrace all the main grounds of literary principle in all departments. This, I think, would raise no doubts on purely logical grounds, for poetic structure and poetic form appear, not only in origin and intent, but also in the many directions of implication that may proceed from them, to be closely allied to logical form and structure, perhaps as instances; and logical form and structure are universals. Later in this essay we shall offer some suggestions as to the relation of poetic form to logical form. Also the modes and bents of mind and thought that are at the bottom of logic, reflecting that logic is not scientific method, seem to be basic, in an analogous way, to poetry, at least to the forms of poetry that have demonstrated their substantial reality by their survival through the changes in the languages of men and the changes in the cultural realities to which poetry gives expression. This would appear to be recognized just now by some who write on the various aspects of the theory of poetry, for they begin to recognize that there is a "tradition"; if not by those who are writing the poetry of the present or what succeeds in getting itself called the poetry of the present. Also the emphasis on "metaphysical" poetry as the norm of all poetry—but here I have failed to understand what is meant by this mysterious use of a respectable philosophical term. It is supposed, however, if I am not mistaken, to have something to do with synthesis, and I see Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, and Wordsworth frequently quoted in connection with the discussion of synthesis.

If we examine the famous statement by Dr. Johnson or that by Coleridge, we may begin to wonder about a possible deficiency in the

psychology of these great men; or possibly as psychologists they are really too good in the specific excellence of modern psychologists. Dr. Johnson's statement about metaphysical poetry being "heterogeneous ideas yoked by violence together" is good criticism, I imagine, on psychological grounds. If he means it to be a reference to the synthesis of imagination, there could be no synthesis except by violence, for all relations, in the view of scientific psychology, are external and can be established only under the impact of force operating from without. This implies, of course, that the imagination is an isolated force or operating cause, acting upon its objects from the outside, pushing and pulling them into place and determining their relations by no principle except its own whim. But this is the process of mechanics and has nothing to do with life or mind or art. But it may yet be good psychology. However, the problem of the creative imagination in aesthetic or artistic connections is not one for psychology, with its descriptions of mental impulses, stimuli and responses, or hypothetical mental states or images, but one rather of the logical structure of objects. The imagination that creates operates upon objects not as an outside force but within them as their principle of life; and the relations that it "imposes" upon them really do not come from it but are discovered by it to be the very soul and genius of those objects. They are "internal" relations. So the imagination stands as a logical principle and standard for its objects, operating within the objects as their design, while the objects, by virtue of their own spontaneity as thus designed, fit themselves together in the ways suggested by it as possible under the design that is implicit in the relations of the objects to each other. The design of the objects here is the structure of the system of relations that hold within any object and among the objects by virtue of their qualities, by which qualities the system is given to the artist in terms of his sense percepts. So the creative act of the imagination is not a matter of mental powers but a question of objects in their qualities and relations. So also the "genius of the artist" is not an important problem, nor is the genius of the critic except as a factor in his self-esteem.

Words jump together in a poem, I imagine, because of their own living spontaneity and in response to the design they suggest to the poet's imagination by their formal relationships, just as a group of children will align themselves in accordance with form under the stimulus of music or the natural harmony of their own movements. And the relations that hold among the words in a poem are not connectives attached to the words by their external characters but, like the marriage vow, are life-pulses issuing from the inner design of the words and falling into attachment with each other just as tones by their qualities determine the relations to each

other in a melody or colors fuse into new entities in a picture. So instead of standing off from the imagination and watching it exert itself as a force operating upon inert materials to place them in a formal design, as science and psychology would like to picture it, we have to see the imagination as it is felt from within and not looked at from without, as it pulses within its objects, taunting them with design and urging them into places that call for them out of the innards of identical life-pulses in the objects. And instead of a design ready made and imposed upon objects by imagination from the outside, as the mathematician would superimpose one figure upon another, the design within an object is the corporate unity of the myriad of life-impulses of its elements which have consociated because of the mutuality and identity of qualitative nature in them. And this creative agency working as design within and among objects is imagination. You can make a poem out of words because words are the things they are and because a poem is implicit in the qualities and relations of the words and not because of some mysterious power in you. And you will see this if your interest is in the poem and not in you.

So Dr. Johnson is right in rejecting, if in fact he does reject, "ideas by violence yoked together." But at the same time he undermines the modern assumption that artistic relations and artistic phenomena generally can be explained and their principles formulated by scientific ideas and psychological methods. For the fact of the matter is that the science and psychology to which modern critics appeal have nothing at all to say about any questions of art or aesthetics that involve principle but at best can only speak with authority in matters of descriptive detail. For there are no principles properly so called in science, and therefore no valid knowledge. Its "laws" are not universals but mere generalizations. Scientific pronouncements are at best practical maxims, pragmatic directions for further inquiry; they end in every case with a question and in the end in skepticism. They get the certainty of mathematics only by accepting the abstractness of mathematics, and they are applicable to no living fact. Art and the laws of its creation are functions of life.

For science there are and can be only generalizations, empty statements of bloodless averages, judgments based on quantitative considerations, expressions of abstract possibilities, upon which predictions as to probable events in a problematic time are to be made. How absurd to assume that any object, which is the only reality we know, can only happen as it has happened. An object cannot recur; it cannot occur. Only abstract events, empty segments of a bleak time, can occur, and they can recur because they are meaningless and make no difference. Art objects are not objects *in* space or time, time itself in art exists only as a factor

within real objects, and these have no reference to a time that is not yet or a time that was; no reference to fact or to events therefore, or to any purpose that merely hopes for a future fulfilment. They may, do, use time and space and fact generally, but only as inert materials to fill what would otherwise be an abstract void and as a background against which they project a structured design of quality. A pause, for example, in a musical assertion, or a pause or hesitancy in a poem, is a part of the structure of the object and is real only as that, not by itself. Alone it is mere time, the blank possibility of abstract space. Time and space and quantity and all the other machinery of science depend for their existence upon objects, and they come to this existence only as design has use of them as elements in relations of structure. They are the nothing that permits qualities to be or to change their quality or their incidence upon other qualities and to assume relations at the suggestion of design. The objects presupposed by time and space and quantity are therefore outside of and beyond the purview of science in any of its forms. Science has nothing to say about them, and, when psychology speaks of them, it lies. And they can lay their hands upon art only, as honest old Johnson's instinct knew, "by violence."

Coleridge's neater and more gentlemanly statement that imagination effects "the balance or reconcilement of opposite or discordant qualities" is good and sufficient, perhaps, so far as it goes, as a statement of fact, or would be if there were, for imagination, any such things as opposite and discordant qualities. Any qualities are concordant for the imagination. But there are no important questions relevant to art that are thus limited to fact. Fact is the presupposed and thus negligible element in all considerations of principle in art problems; it is presupposed in order to get it out of the way in every consideration that goes beyond the simple limits of technique. So that the question that becomes insistent is not the *fact* that the balance and reconcilement are effected by imagination, but what is there in the nature of artistic realities that makes it possible for imagination to effect a balance and reconcilement among elements that for the scientific and logical reason are contradictories? On scientific and logical grounds and with respect to scientific and logical objects there is no way out of contradiction, and, where it occurs, all thought is blocked at once. But contrarieties of any degree lend themselves readily to the purposes of artistic creation; in fact, the opposition, which in reality is reciprocation, of complementaries is the prime condition of many high effects. And it is questionable if there are any "discordant qualities" in the artist's world. It is of the essence of quality to fuse with other qualities and thus to be-

come new quality, so "discordance" is the psychologist's figment and not a character of artistic fact.

We are thus not concerned with those degrees of opposition and discordancy that can be overcome by intensified insistent emphasis upon the extraordinary power of the mystical imagination working below or behind the intelligence, or by merely attributing to the imagination capacities sufficient to meet the exigency, whatever it may be. The resort to such stratagems is made necessary by the inadequacy that is inherent in scientific and psychological methods; where a mechanical logic fails, the resort to magic is the only recourse of the mind that fears to bump squarely into the issues as they are but prefers to find the agreeable way around difficulties. The difficulties of logic and science are not overcome by merely heaping-on of rhetorical effects, the issue of which is merely emotional obfuscation. They can be overcome only by a new logic appropriate to the object whose principles of design embrace contradiction within a form distinctive to itself. The appeal to rhetorical effect is magic, but it seems to have been the burden of the explanations we have been given with respect to the work of the imagination—it is a very great power, big enough, in fact, to bear any load imposed upon it, even to support the egotism of the critic. And it works down under the plane of intelligence where explanations are not called for, or else back behind it where everything can be explained by hypothecation. Consequently, the "philosophic" critic will have unique and mystic insights into the depths of religion and metaphysics; but his religion is "poetry," and his metaphysics is highly "imaginative."

But there is no way, if we are to be honest with ourselves in the search for principles, to avoid facing squarely up to the question: Just how is it possible for the imagination to effect by synthesis a unity of elements that are contradictory to the reason? This question becomes especially difficult because the imagination is itself a function of the knowing reason. The answer will involve, as we shall hope to see, not the assumption of mystical or mysterious powers in the imagination but the recognition of a kind of object, an object structured and substanced quite differently from the object of science.

But this circumstance that imagination is reason suggests an answer to the difficulty. It is just because the imagination is a function of the reason—the exploratory and experimental function that works upon a plane that can only be designated by the scientific and reflective reason, and hence can by that reason be defined only negatively—that the imagination is not held to the strict law of contradiction. What is this plane that lies for ordinary reflection just over the border? This involves us in

another attempt to picture the imagination actively engaged as a creative agency and operating within its appropriate environment.

Imagination is reason experimenting under and within purely logical conditions—conditions set by the nature of the object it itself hypothecates. Ordinary reflective reason works by strict law under temporal and spatial conditions, conditions fixed in and by the nature of things. Imagination is the speculative reason, the reason that as contemplation works free from temporality in poetry and metaphysics, and its goal is universal principle. This distinguishes it from the scientific and reflective reason, which operates and can operate only under conditions of time and space and quantity. Its goal is "law," which is abstract generalization. Hence time and space are limits beyond which it may not go, and all its objects must be structured by relations constituted either directly by time and space or derived by implication from time and space. It is thus bound by and to the "law." The logical conditions within which speculative imagination works put no bounds upon it, for there are no bounds except where time and space determine them. Time and space and quantity do not therefore determine the object of the imagination; these objects are not *determined* at all, for we are here beyond the reach of necessity and have come within the realm of artistic inevitability where objects are previsedin idea by form and design and quality, through which the imagination is enabled to use time and space and quantity as materials and technical instruments to the creation of its own objects. It is thus not bound to or by a law but is bonded to the universal, where its inevitability is freedom. This, in negative terms and for abstract logic, defines the freedom of the imagination; it is only in artistic connections and through the concepts of form and design and the logic of quality that its positive freedom can be formulated.

This conception of imagination and of its functions and "powers" presupposes also a distinction between logic and science, only a little differently stated. Science is the region in which reason operates under the limitations of time and space and quantity, which latter is the substantial presupposition of time and space; and it operates here with the technique of mathematics, which is the logic of the reason when dealing with objects within time and space conditions. But reason also operates free of the conditions of time and space and quantity, and within the realm of color and tone and the quality in which their unity is substanced. This new logic is the technique of the reason functioning as the agent of artistic creation. It has its own system of categories within which its freedom is designed, and it is not in any way or degree given to the magic and mysticism which are necessary supplements to the scientific reason when

it is driven to the consideration of artistic problems. This distinction between scientific logic and aesthetic logic involves that science take the form of prediction or reflection with respect to past and future but within the conditions of present time. Logic in its aesthetic use takes the form of speculation upon objects with respect to which time and space and their substance quantity are presupposed and so hypothetical and no longer limits to the reason. This is the realm of color and tone and the world of quality which color and tone constitute.

A broader use of the term "logic" refers to the use of reason in its function of imagination effecting a synthesis of the two regions of science and logic, unifying the world of time and space with the world of color and tone. This is metaphysics.

Imagination, then, operates as reason within a sphere other than fact and time and space, in a realm of values whose cosmic conditions are color and tone, and where the only fact necessary to be recognized is quality. This means that, where fact in the ordinary sense of the term has any meaning at all, it is only as an abstract reference to a presupposed reality which is conceived to be without quality. Artistic questions all refer to a world in which quality *is* reality, and a reference to any other elements as real only leads to confusion and contradiction, except in so far as such elements are regarded as implicates of quality. That the world of quality transcends time and space and quantity is shown in the fact that infinity, which is the principle of the world of time and space and quantity, is itself transcended by the qualitative principle of identity. The form of identity is best represented, in so far as it can be represented in existential terms, in the poetic figure, which we shall illustrate by the use of the two famous metaphors of Marvell and Donne—this will be legitimate perhaps because the two devices appear to be used of late to represent all the problems of literary art. But before going on to these illustrations it is important to notice that the distinction of different powers of the imagination is only a convenience, and in reality is one between two fundamentally different types of object. There are no different "kinds" of imagination, nor has it different functions or modes of action. It is a unitary function, and its mode of action is the same in every case; that is to say, it acts in every instance as a synthesizing agent, with respect to the variety in its object, and it unifies the variety into an individuate whole. This is the form of its action in every case, and what differences are notable in different cases are always differences of objects. Where the object presented is structured in time and space and quantity, we speak of its synthesis as due to the logical or scientific imagination. Where the object presented is structured in color and tone and substanced in quality,

we speak of the synthesis as aesthetic imagination. But it is the same basic reason in any case, the original cognitive function, called "imagination" because of the nature of its synthetic act and distinguished as types of imagination because of the different kinds of objects involved. But the real difference, all *real* difference, is a difference of objects. The fact that it always holds an object in its view regardless of whether it is or is not present to sense has given origin to the doctrine of images, as if these objects were a new and unique kind. But "images" are objects of the same nature as any other objects of cognition. What is unique is the fact that the "image" is "given" as disclosing its internal structure and its constitutive relations to its world.

This synthetic act of the imagination, we have noticed, operates in accordance with a principle, that of identity. This principle has two forms, or two modes of application, these again distinguished by reference to the different kinds of objects that are involved. In the case of the existential object the identity is based upon likeness as the character of the variety in the object, and the likeness is taken as absolute. In the case of the aesthetic object the identity is based on complementariness or mutuality as the character of the variety in the presented object. In the first case we speak of the principle as mathematical identity, and in the other case the principle is called "analogical identity." This latter is the principle by which the imagination works in all aesthetic or artistic connections.

But the difference represented between mathematical identity and analogical identity is again one of objects. We say that the object in the case of ordinary existence is one determined by conditions of time and space and substanced in quantity. It is here that the principle of contradiction holds, for quantities are exclusive; no object can be characterized by two quantities in the same instance. Consequently, any synthesis of such objects can be accomplished only by a sort of superposition, in which one direction of space is substituted for another, and the original direction is neglected and so canceled out. You can place one triangle upon another and then, by eliminating the vertical direction, regard the two as one triangle; but you can do this only by violating all the assumptions you have accepted about the nature of space. In reality two triangles, as long as they are two, are not one, and quantities remain incompatible. So there is a certain trickiness involved in the principle of mathematical identity; you have to ignore something in its application which you by stealth restore when you come to make inferences from it; and the fraud infects the whole system of science in so far as science pretends to represent truth or reality.

On the other hand, where reality is quality, where the object is conditioned by color and tone and substanced in quality, there is no hindrance to two qualities of opposite or contrasting natures of any degree of difference characterizing the same instance. In fact, all real qualities are compatible and compossible in the same object and in the same instance, and there is a sense in which every real object is the seat of all qualities in one ultimate synthesis. The apple is at one and the same time red and not red, for here the negative instance has an affirmative nature as valid as the positive, and the presence of one quality in the object does not bar that of another quality or any number of other qualities. In fact, the basic distinctive characteristic of the object indefeasibly constituted of quality is the complementariness and mutuality of any variety of qualities in the same object in one instance, and it is just the presence-together of all qualities in this kind of object that makes it of a distinct species. There is no limit of any kind that prevents qualities from fusion in the objects they constitute, which is the explanation of the infinite variety that is characteristic of objects in quality.

It is this difference of the quantified object and the qualified object that is the ground of the distinction of two modes of action in the imagination. The act of the imagination is the same synthesis in every case; but the act is limited in the case of the object characterized by quantity, and all it can do with such objects is to structure them with a skeleton of external relations so that the differences among them go to their substance. As a consequence the law of such objects is the principle of contradiction. In the case of objects inevitably characterized in quality there is no such limit imposed upon the act of the imagination, and its synthesis unifies objects by means of relations that are internal to them. These relations are termed by qualities, that is, qualities are their end-terms, and the compossibility and mutuality of qualities set up an identity between the relation that unites two or more objects and the relation that inwardly constitutes the objects, so that a variety of objects are fused together into an object that is unique and individual. The man and woman who enter genuinely into the marital relation are bound to each other not by external connectives but by bonds that are substanced in the very being of each; so that the unity they constitute thereby is an entity with qualities not to be found in either of them singly or in any other object in the universe. So in the poem: to give it constitution, contrasting and "discordant" elements are synthesized through relations that are internal to them—relations that have their terms in pure qualities, among which difference of any kind or degree may be present. And the unity is complete and absolute because it is in the substance. The imagination that effects a syn-

thesis of this kind does so by the principle of analogical identity, and this principle has no limits of any kind because it has its field within the universe of quality. It is therefore free.

Now to come back to our illustrations, after we have reminded ourselves of our principles.

We live in a world dominated by Fate, all of whose events are governed by an iron inevitability. Fate governs this world with decrees of steel and maintains a disparateness in it, runs a cleavage between every two objects and events in it, a world divided into two half-worlds by the continuing rule of plurality (iron wedges). And we are events of this world, so that our nature is derived from it and partakes of all the necessities and limitations, which summarize themselves in Despair and Impossibility, the law of necessity, still maintaining the duality, the cosmic split between existence and value. But there is in the harsh system still, perhaps in the negative character of Impossibility, the imaginative cognition that can apprehend "so divine a thing" as the poet's love and its object, and this divine thing is the ground of unity beyond "feeble hope" which he can see as value but never reach as fact. It is upon the genius of this divine thing that he must depend to effect a unity, although accomplishing this unity will itself Fate's "ruin be" and annihilate both himself and his love, since, where accomplishment is possible, the law is contradiction and necessity. He and his love, then, are "parallel"; the object of his love as a value can never be realized as fact, and it is in this character that they must find the principle for the solution of their dilemma. The law of parallels is their eternal equidistance, contradiction, the law of existence; they can never meet under conditions of Fate. But in order to be as inevitable in their value relation as the necessitous Fate that opposes them to each other, the Fate that defines and defies them, they must become infinite, find a mode of being outside of necessity and contradiction. Consequently, the realization of their love must be conceived under infinity; they must appeal to the law of identity beyond contradiction, for at this point parallel lines do meet.

It is therefore within a system of conditions that for the logical reason are contradictory that the speculative reason must unify a congeries of elements that are not affected by division in spite of *any* degree of contrariety that may characterize them even up to the absolute, and it is from this absoluteness as a limit that the positive rule is derived for the synthesis. Here the infinity is the absolute limit to the oppositeness of their love, the point where opposites merge, the identity beyond contradiction; but it is at the same time the principle by which their meeting can be accomplished. The synthesis in quality, the synthesis of variety in identity, in-

dividuality, is possible in the face of necessity and contradiction and can be realized in value beyond Fate. They cannot meet in existence; existence must suffer "ruin," but they can in the world of values in art, so the poem. It is the artistic function of the poem to demonstrate this. All are called to appreciate poetry, but few are chosen to understand it.

It may be noted that this procedure is no more or less than what occurs in the strictest mathematical reasoning; only, in mathematical reasoning, the objects involved are abstractions and can have no reality. Parallel lines meet at infinity, but at the juncture the world of time and space that sets the problem of parallelism has disappeared out of the picture. Now or then, here or there, distance, place, or point in time—none of these can have anything to do with the determination of the quality that the reality of the situation demands. True, the application of the principle, the resort to the realm of values, will destroy their world; but in the realm of the absolutes (art) who cares for worlds? Does not the realization of their love constitute a world in itself? There is now no more beyond, no time, no space, no quantity, no apartness, no difference; all are gathered up in identity, and the world has become eternally one in quality within the present instant, or out of time entirely in the completed consummation of their unity. In the imagination therefore there is no difficulty in a synthesis to unity of opposites whose extremity was "begotten upon Impossibility," even though it does so at the destruction (transcendence) of the world of science and space and time and Fate. But the conditions of the synthesis and the substance of the unity are grounded in the quality of the world whose reason or rationale is the Absolute that calls the imagination into being; they are not "powers" or "capacities" or "geniuses" of a fabled self-existent Imagination that created them. The imagination is the reason speculating beyond existence and over the head of Fate.

And just as in science we appeal to abstract mathematics as a system of pure logical or hypothetical conditions when the consequences of our presuppositions begin to hound us with contradictions—for in mathematics the contradiction can be given a type of form by substituting hypotheticals for the terms that condition the contradiction, thus hiding the reality of the contradiction behind abstractions—so in art we create a world of conditions appropriate to the demands of the creative imagination, a world whose conditions are derived by inference from the concept of the end. The end is set up, and we make a world out of the characteristics the end must have if it is to be possible. But it is to be observed and emphasized that in so doing we have not violated the principles upon which the world of "experience" is made rational everywhere, and there is none of the trickery that gives to mathematics its abstract certainty.

And in the place of this certainty we get in art the reality of concrete adequacy and its ground in the principle of inevitability. Time and space and quantity are mere necessities in the sense of compulsions of the reason; they are not real and are forced upon us by the conditions of the world in which our continued existence depends upon the adaptation to them of our own thought and action. And in the same way color and tone and quality are necessities—no! inevitabilities—in this case of the reason itself, obligations, of the same reason, impressed upon us by the conditions of a world in which the realization of our worths and values depends upon our acceptance of them in thought and feeling. And if in the one world it is sufficient to our necessities to recognize the narrower limitations of contradiction imposed by the former, in the other we are thereby freed of all such limitations because the limitations themselves give hints of the higher necessity for their transcendence by conditions that obliterate time and space and the quantity that substantiated them within their narrow bounds. Time and space are thus relegated to the status of hypotheses. Parallel lines do not and cannot meet where space is compounded with time; but, given a space that has no time and a time that knows no space, compound them in a new synthesis where they are lost in the substance of quality, and where are now the limits to the tensions that create the substance of value? And it is just this sort of tensional pull within the interrelationships of men that constitutes this new world, the world of culture as founded in art. And love in the Marvell poem is merely the synthesis of such tensions; there is an infinity even of these, and the world they constitute demands their congruence and convergence upon a unity for which time and space are forgotten prerequisites.

Donne's compasses are not for drawing circles on any plane of the world of time and space. In the world of time and space the compasses are "stiff," and they will never converge upon a point of unity. They will merely prescribe an infinity of separate endlessly repeated points. They will hang in their apartness fated to a fixed existence while one foot remains upon a point, separate until infinity. But they at the same time by circumscribing space create the infinity by which they are necessitated. They create the circle whose substance is the infinity of disparate points. The circle they draw as a spatially realized entity and as rescued from abstract space depends precisely upon their apartness and becomes by it an infinity of points of possible unity, a unity that can be made actual by the discovery of an appropriate principle. And the principle will be discovered, if at all, in the same circle interpreted in value terms. So the ultimate unity that love presupposes can never be realized in a world of conditions where that love has its grounds; or, if it can be realized in that

world—the world of time and place and sense—it can be only by the transformation of it into a world of aesthetic values. It can be realized in a world of biological, economic, moral, and religious values if and in so far as this world is unified in an ultimate world of art, and this latter world, the world of culture, is one created by its own demand. Love—it is the Platonic Eros creating as Protogonos with his daughters the winged Eidola—love as ultimate procreating demiurge thus creates an ultimate world; only here can love's reality find the conditions to make it actual.

Now this ultimate world of the infinite is not a figment or fiction of the imagination, although it is created by it; but is a discovery by the reason of what is there in reality. But is it the world of sense? If so, sense must itself relate to art only as a presupposition, that is, as a speculative inference from the constructs of the reason. Such it is: sense is the presupposition of experience, the presupposition of substant matter, that by which, as basic medium and background or *Urgrund*, the world of time and space is transformed into the concrete materials of art. That is to say, sense, as ground of experience, presupposes a cosmic ultimate, viz., feeling. The function of feeling in artistic form is a difficult topic and requires space not available here. But its function is exercised in a world created by the imagination, the world of cultural values that have been reasoned into being, created, that is, by rational action, just as the temporal-spatial world has been created by the imagination—that nature is a world or a cosmos can only be apprehended in an imaginative act. The one is the world of art, just as the other is the world of science. It pictures to us the inevitabilities of our values, the obligatoriness of our values, just as the other pictures to us the necessities of our existence. And this inevitableness is an ultimate law for values just as necessity is the law for existences. And the bonds of relation between the two worlds, just as the bond that supports the unity within each world, is a product of the same speculative or imaginative reason. Reason works as knowing or knowledge within the existential world; it works as speculative imagination within the world of artistic values, or of values as such. Its creative function, its urge and synergy, its mode of approach, are the same in each. It is out of its own oneness, as suggested by the object that comes into being as a consequence of its work, that unity is demanded for the universe and out of its oneness that that unity is to be attained.

It is not therefore a presupposition of a characteristic and peculiar faculty or a unique power in the artist that is to become the principle of explanation either in science or in art. The assumption of some mystic capacity, "genius," is not called for; certainly not in the interest of the artist, and still less in the interest of the critic, whose "genius" is merely

the blossom of his egotism. And for the same reasons the codex of principles of explanation and understanding for either world is not psychology. Psychology gives no explanation of anything, but a mere description of a relatively unimportant segment of the world of science. It has nothing at all to say of values, even of the values within its own field. And the attempt to carry its pronouncements over into art theory has issued in nothing but pretentious nonsense. Nor has the "philosophy of experience" anything to say in explanation of anything, so nothing to say about art. Poor deluded Mr. Richards! For the essence of art is not experience, and no account of any experience or of any number of experiences, however psychologically plausible they may be or seem to be, can take the place of principles that answer to our demands for a formulated universe and a formulated system of values. Even the imagination, the creator of our values, cannot tell us in empirical terms how the trick is done or instruct us uniquely about the objective world it has created. It is the reason in its discursive form that tells us what we know; in the form of imagination it merely shapes our ends and gives the kick *a tergo* that makes the ends real and worthy. The artistic imagination will never give us our value *theory*, and it will never give us a criticism that can stand up and suck. If we are to have a criticism, it must come through the operation of logical thought in its direct approach to the realities. Criticism is not art.

Just as in answering our questions about the world of science we go directly to that world for our evidences and reasons, so for answers that will hold about the world of art we must go directly to that world. Also, just as when in science we get to its world, we do not approach it in its unity and as a whole as suggested to us in our attitudinal relations to it, but go inquiring for its characteristic and typic object; so to learn of the world of art we shall have to ask it for its typic and characteristic object; not ask in either case for what we find already in our minds. Not, either, for any one instance of that typic object, as we do in specialized disciplines. We will not go to psychology; neither will we go to poetry or to painting or to music or to any one of the arts. There is an object for the world of science determined in and by the conditions of time and space and quantity. It is not necessary that it be named; any attempt to give it an individual status merely singles out some one of its aspects and denies its objectivity, particularizes it. We "represent" it by a symbol, demonstrate it, prove it, transform it into the hypothetical judgment that created it, and pronounce it real, since it is now universal. And as universal it can be, and so may be, true.

So we shall have to go to the world of values and ask for its object. Not for a part or a fragment, we want to know what It is; not for any

superficial semblance of it, we shall demand It all and all at once and be satisfied with nothing less. We do not want it dumped in a cartload at our feet—this is science ready to take off as metaphysics. But we shall have to start toward the same port of metaphysics if we do not want to face a forced landing in the narrow field of one of the sciences as we have done already in psychology and so fail to find even a trace of what we want. We shall have to ask for the Object as determined within the primordial conditions of the world of value—color, tone, quality—if we are to get it in the universal. And we shall have to have it in the universal if it is to answer our particular questions. True, we shall have to understand that the Object has its "existence" within the symbolisms by which it is represented, rather within the judgments that can be asserted by means of these symbolisms, but that will not be difficult for those who have read a poem or heard a piece of music or seen a picture. But we must not make the mistake of confusing our symbolisms with our states of mind; the "conceit" that goes to make a poem is not an image, not a psychological phantasm in the mind of the genius who writes it, or in the mind of the "observer" or critic who writes about it, but an object that is a chip off the block of the world. And it "stands for" that world not because it is a piece of it but because in its substantial quality it is identical with that world in its entirety. And the imagination that defines it—cuts its contour, its form—is of a piece with the whole soul of the world—the divine Imagination.

This imagination, we must repeat, is no unique or specific capacity of the individual mind but simply the ordinary capacity of the reason specialized in its mode of action with respect to a type of object. What distinguishes it is not therefore its holding a unique place or function in the mind; it is simply the general cognitive function as it has adapted itself to the constitutional peculiarities of its special object. It is the synthetic function of the reason, which formulates the design of objects in existence when it imposes order upon the circumstances of time and space and quantity, and these become the prosaic objects of science defined and destined for ultimate utility. The same synthetic function of the reason formulates objects of value when it throws its mantle (metaphor) over the variety of color and tone and quality, and these objects have their design formulated and are set in their place within the constitution of the cultural world. Its act is to bring to corporate unity all details of variety without regard to the degree or nature of their factual likeness or difference; its function is precisely to go beyond the world in which likeness and difference are basic principles. But it does not operate "by violence," rather where there is violence we have the one conclusive evidence of the

spurious motive of interest pretending to the function of imagination, giving us the stuff that is called modern poetry and the excessively realistic modern novel. The presence of interest in these "new" forms is responsible for the confusion of crude actuality with genuine objectivity which is characteristic of them.

Hemingway is not a literary artist but a journalist who has something to sell. And the great Henry James himself has something to sell—himself—and what he writes is not art but a meticulously thoroughgoing form of advertising, and advertising that is particularly vicious in that it gets its power and effectiveness from its taking advantage of the myth of the age, viz., that intensely felt subjective experience is reality. As a consequence of this myth, modern "literature" and "poetry" have sold the cultural world into perdition. And it has done this in much the same way that commercial advertising utilizes the cruder organic impulses of sex and greed and power. Nor does the imagination deal with discordance among its variety; it is just the genius of the imagination to see that all presented discordance is but the phenomenal manifestation of the critical sense, to see that apparent discord is the object of the reason used not as imaginative synthesis but as the divisive questioning of the scientific spirit unconsciously moving toward some practical goal. For the imagination the concept of difference does not reach the status of principle, nor does the concept of likeness; these ideas are at home only in science. The principle by which imagination constitutes its world is identity.

Imagination functions on the principle of identity; its instrument of operation in literary art is metaphor. But this idea of metaphor is a topic by itself.

Constant repetition becomes tiresome, but there are things that we must keep in mind if we are to approach the discussion of metaphor with fair hope of making something intelligible of it. We have seen that the characteristic act of the imagination is synthesis, the adunation of the elements of variety into an individuate whole. That is, synthesis is the act of gathering into a unity the typic qualities that make up the variety in which, as its medium and matrix, the act functions; the act gathers these qualities without regard to their specific characters and by no rule except the maxim sketched in the design of the end. The end is the individuate object adumbrated in the unity of qualities. There is thus a circle in the argument, as there is in every argument that deals directly with reality. The circle exemplifies the synoptic wholeness and unity of the real. It is therefore only the nature and character of the qualities garnered, as determining their fitness to each other by reference to the object they are to design, not any purpose implied or expressed in the act or in the agent,

that determines the unity of the object in which the synthesis is completed as form or design. Nor is the conscious intent of the individual who is the instrument of the act the determiner of the unity of the object. He may not be aware of the object as an end. He merely perceives the design and implements its execution. What is to be the form or design of the object of the act is previsioned in the end that initiates the act as perceived in presented quality; and *any fit* qualities that lie at hand in the immediate environment can be utilized.

These qualities, therefore, with respect to each other, are neither discordant nor accordant by nature or through their own characters but are fit or appropriate to each other, or not fit, only with respect to the end that governs their selection as elements in the unity. Nor is their appropriateness to each other determined by the choice or selective act of the artist; it is the end that designs them for the unity, and the artist finds them given in the reality that is present. The only rule or reason for their selection is that the end requires them, and the end is in every case the object whose design their unity constitutes. In the account of the process there need be no reference to the "mind." What colors are to be selected for a picture, the variety of their qualities and their arrangement with respect to each other—all this is determined by the design of the picture as the picture is to be after it is completed. It is all inevitable in this design, and the artist must accept it if he is to paint this picture. The "choice" is not the indifferent act of the painter, nor is it prescribed in the nature of the qualities until the design decrees it so. The "freedom" involved in the act is a reference merely to the infinite variety of qualities that are available, as freedom for the individual in the political sense means the unlimited array of opportunities to action that are designed in the structure of the society in which he lives.

This free synthesis of qualities as given assertion in language forms is what we mean by metaphor. A metaphor is therefore the formulation in words of the design of an object as that design is implicit in a complex of mutually appropriate qualities. The act of metaphor differs from the ordinary act of the imagination only in the nature of the elements synthesized. Its elements are all qualities, where the ordinary imagination may synthesize relations or substances, or a combination of these, or a combination of these with qualities. Metaphor synthesizes only qualities. It deals directly with realities, and it is thus itself a process in reality, that is, a real act. Metaphor is the instance of the characteristic act of the imagination, with the specific attributes just described. The "definition" of metaphor as "saying one thing and meaning another" is the childish dodgery of the schoolteacher, a useful triviality invented by "her" be-

cause she was too busy to work out an adequate one. And the ideas of the critics on the subject are even less adequate. They seem to assume that all that can be required in the way of a definition of metaphor is an instance of the fact, and they make beautiful and impressive metaphors about metaphor.

And the theory that metaphor is merely a device to express a comparison is wide of the mark too. The idea that metaphor expresses a likeness or a difference is perhaps a confused perception of the fact that metaphor always implies a variety of qualities in the reality it contemplates, but it appears to overlook the fact that the essential meaning of variety is not difference of quality so much as multiplicity of quality and the omnipresence of unlimited details of quality that are available for synthesis. Difference is essentially a concept of scientific method, and its meaning and importance lie primarily in its usefulness as a device of classification. But classification and the sorting-out of kinds of fact and their array in different grades and categories is never a desideratum of the artistic use of language, for this use has no place for the divisive function, since its purpose is to construct an object that is individually whole. But division and the laying-out of objects and qualities in schemes that keep them separate is a major motive of science, and one which distinguishes the scientific use of language from the artistic. There is no use for the imagination in this phase of science, and, when the scientist attempts to use it, he becomes either a philosopher or a mystic trickster. And the positive structures that science builds up are not intended to overcome the uniqueness of their details, for such structures are not meant to be real objects with a permanent form but to retain a given form only so long as suits the convenience of the "researcher." The artistic motive with respect to variety is, on the other hand, as exhibited in metaphor, to overcome the separateness of details and to mutualize them with respect to their entering into the identity of an object that is intended to be real independently of the artist's purpose or interest. The "purpose" of the act of imagination in artistic connections—artists have no interests—and as asserted in metaphor, is always constructive and positive, and its object is designed to be final and not merely the instrument of a temporary use. The imagination in science does construct implements of specific purposes, devices designed to meet a temporary need of practice which are discarded the moment they are used: the molds that contour a specific form in iron are broken up after the form is once cast. But this is imagination at work with quantities and is artisanry, not art. Art and science are as nearly as possible absolute contraries.

But it is not the likeness of the elements of variety in an imaginative

synthesis that operates as the principle of order in the relations that hold among them. What does characterize in a positive way the details of variety in an art structure, and a positive character must be indicated, is complementariness or mutuality or what one may call "reciprocity." And the gist of meaning in this idea is simply that the elements of variety must be such as can be fitted together in the unity that is implicit in them; it makes no specific demands in the way of singling out characters which the details must have to this end. And this notion of mutuality, as the constitutive relation of the variety, is what conditions the negative freedom of the imagination; it is free because there are no limits set, in the qualities that characterize them, for its arrangement of the details of the variety. The synthesis has nothing to do with likeness or difference, which is one important ground of distinction of the artistic act from the merely scientific or logical act. It is to be noted here that the relation of likeness or similarity, when used as an element of method as it is used in connection with metaphor, will take the form of its correlative negative, since it is only in this form that it can be applied in practice. It is difference therefore that becomes the problem with respect to the function of metaphor, and it will have to be discussed in that form. There are no structural implications in likeness; multiplying likenesses will never lead to the creation of a corporate whole. It will aggregate a mass or, in abstract relations, determine a class; but it is never a ground for the relations that make possible a design.

If there is any peculiar importance to be given to the idea of difference as it has to do with the theory of art, and especially in connection with the theory of metaphor, it is this: metaphor is an instance of the principle that differences, in so far as they involve reality, imply always a positive ground in identity. It is not, however, at all necessary that difference, in all its uses, make a reference to reality. Its use in mathematics or science need imply nothing beyond the abstract idea of separateness or distinctness, and it is in such a case perhaps a perfect instance of the symbol. There need be nothing referred to by the term besides the abstract notion of apartness in general, a purely subjective reference; but such a term could have no artistic meaning whatever. Difference in this abstract use is a reference to the subjective motive or interest of the scientist and implies no object at all. In cases where it does imply an object it is as an objective, as in ethics, where the objective is a mere plan or purpose. But, so far as the idea of difference has an implication to the real, the apartness or separateness which it symbolizes makes a definite and definable reference to something in terms of positive characteristics, and these characteristics have the reality function of primordial quality. Dif-

ferences are then for purposes of artistic discussion, since they refer to real qualities, differents, and are to be treated as actual perceptual qualities. But this is recognizing again that the important notion is not difference but variety.

An apple and a book can be said to be different only as a positive quality is implied as common to both; and, while in a case like this the common element is trivial or far-fetched, it is only as there is such a common element, and so far as it is treated as real, that the difference has any meaning at all. And when the apple is said to be different from a pear, there is the definite real ground of fruit or food which is implied. The "discordant" qualities of the traditional theory are to be taken as real entities and as having a real ground in reality if they are to have any relevance to metaphor. But as real the discordance refers to a variety of objects, and the notion of distinctness or separateness is lost. For a metaphor is the formulation in words of the design of a real object, a design constituted of the qualities and relations of the words themselves, and not of objects supposed to be symbolized by them. Holmes's "silence like a poultice" is hardly a figure, since it implies no design and can be considered a metaphor only so far as silence is regarded as a positive sensuous quality. The difficulty comes in perceiving a real object within the subjectivity of a sensuous quality taken by itself.

What gives peculiar significance to the idea of difference, when its positive implication to reality is perceived, is the question it raises about the uniqueness of the real as individual and specifically what such uniqueness means. For individuality has traditionally been conceived in terms of difference; a thing is an individual, for the theory, when it is different from, that is to say, divided off from, all other things, and it is this difference that constitutes its individual uniqueness. And here theorists come to be divided into two camps, the one employing the exclusive character of uniqueness and the independence and self-sufficiency of the individual; and the other emphasizing the mutuality with which individuals, in spite of or because of their differences, associate themselves within the species and in so doing put the emphasis upon the universal features of the individual. The latter type of theory seeks to show that differences are real only as they tolerate each other to the extent of coming to consummation in a unity. Differences are therefore real only as they imply a positive unity in something that is real, even if the real is nothing other than the object created by their coming together. This problem becomes of first-rate importance both for theory and for practice in ethics and politics as the problem of association of unique individuals in the social body; and ethical and political discussions get their degree of importance

from the success or failure of their treatment of this problem. That the problem has necessary implications to metaphysics is illustrated in the old religious concept of consociation, where the coming-together of souls involves the arguments and proofs of the immortality or reality of the soul and also the proofs of the independent reality of the congregation.

The idea that a positive reality is involved in the variety that gives meaning to difference also has its importance for artistic problems. Those who insist upon making experience the reality in a work of art will lay great stress upon the uniqueness of the private experience of the artist or the interpreter. The fallacy in this arises from the failure to see that the reality of the separate and unique experiences would have to be proved. The theory refutes itself when this proof is attempted, so it is dodged by making the reality of experience an unquestioned assumption. It is this dogmatism that vitiates all experience philosophy of whatever type. And when the subjectivist consequences of this assumption are pointed out, the theorist will undertake to find reality in some vague notion of experience in general; and when this is shown to be an abstraction which could not be real in any sense, there is the appeal to tradition, as if tradition were some sort of preserved or objectified experience as a common ground of all individual experience which can be made universal by worship and adoration and can be perpetuated in the experience of individuals by paying it continuous honor. The attempt to attribute to tradition some mysterious material power by which it becomes a purposive agent acts to modify contemporary efforts in art and leads to some interesting specimens of myth and mystery; and this appeal to tradition seeks the hard substance of reality in religion or some other construct of the mythopoeic fancy like Freudian psychology.

The resort to experience, even in its hypothetical universal form of tradition, is not particularly happy where questions of reality are involved. For if there is nothing more solidly real in tradition than this mummified experience, then the concept of tradition is useless in a theory of art. Tradition is real, but its reality lies in the objective institutions of culture and not in an assemblage of desiccated experiences. These theories and the mythopoeic fancy which functions in them in the capacity of hypothesis seem to be unconscious realizations that the whole theory of art is tied up in the idea of metaphor, and they go to such bizarre extremes because there has been so far in the theory of art and in criticism no adequate conception of the place and function of experience or of the place and function of metaphor as a concept of literary thought. There appears to be in the traditional thought the notion that the *figure of speech* must have some intimate relation to the *figure*, form, and design of what-

ever is real; and this notion is one of the elemental truths that are realized in our "instincts" before they are discovered to the reason. It is perhaps unfortunate that the notion has not been exploited, for it contains a basic insight.

A metaphor is, then, to come to a redefinition in terms of the foregoing considerations, a formulation in words of the reality implicated in a variety that is conceived as a complex of qualities, which qualities, in the superficial view of experience, are labeled "differences." But in so far as difference is to be interpreted as negative and exclusive and unique in the way that sets its object off from other instances of its species, as is done when metaphor is interpreted in terms of private experience, there can be no adequate definition of metaphor for the simple reason that subjective phenomena can never be brought under the dominion of the universal. And this means that no statement about metaphor that is couched in terms of experience can be true, because no such statement can be universal, and so it cannot take the form and substance of assertion. There is no predicate for such a statement. And a metaphor is, without reference to experience and affirmatively, the assertion of an individuality; the assertion by which a complex of real quality becomes an individual or asserts itself as real.

One thing, at least, should be obvious here—that metaphor approaches reality directly in its immediacy and hence that the discussion of it is serious business. For it is dealing directly with reality in that it is the creative instrument in and by which reality sets itself up in individuate objects, so far as objects are art objects constituted of language elements. This seems occasionally to be vaguely realized. But the realization usually tends to express itself in an orgy of "metaphorical" verbiage and a slather of empty rhetoric, as if metaphor-making were the explanation of the principle of metaphor. Two such extravagances are dominant now in the discussion of literary art, which, if restrained to temperate statement, might result in something of first-rate importance. One of these is the doctrine that poetry is a product of the imagination and that metaphor is the one sole mode of imaginative assertion—all poetic language, that is, is metaphor. A poet as solid as Robert Frost (cf. "The Constant Symbol") agrees on this, but I imagine for different reasons, with the psychologist Richards, which seems odd. But this, we have seen, distinguishes nothing, because the imagination is the active agent in all creative activity. So it does not distinguish poetry from speculative or reflective or even scientific thought. So it assumes that metaphor can and must have a technically unique language form and a new terminology of its very own distinct from any ordinary language form, so the poet must go to all possible

lengths to devise or concoct or invent novelty in words and word structures, with the consequence that metaphor reaches all degrees of the bizarre and extravagant. As it goes now the doctrine avers that poetry cannot be expressed in direct statement; but this is obviously extreme, not to say false, for it excludes much of what has long been regarded as great poetry. It tends to ignore the part that the "sense" plays in poetry and tends also toward a poetry of abstract form. And when we reflect that the rhythm of poetry, which is close to its essence, is largely a function of the sense, the theory is seen to be exaggeration and to be based upon a specialized definition of poetry.

The recognition of the importance for poetry of metaphor need not lead to extravagant claims as to the extent of its use or to perversions of its nature; certainly not to the length of attributing to it what are quite easily shown not to be its characteristics if it is to have definiteness of meaning. The doctrine is an overemphasis due to the prevailing superstition that poetry is altogether a matter of the immediacy of subjective and private experience and to the critical heresy that metaphor is somehow the symbol of the peculiar intensity of the experience. The doctrine is thus a conclusion based on the two prevailing dogmas: the one that experience is the content of literary art, and the other the genius dogma. Also, and a part of the same fallacy, it involves the belief that each metaphor is unique in the sense that it represents a new experience, one never had before, and assumes that poetry should be made up of a succession of such spasms of novel experience. Each spasm is an absolute novelty, which proves genius. This may be a confused realization of the importance of the concept of individuality in art, but certainly a misconception of the nature and place of the individual. There is seldom recognition of the fact that poetry must have an element of sense, and that with respect to that sense it must always be possible to attain to intelligibility, if poetry is to be discussed at all or be argued about or even understood. There can be no argument about an irrational succession of pulses of abstract intensity without content; but much of the "poetry" of the present seems to hope to be just that and to dispense with the rational altogether. Mr. Winters is to be congratulated on his defense of reason; only one would like to have the defense presuppose a little more familiarity with the concepts of the reason as they have been given precision in philosophy if the argument is to be called philosophical.

It would be an interesting adventure here, if one knew enough about the conditions, to inquire into the question whether the bizarreist theory does not rest on the confusion of the function of metaphor with the function of the adjective when used as an instrument for the direct expression

of quality. The use of the adjective to express directly the substance-attribute relation and thus to make immediate contact with reality has, so far as I know, never been investigated. But it would certainly throw much light on or around the metaphor problem and would give many new insights into the question as to how the poetic synthesis can be expressed in direct language and without extravagant word structures.

Another fallacy derived from the sense of the importance of metaphor is neatly illustrated in Richards' statement that metaphor is the omnipresent principle of language. Such a statement is obvious nonsense, safe nonsense, of course, so long as it avoids definition, and the book in which it occurs is all through a succession of trivialities. A philosophical analysis is hardly achieved merely by the use of the term in a title, especially when the content of the work is merely bad psychology. Neither this statement nor the book would be worth mentioning except that the point of view that metaphor is the means of expression of the ineffable, and thus itself beyond definition, appears just now to be generally accepted among those who are writing what passes for poetry, as well as those who are engaged in the criticism of it. And the idea of metaphor as saying one thing and meaning another lends facility to such poetry, since the author can attach any meaning he pleases to any "figure" he uses. Also, he can apparently get along without meanings. But as a consequence the stuff written need not be and often is not intelligible to anybody but the writer of it, so that also he is the only competent critic of it.

But all this proves is that the poet or critic who finds everything in his own subjective consciousness fails after all to find intelligence there, and his pronouncements are hence negligible. And this situation seems to be evidence enough of the charge that the literary output of the present is vitiated throughout by a thoroughgoing subjectivism—the "genius" of the modern writer speaks to himself alone, and this is subjectivism pushed to the extreme of solipsism, and this is the poet seized with the "divine madness." There is a tendency here and there to make the madness of the poet a principle, and the hankering after the formal or mystically religious, and the apotheosis of old Freud, are treated as concepts of application of that "principle." Evidence of the madness as an element of the poet's "genius" can be cited in the tendency to homosexuality or other forms of sexual degeneracy in the modern poet. It is doubtful whether the genius of the true poet derives either from physical weakness or from moral laxity. The writer of modern poetry is sometimes charitable enough to furnish a key to the mysteries of his private myth world, which shows that he seems to be aware of the depth and density of his egotism.

Another effect of the exaggerated emphasis on metaphor, with igno-

rance of its nature and the consequent cult of unintelligibility, is the assumption that anybody who undertakes to read a poem may put his own interpretation upon it and can argue that the author of the poem need not have been aware of his own meaning. This latter proposition is obvious fact but not for the reasons given; and it would be significant if it were itself properly interpreted. For it justifies the statement that the meaning of the poem lies objectively in the poem and not in the mind of its writer. But it also denies the right or capacity of the reader to decide for himself what is the meaning. The fact that the meaning is in the poem is the sufficient ground for the principle of the objective independence of the poem, the ground principle that words whose qualities and relations are mutualized in assertions determine and establish their own meanings; and that these meanings do not in any way or extent depend on the "mind" or intent of the person who uses the assertions. Meanings may and often do accrue to words that are designed with respect to the assertion of other meanings; words that go out to seek the strayed asses often return having discovered the kingdom. But this observation would run counter to the theory of genius, since it makes the genius less uniquely responsible for his statements than his egotism can accept.

The notion that each reader can put his own interpretation on a poem is used to justify the argument that a "good" poem is capable of any number of interpretations all equally valid, which means that the poem has no meaning in itself but must depend upon the reader for any sense or meaning it may have. The poem from this point of view is merely an abstract form or frame which can be fleshed out to the taste or whim of any reader, which means that it is nothing in itself. But poetry has a way of surviving such egotistical nonsense, which merely says that poetry is meaningless. All meanings, on this view, are accidents of the poet's or the interpreter's mind; the poem is nothing in itself, a blank and empty frame into which meanings are poured from the inner depths of the subjective. Also it is saying that the "truth" of a literary object is illusion—that there is no truth in the poem, that each is the judge of the truth for himself. And this is total skepticism. And it is inconceivable, or would be, except for the fact that there could be anybody in this enlightened age so intellectually simple or simply ignorant as that. This is carrying the doctrine of privacy decidedly too far; everyone has a private property in truth, a truth uniquely his own; his act is unaccountable to anyone or to anything, and every man is to himself his own God.

It would seem justifiable therefore to conclude that the emphasis on metaphor as the unique instrument of literary art works in the direction of a general obfuscation of the issues, and it at times looks like a conscious

effort to secure that result. It shows a complete ignorance of the nature and function of imagination and its typical instrument metaphor; and at least it raises the issue as to whether those in whose hands the destiny of literary art unhappily rests are entirely ignorant of its nature or are the type of sophist who is dishonest enough to use the art as a means to the furtherance of his own private interests. It is unfortunate that the impression one gets from much of the critical writing is that the critic is concerned more about his personal and professional interests than about the fate of the art he supposedly represents. The philosophers, who ought to be laying down principles for the critics, appear also to do well for themselves. And the appeal that is frequently made to psychology or religion or to some social ideology as a ground point of view for the approach to the study of literature, or even to find in it the basis of principle for literary interpretation, appears to indicate that the critic is looking for a likely method of purveying his wares or of exploiting his self-esteem rather than striving to place the pursuit of literature upon an objective artistic basis. It would indeed be unfortunate if literary art had not the conditions for a ground within its own substance, or if that substance were not capable of being shown to have its own place within reality. Literary art *is* reality with its own metaphysical ground, and it needs no support from religion or "humanity" or from any social doctrine. Religion and "the humanities" are material content of literature, but they do not determine its ground. It has its ground in its own reality, and the critic should be searching for a philosophical formulation of the principles of that ground, for, that is, the philosophy of literary art, which should find the cosmic locus of the art.

But the suspicion of private interest is further justified by the fact that the critic often seems more interested in discrediting a "colleague" than in furthering an art. It would be difficult to find literary ground for the attitude, for example, of Mr. Eliot toward Mr. Foerster or Professor Murray; and one is left with the impression that his standing as a critic is of more concern to him than the fate of the art or the delicacy of personal relationships and that his private interest in the game justified to his mind the furtherance of that interest by putting down what might become a dangerous adversary. Perhaps it is not necessary to discredit humanism in order to justify the appeal to religion; it might happen that in the process both humanism and religion were eliminated as grounds of literary art and are both being used because they are useful. Apostasy to humanism may not be the best basis for a criticism of humanism; if humanism fails, it fails because of its inherent weakness or falsity, not because of the fallibility of its advocates.

Intellectual dishonesty in the form of a commercial or other "practical" motive is an insidious thing and achieves its purposes often while its victims are unconscious of its presence, and it may even show up in his work in a form likely to deceive him as to his own intent. But so long as literary principles and critical standards remain grounded upon the substanceless basis of subjective states and experience or the "social" or religious interests of men, so long will personal and private motives govern both the "production" and the interpretation of literature, and so long will the literature that is produced be the sorry thing that it is, a combination of crude journalism and propaganda and personal or clique advertising. Also, the discussion of literary problems will continue to be phrased and "principled" in terms of psychology in all its dubious forms, preferably in its psychopathic forms; or in terms of religion and its legion of mythologies, or of business, with its moral degradation and intellectual prostitution. For the statement, or attempted statement, of a literary or other artistic issue in psychological terms, or in terms of experience, religious or practical or any other, will land in contradiction very soon; and while the critic will be aware of his contradiction rather in the form of feeling than of logical implications, it will not occur to him that his escape should be effected by an appeal to thought. But he will appeal to the method by which feeling attempts to objectify itself, and this he finds most immediately to hand in the moods and attitudes of religion. For the "concepts" of religion are forms of these moods and attitudes, not elements or principles of thought.

It is perhaps significant that no instance of great literary art is such by virtue of its use of, or dependence upon, religion, and equally significant that the psychological motive has produced nothing, not even a consistent psychology. I know, of course, the appeal to Milton and to Dante on this matter, but I should insist that neither was motivated by religion but rather by the philosophical world-scheme which had been concocted in the interest of religion, but which was, from the point of view of the poems based upon it, a metaphysical scheme rather than a religious. What is obviously and patently religious in both poems is taken as material content, but it has nothing essentially to do with the form of the poems.

It would seem therefore that a rational investigation of the nature and function of imagination, and particularly its relation to metaphor, would be a primary concern of the critics. It is probable that such an investigation was the desideration of Wordsworth and Coleridge, but their approach to it was not the philosophical. Both worked out rather from a set of religious attitudes, and their attempted distinction of imagination from

fancy was in the interest of a religious "truth," a truth that could be felt rather than one that could be rationally validated. Their method was therefore not philosophical but the "metaphorical"; and all they proved is that you cannot explain imagination and metaphor by making metaphors. Such an investigation would, naturally, if premised on disinterested grounds, be a venture in philosophy; and, no matter how bravely some of the critics of the present put up a claim to philosophy, there is every evidence in their writing that they have no clear idea of what such a claim involves. We have, I know, the philosophy of rhetoric and the philosophy of literary form, but these are rather the rhetoric and the (new) style of philosophy, not the philosophy of either rhetoric or style, and it is as dangerous a gamble to try to connect them with literary art as to justify their claim to philosophy.

There may be something profound about Mr. Eliot, but it obviously has no other proof than his own word that it is philosophical profundity. Mr. Ransom and Mr. Winters, with a bit more modesty in their claims in this direction, are at least aware that there is something in philosophy they have not dreamed of and, as a consequence, have come nearer philosophy. But it is a rather disturbing type of modesty in both, and it qualifies not too favorably the philosophy they employ. The situation approaches the tragic in the fact that most of those who undertake to speak professionally in the name of philosophy are little better equipped with sound knowledge of what goes into the substance of either literature or philosophy, or endowed with special natural capacity, than are the critics; and it is this sad circumstance that is most largely responsible for the fact that our culture has no solid basis in any of its departments.

There is therefore available to neither the critic nor the artist an adequate philosophy which he can appeal to, and this explains why the artist often tries to work out his own philosophy and why the critic nearly always appeals to the least adequate and most bizarre "philosophy" available. It is not the artist's or the critic's fault that they go in humility to God or to Freud or Donne or Marx; there is no competent philosophy among the modern "systems" they could appeal to. What could an artist, or a critic for that matter, do with critical or realistic naturalism or pragmatism or scientific evolutionism or semantics or logistics? He might use any of these for the Devil if he were a Milton, or for the Antichrist if he were a Dante; or, if the critic were Aristotle, he might employ them as "indispensables" or for the principle of matter. But the fact that they are not good Devils or good Antichrists or good rational indispensables may explain why there are no Miltons or Dantes or Aristotles. So that the sophistry and philistinism prevalent in literary fields is merely a symptom

of a deep-seated cultural disease, whose germ is a puerile if not a false philosophy.

However, the critic's instinct that tells him that metaphor involves a fundamental literary principle is sound. So is the artist's instinct that tells him that metaphor is the word-artist's finest instrument. But our instincts frequently tell us what is beyond our intellectual comprehension; they do not tell us what are the ultimate philosophical implications of their pronouncements, and in this case the question of the nature of metaphor is put beyond the reach of the critic and the artist. It is a genuine philosophical issue, and it is the philosopher's obligation to meet it.

A metaphor is, as we have seen, a word-structure that, by virtue of its form, asserts the reality of an object. Form is here, as elsewhere, a system of mutually interrelated qualities which has effected a unity of its elements into a harmonious whole. This whole is the object which metaphor asserts. It is the business of criticism, as the philosophy of the art of language, the philosophy of literary art, to explain what these assertions mean, and thus to explain and interpret the nature and meaning of the peculiar object which the assertions set up as real, the object of art. We have already seen a number of things that they do not mean. A metaphor is not a representation of a likeness, although the difference (variety) implied by a likeness is important in the explanation of metaphor. It is not a comparison or a mere simile and does not refer to something outside itself, as comparison implies. It has implications beyond itself to the reality that is its ground, but no reference to anything on its own level. Its purpose is not a representation of abstract beauty, where beauty implies a mere psychological reference. It is not therefore an ornament, not a decorative element attached to something else than itself, but is real in its own way and on its own hook. And it is not a magician's trick—it does not say one thing and mean another. It tells no lies or myths, and involves no mysteries. It is not an instrument of illusion. It is not a function or quality or state of any mind; it stands for, symbolizes, is a sign of, nothing. But a metaphor is a hard solid reality on its own, its nature and essence are objective, and it does not get its status or function from anything other than itself. It involves the real immediately, and its explanation need not go beyond its own principle as that principle is grounded in metaphysics. It has the reality of a fine tool, which it could not be if it were a mere instrument of style or an illusion or a decoration. It is an object in and by itself, and its structure, quality, and form can be demonstrated in and by assertions possible to nonartistic language; that is to say, it is intelligible, and there is no excuse for making mysteries about it. What these assertions are, then, is the central issue that we have to face.

First, and as a simple factual statement, a metaphor is a structure of language elements. This means that it is a word-structure. But we must remind ourselves that words are not, aesthetically, abstract signs, not signs or symbols in any sense. Further, words are not isolated or isolable elements. They have no meaning by themselves or considered as abstracted from their relations to each other. Their relations to each other constitute the unity and continuity of language, and are of their essence. The substance of a word is the relational complex in which it functions, and this relational complex is one of references to things and implications to other relations. It is this complex of things and relations, and the qualities substanced in the things and relations, that constitutes the meaning of every word. Their relations to other things than words are aspects of their relations to each other, and their internal or constitutive relations are continuous with their relations with each other and with their relations to other things; and their references to objects in the external scheme of things are mediated through their relations to each other. But they are not related to things as signs or symbols of them; this is the relation not of words but of scientific and mathematical characters, which represent things as their hypotheses. Their relations to each other are therefore primary; their internal relations and their relations to other things are implications of their relations to each other. These relations of implication bulk large in the explanation of word-structures, and they have an important derived significance in the explanation of word qualities. It will be necessary therefore in developing the theory of metaphor to keep in mind constantly the discussion of words in the essay at the beginning of this study. Our discussion will also rest heavily on our earlier development of the reality concepts of structure, quality, and relation, as well as on the synoptic concepts of mutuality, unity, continuity, and identity.

A metaphor is, then, a word structure that asserts the reality of an object through its own form. It is a structure that creates itself a form through and in its self-assertion. It is therefore an object and an individual and, as such, an instance of the real. It is a structure, in the most elementary sense, in the fact that there is a plurality or multiplicity of words bound together by the relations that hold among them. But we have seen that the important relations that hold among words in the same structure are continuous with the relations that constitute the inner structure of the words as individuals. Relations therefore that constitute the inner structure of a word run out beyond the word to connect it with another word, so that a word standing in such a relation is literally a stage or station, perhaps better a node, in the process of the relation as it passes from word to word. The sides of a triangle, which are relations between the points

that make the vertices of the triangle, extend to infinity beyond the vertices, and in the extension they constitute the infinite system of triangles that can be constructed by connecting the points in the lines so extended. It is thus that a relation implies an object, and the object implied is constructed by the mere pluralizing of the relations. Hence it is not necessary to think of any word "standing in" the relation as a "term" of the relation in the sense that it is a terminus of the relation or the place where the relation ceases to be.

What are called "terms" are rather functions of the relations that determine them; the relations can hardly, in this aspect of their status, be regarded as conditioned by the terms they connect. In the notion that terms are created by the relations they "stand in," there is suggested the part that relations have in the idea of action. Terms can therefore be conceived as thickened or densed segments in the relation, a section of the relation stove up, as the blacksmith would say. A term may also be thought as the primitive type of structure set up by the intersection of relations; two lines that cross each other establish the conditions for an object in space by giving reality to the point of intersection. A point by itself cannot be thought as real; it can only be real as colored or toned or as qualified by a sensuous feel. Or it is possible to think of a relation as an attenuation of its term in a given direction, as a living cell may put out an arm, a thinning-out of the term by and under the tactile force of another word, as a magnet might stretch out a drop of molten metal or as a drop of water will start a run on a dusty surface. In any case or by whatever means conceived, in the construction of language objects the relation and its terms are of the same stuff; and, as they cannot be distinguished on a basis of difference in their substance, it will be necessary to distinguish them on a basis of a difference of their quality. And by "difference" here is meant any kind of implicative reference to quality, since difference cannot be thought as distinguishing qualities; for quality is the ground of all differences; difference never determines quality.

And this raises the question of the kind of connection that holds between relations and the structure they constitute, on the one side, and the qualities that give them and the structures their substance, on the other. The sun as the source of light and the rose as the locus of color, and the system of internal relations that constitute the sun and the rose—all this, in relation to the eye and mind that perceive them, have their ground in the quality red, in the sense that any assertions that make the situation intelligible must be predicated by the quality. The quality is therefore the reality, and the "things" and relations involved in the situation are attributive. It is quality therefore that grounds substances and relations,

and it is quality in some of its aspects that distinguishes "terms" and relations. As a matter of generalization, it is quality, as the positive and concrete ground of all differences, that makes intelligible the situation where complexity of relations constitutes a structure and that endows the structure with objectivity and individuality.

Words in relations, then, have a structure which ties them up into individual entities, and the tie-up is made possible by the continuity of the relations that are internal to the words with the relations that hold externally among the words, and also with the relations that reach out to other things; and these relations and words and things are subjects of assertions whose common predicate is the quality that is characteristic of the whole. The relations that reach out to other things are cosmic relations, the implications to the world that gives reality to every real detail. The rose, the sun, and the eye that perceives are, with respect to their peculiar relations to each other, all subjects which have their common rationality in the color, for it is in terms of the color that their relations can be understood and in terms of the color and relations that the terms can be understood. If one pictures the situation visually, it can be illustrated by the frame that forms the skeleton of the house. Here the framework has an individuality and signifies a house only as the body of the house is conceived as built around it and as the total house is conceived to stand upon the lawn and among the trees and shrubs and flower beds. Each of the elements—trees, shrubs, frame, etc.—has its meaning in the house pictured primarily as a colored mass, as this is constituted by the fusion of all the elements into a whole. It is in this sense that the color of the situation is seen to be the substance of all the values that make the house a home, and, conversely, all the values represented in the idea of a home have their ground in the pictorial idea of the total situation as imaged in color.

But in the same sense the body of the house and the yard and the lawn can be conceived as having substance only through the quality that gives individuality to the whole. And while the relations internal to the words in a metaphor, and those among the words, are for the most part ideal, like those of the home, and can only be apprehended conceptually, there is, in the structure they constitute by their continuity, a close analogy to a physical structure; in fact, the only way a physical structure can be made intelligible is through the analogy with the structure of the system of words that assert its being or that give it description. And the assertions that make up the description are assertions whose content is represented in the assertions by which the physical relations and parts maintain themselves in being. The continuity of existence of a physical structure in

space and time is thus the assertion by the structure of its own being. A system of words whose interrelations constitute them an object that asserts itself as an independent being is a metaphor. Metaphor is, then, the mode of self-assertion by which an object is sustained in being.

All this is implied when we say that a metaphor has an individuate structure. And the implication is logically necessary in the fact that, if the metaphor is to have a meaning, its continuity with the real world must be exhibited as the reality-basis of the meaning. Any instance of language art therefore is a component part of reality; it is neither a concoction of states of mind nor an artificial construct that merely represents or stands for or symbolizes the real. A poem or any language structure that has a meaning has it by virtue of its own nature and not merely by proxy. Metaphor is the general type of all such structures, and it must have its theory if the arts of language are to be made intelligible. And intelligibility is in general grounded in the place an individual occupies within the whole of the world. Meanings are individuate realities, to be sure, but they are not independent of the system of realities; they do not float in an undefined medium without connections with the world. And it is only as its continuity with the world can be formulated in an assertion that a meaning can be said to inhere in an object and thus be made available to experience. But availability to experience is, after all, an accident of the object with a meaning; experience is not directly involved in its being a meaning. It has a meaning by its own nature as an implicate of reality as a whole, and the meaning may or may not appear as an experience. If it does so appear, there is a new fact added to the whole; if it does not appear, the world remains what it was before.

But the structure of a metaphor is ideal and abstract until we can show how it by the necessity of its nature implies a quality that is characteristic of it. And this demonstration is possible only, in the last resort, when we can demonstrate that the structure is meaningless except as the assumption of the quality makes it intelligible. This is the ultimate circle that shows when an argument is complete. A dissertation that returns upon itself and thus makes itself intelligible as a whole determines an object that has a necessary place in the scheme of things and so touches reality at a vital point. Metaphor is the typical instance of such an "argument"; it creates an object that stands at a critical point in the nature of things and thus dictates the structure and form of a type of thing. It is thus the creative agent and makes language the creator of culture as "the system of the arts." It creates by designing the ground upon which a new quality supervenes, and this coming into being of novel quality is the "life" that is the basis of literary as well as of all other arts.

Life in the natural sense is the manifestation of action, the assertion by which an object is postulated as having a place in the system of things before it as an object exists. In fact, existence is the form of the object as undefined until the design of the object specifies that place. And this specification is the assertion by which the object attains individuality. That is to say, structure and quality are related mutually; each implies and is implied by the other, and this justifies us in saying that each is deducible from the other, which is to be ground and which is to be consequent being determinable from the type of object the structure and the quality presuppose. This is the *circulus* that marks the point where being takes form. In the beginning was the Word. For example, the circle in its mutuality designs the choice that makes freedom real; whether I assert a red light or a light red will depend upon the total object that is presupposed. And the assertion creates the object. If the physical basis of the red and the light is not known or perceived, I will speak of a light that is red; but, where the physical ground of the situation is known, I will assert a red that is light. In the dawn, where I suppose no particular object, I will speak of the red light, but I will characterize the apple as a light red. Where I presuppose the object in general, my assertion is creative, and I will write the dawn in a poem or compose it in the music of the sunrise. Where the object presupposed is particular or specific, my assertion will be reflective, and I will write science or history or some other unimaginative form. If I write the apple in a poem, the red will become ideal, and the apple takes its place among the universals. All Newton could get out of his apple was a generalization.

When we put this situation in general terms, we will say that the relation of substance to attribute is not a one-way connection, so that, in any concrete instance of the relation, what is ordinarily taken as the substance may be regarded as an attribute, and the attribute considered as a substance. The relation is therefore an identity, and both substance and attribute may be considered as attributive to it, as such a relation. But to conceive the total situation of substance, attribute, and relation as individually real, it is necessary to image it as a quality. In this quality each of the elements—substance, attribute, and relation—has its meaning, and apart from the quality they are meaningless. Science with its abstractness and practicality would make the relation the ground of reality, if it had any business with reality, but this assumes that reality is a process in time in order to furnish a ground for action. But it furnishes no such ground, for time alone and by itself grounds nothing. Hence scientific propositions are not universally true. Substance and attribute are also analogues in the sense that their identity does not preclude differences

that are real, and it is this body of real differences that constitutes the variety that is synthesized in an act of the imagination. Variety, however, is not a structural concept. If I want to give it substance, I must think of it and see it as a quality, that is, as individuated in a synoptic whole. It is this synopsis that is the characteristic act of the imagination; and where the synopsis is a synthesis of quality without reference to any ground, that is, where quality is recognized as substance, the synopsis is a metaphor. For it is effected within the ideal, where real objects are designed. Where the differences, that is, constitute a variety of quality, the imaginative act that synthesizes them into a substantial or individuate quality is a metaphor.

The act therefore in this case deals with a variety of quality which it synthesizes into an identity of quality, which thereby assumes an individual character and hence a substantial status as an object. This is the act of creation, the primordial design, and its issue is a new quality. The ultimate of reality, so far as it is accessible to the imagination in its active or creative agency, is therefore quality; but, since imagination is the reason in its speculative form, the form which operates within pure logical conditions, this form representing the furthest reach of its power, the ultimate of reality for the reason is also quality. This conclusion is validated in the fact that substance, attribute, and relation must, in the last reach of logic, be regarded as dependent upon quality, and quality cannot be, in the same sense or to the same degree, regarded as an attribute to substance or relation. It is only under the limitation of the practical that quality is always to be considered as attributive. In all artistic connections where the real is coming into being, quality is the primordial stuff or substance, and substance, as viewed by the practical, becomes itself attributive. To attempt to identify relation with substance results in the surds of time and process, where nothing comes to full being in the individual. And nothing comes to full being because substance and relation, in the absence of quality, condition only abstractions such as those which make up the body of science. One must defend old Plato against those who hear him with a lisp. Quality is therefore the ultimate identity that is self-dependent, which statement is the assertion of the self-identity of quality, and this character of self-identity is in every case the criterion of the real which we must accept if thought is to be regarded as valid in any instance.

It is perhaps a great pity that we must descend to these profundities to find the ground of an ultimate principle for the values of literary art. A pity, because it puts criticism out of the reach of the critics and the philosophers the critics are in the habit of appealing to. But it is necessary if we are to have a philosophy of literary art, and this is necessary if we

are to have a rational criticism. Also, it is necessary to reach bottom somewhere if we are to save literature from the superficialities of the experience philosophy and the triviality and falsification that are inherent in the appeal to psychology and science, or to rescue it from the degradation which is inevitable in the resort to religion and the other magic of psychiatry. It would be inexplicable and hopeless tragedy if literary art had not or could not find a bottom of its own in a reality that is ultimate and without dependence upon anything as fragile as religion or as fraudulent as the myths of pathological psychology. Or do the critics not believe in the reality of their art? Are they pyrrhonists who will have no reality anywhere, or solipsists whose reality is the shadow of a shade? And, to qualify for literary competence, must genius ally itself with insanity? Or moral obliquity? Or mere ignorance? Or with the last dregs of bestiality in private interest?

It remains to show that, and how, and how far, and in what sense, metaphor is the instrument of poetic assertion. We shall see that with a certain very popular definition of poetry metaphor is the only mode of poetic assertion, although it strains the nature and sense of metaphor to the breaking point. But we shall also see that there are more adequate definitions of poetry, or at least one, and that with a sounder definition of poetry and a clearer conception of metaphor, it is true that it is the exclusive instrument of poetic assertion. We have argued in an earlier essay that poetry is a type of metaphysics or that it at least must have its foundations in metaphysics. It is grounded thus deeply for the reason that it attempts to achieve a direct access to reality. And access to reality, in its most general features, is the intent and aim of metaphysics. In the prevailing conception of the nature of poetry its primary difference from metaphysics consists in the employ of a unique instrument in the approach to reality—the metaphor, which it uses instead of what is supposed to be the literal and direct approach of metaphysics. But this is the reverse of what is actually true.

What is true is that poetry and metaphysics have the same approach—the direct—and the direct approach is the metaphorical, and the "literal" and "direct" approach of science and reflective thought is really the mediated and roundabout approach. We have shown that a genuine metaphor is the "figure" that determines form, and is hence the reality in its essence or elementary design. It is science and reflective thought, not art and its speculative logic, that "communicates" *about* reality but never makes contact with it. It is the despair of scientific logic that it can never identify a subject with its type while subject and type are concrete but can reach identity only where its "terms" are abstract. For it therefore

language must forever fail to reach its object, *what* is said can never appear in the assertion that says it. But this is the function of assertion in art: the real in assertion comes direct to being. Poetic assertion does not resort to metaphor to evade the harshness which characterizes a contact with reality; it is not its purpose to impose an abstract beauty upon experience; it does not attempt to falsify reality in the interest of preventing a rupture of sensibility which is often consequent upon that contact; it does not use metaphor to ease the friction which the tragic element in reality generates in its impact upon experience. In fact, the imagination, in the use of metaphor, is not using its creative initiative with a view to disguising or otherwise falsifying the reality in order to soften its touch upon the quick of sensibility. The intent of poetic assertion rather is to get an honester and more adequate judgment as to the relation reality bears to the system of values we call culture; and, to secure the elements of this sounder judgment, it faces reality directly and without the mask of hypothesis which science and the literal logic wear.

The difference between literature and science or "philosophy" is that literature constructs concrete implications to reality, every element of literary structure carries the cosmic implication, and the "relation" involved in the implication is not mediated but continuous between the creative act and the real that the act means. In science and its logic the relation to reality is hypothetical, that is, it is based upon the intermediation of an abstract construct which has contact with the real only by postulation. But the postulation is the child's "play-like"; there is really nothing there, and the assertion is left as remote from reality as it was at the start. There is thus an element of fraud in the hypothetical approach, and it gives us the fragmentary objects of science and the gadgets of practice. The atomic bomb is an instance of the "reality" that is a lie; it can only destroy the half-wit that produced it.

It is not therefore philosophy that poetic assertion has its quarrel with, but the pseudo-philosophy of science and its abstract logic. It is unfortunate that this false philosophy is the only "philosophy" that the critic knows, and he apparently only knows *about* it. At their foundations the philosophy and the poetry that are true are the same thing. Metaphor is, then, the imagination's attempt at an immediate transliteration of reality, the attempt to make reality disclose the secrets of its nature by exhibiting itself in the assertion by which it maintains its own being. It will implore reality to give an account of itself, and, where the "gentler" arts of logic fail because they approach reality from without, it will employ a mild but inexorable pressure from the inner design of reality itself to force it to self-expression. Metaphor therefore is the imagination's way of coming

at the truth of reality, where the imagination is not cumbered with the gadgets of symbolism, as it is with the logical way of approach and the technique of hypothesis. And the poetic assertion of the imagination is identical with the metaphorical assertion of the imagination.

This poetical-metaphorical method of approach consists in taking a piece of reality and examining its design by laying bare its inmost structure and by tracing the relations that constitute that structure to their ultimate terms. These relations, as internal, constitute the terms, and, as external, incorporate them in an identity which contains them as elements, thus creating an object of what was originally discrete units held loosely together as an undefined piece or fragment of the real. These elements of the real are taken from the assertions by which reality maintains itself in being and so are identifiable with the elements of language; and, when these elements are synthesized in an object with a design, they constitute the figure we call a metaphor, which is at the same time the design of an object that can maintain itself as a living individual in the corporate whole of the world. A metaphor is therefore an identic replica in language forms of a real object, its relation to reality being one of identity.

So metaphor is an instrument of poetry because it is a sample of the reality which poetry asserts, and, in treating of metaphor as the language of poetry, we are dealing directly with reality. It is doing this in a way that leaves it in the concrete form it had from the first and does not modify it as science does to make it fitter to the practical purposes of men. Poetry is thus disinterested, absolutely so, and is thus of the type of pure objectivity. In this it differs from metaphysics, which is interested to the extent at least of reducing reality to terms of abstract truth. This relation to abstractness is necessitated in the hypothetical method, for it is the only result obtainable by that method. But metaphysics goes on beyond this abstractness, or what is abstractness for the ordinary logic, to the universal, and from the universal it goes on to the concreteness of the individual. Poetry is satisfied with the raw concrete truth of things, where truth identifies with the real because it has no purpose and no goal outside of or beyond the factual as it presents itself. Metaphor is thus the peculiar instrument of poetic assertion because it is the only way of access to the reality as the reality asserts itself in the truth that is concrete. It makes use of metaphor to avoid hypothesis, where metaphysics transcends hypothesis by resort to a speculative logic, the logic of corporate synthesis. In the end poetic metaphor would be found identical with the corporate synthesis of metaphysics.

But is metaphor the only instrument of poetic assertion? This is naturally a question that can be answered only in the definitions of poetry and

metaphor. If poetry is nothing more than the formulations of "life" and "experience," as life and experience are given in the immediate awareness of personal consciousness and as given in symbolic forms; and if metaphor is a symbolic representation of likeness or comparison, or a trick of expressing a meaning by inappropriate symbolism, or a trick of saying one thing and meaning another; if "expression" and symbolization consist in producing a subjective effect in a consciousness that is gauged in value in direct proportion to the intensity of the effect—if all these fallacies are to be taken for granted, then "metaphor" is the sole and only instrument of poetic "expression." But we have thrown this whole scheme over, discarded it in the interest of showing that poetry and its use of metaphor are concerned with reality and not with the shams of experience. Poetry is not definable in terms of experience, nor is it an illusory method of representing the real in terms of the agreeable. Art has nothing essentially to do with pleasure. Pleasure comes, sometimes, sometimes not, as a consequence of the experience of art and is therefore an accident of the art object when it has any relation at all to it. Poetry is essentially the assertion of reality as it is and in the concrete, not an assertion of or about experience in any sense, and its method is the method of truth in that it leaves the real its concreteness after it has impressed its forms upon it.

What is peculiarly characteristic of poetry is that it approaches reality in its essential feature of quality and undertakes to create a form for the quality that supports the quality in its claim to being the real; that is, it subjects the real quality to form without imposing limits upon it, which makes form itself an attribute of quality. But it also gives us our first glimpse of form that is concrete, even taking precedence in this relation over music, which often is regarded as the "first" direct access to reality. Poetry is the original instance of aesthetic form in that it is the "sense" that subjects musical rhythm to order, and ordered form in rhythm is as near a definition as can be given for poetry, since poetry is *sui generis*. And as language is the primitive form of assertion, the language of poetry is primordial art, all other art forms being derivative from it. Primitive poetic form is therefore what makes art in all its various types intelligible. This shows that our theories of poetry are all tragically false in that they have rested upon a shallow conception of form that is taken over from the sciences of existence and is therefore abstract and incapable of application to poetry or to any art.

But since poetry is concerned with reality in its concrete form, namely, quality, and is dealing with reality in its becoming, since its act is creative, it will adopt a "technique" that is appropriate to the expression of the becoming of quality, or quality in the process of assertion of its being.

The becoming of quality is rhythm. The technical instrument of poetic assertion will therefore be designed from the forms and structures through which poetic rhythm asserts itself. In so far as metaphor can be interpreted through the elements of rhythm that are found in it, and so far as these elements can be identified with the rhythm of actual poetic expression as determined from instances of poetry, to that extent metaphor can be regarded as the characteristic mode of poetic assertion, where the what of poetic assertion is quality. Rhythm, structurally considered, is the harmonic system of the relations that design the individual. The essence of individuality is the balance that mutualizes all its constituent parts, that makes each of its parts refer to each through all the parts, thus tying them in unity and severing all external references except the cosmic, which is the ordered system of all the references synthesized in one total reference to the universe. This is the cosmic implication.

Metaphor is the instance in language of this rhythmic structure, the unity that is individual, the synthesis that is harmonic, and as such it is the key to the intelligibility of poetic form. Hence it does not exclude direct assertion; rather, direct assertion is the basic form of metaphor, so that poetry can be constructed of figures that are designed in direct assertions. For this reason there is no final distinction that can be made between metaphorical figure and the figure (form) of direct assertion. It is to be observed that direct assertion is not to be confused with prose, so that the distinction of prose from poetry is still valid. It is possible to demonstrate, I think, that metaphor can be given this objective interpretation in terms of rhythm and can thus be divorced from the dubious connection with subjective experience.

The attempt to find the genius of poetry will cease to look for it in some mysterious capacity of the imagination, or some mystic power of the soul, and look for it where there are evidences of its existence—in the active and creative agency to be observed in poetry itself. It certainly is not a factor in experience. To accomplish this demonstration, the preceding discussion of metaphor as a typical form of the imaginative synthesis will have to be kept in mind, and then the complex of ideas and modes of the real which metaphor comprises will require to be reinterpreted in terms of rhythm considered as the characteristic and peculiar form which the poetic act assumes in making its contact with the real. The problem therefore at this point is to get an adequate exhibition of the nature of rhythm as rhythm can be observed in the usages of language. This is not a simple problem, and the major difficulties that stand in the way of a solution consist, for the most part, in removing the tangle of misconceptions

that has come from the confusion of rhythm with motion and time and number.

Rhythm is the internal balance that maintains the integrity of the individual and has nothing to do with time and motion. The problem of rhythm is not a physical or a mathematical problem. Science in none of its forms has anything to say about it; they deal with motion, and what is a principle of measure for motion will not serve as a principle for rhythm. Nor is the problem of rhythm one for psychology; what is true of the experience of rhythm is not by any necessity true of rhythm, and the experience of rhythm has no part in the determination of art. Art is what it is before there is experience of it. It is true that rhythm is, metaphysically, the analogue of motion, and the relations between them, and the essential nature of each, will have to be investigated and explicated, if at all, through the principle of analogical identity. But this is not a principle of physics or of mathematics or one of psychology, so it is out of the reach of science. It will have to be seen that rhythm is a function of quality, that its nature and function are determined for it from its connection with quality, and that its relations to motion, time, and number are strictly analogical and depend upon the analogy of quality with physical matter, as the two aspects of substance. This means that rhythm cannot be explained in terms of motion, time, and number, which are attributes of matter, and that the attempt to interpret it in this way only leads to confusion. Nor is rhythm a matter of accent, stress, and intensity, for these are mere physical concepts of force camouflaged in psychological language. They are *about* the experience of rhythm, which is not rhythm, and they are attempts to describe rhythm in physiological terms. But the rhythm of a good piece of architecture has nothing to do with motion or physiological movement, and it has equally little to do with the psychological perturbations of the mind. It is this confusion of rhythm with motion that has led to the more vicious fallacies in the interpretation of the function of metaphor; and I am persuaded that the weaknesses of the "modern" tendency in poetry derive from a mistaken notion of the function of rhythm in poetic expression. The attempt to identify the rhythm of poetry with that of prose, which is its physiological and physical counterpart, seems to me to illustrate the shallowness of the modern notion of rhythm. There is a fundamental difference between the rhythm of poetry and that of prose which we shall explain in its appropriate place.

The central problem in the discussion of poetry and poetic form is thus this of the nature of poetic rhythm. For rhythm is of the essence of poetry, and its relation to poetic form will have to be made clear. But the primary defect of most accounts of poetic rhythm is the tendency to

refer it exclusively to form, as if it were a feature of form considered abstractly and in itself, while rhythm is as much a feature of the sense of poetry as of the form. It is the creation of rhythm in sense that makes form. Sense as material attains form through having its elements ordered in such fashion as to constitute them a balanced and self-sufficing whole in the integrity of the individual. Indeed, the active relation of the sense to form is the essence of rhythm as it is found in great poetry, particularly in the case of those poems that are great because of their hold on some aspect of the universal, as in great tragedy. Those who find no "philosophy" in Shakespeare have not looked very deeply or very closely or with too clear an eye.

The general features of rhythm I have undertaken to describe in another work, and the argument there developed may be referred to as the basis of what is to be said here. Its larger outlines can be stated briefly, however, and they may be rehearsed here by way of an approach to the problem. We are assuming that the principles involved in the account of rhythm are to be found in the metaphysics of the question, that is to say, they will have to be derived from the relation that rhythm bears to the whole of reality, since the final explanation of any fact consists in exhibiting its place in reality as a whole.

But reality, for artistic theory, at least, is quality. So what we have to do here is to show the relation of rhythm to the whole of quality in an object whose typic nature is principled in form and design. The difficulty in the matter is due to the fact that we are dealing at all points with reality in the concrete and hence have to consider all relations as implications and not as hypotheses. An implication is a relation of reals, while a hypothesis is a relation of symbols used in assertions about reals. We have, then, to find ways and means of making assertions that render the relation between reals directly and not mediated through symbols. And this means that our assertions, in asserting reality directly, must somehow *be* the reality which they assert, must be such as display the real to intuition without the mask of symbol or hypothesis, must deliver the real naked and without camouflage of any sort. Our question may now be formulated thus: given reality in a concrete instance, as in a poem, statue, etc., what is the element of rhythm in it, and what are the relations among the elements of rhythm in terms of the relations that carry the implications of the elements to the whole of quality which represents the object as an individual? These are the "cosmic implications," since it is they that integrate the whole of all objects of art into the system of culture when we consider them not as constitutional to the single object but as external to the object and extending beyond it to the whole of objects. The radius of a

given circle is an element in the radii of all circles that can be constructed about its center and is thus the cosmic implication of the given circle.

In the same way, analogously, an element of rhythm in a poem or a picture, which in the poem is the color of a tone and in the picture the tone of a color, is related to the poem or picture as a whole of quality; and the same relation extends beyond the poem or picture to become a factor in the design that integrates all poems and pictures in the whole of culture. What we are trying to state here is that rhythm is a feature of what is universal in a work of art, is, in fact, the universality of the work of art, and, as such, is the ground of any principles that may be involved in its intelligibility or that may be appealed to as bases of explanation or interpretation of the work. What is essential to know in a work of art, or what it is that makes it a work of art, is there in the work and can be explicated from the rational structure that constitutes the design of the work and at the same time, as external relations, constitutes the system that functions as the universal or the genus of the work. The design of the work will be substanced by the quality that is the synthesis of its colors and tones and the colors of its tones and the tones of its colors as they are mutualized and harmonized by the relations of its structure. What makes an object individual also and in the same act creates the object's world, and the principle of its inner design is also its cosmic implication. The fallacy of all theories of rhythm is that they attempt to make it a series of pulses of force or intensity in the conscious experience of the individual and then try to state this in terms of motion and time and number, thus falling into the fallacy of assuming that states of mind can be directly transcribed to terms of physical fact. This leads to all the famous surds about the relation of mind to matter, subject to object, etc., to none of which can any consistent sense be given. An elaborate system of physics and mathematics can thus be built up around the series of pulses, but the system has nothing whatever to do with rhythm as the essence of the assertions that constitute art.

It is this design of an object as a congeries of internal relations that constitute a harmonic whole that is to disclose the secret of rhythm. For rhythm may be defined, as a preliminary, as the balance or equilibrium maintained in an object by the mutualized or matched tensions of its constituent relations. Naturally, a relation that is constituent to the design of a work of art is not the dead thing that mathematics or physics pictures it, not a mere connective that lies between two immobile particles, or dangles in constant but uniform change as the particles move. For the pulses of "energy" in a rhythmic object are not necessarily regular or uniform, although they are in every case mutually referent to their unity.

They are ictuses, biophores of life, not pieces of matter. The relation is activated by the "life" of the elements of quality it holds between, and the life of the object as a whole is a synthesis of all the elements of quality that materialize its design. This whole of quality skeletoned on the design is what is meant by the life of the picture, statue, etc., and this is a direct assertion figured or designed by its truth.

A poem may be made up entirely of such direct assertions, and, since they contain no "metaphor" in the popular sense of the term, a poem can be made without the use of "metaphor." The metaphor in the popular sense does not exhaust all the forms of the imaginative synthesis that go into the form of an object of art. A relation either internal or external to a work of art is active, is rather an act in the sense that its hold upon its terms is an intent and, as such, subject to variation, so that the relation with its terms constitutes a flexible system. And it is this pliancy that makes the work a free object, that is, an individual. There is therefore a pulse of striving in a constant direction in the structural design of such an object, which makes it possible and reasonable to attribute intent to the object the system designs; and this becomes perceptible to experience as the "life" of the object. But the life of the object is to be conceptualized not in terms of movement or time but in terms of mutualized or balanced qualities that cannot be described as either mobile or static, for the reason that such terms do not apply. It is to be insisted that the life of a work of art is not therefore a metaphor in the sense that it represents by analogy what is not literally true or is true only through the implication of an instance of organic life. We have shown that this conception of metaphor is entirely false. The life breathed into a work of art by its own inspired rhythm is as literally real as the life of a bird or a rose, since it is given there as a concrete instance of the universal.

There is, then, a logic of the values of imaginative thought in art just as there is a logic of the values of speculative thought in philosophy and a logic of the values of reflective thought in science. Each issues in its specialized form of knowledge; the logic of speculative thought issues in pure theoretical formulations of the principles upon which or in accordance with which reality is constituted: the logic of reflective thought issues in generalizations which state the various forms of the "law" of averages which governs the rules of practice and technique in every field; the logic of imaginative thought legislates the law by which all value structures are created and all value substance is given form. Each logic has its organon, a unified system of concepts which mediates the approach to reality in that aspect of reality which it contemplates: the logic of speculative thought has its system of the categories all integrated within the

principle of the syllogism; the logic of reflective thought has its system of rules integrated within the "law" of causation and the methodology of induction; and the logic of imaginative thought has its system of concepts integrated within the law of analogical identity and expressed in metaphor. Metaphor therefore has the same status in the function of imaginative thought that the syllogism has in the functions of speculative thought and that the inductive methodology has in reflective thought. The logic of speculative thought has its principle of contradiction; the logic of reflective thought has its principle of causation (in cultural connections generally stated in subjective terms as the principle of purpose); the logic of imaginative thought has its principle of analogical identity.

The *modus operandi* of all the principles of all the logics is synthesis, and the *modus* takes its three forms from the three types of objects which it realizes itself in. The synthesis of speculative thought objectifies itself in the truth object; the synthesis of reflective thought objectifies in the object of practice; and the synthesis of imaginative thought takes objective form in the object of art, which is the typic object of value. In so far as the object of truth and the object of practice can be said to be values, they are varieties of the art object as the genus of all values. The truth object and the practical object become pure values, attain full objectivity, that is, when and in so far as the principle of indifference operates in their formulation, when, that is, their formulation is governed by no specific interest, no specific reference to any designated point in the universe, but by its cosmic reference alone. They are pure values when their constitution is principled by their implication to the universe as a whole; then truth and goodness (the essential meaning of the term is rightness) become aspects of that Beauty which Plato identified with reality itself.

The common instrument in all the forms of formulation or creation is language. Language is thus the objective form of thought in whatever way it may be expressed. And language is words in synthesis, a synthesis due to the adunation of words by virtue of their own synergies mutualized into a unifying agent. This adunation and mutualization within the synergies of words is what is meant by the imaginative synthesis, and an instance of it in the concrete is called "metaphor." Any group of words therefore that are capable through their own synergic qualities of coming to individuate unity is a metaphor, and, where these synergies are colors and tones, the uniting relation is rhythm; and, where the metaphor thus formed is repeated so as to form a harmonic pattern, the language is poetic. It is called "poetry" where the rhythmic harmony lies in the relations between the formal elements of the language and the sense elements, and the individuate instance of these relations in unity is called a poem.

It follows therefore that the words composing a poem, and the order of their mutuality, are indifferent within the aesthetic necessity that they be such as are capable of rhythm and harmony. Poetic language may therefore be made up of direct statements or "rhetorical" statements indifferently, and the only requirement of "diction" is that the words employed should be substanced in color-tone qualities, for it is these that become substance in their unity, since they have the characters both of form and of sense by nature.

And the synthetic agency is grounded in the words themselves; it is they that are the creative agent, and there is no necessity to postulate or assume a peculiar and specialized subject whose only function is to stand behind the synthesis as a cause. We are here beyond causation; it is meaningless here. For such a "mind" will inevitably show itself full of contradictions, which give rise to the batch of subjective superstitions which characterize modern critical thought. The only mind or agent required is to be identified with the living synergy of words in relation, words and relations being what they are; and the "genius" of the poet and the critic is a gratuitous myth. Any group of words with the qualities that ground form and sense will create the agency required to give it status in reality, and a separate creative agency is the bastard child of the forced imposition of a brute cause upon the virgin life. Science and its machinery of causation have no place in artistic activity or the thought that makes that activity intelligible.

What is rhythm in detail and in terms of observable fact? This is a specific form of the general question as to how a concrete object may be universal, that is, a question as to the nature of individuality. The material constituents of a work of art are the masses of quality that compose it or give it body or substance. In a picture these masses of quality are colors. With their implications to space these colors have the existential characters that render them perceptible and at the same time give them the characteristic that makes it possible for them to take positions relevant to each other and with respect to the object, and so to become distinguishable parts of objects. A color must have spatial magnitude if it is to be perceptible. But it is imaginable without the space, for the space may be deferred to the unperceived or unthought term of an implication and so excluded from the present image. The implication here is a relation that engages the real at only one of its termini. It is to be emphasized that the perception of the colors is a pure accident with respect to its relations to the colors, and its essential "implication" is not to the colors but to an object in the color's environment, the perceiver. In describing the nature of the colors and stating their relations, the fact that they are or may be

perceived need not be mentioned, so we shall have no use for it here.

Thus the implication to space is an essential objective character of a color, but it is by no means the only essential character, and its artistic value is limited. The important implications of a color are its relations to other colors, and those which by analogy to tone involve it with relations to time. These, together with the implications to space, constitute the total necessary conditions that enable the color to enter with other factors into the constitution of an object, and the act, metaphor, by which their synthesis is effected is the design of the object to which they give structure. The fact that the design of the object is an immediate consequent, logically, of the colors and spaces and tones and times in the relations that constitute the object, is all the meaning that can be given to the spontaneity that is associated with an act and has its ground in the rhythm that gives it existence for perception. So that, as a summary of the material elements of the work of art, the poem that is in question here, we can name color, the space the colors imply, tone, and the time that is its implicate. The characteristics of these elements that determine their possibilities of relation are thus the ground of the agency that sets itself up as the design of the object.

Thus we find rhythm to be the expression of the act of assertion by which the design of an object maintains the object in existence. The act takes objective form in metaphor. If this definition sounds a little too loudly of space, as if it were the existential formula of a physical object, we can universalize it by some such statement as this: Rhythm is the assertion by the design of an object that the object has transcended its existence by its self-metamorphosis into an object of value.

How these considerations apply to poetry and literary art in general will be the problem of a final essay.

IV

Literature and the Stability of Culture

MODERN literature, like everything else that is characteristically a product of the modern age, had its origin in the Renaissance discovery of the central importance of the inner life, the life of consciousness and the elementary feelings. It seemed that, for the first time in the history of the Western mind, men began to distinguish and to isolate their own conscious feeling from within the mass of reality as it appeared to them and to recognize it as an element of superior worth. As is generally the case with the discovery of a new type of reality, the new consciousness of feeling is soon made the type of all that has reality; all other things that are real get their reality from it, and the individual as its *situs* becomes the point of reference and criterion for all that has meaning. As a consequence of his conscious independence and self-sufficiency, each individual has his own private reality and, in addition, possesses, as exclusively his own, a share of the common reality that comprises the body of nature. This private reality is present within the individual in each moment of his conscious awareness, and, when it was recognized and named "experience," it came to be acknowledged as the instance and type of reality in all its forms; and it is the one and only fact of which there can be no doubt or question.

Heretofore, as it seems, the importance of the experience of the individual, as a factor in the apprehended reality, had been overlooked; the example of the Epicurean had somehow been by-passed. Perhaps it was due to the stronger appeal the Stoic had made in insisting on the primary reality of the "world"; and even the Christian of the medieval age seems to have forgotten the claim of his own "happiness" in his obsession for the Kingdom of God. It is certainly true of the pre-Renaissance Christian that the primacy of the individual and the immediacy of his experience of the direct values of life had been overshadowed by the vast bulk of influence of the church as an institution. As a consequence of this earlier suppression of the individual and the repression of his inner experience and his general subordination to the world of institutional structure, man's

inner life seemed to seethe within him and finally to break through the limitations that had hedged it in for so many generations.

This outburst of the inner life, through the suddenly becoming self-conscious of it, appeared to the individual therefore as a new discovery in the nature of things, since the private tended to be identified with the common or objective. And as the nature of things had been for him so long the outward frame of life's institutions, as they were vaguely grounded in visible nature, he tended to identify the reality he had discovered within himself with a new character in objective nature. So he tended to identify the quality of his conscious experience with the quality of nature itself, so that reality was given for him in the substantial quality that could be regarded as the ground of both nature and the self with its experiences. The discovery of the inner consciousness was, therefore, at the same time the discovery of nature, in its qualitative aspect at least; and their common substance, as it appeared in the quality of either, was the reality whose formal expression was the function of life and art, and whose expression concretely in language was the function of literature. This means that, for the man of the Renaissance, nature, as the objective scheme of things, tends to identify itself with the self of consciousness in the immediate substance of quality; that quality, as felt in consciousness, is identical with quality as perceived in nature, so that the distinction between consciousness and its object is nullified in the immediate presence of reality as reality is given in experience.

Important consequences followed from this "discovery." If it is true that the subject-object distinction no longer holds in the perception or apprehension of reality, then logical methods are not competent for the interpretation of reality, and full freedom of expression is gained from any restrictions that thought and reason might attempt to impose. Also, if reality is given to us directly, either in the felt quality of consciousness or in the perceived quality of nature, then the intuition, which functions in the apprehension, will determine the methods and techniques for appropriate expression, and the art of literature is freed from the stiff rules of consistency. This raises the question, however, as to whether literature is also relieved of its obligation to form, since the rational aspect seems basic to the idea of form. Also, literary expression has an absolute, that is, a "free," choice as to whether it will select its material from nature or from experience and will be free to put the whole emphasis upon the one of its choice. Thus it is free to adopt an attitude of consistent "naturalism," in which mere life in the raw and crude, and experience in its bare immediacy, will be interpreted by reduction to terms of nature and its characters. Or it will be equally free to adopt the point of view of pure sub-

jectivism and interpret reality, in all its details, in terms of the felt quality of immediate experience. Subjectivism and naturalism were therefore the two alternative expression-methods for literature, and the only methods possible. The extremes to which both these points of view have been carried, and the contradictoriness and crudity of the consequences, suggest that there may be something wrong with the assumptions from which modern literature sets out. For what works out in practical contradiction should be false. Many questions arise here about the literary method which should be looked into.

And, first, the question of general theory, as to whether, where matters of method and technique are turned over to intuition, or to the "genius" of the artist, the art of literature is not relieved of all the regulatory conditions imposed by the principle of form. For the intuition operates by defining the individual, that is, by constituting the individual within the medium of presented detail, by making up the individual out of the indefinite substance of particularity. And what is given directly as individual is a law to itself in that it acts with the freedom of indifference. As a consequence there can be, within the reality presented, no rules by which the genius of the artist is to be directed, and the outcome of his active assertion would be one characterized by wild variety. As a matter of fact the new attitude did develop a number of new types (e.g., the sonnet), and each of them was not only significant individually but also became the basis of a type of form. But does the unlimited freedom to new form mean that form is no longer a regulatory law? And, if so, does it mean that the freedom from form throws the entire artistic motive into unintelligibility, so that there is no law or reason in the realm of art? Some developments of recent times seem to indicate that such questions should be taken seriously. And the claim frequently made in the interest of literature, that it be subject to no restriction beyond those imposed by the mystic will or the genius of the author, would seem to sound a warning. It is even sometimes claimed that the individual is sole judge of the truth and reality and value of artistic matters *for himself;* that he has a right to regard as true and real universally what is true and real *for him.* It seems there are artistic geniuses and critics who never heard of Socrates and his quarrel with the Sophists.

We are taking the literary question seriously here because we believe that the literary impulse is the basic and most important and most potent of the forces that determine the form and quality of a culture; it expresses its priority and primacy both in the direction of development the culture is to take and in determining the reality and value of the material content of the culture. Also it is believed that the literary motive gives form and

direction to the other forces that are creative of culture, viz., religion, politics, industry, and whatever other moral forces may be effective in determining a culture. It would be serious therefore if the literary movement should at any time succeed in renouncing loyalty to the rules of reason as the rules are exemplified in the principle of form. Or is it that we should permit the freedom of formlessness even to form, so that the artist may do and say in the interest of form whatever whim may come into his head, and do and say it in the name of art? Does it mean, for example, that, because culture has broken down just now, the artist may take the existing confusion as source of form and thus throw form to the winds, that there are ambiguity and contradiction in the concept of form itself? Such a question seems not altogether absurd at the present moment. And questions as to the nature and functions of art are fundamental, in considerations involving the nature of culture and its stability, as the Renaissance and subsequent cultural developments out of it show. Thus the literary motive that constituted the cultural agent of the Renaissance period gave both direction of development and character of content to the political life of modern times. The political motive came to be what has been called "modern democracy," and an examination of the nature of democracy will show that it rests upon the same general assumptions as to the nature of reality that were accepted from the start by the literary motive. It therefore has the strength that follows from the elements of truth in the assumptions and the weaknesses that follow from what is false in them. It is not the purpose here to go into a lengthy discussion of the characteristics of the politics of the period but merely to point out that politics, under such guiding notions as were imposed upon it by the prevailing literary motive, could take no other form than that of extreme democracy which it ultimately did take, since it already accepted a radically subjective individualism in which the state became merely an aspect of the private individual. Hence, the elements of strength and weakness of the democratic system that came to it as a consequence, for it is a fact that a people's literature prepares and conditions the mass mind for its general scheme of life and its attitude and feeling toward the world. This makes it the determiner of the political system, since democracy is simply the political expression of the mass mind. If there is a major fallacy in the literary motive, there will ultimately be calamity in the political system that gives form and body to it. And the collapse of political structure argues falsity in the system of ideas upon which it rests.

Democracy is positively and aggressively the instrument of individual freedom, and proclaiming this as universal will make its major tenet of doctrine universal liberty. So when the literature has declared that the

content of the mass mind, which, for it, is reality and so the substance of politics, is the immediate experience as felt in each individual, the individual becomes the seat and source of freedom and thus the primary creative agent in the world. But as the creative agent he is also the "genius" of literature, and political power falls into the hands of those who give form and force to the dominating literary motives. This is demonstrated at the present by the fact that "business" is the motive of both politics and literature, with the consequence that both are in utter confusion. The literary assumptions, therefore, that reality is given to us in the feelings and the consciousness of the individual make every man politically a king, and the convictions that make up the literary motive become the driving power in the political thought and action of the mass of the people.

A similar interpretation requires to be given to the religious development of the period. It is precisely this conviction that the individual has direct contact with reality in the privacy of his own consciousness that developed into the revolt against the authority of the church—the same conviction that had its first formulation in the literary movement of the time. It is quite natural that he who finds the reality in his own inner feelings will find God there as the deepest and most important element of reality, and, when found there, his mere presence and immediacy will constitute a "protest" against any authority from the outside. And when outside authority shows characteristics of questionable moral soundness, as if to deny the Godly attribute thereby, the presence in consciousness will materialize quickly and strongly in revolt against the authoritarian claim, and Protestantism is born. Also, and negatively, the religious movement will have most attitudes in common with the political, having the same origin, and the doctrines of freedom and individual liberty will loom large as tenets of religious truth. Here again the prevailing motives derive from the earlier formulations of the literary mind, and the literary purpose will have to recognize as its own the strong points as well as the weaknesses of the Protestant religious movement. In fact, before any idea can become effective generally among men, it must be simplified to literary form in order to be widely understood and accepted.

Also, the realities having been discovered within the consciousness of the individual, values, since they point inward toward the essence of the individuality, will all assume the characters of *interests*. And at this point we reach subjectivity pure and absolute, since the only consistent definition of interest will take the form of a reference of all values to the inward center of the individual as their basis and ground. When therefore industry, as the system of technical instruments for the creation of objective values, comes to be organized under the individualist motive, all its values

will become personal and private, since the guiding principle throughout is interest. If we now define industry as the organization of work for the more adequate production of goods, and if goods are defined in terms of their peculiar relation to the individual, which as values they must be when values are interests, and when the individual is identified with the states of his own mind, we have the connection complete between the literary doctrine of the primacy of the individual consciousness and the interest theory as represented by modern capitalism. And as the determiner of the mass mind the literary tradition must take the responsibility for the strength and for the weaknesses of the capitalistic system. We are not arguing that the literary motive is the "cause" of the political or the religious or the industrial systems. All we are arguing is that it is of the same stuff with these systems and has all their strength and all their weakness. But sufficient weakness has been discovered within these systems and their philosophies to indicate their intrinsic falsity. Is it possible to avoid the conclusion that our literature and its forms also rest on insecure foundations?

A similar argument will show, I think, that all our practical ideas—ethical, religious, aesthetic, cultural, the whole system of what we call our cultural attitudes, and the theories on which these attitudes are grounded—are all given their final public or objective form, and thus their active potency, by the literary motive, since this motive has most to do with determining the idea-types and feeling-modes of the mass of the people. Hence, these idea-types and feeling-modes have most to do with the form and substance and also the direction of movement of the forces that govern our civilization at any time and in any age. And since all the idea-types and feeling-modes are now identified with the interests of the individual, his convictions are determined by his interests, with the consequence that he is not capable of morality. Our culture has therefore no moral basis, since our literature has none, and it has no destiny but confusion and collapse.

The political motive, although it bases itself in the subjective depths of the individual, in his "rights" and "liberties," has the function of formulating the rules that govern our outward life; and these rules, and the activities to which they give form, are and become, as law, objective realities. As a consequence the subjective motive finds itself in the presence of a constant check in the opposition of the public forms, fixed in custom and law, which the culture life of a people, as expressed in literature, forces upon itself. It must therefore recognize a type of objectivity as necessary to its full realization, and the political life is saved from the emptiness and futility which would certainly swamp it if it were permitted to follow its

original subjective conviction. Politics in practice, despite the cynical ravings of the private interest, has always been better than politics in theory. The necessity practically to adapt individual motives to each other and to the objective structures established in the public life saves it from its own theoretical folly, and political life has had, since the Renaissance, a certain steady development toward objective perfection in spite of the divisionist doctrines of its theory. The development of objective political organization, however, did not run parallel with or in the same direction with the subjectivist theories upon which it was supposed to be founded, and there has been a constant friction between the political realities and the political ideas upon which the realities supposedly depend—between the political actualities that controlled men's actions and the political ideologies that dominated men's minds. Hence the political chaos of the past half-century. Hence also the growing conviction that our political theories and doctrines are false. But it apparently has not been noticed as yet that what has been proved by the development of political reality is the falsity of the subjectivist assumption that the realities are to be found within the inner consciousness and experience of the individual, with the consequent falsity of the entire structure of literary thinking.

In a similar way religious ideas, however internal and private and spiritual they have been supposed to be, have found a certain objectification in the ritual and ceremony of religious practice and have as a consequence built up a rather stable institution as a factor in the cultural life. These forms and rituals are necessitated in the mere fact of men living together, and their institutionalization is made necessary in the fact that human living can be made continuous and enduring only when its accepted modes of feeling and action are given permanent and objective form. Here again, however, in the religious life, the particular shape assumed by the external forms and the peculiar institutional design taken on by their relations to each other have not remained consistent at any point with the original subjective motives they are supposed to derive from; and the religious career of Protestantism has as a consequence had a history of schism and conflict and confusion, until the ideas it rests on are now recognized as vacuous and the forms of its objective life unstable and insecure in every detail. The literary motive which gave the impetus to our religious ideas and forms must therefore share in the puny strength and the huge weakness of the Protestantism it helped to create.

It is still more obvious and easily observable that the capitalist industrial "system," as a system of hard physical and social realities, rests upon a hypothetical foundation of substanceless subjective "ideas." The

scheme of needs and wants and demands and desires upon which it is erected has only the reality of fleeting fancy, and the fantastic structure is showing all the weaknesses that are possible to our fragile human nature.

No possible continuity can be shown to exist between the "ideas" that are supposed to govern it and the positive physical and social structures that the activities of men necessarily create in the process of forcing a "living" out of a stubborn and recalcitrant nature. But these needs and wants and desires and demands, these primordial "experiences," are the realities for the literary motive; they have been largely created by it and certainly are perpetuated in what life they have by it. For it is not possible to give these "realities" any form at all; they exist only in the fleeting tension of the moment of their presence. They are the counterpart of the "love" that has been the whole content of our literature, whose unreality we fail to recognize, so that no instance of a literary work will last beyond the blare of its first impression. The literary motive must therefore accept responsibility for the vacuous emptiness and formlessness of our "experiences" and for the total conflict that rages forever between them and the realities of the active life. It is within the industrial "life" that the vast breach between the subjective and spiritual, on the one side, and the physical and mechanical and natural, on the other, is making itself so evident and showing consequences so desperate that attention must be directed toward it; and it is to be hoped that the falsification we have permitted to grow up in the industrial life will lead us to the discovery and correction of the falseness and pretense and sham in the other cultural activities. But a wide recognition of this falsification is hardly to be expected from the type of mind that has come into existence by way of adaptation to the existing scheme. A mind that is itself built up around the core of falsehood that is inherent in the business "system" so reflects the lie in its own nature that it could hardly be expected to see the lie objectified before it. A depth of ignorance so profound has never before been attained as that reached by the modern businessman. It is tragic that it is this "mind" and its "realities" that are giving form and content to the "literature" of the time.

While it is true that the major subjective aspects of life and mind have found a characteristic if unstable form of objectification to which they have rather inadequately adapted themselves, the literary motive, which lies at the basis of the others, has failed almost entirely to find any appropriate object at all and is floundering among the unrealities of subjectivity still. It is true that it has, theoretically at least, recognized the inevitability of some form and degree of objectification; but the power of the subjectivist illusion has been such as to compel it to undertake to objectify

within its own abstract forms. Consequently, it has set up types and styles and genres within which, as objective forms, to recognize its own internal distinctions and has tried to take on a sort of spiritual body from this its own diaphanous form. And, in doing this, it has tried merely to find forms ready made for it in the classificatory rubrics of the classical systems.

And now the literary art has no adequate object, and so no objective of any kind, and so no reality. And now it undertakes to justify its want of an object by arguing that the reality that gives it substance is the subjective itself, that the inner, the private, the particular "experience" is the stuff in which it objectifies. And not only is this experience the objective stuff of the literary art but it is also the ultimate reality itself. To it therefore for verification must be referred everything else in the world, and nothing can be true or real that does not conform to it as standard. Why could the literary genius not have learned from religion that experience is never real nor can ever be realized? The reality is always beyond, to be attained only on the condition that experience be transcended, that the veil be broken through that hangs before the eye of finitude, and that the life that sets the conditions of finitude be transformed into a greater abundance. Is it that such ideas are "poetic," and so not virile enough for the mind of the present—must all the graces bow down in the presence of a sheer naked strength that acknowledges itself the brute? The poet and the prophet are gone out of the land.

In a recent history of the Renaissance there is a beautiful statement of the assumption, which is supposed to be final truth and is made with all the dogmatism that the final truth requires: "The consciousness of the individual is the only creative faculty in life. In the last resort it is the only center of good and evil, the sole home of values." The statement might have been taken out of nearly any discussion of the literary problem as the ground tenet of theory about literary or other forms of art, and apparently it would have almost universal approval. And approval would be forthcoming from the majority of discussions of any and all of the disciplines that touch in any way upon human affairs. The assumption is uniformly the basis of recent work in ethics, politics, religion, aesthetics, the whole gamut of practical disciplines. Even where there is an effort to find something solider, the best that can be done in the way of finding a reality for the substance of art is to resort to the "social," which, at the last, is given no meaning except in terms of experience. And yet men wonder that the structures of life and culture are going to pieces before their very eyes—eyes that see not. Man is the measure of all things; not man in his larger aspects of an active participant in the world's activities; not man as a constituent element in the world's structure and a cause inti-

mately bound up with the world's destiny; not man as a type, a universal, and a factor in the world from the beginning and one that will count large at the end and in the end, not man as such; not even man as an organic element in nature, and a fact, therefore, placeable in space and time and existence; not man in any of the verifiable characters and relations that give content to a reality that attaches to him by inexorable necessity; none of these, obviously, none of them, can be "isolated," and what cannot be separated off from everything else in the universe can have no share in the reality of that universe! The Man that is real is the man that stands alone, inaccessible to every other man as he is to the universe from which he is "free"; and the only possible real relation he can have to the universe at any point is that at which he subjectively "knows" or "feels" it, not in *its* reality, but in *his* inside. It is the man of "experience," the man whose substance changes from moment to moment.

This dogma of radical subjectivism is man's supremest achievement—in folly. Apparently "thinkers" of the individualistic superstition have somehow overlooked the biggest individual achievement of any in the world's history: Socrates' answer to the individualist dogma as it was presented by the Sophists. The chaos in the present world which the literary artists so much deplore is largely of their own making. And apparently they are attempting to acknowledge the chaos by accepting it as appropriate form and substance for their artistic act. For what can be the aesthetic significance of the poetry that will concern itself with the world's confounded confusion and yet attempt to find form within that confusion? Actually, try to make form out of the substance of the confusion, as if the absolute flux could be rendered stone under the lifted hand of their king-superstition. It will never be possible to force form onto the void or to make the ribs of form out of the void's vacuity. Confusion and chaos are proper material only for obfuscation.

What is represented to us in our modern literature has, therefore, no relation to reality. For the "realism" that it boasts of is, after all, only a crude materialism, and a naturalism of the type represented in modern literature does not escape subjectivism any more than the psychological naturalism that comes to triviality in a sloppy love, as the sonnet movement in the Renaissance and since tends to do. This tendency to dissolve in slop comes to its last and lowest slobber in the romantic novel, the darling of the literati of the time. And the cultural consequences are becoming noisome in the sexual immorality of the present. Modern literature has bogged down in a subjective morass, where there can be no form for the simple reason that there is no substance in it that is hard enough to take and hold form. The sonnet failed to become great poetry because it

limited itself to the attempt to give body, in a single pulse of spastic emotion, to a purely subjective relation; and it failed for a reason similar to that for the failure of Christianity to order a world upon the principle of the love of God. And, like Christianity, it exhausts its intelligence in trying to impose an abstract universality upon the subjective emotion, thus deceiving itself into believing that it thereby confers substantiality upon the emotion and tempers it hard enough to accept form. What made the great work of Dante real poetry was not the infatuation for Beatrice, not the intensity of his love, but that, in his reaction away from it so that he might objectify it and thus attain reality for it, he had to found a world; and the world he founded, not the love, was real—as real as the actual worldly Catholic church of his day. This, I am convinced, is true of every genuinely great literary product of modern times; they are great exactly because they succeeded in breaking through and away from the unreal actuality of a world of mental states and in breaking into a world that is real beyond any subjective limitations.

Shakespeare is great not because of the individual characters he created around centers of subjectivity—none of these characters is by itself intelligible—but because of the vision of a world he had by means of his characters and their world implications; the characters do not stand as human individuals but as characterizations of the varied and various aspects of the world-whole. Hamlet is not a personification of human indecision; he is not a man with thoughts and feelings but an individuation of the element of hesitant uncertainty and indeterminacy that runs the world through like the atom of color that makes the rose red. There is no conceivable significance for the uncertainty, or malice, or ambition, etc., of a man; it is mere sin, to be "forgiven." There is no ultimate meaning for the malice or uncertainty or ambition of all men or of man as such. The only instance where such characteristics become significant is when they characterize the world as a metaphysical entity, where they are stains that taint the blood of the universe throughout. Where, that is, they appear in God, or in Hardy's *It*. And it is the genius of a Shakespeare to be able to see how these characters operate in the world to control the destinies of men; that the destinies of individual men are so controlled is not a matter worthy of aesthetic notice. They become the "materials of the arts" only when they are represented in their aspect of universality—*sub quadam specie aeternitatis*—as characters of the whole that Is. Dante had to ransack the architectural structure of the world to find the place where his love for Beatrice was real—hell, paradise, heaven, the whole works. It was not the love that was real but the universe that conditioned the apprehension of beauty upon an object of sense that could only perish in its being realized.

And so it is all the way through the modern period. Milton had to construct a universe in order to realize the relation of God to man; as the relation stands in the consciousness of the individual, it has no meaning, can have none. And the universe constructed had to be such as the universal of the relation demanded and so was irrational. So, also, the Man in the story had to be the Devil. Its irrationality could only be expressed within myths that embody feelings too primitive for an age in which a new world was evolving, and so a pictured blueprint was drawn that could only reflect backward to an earlier world. But Milton is a great poet because he sees clearly the necessity to break through the fogs of subjectivity to the real world in order to give a semblance of reality to the subjective relation, and by breaking through he is able to give form and expression to the objects and relations that constitute the eternal world. And the apprehension of the relation of man to God follows as a corollary of the world's structure as thus portrayed. It is not because he gave linguistic expression to the thoughts and feelings of men that he writes a great poem—these are never worthy of artistic assertion—but it is because he constructs the world which must be presupposed if any of the thoughts and feelings of men are to have any relation to reality at all.

This does not mean, of course, that a poem can be built up out of a collection of objects or out of a collection of objects that are supposed to be held in corral by ideas or feelings or "experiences." Our naturalists demonstrate that, and the bulk of recent literature is just such an attempt to build up a structure of filthy particulars—filthy however decently refined the presentation or however the filth is covered over by one or another type of subjective slop.

The subjectivity of modern literature is easily demonstrated by simple reference to the excessive preoccupation with the topic of love. But the fact that love, in some form or another, is also represented as the dominant motive in all the major concerns of men shows that subjectivity is general for modern culture. Love, in the naturalistic phase of sex, is even the substance of the "art" of advertising, which is falsification per se. Even in politics we have been, in theory at least, trying to organize the world on a basis of contract, covenant, co-operation, etc., all of which are variants of some state of mind that can be reduced to a generalized uniformity so that "all men" will be bound by it. And modern religion is notorious for its attempt to love all men into the Kingdom of God. Love in some emotional aspect is perhaps at the basis of modern communisms and all reform efforts, and all modern attempts at deliberate organization in human affairs depend at the last resort on the assumption that the people of the world can all be cajoled or forced or hornswoggled into a common

and universal state of mind. If we could all agree, it is assumed, all our frictious troubles would be over. But all this overlooks the fact that there is no order or organization possible for states of mind; that a "common" or "universal" mind, in the sense intended, is a myth; and that there is no possibility of, as well as no reason for, a universal agreement. Since no state of mind is capable of universality, being always particular, the attempt to universalize love results in a legion of abstractions and falsifications. The proper objectification of love, and the only manifestation of it that is capable of aesthetic expression, is the family as a cultural object. The Holy Family is its type; but no form can be given to the mere psychological feeling of love. Even the love lyric must, to be a poem, have an objective structure to symbolize the feeling; the feeling is not real and cannot be realized in any form or manner except through the symbolisms of art, in which case the feeling gives up its consciousness.

The religious "thought" of Protestantism has put practically its whole weight of emphasis on love as fulfilling the religious obligation, and there have been two significant results. One result, for personal morality, is that the mere presence of an undefined but intense feeling in the consciousness of the individual is accepted as the full performance of whatever his obligation may require. Thus I am supposed to have met my obligation in full to my unfortunate neighbor by merely feeling sympathy for him, especially if the objective actions necessary to relieve him would have occasioned some inconvenience to me. I am so sorry he is hungry, but I need my wheat for seed, or I am holding it for a rise in price so that I can pay my taxes; but my sympathy is sincere, and I will go among my neighbors and take up a collection for him, will reduce my charity to the widow's mite. A few years ago in one of our largest cities a disastrous fire caused the death of several firemen. The next morning's newspapers rightly attributed the fire to the negligence of the owners of the property and said enough to convict them of murder or give them a fortune in damages for libel. But the second day the papers said nothing about the responsibility for the fire but went to great lengths to show how generous the owners were in starting a fund for the families of the dead firemen. They loved the firemen's families, and nothing more was said about their responsibility. Thus the acceptance of moral implications for mere experiences leads to the entire abandonment of the principle of responsibility, which is the basis of judgment for all moral relations of the individual.

Another result of the religious emphasis on love is its political and practical consequences. Once we accept the mere presence of feeling as full reality, it will make no difference to us what is the form of the political structure we may be living under; and that sort of neglect of the

actualities is fatal. We render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and allow the political state to fall into the hands of "practical men"; and, if we are oppressed, we will love our oppressors and vote for "good" men for office, forgetting that there are no political or moral realities that depend on the difference between the good man and the bad man. And in politics we have tried all the way through the modern period to found the state upon a contract which the lawyers have defined as a meeting of minds about a composition of interests. A deeper pit of subjective unreality cannot be imagined. The situation throughout is conceived in subjective terms without reference to the hard realities that make up the stuff of the public life. And while we are thus making up our minds with reference to one another, the objective realities are proceeding to impose upon us the actual political state without reference to its rational fitness to the requirements of a significant life for men. Our political "experience" thus is of little or no significance in those aspects of life where values depend upon the relations among individual men.

So that in the real concerns of life, in politics, ethics, and religion, the effect of subjective emphasis has been negative and disruptive. A like argument would show the same for the aesthetic life. Our estimates of beauty and of beautiful things are all premised upon the subjective effects they occasion in our feelings. There is therefore no appeal from the judgment "I like it," and the effect upon my pleasure is the only possible standard of judgment for me. And what is valid *for me* is final truth *for me*, and skepticism and sophistry are absolute; whether we know it or not, this is pyrrhonism. Individual psychology, it is assumed, furnishes all the theory that is possible to aesthetics, and psychological description is the whole subject matter for any theory of beauty. A shallower and more absolute skepticism could not be imagined, and "science" leads the vanguard in a march to utter mechanism in a world that is without form and void of substance and where the semblance claims value against the reality itself.

But what has all this to do with literature, and with modern literature in particular?

The generality of men have the experiences of men, but the ideas by which to interpret and give meaning to the experiences, and the objects in which experiences are made real to the end that they may be worked into the texture of values, come from the prophets, the saints, and the philosophers. A prophet is a singing saint, and a saint is a beatified philosopher. He is therefore all one. When he gives through form assertion to his song, he becomes a poet and can thus shape ideas and fit them for the apprehension of the man whose life is devoted to action and whose

spontaneity is thereby smothered in fatigue. It is thus, only thus, that ideas come to be effective agencies in the public life of men. They are first defined and contoured by the philosopher, are refined and delicately colored in the tints of value by the saint, and then given penetrative power by the eloquent fervor of the prophet, who becomes thereby the poet; and thus they work their way down into the affairs of men generally. And it is within the systems of institutionalized action of the generality of men that the destinies of individual men are determined.

Now literature is the form that ideas and their objective forms take when they are adapted to the apprehension and use of the generality of men. Their "use" is, of course, their objectification within the life-activities of men, their being made into the elements of institutions. The concern of literature is, then, less with the content of reality in ideas than with the intent toward ends of the ideas it deals with; and, as ends must be conceived before they can be realized, must be given reality before they have existence, literature is essentially the work of the imagination. But imagination, when uncritical, that is, when it is not functioning as an ally or agent or scout of the reason, becomes fancy, and fancy unrestrained by the rational intelligence weakens to mere idle fantasy. Hence the imagination can easily fall into mythologizing—the form that ideas take when the artists altogether neglect their content of reality. A partial neglect of content and its imaginative distortion takes the form of the myth, and the imaginative function here becomes the mythopoeic fancy; and this is the imagination as free creator. It is free creator because its conception of form is so clear as to suggest new content to which free form can apply—content which need not have been experienced. Hence, here the imagination is free from experience, and learns to deal with reality directly. And this direct and immediate access to reality is what is meant by creation. In its freest operation it works through the techniques of symbols, and symbols are imperfect myths—imperfect because, like mathematics, in neglecting the quality of the reality they represent, they refer to reality only in general, or attempt to do so. And this is impossible, because there is no reality in general, since all reality is individual. And, in attempting to specify their point of reference, they miss reality in its individuate form, for, neglecting quality, they hit upon the particular, which is reality without form. So the imagination that works through myth and symbol to pure free fancy, like a Yeats poem, misses reality because it fails to see that the essence of form is quality, since form must be essenced in quality if it is to have content and so be real, reality implying presence to sense. And imagination becomes really creative,

that is, creative of reality, only when it attains to qualitative or qualified form in which it objectifies as art.

But mythic and symbolic representations are necessary in order to adapt the half-truth of content to practice and the life of action. Thus, literature is concerned with an adaptation of truth in the direction of ends and, in so far as it rests on myth and symbol, gives a disproportionate emphasis upon ends *in idea* to the neglect of ground *in reality* and, hence, will lead to falsification. It is, of course, the ultimate "happiness" of men (for example) that is the end; but the neglect of the ground the end stands upon, that is, the structure of the world regarded as independent of human influence or of any human concern except the purely intellectual, will falsify the entire conception of happiness. When we thus overlook the fact that the happiness of men rests upon the hard ground of impersonal reality and is itself objective in the sense that it does not depend upon the particulars of experience, we are more than likely to misconceive the nature and quality of the end, and the tendency will be, has been, to take the remotely semblant image of the end that appears in consciousness for the end itself that appears in sense to thought. And this is what has happened within modern times with respect to the real that is to give fulness of meaning to our human enterprise. Intent upon picturing the end thus faultily conceived to the practice-bound mass of men, literature has neglected to keep clean its image of the truth-element in the half-truth it purposes to shape for them. And the farthest removed from reality and, to the literary purpose, most immediate semblance of that truth-element—the semblance that stands unquestioned in the glare of consciousness—is accepted by it as the full reality, and the truth-of-things is falsified thereby.

We thus tend to overlook the fact here that we are given the consciousness and "experience" but for a sign. What it stands for never appears to us in consciousness. That reality which only appears in consciousness becomes directly known only in the speculations of the poet and philosopher, and it is never known to the generality of us at all. Nor is it known to the literary man as such, however profound his genius, who is only the mediator between the culturally creative mind and the generality of men. He takes it on faith—the faith that the *man* in the artist will be competent to represent it to him and through him to us and will have the integrity to represent it honestly. And his faith is justified only in the fact that the poet-philosopher has delivered truth to us in the past; we have empirical proof of it, proof that of course may deceive us at any time, in the fact that, when we have acted on it as a basis, our acts came upon ends for us.

What of the truth that is known among men in general comes therefore

to them through their literature. Their literature is thus the chart and charter of their fate. When it builds soundly, they thrive; when it falsifies or fails, they fall in confusion and perish. It builds soundly only when it is fully aware of the ultimate reality, the reality that literature is *about* at all points and times. But this awareness is not a direct consciousness; it comes by an inference, an induction from premises never fully apprehended, a faith resting on things unseen. It builds falsely when it presents some partial but immediate aspect of the real as the real itself. Modern literature has built falsely upon that aspect of the real that by remote representation appears in the consciousness of the individual, as if the spot of light cast upon the wall were the diamond that reflected the light of the sun. We interpret the realities pictured in the religious tradition in terms of the sufferings of Jesus or the agonizings of Paul; and these are not real but mere shadowings of the want, and therefore of the absence, of the Kingdom of God. But they were both poet-philosophers and had the Kingdom in full view. The one saw clearly and died of it, his experience totally inadequate and his vision fatal; the other saw through a glass darkly and lived to preach—and to falsify the reality whose "back parts" he saw in the infamous sophistry "the Kingdom of God is within you." And we have to this day remained in the wilderness of selfish and egotistical individualism which this self-centering falsification imposed upon us.

Or, to take another example: one criticized Hardy, saying that he, the critic, had no interest in or sympathy for frustrated individuals. And so it goes. We interpret a tragic representation of the universe as if it had no meaning more than could be stated in terms of the particular experiences of individuals. The characters in the Hardy tragedies are not men and women. They are aspects of the total universe. Giles Winterbourne is total integrity inarticulate, the universe with its truth smothered up in material imperfection; Marty Stout is universal beauty of nature harlotized by the world's necessity, drained of her life's blood by the world's cold Unsight; Clym is a Hamlet who can make up his mind but cannot see enough of the realities involved in the makeup of the end to prevent his following after a futile dream; Jude is the failure of the world to come to terms with its own intelligibility; and so on. But there are few men or women in any of Hardy's books anywhere except where he falters as artist; each is a personalized (mythized) representation of an aspect of the world that Is, blatant and flamboyant in its failure to Be.

It would of course be folly to charge the failure of modern literature altogether to the literary man or to impute to him all the responsibility for the collapse of modern culture. The failure goes deeper than could have been caused or occasioned by any type or class of men. The failure is

itself perhaps the crowning instance of the tragic structure of the world, the flaw in the heart of Being. But there is little or nothing that we as men can do about the flaw so long as we think of it in such terms—except to reconstruct it in tragic art. And that is perhaps out of the question, since such a reconstruction will have to await the appearance of the tragic genius; and there is nothing in the world at the present moment to suggest such an appearance. The tragic genius does not appear in a world of scientists and businessmen. For few if any men are aware of the tragic imminence of the collapse of culture, in spite of the fact that all its structures lie in wreckage before their eyes. And this itself is tragic proof of the inadequacy of consciousness and experience to lay hold of any phase of presented reality. Meanwhile it is possible, I think, to distribute responsibility for as much of the fault as is chargeable to men and to appoint to each type of man his peculiar share in it. At least it may be worth while to speculate about it.

It was remarked above that the philosopher-prophet-saint has the function of maintaining the truth-purity and integrity of ideas. And the performance of one's function well is all that can be asked for in the definition of responsibility. In a world of enlightenment the prophetic and saintly functions devolve upon the philosopher, and the philosopher thereby carries a heavy burden. And he has of late not done well by it. From the start the modern philosopher has been on a false track, having set out from a fundamental misconception, that, namely, which he derived from his Christian heritage and which he found congenial to his native barbaric egotism. I have reflected on the philosopher's failure in other connections, and here I only wish to point out that all aspects of his failure point back to a basic error in his envisioning his problem. The philosopher's problem is the intelligibility of the world and all that therein is, with the emphasis on the allness. Vain godling that he is, as philosopher man has conceived his problem to be himself and his place in a world that he disdains to try to understand. He wants to control it piecemeal, to be a scientist, that is, and a practical man, and thinks it beneath his dignity to know about it as a whole. And trying to control it without understanding it, or to manipulate parts of it as if the parts were not closely articulated with the whole, he is making a mess of it, and the proof of his damnation has come with the atomic bomb. As a practical fact the mess is to be deplored; but the real evil in it lies in the consequence that none of his ideas about the world or about himself is clear or unambiguous in meaning, and the ambiguity has been accepted as a tool of sophistry. The philosopher of the present is therefore a sophist without understanding or the will to understand, and there is nothing further to be said.

But the literary man uses and must use the philosopher's "product." He takes ideas from the philosopher and polishes and refines them and adapts them to the head and the heart and the hand of the generality of men. He creates or invents no ideas but discovers them ready made. What he does create, and the creation is probably the highest degree of human crafstmanship, is the system of forms and designs and technical devices for adapting ideas to the uses of men, not uses in the crude mechanical processes of life, but the uses of the cultural practices of men. Dante made the world imaginatively intelligible to Renaissance Europe, and Milton made the world of his time, or perhaps an earlier time, clear to his age. It is not the fault of either that the picture of the world he presented was incorrect and distorted and false. They had been given false ideas to work with, but that did not prevent that they both created significant imaginative forms for the mass of men. And by this imagery I mean practical reality in all its forms. The universals of these forms are the laws and principles of beauty and the content of aesthetics. From these there follow by direct implication the universals of ethics and from these by deduction the principles of politics and law. The principles governing the major function of men—work—have not yet been formulated. But if human life in the world is ever to become significant the principles of industry must be worked out. And the philosopher will have to work them out.

To the philosopher therefore are given ideas—ideas big with the substance of reality, reality full and ripe in all its qualities. But the philosopher has not command of the devices whereby the ideas may be presented to men in the mass, and it is in the mass of men that the destinies of men are shaped—shaped to cultural adequacy in the structures of the arts or shaped to confusion when the arts fail. To translate the ideas of the philosopher-prophet-saint into the language of men is the task of the literary artist, whose genius is that of technician, and his activity is the expert handling of formal and methodological devices in the shaping of materials furnished him. But to translate he must understand—must be the prophet in the philosopher-prophet-saint, must be that part of the philosopher that is aware of the formal significance of ideas and the realities the ideas represent. He must know the ideas in their adaptability to form, must see them in their possibilities of design. But he may not, must not, undertake to design the ideas within their own form. His pretense to this is today the occasion of the contentlessness of the literature of the day.

Now the literary artist who possesses by so much the vision of the truth of things is in so far a philosopher. He not only can create the novel

form and endow it with aesthetic significance, but he can state and explain the procedure by which the creation is effected, so far, at least, as the peculiar devices and tools are concerned. And he can state and relate how the devices may lay hold on the realities they are to persuade to order and can picture the design of the order. He is therefore a philosopher who is at the same time an artist, a philosopher-artist who can see with the prophet and feel with the saint and can build with the hand of the artisan. He is, in short, the critic.

There are no critics now. Our literary people now know nothing about philosophy, and our philosophers (God knows there are none) know nothing about literary art. They are all, philosophers and literary people alike, lost within their experiences, drowned in their own damned egotism, trying to make a world out of their own emptiness; only God can do that, and, in doing it, he makes unreal both the world and himself. And there can be no critics so long as the men who are concerned with and about literature will insist on it as having only the function of finding expression for experience. For literature is a genuine art-type; it is an objective bodied thing in the cultural life and not a hodgepodge of experience; art is not made out of the subjective experiences of men. If it is not possible to find within the universe a stuff solider than the experiences of men out of which and within which to create the designs of art, then all that can be done by those who are interested in literary questions is to wave a sad and last goodbye as literature disappears over the hill of illusion into the abyss of confusion. For experience is not real, nor do any number or kinds of experiences make reality.

The one example that ought to prove the unreality of experience is the history of religion. The age-old quarrel between the god whose substance is objectified in "spirit" and the god who insists upon a sensible form is not resolvable so long as men insist upon the either-or approach to it. Experience—spirit—cannot stand alone, nor can the sensible by itself maintain a body with design. God must forever be giving a sign, and his presence among men is only proved by his demonstrating his control over the lives of men and the conditions upon which their lives depend. God can make himself real only in the Kingdom, and, when he undertakes a habitation within the hearts and souls of men, he disappears as a wraith among the shadows. And, again, when we undertake to find the reality of the universe in the experience of love, the universe dissolves within a cataclysm of hate. Experience is too flabby a stuff to take and hold form. And a literature that is as unreal as the stuff it is made of is making unreal the world in which men must have their habitation.

Literature gets its ideas from the philosopher. But there are no phi-

losophers, and so literature gets no ideas. It has none of its own. What is its own is the form it creates with which to give public order to the ideas. It imposes this form upon ideas in order to make them available to the practical purposes of the mass of men. It fails in this function when, as now, the form it gives to ideas is itself unsubstantial. It has attempted to create both form and substance out of experience. But experience is unreal. So the forms created collapse in flabby confusion, leaving nothing but a welter of formless monstrosities. From this an entirely false picture results of myth and its artistic function, of fancy and the imagination, and so of the reality that should be its substance. Modern literature therefore has no reality because it attempts to make reality out of the essentially unreal, the non-Being of experience. Its share in the responsibility for the collapse of contemporary culture is therefore patently large.

V

On Genius and Taste

IF THERE is anything more intriguing about the notions of genius and taste than that they have no recognized meaning, it is that those who use the terms in the way of the specialist do not appear to suspect that they are in need of definition. Possibly they assume that terms sometimes have their meaning in their indefiniteness—in their meaninglessness, that is. In any case, nobody attempts to define the terms "genius" and "taste"; and it may be presumed that many who use them have a strong preference that they be left undefined. Or they believe that it is not possible to define them, or else they fear that attempts to define them might shake certain presuppositions of unique significance to which they are comfortably adapted. All this is, of course, unconscious skepticism, the ignorant acceptance of an irrational attitude in the name of a point of view. There may also be those even who say that such terms are involved within distinctions and discriminations of "the heart" and that therefore it is desecration and blasphemy to suggest that they be required to come within the harsh, cold limits of clarity. They represent no distinctions of "the mind," so it is said, and hence are not subject to logical rules.

Naturally it is true that, if there is an absolute rift in qualitative nature between the things of "the heart" and the things of "the mind," then there can be no assimilation of the terms within one field of discourse to the terms of the other; also if there is an absolute or even great difference of quantitative degree between them, then a term in one field cannot be stated in terms of the other. The artist, then, who is concerned first about the things of "the heart" must perforce be a split personality, with a heartless mind proffering a cold comfort to a mindless heart.

But such pseudo-reflections as these turn out to be nonsense. If there were such depthless differences as are supposed, then even the distinction between "the heart" and "the mind" would be but hollow sound, since the statement of any distinction implies somewhere a positive ground, and there can be no ground of any kind behind an absolute breach. Also, it is among the conditions of the existence of art and of aesthetic distinctions

that there be no absolute breaks in reality as presented to imagination and that qualities pass into each other and interfuse; that the essence of a quality can suffer changes among its attributes and that one attribute may be changed to another with no limitations except those set by the species to which the quality belongs; and that even specific differences can be apposed by the simple quality of time that imposes or permits no limits upon its endless lapse. Also, even if differences of degree had relevance to reality at all, they can never pass certain limits, never be absolute; otherwise the thing manifesting degree differences would break in two, and its parts would then refer to different species. And this means that differences of degree are meaningless except as applying to abstractions. They have no relevance to sensible realities, since sensible realities are all individual. From the logic of the situation it is obvious that the attempt to dodge the definition of these terms by insisting on their difference from other terms and the appeal to negation and to the obfuscation of "the heart" involves the problem in hopeless confusion and contradiction; and, if we undertake to deny that such questions, since they are of the sacred realm of "the heart," are proper grist for the logical mill, then we may no longer appeal to argument, since there can be no argument without submitting to positive rules; and the system of rules governing the use of language in the pursuit of conviction either of mind or heart is precisely what logic is.

It was noted above that differences always imply a positive ground beneath them. This principle seems to be recognized in the practice of literary artists, for something like it is directly involved in the nature of metaphor, which is one of the more important instruments of form in literary creation. And in poetic assertion there are hardly any differences that may not be reconciled through metaphor if the poet have the requisite "genius"; in fact, it seems to be a peculiar knack of metaphor to envisage unities where the ordinary "mind" can see none, and that is the evidence often given for the presence of genius. In any case a unified and integrated whole, back, behind, or beneath somewhere, however indefinitely or by what means represented, is necessary if a difference of any kind or degree is to have meaning. Even then such deep and impassable abysms as those which sever the realm of "the heart" from the realm of "the mind" must be rifts within a reality that lies behind or beneath both realms; and if either realm, or any difference between them, is to be made intelligible, this deeper-lying reality must be known in its characteristic qualities and relations. For, whatever else a meaning is, the basic element in it is an implication to a ground or reason, and a pair of differents cannot be explained by reference to each other on a basis merely of their unlikeness,

that is, the absence of common qualities. Nothing in the world is important because it is not something else; negation does not characterize anything that is real. And among the qualities and relations of reality will be found such substances as may be regarded as subject matter for the realms both of the heart and of the mind, the aesthetic and the logical. The mind and the heart can be thus no more different than species. And it must be possible to pass between the realms and from one to the other if meanings are to be found anywhere, if any*thing* is to have significance. It is clear, then, that the solid ground that lies between, since it is positively real, is just the substance of all meaning, just the reality that the artist demands to give substance to his forms, the reality of his vision beyond the meager seeing of the ordinary man. What we have, then, as matter of fact, and for the purpose of the investigation of genius and taste, is reality in the form of a body of objective qualities and relations given, at least to the genius, in experience; and to these we shall have to turn if we are to find the reality that lies behind all differences, the reality to which it is the function of the artist to give expressive form.

These qualities and relations, with their differences and their implied substance, or ground, are "given in experience." And it is here, in experience, that some of the most fundamental distinctions have to be made, and their significance for our question realized, if we are to make sense of the problem in any way. For here in experience lie the conditions for the worst of the fallacies that infest and infect the literary discussion of this or any question. It was said above that the qualities and relations and the substance they imply, which are the stuff of artistic reality, are "given," to the genius, at least, "in experience." This proposition is, I suppose, universally recognized as a statement of an ultimate fact. But wide variations appear when we come to state, or to represent by implication, what it is that the statement "given in experience" is to mean. I suppose that the commonest assumption as to the meaning of the phrase is that it is a statement of the identity of *what* is given in experience with the experience in which the *what* is given, a strange consequence of the dogma of the absoluteness of difference. On this assumption what I find in consciousness is real, and, by a further common fallacy, reality is what I find in consciousness. And this, I imagine, is the fallacy that underlies all modern culture and is responsible for its collapse. It would be interesting to undertake to show how this "subjectivist" fallacy underlies the obvious weaknesses that are eating the heart out of the politics of the contemporary age. It would be even less difficult and much simpler to show that the same fallacy has reduced morality to utter impotence in the lives either of individuals or of communities and to find the basic causes here

for the collapse of institutions like the family and the church. And, upon looking at religion, one finds the melancholy effects of the fallacy sapping the substance from it, both in its personal and in its institutional forms, to such an extent that religion is taken seriously by nobody. And those who do develop an interest in it mangle and distort its notions and form because they approach it under the influence of the same vicious assumption, that the realities of religion are identical with the experience of them. They go to religion with a "heart" not capable of comprehending it, with an imagination too feeble and too confused by the falsity of the "world" they seek to fly. They cannot give up the world and the flesh because their will to abandon is itself of the flesh; the "mind" with which they approach the problem will not give up its claim to be already the reality it professes to seek; it looks for its spectacles with its spectacles on its nose. And the effect of this subjectivist fallacy upon art, and particularly upon literary art, has been, it seems to me, fatal; so much so that it is difficult to see any important manifestation of "genius" or of "greatness" in the literature of the last hundred years.

Let us repeat that the fallacy here is the assumption, conscious or not, that the reality that is given us in experience is the experience itself; that the experience we "feel" or "have" in our consciousness is the reality upon which the structure of the world and its meaning depend. This is demonstrated in the fact that interest, the will to interpret the value and significance of everything in the universe in terms of what it means to the interpreter, is the dominant notion in the affairs of the world today. Or, if any difference is recognized between the "facts of consciousness" and reality as such, it is assumed that all realities not identical with experience directly are somehow dependent on, or derivative from, the experience. And in any case what reality anything is to have is conferred upon it by the experience of it by the individual, or by experience "in general" taken as some sort of universal substratum that nobody undertakes to justify or explain. It is argued that nothing can be known except as it is given in experience, a statement that is irrelevant in any case, even if it were true. So not only is experience thought of as the substantial stuff out of which all reality is made, but it is also the universal premise to which all judgments must be referred to determine their truth or falsity. Experience therefore is a common reference point for all questions, so the superstition goes, the key that unlocks all mysteries. It is experience that is to be realized in political life; it is experience that is the beneficiary of salvation and the test of God's essence and goodness in religion; it is experience that is to be substance and criterion of right and good in morality; and it is experience as the eternal stuff that is to be given form in art. And ex-

perience is the stuff, the standard, and the goal, all in one, that is to be realized in literature; that about which, and that for the sake of which, all that is written or said is written or said. And in all fields, consistency with experience, and in the last resort, consistency with the experience of the individual, since the individual is also in our prevailing superstition an atom of the ultimate reality, is the indubitable and infallible test of truth.

As a consequence of the universal acceptance of this fallacious assumption, psychology has become the ultimate science to which all questions of truth or validity or reality must be referred for solution. So, problems like those involved in the notions of genius and taste, all artistic or aesthetic questions, in fact, are psychological problems for the prevailing criticism, just as all philosophical problems are taken in the last resort as matters for psychology to resolve. Even God suffers from egomania.

In the theory one can get at the notion of genius only by inference, since it is never defined. But it appears to be taken as the sum of, or a favored selection from, the feelings, motives, ideas, volitions, etc., all naturally in a high degree of intensity, that can be observed to be present, or assumed to be present and dominant, in the "mind" of the artist at the moment a work of art is created. These mental states are collected together and named imagination, or imagination is found as a unique state among other states, and it is this that is supposed to be the essence of the individual genius. And taste, as the theory would have it, is the sum of the feelings, likings, aversions—all the receptive experiences that can be immediately felt or observed or assumed to be present when a work of art is appreciated or evaluated. Even the assertion of a judgment of taste is an "emotive statement" for our psychological logicians. It would seem that taste is merely a reference to the feeling elements caught up in the polyglot imagination, or it is imagination in the passive state of being affected by aesthetic stimuli, or it is a "response" of the imagination to some outward event. And as a consequence a highly rhetoricized and liltingly lyrical description or narration of these states of mind exhausts the philosophy of art and at the same time expresses in full the art of criticism. Which means that there is no philosophy of art and no criticism. Ever since Coleridge got to snooping around in German transcendentalism and its darkling inwardness, the talk has been of the imagination, as if some actual inner agent could be pointed out as the bearer of genius. But so far as anything Coleridge ever said or knew, the imagination he makes central could be made just as well the instrument of the coldest reason or the driest logic. And the total result of Coleridge's exploration is that he got lost. Or, if a "factual" statement is required of the artistic object after it is created, an exhaustive enumeration of the mental proc-

esses gone through and the techniques engaged in by the "mind" in the process of creation will tell the whole story of art. Sometimes an effort is made to reconstruct the historical circumstances that precede the creative process, in order, it would seem, to make certain what "causes" were working in the mind of the genius, or to inventory the objective circumstances that might have operated as causes for the mind of the creator. This is sometimes added to the psychological excursus. But finding rarity or oddity in the shape of "individuality" or even eccentricity—indeed, of late, abnormality—in the complex of mental states of the creator is discovering high genius; and a description of the expedition that finds it is the description and explanation not only of genius but also of the major theoretical problems of the nature of art and the artistic activity. In the same way the theory of taste is the psychology of the states of mind (and preferably the psychology that has been superseded by at least two generations) involved when an aesthetic object is appreciated or judged, and all that can be done in the formulation of the theory to distinguish it from, say, the psychology of advertising, is to develop the requisite and appropriate lyricism in the statement of it. That is to say, to attempt the construction of an instance of the occasion on which taste is experienced is taken to be the same thing as setting out the theory that is to state the nature of the object taste. And the confusion of the science of the thing with the art of the thing is complete. Thus the assumption that experience is reality has to go on to assume further that the statement of the nature of reality is psychology or psychological description. Reality is what appears in the experience of the individual; reality is identical with the experience in which it occurs; each individual becomes the judge and arbiter of reality for himself. Subjectivism is universal and rampant, and culture collapses in chaos. Genius is the inward mystery of the individual soul, inaccessible to logic or reason or sound sense, and taste is the mystic power through which the individual celebrates his lonely uniqueness. Literature is any form of intense manifestation of this inwardness, so it revels in the eccentricity and crudity of the mystic religions and goes to God and Freud about its own disease and decay as if they were the symbols of its salvation.

What emerges as the conclusion to be drawn from all this confusion seems to be fairly obvious. There ought to be, if possible, an objective definition of terms so confusedly used. We shall therefore undertake, in what follows, to define, in terms of objective realities and as clearly as may be, both the terms "genius" and "taste," on the faith that, once we know what *in reality* we mean by the terms, we may be able to under-

stand and formulate the relations between the realities the terms represent.

The motive behind the use of the term "genius" is, I suppose, to designate the unique "cause" that "produces" great works of art, in particular, and, in general, great works of any kind. The emphasis is thus upon greatness, and this idea will also have to be clarified as we go on. But as the creation of a work of art is obviously not so simple as a situation involving mere causes, it is necessary to find some way of representing the origination of such works that will be consistent with their nature. The superstition that scientific methods may be used in the interpretation of literature overlooks just the fact that any scientific explanation so oversimplifies the nature of what is being explained as entirely to falsify it in so far in any case as "life" and "experience" are considered as its content. And the assumption, apparently current now, that scientific concepts are proper content for literary works overlooks the fact that this completely deadens the reality that literary art is supposed to give form to—takes the life entirely out of it. There are a number of ways in which the investigation of such a "cause" as that involved in the creation of artistic objects may be undertaken, and we may look into each of them. It is obvious that we are not here dealing with a simple situation of cause and effect and will have to go a little deeper than a mere psychological or scientific description of the sequence of events. The method of the scientist, particularly the psychologist, is so oversimple and narrow and abstract that it belies the object it applies to, and its conclusions are not even half-truths. Psychology has nothing that is fully true to say about anything, least of all about the human mind.

We may think of the "cause" in this case as the effective source of the forces and energies that are operative when a work of art comes to existence. But such forces and energies are not observable. Even when we watch the sculptor at work upon the statue he is creating, what we see are not the forces and energies that are assumed to execute the changes in the stone, for these never come within the range of experience. What we do see is the stone, the chisels, the mallet, possibly a drawing of the plan or a written design of it, and a man, the sculptor. But so far as what actually can be seen to be concerned with the statue, the man is merely one of the instruments, that is, he stands with mallet and chisels between the stone and the agencies as implementing the manipulation of the other instruments, and this is in no way a guaranty that there is anything unique about him. Experience gives us no insight into the nature of the situation. Science can describe the externals of what happens and can give a descriptive account of it, but, in so far as it rests upon experience alone,

there can be derived from the situation no insight as to the nature of the stone, the nature and capacities of the man, or the essential character of the instruments and agencies and forces which appear in it. And, in so far as science undertakes to pronounce on any of these topics, it is doing so by resort to inference that is not scientific, just as anybody else would have to do. Only the inference the scientist would make would depend upon presuppositions that falsify the facts by artificially limiting itself to selected characters of the fact, never contemplating the nature of the fact as a whole. All the "facts" of science are abstractions that are only fractionally true of the reality given.

That is to say, so far as any capacity or capability or "genius" of the man is concerned, experience, and science, which is experience with an abstract technique, give us nothing in the way of an insight into the nature of the situation. We see a collection of materials, instruments, movements, and, with good luck, at the end a statue in which we observe certain qualities and relations. And while these qualities and relations tell us nothing directly within our experience as to what realities there are in the situation, or how they came there, they tell us indirectly all we know about it, as well as all we know about the forces and agencies and capacities that may be concerned in its coming into being, or what it is to mean in terms of its place in the world as a whole. And they tell us through inferences but inferences based upon premises that are beyond the reach of science. And this means that such knowledge as we have, or such as is possible to us, about the nature of the genius that creates the statue comes to us by inferences from presented qualities and relations in the statue and that nothing at all is to be derived from a psychological investigation of the sculptor's "mind." As a matter of fact, that there is a sculptor and what he is and that he has a mind and what it is, in terms of the realities on which our experience is grounded, are matters which themselves also are derived from inferences based on the statue and its qualities and relations, along with the relations of the total situation to the rest of the universe that are directly implied. But such knowledge does not come from experience or by any method known to science.

The problem of the nature of genius is therefore a problem about the nature of certain types of objects, and it has nothing at all to do with the states of anybody's mind. The only genius that can be made intelligible is to be found, if at all, in a situation in which minds and states of mind are only items alongside of other things equally or more important. To the oft-repeated retort, supposed to be an easy refutation, that we can know the statue, or anything about its qualities and relations, only *through* experiences and mental states, the answer is: Naturally, but this is simply

reminding us how we know about the knowing process, not even what the knowing process *is*, but merely how it proceeds; and it tells us nothing about the statue. To know *about* experience and the mental states of individuals and how they are manipulated in the knowing process, and to know *about* the form and structure of knowledge after it has been achieved, are very useful things—and very different things. And by inference from knowledge and its form and structure and relations, but not from its process, it is possible to show that knowledge itself is an object and is therefore real. And this, too, is useful and interesting. But it tells us nothing about the assumed capacity to know more than a certain suggestion it gives of structure in the world that the existence of knowledge implies. Consequently, all we can infer or know about the genius that creates is that there is a fairly well-defined structure within the nature of things and that, when this structure is formulated as a system of judgments, it gives us practical guidance in action and in making our way among the realities that constitute the nature of things. And when we ask for definiteness with respect to these realities, all we can do is to indicate complexes of qualities and relations, and these we give a certain status by calling them "objects." But these objects are not cut off from each other by sheer lines of definiteness, and the same qualities and relations that constitute one object are large elements in other objects as well.

Such an object is the statue. An object is therefore a particular so formed and structured in qualities and relations as to manifest the universal. It is therefore an individual. The specific kind of object any complex will be is determined by the particular setup of the relations that individuate it and by the pattern of qualities that determine it. An aesthetic object is therefore an object whose constituent relations set it up with respect to color-tone qualities within a pattern determined by line so as to characterize the object with form and design. It is from an object so constituted that the nature of the "genius" that "produced" it is to be inferred, since nothing at all can be known of any genius by direct experience. And since the genius we can and must recognize is known only in and through an inference, the character and quality of it will depend upon the logical characteristics of the inference and the structure of the realities on which the inference is based. The inference may be sound or faulty. And, in any case, since we cannot proceed to infer from the characteristics of the genius, which we do not know, to the nature and quality of his work, which we may know, but must infer in every case the other way round from the character and qualities of objects to the genius, the notion of genius is of little consequence and might better be abandoned. For nothing at all can be concluded or inferred from the mere assumption

or postulation of genius. You cannot start from the idea of genius and go anywhere. You can make no deductions from it, nor can you characterize anything merely by reference to it. The idea cannot enter into an argument or a mere statement without negating or calling in question all suggestions of truth in them. "Genius," then, is a negative term, and its relations are privations and signify therefore the absence of qualities.

Yet, since we will insist on endowing with positive character any negation that interests us and persist in using it in what are intended to be significant statements, the idea of genius is made to confuse the entire mass of discussion of literary questions. The interest we have in the idea comes from our egotism. We like to congratulate ourselves if something we have done turns out to win the approval of our fellows. If it was good, it demonstrates that its author is an extraordinary person, and his individuality will stick out to the notice of everyone. And, because our notion of individuality is itself crude and low and false, our genius will likely begin to do unusual things to demonstrate its eccentricity and will with high purpose set about developing for itself a rare and striking idiosyncrasy. The lucky bearer of such an inordinate individuality will become a homosexual or go into High Church, thus vomiting out or formalizing away any rarity or beauty of soul he might by nature possess. We ignore the fact that there is no genius except as implied in the nature of objects, and the existence of a rare object is no more complimentary to the man who happened to be present at its creation than the sunset is to the man favorably situated to see it. We fall in adoration in the presence of both because they are visible proof of the reality they so well assert. But the reality they assert is not the individual who happened to be present when they took form and being. A Shakespeare or a Milton knows that it is not he that is asserted in his work. Also, we overlook the fact that the approval of our fellows proves nothing except that they are very like ourselves and are as anxious to demonstrate their taste as we are to exemplify our genius. There are no judgments that can acquire the status of principle that can be made with the idea of genius as subject, and the attempt to force upon the idea, in spite of its negativity, the burden of explanatory principle has confused the theory of literary art in many very dangerous ways. If there are geniuses, they derive from great art. The great art does not derive from them. In this realm there are no causes. And, if art is real, it needs no cause to support it.

One of the ways in which the theory of literary art has been confused by the superstition of genius, and the one that is perhaps the basis of most literary fallacies, infects literature with a hopeless disease. It is this notion of genius that introduces the element of mystery, and this is the parent of

the mysticism and obscurantism and superstition that have taken possession of a large part of the literary effort of late years, as is shown in the appeal to formal religion and pathological psychology. This mysticism is driving the literary artist into all manner of psychological nonsense, with a strong emphasis on the pathological, apparently thus recognizing itself as a diseased condition while at the same time insisting upon its abnormality as itself the soul of genius. And the superstition is deifying the idea of genius, the apotheosis being itself recognized as irrational and gloating over the fact, and the God, thus given precarious being, lightly surrenders all aspects of art to the profundities of a metaphysical folly. Our genius will turn out in every case either an apotheosized Freud or a Catholicized God, hidden away within the hazes of outer darkness, and the Name takes over the function of artistic creation and glorifies us to addledom when he lays his hand on our head. And this is all justified as great symbolism. And all it symbolizes is that our artists, and their theorists the critics, have not had the courage necessary to face the profound intellectual problems involved in the practice of an art. It is more pleasant to fondle a myth than to think straight. "The heart" is a great institution, but it quails in the presence of a tragic fact, which after all is the basis of every art form; and in the failure to recognize and face up to the tragic fact lies failure in all the arts. Artists and critics may fawn upon Freud and God, but this is low comedy, not art.

What I am saying is that the characteristics that can make literature a great art can neither be understood nor explained by referring them to the human individual who gives existence to them, even after we have endowed him with the mystic powers of genius. So the notion of genius is not only entirely useless but also vicious and dangerous as a critical conception. The characteristics that make literature an art are realities in the constitution of things, and the personal genius performs his function and gains his glory by humbly standing for them. By this I mean that the artist (to forget our plagued genius for a while) is the priest who sanctifies himself by asserting that rarities exist in reality, that reality in many distinguishable phases is significant, possesses worth as an inherent quality; and it is his function to call them into being and to point out these splendors and to call attention to them and to impress his fellows with their worth. What the painter does as "genius" is to demonstrate by color and space the significance of the real as formed and structured in nature—it is not he that is important but the thing he sees. The composer demonstrates the harmony of the spheres, shows that there is a world in tone that it is well that mortals should "see." And the poet demonstrates that there is in the Word, operating as a creative agency, a significance and a

worth incarnate in the nature of things that can give itself expression; it is not his to show that language has been given us but that language has given us a world. And, if there is a genius anywhere that speaks to us of God, it is this Word, and the poet is the mere bearer of the message.

But the artist as genius stands for reality in another way. It was noted above that the painter demonstrates the reality of color-form and its worth. And this means that, when he has created a work of genius, he has proved that the reality he stands for is more real and of higher worth than the humdrum values of the ordinary man or than the "alienable" values of the practical man. And while the ordinary values and the practical values will for any imaginable future so organize the world as to make the artist the victim of their domination, it is his "capacity," which is as much as to say his obligation, to stand firm and to hold forever present before the eyes of those who can only partially see the supreme realities that have their being only in the forms of art. He knows, as perhaps nobody else knows, that it is not he that has created the realities and that the realities are no part of him; they *are*, and their creation is not called for nor can it be called for. For with respect to them the suggestion of creation and the taking of credit for them would disprove itself by the simple effort at assertion. To lay claim to private authorship of a poem is to deny its truth. The poem has authored the poet. But the realities will not be seen, or their significance known, by any except artists until their sensible existence is demonstrated; and this representation of them in existence is the function of the artist. He sees the real and beckons the rest of us to share his vision. He does not call our attention to himself.

What we are saying is that, since he deals directly with the reality, the artist is the prophet. He sees the universal as it is designed and contoured in the particular, and it is his job to show that, as the universal appears in the particular, its form and design may be represented so as to display the full individuality of the real and thus to relieve both the universal and the particular of their abstractness and so present them as the conditions of the concrete real. The species nightingale cannot sing; the universal has no voice, no access to tone. The particular nightingale can sing; he hitches up his tones with spatial and temporal conditions and thus gives them sound. But, when they have sounded, they are gone forever. It is only the poet who can take the bird and his sounds and the times and the spaces and the colors and tones and forms he can distil out of them and lay them upon and about the bird so that it is heard of high heaven. He is the seer who can cut the mantle of universality to fit the particular that is given in time, and the song as he calls attention to it will be there for the stars to take over when the heavens fall. It is his business as prophet to

see what is real as standing beyond the times and to show that, as it appears in a time, it is nevertheless of the immortals. And, since what is his charge and care has its place in Israel, he is of the seed of Abraham.

But the prophet is also the saint. And it is the business of the saint to look upon the work of the prophet and to call it good; to see that, now while it merely is, there is a status in futurity for it when its mere existence will be exalted and the mantle of perfection thrown over it. What is perfect in existence thus becomes an end. And as an end it is a model, a standard by reference to which ordinary existences attain to the degree of worth appropriate to them. The saint is then the instrument by whose act the formally perfect is filled with the blood of life, and thus the living form goes forth as the creating agent—the creature of the artist becomes the creator of infinite forms. The artist as saint, that is to say, is the agent through whose act the ordinary as existent acquires a substantive quality. This quality we perceive when we look at a picture or hear a piece of music and see and hear it pronounce itself good. Goodness, then, is that character of an object by virtue of which the object has direct relations to the universal that determines its kind. Or, in simpler factual language, goodness is the characteristic of an object which makes a place for the object in the whole of things and maintains it there. When therefore an object is judged good, it is announced that there is a world of real objects (universal) and that the subject of the judgment (particular) has by virtue of its own inherent quality a place in that world. To create this quality and the object that can serve as substance for it is the task of the artist; it is not, of course, a reference to his technical capacity, although his technical powers are the means by which the quality is produced. And the quality, although created, is nevertheless found by the artist, for what is created can only be created out of the void of being, can only be worked out of the unformed that presents itself to the perception of the artist and is at the same time pronounced by the saint to have the potentiality of goodness—the quality, that is, that operates as condition of access to the whole.

The prophet, that is to say, and the saint work as one in the artist, and, by uniting their agencies, they set themselves up as the philosopher. And in the philosopher the artist as genius becomes the rational agent, the creator with imagination. As prophet he is seer (perceiver) and as saint he is feeler (apprehender), and as philosopher (imaginer), with the eye of the one and the heart of the other, he can make his way beyond visions of the real as existent present fact and as future possibility of form to the unity of fact and form in the individual wholeness of the real, where fact and form come to their essential unity in the object of art. And this is how the

real has being and worth beyond the limitations of mere time in the present and future here and now; it is only because there is a reason in the nature of things that can be discovered by the artist when he directs his seeing past the particularity of things given to sense, to inquire into the ground on which things stand. When he asks why this presented thing has potential worth, or whether it has potential worth, why or whether this wood, stone, word, can take form, so that it will stand while the universal character is being laid upon it, he is asking for the secret of the wholeness of things, and the philosopher in him takes charge. And it is to him that the artist owes his capacity for the highest form, that which comes to him when he asks the question about the nature of the whole and the place in it of the thing that has come within his vision.

And then the philosopher-prophet-saint is the Poet, the Artist in possession of his full heritage, the Genius. But he is genius because of his Act and not because of any mystical power that comes from his insides and because the Object he creates has, by virtue of the fact that it is good, a place in the eternal world. By the philosopher's imagination he sees form in the materials of sense before there is form there, and he sees it as really it is without regard to times and spaces and the distinctions of past and future. Indeed, the time that is real and the space that is real, the here and the now and the forever, the before and the after and the that that can be, all have such being as they have because they are aspects and phases and conditions of the object which the artist creates—remembering that what the artist creates he finds to be real already in the nature of things but as yet unseen. And the artist in this last highest station is the Poet because the poet possesses the instrument by which the whole itself issues from the chaos of its particularity and attains Form. This instrument is the Word, the language that is necessary as the tool by which the mere difference of the facts, as experiences give them, are refined into elements of design, and that thus marks out the plan of structure which becomes the substance of Form.

The problem of genius thus is the problem of the nature of the artist's object and the world it constitutes; and, when we understand this world, the chaff of psychological states and misty mystic depths and the miasmatic egomanias that arise out of them are all blown away, and our knowledge is full—all other things having been added unto us. It is what the artist does, his act, and the object he creates that make him a genius; it is not some exalted quality of himself that makes his act great.

And genius and taste are identical when the artist is the critic. But he is not. Or he is only when the artist-critic is the philosopher, and he rarely is that. Or, rather, let us try to determine the status of the man of taste and

then inquire after the conditions under which he can be identified with the artist. And we may first be concerned with some reflections about the nature of the man of taste, with deference to the notion that his status depends on, and is determined by, characteristics we may find in him. These are supposed to be, predominantly, feelings or emotions; in any case, the man of taste is sensitive, of delicate sensibilities; and we will make concession enough to psychology to try to state what is meant, for aesthetic connections, by these terms. First to be observed is the assumption, perhaps generally unconscious, that these feelings and emotions are "causes" and that their importance lies in the supposed fact that they are the originators of actions, or at least of judgments of values that determine the status of objects. It is even sometimes supposed that they are the originators of knowledge; that they can be the ground premise for judgments in general and thus give insight into the nature of things or furnish the reasons for plans of action. There are hardly any limits, in fact, to the claims made in the interest of "the heart." The proposition that feelings are causes becomes important in ethical questions, which are outside our immediate interest here. But there is also the assumption, sometimes recognized and acknowledged, but more often unconscious on the part of the person who makes it, that the feelings and emotions are the active agencies involved in judgment; that it is they that "make" the judgment and are, therefore, to be looked to as a basis for the explanation of the form and meaning and even validity of the judgment and so of the object of which the judgment is the truth. "The heart has reasons" is so often repeated that it is taken to mean that the feelings are the origin of judgments and therefore the ground on which the "truth" and significance of the judgment are to be determined.

But feelings and emotions are not causes, neither in the scientific sense that they are events in time from which the origination of other events can be explained nor that they are grounds in the logical sense that the necessity of other events and relations can be deduced or inferred from them. They are not therefore the active agency out of which judgments spring; it is not they that do the judging when judgments are pronounced. They do not *do* anything in the life of the mind; their significance lies in what they are in their own qualitative nature rather than in the nature or relations of events outside themselves which they are mistakenly supposed to cause. But what is important for us here is the fact that the feelings and emotions never judge, make no judgments either of taste or of anything else. Not only so but their presence in intense degree interferes with the judging function in every case, regardless of the ground on which we undertake to explain the function. Judgment is always an act, and the

feelings are passive; and the only genuinely active function in the mind is the intelligence. So that if it is the critic's function to judge of the adequacy of form and structure, and quality, or the value of a work of art, his emotions and feelings become precisely the problem for him, and to subject *them* to form is his first necessity. A judgment that asserts the value of an object or its aesthetic status is, in an important sense, just the reduction to order of the judging agent's feelings about the object; such an act is in any case a necessary preliminary to any final judgment of the object. The feelings cannot make his judgment for him, nor can they give it validity. But they can very well distort his judgment, or mislead him as to what it is that he is supposed to judge of. And the big question, from the point of view of psychology, in all the disciplines that deal practically with the relations of man to his world—politics, ethics, religion, the regions where judgments of value are the very conditions of life and death for any culture—is that of determining, with all its profound implications, the nature of the relation or system of relations between the emotion and the intelligence. The question may even be one of determining whether there are any such relations that can be considered as objectively real; it may call in question the metaphysical foundations upon which the cultural system rests. And the question is of equal importance in the interpretation of literature as an art—in fact, it becomes crucial here—and we must state in brief terms the psychology of the situation, or as much of it as our purpose may require.

Negatively, we have already stated the basic fact—feeling, or emotion, whatever the function may be called, is not a cause or an active agent. From the point of view of the whole of experience, feeling is passive matter, unformed *stuff* that constitutes the *content* of experience and thus gives experience the basis that makes possible its qualitative characters. That is, it makes experience solid and hard enough to take the polish of surface quality. Or feeling *is* experience at its lowest dimension, is what is left of experience when all its active attributes, qualitative or relational, have been stripped away and it is left nude and bare of color. But it has nothing to do with the *form* of experience. The feelings are passive conditions set up in us as a consequence of our adaptation to nature, to the world, or to whatever realities may be regarded as objective. In the raw and as such they are the qualityless sign of the mere presence of physical substances and forces. They are effects of which the events of nature are the causes, affects, the way we are affected in our inwards by the events of the outside world, pretty much as the animals are colored by their adaptation to their environment. So far as our wills or choices go, we have nothing to do with their origin, source, or the nature or extent or

intensity of their impact upon us. They are therefore the substantial stuff of the relations that hold between us and the objects of the world, the common matter upon which is based the material unity of nature and its continuity with human nature. This affective stuff we call "feeling-affects" merely because we are interested only in the relation of nature *to us*—this affective stuff is thus more important from the point of view of metaphysics than of psychology, since in a very real sense it is not an experience but that which lies back of experience to which experience always refers for its substantial ground. Feeling is that which is beyond experience, in very much the same sense that objects are beyond experience, to which feeling experience refers when questioned as to whether it gives us access to ultimate values. It is the essence of the real that religion is seeking when it complains of the limitations of experience and the vanity of the world. It is thus real in the sense that it is the material ground of other things that are real, in that it is the substance that gives content to the qualities and relations that constitute our values. It is perhaps a pity that we must go beyond the reach of psychology to find the simple facts of experience, I mean the simple fact of experience.

But feeling does not act. I do not believe that even the psychologists would make the crude blunder that literary people make at this point. Feelings are also not "states of mind" in the sense that they belong to and exist only in the private experience of individuals. A part of the consciousness of every real feeling—and, if feelings were not conscious, they could not be experiences for us—is the primordial awareness of the implication of the world in it, the sense of the presence in feeling of a real that is bound up so intimately with it that its destiny depends upon it but is nevertheless outside of and beyond and greater than it. It may even very well be that this implication to the world *is* the consciousness that makes the feeling exist for us. This awareness of the beyond is the basis of the awe and wonderment and fear and exaltation and abandon that come to be for us the meaning of our moods; and, as appearing in moods, they have a power of conviction over us that is often stronger than the conviction that is supported by reason and proof. It is just this sense of reality beyond our knowledge that is hanging over us, and sometimes includes us within it, that is the "origin" of religion considered as a subjective phenomenon; and it is the feeling of the significance for us of this impending reality that leads us to look to that which lies beyond for the realization of the ends that are defined by and justified to the reason. But most important of all for our purposes here, this sense of beyondness, this cosmic implication, this objectivity of every experience that is real, is precisely what in literary and artistic connections the critics inappropri-

ately call "illusion." And the inevitableness of the illusion of objective being in every feeling that comes to existence for us is precisely what leads us to recognize the illusion as the evidence of reality. But there is no illusion; it is the reality which consciousness apprehends in its immediacy in feeling; or, to appeal to an earlier terminology, it is the intermediacy that establishes continuity between thought and its object and thus remotely the basis of knowledge. But it does not justify the mystic knowledge of the critic. But with all this importance, which we acknowledge, it still remains true that feeling is not a cause; it does nothing and at most passively awaits the relational and qualitative determination that gives to our values such substance as they have.

We return now to the forms which feeling takes in the individual, since the man of taste and the artist are both human individuals. And here we have a question of the general function of sensibility, or, as I prefer, since it is a "passive" function we are describing, the question of sensitivity. For, if we must find a basis in human nature for all the disciplines that deal with ends as values, and if we must find it in the individual, we must look for that which is uniformly present in every experience of value and in every object that we characteristically associate with values. By way of recognizing this universal fact, we may define sensitivity as that propensity in human nature, and so uniformly in all individuals, that makes the presence of objects significant to them. This propensity, in varying degrees, is probably a feature of every living thing, and certainly of living things that are conscious, so it is a mode of the substance of things and not an attribute that could be absent without negating the existence of that to which it is referred. Nothing can be and be conscious in any degree without it. But it is present in various degrees in different individuals, and it is the individual who displays a high degree of sensitivity that we refer to as the man of taste.

The situation becomes complicated, of course, when we observe that every individual has also intelligence in some degree and with it the capacity, in some degree, for judgment; and when we reflect further that the "taste" of the individual has no objective, so no real significance, until it is given form and asserted in and through a judgment. The judgment is therefore the material form in which the "taste" is embodied and made real, through which the taste comes to assertion; and it is the artistic value of this assertion that is in question in the problem of the relation of genius and taste. It is this situation, that is, that sets the problem of the "judgment of taste." But we cannot discuss the problem of the judgment of taste until we have noticed some further distinctions. What we can and must emphasize, however, is the fact that the "taste" that can be given

meaning is an act of judgment and not the act of any emotion however potent. The feeling that is so much in evidence in the experience of taste must then become *content* for a judgment if it is to acquire significance sufficient to justify a claim to form on its own behalf. It must be repeated that it is not the feeling that acts; the feeling only makes sense when given form as the content of a judgment. The making of such judgments is the legitimate activity of the man of taste, and, if this requires genius, then the critic, when competent and honest, is a genius. But he is a genius not because of the depth and intensity and personal significance *to himself* of his feelings but because of the accuracy and adequacy of his judgment as measured by objective standards. And it is the formulation of these standards that is the first condition of the existence of a competent criticism. This has not yet been done.

Since sensitivity is not a "faculty" of the mind but a function or mode of being of the whole mind, that, namely, which is conditioned upon its relation to objects, and is as a consequence present in all individuals, it does not distinguish one man or one type of man from another. What we mean, then, when we say of an individual that he is sensitive is that he possesses the character in a higher degree than is usual; that he is a little quicker in the touch to the objects of his environment. And we think of this responsiveness as a fixed character in him, and our older language, which showed sensitivity more delicately balanced than our own, could easily think of it as substantive and give it a name—the quick. The sensitive man is he who is alive and alert and readily touched to the quick, and the expression states the situation perhaps much better than does our own modern effort to be scientific about it. But whether or not sensitivity is a substantial solid thing or force or a passive condition, "the quick" is known through its characteristic modes of expression, each mode distinguished from the others by the different qualities of the objects to which it responds. That is to say, it is the nature of the object—its quality, form, structure, or place in the system—that is responsible for the different ways in which the quick responds and not an innate or inherent capacity or power or a fixed direction in "the quick" itself. The sensitive person will respond, upon being touched by a child in pain or danger, usually and in any case appropriately, by action; and we designate as the moral sense the capacity in him to feel or perceive the child's situation and its significance to him. And we refer to his act as having a moral quality which we call "goodness"; when we think of goodness as a character of the agent, we refer to it as a quality or propensity of his mind, the sensitivity that he feels in the quick; and when we consider the act and its type objectively and apart from the actor as agent, we can and do set up an elaborate

system of technical description and call it "ethics." In this objective description the goodness is regarded as a character of the act, that, namely, by which the act refers to the system of acts and objects which make up the moral whole.

Objectively, then, goodness is the character of acts by which they are related to other acts and objects and thus find their place in the whole of life, or the whole of action which is the whole of the universe. In a similar way, the same person will respond to the child, who is now smiling and playing, with a characteristic but different form of expression. Now he is impressed to give assertion to the child's situation by painting the picture or by asserting it in tone melodies, or he may put it in words in a poem. And the condition of the quick in him that moves him in this direction we call the "aesthetic sense." The moral sense, then, differs from the aesthetic sense only in the difference of the two types of objects and in the different modes of active response that are appropriate in the different cases. But so far as it is necessary to speak of "mental capacities" at all, the moral sense and the aesthetic sense are the same; they are simply different modes of assertion where the difference is occasioned by differences in the objects presented in the two cases.

In the one case, action with respect to an end to be attained in the future is indicated by the situation, and the "sense" involved is the moral sense; in the other case, action with respect to form in the present or without reference to time limits is indicated, and the "sense" now involved is the aesthetic. In the one case, the act is conditioned by reference to an imaginative representation of a future state of what is presented as having been accomplished. That is, we represent, in imagination, the sick or injured child as recovered and then act with the image of the recovered child as the end.

In the other case, the act of assertion aims at or intends nothing with respect to the future but concerns itself with the assertion of what is presented in terms of pure form. The difference in the two attitudes is, then, that one is conditioned by or grounded in ends; the other, conditioned by or grounded in form. The metaphysics of the issue would have to be met if it were necessary to ask for the relation of form to end, and this would have to be resolved, for the present instance, in a complete philosophy of literary art. The difference, materially considered, is entirely one of objects, and the two "powers" or "capacities" or "senses" are, so far as their subjective or mental conditions are concerned, the same. The two are one mode of assertion, which adapts itself to differences in its objects. But there is no objection to speaking of the two functions as two mental capacities, provided we recognize their identity and

the difference of objects implied; and, because of the peculiar usage developed in our language in this connection, there is a certain advantage derived from referring to the moral sense as the "feeling" for the right or just and to the aesthetic sense as the "feeling" for the fit or appropriate. In the "philosophy" of the matter the identity of the right and just with the fit and appropriate, or the End with Form, would have to be emphasized. But in ordinary literary connections this would be confusing, and it is better, from the point of view of particular literary issues, to emphasize their differences. But End and Form are, at the ultimate, identical.

It will be useful therefore to examine some of the aspects in which the notions of end and form involve differences.

Actions with respect to ends are called practical. (The present tendency to limit the word "practical" to the expedient and to the expression of hedonistic interest has brought civilization near chaos.) The practical is the moral—in the sense of the latter term that implies the basis in intelligence of the principles governing ethics, politics, religion, and industry. For all these are activities regulated by ends and, as such, are aspects of ethics, where ethics is defined as the system of the principles that govern action in all its forms. Now ends in these cases are, as has already been indicated, references to the future, so far as they are limited to relations of existence; but in a larger way ends are a reference to a nonpresent but anticipated perfection considered as realized in objects actually presented to us in experience. Actions in the interest of ends, then, are all attempts at the realization in the future of something that in the present is given as incomplete and so as unsatisfactory, or they are attempts at the realization in imagination of an object in the present. But actions and object are not always limited to time conditions, and the reference to the future is not always implicated. There is a sense in which aesthetic acts and objects are never so limited. The musical object, for example, is constituted *of* time but is yet not *in* time, is not limited by time conditions, an object where time is pure content and is eliminated as time, superseded by the form that is cast about it, just as language in its stylistic aspect is superseded by objective significance in the "meaning" asserted in a poem. To avoid the difficulty in such a statement, it might better be said that ends are references to the standard of perfection in the type or species of the object and thus do not involve time as a limiting condition or a condition of any sort. It is not a process *in* time or a lapse *of* time that makes a musical object or a poem great, but the way time and all other material elements are transformed and synthesized in the unity of form.

There is in all forms of art a reference to the future, in every case at least where the end is pictured as a form of experience, and in the case of

religion the motive of the future becomes dominant. But the future in great art is really a quality of perfection in the art and not a reference to the lapse of time. Thus the assurance of Horace that his poetry would make him immortal is a reference to the quality of perfection in the poetry and not to a future state for him. This explains the tendency in religion toward pessimism with respect to "this world," and this can be overcome only when ends are conceived to be possible with respect to an assurance of perfection imaginatively accomplished in the present life or as not depending on time. In all these practical disciplines the ethical right and just is the analogue of the aesthetic fit and appropriate, just as end is the analogue of form. The right and just in all the practical disciplines will thus tend to take the form of convention, custom, tradition; and here the idea of the right and just becomes abstract and without specific content. But they are abstract for the deliberate purpose of being applicable universally to content in the future, which is always of an indeterminate nature. This explains the tendency of religion to the formal when it reaches a stage where its emphasis is not on ideas, just as it explains the resort to formal religion by the literary artist when he runs out of ideas and has not the courage to face the task of working his way to new ideas. As a consequence of the tendency to abstraction and convention, the formal references to the future are principles and are universally applicable to all contents and to any possible content. As principles they are thus regulatory, and with respect to action they become rules of direction toward the attainment of an end.

Any discussion therefore by the critic of any aspect of a literary object that undertakes to classify the object with respect to rules or principles, or to interpret the object in its relations to other objects, or with reference to the system of objects to which it belongs; any historical statement about the object, any reference to its "author" as cause or producer, or any biographical or psychological analysis—all this is purely practical and a matter of science, and, if it should have any aesthetic quality, such quality would be accidental and out of place and irrelevant. Unless, of course, it were purely a quality of the "style" without reference to the content, and style were regarded as the essence of artistic form. The application of rules and principles, and interpretation in terms of ends, where ends imply a limited futurity, have no relation at all to any form of aesthetic activity, except, of course, to the technical processes of production, which are themselves no necessary part of the aesthetic act. In this case therefore the critic is definitely not an artist, or even necessarily a man of taste; and, if he ever is the artist, he must find a technique for dealing with the interpretation of works of art that avoids all suspicion of

the practical and the narrow interpretation in terms of time. For such a technique he would have to have a system of principles whose application would define and specify objects as individuals, whereas practical principles contemplate objects as species.

Actions and assertions that are substanced in form and so are essentially aesthetic have their peculiar and appropriate characters. Basic to all of them is the completeness and self-containedness of each assertive action, and the corresponding integrity and wholeness and individuality of its object. All this is connoted by the term "perfection" used above. In neither the act nor the object, when completed, and then the act and the object are the same thing, since the act is fulfilled and embodied and ended in the object—in neither act nor object is there any reference to a beyond, in terms of a future, and no suggestion or hint of any other act or object that is to be completed in any future. There is the implication to the cultural system and the universal or cosmic implication; but these are a reference to a compresent system of objects and to acts ended in the system. The aesthetic act is generally, though not necessarily, when considered as an experience, qualified by pleasure, and the pleasure is the self-sufficient thing it is because it reaches forward or outward to nothing. Aesthetic pleasure has no necessary relation to desire; there is no striving toward a beyond; its object is the subject who feels it. Even the existence of another thing—even the nonexistence of anything other—it is next to impossible to say it—but there is no reference at all, in the pleasure, to anything; the pleasure is full and whole, and the only way to speak of its relations is to deny of it the appropriateness of any and all relations. Regarded as relevant to the individual who experiences it, and this is as nearly an objective relevance as it can have, it is the perfect instance and type of subjectivity. That is, its only quality is the fact of its sole existence for the individual. Metaphysically the pleasure is objective when regarded as an instance of primordial feeling, but its quality for the individual is then gone. No act or object can hence be judged from the point of view of pleasure, and pleasure is not a principle for aesthetic relations.

This self-sufficiency of the assertive act and the object as designed in form and the pleasurable experience that attends its apprehension are perhaps the bases of all the positive characters of religion, so that religion is, in its empirical origin at least, a derivative of the elementary aesthetic sense and of the form that is the essence of its object. As a consequence, religion can make for itself a complete object out of the essence of pure form, so can objectify itself in ritual and liturgy. And here, of course, its end and object being realized, the act ceases to be an act, and the object exists without quality, beyond quality, as the religionist would insist, and

his experience of pleasure has itself passed into the beyond—and so mysticism. Literary realists and empiricists might take note: push experience to the point where it is supposed to be the reality, and it disappears along with everything else into the limbo of the unexperienceable; even the form and idea of experience lapses into a misty nothing.

The sense of form, then, is the sense for the done, finished, created, fixed, ended. Not in the sense of what is limited but in the sense of something completed, fulfilled, having become all that can be conceived as possible to it, all that its type can mean expressed in full in the instance given. It is active, but its act is internal to it. For it there is no future, no end, no purpose, not even a hope or an aspiration or an inspiration, all of which imply a world muddled in imperfection. It is beyond any relevance to desire and motive and instinct, has nothing to do with any interest; its object is apprehended back behind the consciousness where it is beyond experience and inaccessible to language, except to the language of pure form, music and poetry—the ineffable. Language itself is superseded in pure form and eliminates itself; the language as an act has come to *be* its object, just as thought perishes in its object in the finality of a logical demonstration. But, in any case, its quality as an experienced pleasure is gone, vanished with the experience through which it became pretender to form—and shown up to be the quintessence of formlessness, the void that aches without the pain of being. It is hence tempting to say of the ultimate aesthetic act, considered as an experience, that its object is defined in and by negation; but this would bring conflict with the more obvious characters of fulness and completeness, which appear to assert the positive without reference to its alternative negation. It is this character that makes it impossible to classify an art object in any other than practical categories. For a classification is meaningless unless it indicates a position that is determined by positions other than it, by what, that is, is not it. And this makes rather senseless the attempt at either classification or description of positive characters. And this deprives the critic of another possible function—that of attempting to state the meaning of a work of art in terms of its positive descriptive characters. Unless, of course, he is willing to abandon the claim that his own performance is also art and to recognize that all that is left to him is scientific classification or description in terms of mere practice (technique) and expediency.

But if the sense of form will not permit of classification of its object, there may yet be a form of activity that is consistent with it. This is the activity called valuation or evaluation, and we must distinguish it from interpretation, which is supposed to be the critic's function. Interpretation, as commonly understood, is the statement of the meaning of an act

or object by reference to its relations to mind or experience. When I interpret an artistic object, I tell what it means to me or what it means or should mean to somebody else or to some class or group of people or to people generally. When I value or evaluate an object, I tell what it means by reference to other objects, or systems or orders of objects, or what it means as determined by objective standards. The standards are typical object-relations. So that interpretation is a purely subjective process and has its meaning in its reference to me or some other mind. It therefore represents an interest, and all its judgments are practical or in the broad sense ethical. Its ultimate standard is mind and experience, mind or experience in general, and it has no meaning outside or beyond the interest relation. As a consequence its object can never be real or its judgment true.

The typical "value" relation in the culture world of the present is possession, considered as the "object" of interest, and its falseness and its vicious influence have destroyed the culture and the civilization that support it. Valuation, however, has no peculiar relation to or reference to or impact upon any mind or state of mind or to or upon experience in any sense but is a judgment of an object in its relations to another object or a system of objects, a judgment made by a reference to a standard that is equally objective. It is a judgment of the relative significance of objects as determined by an objective standard, and its pronouncements are disinterested, final, whose relevance is all contained within the objective system which they portray. The judgment that states the content of the standard is absolute. The primary purpose of interpretation is practical; in the case of literature it has in view as end the experience of pleasure. And in so far as it concerns itself with the relations of objects with each other in a "disinterested" way, its interest is merely in classification and organization, again with a purely practical motive. But evaluation has no practical purpose. Its reference of an object to another object is determined not by a motive of any mind or purpose, but strictly by reference to a third objective situation that serves as a standard and thus determines their relative worth. The value of a picture or a poem is therefore a reference to its place in the cultural system or order, where the cultural order is itself composed of pictures, poems, etc., ordered with reference to the "social" or political structure they are to furnish content for. This order is the ground of all value, even for the subjective "values of experience." What makes this appear inconceivable and so false and vicious to the contemporary mind is the fact that that mind is so swamped in interest that it is incapable of free and honest judgment on any question. It is this perversion that has killed all concern for genuine form and led to the contem-

porary nonsense and pother about "new form." Even when we have achieved form now, we are supposed to "roughen" it—anything decently symmetrical and balanced and without subjective thrill is abhorrent to us, apparently because it is offensive to our originality and genius.

The purpose and principle of interpretation is therefore organization with a distinctly practical and subjective motive. The principle (there is no purpose) of evaluation is order, a notion whose content is objective in every sense and without any implication of any mind or experience whatever, except in so far as these latter are themselves objective content. An order prior to mind and experience is presupposed in the existence of mind and experience where these are regarded as objects of possible value. The application to literary objects of the maxims of interpretation and organization gives us the practical discipline of criticism, with its "science" of description and classification. The application to literary objects of the principles of valuation and order would give, if and when it is ever done, the philosophy of literary form, and it is this that is the ultimate "interest" of the intelligence in literary problems considered as questions of art. And it is only as there has been an approach to the principle of objective valuation that there has ever been any valid criticism.

Hence the "sense of form," considered now as the creative imagination, recognizes, identifies, and selects out the elements of value—aesthetic, utilitarian, moral—with the "motive" only to their being ordered into objects and with respect to objects; and by this is meant that objects will be judged and placed with reference to each other within the scheme of objective value and without involvement of the mind in whose presence the process take place. And as ordered into objects the elements of value take on a form with a definite structure, by virtue of which they become realizable: plans, images, patterns, replicas, models of objects to be filled in with qualitative substance. There is no realization for the "objects" of subjective interpretation, which must remain forever within the limbo of the psychological and the realm of private feeling. But since the sense of form, having been endowed with the power of corporate judgment, and operating now not as a "sense" in the function of a passive receptor but as an active agent, and with its implication of order, operating entirely within the scheme of real objects, its movement is identical with that of the logical judgment, and its pronouncements have the necessity of strict inference. That is to say, what we call the "sense" of value, or taste, or capacity for appreciation is, after all and at bottom, simply the ordinary function of judgment; and its difference from what we call the scientific and practical judgment is that it invariably has as a content objects that are structured in value relations, objects hence whose meaning is to be

largely "felt" as far as we undertake to express them in terms of experience. But the "taste" is a judgment not differing in form or structure from the higher forms of the judgment in its ordinary use and so is not unique. As imagination with the function of synthesis, the judgment of taste is a corporate judgment, so that the structure of its object is always an order-type. It is regulatory in every case, so that its statement is a rule, a norm. At this point, where taste operates as a judging function, form must be conceived not only as the basis and ground of order but also as the active agent of order, so that the judgment imposes itself upon its content and so that order is simply the concept of form as actively giving individuality to specific objects and at the same time determining for these objects the types of relation that are possible to them.

It is thus the taste operating as judgment that becomes the creative imagination of the literary and critical tradition. And it is the creative imagination in that it controls the relations that determine the inner structure of objects, at the same time that it controls the relations that set up the order that is constitutional to every group of objects so far as they are a type. And creation can never mean more than this—the making of an object in advance of its existence by controlling the relations that determine its form, and selecting the elements that are to become its content.

And as active in the judgment, the "sense" of form becomes the creative Word, the thought that is identified in and with its object. It is this activity of the "imagination," this creative judging form, that becomes the subject matter of the philosophy of literary art. It is the Word that is creative, and both the genius and the man of taste, in so far as either has any objective significance, are mere instruments in its hands. When either undertakes to set himself up as creator, he merely succeeds in prostituting the art he pretends to serve. It is to be feared that the critic fails to see the distinction between interpretation and valuation, and that as genius confuses himself with his end, and that it is for this reason that he flounders helplessly in subjectivism. Even the creative Word cannot make something out of nothing, cannot make art or its apprehension out of states of mind and experience.

And here we may begin to note the differences between the genius and the man of taste, and we can anticipate no trouble from these differences, since we have noted that the identity of genius and taste in the ultimate is compatible with their differences in formal expression, just as, for example, was found to be true of art in its relation to morality. And neither the critic nor the genius of the day sits on the throne of the ultimate. Both happen to live and move in a culture in which the genuine in literary art is impossible of creation. There can be no creation under the conditions that

hold at the present time, and neither the genius nor the critic has much of anything to say. It is an age of ice.

Genius is the capacity to make real objects, to make objects real, objects that can find and occupy a place within a whole; to make particulars that exemplify the universal and so are individuals. It is the artist's imagination assuming the form and function of corporate judgment and becoming thus creative, capable, that is, of constituting and designing an object through the agency of the Word, discerning the nature of objects and discriminating their cosmic positions with respect to the laws of value. The principle that unifies these laws is that of order.

Taste is imagination operating in its synoptic capacity, the capacity to organize objects, to place them in such relations to each other as will, when brought before a mind, set the conditions for judgment. It is the act of imagination that apprehends objects in such relations to each other as to formulate a judgment that imposes law upon them, for there can be judgment only where objective relations design a form that can be traced in world relations. Judgments of taste are, then, assertions of the relations the elements of an object have to the whole object. The elements, which are particulars specified in sense, qualities and relations of objects that model sense-images, fall into the position of subjects of the assertions that express them and are by the assertions placed in an appropriate position within the universal represented in the predicate. Through this universal, where the assertion is adequate, the particular is transformed into an individual, the process of individuation having been begun in the selective action of sense. When I say, "This tree is green," I place the tree, it already having been singled out in sense within the system of objects called nature, the abstract design of which is given in the predicate "green," and the relation to the system infuses into the tree the life that gives it independence and self-sufficiency to perform its function in representing its type as *a* tree. For a tree is not a tree until it is a type of tree and does not become individually distinct until it gives assertion to the universal that distinguishes it. When I look at the woods, I begin to see its trees when I can say, "That hickory is tall" or "That oak is majestic." Judgments of taste are thus comparative corporate assertions with respect to the relation of one object to another—the placing relation—upon which relative values are based. The comparison of particulars is naturally meaningless except as it is made through the medium of their identity in the universal. The identity is substanced in the common matter which is represented in the predicate of the judgment and in the principle to which the judgment refers as standard. This means that the judgment organizes an object internally with design so as to formulate and display

its structure, and this permits the object's universal to be identified; it organizes objects externally into a system, so that the place of the individual object in the world may be determined. The value of such an object, which the judgment of taste is mistakenly supposed to assert in terms of the relation of the object to the valuing agent, rests in fact upon the *kind* of thing it is as determined by the judgment that asserts its structure, and upon the *place* the thing has in the universe—the one the subject of a value-judgment and the other the predicate of the same judgment. The value-judgment states *what* a thing is and *where* it is in the scheme of things, *where* it is and *what* it means; what its structured quality is and its cosmic implication. The judgment of taste is therefore an assertion of reality, not the expression of the present or any other state of mind. It is the assertion of a significant element of the world, an assertion of the significance of an element of the world, the assertion that an instance of significance *is*. May the gods be charitable to those who would attempt to assert this significance in terms of signs.

Or the value-judgment is the assertion of the relations that hold between objects and objective standards, upon which absolute values are based. It differs from the scientific judgment in that the latter has no place for standards. So far as science is concerned there is no choice between the amoeba and the elephant or the gnat and the saint. And it differs from every psychological judgment in that it need not even imply a relation to a mind, not even to the mind that expresses an instance of it.

So that the act of the genius and the act of the critic are both forms of judgment, and, when true and *significant*, *significantly true*, they rest upon an ordered universe. But just now there exists no such universe, with the consequence that there are no geniuses or any critics, for the philosopher who is their common parent is sterile.

Is there a possible combination of genius and taste in the same individual in that high degree of capacity in which the individual can express himself as both artist and critic? Is there such a thing as a genuine critical function? Can the creator evaluate, or the valuer create? Are the two modes of assertion at basis the same? Is the critic also the artist? These questions are valid only in the abstract and so are academic only, for the artist-critic is the philosopher, and the philosopher is an extinct species, since the culture which he creates and which sustains him is gone out of existence in the collapse of morality.

The difficulty about genius and taste seems to lie in the fact that, when the literary artist undertakes to assert his peculiar capacity in a judgment of taste, his art, which, if artistic values are real, is certainly relevant to the reality of the objects it represents, will inevitably fall into the shallow

status of mere style. Construction gives way to descrpition; creation to production; presentation to representation; logic gives way to psychology, and what should be a judgment or objective assertion of the real becomes the expression of a mere attitude of mind. When the artist forgets his object and concerns himself with himself or when he forgets that as artist it is the object he asserts and not himself or his expression that is real; when he mistakenly regards his assertion as the object he is trying to embody in a judgment of value; when he gives his attention not to *what* he is asserting but to *how* he is asserting it, or how *well* he is asserting himself—then his art will vanish and its place be taken by a mere flourish of technique. The painter is not concentrating on his hand when he paints, nor does the musician watch his fingers on the keys of the piano or the strings of the violin, nor is either concerned with his states of mind. He must do these things *before* he can play, but he must get to the point of forgetting them or of reducing them to automatic movements before he can play at all. The poet does not watch his words but keeps his eye upon the object his words are designed to give form to. Nor can the writer watch his style without losing the end that gives the style meaning; the style, in fact, should sink and lose itself in the meaning it gives form to. When the writer directs his attention away from the form and finality of his object to the language in which the object is to be expressed, his rule of form will become a mere maxim of style, and his language will not assert anything but will merely glitter with superficial ornament where it does anything more than fall flat in factual description. The act that asserts the presented phenomenon must also assert the reality behind it;otherwise the form and the object it designs will give way to the semblance and the shadow. The style is not the art of the artist but the artisanry of the workman, but that without the latter's sincerity.

Or *is* the art of literary assertion a matter of style? It is, of course, if the whole meaning of literary art is defined within the term "style." But this is prostitution of the technique of definition, and style becomes so ambiguous as to be meaningless. We spoke above of sincerity. Is it the way a thing is said that makes it literary art, or is it the thing that is said that makes the way it is said an art? Or is it the way a thing is said that makes the thing that is said an object of art? At the point of the abstract ultimate what is said or done, and the way it is said or done, may be the same thing; but the artist at the moment of creation, and the critic at the moment of valuation, are rarely or never quite arrived at the point of the ultimate. So for this question of the creative act at the moment of creation we cannot appeal to the ultimate, for the ultimate is yet no part of the situation we want to understand. It is no part of the situation even by implica-

tion. And yet the only possible way to get a basis for a judgment of an object is to conceive that object at the point of perfection *of that object*, to see it as it would be identified within its universal, and then to generalize the conception as a principle that can be used as a rule. For there can be nothing behind our standards except the idea of a universe that gives them necessity as the ground of their authority, and this idea can only be presented to us in the individual at the point of its perfection in sense. We can therefore appeal to the ultimate when the work of art is achieved and exists by itself as an object, but we are here concerned not with the object as completed but with the activity, the process, by which the object is intended to be completed. And an activity is never achieved; and style is an activity—it is the writing, not what is written, and, so long as it is an act, its object is not yet in existence—and, when the object is in existence, the act disappears, having vanished and been fulfilled in the object, embodied in the object and no longer an act.

A "good" style therefore ceases to exist as such and becomes a quality of the object the language constructs. It may be argued that the process of saying, the writing and the way it is done, is the only tangible entity we can appeal to as bearer of the qualities that determine the artistic form. But, if so, then form in literary connections is nothing more substantial than the rules of grammar with a supplement of suggestions from rhetoric. A difficulty appears here, however, in the fact that there is no standard of style and perhaps cannot be one and that every style that comes to be recognized as good must be so on account merely of its being an aspect or accident of the artist's individuality, or a characteristic, or a complex of characteristics, of the object-type the creation of which makes their creator an artist. But there seems to be no way of identifying the artist's individuality with his creation except within the qualities of his characteristic object, the thing he creates as a type, and so we are back again at the object and its attributes and will have to find from them the answers to all our questions.

But we have simplified the new problem. We now know, or should know, that no aspect of any fundamental question, either of aesthetics or of literary art, can be resolved into references to mere subjective phenomena and that among these phenomena we must include all the characteristics of the artist and the critic, even in those activities in which their genius is most effectively expressed. There are no subjective facts which can be given aesthetic meaning without involving an objective judgment, and no judgment is objective until it asserts something of the universe beyond and independent of the life or experiences of individuals or of the race. The genius or artist that is identical with the critic is not a hu-

man agent but an abstract universal that is useful by way of permitting artist and critic to function in a common universe and that at the same time lays down the ground conditions upon which the specialized function of each can be defined. And it draws thus a line between the artist and the critic that can be transgressed by neither without abandoning the functional uniqueness that individuates him. The artist abdicates the throne when he becomes critic, and the critic is usurper when he attempts to seize the creative power.

VI

Poetry and Metaphysics

POETRY and metaphysics would be hard to distinguish, as would any other two things under the sun, so long as neither term is defined with any degree of accuracy. There is the vague notion that metaphysics is a deep subject, one about which a few people know a very little, withal, however, something very mysterious and profound and deep. And there is the equally vague notion that it is something about ultimates. There is also a strong tendency to carry over through and by means of metaphysics into the occult or the mystical with the obvious intent of justifying a betrayal of the reason in the interest of religion and of finding ultimates there.

As to poetry, it is the use of language imaginatively in an effort to say something in measured terms about emotion; or it "interprets" "experience" or "life" or "nature" in terms of emotion, with the veiled hint that reason does injustice to these realities. And poetry, like metaphysics, is strongly inclined to go over, in the interest of emotion and to escape from the reason, either into a mysticism where rules and maxims of form break not through or steal from the power of individual genius, or into the safe and sane or safely insane but undefined psychological domain of Freudianism. For this latter is the appeal to science, and science is the custodian of knowledge and the guarantor of accuracy and precision. It is also the master-precursor, the dispenser of novelty and timeliness. And whoever in the modern day desires to know must doubt until he knows with the finality of scientific principle. Also, by looking and asking among those who know, one can find and confirm that poetry has nothing at all to do with metaphysics or with the abstract trappings of science; or he can learn that poetry and metaphysics are identical and that all poetry is metaphysical. So poetry and metaphysics are the same thing or not, just as you wish or as authority varies. But they look very much alike in the gloomily shaded lane by which both seek to find retreat in religious or psychological mysticism.

There is encouragement in this situation, however—anybody can say

anything he wants to, and in anything he may say he will be likely to find himself not too remote from the central issue and not too cold to the truth in some one or more of its multitudinous individual forms. Suppose, then, taking advantage of this license and its inherent skepticism, we "define" poetry loosely as an object structured in measured language that has something to do with imagination and emotion and somehow drops occasional hints about reality. And suppose that metaphysics is merely, in James's famous unhappy-go-lucky phrase, an unusually stubborn attempt to think seriously about ultimates. These statements are little if any vaguer than the more "accurate" definitions one finds in the "literature" of these subjects, and they are "general" and "universal" enough to give full freedom to anyone who wants to look into the question. As a matter of comforting fact, the more general and broad are the basic hypotheses from which thought starts out, the greater the number of possible directions in which it may pursue the issues that are involved; and the broader and more extensive the field, the wider the range of the search and, let's hope, the likelier we are to jump a rabbit somewhere. There is danger, of course, for one unfamiliar with the field; he may jump more rabbits than his old-fashioned gun can adapt itself to; he may wound to desperation some hunter who has prior and private rights to the field; but the game is always interesting.

Having torn down the fences upon which the "No Hunting" signs are usually hung, all I want to say as preface and hypothesis is that poetry and metaphysics are two ways by which we find access to reality. And, since the reality concerned is always the same, it may be that the two ways of approach to it have more in common than we thought. I shall not at this point commit myself as to how many other approaches to reality there may be. I shall also be insolent in my disdain of those who are not concerned with reality, and I shall pass by with contempt those who proclaim, in the presence of its profoundest manifestations, that there are no ultimates. And I shall pity those empiricists, woebegone and ecstatic, who declare there is no reality but appearance, and remember in my prayers those purblind but soulful souls who look high and low and everywhere in the darkness for a reality they can only feel. Even after these pronouncements my egotism may not be found extraordinary, or in any way unbefitting my new adventure; I may be declared merely ignorant, or I may be discovered to possess a peculiar genius.

Reality, as it is known to us mortals, is form. I know, of course, that in this age and in a "culture" where the experience philosophy is held to be final, this proposition would probably find few to deny it, for it would not occur to anybody to deny what is so obviously absurd and contrary

to experience. And yet it seems a very simple matter to refute the only argument that can be given, on any experience philosophy, against it. For the only answer that experience can give in challenge to the proposition that reality is form is that reality is found by us only in experience; and, when required to specify the instance where it is present in experience, the only reply is the assertion of its presence in the concrete of immediate experience as that presence is represented in the assertion. But this, when an instance of the fact is demanded—and the demand for a fact is valid and final for an experience philosophy and at the same time the only valid demand that can be made in its behalf—when the fact is "required to be produced," as the experience philosopher says, the only one to be offered is the present content of consciousness. But to prove or demonstrate reality for this content it must be shown that it has status somehow somewhere outside consciousness, for it is not in consciousness all the time and must *be* even when consciousness does not contain it. For there is no content that is always in consciousness. But where and what the content is when not in consciousness cannot be answered by the appeal to experience while experience is defined in terms of consciousness. All such attempts lead to the *reductio* of the empirical argument in the subjective idealism of Berkeley, or they carry direct into a crude materialism with the psychologists and on into the physical limbo of sex with Freud. Of course there is a literary type of mind who would find no difficulty with either Berkeley or Freud and who could revel in both at the same time; but this type is excluded from any appeal to argument, since to argue one must accept the rules of the game, and these rules have already been forsworn. That is to say, we are driven back to logic as the method of thought everywhere and in all fields, and, as yet, at least, the "logic" of pure subjective emotionalism has not been developed. Perhaps it cannot be. In any case, those who speak of the logic of poetic form should develop its concepts and principles and then tell us what they are or else get a looser term for their method than logic.

But by the appeal to logic we have also caught ourselves in a net where we are bound to make an inference on the basis of our statement that reality is known as and in form. For if this is accepted and if we accept also the fact that logic is the method of the thought by which it is known, and that logic is the key to all forms of knowledge, then it is necessary to go on to assert that logic is itself a form or a kind of form. Then, also, if poetry is a matter of form, it follows that the form that is its reality, and the form that is the reality of logic, are the same. Unless, of course, there are kinds of form, say, like logical form and aesthetic form. But these "kinds" of form come to the same thing under the principle of analogical

identity, and this, I think, has been established. I shall accept this conclusion that logical form and aesthetic form are the same without argument here, since its grounds I have given elsewhere, and go on to discuss the meanings and implications of form in relation to language, since language constitutes the form in which poetry appears. That logic is the method of metaphysics would hardly be doubted. Is it at the same time the method of poetry?

Poetry, then, as the measured use of language, or the use of measured language, implies that form is an implicate of measure in some way. But I think it is advisable, when we put such a burden on measure, to insist that measure, when considered as the form of poetic language, has no mathematical characters of any kind. And most of all we want to be sure that it is not identical with number and that number is not the rule by which it is estimated. It may even be true, and will be true if form and measure approach identity, that all the characteristics of poetry are aspects and phases of measure, since all the characteristics of an art object are aspects of its form. This is not strange in any way, since form, when we come to define it, will perhaps have to be defined as the synthetic integrated whole created by the unity and integrity of all the characteristic attributes an object of art can possess. This is of course a static conception of form, or form from the point of view of structure in the aesthetic object. On a dynamic view, which is sometimes preferable, we should have to say that form is the constitutional principle by which the characters of an object are determined to unity in the object; that the characters and qualities of the object derive their order from form as principle even before the characters and qualities are distinguishable. But the qualities *of* form, the qualities that attach to it as substance as distinct from those of the object which are derived from it, the ones that define it specifically, need not be the same with any of those whose identity in synthesis creates it, since it is peculiarly the nature of a synthetic whole whose principle is analogical identity to acquire and possess characters different from those which qualify its component parts. This is the factual situation involved in the principle of analogical identity, which we take for granted here. Any synthetic substance, salt, for instance, has qualities that are not found in its components taken by themselves; salt has qualities not found in the sodium or the chlorine that compose it, and it lacks qualities that are present in them.

Let us, then, with a view to the application of these distinctions to poetry, offer as the two fundamental factors in form the two whose relations to each other uniformly and universally suggest it: structure and texture. Perhaps they necessitate it; possibly they constitute it. These

two will imply a third, constitution, which we shall also want to look into.

The word "structure," I suppose, most immediately suggests something built up, constructed, and it seems to refer to the relationships of a plurality of shaped objects or to objects regarded as parts. It seems to refer primarily to material relations, such as those given by the first superficial perception of a building, in which it is a matter of the spatial relations of parts, and possibly suggests weight and pressure and the stresses and strains that sum up in the aesthetic sense of dynamic effort. And I think the term does mean all this as a sort of solid base for its other meanings, which are related to this as the superstructure of a building to its foundation, or, perhaps better, as the decorative elements of a building to its general bulk and volume. But there must be added to all this some yet further meanings that come from the contemplation of living bodies, namely, those that have become the major concepts of biological science and which seem to be summed up in the term "organization." Here I suppose the essential idea is that of dynamic moving parts whose directions of motion and stresses of energy are determined by the impingement of each upon each other, with the whole moving in a single determinate direction which is governed by the balance that is set up among the internal stresses. This concept appears to be symbolized in the term "organism," and it is in this connection that the static and substantial aspects of the idea of structure are harmonized with its dynamic and attributive aspects.

Organism, then, appears to imply a factual unity of substance and attribute, mass and quality, position and movement. It thus represents, in a case of fact, an instance in which the elements of permanence and fixity in the idea of structure as a whole are harmonized with elements of motion and cause and strain and energy that are its internal content. This harmony is perhaps the empirical ground of rhythm; that is, it is rhythm as the latter is experienced. An object thus structured becomes the objective representation of the essence of a judgment—the assertion of the identity of a substance with its attribute, a thing with its quality. But this seems to mean also that the world of space and time and quantity and the world of color and tone and quality, the "real" world and the world of "appearance," have come to harmony with the world of motion and cause and purpose and idea and thought, the ideal world, the essential and actual unity of the world of fact with the world of values. All this, I say, is involved in the assertion of any genuine judgment. And this is also the basic postulate of any aesthetic reflection—that an ultimate unity and identity of the substantial with the qualitative can be created in fact. This instance of

world unity is the Object. This is also the basic hypothesis of religion—only it is universally expressed as the "hope" of the unity within the world of "experience," so that the ultimate assertion is here the act of faith. It is also the foundation principle upon which all action is premised, and so the final postulate of ethics, that the real can be created by an act that determines a quality. So the concept of structure then becomes the *theoretical* basis of all thought-interpretation of the world so far as the world is to be represented in its relations to human life. Since form as the essence of poetry does by its nature undertake to provide for meaning in human life, it must come to terms of agreement with structure.

Within considerations of structure we thus have the object given to us. It is determined within space and time, and it exists. But it so far merely exists. For it is as yet merely an object of thought and fulfils only the conditions of existence; it is determined an object that is only potentially actual, an object that only can be. It has abstract being or existence, but it is not as yet any *kind* of object, it is not yet the kind of object that bears within its nature the compulsion of reality. The experience of this object is the not quite intelligible experience that Plato described as mad and is represented in a poet like Shelley by those flights of imagination which he cannot quite square with his philosophy. It is a structure that as yet has no content and is perhaps the form that is pictured by abstract design.

What is, then, required for the reality of objects, beyond and in addition to their abstract structure, their mere being? It is of course the requirement that such objects acquire concreteness; but to note the necessity of concreteness tells neither what is meant by concreteness nor how it is to be attained. The abstract philosophical solution of this problem is abstractly satisfactory but rather meaningless: it tells us profoundly that the thought-object, the object in structured being, must be "given" or "presented" in sense. And then unlimited volumes of explanations—the whole mass of modern philosophy—are given over to this "epistemological" problem, the endless and senseless question as to how we are to understand "knowledge" in terms of "sense." This "research" proceeded on the assumption that, to understand an object, you had only to analyze the tools you used in the analysis; it is not surprising that it came to a late but shallow grave in sensationalism and instrumentalism. The literary and cultural aspects of this "philosophy" found expression in the assumption that reality is experience, and we have seen with what consequence—a literary art with neither bottom nor substance.

The proper method of approach to the problem, granted for the moment that the problem as stated is real, is to ask what, *as an object, is* the object of thought that is to be presented to or in sense? What, for ex-

ample, is a poem, which must be formulated in techniques of thought and which yet can be appreciated as real only when these techniques have a sensible content, when they carry direct implications of sensuous quality? That is to say, the question is not one as to *what sort of thing is sense*, certainly not that sense is "sensation" or an abstract process, not another abstract thought-object; but the real question is *what is there in the nature of the object* that permits it or enables it to be apprehended in sense? The object, however abstract it may be, is yet a structure, otherwise it could not be thought at all; and therefore it has certain characters belonging *to it* that make it intelligible to thought. Has it, then, corresponding characters belonging *to it* that make it intelligible in sense? What I am trying to emphasize here is that, if the object is to become intelligible in terms of sense, it must be so by virtue of attributes that belong to it and not by virtue of capacities that belong to sense. For sense certainly does not impose the attributes upon the object; the object must have the attributes from the first in order to be the object that it is. This question, "Does the object possess unique sensible qualities?" that is, "Is there an element of sense within the quality?" and the supplementary "If so, what?" becomes thus the foundation problem for aesthetic theory.

Perhaps there will be no great harm done if we offer here enough of an answer to this question to suggest further lines of reflection. Possibly the example of structure, as the large synoptic measure that includes within it by implication all the concepts necessary for the interpretation of the object as an object of thought and abstract existence, may suggest a corollary concept whose function is to effect a similar synopsis of the concepts necessary to the sensuous apprehension of the object as real. There would be, naturally, the question to face whether such forms of implication with specific reference to sense are concepts in the ordinary sense. This would face us if the question were as to the nature of sense and not the question of the nature of the object; but it should be possible to find an answer to this, even if no more satisfactory than settling it by definition. In any case, questions about all these issues are ultimately questions about the nature of the object in terms of attributes that are identifiable with its substance; they are not questions about the various aspects of our equipment to deal with them; they are about the object itself and not about us.

Here goes, then. All objects that can be or exist have a structure by virtue of which they have being; all objects that are real have a texture by virtue of which they are real. Now, an object that is or has definite existence, in that it is given for thought, and at the same time is real, in that it is individually concrete, is intelligible or knowable. If the object that

exists and is real and knowable also has an attribute with which it identifies itself, in that it and its quality are in essence the same, it is *known*, and the knowledge that gives it form in assertion creates it. Of objects so created, aesthetic objects are a type. Poetry is an instance of that type. And, just as the concept of structure carries by implication all the auxiliary concepts necessary to make the idea of being consistent and self-representative, so also the "form of implication" that we designated texture carries within it all the concepts necessary to the making of sensuous reality itself intelligible. It is here suggested that these subsidiary concepts and their synoptic system are given in my *Aesthetic Object*, where they can be examined by those who have the appropriate interest and courage. But just as there are formal characteristics of structure that can be described, so, let us hope, are there general formal characters of texture that it may be useful to attempt to discover and describe. In any case, I shall make the attempt here to say what I mean by texture, regarded as a quality possessed by all objects that also possess reality and are so by virtue of that quality intelligible in sense.

Structure, in its simplest meaning and abstractly, in an object means a functionally integrated interrelationship of parts or elements within a whole. It is, so far, a mechanical conception, and depends for its effectiveness on the part-out-of-part relation, or the relation of externality, or, as still better termed, the relation of exteriority. It thus gets its significance from the general or typic meaning of relation, and it has all the virtues and all the faults of that idea. By means of integrated relationality a mere existent thing becomes an object. Structure is thus the ground of existence, and at the same time the condition of knowledge, although it is not desirable here and now to raise that issue. But the same generic function of relation sets its objects into isolation, for objects cannot be "brought together" or related unless they *are* apart from each other; and objects thus determined cannot enter into an integrated whole but remain forever in a mere collective mass. There can be no real live *order* within such an object, or among such objects, and they can at best be organized to the repetitive performance of functions that are limited within the spatial-temporal scheme. A new principle is required to bring significant objects together and to create at the same time the significance of their togetherness.

Aesthetic objects, all objects of value, like a poem, say, and we are coming to that eventually, cannot be so limited. It is of the nature of a value object to have its significance beyond and outside of this existential scheme. As this scheme of things is what it is by virtue of its structure as resting on abstract relation, to go beyond it we must find some way to

avoid the limitations inherent in relation and to get these limitations expressed positively so as to be able to lay with them the cornerstone of a new and different idea. For the essence of mere relation is negative, and the judgments that give it expression are negative judgments, from which there can be no inference. Since, therefore, a plurality of distinct objects is implied in the nature of relation, what we want to find is how a number or plurality of objects can overcome the relational isolation that distances each from each, so that they can enter into an ordered system that can possess individuality as itself an object, a new object. There is no dodging the *fact* that relation is the basis of the structure of the world and so of its existence; that is to say, relation is fact because it gives structure to the world of fact. It constructs the world of fact; it literally gives status to the world of fact. Relation is therefore the presupposition upon which the world of nature, at least in its pure physical and nonaesthetic aspects, as well as the scientific or abstract knowledge of it, are made possible. That the world at its existential bottom is relational and therefore has in it an element of basic negation must be accepted by everyone who pretends to think. But relation gives only the world as existence for thought, the world as an abstract object of the formal thinking function. And the essence of this object is externality. Accepting relation as the basic concept for all thinking in its abstract existential aspects, how can we get beyond it and its world of abstraction and externality and negation to the world in which values must be assumed to be and to be real independently of whether they are known, and yet to be of such a character that knowledge can find access to them? It is obvious that a world constituted other than relationally, and a knowledge other than that limited to and by abstraction, are posited in the very question as a mandate to anyone who pretends interest in the realm of culture.

All objects of all kinds possess structure, since structure, with the relations it presupposes, is the basis of existence. Some objects, possibly all, possess texture as the basis of their completed reality. "Texture" is the term chosen to represent the world as given in terms of quality to sense, just as "structure" is used to represent the world as given in terms of abstract quantity to thought and as the vague form that is the condition of sensible representation. It is necessary now to inquire whether and how the idea of texture underlies a world for which we must find conceptual formulation, just as the idea of structure underlies the world of existence and has made it possible to find formulation for it in the conceptual systems of the sciences, or rather in the logic that is presupposed by science. Structure, we found, posits a world in terms of relation and gives body and figure to that world in terms of organization and process. Texture,

analogously, posits a world in terms of concrete integration and gives it substance and form in terms of identity and fusion and individuation. Whereas the world of structure and relation is *organized* with respect to a fixed repetitive process with figure at its end, the world of texture is *ordered* with respect to equilibrium and balance and fusion and self-identity with form as end. A structured world energizes and causally produces or rather reproduces itself indefinitely; a textured world functions and lives, synergizes, vitalizes itself, and it is this synergic life as it comes to objectification in art that becomes the basis of the world of values. How the concept of objective art underlies the value systems, morality, religion, industry, and politics, is the topic of the theory of these separate disciplines. Or will be when they have an adequate theory. This theory as a synoptic whole is the content of philosophy and is beyond the reach of science.

But what is texture? What characters of the world that is for "experience" are represented in the term, what is the importance of these characters, and how are they related to questions of art? The *fact* to which structure refers is relation. Its law is process and discontinuity; its end, which it indefinitely approaches but never reaches, is the continuum. The *fact* to which texture refers is fusion and integration. Its law is analogical identity, and its end is the Individual instituted a whole. Relation posits a character of fact that inheres in the nature of things mediately, that is, everything in structure is there by virtue of the fact that each detail hangs onto every other detail, so that no element is or can be more than a detail; and the assemblage of infinite detail must be presented to mind through an inference or a series of inferences. Each detail is the contingent result of a process that continues to infinity, world without end. Texture postulates a character of fact, the same fact, it may be, that inheres in the world immediately, and inferences as to its nature are drawn from it; it is not derived from or through inferences as was the case of structure. It is the end, and beginnings arise from it. It is the essence of quality, the condition of substance, the constituent or constitutional character. Parts are represented relationally in structure; they are represented analogously and fusionally in texture and so do not appear as parts but are given at once and as one in the wholeness of an object. And the object in such a fusional integration has a constitution, that is, a synthesis of structure and texture, by virtue of which it is individual, the universal given in the concrete instance. Parts *as parts*, or particulars, must be analyzed out of the object by inferential methods when the existence of the object or its relationality are in question. But such a question is the specialized, the inter-

ested one of the scientist and is negligible if and while we are interested in reality as known in quality.

There is no inference involved in the apprehension of a textured object, since it is not apprehended by its parts, having no parts. An object, then, *as it is*, textured *and* real, is an integrated whole, given in and through and by grace of itself, its essenced quality, but without necessitating any other objects, and so it involves no relations, and so no inferences. But it is not isolated, since it is not related. It is not related to other objects, because other objects are constituent to it, not over against it, but elements of its content. So an Individual is an Object whose content, internality, is external to itself, outside itself in its constituent circumstance. It is not therefore isolated, since in it, or with respect to it, relation does not function to suggest other objects beyond as necessary to the completion of its identity. Isolation occurs only when an object presents itself through its suggestion of other objects, but while those other objects are not specified in any way. The object through its texture is therefore whole, complete in itself, an independent individuality. It is not organized but ordered, constituted; not an organism but a constitution.

By the texture of an object we mean, then, the weave of it, as it were; that character of wholeness and integrity which some, possibly all, objects possess and which, by virtue of that character, do not suggest or necessitate or imply relations to anything beyond themselves. This character is immediate and sensuous, even if a pure project of the imagination. It is got in apprehension by its feel, like the velvet of the color of the rose, or the gossamery sheen of the pink of the sunrise, the dawn that penetrates the skin of your cheek. The character is therefore identical with, or identified in, the object as the essence of its substance, and this identification of a substance with its quality as given in immediacy, either in its literally sensuous or its purely imaginative form, is the ground of the judgment that makes knowledge and consciousness of objects possible; and this identity is likewise of the essence of mind. It is therefore that reality in which all knowledge is validated and all thought objectified. It is the ground of all action, and that whose bare unformed mass is given in feeling as the material of all art. But it takes imagination and thought to present us with its constitution, which should remind the scientist that there are some things that he cannot think with his hands or gibbet to death on gadgets even for the sake of men's sacred interests.

The object, then, that *is* is textured, immediate to thought and knowable there by its own self-identity, and is, at the same time, for experience, given immediately in sense. The situation does not involve "sensation" as the empirical philosophers and psychologists would insist; for in this case

the object is represented as given *by* or *through* sense *to* the mind or consciousness. What we are saying is that the object and the consciousness are identified in the sense; all is given there as one ultimate unity that has no references. The sense is the reality by itself, and the consciousness and the object in their identity appear in it as the quality by which the sense recognizes itself and so becomes self-conscious, that is, mind. Our scientists and empiricists and the rhetoricians who glorify them can analyze and describe and classify and invent all manner of fancy terms to rubricize the facts they find in this situation; let them. Children playing on the floor with their blocks and construction tools are harmless, if sometimes helpless and hopeless; but they will grow up into fine upstanding businessmen or as scientists hire themselves to businessmen so they can sell their noise to the highest bidder; but they are negligible after all. At the point of reality where art and the world of value have their being these practical men are lost, and even for a sensuous description of the realities we shall have to depend upon our own resources.

Before, however, we pass to sensuous description, it is necessary to lay down the principle that gives to description in all its phases whatever validity it has. This principle is identity, for aesthetic purposes identity in its analogical implications, into whose logic it is necessary to inquire at this point.

Identity implies not parts but members. In reality there are no parts; a fragmentary object or an object that is a part or fragment of another object, or of anything, cannot be thought—that way lies infinity and abstract existence and the regression to negation. That an object has a constitution by virtue of the principle of analogical identity entails an entirely different view of reality from that represented in science and in terms of relation and causality and quantity and continuity and process and organization. That the scientific approach to reality issues at last in hell and chaos ought now to be clear even to the atom puddlers and tinker thinkers who have brought the world to the very brink of doom. There is likely to be little respect left among men who permit themselves to be recognized as such for those gutty manikins who have sold their souls to the business machine and have brought human culture to perdition. The "scientist" who sells his "knowledge" to business "research" is a moral pervert and an intellectual prostitute; he wallows in the gutter at the lowest depth of degradation and depravity ever attained by anything in the human form. He has nothing to say where reality is concerned—let him stay in his little hell and tinker with his gadgets until he blows his machine-made brains to the perdition his ignorance has prepared for him—the atomic bum!

What we are saying, or should be, is that an object—the concrete instance in which reality is always given to us—is never a sum or collection or any kind of aggregate of parts. The elements of the constitution of an object—now that we are done once for all with structure—are always objects, the objects that logically environ it. The environing elements are entities that are internal to the object and have each the same identity and perfection and dignity as itself; that is, they are also objects. They do not get their significance from any relation they bear to it or from any other type of reference to it; they are its content. The object itself with its content, in its turn, is an element within an object whose content is more comprehensive; each is an element of the other, so that their identity with each other is the principle of the nature of each. Being constituent to the object and internal to it are not relations; nor is their being environmental to it, which is the same thing, a relation. The idea of relation must be transcended in the idea of identity; all relations are at last functions of identity, and identity is not a relation. Relation is an implicate of structure; identity is an implicate of constitution.

If we must refer to objects as "in" relation, we may say that they refer to each other mutually, that the relation is one of mutuality. Since mutuality implies that each of two "related" objects is an individual and so could not be a part of the other or of anything, the "relation" is one of identity —the identity of substance of which numerical identity is an imperfect external description. This "relation" I have in another connection called "analogy," and for descriptive purposes called it "analogical identity." Even if it were possible to force analogy within the scheme of relation, it would not be in the scheme as a relation, but it would be the principle of relationality, which is a universal, and thus the only "relation" and all the "relations" an object can stand in. But it is, I think, only on this principle, which might perhaps better be called one of inclusive mutuality, that reality as individual can be made consistent logically with itself and consistently true to the facts of experience. And it is on this principle also, and the consistency it entails within itself and within the real, that the idea of continuity has any meaning. And it may be worth pointing out here that what consistency of objects within the real means is a continuity in breadth and not the mere linear or straight-line, one-dimensional continuity of the scientific view. Reality is thick and wide as well as long; it has all the dimensions there are. It certainly is not limited to mere time or to spaceless extensity. It is not worth while to bother trying to explain to the skeptic the principle of individuation—that the content of an individual (object) lies outside of it within the environmental circumstance, which environment itself is the concourse of internally con-

tiguous individuals and not a collection of things. The content of an object is its intent, and its intension is only expressible in terms of the environmental matrix. There are things and processes only in the scientist's laboratory—where you think with your hands and validate with gadgets. In the world of reality there are only objects that are individuals, who, by their principle of analogical identity, constitute themselves the universe. They do not leave the world, as science does, in mystery as to its cause. For it has no cause; it is, and its being is its constitution.

What is real, then, by the principles of metaphysics is the object. And poetry is metaphysical when it comprehends the form of that object. When it does not comprehend the form, it is not metaphysical, and so not poetry. The object is at the least a skeletal structure of ideas, and this is made real when fleshed out with a texture of substantial quality, which quality includes the intent of other objects of identical nature with itself, of which other objects it is itself mutually an element of content. This statement also defines a poem. This is the principle of mutuality when considered as holding with reference to distinct individuals; with reference to the whole of the mutually inclusive body of objects, it is the principle of analogical identity. And this principle is the law of the constitution of the universe.

But what, on earth, has all this to do with poetry?

I said that there are two (at least) modes of access of the individual mind to the ultimate reality, that is, to the world of ultimate individual objects. One of these accesses is by thought operating through the principles of logic. The principles of logic are the normal modes of procedure of thought in its speculative activity. These processes are constituted an organon, set up as a body of technique and known as metaphysics. By means of these logical techniques syllogistically integrated as a single instrument and as thus the formal structure of truth, metaphysics goes to reality at its cold and colorless foundation, in structure, and thus opens the way for any other possible approach to reality. The other mode of access to reality goes by direct approach to its substance in quality, which through its organon metaphor is represented in experience as texture; this, we said, is poetry. And just as logic and truth have their organon in the language form called the syllogism, so poetry has its organon in the language form called metaphor.

It is a pity that the structure and function of metaphor have not been worked out to the degree of clearness that has been attained for the syllogism. And, for poetry, its origin, its career, and its goal are the reality at the end; and as approaching reality, as it must, by a way analogous to that of metaphysics proper, its way, or organon, may be called the meta-

physic of poetry, or simply metaphysical poetry. A critique of poetry would thus be an account of the structure and function of metaphor. All real poetry, all poetry that means the real, is thus metaphysics. Its approach is not direct in the sense that it attacks reality at the cold stones of its foundation as the metaphysics of thought does, but rather it makes its way a bit roundabout through the flesh of quality by which the structure of reality is clothed and thus given body. Thus poetry possesses reality by caressing its body, its flesh of quality, which latter is stimulated creatively to the making of itself in beauty, the final act which consecrates to Venus all the acts of art and morality, all the acts, that is, by which the universe is sustained in being. The flesh of reality is the quality of objects and is experienced by poets and other sentient beings as feeling; by poets as unadulterate quality which is the creative substance, and by humans generally, particularly those with obsessions to the practical, as tasteless quantity—intensity. But we must not mistake the feeling that is the substantial stuff of poetry for the mere tremor of emotion in the mind of the poet. For the feeling that is the substance of poetry is the body of the world, a bit of whose substance flashes on the mind of the poet from the light of the world's constitution when a form designs itself in the poet's mind. The poetry that is real does not originate within the psychological processes of the poet; the poetry is real because it has its substance in the being of the cosmos, and this substance, as we have seen, is the quality of objects. In the "mind" of the individual poet it is of course, being phenomenal fact, emotion.

A poem, then, is a form, a design that forms itself within an organ of the world's body. The substance of this individual body is draped about the design, which functions as a constitution, so that the poem stands up as real by its own assertion. The poem therefore is not a product of the poet's private genius but is an objective self-realization of a motive in the world's life. It is thus reality, where the poet with his life and feeling are appearance; *he* is realized, if and when he is at all, because the poem, by its own design, takes form from words intoned within his mind. These words are the bits of the world's substance that make up the body of the poem, and they resort to the mind of the poet for the reason that, in order to take on existence, they must find a position and a locus within existence. And for poetry and the poet, existence is sentiency. To be is to feel. So they become experience. The poet, if and when he lives to maturity, is a humble person, almost a humiliated person. But often the reality burns the poet out before he realizes the nature of the fire loaned of heaven, claims it for his own, and dies young.

A poem is a structure of words, by design buried in the world-sub-

stance of feeling; a poem is a constitution set up by the design inherent in the interrelations of the words; this design clothes itself with the body of world feeling and so takes form within that substance. It thus assumes a place in existence.

But since structured words embodied in a constitution are language, poetry as such a structured design is the measured use of language to create and exemplify form as the individuate instance of reality. A poem is therefore an instant in the eternal surge of reality, caught in a net of word-relations, where the relations are transformed thereby into a design or designed into a form; for at this the goal of all ends the relation between design and form becomes an analogy of the perfect degree, and design and form are identified in a living object. Thus the formal elements of a poem that it becomes necessary to understand are relation, structure, constitution, design, and form. The material elements are (1) words; (2) word-complexes, or word-continuities; (3) word-quality, with emphasis on word-color and word-tone; and (4) feeling, both as the subjective instance in the private mind and as an instant in the universal world-substance.

On all or most of the formal topics something in very general terms has already been said, but it remains to point out their peculiar function in the special case of a poem. This is best done perhaps by taking them up in connection with the discussion of the material elements. The most important approach to the matter to be discussed is by way of the distinction between the communicative use of language and the use of language as material in the constitution of reality through art. We take up the topics in order.

1. On the topic of words in general we can perhaps best merely restate in condensed form the conclusions of a previous essay on the subject. The primary meaning of a word is not that derived from its use in communication, if we mean by communication the play of address and response between individual minds. The intercourse between persons in the drama is not communication but interplay, in which the words are constituent elements of the whole which the drama creates. The actor speaks as a "part," as a *persona*, or character, not as a person. It is very much the same in most connections in "social" life and in ordinary human intercourse. The user of words is doing so in an effort to create an objective situation of a definite quality; he is not passing something over from himself to another person. Where this latter motive is present, in ordinary communication, the end is purely practical, and the words have meaning only in picturing the existential characters of objects with reference to the part such objects might play in a productive or moral act; this they do by

drawing the outline of the act in terms of the time-space characters of the objects. That is to say, when I talk or write to another person, what I want to do is to set up a relation between him and me through the abstract forms of objects I set up before him or to break down or modify by the same methods some relation already established; and these relations have their substance pictured in acts that I or he or both of us will perform or are conceived to perform. And these acts are objects with definite qualities, the sum of which constitutes the public life which he and I share as a common medium. This, I think, is true even of abstract thinking on matters of pure theory; the thinker wants to convince somebody, possibly himself, with respect to some structure of objects he presents through his words; and even the being convinced on the part of the person addressed is thought of as an act either performed or willed. The conviction, which we normally think of as a state of soul, is really an act contemplated or willed but ordinarily held in reserve. But, in any case, the use of language for communication is merely practical, and this sets it off distinctly from what we call the constitutive or constitutional use. We shall attempt to give a picture of this latter use in the account given of the nature of a poem, since the account is perhaps best given in tracing the constitution of the poem.

The distinction just pointed out is, I think, well illustrated in the case of a literary "production" in which the concern for the reader places the emphasis altogether on the subjective interplay between the writer and the imaginary person the writer is asking for as reader. The writing will no doubt have "appeal," but the obvious only thing such an author has to say is his anxiety for an "audience." His motive is therefore purely practical, commercial perhaps; he has something to sell and is hoping for a wide distribution in terms of money or acclaim. So he does his part, and the publisher's blurb and the expert reviewers will do the rest. And it is inevitable that the "life" that thus becomes a commodity in trade will degenerate to its lowest and crudest form in sex and egotism and the desire for fame and power. In contrast to this the literature that becomes great is impersonal as to "appeal," and even where its purpose is to depict the most inward and private of subjective motives these motives are universalized as the expression of a type and objectified in public forms, with no appeal except to the recognition of the object as art. The writer who has something to say addresses himself to *that* with the purpose to give it the best and highest form he can. He is little concerned as to his readers, or as to whether he shall have readers at all. He has an idea that calls for realization in a form the highest he can command, and that form as an object is his only concern. He is not writing *to* anybody or *for* anybody; the man

who does that is a businessman, and what he has to say has neither the substance nor the semblance of truth.

The words the artist uses therefore are not selected with reference to their subjective or practical effect upon the prospective reader, or with reference to any effect of any kind upon him; the reader and the reader's whim are not and cannot be for him the principle of their determination. The words that satisfy the artist's choice are those that best express or objectify or shape the object that is the artist's vision; and this object alone and as real in its own right is the law that determines the fitness of any word that may be suggested. It is high time that the commercial motive of contemporary "literary" "production" were recognized; and it is still more necessary to realize that the disintegrating effect of that motive is quickly fatal to any genuine artistic activity. The use of words in communication is interested and practical, and, where interests are present, there can be no art or any reality of any kind. And the "literature" that gives expression to interest is the instrument to artistic disintegration. The words and the language of art have therefore no representative or symbolic function and are not addressed to anybody or to anybody's interests, not even the interests of the user. They relate to the object they construct only; they constitute it and become its constitution.

There is another superstition it ought to be possible to dispose of briefly. It is to the effect that the function of words and language is to produce some effect in or upon the emotions of the individual and that it is to this purpose that language in its artistic use is directed. Given a literal translation, such a statement would mean that emotions are objects and that it is "to" them as such that we choose and direct our words. But emotions are merely private aspects of the subjective life of the individual, and there exists no method or technique or device by which they can be given objective form, since there is not within them the substance necessary to anything that is capable of design. And what is not capable of design cannot be given form, and so it cannot *be* so far as its artistic status is concerned. Emotion has not the stability of an object therefore, and the direction toward it of any of the instruments of language would never be able to locate it; an emotion, since it has no status, will not stay put long enough to permit of a word being fashioned to it. What substance there is in emotion is pure motion and fluidity, and the nearest approach to an object that can be made with it lies in interpreting its fluidity into terms of pure time and then making use of the time thus "objectified" in constructing a musical object. But the musical "object" is never complete and cannot be delimited, since time alone does not set all the conditions of an object; therefore it cannot be designed for the reason that the

imagination can never grasp all its changing elements in a permanent unit—its elements are never all in—and maintain them together, since their relations are limited to time relations. That is, time relations are the only relations that are possible to any construct that is to be made *of* time; a construct that is set up *in* time can of course have all the relations possible to space-time; but as limited to time alone the "object" must get all the relations that enter into its design from time, and the relations of time are all attributes of its lapse. As a consequence a musical object is never quite possible, its tendency continuously to dissolve in sense is inherent in the nature of tone, which gets all its characters from its analogical relation with time, so far as the existence of its object is concerned. The question of the musical object is one of extraordinary difficulty, and, fortunately for us, one that we need not dispose of in this connection.

It is obvious therefore that the appeal to the emotions is not a legitimate artistic procedure. Literature cannot appeal to emotion if it is to be regarded as an art. It can only make this appeal to emotion for a practical purpose, and, where practical purposes appear, they are either taking a religious, ethical, or an economic point of view. And while all these points of view are valid and legitimate in their appropriate connections, they are not and cannot be the attitudes of art. It is true of course that religious *objects*, or moral *objects*, or economic *objects* can be taken as the material of an aesthetic object and can be worked into design; but the object that results is not the original religious, ethical, or economic object it was to begin with; it is now designed within a field that calls for a different material and different conceptual techniques and different modes of relation from those employed in the original. Art always implies an object, and an emotion is never an object. An emotion can of course be the proximate end of an interest, but neither the emotion nor the interest is of the objective stuff of art. Besides, the appeal to interest is advertising, and this damns the artist to the harlotry of business.

A similar argument takes care of the superstition that words and language are used to appeal to the imagination. The imagination is not an object and so can answer to no appeal. It is an instrument, and its functional act is process, and a process is never an object for anybody (except Mr. Dewey, and he is very old). The imagination deals with the fashioning of objects, including word-objects, with respect to their design, and so its object is independent of any interest or purpose and of all subjectivity. It designs objects whose substantial content is feeling, which is a universal; but feeling is not emotion, and has nothing to do with individual and subjective motives. Feeling is the substance of the system of objects; you can make objects *out of* it but not *by means of* it. You can make ob-

jects *by means of* the imagination but not *out of* it. In fact, there is no other means of making objects. Imagination has no peculiar relation to emotion and can never be directed upon it as an object.

Poetry is art. It is therefore not psychology, since it does not concern itself with subjects; and so, it does not have any special traffic with emotion, it certainly does not try to shape emotion. It is not concerned in any special way with imagination, so far as imagination is a psychic process, and is not a tool for any purpose. It is not dedicated to life or mind or experience; in fact, it ignores everything subjective. Poetry is art. It is therefore metaphysics. It therefore deals with objects; its origin, its end, its destiny is the object. It makes. It is the maker of the object. It makes the object out of life and mind and experience and nature and God and institution and every existent thing, not out of any one alone, but of all of them in their mutuality, its Object is the Universe Itself. The object of the poet is Reality itself and not any of the flimsy things of mere existence and certainly not the shadow of flimsy things that appears in experience.

An argument in a similar vein will take care of the problem of word-combinations, or, as I should prefer to call them, word-continuities. By this I mean such collocations of words as are found in metaphor, idiom, and the peculiar word arrangements and structures that tend to become characteristic of the individual writer—what, I imagine, is meant by "style." It is obvious that I do not mean merely the formal word-combinations that are governed by the rules of grammar and rhetoric, but those that make of ordinary language a work of art. Nor do I mean to represent the word-forms as merely decorative of a language that would otherwise be plain communication. I mean that these forms and word-structures completely transform ordinary language into an object of art and that, instead of making the language an instrument of expression or communication or description, they reconstitute it itself into a work of art. They are therefore characteristic constitutional elements of the object that language is used to constitute and not either decorative factors of the language or trimmings of the object created by their use. The word-forms become, by virtue of their formal characters, the structural framework of the object they design, just as the same words become the blood of its life when interpreted or used to give expression to their inherent qualities. And it is word-quality that becomes the stuff of the life that becomes the material of art in poetry. Metaphor perhaps is the most important of the word-continuities used in poetry, and its function should be made clear.

A metaphor is not the expression of a resemblance, not a mere likeness or similarity. It is rather the statement of the identity-within-difference

of a constitutional situation, and so a genuine analogy. As an analogy it states the fact that the elements of a complex situation, like that which is typical of ordinary prose, and which are, as discrete and particularized fact, diverse and incongruous with each other, are nevertheless identical on a deeper plane behind the merely factual. They are identical in the analogical sense that they are reciprocal to each other; their incongruities match them together in an individuate whole, which whole, like a dovetail joint, thereby presents itself as a unitary object. The difference between the literal and the figurative in this case lies largely in the fact that in analogy the words are taken for their quality as words and not for their representative meaning. The word is a quality and is used as such in poetry. So that now in the figure, as the figure is constituted an individuate object by the integration of its elements, the metaphor becomes a material constituent of the poem (itself a more inclusive object by its identification of separate metaphors) and is thus the stuff out of which the poem is made. It is to be emphasized here that the metaphor is not necessarily a figure or pattern of usually incompatible words but that words of ordinary plain matter-of-factness are often set together in metaphor. The metaphor is not thus inherently a queer or strange combination but may, by a peculiarly happy convergence of word tone-quality or word color-quality, effect a perfect unit of words that in ordinary prose would have no function but that of communication. Poe's "Annabel Lee" is made up of simple words for the most part, but their tone- and color-qualities give them a unity and integrality that endow them with peculiar harmonies. As a matter of fact, the poem is a structure of overtones integrated by certain recurrent tones that stress a dominant quality. This is probably the basis of the lyrical element that is the essence of all poetry. But this same tendency to analogical integration is present universally in language as spoken, where words have no individuate existence.

A metaphor is therefore a constitutional element in a poem, and it is so by virtue of the qualities it creates for its component words through the relationships it sets up among them. The materials of an object of art, as well as of other objects, are thus derived from the formal and constitutional elements of the object in their functional impact upon each other, just as the interplay of gases upon each other will harden them down into a solid and resistant thing. And the principle is that of the metaphor, or rather that of the universal of which the metaphor is an illustrative type, namely, the principle of analogy or analogical identity. In the poem this principle operates by just the same formulas as in the individuation of any other types of object, the fitting-together of incompatibles by matching and balancing their incongruities. It is the same process, rather the same

agency, that in the "social" life tends to set up interpersonal relations into institutional forms. The substance of the family, for instance, is created out of the relations of its elements to each other. In fact, the principle of the figure, the principle of analogy, is the dynamic law of the universe.

A number of words together in a metaphor are not therefore a complex situation, since complexity suggests a pluralized entity caught in a tangle of its own differences and implies their forcible association *in spite of* their differences. A metaphor is really a word-continuity, and this means that its constituent words are brought together *because of* their differences, that their distinctnesses are overcome by emphasis on them, that the differences, being reciprocal, are just the factors that make the unity complete. This is, of course, a difficult and dark saying to the literal-minded; but the literal-minded have little to say in artistic connections. It is by virtue of their differences and resistances, and because of them, that the words are brought first to interfere and then to interfuse, to intermingle their substances and thus to retain as a new quality the elements of difference within the unity and as the bond that holds the unity together. It is this firmly bonded unity, a unity enforced by interreferent differences presented as a material fact, that becomes a constituent element in a poem, and its relations to other similar elements constitute the design by which the form of the poem is ultimately determined. That is to say, the constitution of the object is determined by mutualizing its internal differences. But the differences are not lost or neutralized; they are syncretized in the new quality they become. If there should be objection to the proposition that relation and quality are interchangeable, I should merely reply that for sense experience this interchange is the simplest and commonest of facts.

Word qualities as thus determined are colors and tones, which are the qualities of all objects that have their constitution in the forms of sense. The qualities of touch, taste, smell, etc., are probably derivatives from or modifications of colors and tones. This does not deny the significance of the tastes and smells and feels through which many of the richest of our experienced objects come to us, nor does it overlook the importance of all those many organic sense qualities that have no name but which nevertheless make up the substance of most of our moods and attitudes and possibly shape the points of view and the biases that make up the individual character. It remains true, however, that, in the absence of color and tone relations, there are no objects for these "minor" sense qualities to inhere in, and this is perhaps the reason why they are supposed by most people to belong to the "mind" itself. And because there is no object for them to belong to, so far, at least, as such objects are not discoverable in any

image-form, they seem what is directly felt to be the very inwards of the personality.

Now, this depth and inwardness and intimacy may very well be recognized without accepting the hypothesis that these sensations inhere as qualities in the mind or the organism and are thus purely subjective in character. Also, their importance to the individual who feels them may be recognized without conceding that they are qualities of his mind or that there are objects to which they appropriately or by nature belong as attributes. That they have no proper objects is shown by the fact that we connect them with external objects when we name them. Thus a given taste is said to be the taste of peach and a smell the smell of the rose. And there are the still more intimate of the sensations, sensations of sex, or sensations of bodily comfort or well-being, which we may with equal justice attach to the mind as a deeply spiritual entity or to the organism as the lowest of external things. As qualities they wander thus without repose and float in nebulae until a body is got for them. And as the "mind" is the catch-all for everything not otherwise provided for, these remnant qualities stray into the mind for the anchorage denied them in the more solid Being. But it is obvious that such qualities are not constituents of objects except as they become elements in a complex of colors and tones. It would be an interesting question for a psychologist to inquire whether these qualities may not be involved in some way with the mysterious nuances that are represented in some way in language by the connectives, prepositions, conjunctions, etc., thus giving insight into the strange fact of continuity by which a language overcomes the discreteness due to the fact that it is composed of distinct words.

It has seemed to me that the only way to avoid the confusions and contradictions with respect to quality is to recognize that, of genuine qualities—that is, qualities that are capable of objective form—only color and tone can certainly be listed. Note that we do not refer to them as sights and sounds, or as sensory processes, and that we do not name them by association with an external object, neither an object of outside nature nor an organ of the body, as we do with the so-called lower sensations. They are independent entities. Nor are these qualities products of the imagination, nor its creations. Qualities have no character which they have by reference to us, nor any that they have by reference to anything but the system of the qualities themselves, the system of objective quality. Colors and tones are qualities that we may think of as fully objective without any reference to eyes or ears, and in the very experience of them they are felt as not belonging to the mind and as not necessarily connected with an external object but as having a locus in the objective that is peculiar to them-

selves alone. A complete image-form is the mode of appearance in the mind of a color or a tone, and it is not mediated there by a sensation or created there, while the "lower" senses have no image-form, nor do they appear in the image-form of any external object. This does not mean that the so-called lower senses are unimportant; all it means is that we do not as yet know how to put them up on appropriate objects. We have no objects for them, so we do not know how to give them the solidity that permits them to take constitutional form. And this means that in our ignorance we attribute them to the "imagination" or "creative mind" or to some mysterious mystical source. But they have their place in the metaphor that constitutes poetry by virtue of their relations to color and tone, and the poetic technique attaches them as attributes to objects which it forms of colors and tones.

There are other equally cogent arguments to indicate either that the lower senses are undeveloped as organic-conscious functions and so ambiguous in the experience they represent or that they are the shadowy modes of color and tone that have not yet felt solid ground on their way to existence, and thus represent objects that are not yet fully imaginatively determinable, and so cannot by themselves be accurately represented in imagination. As a consequence the conception of the nature of the mind that many literary people prefer is one lost in depth and mystery and the internality and privacy of the fancy; so the character of the literary artist must be one of extreme idiosyncrasy and dark profundity even to the borderland of the irrational and the abnormal, as must be also the characters in a literary work: either a profundity of deep intellectual confusion as in Clym or a simple profundity peopled by personified mystery, as with Christian. So also the world that corresponds to such a mind. It is one of nooks and crannies and ravined windings and dark tortuosities where the individual human, equally twisted, and in the same directionlessness, cannot but hope to be betrayed and lost and to take a complimentary delight in finding himself lost. Nothing is staid and fixed and solid; everything winds and wanders in uncertainty, and the dizziness that comes from the realization of the maze is the primal wisdom. The highest knowledge is not to know, and the ultimate heaven is to be swallowed up in the unconsciousness of bodily sensation or lost in the raw tenseness and intensity of a sexual orgy. And literature is the representation of this confusion in terms of a symbolism and a communication that is at last unintelligible. All this is but the expression of complete and total ignorance as to the essential nature of the elements that enter into literary art. A full understanding of the nature and function of metaphor would clear away such fatuous confusion.

I see no way to escape this perdition but by accepting, as the ground basis of literary art, the quality of words as the reality that the quality represents itself to be and that the words embody. Literary art is made out of word-quality, and experience and life and nature are utilized merely to instance the reality of that quality. It is these that are symbols, if any symbolism is involved in art at all. And, when I say that the quality represents reality, I mean that the reality is identified in that representation. But as the term "representation" seems to be at present confused with a peculiar type of ambiguity, it had better be dropped. So I shall prefer to say that word-quality *is* reality; it is the mind with all its depth and wonder and mystery, and it *is* the world with all its confused complexity and diaphanous phenomenality and its undoubted and indubitable solid substantial being. That is to say, Reality is Quality, is Feeling. Feeling "comes to" us in sense; the experience of feeling *is* sense; and sense becomes the substance of what we call experience and worship as such. But the feeling that "comes to" us *is* the substance of the world as well, and thus the essence of things. And the ultimate identity in which the reality as feeling is instituted in an individuate thing, that is, metaphor, constitutes an object, and the object is art. And the being of the object is the word. In the beginning was the Word.

Why will not, then, our literary people give up their shallow and colorless folly and try to realize that literature is serious work directed in conviction toward the conquest of destiny? Or had they rather play as children with the rattle and the red ball of subjectivity and "experience" while the shadow world which is its "objective" counterpart floats in uncertainty over the abyss of confusion?

Poetry is metaphysics. It differs from "logical" metaphysics in characteristic ways. The formal relations of words in ordinary metaphysics give to them a cogency cumulative toward the intellect, and the "mind" is "convinced" of "truth." Sometimes we say that the truth is created in the process of being minded, and we arrogate to ourselves the power of the Demiurge. When wise, we say in humility that the truth was defined and contoured for us in the light reflected to us from its objective Form. And our two attitudes represent the difference between a thought that loses itself in formalism and an abstraction of tools we call symbols, on the one side, and a thought that in simple modesty and passive receptiveness breaks through the screen of phenomena to the substance of Form itself. And the arrival at Form is not represented in any way by anything or to anybody and is communicated by no symbolism but comes directed by and through the Form itself, which means that representation and symbolism and communication are chimeras wandering in the murky shades

of the egotistical subjectivity which is the "genius" of the literary artist, and they have no authority or power anywhere. The arrival at Form, then, is the racognition and acknowledgment of an identity in which "we" are not distinguished out from the "that" which we know and which leaves experience and consciousness and our artistic genius outside the picture.

In the metaphysics of poetry—I mean the poetic metaphysics as distinct from the logical—we are not dealing with the formal relations of words which go the indirect or mediated way to truth. We are dealing with relations, even with formal relations on occasion; but they are not mediate or instrumental in any way; they are constitutional relations, and they make, that is, they are, in their analogical identity, the design of the Object. Their instrument, rather their organon, is metaphor. So also we are relieved of all the myriad questions about the mystery of the method of the mediation—whether representation in sense or otherwise, or symbolism and the signs we use for what we cannot say; or the other way of mystery in which we preconceive the whole question in the superstitions about communication. These, I say, are out. We are dealing rather with the substance-quality relations of words that are ordinarily given in color and tone and which endow the words with the attribute of measure. If the other logic applied, we would, as seems to be assumed, in dealing with measure have merely to manipulate the space and time relations of words, and thus build them into numbers and durations as an abstraction of truth. But poetic relations are not confined within space-time limits; certainly they are not bound within time limits; they lie in another and a different field, known to us only in the colors we see and the tones we hear. We find the space-time ground of these colors and tones when we apprehend their quality, which is given as the form of their existence. We are assuming, that is, that it is the color-tone substance, and not the formal relations, certainly not the numerical or durational relations, of words that give them their metric character. This is ultimately, perhaps, the problem of rhythm. And it is the metric character that is the distinguishing mark of poetry. It is true of course that, in a full account of the nature of poetry, this color-tone substance and the measure which is its essential attribute, give body to the poetic structure in which the constitutional design is the formal relational system of the words in the poem. But here the problem is to see how the metric character, which is the distinguishing characteristic of poetry, is made determinately functional in the poem, so that we have a completely substantiated and formally perfect object, and thus a perfect work of art.

Being ignorant of the technical details of method and analytical pro-

cedure involved in literary analysis, I will not undertake this problem. Anyway, present methods of analysis are not competent to deal with the problem. It is one for the man or woman who is trained in literary criticism and the philosophy of style as well as in the basic problems of life and nature. Since there are no philosophers so trained, it will have to be turned over to the literary experts to show the details of the application of the doctrine here developed, and thus to give the empirical demonstration of its truth. It is to be hoped that the literary experts will undertake the task. In case they do not undertake it, or, undertaking it, funk the issue, it may fall to the lot of those who are neither critics nor philosophers to do with as best they can.

There are, however, one or two topics that can be stated as deductions from the propositions formulated above. The first and possibly most important is that there is no way adequately to state the metric quality of poetry in terms of quantity and quantitative determination. Quantity and the substance presuppositions that are its meaning are attributes of the physical object, not of the aesthetic object. And while it is true that every aesthetic object is also a physical object, quantity is a character of only that half of the total object that is abstracted away from the total object by physical presuppositions. The only whole attribute, the only attribute of the real, is quality itself, which *is* the Real. It is "related" to the Real, that is, by identity, the analogical "relation."

Another consequence that can, I think, be deduced from our premises is that the essence of poetry cannot be adequately represented by interpretation of the poetic quality in terms of time. In so far as time is a character of physical or natural objects at all, it is once more a function of quantity, and quantity is meaningless as referred to the aesthetic whole. Measure is somehow an aspect of the "relation" between the physical or existential and the aesthetic, and it is doubtful if we know more about it than merely to indicate its principle. Possibly measure is the tremor in the Ultimate Feeling that expresses the failure of the existential and the aesthetic-ideal to come to identity; thus the ontological essence of the tragic that is the ground of literary art.

As a consequence, the way qualities assert themselves, and the way qualities refer to each other in the constitution of a poem, are "relations" for which, therefore, there has been possible no direct statement; and the forms of indirect statement usually resorted to all lead to misunderstandings that, in the sum, leave the poem a mystery. It has been this situation, as I think, from which literary interpretation has been led off into subjectivism; for a lazy generation it is more satisfying for the individual to mystify himself in subjective ecstasy than to face a genuine problem.

This is probably the reason why literary people are so friendly to mystery and the hazy shadows. It is also, I imagine, the reason why they love the mud-bottom of psychology and Freudianism and the dark crypts of an abstract and formal religion. But both the madhouse of Freud and the air-castle temple of abstract religion will crumble if peopled by tribes who seek the darkness. We have been a generation of intellectual cowards, and there is no fight in us. The problem of the nature of poetry is as yet untouched; it has not yet been stated. Unless the concept of metaphor as interpreted by the principle of analogical identity is the required statement.

Poetry is metaphysics—a metaphysic after its kind. It goes "beyond nature" to what is real, to that whose reality includes nature and whatever else is real. It goes "beyond" to a real that comprises nature, dead and alive; life, biological, psychological, and what of spirit may be real; and experience, conscious, remembered, and unfelt. Within the real it finds all these as objects—objects whose forms are from the beginning; and it gives these objects bodies which establish them in a place in the everlasting. All these—nature, life, experience—are, as such, abstractions, all bounded and bonded by science. Each of them is without form and void until art finds for it a body, and a common, public, individual body is found for all in the Word of poetry. In the beginning was the Word, and in the end the Word is.

VII

Art and Morality

NEXT to the question of the relation of genius to taste, the relation of art to morality appears to trouble the critics more than any other. It would perhaps not be quite fair, certainly not generous, to suggest that the interest in both questions has developed among the critics out of their desire to demonstrate that they are also artists and to claim, a little less confidently, that they are also philosophers. And, as artists, they join the throng of the creative artists in the insistence that nothing in the shape of rational bounds shall stand in the way of the creative genius in its purpose to create. Apparently also they recognize, when functioning in their capacity as philosophers, the fact that morality has claims to universality and in this aspect has a right, under God, that is to say, their genius, to a say in the affairs of art, as it has a right to a share in all other human concerns.

In the demand, then, that the creative artistic act should stand alone and aloof from other human attempts at significant action, the critics are entering upon rather unusual ground—ground that it would seem would be hard to maintain. It is really a hard question: How maintain the absolute freedom of the creative artistic act in the face of morality's claim of the right universally to impose rational bounds? It is quite possible to share the anxiety of the critic that the creative act of the artist be given due respect for its indubitable importance in the human scheme and yet to argue that to demonstrate its importance need not involve one in asserting its uniqueness in so thoroughgoing a fashion as to make it difficult to show how and why it has that importance. It would be hard to see how anything should be of great consequence in the human universe and yet have no relation to what is admittedly the basis of all human consequence, for that is precisely what is claimed as the unique function of morality. One would hesitate to suggest that those who are interested to discuss literature as a primary art form may not know their philosophy very well, in its logical aspects in any case, so they can continue to be happy in the presence of conflicting infinities. For if it should turn out that there

is a breach between morality and art, it is certain that the breach goes to the bottom of the nature of things and thus makes a split in the universe.

That such a split in the universe is real must be accepted as the ground of tragedy after one denies that the ground of tragedy is weakness in the individual will; and one must make this denial if one demands that poetic art should be a genuine representation of reality. For the will of the individual, as grounded in desire, has no claim to reality. There may therefore be a contradiction in the premises on which the question of the relation of morality to art is stated, and, if so, it is necessary, in the interest of the great claims of both art and morality, to attempt to find the grounds the question stands on and to look rather closely to their validity.

Perhaps from certain kinds of artistic points of view it is pedantry to argue that we may not accept a contradiction or be at ease in its presence. But this may also be merely a way we have of saying that what we call contradiction in logical connections is called something else in artistic connection. We may, for instance, call it metaphor, or we may categorize it as a "conceit," in which case we glory in its internal discordancy; and, in cases of this sort, we would be justified in saying that contradiction had no critical function in artistic relations. For while there is conflict among the differences that are bound up in a metaphor, it is overcome by the principle of the metaphor, so that there is no friction within its internal variety. But it is one thing to say that contradiction has nothing to do with art, either in its creation or in determining any character or function it may have, and quite another to say that it has no part in determining what is valid in discussions about art. And the question of the relation of art to morality is a discussion about art. It is possible that contradiction can be swathed in perfumed wrappage and dropped as a unit in the seething mixture that is being made the material for a specific form; it may be an element of the blank stuff upon which form is to be imposed and yet not in any way or degree affect the form. This is precisely what is done in tragic art. But an assumption like this, regarded as a logical premise, splits the world into two sections with the interminable argument about matter and form. So we must distinguish between assertions that constitute artistic reality, like a figure in a poem, and other assertions that give the status of such a figure in the total body of a language form. And the assertion or denial of a relation between art and morality is a judgment of the latter sort, one that is *about* art, and not one that is constitutive of its essential nature. So we shall have to be careful in its use.

The assertion therefore is properly made the topic of logical investigation; and in this investigation it will not be possible to avoid the question as to whether the relations an entity stands in are also constitutive of its

elementary nature; that is to say, they determine the kind of entity it is. If therefore there are real relations between morality and art, it is possible that such relations themselves constitute the inner essence of both art and morality. So it may be possible, or even necessary, to recognize that art is not subject to contradiction in the strict logical sense, except in its relations with other cultural elements, and yet necessary to see how something of the nature of contradiction is inherent in the creative artistic act and the object it creates, and that the logic which governs all arguments about art must provide some way to make the contradiction intelligible. This is a problem for the philosophy of art, and we may pass it here.

There may, however, be something of moment here for the critic. He may with perfect consistency argue that a contradiction found within a work of art does not affect adversely the quality of the art or its conformity to the standards by which the status of it as a work of art are determined. For such standards are not aesthetic assertions; they are logical propositions. And assertions of conformity to standards are logical propositions. An opposition of an absolute sort and degree may be incorporated in a poem, since differences of quality are, in a sense, all absolute, as there are perhaps no tonal differences that may not be brought to harmony in music. And this the critic may recognize and accept and on it as a basis argue that the law of contradiction has no power over art. But the critic must nevertheless acknowledge that the law of contradiction does cover all his assertions about art. Hence in so far as his critical writing is intended to communicate anything *about* a work of art, it must stick close to logic. But this, and here is the critic's dilemma, means that, if contradiction is, or may be, inherent in a work of art, his criticism of the work may not describe or evaluate it without at the same time determining that his critical statement itself becomes a simple expression of logical argument and is thus itself not a work of art. And with this the critic's claim to be an artist must refer to other of his work than his criticism. He may write a poem, but it must not be about a poem. The artist may not argue or, when he argues, must drop his mantle.

But before we get too deeply involved in these intricacies of logic there is a simpler way of approaching the problem of the relation of art to morality. And here also there may be simple devices of logic that apply. It is perhaps a commonplace to remark that the kinds of relations a thing can stand in depend largely upon what sort of thing it is. And this is in itself a recognition that the substance of the thing and its relations are continuous in nature if not identical. We do not make statues out of butter or soap or would not in a rational world or any but a commercial

world where our very purpose is deceit and fraud. And the reason we do not make statues out of soap is that it is of the nature of a statue to stand unsubdued by the elements and forces of nature. Being the kind of thing it is, a hunk of soap could not possibly stand in certain kinds of relations, the relation of permanency, for one. A man does not marry a manikin—the marital relation would not hold; it could not be interpreted in terms of bed and board. So there is an intimate connection between the nature of a thing and the relations it can stand in. So, also, if we want to know in what kinds of relations anything stands, it will be necessary to determine what kind of thing it is. So, if we want to know what the relations are between art and morality, we must ask what kinds of things morality and art are.

That is to say, the reason the question of the relations of morality and art is not simply disposed of, but becomes the subject of interminable debate, is, simply, that morality and art are not defined, and nobody knows just what his antagonist is talking about. And in the same sense and in the same degree each arguer knows equally little of what he is talking about himself. My reading is limited, perhaps, but I do not recall an instance in the debate among literary people on this question where any serious attempt was made to define any of the terms used in the argument. There might be a "semantic" definition, to be sure, but definitions that are valid logically must touch reality somewhere. A sign is *of* the duck's nest, but real definition must in some sense *be* the nest. It is not of course necessary to bother about defining terms if terms are used to induce an effect upon the feelings and attitudes of individuals, particularly if the effect desired is emotional in the strictly subjective sense. Words are better used as elements of style where their content of meaning is negligible. But style is not appropriate to argument, and where there is no argument there is nothing to say. When the seven wise men go to see the elephant, they must come to terms upon the conditions of vision, though all of them are blind, if they intend to argue about elephants. So long as there is argument about art and morality and their relations within the ordinary undefined terms of literary discourse, there will be no end of the argument, simply for the reason that there will be no determinable sense to it. For argument is the appeal to logic, and you cannot argue on the healthy and democratic assumption that everybody knows what art and morality mean. Or is it presumptuous to call this to the attention of men whose scholarship is complete and recognized in the field of the use of language? Of course, it would be silly to raise the issue of definition if the meaning of words and language were nothing more than the psychological effect on the mind of the reader or hearer, or if the reader or hearer had

the right to attach to the language any meaning that might for any reason please him. And it might be something worse than gratuitous to suggest that the mode and type of interpretation put upon language within the field of literary scholarship leave no valid place anywhere for argument in any but the merest persuasive or hortatory sense, which is intended not to convince by clarity of demonstration but to convict by confusion of fundamentals within the vapid blue of emotion.

But anyhow if we want to argue, or even to describe or "communicate," we must come to a common use of terms. I think we must first, so confused is the issue, state what we mean even by the common use of terms, for upon that there is a possibility of almost exactly opposite meanings.

These opposite meanings we may take as a basis of the distinction between two types of usage. For, I should argue, even against the authority of Mr. Richards, that usage does have something to do with the meaning of terms. For the present we say nothing about a third type—the metaphorical, where a synthesis and harmony of the other two types is effected. And for simplicity's sake we may name them the scientific or logical and the literary. And this distinction will be useful to us because it will enable us to make clear what we mean by definition. Taking up the scientific use of terms first, defining a term or fixing the meaning of a term means drawing sharp lines around a portion, or an area, of fact, which is assumed to be the content of the term, which lines are absolute as to what they inclose and what they leave outside. It will be noted that the statement involves a good many assumptions that are easily questionable, themselves capable of differing interpretations. The process specifies, or professes to specify, with complete precision the typic qualities and characteristics that belong within the bounded entity, and it implies with equal precision that any quality or characteristic not specified does not belong to the entity.

In order to define a term, the scientific purpose "isolates" the object denoted by the term, separates it off from all connections, makes it completely abstract, so that, in terms of sense, at least, it has no meaning at all. If a term is supposed to include qualities, these are looked upon rather as limits to the extent of application of the term than as positive determiners of the nature of the content specified. The limits it fixes are absolute, so that no object that is not created by its own definition can satisfy its conditions; that is, every object defined by this method is an abstraction of the method itself, and it can have no meaning that is not prescribed to it in the process by which it comes into existence. The most obvious examples are, of course, the entities and "objects" of mathematics. Here

the object *is* simply what is defined, and, in the most elementary cases, the object can have no characteristics except those of number or those of empty, that is to say, unqualified, space. The object can therefore have no relations to anything except those that abstractly connect it with a kind or species equally abstractly defined, so relation is stripped of all concrete meaning, for we have noticed that relations must imply qualities if their objects are to be real. Obviously therefore any discourse constructed of terms defined by such a method has no meaning beyond that abstractly defined within the intent of the user, so that such language has no reference at all to any world we may know as real within the sphere of concrete experience.

Science accepts therefore a thoroughgoing subjectivity; its "objects" are the ideal hypotheses of action. So science and its definitions do not apply in any questions relating to art, since the realities of art must be concrete. The difficulty with scientific definition is that it considers the relations of things as independent of the qualities of things, so that the thing itself cannot be real except through its hypothetical relations, and its qualities not real at all. But a significant part of the reality of a thing lies in its qualities; in fact, it is only as a thing has qualities that it can have real relations, so that the qualities of the thing can be considered without reference to the relations. But the relations of a thing cannot be considered without presupposing its qualities; if the qualities cannot be identified, the relations will themselves be considered as qualities; so relation and quality tend to mean the same thing, and this means that quality is a necessary presupposition of relation, the basis of any meaning relation may have. It is this consideration of things in terms of their qualities, thus going behind relations, that sets the problem for the peculiar type of definition required in artistic connections. What we want to see, then, is how a thing can be defined in terms of its qualities, for this alone defines it in terms of sense.

Obviously, then, we mean this kind of definition, that which defines in terms of qualities and sense, when we refer to the definition of terms for use in literary discourse. For literature is about a world that is real independently of our petty intents or habits of abstraction or any power we may have to draw lines around it. For artistic purposes the world that concerns us is a system of objects presented to us by their qualities, and where relations are important they are seen at once to be functions of the qualities of these objects. How objects are presented to us through their qualities is a complicated process; but it is not a matter of signs or symbols or any other methodological hocus-pocus. If the rose in our perception is seen to be related to the dawn, it is because of a quality common to

the rose and the dawn, and the relation will be regarded as the substance of the quality, the identity by analogy of the quality in the two instances, thought of as real by itself, and standing as a sort of world-medium in which the dawn and the rose have their loci. It is this kind of relation, a cosmic relation, one that carries world implications, one that immediately implies quality, that is the ground of the form that functions as the element of all the language arts; I mean that this relation is the substance of analogy, and analogy, in the form of metaphor, is the stuff from which is made all the structures that are possible to the arts that have their basis in language.

This implies, of course, a broad cosmic definition of metaphor, which we shall have to presuppose here; but it is stated in its essentials in the essay on Imagination. So that it is quality that makes it possible for things to stand in real relations rather than in abstract relations that leave the things exactly as they were before they came into the relation. The abstract relations of science are therefore external, accidental, can be attached to or detached from their terms, while both they and their terms remain changelessly the same throughout all the shifting about. It is science that is bound by the excluded middle, not art or metaphysics. When, however, a thing is regarded as standing in relation to another thing through a quality common to both, the relation tends to identify with the quality and to identify (if only in some limited aspect) the objects between which it holds; so that relation, quality, and thing together constitute a new object of a higher order than that to which the original things belonged. It is this gain in generic quality and degree of order that is accomplished in a qualitatively relational situation that gives us the what of the creative process—it is this that is created in any artistic process that is mediated through language. Metaphor, therefore, as the implement of this qualitative-relational identity, carries an immediate suggestion of reality, the reality being asserted in a presented analogy. So that the ultimate law for literary form, as for form in all artistic connections, is that of analogical identity.

What we are saying is, then, that by the definition of terms for a literary problem we mean coming to a common understanding that the terms we use have this reference to a real qualitative situation as the situation is given to us through sensuous sources. What a term means, then, is just the reference it makes to a situation in which a complex of objects and relations are joined together by their possession of and mediation through a common quality so that they together constitute an individuality that did not exist before. The "reference" of a term, its meaning, is the assertion of a real object, the assertion by which the object assumes and holds

a place or status in reality. The meaning of the term is this cosmic implication, the assertion by an individual object of a unique Place in reality. What we have now to see is that this reference, this cosmic implication, is not accomplished by a word functioning alone but that it is only as words function together as systems that they make this reference to reality. The immediate implication of a word is the discourse or word-context it asserts. A word as it stands by itself cannot be said to have a meaning. It is only as it asserts itself through and in co-operation with other words that it can have a meaning, and this is the simple statement that words have meanings only as they express themselves together in discourse. As a consequence the definition of a word is the formulation of as much of the discourse it normally functions in as is required to represent adequately the objective situation which the discourse gives form to. That is to say, a word is an element in a segment of language that is complex enough to picture the structure of a real situation, and outside this total situation any meaning of the word is merely potential.

Language is not therefore a mere collectivity of words, with a one-to-one correspondence to a collection of things they "signify," but a complicated structure of word-complexes, the complexes formed to more or less perfect correspondence with the structural aspects of the world of objects. And, reduced to their elements, these objects are quality complexes of such a nature as to coalesce with each other, and the extent to which they intermingle is sufficient to make the whole a continuity, and the "joints" of the continuity are relations. These relations are in essence identities of qualities, so that the substance of the world of objects is the same as the substantial element in language and at the same time that which gives to "experience" such body as it has. This identity of structure of language and the world of objects is the ground of the "truth" of language and the point of contact of language with reality.

Defining a term, then, is pointing out the reality to which an analogical complex of words "refers," or rather the reality which the word complex constitutes, and finding that reality identical in substance with reality as such. What we call "life" and "experience" and "culture" are therefore accidents of the words by which reality asserts itself, the phenomenal phases being distinguishable in the functional implications which language bears to reality. They are therefore not the substance to which language hopes to give "expression" but by-products of the assertion by which the Word states the real as such. In the beginning was the Word. The meaning of a word is therefore not what *we* assert *about* reality but the assertion through which reality formulates its own being and state. It is reality asserting itself that gives a word meaning, and our "experiences" of the

process have meaning only in so far as they are implicated in the assertion. Reality is not my assertion of my experience of it—I do not give reality its meaning, but it gives to me and my experience such meaning as they have.

On this definition of definition, then, what are art and morality? We shall have to get straight on these matters in order to see what is the relation between them.

And, first, morality. Morality, in its most general implication, is a reference to the system of those habits, attitudes, convictions, thoughts, feelings—in general, experiences—which characterize conduct, where conduct is defined as action directed by intelligence toward an end; together with the customs, conventions, and purposed social structures of public life, all these embodied in the institutions of culture and incorporated in the ethico-political order. The word "morality" refers in particular therefore to human beings in action, with all the "experiences" and objective changes and situations that may be generated out of action. The gist of the term "moral," then, is this reference to the wholeness of the world in that aspect in which action is characteristic. The moral element in any situation is then the implication to the cosmos which is the situation's meaning.

An act or an object or an experience is good, then, by virtue of its cosmic implication, the part it plays in the constitution of things. Goodness or morality is this relation in general. It is to be emphasized here that it is action as an objective fact and the objective world it implies that is the reality intended in the meaning of morality. The thoughts, experiences, feelings, attitudes, all the experiences are ancillary and phenomenal, and their meaning lies in such suggestiveness as they have toward the realities of action. But it is action as a physical and cultural fact that is the substant reality for discussions of morality. With very little expansion of meaning the word "morality" becomes the equivalent of "life," where life has any definite meaning at all, and with not too much extension almost the same thing as culture. But if we ask for the common quality in all this reality which becomes substance for all moral terms, what we shall have is, then, the good; and this idea of the good, as the substantive fact in action and the general implication to the world becomes the essence of the term "morality." The good is, then, that which gets final approval by the intelligence as of cosmic value in the objects, actions, habits, customs, attitudes, conventions, modes of thought, etc., of human beings, together with all the structures of the objective world that furnish concrete meaning for these terms; and as an adjective the term "good"

will apply to anything that can become an element in the human end. It is thus an element of the cosmos.

In so far as anything can or does become implicated with the human in the way of an aspect of action it becomes moral, that is to say, its nature and status can be asserted by reference to the general conception of the good. The good then becomes the standard of morality, and it is worth while perhaps to point out that as such it is and becomes an independent reality, a part of the world that for us is to be taken for granted. That the good is not real for science, or whether it is real for science, is of no importance whatever; for, in so far as a man is merely a scientist, he is not yet a moral agent. For the content of the good, as we have noted, is all those aspects of the world that come to be implicated with us as ends; they are there in the nature of things, and it is ours to adapt ourselves to them as they become aspects of ends for us. It is not that they are to be adapted to our purposes except in the narrow region where their superficial aspects may be changed to facilitate relations with our technical processes. The thoughts, feelings, purposes, intents, all the subjective phases of the situation, are real only as the instruments by which the objective elements are recognized as universal. The thought, for example, is what makes an act of a mere plurality of physical movements. It is in this sense that the experiences, by becoming elements in the universal, are themselves made elements of morality. But in substance the "good" remains what it objectively is when it comes to us as the complement of our purposes, and we have as individuals no direct control over its essential nature.

The "moral" connotes the aspect of goodness in the universe, and, being universal, there is nothing that can be out of relation to it. And here it takes on a wider meaning than the mere reference to the human, which becomes now only a partial aspect of its total meaning. And it is necessary to see what is good in this larger and wider and universal sense in order to apprehend the relations of the aesthetic to it, for the relations of particulars to particulars are not themselves real. And, since it is true that the relations of particulars are not real, it is irrelevant to ask if *this* poem, *this* picture, *this* novel is immoral; ultimately, if it is immoral, it is unreal and so not art. An immoral poem is a contradiction. There is no question that we are taking things seriously when we speak of nonhuman things, or even super- or extrahuman things, including aesthetic things, as good. But it is necessary to know what we mean. It is known precisely what we mean when we speak of a good tiger, a good sunset, or a good oak tree when we have the context; and, while there may be some difficulty regarding detail, we know what we mean when we speak of a good picture

or a good poem; and, since Plato, we know also how to say what we mean. And, when we speak of a poem as good, one thing we must mean, one ultimate relation we must imply, is that its goodness is in some fundamental sense moral. For practical purposes this relation is, of course, negligible, but in such connections as our present concern it is vital.

The good is, then, good because it is real, and it is real because it is a character of the universe, that character, namely, which makes action a factor of the world. It is a character of the universe because it is necessary to the completeness of the human, and the human is real because through action it makes a universe out of a mere world. The process of this making is morality, the object made is culture, and the process and the object are the universals of which the aesthetic is a species. But as this species it is *sui generis* because it is the essence of the moral as an active agent, and its characteristic act is the making that has its highest specific expression in poetry. And in poetry, because poetry is the perfection of linguistic assertion, in which the assertion is identical with its object, is its object. Poetry is therefore the instrument by which the Word (language) assumes creative power over existence, and it manifests this power by making a mere existence as a mere thing over into an object that is real. The object which issues from and at the same time embodies the poetic act is therefore the criterion or pattern of reality as such, and it is the pattern of reality because it is the typic moral object; and it is the job of the critic to state the general characteristics of this object.

This will be a simple matter, for it has been done once for all in the Aristotelian (rather Platonic) notion of the individual that is the instance and the synoptic formula of its type. The aesthetic object, the object that is the type of all objects that are good in the universal and thus the standard criterion and principle of morality, is the instance of the object that is the perfect assertion of its type or species, since its content is the universal implied in its particularity. And its most general character is that whose exaggeration has made something less than a half-truth of modern individualism, viz., the distortion of the notion of the individual with an "independence" that has been made to mean uniqueness and exclusiveness. The aesthetic object is therefore the instance of the perfectly good object, the object that asserts itself an individual, the object that is complete in itself, self-sufficient and independent in that it depends upon no other object; and it is whole in that it gives concrete reality to all that its type represents. How the aesthetic object is enabled to achieve completeness and independence, and full individuality, and thus become itself the type of the good, is the problem of form; and this question of form is the

subject matter of aesthetics as a philosophical discipline, and it is this because it is a concept of metaphysics.

To make clear the full nature of morality, it is necessary thus to show the continuity of the moral with the aesthetic. And the question of the definition of art and the aesthetic is, in general terms, answered, or would be, in a complete and full statement of the meaning of morality. Of course it is true that in ordinary critical discussion of literary problems it is not usual to skate so near the thin ice of metaphysics. But this also may be the reason that most critical discussion gets nowhere but spends its energies, such as they are, and they are sometimes considerable, in floundering helplessly within the bog of subjectivism. And the critics never extricate themselves therefrom for the very simple reason that the subjective wings with which they hope to fly over and out of the confusion are only the pinions of the same confusion. The critics appear not to be aware that problems of art are real problems, problems of the nature of things, and not mere effusions of their own mentality.

A brief statement of the nature of art is here necessary to make clear the conception of the world of real objects as being essentially moral-aesthetic in nature. That a world of real objects is involved in any question of beauty and the aesthetic is taken for granted. If there were no more to the aesthetic question than the mere quality and intensity of mental states, it would not be worth while to bother with it.

What, then, in reality, is art? Briefly, this question could be answered by a reference to the above discussion in some such way as this: Art is the principle of all objects that attain perfection and self-sufficiency, that is to say, individuality, in terms of form. This makes the fundamental question of aesthetics the definition of form, and this involves the clarification of the system of the categories through which form is shown to be a character of real objects. An object therefore that is a complete instance of its type, that has in it now and here all that it has in it ever to be, that embodies all the characters embraced within its universal, in short, an object that is an individual is a work of art. And the concept of form is just the principle of individuality as so defined. So far this does not distinguish the aesthetic object from the moral object or any other type of object that is real; and the characteristically moral, *as an act* or as an object in action or in the process of being realized, would be that which corresponds completely with the characteristically aesthetic, the latter considered as an object already realized. The art object would be the end attained by the moral act; the object determined an end by the principle that informs it; the realized object, which is the aesthetic ultimate, would be the corporate embodiment of the act in accordance with the design of its idea, its

form, which is the ethical ultimate; and all distinctions between the moral and the aesthetic would disappear in their identity. There would be no distinctions, that is, from the point of view of the object; for an object defined in terms of form is given self-identity by its design. There may be distinctions imposed upon the object by the observing mind, but these are attributes of the mind and have nothing to do with the nature of the object. In principle therefore the moral and the aesthetic are the same, which is to say so far as any reference to reality is involved, and the rules governing particulars in each field would be co-ordinate. Morality is, then, a reference to the world in the process by which it is being individuated or made complete; aesthetics is a reference to the world as individuate or complete already. Either may be looked upon as the agent of the completeness, and either may be considered as the quality and form of the completed. But in terms of the specific content of each, and in the matter of the technical devices involved in their production—in short, in the general relations to the detail of human interest—there are fundamental differences that must be considered.

Since the specific content, the ultimate fact, of morality is action, and since in action the standard or principle is the object of the act considered as an end to and corporate completion of the act, the sensuous content of the end would not be, for morality, of specific consequence. For morality, the content of the end is for the most part ideal, that is, it is sensuous content imaginatively represented in terms of what it would be if it existed under conditions of perfection. It is this perfectionism that has become the joke of the empiricist and the realist; but it is nonetheless the basis of morality. And as the sensuous content of the object, just as it comes, is the essence of the object for the aesthetic purpose and for all the forms of art, then art and all its distinctions would be disposable details for ethics. (This may be questioned on the basis of objects that are constituted of ideas, as in certain types of abstract or "metaphysical" poems. But even in these cases it could probably be shown that the ideas themselves have a sensuous content.) So also all the characters of the object which accrue to it as a consequence of its being the end of an act and which constitute its moral significance would have no more meaning, in the aesthetic purpose, than the merest disposable detail.

Hence for all practical purposes and for all strictly technical purposes, art and morality have only such relations to each other as contiguous and compresent realities have in any case; and within these practical bounds the consideration of one could neglect more or less completely any reference to the other. And this seems to be the point of view taken by nearly all who concern themselves with these matters as critical issues, with the

consequence that criticism is limited to practical and technical considerations and so has no bottom. Where there is an insistence upon a relation of some kind holding between ethics and aesthetics, I have seen no instance where the relation was traced to its ground. In fact, I have seen no instance where the nature of the problem and the necessity for its solution were fully grasped. And this naturally leaves criticism pretty shallow when considered as a philosophy of literary art. And, when considered as a workable set of rules for the interpretation of literary forms, it leaves nothing but a confusion of uncorrelated hints derived from a questionable psychology; and this presupposes in the way of principle nothing but the whim of the critic. And in such a situation there need be no wonder that the major concern of the critic is that which hopes to demonstrate for him the possession of a genius that is twin brother to the artist, and thus as original genius can make its own rules as it goes along. And on this claim to genius there can of course be no argument, for it is the appeal to the unintelligible. Also, so long as critical questions are approached from the merely empirical and practical point of view, there can be no escape from subjectivism and the consequent skepticism that is implied in the egoistical claim to genius. The critic, like most "scholars" of the date, is not interested in literature as art but looks upon it as an instrument with which he hopes to assert his own half-conscious egotism, which itself is a consequence of cynicism. It is a bit risky to cry "What a brave boy am I!"

It may turn out therefore that the question of the nature and status of art is the question of the nature and status of the critic's function. And it may be that the question of the relation of art to morality is the question of the relation of the critic to the scholar and finally to the man. That there is a genuine function for the critic is taken for granted; that he has as yet discovered what it is, is doubtful.

The creation of a work of art is an act. The appreciation of a work of art, in so far as it is intelligible or "communicable," and that means, in so far as it is expressible, or can be given objective form, or can be asserted in any way, is also an act. Acts are the subject matter of morality. They are therefore right or wrong, both in the matter of principle and in the matter of technique; and therefore rules governing acts are a logical necessity. It would be hopeless for thought if what were right were not also correct. This means that in so far as the appreciation of art, which is supposedly the critic's function, or a large part of his function, is itself an act and thus a work of art, in that it issues in objective form, it is subject to rules. But where rules of practice are shown to be necessary there are also principles, and thus a philosophy is directly implied. And this means

that criticism must find or work out for itself a basis in consistent thought. It seems that the critic commits himself then to all this, since he is eager to claim for his function the status of an artistic act and for his product the character of an object of art. He will agree to argue about it, rather insist on arguing about it, and so commits himself to logic. But he does not yet seem to be aware that a commitment to logic also obligates him to work out for his "art" a basic philosophy.

As this is a problem specifically for the critic, I need not try to formulate it. But I think I may venture a suggestion which might be useful if and when the search for a philosophy of criticism is undertaken. The suggestion is this: Whether or not the critic's act and its object are the act and the object of an artist, there remains a fundamental difference between them. The difference is hard to state, but its principle can, I think, be formulated with some degree of precision. The act of the artist consists in the creation of an object that is individual *out of* a profusion of elements that are there real in the nature of things. For this the artist must possess the philosopher's insight which enables him to see things as realities and not merely as the appearances which the nonartist can discover given as phenomena in his consciousness. His "genius," then, is the unique capacity to apprehend (see, hear, touch, image, imagine) *realities*, in terms of their form, while the capacity of the ordinary man (and the prince of ordinary men is the scientist) is limited to a mere shadowing of the phenomenality of things. This is what marks the artist as a man chained to the realities in his capacity to see, etc., what for the ordinary man is not there and does not exist even for his imagination. Like Prometheus, though chained to the rock, he has an eye in the heavens. To prove this, all you need do is to take a walk with a painter and see his commitment to reality in his imperturbable calm, while you as scientist, huckster, critic, get fretfully disturbed and het up in your "feelings." The artist at the moment of his creative assertion has no feelings; he has visions. But, since the artist is the seer, what he sees that is not there for the rest of us is the interpenetrating relationality among the things given, which presents to him the profusion *with a structure;* and this presented structure enables him to articulate the elements with respect to a form that is suggested in the qualities of the elements.

His act, therefore, as the act of the artist, is to assert what the reality dictates to him; he must say in truth what is there in fact before his eyes, and he must assert it with the integrity that is given there as and in the oneness and wholeness imposed upon the situation by the world of which it is a detail and which is the entail of it. Woe to him if he have himself not the integrity to assimilate that of the reality he sees. The characters there-

fore—integrity, sincerity, honesty, truth, etc.—which we attribute to the artist as a person are not his but belong to and in the reality he apprehends; and it is not uncommon that the person of the artist has the opposite of these qualities, sometimes in pronounced degree, so that it is common to hear the artist called immoral (he is always called so by the puritan and the philistine). But his integrity is, after all, the integrity of the universe, and it is *this* that becomes the basis of whatever rules or principles may be formulated as the technical instruments for the interpretation of the art object. For it is from this character of reality, always present in a genuine work of art, that the universality of the principles of art creation and art appreciation are derived. And where this integrity is not to be found there is neither art nor artist; and the presence of integrity is not demonstrated by the mere claim to the artist's mantle. To prove himself an artist, one must show by his act and its object that he has laid his hand on the ark and has died of it.

In what does the act of the critic differ, in form and content, from the act of the artist? The artist sees reality and gives form to the object of his vision; the critic sees—or does not—that the artist sees reality—or does not—and asserts what he sees. The one sees a fact and gives it form; the other sees a *fact that* and formulates it. The one objectifies a vision; the other asserts a judgment. The one asserts an objective judgment; the other asserts *his* judgment. And it is this "thatness" (that the artist gives objective form to a vision), the abstraction of a potentiality, that the critic must give form to—not mere expression—if his act is to be regarded as the act of an artist. And it is doubtful if such an abstraction can take or assume form. The critic's subject matter is therefore abstract, potential, nonexistent, and his job is the difficult one of giving form to the expression of what is essentially, that is to say, sensuously, a negation; or of giving form to a purely intelligible object in which the quality that gives it essence or substance is ideal—it is the Platonic "Beauty of the Idea" that he must present in the form of an object if he is to be classed as artist. In so far as his act relates to actual sensation and sensuous things and sensuous quality in the immediate and now, the object he creates is a negation; and the giving positive quality to a negation is the highest expression of art, that which, in poetry, forms the essence of tragedy. But does the critic reach this height? It is this fact, that is, that the critic deals with negation, that makes comedy out of the insistence that all genuine criticism must be "constructive," for the form of the critical activity has nothing to do with, at least is not derived from, the purpose of the critic. For the purpose of the critic is not the assertion of the critic as artist but of the critic as person; that is, as a center of variegated interests, and in-

terests are purely subjective phenomena which do not exist for the artist when acting within the ambit of his genius. The critic *observes* the act of the artist as it is embodied in the object of art and notes whether the object possesses those characteristics which make it the instance of a universal, whether the artist's technique has succeeded in genuinely individuating the object so that its reality can be premised and the artist's act thereby given objective form. His act therefore approaches the reality not by the direct media of sense and intuition, as does the artist's, but by an inference drawn from the complex of qualities exhibited in the object. The inference is the act not of an imagination but of the relation-tracing capacity which is rational and which in its highest form of expression is known as judgment, the judgment of sense. The act of the critic is therefore more nearly akin to that of the scientist, and, if he is to be called an artist, it must be understood that he is the philosopher in the artist but not the prophet that is in the artist by the grace of God.

There is another basic difference between the act of the artist and that of the critic. This is in the relation of the respective acts to the phenomena of emotion. It is unfortunate that nobody knows what is meant, in concrete terms, by this word "emotion." But if we use it to represent the indefinite affective mental state or attitude out of which as environing medium our consciousness of values arises, we will at least have a psychological reference for it. This is by no means satisfactory where fundamentals are required, as in the present case. But there is not the space here to develop the grounds on which the assumption of cosmic material import is attributed to emotion, but that is taken for granted here. A degree of objectivity may thus be attributed to emotion because of the metaphysical implications of feeling, where emotion is regarded as the consciousness of feeling, while feeling is treated as objective substance.

In the act of the artist, then, we shall assume, emotion functions as pure matter. It is as objective to the literary artist or the musician as the stone the sculptor carves is to him. The emotion is, for the artist, presented as factual in the qualities of things given as universal and so objective in the sense that they have no reference of any sort backward or inward to the person of the artist, as they have no reference to anything beyond their own potential synthesis. The emotion *is what* the artist as seer sees in the universe as real and as occupying such a position in reality as will enable him to present, and will justify him in presenting, its individuality. It is as much a stuff as the clay the modeler uses, or as the formal idea-relations the poet uses in an abstract poem, or as the pure quality he uses in a concrete poem of nature. Even if it is conscious quality he uses in a psychological poem, the quality is a stuff of nature for him, given in nature

and no more a private part of himself than the forms he uses as the poem's structure, which he recognizes as pieces of the universal mass. It has nothing to do with "his" "feelings," and where and in so far as *his* feelings are intense and present the emotion that is to become material of the object will not be there.

This is perhaps what Wordsworth had in mind when he said that it is emotion remembered in tranquillity that becomes the stuff of poetry. What perhaps he should have said, and would have said but for the psychological obsession, is that the emotion is perceived as objective and as having no status at all in his present consciousness. His steadily seeing emotion as objective and as an aspect of nature is what has persistently got him charged with pantheism or animism. But all it means is that he saw emotion as objective material to be formed into objects. What he meant, of course, was that, once as seer he realized the significance of things, *his* feelings would have to be put out of the way; Socrates, you know, requested that the women be led away when the emotional crisis came; Jesus identified his Mother with the realized humanity of his brotherhood. But as poet Wordsworth knew that the emotion is the reality given and that it is reality and is not his, but it is given because it is the universal of the qualitative whole presented in sense. And as it is given there it can be contemplated in tranquillity because what is universal knows no change or shadow of turning, and hence is real. The daisies on the hillside wave eternal, forever there that poets may see them, and waving through eternity they could not be his feeling but must *be* on their own. It is not strange therefore that in the case of a Wordsworth the "emotion" is always given in the form of an aspect of nature, or an aspect of nature universalized in idea, for that is the one way that it can and must be given if it is to activate what is to be a work of art. It has been often observed that Wordsworth always had a landscape in view. Why not? Milton always had a moral cosmos in view, and Shakespeare an anthropocosmos standing before him. In fact, a world must be present in its wholeness, or in its wholeness broken, as in great tragedy, if there is to be great poetry or great art of any kind. It is precisely this cosmic implication as presented in language form that is the essence of poetic art.

The artist at work is unencumbered by his "emotions" and goes about it as deliberately and unconsciously as does the doer of any other significant act—he is not concerned with his feelings, and for the moment they do not exist. True it is of course that a stroke of beauty once cast may shock him out of his divine madness for a moment, when he pauses and sees what he has done—what has come through out of the limbo of emotion under the stress of form and appears to him as a newborn shape.

It is quite appropriate also that when the artist relaxes to the state of the aesthete, gets his wine before him, his cigar lighted and the music playing, he does become aware of his feelings; but it is to be remembered that in this state he is not acting as an artist but as a man whose maker's mantle has been laid aside. And that he is justified in such relaxation is shown by the fact that, in calling his attention to his own experiences, he may get a suggestion of a possible subject for his painting or for his poem; but the artist will never create the poem or the painting while the wine and the music and the cigar are ravishing his senses. When his hand moves to the work, his brain must disencumber itself of such misty stuff if he is to follow the lines of form, and his feelings must drift out of the picture. God rests upon the Sabbath to enjoy his work, but he leaves off creation when he sees it good.

The kind of relaxation of the aesthete is, perhaps, quite appropriate to the critic. For what he wants is some kind of representation *within his experience* of the qualities the artist has universalized in form in the created object. But what he wants them for is to become the basis of a judgment on the question as to whether there is the correspondence of identity between the design the artist has presented to him and the object he has succeeded in creating. But the design as an image itself comes to the critic only through the object; he has no notion as to what the design is or whether it exists except as he gets it from the object, so how make the comparison? Consequently, the critic is safe in his assumption that *his* inner experiences are important *to him* and safe also in assuming that the degree of importance is directly proportionate to the intensity with which he feels them. For upon them the apprehension of the artist's image depends. But his experiences are important to him because he wishes to assert a logical judgment, not to create an object of art.

It is not to be forgotten that the artist's design (he does not concern himself with images) does not depend in any way upon its being apprehended as an element in a judgment, either by himself or by his critic or by anybody. The artist's "image" is not a piece of his mental machinery, but a block with a structure and a design that was shaped and fitted into the universe in the beginning. The artist may not have read Plato, but he must have had his dream. But he is never concerned with his or anybody's experiences when he is engaged with the artist's act; his concern is all directed toward adapting his technical procedures to the adequate expression of what is there in the nature of things as a cosmic design, what is before him, not what is in him. True, after his work is done, he may observe it in terms of the private feeling he can analyze the objective emotion into; can translate it into interests and what it means to him, but

this is relaxation after the act is complete, and no such feelings entered into the act. Like the critic when he pauses from the act of observation to place an estimate upon the object the act is expressed in as to its adequacy in representing the act, he is judging the object as to its aesthetic perfection, but he is creating nothing. In the purest act of criticism therefore there seems to be nothing that would justify identifying it with the creative act of the artist. It is more nearly of the nature of the scientific activity, and there certainly is no parallel between what the artist does and what the scientist eternally hopes to do.

There is, however, another question which can very well be raised in the interest of the critic. The critic performs an act when he gives *expression* to his judgment, when he puts his judgment into words, an act distinct from that in which the judgment is formed; and, as an act objectified, it can always be made the subject of an estimate as to the extent to which it satisfies the requirements of form. Also, there is always room for the host of observations about the technical maneuvers through which the person who makes the judgment moves in creating the judgment form. And here, I suppose, one must reflect that, in whatever objective shape reality may appear, there are the conditions of artistic assertion in the expression—any real object is a potential form. The system of propositions used therefore in giving expression to a "judgment of taste" constitutes an object, and, if this object is formed and structured and qualitied in accordance with the principles by which an object of art is created, it becomes itself an object of art. But the principles and rules which apply in this particular connection are those governing the disposal of language elements in prose discourse, and it is hard to see how more of a genuinely aesthetic nature could be attained by their application than is represented by the "style" of the writing. And it is equally hard to see how an object of art is to be created out of the mere elements of style. Yet this seems to be exactly what literary criticism at present demands. The question of ideas and substance, even the question of form in any sense beyond the conventional, is, or tends to be, overlooked. What is expressed is subordinated to how it is expressed, as if the mere manner of expression could stand alone, like an empty sack frozen to rigidity.

There is, however, another situation that arises here, a situation that may be called the critic's dilemma. If the critic writes about a literary object intending a statement or formulation of the object such as might be presented as a communication to another person, either intending to represent the object as it is or decorated so as to recommend it, then he is writing a description which can be no more artistic than good prose, and his statement has the character of a scientific presentation. If, on the other

hand, he uses the literary object merely as the matter or the occasion for a display of his own creation, then either he is not judging the object at all or he is using his judgment to assert an interest, in which case he is falsifying it. With neither horn of the dilemma is he making a genuinely aesthetic judgment, and his claim to the title of artist must be disallowed.

That much of the criticism of the day is simply little more than book-reviewing is obvious if one is to take as criticism the content of the literary journals and most of the books on interpretation. And it is also obvious that there is a strong tendency for this kind of writing to put more and more emphasis on "form," in the shallow conventional sense, and on superficial qualities of style, so that it is often a problem for the reader to decide whether the writer of the review intended to give a clear and honest, albeit an attractive, picture of the work or to demonstrate his own capacity for style. As a matter of fact, form appears to be identified with the sum of stylistic elements. The consequence is naturally that there is much smart writing but rarely a clear picture of the content or intent or ostent of the literature represented; and, as far as this representation goes, the writing, despite its grace and charm and general attractiveness, is often itself without content. As a consequence, the "reviewing" exercises no regulatory influence over the tendencies that develop in writing, as a sound criticism would, and the consequence of this is that the quality of the literature that is produced tends to degeneration.

There are valid limits to what one may assert or express, even in literary art, and there should be principles which mark these limits clearly. For with the emphasis on style and the characters that give subjective appeal there is the inevitable lapse toward the production of a literature that represents only the psychological whims of individuals or groups, and this is the first long step toward the domination by interest and the commercialism that is the last gasp of literature as art. Naturally, if it is to be argued that the creative genius of the writer is to be allowed absolute freedom, that there is to be no right of control to be vested in the thought in which the rules and principles of artistic production are shaped, then this tendency to commercialism is inevitable, and the days of literary art are numbered. It would seem natural that criticism should itself be the thought in which these rules and principles are continuously created and maintained, that criticism should operate as a continuing measure of the quality of literature as it is produced. Perhaps the demand that the critical function should be a genuinely creative artistic function is also in reality the demand that as an agency of control it should operate within the very procedures by which literature is created and that this agency be a part or partner in the creative act itself. This would mean that the creative act

should be autonomous with respect to the rules and principles by which it is guided. But on that score art would be acknowledging the right of control by morality, since the making of rules for the guidance of conduct is the prerogative of morality. This is worth looking into.

The situation within the field of literature does not look hopeful for the doctrine that the critic is also the artist.

The question therefore about the relation of art to morality is at bottom the question whether there is to be any control over the creative artistic function, or whether the creative function is to develop autonomy out of its own genius or, what is possibly the same thing, to go its own way unhindered by any regulatory influence. For the very idea of morality becomes meaningless when we forget that it is essentially a system of principles designed to regulate and direct human action. Also, it seems to lie in the very nature of morality that it should by right exercise control over every type of action; so that, when we emphasize the active and creative urge as the causal ground of literary expression, we are asserting a place for it within the moral scheme, and the question of control arises inevitably. And what gives significance to the question is the fear of the artist of any interference with his freedom to follow the behests of his art, and the demand that the ideal of his art should operate *within his art* to dominate his action without external interference. And it is doubtful if anybody would question the right of an art to determine for itself the conditions under which it is to exist. For this right seems to be inherent in the nature of art by virtue of the fact that art is indubitably real and the bearer of real value.

But stating these fundamentals in clear terms merely calls our attention to the fact that the demand of the artist for autonomy and self-control is generally misunderstood, even by the artist himself, since the artist is not an inquiring philosopher; and that there are two distinct meanings that are inherent in the term "free" as applied to art, as is the case also in every other connection. What is objected to in the name of freedom of art is any form of *external* control. And the assumption seems to be that, since in the common view morality is one thing and art another, any influence exerted by morality would of necessity be a form of external control, which is supposed to be pernicious restraint. What is asserted in opposition to this is the right of art to be determined by its own motives. But if we reflect that, at bottom, art and morality are identical, as we discovered above, then the demand that art exercise its own control over itself is merely the demand it makes for its own moralization, the demand that its activities be controlled by principles derived from its own nature. And this is only the demand that art be genuine, honest, sincere, and self-consistent art;

that it possess, in every instance, the integrity that makes an object individual. Without this integrity nothing is anything, and it is the genius of art to be something and to be something real and to be co-ordinately real along with everything else in the universe that can claim reality. The claim to be itself and to control itself is thus the assertion by itself of its reality, the assertion by which it constitutes itself art; and the content of this assertion is the necessity of the fact of the integrity of art. But this integrity that is claimed by what is real is precisely the essence of morality, the existent quality that makes true the assertion that, whatever genuinely is, is inevitably somehow right. Then morality is, for art, nothing outside of art but only the system of principles derived from the necessities of its own nature. And this means that whatever is to be an art must find the moral principles that govern its nature and that these must be kept in clear view as elements of control as long as the art is to maintain its integrity. The demand for the freedom of art is therefore the call for a philosophy of art, and to maintain this philosophy is precisely the moral obligation of the critic, in the absence of which there is no critic and no criticism.

Morality therefore says to art: "Get and keep your own rules. But, remember, no rules are your own until they are formulated consistently with the laws of form, and these are the laws of the universe as the latter are made manifest to the reason. And the making the laws of form rational with respect to art is the development of the philosophy of art. You have no being except in the system of the universals that integrate you with the world, and these are principles of the metaphysic of morality, and your first duty is to maintain these universals as constant guides. These are your 'science,' the 'criticism' whose purpose is to maintain your integrity as art." And this means that the literary criticism that is itself an art is nothing less than the philosophy of literary art, for it is only on that philosophical bottom that there can be determined the rules that guide the judgment of taste. For the integrity of the object that makes the judgment real and true can only be grounded on that bottom. In the reality where the artist's motive finds the principles that govern its own expression, it may also find the principles by which the rightness of anything and everything in the universe is determined; and, if it will look closely enough, it will find the integrity that identifies the two sets of principles. And it is at this bottom that the significance of things is discovered; there will never be discovered the significance of anything within the mere particularity of things, certainly not the particularity of itself. And this is abundantly true of the particularity that individuates the human person, all the states of mind, feelings, and emotions, all that is sup-

posed to be included in the consciousness or "experience" of the individual. It is true, of course, that the significance of a thing is on occasion represented in the mind of the individual, even in the particulars of consciousness, but it does not have its being there, nor does it have the *expression* there that gives it its claim to a status in the realm of art. The representation and expression must work themselves out, must be asserted through the hands or voice in music or a poem, or through instruments and materials in a statue, etc. Getting expression is finding a place in the world, asserting reality, not taking temporary abode in the fleeting consciousness of the individual. Expression is always autonomous assertion, the process by which a thing is what it is; it is a mode of being, and this mode of being is the process of creation.

But, if this is true, then the only thing that can really interfere with the creative act is the failure of its object to fit into the scheme of the universe, that is to say, its own failure, due to its own weakness. This failure may be due either to defect in the functioning of the act or to defect in the universal scheme of things, or in the relation between the two that constitutes the material upon which the act operates as its immediate object. This is, however, hardly a complete alternative, since a defect in the act is, the act being itself real, at the same time a defect in the nature of things. Also, a breach in the relation between the act and its object is likewise a defect in the nature of things. But the idea of such a defect makes no sense except from the point of view of an absolute right, and the attainment of this point of view awaits the formulation of the metaphysic of ethics that is to lay the foundation for a philosophy of art. And this foundation will lie close to the elemental principles of morality. For those who pooh-pooh the idea of a defect in the nature of things it may be observed that no consistent account of tragedy can be developed except on its assumption, nor can any ground be laid under the system of the arts and the reality of art itself except on the recognition and acknowledgment of tragedy as real and as the real basis of art in all its forms. So in order that the traditional theory that the ground of tragedy lies in a defect of the will may be true and consistent, the "will" must be traced to its ground in the urge to persist in being of whatever is real. To explain tragedy in terms of the "weak will" of the individual is trivial, as Plato would reply to Aristotle.

The problem of the relation of morality to art is thus an aspect of the larger question of control over culture generally and its direction, and this is in particular the question of the control over the forces and agencies that are responsible for the continuous creation and maintenance of the elements of culture. And the primary element of culture is art, the arts.

And the question of the general control of the forces of cultural development is the most important problem that man faces at the present time. Is the culture of the world to be divided up into segments, each represented by a race or a religion or a political ideology of its own, and to go its own way without regard to the other segments? Or, more important still, is the culture of the world, which is in the nature of things a unity in spite of divisive tendencies, to be controlled by an agent representing the whole purpose of man; or is world culture to be dominated by highly organized but sinister forces of a private nature, such as that of the power of property? These are the urgent problems facing man today, and the answer to them does not seem to be forthcoming. But, and here is the first principle of criticism as a practical discipline, they are also the type of the subject matter of all literature that can attain the status of genuine art, and the literature that approaches them must have and know its philosophy. And whatever expression fails to touch vitally upon the issue of the nature of culture and its cosmic status is not art.

That there is today no "great" literature is due to the paltriness of the subject matter it undertakes to give form. It tries to impose form upon what in the nature of things is formless and void, forgetting that form cannot be imposed upon but is only found in things. And there is no inherent form in the subjectivity, the "experience," the "life," that modern literature prefers as its material. Nor is there the possibility of form in it. The aesthetic motive and the beauty it is objectified in is, from the point of view of culture, the most important creative motive in the world. It is, in fact, the only creative motive in the world. It is also the only positive motive in the complex system of culture, and the forces and agencies that are to control its direction and development will have a dominant part in determining the quality and character of culture in the coming age, if there is to be one. As a consequence the question of control in aesthetic matters generally, and in literary concerns in particular, is of major importance, and, considering the present state of culture, perhaps more urgently demanding some workable solution than any other question before the public attention at the present time. This is attributing to literary art the place of first importance in the maintenance of culture. Its justification is attempted in the essay on "Literature and the Stability of Culture."

Another way to put this problem of the relation of morality to art and the control of culture it implies is to state it in terms of the shibboleth of the age—freedom. What we are learning in the political sphere just now, or should be learning, is that the largest single factor in restricting the faculties of men in general and as individuals is precisely the uncon-

strained freedom of the individual to follow his own exclusive pursuits at the expense of the cultural whole. Our doctrine of freedom, taken with its corollary assumption of abstract individualism, as the latter notion is embodied in the institution of private property, is turning upon the freedom of men in general to destroy it in the interest of the unlimited license and power of the individual. In a similar way the aesthetic freedom of the individual artist, the freedom of indifference, or the license to go his own way without regard to anything except his own subjective whim, is destroying the artistic freedom of men in general and breaking down the objective structures of art which are the surest and safest indexes to the degree of culture attained by a people as a whole and at the same time the only guaranty that the individual artist is to have the freedom to act at all. For the freedom to act is meaningless except under conditions that guarantee the opportunity to act, and these conditions cannot be provided except through the action of the cultural whole as a corporate body. The conditions that guarantee freedom are the public conditions that come into existence as the object of corporate action. But as long as individual subjectivity is supposed to be the agent, the material, the object or end of art, there will or can be only chaos in the world of art and the culture it implies and furnishes foundation for. It is perhaps not questionable that the "right" of the individual artist to adapt his aesthetic tastes to the requirements of modern business and to claim a respectable status for "commercial art" has done more than any "outside control" to degrade the standards of art and to lower the taste of the public mind almost to the vanishing point. The claim of the artist to unrestrained freedom is his claim of the right to determine and maintain the conditions under which his activity is to be carried on; and the claim is justified by the fact that only the artist knows what these conditions are.

The determination and maintenance of these conditions is what is meant by control. If therefore the control of the future of art and the artist's activity is to be exercised by the artist, it is certainly not left to the artist as an individual but to the artist in his corporate capacity; and if there exists no medium through which his corporate capacity can be made effective in the way of control, the most pressing problem for the artist now is the creation of such a medium. And when this medium is provided, it will be found to consist of the system of principles by which art is kept genuine and pure and its integrity assured. And this system of principles will be the set of standards that constitute the organon of criticism in the philosophy of art.

And it is insisted here that morality is the general type of all cultural controls. For by control is meant in any such connection the determina-

tion and establishment of the universal conditions under which the individual artist can create to the best advantage not of himself as a private agent but of the art-form he represents. The artist exists for his art; he asserts his object, or, rather, he allows his object to assert itself, and provides it with the means of self-assertion. This will involve the determination of positive and favorable conditions, but also negative and restrictive conditions so far as there is any tendency to lapse into the subjective attitude or to develop the motive of private advantage. This will probably mean that we shall have to look to the political method as the agent of objective morality, to maintain these conditions as the general system of what is called the public authority. For it is only within the conditions of the public that the objectivity can be realized that is the ground of morality. And morality and the principle of right are the only legitimate bases of any kind of control. As it appears just now, the problem that gets most human concern is the political—how the world is to be organized so as to assure to men in general access to the conditions of free action, and what power is to set up and maintain these conditions. I do not claim to have the answer to this greatest of all present questions; but it seems to me certain that, whatever the instruments and means are in detail to be, their general character, and the limits within which they are to work, should be and will eventually be determined by the morality of the world. And if it is cynically argued that there is no such morality, or, granted, that it is helpless, then the most urgent obligation resting on men's shoulders is to create such a morality and to implement its power and right with such agencies as will be able to assume and exercise a general world control. And the most powerful of such implementing agencies is just the forms of art. The insistence upon unrestricted freedom and the elimination of all higher controls during the past "democratic" period is about to teach us that we must adopt some means whereby we can overcome the universal disorder that our freedom has degenerated into, with the alternative that such culture as we have attained will perish miserably.

And I am arguing here that the methods of control, the principles governing its direction and extent, and the rules determining its limits are already available in the morality of modern man. Also, no man, artist, statesman, philosopher, saint, is, by the nature of human destiny, licensed to pursue his peculiar type of activity beyond the limits set by morality, and the penalty laid down for the violation of the law is the perversion of his act. The "right" of the scientist to sell his palsied damned soul to the businessman has just resulted in the most dangerous threat to culture that has ever happened in the world, and we should at least recognize the fact. The immorality of science has known no limits. And the most important

"product" the scientist has produced is the modern businessman—morally the lowest degree of degradation and unregeneracy ever attained by man. And the "principle" that distinguishes the businessman from the man is just his claim to the "right" to act without moral limitations, to accept the law of business necessity, his claim that he may do all that he can do in his private interest. For in the place of moral restraint and its positive guidance the businessman has substituted what he calls "the necessities of business," thus acknowledging his complete servility to the conditions of physical existence, the surrender by man of his moral genius and its principle of obligation, and the acceptance of the status of animality. And the boast of the "commercial artist" is that he accepts the same world and the same lawless law.

The aesthetic life of man is now, as a consequence of abandoning morality, perhaps at its lowest state, the lowest of his entire career in the world; and this because the artist no longer recognizes any principles inherent in the genius of his art or any law in the nature of things as by right governing his freedom of expression. He has announced his independence of the rules and principles worked out in the course of the historic development of his art, the moral principles laid down by the thought and action of man for his direction and guidance, with the consequence that his art is disappearing under his hand. And it is going to pieces precisely because he has accepted the businessman's "principle" that the material conditions upon which his art depends should furnish his art its principles of form. Apparently the artist does not see the contradiction in this situation—the contradiction that is his own art's death warrant. The artist claims, with the businessman, that he *may* do all that he *can* do. And this without reference to the perfection of his art, but to the furtherance of his private ends, not as an artist or a man but as a "producer" and profiter.

The most important question involved in any of the concerns of man is as to the place the activities and objects appropriate to that concern are to occupy, and the function they are to perform, in the whole of culture. Greater than any technical problem of art or literature, then, is the question as to what precise place literature is to occupy and what part it is to play in the whole culture of man. What makes a Milton or a Shakespeare or a Goethe great is the fact that he could create an object of cultural value that was universal, and was universal because it was adapted to fit forever into a world-scheme; he has no interest at all in creating an object in which individual men were to find accomplished and realized their petty personal whims which they mistake for purposes. And yet, because he looked over the heads of men to the destiny of man, every object he touched has become a guidepost to every man, pointing out to him his true

destiny and at the same time satisfying his individual motives in so far as they could claim to be legitimate. Each was great because he created an object contributory to the freedom of man, not the freedoms of men; an object therefore that was to be henceforth an integral part of the universe for all men that were to follow, one that would stand as representing the universal by which all men could thereafter shape their individual activities. In other words, they all laid down, in terms of the qualities and characters of the objects they created, the moral principles that defined a world and set its limits, and thus the bounds within which individual action would find its highest perfection. It is to be emphasized throughout that the essence of a moral relation is the fact that it connects a detail or type of detail of the world with the whole world itself and thereby endows the detail with the significance of the universal. It is the morality of a situation that determines its truth, and it is its eternal formal rightness that is to be identified with its beauty.

And art, and the artist's activity and his creation, must all come and remain within the confines of morality, or they will lose the truth that is in them. Morality is the system of the principles that govern the acts of men. It has authority to govern the acts of men because its laws have been established in and by the reason of men; and they have become the content of the reason because they are expressions of the laws of structure by which the universe itself is maintained. The first obligation of the artist is thus to moralize his art, to establish its self-integrity, to found his art upon the principles that are necessary to the idea of his art. These principles are discoverable in the relations that hold his art within a fixed place in the world and are proved true by showing that they are necessary both for maintaining the integrity of the art and also for the maintenance of a world in which art is to be forever possible. And whether the critic is to be also an artist is the question whether he is to be right, whether the principles by which he judges an object are those whose system constitutes the structure of an object that is self-individuated and by this fact guaranteed a place in the real. Art is long.

VIII

Art and Reality

ART has, or rather it is, its own reality. Its being real does not depend upon anything else than itself. Like morality and religion, though with a prior claim and a juster claim than either, it makes its own way into a metaphysic of its own; it achieves a characterization of reality that is unique and determined by conditions of its own nature. As a consequence, there is no scientific, or religious, or ethical, or even aesthetic explication of its relations and structure, or of the modes of its being. Reality is come upon in art by the modes of art; hence, when art seeks its governing principles, it looks into these modes, and then it sets itself up as its own metaphysics and justifies and validates its procedure by its own logic. That the logic of art identifies itself by its own modes of analogy with the logic of general validity in metaphysics is the evidence that its truth rests upon the same ground as the truth of general metaphysics. It is this identical ground that justifies the assumption that the reality of art is accessible to the intelligence and that at the same time constitutes the necessity for the development of a philosophy of art.

We have said in other connections that the reality of art is form. But form in this abstract and universal sense is merely the law of art, merely the principle that asserts the broadest conditions of its existence; but this assertion also constitutes the design of the individual and thus approaches reality only when the object of the assertion presents itself as and in a content. Form is thus the assertion of the necessity of a content, and this content appears as the object realized in and by the assertion. Form, we may say, then, is the assertion by an object of its own being and of its being the object that it is as it has status in a system of objects. The relation that constitutes an object likewise constitutes the system or species to which the object belongs; is identical with the relation by which objects are disposed in a design. And it is this idea of objects disposed in design, that is, the idea of objects in structure, together with the identity by analogy of the qualities of the object, that is to say, their texture, that gives us our only concrete image of form. And it is this idea of structure

and texture as grounded in relation that gives us the conception of form as principle, texture being simply the mingling of the qualities in the identity. The system of all objects that are and have been realized in and by the assertion of form is known by the general term "culture"; and these objects have individual corporate structure as the elements of ethical, religious, industrial, and political bodies. The essence of art is Form. The content of this form is Culture. The individuate elements of culture are Institutions. And institutions are the sustaining conditions of Individuals. To the question, then "What is it that is created in a work of art?" the answer is: an object of culture. The universal that governs the design of a work of art, that determines the form of every individuate object of art, is Culture. What it is that is "expressed," "represented," "created," or, to say all this at once, *asserted*, in every instance of art is the system of Culture taken as the whole of reality. And let us say at once to the contemporary critic that the "individuality" or "genius" of the artist is never asserted as such in the object he creates; that can be asserted by the artist only as a moral character in a cultural situation, as a character in a tragic or comic design, where it is stripped of its individuality and uniqueness and stated in terms of the universal.

So much, then, for the metaphysics upon which discussions of art must rest. What it poses for us here is, to determine what, *concretely*, it is that constitutes the content of form in art, since form is, by aesthetic necessity, a mutual implicate of content. What is it, *in reality*, that gives substance to form, and so justifies the proposition that questions of art are questions of the nature of reality? And for these questions it is becoming more and more insistent that final answers be found. For everywhere men now, even artists themselves and the critics who presume to be their spokesmen, are looking for the grounds of art: in religion, both mystical and formal; in science, especially in the dark places of sociology and anthropology; and, with a peculiarly desperate hope, in psychology, both rational and irrational—everywhere, in fact, except where those grounds are likely to be found. And the nature of the grounds, if they were to be found in the places presupposed by all the searchers, would be such as to contradict the very idea of a ground and so render the search futile. There can be no ground where there are only causes, for the ground, if it is to be substantial, must be the cause of all the causes if it is to locate the situs of a type of reality such as art presupposes. If one may infer from the efforts that may be examined in the "literature" of the subject of the search, the possibilities seem to be limited to four. The reality of art may be found, it is assumed, in life, or in experience, or in nature, or in spirit or God.

It may be worth while to look briefly into each of these four possibili-

ties. They have been treated of in another connection, so we may be brief. Meanwhile, the general hypothesis, unconscious and covert under the forms of language, upon which these four doctrines rest is *that art is not real*, that it does not have its reality in itself, is not real on its own, and must therefore look for its ground and its rationale to something outside itself, must be *realized*, if it is to be real at all, through dependence on, or derivation from, something nearer to reality than itself, something that will give to it whatever reality it is to have. That art is artifice and not artifact, that the idea behind it is illusion, that its form is an impulse of surface and not of structure, is the aesthetic form of the prevailing skepticism, the bastard progeny of the regnant psychologism. The question whether these four "grounds" may not have the same doubt raised about their independent reality seems to occur to nobody. But it may be just as likely that these, or some of them, may have to rely on their relation to art to prove them real as that art depends on them. It is quite possible that, apart from art and the questions posed by its myriad forms, the idea of spirit, or indeed any of the others, would never have come to the consciousness at all. Nature, it is very possible, may have been originally imaged as a foil to the system of the arts, and it may be just that that keeps it current with us now.

I do not accept the hypothesis that art is unreal and depends upon something else for its reality, so it devolves upon me to show (1) that each of the proposed so-called grounds proves itself contradictory when thoroughly examined and (2) that and how art demonstrates its own reality and points out the reality in concrete form for every genuine instance. And on this first problem we may begin with Life as perhaps the most generally accepted of the theories.

That life is the substance of art appears to be accepted by everybody[1] who undertakes to express himself on any aspect of any literary problem. Also, apparently, nobody conceives the necessity for a definition of the term or even the advisability of asking for a statement of its major characteristics. It seems to be assumed that life as an immediate fact is known directly by everyone or that its existence with a definite meaning had previously been so effectively demonstrated that no questions can be asked. But these are the conditions of dogma, not knowledge, and are the beginnings of the myth that one can know and know the truth without first having learned it. At this stage, of course, any postulate of the imagination would be unquestioned. In any case, life is taken as an ultimate, and it seems to be taken for granted that "truth to life" or the absence of

1. With the very rare exception of E. E. Stoll, *From Shakespeare to Joyce* (New York, 1944).

"truth to life" is an object of direct perception or of immediate intuition and that any questioning of this would be preposterous. As a consequence life may be interpreted in any way to suit the convenience of the interpreter, which may vary from the crudest of biological terms which equate it with a blind and senseless system of *movements* without direction, to terms, on the other hand, so mystically abstract and so spiritually vacuous as to disconnect it from any and all fact whatsoever. In any case, the image of life seems to justify an absolute license in the number and type of implications and inferences that may be drawn immediately from it, with the consequence of rendering any discourse about it completely irrational. And this irrationality seems to be what gives to the notion of life its attractiveness to the literary mind, since it permits and justifies an imagination that may concoct its images without restraint of any kind or from any source. It even seems to be assumed that the imagination can concoct or devise or invent or create out of whole cloth the images it needs or uses. But it should be reflected that the imagination does not *make* its images and cannot *make* anything except the order of the images given to it by perception through memory. All images have their origin in perception and are tied to the objective world until memory cuts the bonds of time by which they are tied and thus frees them for new associations.

It is these associations that the imagination makes, and the relational structures that it makes of them are the grounds of all objects that function in the life of mind in any way. It is amazing what bad psychology characterizes so enthusiastic a resort to psychology. Thus in the name of the "free" and "creative" imagination all sorts of dogma are invented. And this freedom of inference, this absolute license of the imagination, is hypothecating some rather bizarre effects in what is called modern poetry, effects almost as spectacularly foolish as those produced by the criticism that explains and finds justification for it as "poetry." The cult of the irrational is always attractive to those who cannot or do not want to think, or whose "emotions" and "sensitivity" will not permit them the occasion or the time to think; as is the cult of the nonrational to those who find a peculiar stimulus to their dignity and "genius" by deliberate flouting of everything that makes sense. The shortest and easiest road to present fame in literary pursuits is to become psychopath enough to make an ass of yourself, to be so drowned in the "stream of consciousness" as to lose all semblance to rational humanity and so abortive to life itself, particularly so where fame is no more stable than the smirk on the jaw of asininity. But "life is that way."

The concept of life seems to be used either to represent its particular

instances in the succession of human individuals or by fit magic to symbolize vaguely some mystic being designated "life in general." It does not seem to be realized that neither of these can or does represent concrete reality. For, to take the particular first, no instance of life can ever be real, for it never can be more than a fragment of what its concept calls for in the way of qualities and possibilities of relations. It is in this aspect that the work of art is superior to the living form: it asserts the permanence of the type it represents, while the living form merely instances or illustrates it. It is in the attempt to assert its type that the instance resorts to endless sexual reproduction of itself as pattern, as in the biological species and the processes of material production in industry. Here the attempt becomes endless repetition of eternal sameness, merely repeating the instance forever. But, once a work of art is achieved, no *other* can be required; the appearance of another would belie its achievement. The total of qualities and relations embraced in the type is recognized as impossible of achievement in any living individual, hence life repeats the particular to infinity; and it is this that leads the imagination to formulate the ideal as that which is forever approached but never attained. Here the imagination runs into conflict with the intellect and succeeds in asserting a mere abstraction. This imperfection of the particular is represented factually in nature in the process of sexual reproduction, where an infinite succession of particulars forever fails to produce the perfect instance in the individual, although variation from one instance to another is allowed to approach infinity. This conflict between imagination and intellect is the origin of the surds of science and mathematics and the absurdities of life when represented in literature as actual or real. It accounts for the plausibility of the novel as a literary type and likewise for its popularity in a superficial age. There is thus in existence, from the point of view of life, an infinite number of instances of life but no instance that is real, since no instance can embrace within its own form all that the idea of life implies. And to *be* fully what it implies and all it implies is the mark of the real with respect to any form. And an instance of reality is known as such by the presence in it of that which presents all its implications in a single design, so that nothing that can be implied of it refers in any way beyond it or lacks the conditions of complete assertion in it. All that can be asserted of it is therefore made valid by what is present in it, and no reference to a beyond is necessary or possible.

Life in the instance or the particular can therefore never be the substance that validates judgments of any kind, so far as the reality of their objects is concerned. And as the act of perception, upon which imagination depends, is itself a judgment, life as real can never be given in experi-

ence. It will always appear as illusory and irrational. It cannot be, then, the substance that makes real our judgments of art. What is thus "true to life" in the particular can never be ascertained; hence it cannot be used as a standard for the determination of the valid in art or for what is valid in any other connection.

So much for the logic of the problem. If we now turn to the history of ideas, we shall see our conclusions verified by the persisting beliefs of mankind. In the sphere of art itself it is to be noted that, in sculpture, for instance, it was in the attempt to produce an individual that would be real that the art-form came into being. The statue of Hercules or Venus was designed and executed not to *represent* an actual instance of human perfection of strength or beauty but to *create* the instance; and to do this the life that was represented had to be universalized and so asserted as a type and not as that fragmentary life that gives actuality to the individual. Or, it was purposed to re-create the fragment of the individual life so as to rid it of its particularity and to show it as universal. But this deprived it, in terms of life, of its actuality and thus rendered the instance a type. But the "life" that was realized was the life of the universe pictured in form. It is not the life that functions actually in the individual that makes the individual real but the life that comes to the individual by virtue of its functioning in the universal. The statue of stone that came to life and breathed as an actual woman had its life from the god; its particularity would never have carried the life through to actuality short of the perfection that breathed the universal of the type into it. And the moment the presence of the god was denied by the individual assertion of the life of the sculptor the living Form perished. Art came into existence to create the real that actuality could only approximate. So that the life that is the reality, and thus the standard of literary perfection, is itself not the life that is known and felt in the individual but must be the life that is the creation of the same imagination by which the forms of literary art are created.

We get the same negative answer if we look to religion. Life never is, but it is always to be. And the reality that is to give substance to life is only to be found beyond the realm where life is actual. Life in the actual is thus never regarded as real and must be transformed into something beyond even the powers of the imagination before reality can be attributed to it. Even the "life more abundantly" of the extreme subjectivist must, to be conceived at all, be represented as transformed in the quality that determines its substance, so that its reality can only be adumbrated fictively and by symbols in an act of faith.

Life therefore, neither in the raw concreteness of the particular nor in

the abstractness of the universal nor in any individualization of the actual, can operate as the real that gives substance to literary art or to any type of art.

It is perhaps the unconscious recognition of the failure of life to qualify as the real that gives substantial form to art that has driven theorists to postulate experience as the artistic real.

But here again we shall have to face the fact that experience has no better, not even so good, a claim to reality than has life. And the difficulties here arise from the same conditions—the inability to give, in any terms, a satisfactory definatory picture of what experience means. As a consequence no art-form would undertake to assert the reality of experience or to realize experience by or through its assertion. It seems that literary people have got their convictions about experience from the experience philosophy; only they have taken them over without the philosopher's customary grain of salt, and in the adaptation to literary purposes the notion seems even more abstract and indefinite in meaning than it is with the experience philosophers. Or possibly they take their notion from a still less adequate source, from the psychologists; and possibly also from the psychologist at his moment of lapse—the psychiatrist. So that one can expect to find the fallacies of the philosopher and the psychologist supplemented and enriched in the quality of their folly in the more polished and ornamented meanderings of the critics. For the critics, if one may judge from the (qualitatively) rare use they make of philosophy, get their philosophy either from some representative of its weaker and more errant forms or from the solider instances of philosophic thought after they have suffered the fate of adaptation to unreflective uses, where utility, as it always does, has distorted them. And those critics who have approached philosophy directly have, like the light that strikes too hard a stone, been deflected into the softer myth-shaded ways of the artist, where the word can be used for valid purposes without reference to the substance it represents. In any case the "philosophy" of the critics has been modified, in its reception by them, from its original conciseness, or it has been weakened by the erosion of time and wont, so that it is difficult to recognize it as philosophy at all. One would hardly deny to them the possession of a philosophic mind, since their eagerness to engage in critical activity, which is the philosopher's proper field, gives evidence of the presence and activity of some kind of inquiring spirit, too often, however, unchecked by the rigorous critical method of the philosopher.

Experience is not real. We shall proceed to show why. And, to introduce our demonstration, we may again state how we arrive at the concept of the real as the criterion. The real is individual. It must exist, that is, it

must have status within the conditions of time and space—it must, that is, be particular. Subjectively this means that it must be such as can appear in perception, and, when it does so appear, there is experience of it. But the individual must be also universal; it must be that whose attributes and relations, in their unity and design, constitute the ground for the status of time and space themselves and for the possibility of the appearance of objects within time and space. It is also as such the ground condition of experience itself; that is, it shows that the only way to make experience intelligible is by referring it to the universal as the ground that makes it possible. The universal it is also that makes assertion possible; it is the medium in which alone the mind can move as an active agent. It is thus the ground of distinction between the active thought and its object. So to give status to experience it is necessary to show its dependence upon the same conditions as its object, and in no case is experience itself the ground or point of origin or cause of the reality of anything. To be real, then, is to be a corporate synthesis of the particular with the universal, and this synthesis is known as such by its being the ground both of the existence of an object and of the conditions that make the object known. It is as an instance of this corporate synthesis that we designate a thing an individual.

This is perhaps a rather complex criterion, and to apply it as a rule or maxim is not a simple process. In fact, the basic fallacy of all criticism, so far as its use as a philosophic method is concerned, lies in regarding the degree of simplicity of an object as a test of the object's reality, where, as a matter of fact, the condition of simplicity is at the opposite pole from that of reality. So that the nearer an object approaches to simplicity, the farther from reality it is, and this condition of simplicity is a good negative rough test of the reality of any given instance of fact. So the complexity of our standard is after all its major strength, since in this point at least it corresponds to the reality it is to measure.

Now to apply our rule to experience. Experience is particular. There is, and in the nature of the case there can be, no such thing as experience in general. It was ambiguity on this matter that made a mess of the political theory of Locke and Rousseau, and thus made democracy the fragile thing it is. And it is exactly this vague suspicion of an experience in general that made Rousseau a very dangerous authority on questions of literary form and on the question of the nature of artistic content. His "emotion" is certainly a hypostasis, and almost as certainly an apotheosis of an abstraction based "in experience" on the vagueness of feeling, in that aspect of feeling which is characteristically noncognitive, that aspect of feeling that makes it incapable of attaining a defined meaning. Experience,

then, as particular thus meets the simplest and most immediate condition for reality. It appears in perception. But watch the ambiguity in this simple statement. Experience comes to being in the process of perception. But it is not *that which* comes into being, not the object that gets presented in actuality in perception; it is the process of perception itself, perception as it comes to self-recognition in process. *What* appears or is shown in perception is thus not experience but the reality reference to which makes experience possible. Appearance in perception is experience if we add to perception, considered as an organic process, the conditions within it for the implication to time and space, where the implication to time and space constitutes the element of consciousness in it. Experience is therefore not the real that appears in perception, not the content that takes form there, for that is the real in its independence; but it is the process of perception itself considered as embracing all its implications. What appears in perception is the object; the perception is the appearance of the object, and this appearance is experience. The ambiguity of the term "appearance" must not be allowed to confuse us, for its place in the argument is critical. It is thus that experience in any instance is a "this," a "given," a something cut out and off from the blank conditions of existence with the definiteness of here and now. And the here and now constitute the entire qualifications that characterize it; they are the relational qualities that make it what it is, in so far as what it is is a matter merely of its not being something else. And it is in this negative and exclusive sense alone that an experience can ever be defined or made intelligible—it can be given a reality in terms of significance only by being differenced from other things, this difference being the only condition of its significance.

It is this aloneness and uniqueness that constitute the self-identity of the particular, and experience is always particular; and it is they that make the particular anything at all. Experience can be *of* the universal, but it *is* particular. It is, that is, something only in terms of itself. And this means that any relations it may stand in that can be suggested by it are relations that lack one of their terms, are relations that do not yet relate and thus keep it suspended in expectancy, so this again cuts it off from any other. But this means that the particular, since its relations are not realized, has no definiteness of structure, has therefore only a suggestion of texture, and this involves that it has no design; and this involves that it has no form; it is formless and void, so reality is denied it. So experience is unreal.

The particular, then, and experience is particular, since it can only be, can never be anything. And its conditions in time and space are empty and abstract; they *are* only in the logical sense that they *must* be presupposed

for the positive existence of anything and *may* be presupposed to indicate the absence of existence, and this is an assertion, in positive terms, of non-existence. They are conditions in the abstract, before there is a conditioned to make them concrete. It is this fact that is responsible for the negative interpretation of form, which is perhaps its commonest interpretation. Form is viewed generally as if it meant only the place that might be occupied by an object, the empty frame that might contain the picture. It is hardly ever observed that form is the condition *sine qua non* of the object itself; it is the essence of objectivity. It is perhaps cruel to impose such an argument on the poor critic, but we are trying to convey the simple hint that the critic must also learn to think if he is to continue to insist upon laying down laws for art and telling the rest of us what is and what is not good in art as it appears in literature. He cannot rely upon his experience alone, however intriguingly it may appeal in his feeling, and his feeling can never judge or assert; nor is his private soul the standard by which the realities of the world are to be judged. He should observe that he must take the world—not *his* world—seriously and not ask the world to find its ground of seriousness in his private inner tensions, which, as experiences and particulars, carry no hint of reality.

Experience, then, is particular. This in itself is, however, not fatal; but it is particular in the peculiar negative way that effectually prevents its ever becoming universal. There are no universals in experience. And we have seen that the final condition of the real is the identity of the particular in the universal, or of the universal in the particular, the identity that constitutes the individual. And this identity can never be in or for any experience. It can be represented and asserted in a work of art, but the assertion places it in the objective world, beyond experience, where experience can only be *of* it but cannot be it. For what would, or could, be the universal of an experience? There are questions that baffle even the critical imagination. There are people who speak of "experience" as if it had no ties to what is given and concrete, and they even use experience as a cause or logical ground. They say on occasion, "Experience proves . . . ," or "The consensus of experience . . . ," etc., by which modes of statement they imply that experience as an independent entity exists and acts by assuming relations to other things, as if there were inherent power of assertion in experience. But ask them to qualify it with specific relations so that its substance could be known, and they smile at you as they would at the questions of an innocent child—and for the same reasons: their mode of thought has effectively been called in question, and they are not quite fully aware as to how it has been done. They are scientists or empirical philosophers and, like critics, are disturbed by the hint that they

should rigidly examine their presuppositions and apply a rigid logical test to their methods. Which, by the way, is the essence of criticism, where criticism is employed upon discourse that is supposed to have meaning.

But as a consequence of the critic's neglect of this principle, when he uses experience in a substantial connection, he is employing the term as a mere generalization, as a blanket term covering the mere multiplicity of states of mind, and this has no necessary relation to the universal. The general term is the abstract image of a fact indefinitely pluralized, indefinitely repeated without variation of quality or character, so that at the end what it means is only statable in terms of a number or some other abstract symbol. That is to say, experience can be given the self-identity that makes it usable as a generic term in discourse only by stripping away all suggestions of quality and representing it as an abstract quantity, pure, simple, and without taint of sensible character. But it is hard to see what an experience without quality would be. For the very essence of an experience seems to *be* a quality, and there is nothing to be found that can *have* the quality. So experience in this abstract and general sense can have no concrete meaning except within hypothetical conditions, except, that is, when it is reduced to a mere counter in a manipulatory process. But that is saying that it is meaningless so far as its reference to a real world is concerned, and those who undertake to make the experience itself the world can find nothing solid anywhere to serve as its foundation.

Experience thus has no meaning in terms of the universal, and except in those terms there is no meaning for anything. It cannot, then, be real. And it cannot be that which gives substant reality to art. It is not experience that is made the real of literature so far as literature is an art. It is suggested that what leads to the assumption that experience is the real for literature is the contemporary emphasis on the novel. And it is submitted that, as it is true that the modern novel has its only suggestion of substance in experience, it is not an art form, so has no bearing on the question.

This explains the fact that those who look at literature from a theoretical point of view have, consciously or otherwise, the novel in mind as the type, and so resort to psychology as the science of experience for principles of explanation rather than to logic and philosophy, the only source from which the method of valid explanation is to be derived. And instinctively, if not reflectively, recognizing the failure of psychology to supply principles of explanation, they resort to torturing the poor form of psychology, which has a legitimate if limited function, into all sorts of monstrous shapes—Freudianism, or religious medicine-man mysticism. So our geniuses turn to Freud, or to mythology and mysticism, or to formal

religion. And they go to these extremes perhaps because psychology, in its legitimate form, is entirely incapable of carrying the burden they impose on it and refuses to enter into their nefarious game.

Psychology is the proper science of experience. And as a science it has nothing whatever to say about art. It can describe states of mind, but there is nothing in the universe of less importance than a mere state of mind, unless it be the whole agglomerate mass of states of mind in the "stream of consciousness." It is the nature and function of science to sort "the" facts—the assumption of fact is logically monstrous—and to describe them and to reduce them, or rather symbols of them, to such degree of abstract organization as is possible to them. They are not capable of order. Its purpose is to describe particulars and to furnish generalizations about them, which generalizations, given the form of assertion, become maxims for further procedure *of the same sort and within the same limits*. And science goes no further; so it explains nothing. When the scientist undertakes to go beyond that fixed limit, he sets up as a philosopher and comes to a deserved but sorry end in "the empirical philosophy." And here the philosopher makes short shrift of him. Psychology sets up no norms, nor does science in any field. Scientific propositions are not assertions, not principles, but generalizations and have nothing to do with truth. They are useful. And that is their destiny; a poor, short, flat, insipid, empty destiny. No scientific proposition is universal. None can be used as standards. None is true. Hence the critic, if he is looking for principles, must go beyond science and psychology. And he cannot reach the beyond that is to furnish him with norms by torturing psychology and prostituting experience to the bastard logic of science. And without norms the critic is a suave and pleasantly amiable gossip.

And our scientific minds seem to be aware of the limits of their famous method and at times to realize that they must go beyond it where serious questions are involved, questions that carry implications beyond the limits of experience which must be formulated and resolved. And there are no questions about art, and especially about literary art in so far as it is instrumented in language, that do not go beyond experience, none that does not go out of the reach of science. But not being familiar with the means of going beyond phenomena for grounds and reasons, but accustomed to looking behind or beneath phenomena for causes, and assuming that finding causes constitutes explanation, our scientific critics attempt to dig under experience to the subconscious to find the grounds of its being. As a consequence what they find is not a ground, not experience, nor is it known to have any relation to experience except such as it may have as a product of the inventive imagination. Thus the whole fabric of

the unconscious and the subconscious are not, in the nature of things, empirical facts but products of the pure hypothesizing fancy. Why should there be something behind or beneath or prior to what is real? It is only the scientific fancy that would go down to the roots to taste the quality of the fruit. And the unconscious and the subconscious, as bases of explanation, are products of the fancy because the scientist is not capable of the logical hypothecation to which one must resort the moment he leaves the simple plane of experience in the search for principles.

The resort to the "conclusions" of psychology for explanation in artistic questions is the resort to magic. It rests on the assumption that a question is answered by assuming a principle capable of answering it. Then, if the assumed principle is given a fancy name, it can be regarded as a cause, for the name endows it with substance—and this is primitive animism. Just as in religion a troublesome situation in "life" or "experience" is resolved by taking it to a God who has, as the core of his definition and the substance of his image, the power that makes him capable of resolving just that problem. Now there could be, there is, a legitimate use of such a "principle," but its use is limited to certain fields where everything is reduced to the degree of abstraction that puts it outside experience altogether, namely, in mathematics. It is all right to assume x as the solution of a situation where you have the situation reduced to such a degree of abstraction that you know absolutely all the conditions but x, and where x is defined as having all its meaning in the simple function of resolving that situation. But it would be folly to attempt to use x, without redefinition, in any other situation or to attempt to make any assertion about this situation that was not already palpably explicit in the situation at the start. That is, even the legitimate use of this bit of magic gives us no knowledge except what is limited in its use to the methodology by which it is found, and this leaves our insight into the nature of real things exactly where it was before. Explanations are not to be had from methods that are themselves beyond the limits of explanation, which means that mystification is all you get from the resort to mystery. Literary people seem readily impressed by the discovery of "depths" in their art, and they love the gloomy shades where the eye is spared the necessity of clear vision. And what is seen thus darkly comes to assertion only in a dark saying.

But there is no need of the resort to the magical, and no hope as to what may come of it. Where we have the intelligence and the courage to seek for clear knowledge we are usually not disappointed, although it may not come so quickly as we might desire or be, when we get it, the knowledge precisely we had our heart set on. In the meantime there is hardly

justification, and certainly no necessity, for deliberately or ignorantly mystifying ourselves where ways and means of reasonably clear vision are already in our hands. And we are not justified in resorting to mystery where ignorance and a too quick fancy for half-truth are already issuing in evidences of cultural collapse. We cannot see more clearly or deeply by putting on dark glasses. Reality is not to be found by groveling however deeply *in* the secret places of the mind; it might be worth while trying to see whether it may be found *by* mind, wherever it may be hidden whether in or out of mind; but even here the analysis of the phenomena of mind and its processes is not sufficient; the way to reality is not through psychology either "normal" or "pathological," and the only reality found by resort to it is already pathetically sick of normalcy unto death.

I suppose also that people go to religion to find answers to questions that arise "in their experience," on the assumption that it is the experience that is real and that what happens "in" experience is sometimes, at least, of serious import. It is assumed real, in the negative religious attitude, if only to give status to the evils that come in it and if even the experience itself must be eliminated with the evil that attends it. The pains and disappointments and humiliations and the joys and the ecstacies and the triumphs that come upon us all, although they affect us only in the fleeting consciousness in which they occur, and will disappear when the consciousness passes or is centered on something else, all these are of the stuff of life for us and seem of the essence of things. Yet while we regard them as real, and real because they are elements of our experience, we go beyond experience for a point of reference with respect to which their status in reality is to be determined, as if the assumption of their empirical reality were not quite safe. And yet so impressed are we with the idea of the ultimacy of experience that, when we are asked to qualify sensibly or intelligibly the point outside experience to which we refer it, we appeal at once to empirical characteristics and thus bring the principle of the reality of things itself within experience as if it were merely no more than one of the common aspects of experience. We appeal, that is, to God to rationalize our experience, and then find God defined and realized within the experience which he is to make rational. And the confusion does not seem to impress us, unless in our more enthusiastic moments we offer the confusion as evidence of profundity in our insights into the mysteries where truth and reality and beauty are all one. There would be no need of God if experience were as real as we suppose it, and God is helpless where his being is derived from the experience by which he is known. So also when we find the reality of art in experience we must yet justify its reality by reference to a principle that is derived from experience. And with such

"principles" as these it should excite no wonder that at the present moment literary art in any genuine sense is nonexistent. Nor should we be surprised if the criticism which finds its principles should suffocate in psychology or flounder in a theology that is consistent only in its uniform confusion.

To find the grounds and reasons for literary art is not so simple as merely asking God or Freud about it. Even if we knew, as we do not know, the fundamentals about mind and experience which a rational psychology may some day give us, we should not yet hold the key to the reality of art, not even the art that lies imbedded within the assertions that constitute the acts and thus the being of that mind and experience. Art has no cause. It is a creature, and the act by which it is created is the self-assertion of its own being. When we hear and apprehend that assertion, we shall possess the secret of literary art; but it will not come as an exultation or an exaltation of consciousness, either normal or abnormal, nor will it be a purposive obscurantism, or a wail of fear, or ignorance rising darkly from the sacred grove where men are comforted with softly ambient shadows.

To put it bluntly, the appeal in the interest of literary art to psychology or to religion, whether formal or informal, of any degree of rationality from misty superstition to pure Deism, is simply an acknowledgment of ignorance and a confession of cowardice. Poor Yeats had to invent a world because in ignorance of this he feared it; all because perhaps he did not have the opportunity or the capacity to understand it. All the appeal to religion could possibly mean, though even then its meaning is misapprehended, is that it is a blind unpurposed recognition of a metaphysics in which alone literary art as well as other forms of art—indeed, all human concerns which hope to be self-intelligible—must find their grounds. It is obligatory upon us to respect the seriousness of aim and the depth of conviction that are involved in the attempt to find a reason for art in religion; but yet we must deplore the lack of familiarity with the status of religion itself that can accept a religious scheme of the universe as a metaphysics capable of offering support to art. Even Milton and Dante, as I think, knew better than that; they knew that a religious metaphysics makes good imaginative content for poetry, but they would not resort to that alone to prove that the poetry thus materialized is art. Still a mistaken metaphysics is, formally, better than none. It at least recognizes that an appropriate ground for art implies a universe. The art comes of finding form for that universe. The poetry that is genuine art has its roots in the metaphysical system, and these roots are not nourished in any special way by mind or experience or God except on the penalty of a subjective

or superficial or superstitious art, which means an art that is false and hollow. It was therefore not the religion that made Dante and Milton great poets. It was their pagan sense of form, which they applied to the best imaginative content they knew. But a truer metaphysics would have given still wider scope to imagination and thus to greater possibilities of form. And in the case of Milton, at least, it would have avoided the more repulsive crudities.

Anything can appear, can be given in experience—the good, the bad, the right, the wrong, the apparent, the real, the unreal, what is, what is not, what has been, what can be, the actual, the possible, the impossible, everything can be and is, in a sense, in experience, and there is nothing that can be out of experience. And for this reason this fact of merely being in experience neither qualifies nor characterizes anything. What is uniformly true of all things is characteristically true of nothing. Being in experience, of itself, makes nothing what it is; it does not even make the experience what it is, nor is anything changed in any way merely by being experienced. Although apart from the things that are experienced the experience by itself is nothing, the experiencing of anything by me or you is an accident of me or you and not of the thing experienced. What is thus a negative and external condition into which things may come or may not come can be in no way a determinant of things. Experience is such a condition. It is not a quality. It is therefore the substance of nothing, and nothing, only nothing, can be made out of it. It is the nearest thing to a positive unreality that we know; strip it of its object, and it is the nearest approach to the outer darkness of nonbeing. To be lost in it is to be estranged from reason and estrayed from God, lost in the emptiness of abstract negation, where all assertions must be empty denial. There is no religion that does not know that the religion of experience is the denial of all religion. The essence of religion is the demand for some way of escape from the emptiness of what seems to be, from what appears, from what presents itself as identical with the shadow by which we apprehend it.

Every religion, that is, that has emerged from superstition, even the religion that can put its superstition into a degree of order, knows that the reality is not to be found in experience; that experience is not the reality that can substantiate what appears in it. It is for this reason that religion sets up a beyond, poses a reality that is so different from the empirical as to require a universe of its own. And whatever may be the mistakes that religion makes as to how this beyond-universe should be qualified—mistakes probably due to the insistent and persistent demands of experience—that there should be such a universe is an absolutely valid and just

demand, and its validity is just the reality that gives substance to religion. To go to religion to find an abiding place for experience, or to experience to find an abiding place for religion, is to prostitute the religion with denial, to signalize which denial the cock will never crow. For it is a consequence of logical unregeneration, the ignorance that is excusable only at the last day.

Experience is not the reality to which form is given in art, and the religion of experience is without form and void.

What, then, is the reality of art? If it is not experience, what else is there besides that which appears in experience? What else can there be besides experience and its object? For these are the two "facts" that we are accustomed to regard as immediate. Also they are the two facts, and the only facts, that are given in every assertion. The object, so generalized, is what is ordinarily called "nature," so nature becomes the reality that experience is to be realized in. And art, which is in some way bound up with experience, will then be realized in nature.

But, before there can be any fruitful discussion of this doctrine, it is necessary to see that we are here dealing with one of the most ambiguous of terms. Two distinct meanings must be pointed out which, I think, are fundamental, and the discussion of them will satisfy perhaps all our requirements. Historically, from the time the idea was first framed among the Greeks up to fairly recent times, or in any case to the beginning of "modern" times, nature had decided metaphysical implications. It referred to the universe of what is, the sum of all existences. This idea was developed by taking on mystical and religious elements later and, in the age of allegory which followed, came to be personified and endowed with divine characteristics and powers. It is science now that ascribes the mystic personality to nature; this is implied in nearly all its assertions, even in its assumption that nature is mechanistic. The religious characteristics were, however, but emotionally decorated pictures of the means and devices used by philosophers in bridging the gulf between existence as it is given in experience and reality as it is formulated in thought; and this effort was the first beginnings in philosophy to do in terms of logic what the poets had already done with the devices of rhetoric. That is to say, nature developed as an idea in the movement in which both art and philosophy had their origin and out of the necessity for each to give some degree of form to the continuity of the elements that made it up. I mean that in both art and philosophy some idea had to be defined (the definition constitutes the idea) that would unify the complexity found by each in its content; philosophy had to find an idea that would bring into harmony all the ideas that thought had worked out; and poetry had to have a device

that would give center to all the emotions and emotional qualities that had developed in the feelings.

The philosophic idea and the artistic device were the same thing, the "thing" that came to be the substance of both philosophy and art. For it gave a world about which all the ideas of the philosopher could revolve and to which the artist could refer all his imaged qualities. It was, that is to say, what is meant and all that is meant by the term "reality" as it is used in serious thought. In this sense, therefore, "nature" is the reality to which *form* is given in art and to which self-consistency is given in philosophy. It is thus the real that we have offered in criticism of the empirical in its every manifestation, and, as we intend a little later to try to say what are the major characters of it as reality, we may pass it here.

There is another conception of nature, however, that must engage our attention, because it is the "nature" of modern literary discussion. It begins also with the vague idea of "the sum of things" and hopes to bring the confusion of things together. But its notion of the kind of togetherness that is demanded is inadequate, at least unphilosophical, and as a consequence we have "naturalism" or "humanism" in literary connections to compare or contrast with the mystic religionism into which the other concept of nature tended to lead. It is interesting to observe the tendency of naturalism and humanism to run together and to follow the efforts made on both sides to maintain a difference between the two points of view. It is also good fun to watch both struggling to avoid drifting into the current of mystical religionism, and it is comical to see each side appeal to the same method of defense. This in the rub turns out to be personal abuse and vilification, which is necessitated in the situation where neither side recognizes the necessity for carefully defined terms, and it becomes a kind of bastard obligation where the responsible agent on either side is recognized as the genius of the adversary and not the truth or validity of the objective position which he represents. For neither side of the argument recognizes the existence of an objective position; neither side sees that the case he represents should be able to stand on its own feet and make its own attack and sustain its own defense. Consequently, the only thing at or about which to argue is the other side's advocate. The "case" resolves itself into a struggle between the "geniuses" of the contending advocates, and the literary problem as an objective fact is ignored. And the consequence of this is that "criticism" exhausts itself trying to locate and identify its "problem" and its "function," etc., and in matching the personal claims of its respective geniuses.

In the scheme of the mystic religionist nature becomes either a highly etherealized system of spiritual supports operating subjectively upon the

individual or a scheme of negative hindrances positively operating against the individual genius as a system of evil to be put away. Our religionist, under the dominant assumption that experience is the only legitimate content for literary art, and as Christian assuming that experience in its entirety is spiritualized in love, will tend to become a homosexualist with an Oedipus complex and an effeminate art or a rigid and tight-skinned ascetic who spiritualizes his love so as to justify a continuous crucifixion of the flesh—who lives by a succession of denials of the flesh the motive power of which he nevertheless worships. It is quite natural in either or both of these interpretations of nature for the devotee to retire into a purely formal church in the belief that he is giving expression to a genuine religious impulse or to become excessively scientific and to debauch himself in psychiatry with a violent ritual of Freudianism. Our literary art will be served by a Hemingway with a journalistic excursus into sexual crudity, where nature drips with filth, or by a soulful poet by whom nature exudes a debilitating caricature of substance in a succession of unintelligible "conceits."

Where the motive is definitely antireligious or takes the more moderate position of ignoring religion, the conception of nature varies between that of an abstract mechanical system such as the physical sciences represent or an equally mechanical psychological scheme of mental conflicts which objectify in weird distortions of social relations. In the first of these, nature is recognized sufficiently by merely being taken for granted as a basis from which to erect a practical system of habits and procedures in the exercise of which human beings can pursue a hedonic well-being or, where psychological presuppositions predominate, a boisterous career of personal success. It is here that the controlling motive of the present literary "enterprise" is to be found—in the ideal of a journalistic style employed in giving objective form to a "story," where the story is some common but spectacular event shared between successful people and people whose genius is defined in terms that state all the reasons why people do not succeed. The two types, the go-getter success and the "impractical" failure, exhaust the human species, and the individual characters representing these types are pictured in terms of sex or of the biological and social implications of sex.

In the other case where nature is given an element of spiritual significance, our naturalism will tend to find outlet in the fields represented by what are coming to be comically called the "social" "sciences"; and here "relations," racial, religious, economic, industrial, even abstractly "social" relations, are the substance of our literary art. Experience is, of course, in the superstition of scientific empiricism, the mode into which

all aspects of nature must be cast before they can be utilized as grist for the literary mill, with the consequence that from any and every point of view the literary product is vitiated by subjectivism; either a spiritualistic or psychological subjectivism in which reality is reduced to mental states or a biological or physical subjectivism where everything in the universe is rendered down into organic impulses. And literary methods and tricks of technique, as well as the forms and patterns into which works are cast, must all be designed in terms of the qualities of these mental states or of organic impulses. It does not appear to be observed by anybody now writing that such "objects" lack all the characteristics that give them the reality and substance required to take and hold the polish of technique which alone gives essential form.

Nature thus, by itself, in any form that can be given to it, or in any interpretation that is possible to it, cannot be made the stuff of genuine art. Taken literally, it will work up into the objects of a formless utility, and this is the death of art because of the fact that it destroys the culture whose preservation is necessary to maintain an art. Taken in any important figurative sense, nature will dissolve into the psychological scum which floats to the top of a world seething with illusion and will perish because the "experience" implied as its base has none of the characters necessary to the stability that must *be* before form and design can sustain the making upon which reality itself depends. Nature does not move of itself, and before it can become art it must jump out of its fragmentariness, and this jump is itself waiting for the act of the artist to give it impetus.

Nature is not the stuff of art. Nor is the reality of art to be found in mind, or soul, or spirit or God. For spirit, like nature, is an abstraction and has its being primarily in the facility with which it accommodates the application of thought to the adaptation of the human species to nature. As an abstraction it is capable of formal relations and as a consequence has the capacity for bare structure; but, lacking quality, it is not capable of the texture that is necessary to design, and so in no case can it take an individual form. When pushed to extreme limits in the idea of God, as it must be, since if it had individuality it would be that of the universal alone, it represents the abandonment of textured structure and so of substantiated form; an Idea of form without substance whose only content could be formlessness per se. One hesitates to say it of the obvious great, but this is the "supernatural" that Mr. Eliot prays for and to; where only the little learning that is dangerous, the learning that is willing to lose its soul for truth's sake, is enough to recognize the use of reason to contradict the Reason, the appeal in good faith to the irrational. And this is the

critic who hopes so much from philosophy. Mr. Blackmur has a nearer perception of the steel there is in the philosopher's attitude, and yet he appears to think the reason a psychological process used and useful to describe modes of experience. It is the function of the reason to search through reality to find its object, what is hard and solid in it; or, where objects are not to be found, operating as the artistic urge, to create them. It is not its business to look in the dark for ghosts, even when they are holy ghosts.

There is a good deal of logical acumen required to think straight about such a concept as that of spirit. The term is extremely convenient when we wish to refer to the appealing purity of a motive, say, or to a motive operating as a disinterested agent in a situation ordinarily stained through by human littleness; and it is necessary to have such an agent to give to a literary work a sense of immediacy to the facts of existence. But even here spirit is merely a device of technical convenience and has none of the qualities or relational capabilities we like to attribute to it under the guise of a substantial entity. And yet its most common use, in literary connections, is as a substantive operating *a tergo* either as an agent or a cause, or as an "ideal" that can act as cause or creator of an event in advance of the event's existence. It is for the most part even here looked upon as a reversed cause and useful to overcome the necessity of looking for a cause after the effect has happened, which latter necessity seems to convict our world of fixity and mechanism. What we want, where questions about art are involved, is some principle which will enable us to anticipate events, to inform us of the nature and character of events before they happen. We want, that is, a "cause" whose uniformly present and easily recognizable characteristics will insure the occurrence of events of statable qualities that can be known and used *now* before they exist or appear in our experience. But all this, so far as art is concerned, is provided for in the imagination; so "spirit" seems to have its meaning in our ignorance of the creative power and synergic agency of the imagination. It is by the imagination that we can really anticipate the qualities of a fact or event before it exists and can thus scheme out its possible relations. All this appears to be implied in the notion of design, and design is the concept of most universal significance in questions of art. So recognizing the imagination as agent, and design as the instrument by which it gives form to objects, leaves little place in artistic discussions for spirit and the fanciful structures that must be created out of whole cloth to house it in.

What, however, is too often overlooked is the basic ambiguity of the notion of design, and it is this ambiguity that gives it its peculiar meaning. For it is the condition upon which depends the bringing into harmony and

unity of the objective elements of art with the purpose which is supposed to give these objective elements the form that makes them the stuff of art. That is to say that within any use of the concept of design we include together the idea of structured form, as the character of objective fact, with the idea of intent which represents the causal agency in the creative force that executes form. The idea of a system of fact as being primarily a congeries of qualities relationally disposed with respect to each other is perhaps what we have in mind when we speak of the design of a picture or a vase or a piece of music. In this use it is and is intended to be merely a descriptive image, and its use is, perhaps, primarily for communication. But there is no motive to communication in art. The artist never creates with the idea of the effect his work will or might have upon an observer—except, of course, when art is used as an instrument of propaganda, as in commercial "art." The "expression" that is involved in this phase of design, so far as it relates to art and its creation, is the representation to himself by the artist of a complex of qualities as held in some sort of community by relations that are themselves characters of the qualities. Hence there is no reference of any sort beyond the given quality, and this idea of quality as presented by itself is as near as we can come to an intelligible image of mind. That is, the idea of design, while most simply a frame or pattern of quality within objective circumstance, is also the only, or best in any case, mode we have of imagining to ourselves the creative synergy we designate the active maker or agent. And these two elements are invariably present in the notion of design so far as the notion is used in relation to art.

It is this notion of design, as implying objective order and creative power at the same time, that is the reason, that is, the image, or form, behind the use of the term "spirit." And it is this image that gives spirit all its significance. And on this account spirit is an important conception in any case; but its meaning is derived more from its use in representing the mode of functioning of the artist than in symbolizing the reality the artist is concerned to create. Also it is not certain that the definition of spirit that connects it with art does not at the same time connect it in very much the same way with other creative purposes than art, so the meaning may be broader and more general than it would be in the case of a strictly aesthetic concept. This would not deny the propriety of its use as an aesthetic concept, but it does show that the aesthetic must share the use of the term with the moral and whatever other practical uses there may be. Also, it shows that the aesthetic motive goes through to the reality that is the common goal of all practical motives, which it shares with

ethics, religion, politics, a goal that lies beyond experience and all other conditions of present existence.

But in any case spirit is not the reality that appears at the end of artistic activity, not what artistic activity is designed to create or assert or "express." It is not that which finally embodies the artistic intent and is not in any sense, by itself, a ground of art. It is true that spirit has a substantial relation with whatever it is that is the reality of art, and that it is an important concept for certain kinds of aesthetic connections. In another place we shall undertake to state what these relations are. But here we want to emphasize that they are not such as to indicate any final significance spirit may have for the artistic motive.

If our negative conclusion is justified, then art and the creative synergy have no peculiar religious significance, certainly no theological importance. For the end of art is not God. While it is true that the essence of art is form, and that God is for religion the concept of final Form, yet the two notions of form are not the same. For the artistic concept of Form is that of form substantiated, substantial form, form embodied in its matter as the synthesis of the material with its own design. The idea of a matter is necessary to the artistic concept as an essential part of its meaning. On the other hand, the God of religion is supposed to be in essence the opposite of matter, distinct from and repellent to it. It is therefore Form as "pure spirit," matterless, immaterial, abstract form without substance, the empty, hesitant, but anticipative possibility of substance. Thus Mr. Eliot's "supernatural" is a form without a substance, a conception that can be given no meaning except the bastard meaning possible to negative terms, in terms, that is, of what it does not mean; which means in the end that it means nothing, is irrational.

And so formless. Apparently this nirvanistic vacuity is acceptable to Mr. Eliot, as much of his creative work would indicate. But this appeal to the irrational to justify the formless comes from the divorce of the emotions from the reason, or, what is psychologically and logically worse, the attempt to include the reason within the emotion and thus to represent the emotion as the noetic and causal agent. But emotion neither knows nor does anything, certainly not as it would be defined by Mr. Eliot. The appeal to the formless in the interest of art and the attempt to identify formlessness with the Form have, no doubt, a certain value for some kinds of emotional attitudinizing, but they have nothing to offer in the way of a theory of the nature and reality of art. It is doubtless psychologically possible to make the identity, but it is a blank identity where all differences disappear; but where differences disappear so does reality. But where psychology furnishes us our principles we should expect to come

out with nothing and to find the nothing pleasurably satisfactory. When the essential quality of feeling is identified with its own intensity (and that is what has happened here), a number of effects (not conclusions) are possible; but it is still beyond the reach of intelligence to make sense of them. When Art appeals to religion for its grounds, and when the realities of both art and religion are conceived wholly in subjective terms, almost anything can be contemplated as a result except something that makes sense.

But there is, *in reality*, that is, from the point of view of that which gives reality to art and whatever else is real, a close and interesting relation between art and religion. By this I mean that, when we define religion in terms of the objective rituals and liturgies and forms and objective designs which collectively embody the practices and attitudes that constitute man's relation to his universe, then religion and art are very near of kin. In fact, art might very well be defined as the system of objective forms or molds into which men pour fluid emotions and attitudes to the universe in the attempt to give them formal substance and solidity and permanence, assuming that, when they have a valid form, they will also have the substance which the form implies. Religion, regarded in the same way, is an attempt through art to give form and substance, and hence reality, to those "ideals" of men which they know have not the substance within themselves to stand up alone and on their own feet and to assert their own being. And this is a profoundly important relation in which art stands to religion; the difficulty with it is that the relation is not peculiar to religion alone but applies uniformly to all other modes of the human genius to assert itself. The ideal of the family relation, and to a very large extent, the political relation, also give themselves form and stability as they find body in art forms. All cultural situations are, in fact, such embodied human purposes. And when we come, as we must soon, to say what the reality of art is, we shall have to come back to this idea. It is not only religion that is realized in art, but all types of cultural expression are so realized as well. So, also, it is not only spirit that is realized in art; life and experience and nature are also realized in art. But just as neither life nor experience nor nature is ever the whole of what is realized in art, so is spirit not the whole of what comes to finality in art. Nothing but the Reality itself is big enough to ground the nature and significance of art.

What, then, is the real that comes to finality and form in art?

What makes this question so baffling is not its necessary and inherent difficulty, for no one question is really more difficult than another. As in the case of many other questions, this is difficult because of the jungle of

prejudices and unwarranted presuppositions that have collected around it. These make it next to impossible to approach it with a view whose depth and intention are limited by the facts that are genuinely involved in it and to remain unencumbered by the mass of hypotheses and prejudices. Such old prejudices are hard to get rid of because they are the husks of outworn and decayed theories that were once accepted as valid truths and are held to with great warmth of assurance long after their substance has rotted out. The most dangerous of these assumptions, and so because it determines the very atmosphere and medium in which thought moves, is just the common assumption that whatever reality we may discover must be of such nature as to identify immediately with our experience, must be one which each of us can appropriate to himself as his very own. So the sacredness of private possession is not confined to economic attitudes; it shows up in our spiritual attitudes as well. And the effect of this "selfishness" upon our cultural activities is as disastrous in the one case as in the other. That something could be real and valuable and yet have no special or peculiar relation to the individual human being who judges it so is not within our capacity to conceive. As a consequence before we can accept anything as real we must first apprehend it as reduced to terms of our inner experience, reshaped so as to conform to our subjective or mental states, and this reduced replica of the original must pass as the reality for us. We must trim it down to our own size before it can be accepted. We do not go to the world to understand it but to force it within the narrow ambit of our interest, to make it conform to what we desire of it. The inner consciousness of the individual is therefore taken as the standard, and as the sufficient and only standard, for anything and everything that may be regarded as real. And this in spite of the fact that the consciousness has itself no characteristic form, no stable skeleton by which its own varying states might be gauged.

It would be interesting here to show how this subjective assumption vitiates and desolates every field of human thought; how it is characteristic of what in cultural history is called the "modern period"; how useful and advantageous it was to mankind's self-adaptation to the expanding world of the new period; and finally how, when the expansion of the world slowed or ceased, or was shunted off to a new direction by the forces of the culture of the then present, the same subjectivist attitude becomes a clog and a hindrance to further cultural development; the whole question of the nature and effects of the hypothesis is a vast and interesting one, and one that is calamitously important for the order of world culture at the present time. All this is important, I say, but it is not our task here. It is however necessary to perceive its importance and its

bearings in some measure if we are to understand the issue that now faces us: what, *as a matter of fact*, is the reality of art? We have denied reality to a fact if it have no other warrant than its mere presence in experience; nothing is real merely because it is a state of mind. Nor is the existence or noetic or affectional quality of a state of mind a guaranty of the reality of anything.

We have insisted on a good many occasions that questions of art refer us in the end to metaphysics, which means, for us, that no question can be answered satisfactorily, no question can be formulated, until the fact-situation it envisages is defined in terms of its relations to the universe. The essence of anything that is intelligible lies in this cosmic relation. In fact, this relation is, precisely, the content of meaning that is embodied in a question, any question; it is that implied cosmic relation which makes a verbal statement a demand upon us for investigation and thought. And, finally, it is to that relation we must look for the content of our final judgments. It is to be emphasized that a question, any question, involves a situation of fact; also some observable quality or character of the situation that refers beyond the fact, but does not indicate or identify that to which the reference is made. It is this reference beyond fact that constitutes the question, the uncertainty as to what it is that the reference is *to* or *toward*. The essence of the question is just to identify the term in which the pendent relation of reference will find rest and to recognize the factual content which the term represents. Every question is therefore a question of fact, even if the fact be no more objective than some aspect of the procedure by which the question is formulated.

As our question now stands, then, it is: What are the cosmic facts involved in questions of art—the facts, that is, that constitute the end-term of the cosmic relation referred to above, the facts that condition and determine the peculiar meaning that art objects have and no other objects have? It is not merely an identification or an enumeration of these facts that we must have, but an explanation and demonstration of how they contribute something to the peculiar artistic meaning. And that will involve, with each type of facts, a representation of their peculiar place and function in the scheme of things, the determination, that is, of their cosmic relation. Presumably, then, a synthesis of this explanatory cosmic relation, together with the qualitative and structural characters of the object it adumbrates, will be as full and satisfactory an answer to our question as can be demanded. What are the elementary facts, then, and their relations to each other and to the cosmic whole which they in their relations constitute?

Life is one of these elemental facts. We must look at those aspects of it

which disclose its cosmic relation. There will be no disagreement about its place among the elements, for it seems to be recognized by everybody that life is somehow intimately concerned with art. The difficulty appears, however, when we ask, as nobody seems interested to ask, just *how* it is that life is implicated as a factor in the cosmic whole and thus in the reality of art. The question of the relation of life to art does not arise in ordinary discussion of artistic problems, perhaps because it is answered by hypothesis in the formulation ordinarily given of the relation; so that the question is loaded in the being asked; for the relation of life to art is posed from the first as the hypothesis that life is the content of art, is that which gets represented as real in every work of art. And not only as content but as total content; and since it is assumed as total content the question of the nature of art and its function is also answered. For, on the theory, it is the nature and essence of art to give form to life. And it is the function of art intensely and vividly to impress this form back on life as life expresses itself in the consciousness of individuals. This would seem to settle the matter, and it does settle it for many nice and some competent people.

But there are difficulties. As a rule no attempt is made to define the idea of life; so that, if the question is discussed at all, it is soon found that there are many things involved as content of art that would have to be defined as part of the meaning of life; so that sooner or later life becomes so complicated and inclusive in its meaning that no specific character can be stated as peculiarly belonging to it. Life thus comes to be so abstract a blanket term that to say "Life is the reality of art" means nothing of sufficient definiteness to make the statement useful, for, when we come to name the essential characters of life, they will be so vague and general as to lose all identifying power and so will be characters of many other things as well as of life. In this general sense life seems to mean nothing more than the indefinitely continuing process of events in succession, the "one thing after another" which finally dries out into the mathematical notion of endless repetition within absolute sameness, and this would be defining life in terms of what it very obviously is not when we drop the abstract "science" of the case and pose the problem in terms of our simpler instincts.

But if we put the emphasis on the nonintellectual features, the "instincts," what we are likely to get for life will be an almost equally vacuous notion of a vast expansion of indefinite quality. Or, it may imply so unrestricted a variation as to end in blank vagueness. This is illustrated by those who insist upon representing life in psychological or mental terms. Here life seems either a vast sea of mere undifferentiated sentiency

with no external boundaries and with no variegating marks of individuality internally, or an infinite collection of minute particles without relation, such as the mere "stream" of states in the consciousness. And representation of life in this sense tends to give an "object" formed within the slush of mere sentiment or "emotion" congealed by emphasis on its own intensity alone, and this loses from life its most clearly delimiting attribute, namely, its obvious externality and out-there-ness.

But all this means that it is impossible to show *that* life is the reality of art by showing *how* it is the reality of art. Life simply will not take finality of form by any tricks or techniques we know. And the best example is what is supposed to be the one clinching proof of the proposition that life is the stuff of art: the novel. For the fact that the novel cannot and does not succeed in impressing form upon life, but leaves it in every instance as the great mystery which is, in the nature of the case, unfinished and inconclusive, is sufficient proof that the unity inherent as principle in the individuality is not and cannot be attained where life is the matter to be formed. So we have the alternative: to deny either that art is individual or that life is its material. If life should in any instance take the definiteness of form required for unity, that fact would be the death knell of religion. There is no way known by which life as such can be designed—unless, of course, we subject it to an external and foreign force that can subject it to design because the force is defined in terms of that power as its only meaning and its only being. The intelligence *can* trick itself, when it wants to. But to submit life to such a force destroys it, leaves it dead form, empty of meaning. As a matter of fact, it is the denial of life by idealization that constitutes the essence of religion. In any case, it is just the denials of life that constitute the subject matter of religious art, each instance of which is an embodiment in the ideal of a negation of life, a demonstration of the fact that life cannot be brought to unity by any form we know. Thus within the conditions where life is known as fact there is no possibility of giving it form, and the nearest we as mortals can come to defining it is in terms of formlessness. It is just this elemental formlessness of life that is the original urge to art. If life were real, there would be no necessity to try to represent it, or its negation, in art. The picture of an object is not as real as the object itself; except, of course, when the picture is an object by itself; in which case it is not a picture of the object. This is the dilemma that bothered Plato, and our modern theorist should try to see how he got out of it; there is imitation and imitation, y'know, says Plato, and he hoped he would be understood by the people that know about art.

But apparently we cannot give it up. Life is content for art. That life

comes nearest to reality in music, poetry, dancing, painting, sculpture seems the most obvious of facts. Life is a content of art. And no object that does not manifest life can be an object of art. That these propositions are true is due to the ambiguity of the idea of life. The life that is manifest in a work of art is not the life that is presented in conscious experience or in nature. To prove this requires a long and complicated argument that cannot be given here. But every object that does manifest life manifests also other things along with it. And the unity in a work of art that is attained in the object is so attained by synthesizing the life-element with the other elements, in which each element loses its uniqueness in the new quality of the whole. Then life as a fact is a *part* of the reality of every object of art. But there is no case where it is the whole of that reality. Other things are also parts of it, and we must find out what they are. Life becomes content of art only when it is objectified in institutions, where art is the means of the objectification. The pages on culture will develop this.

With experience we shall have a similar story, for the tendency is to identify experience with life. And the psychological concepts which the subjectivism of the day ordinarily uses lead the theorist to the unconsciously assumed definition of experience as the consciousness of life. Experience as a fact is a *part* of the reality of art. But there is no instance of an object of art where experience is its whole content. Experience is then a valid factor and constituent of art, a phase of its reality. But there is no experience that has enough of reality in it to enable it to take and hold form. Consequently, it is not experience that gives base to the capacity for design in the material of art. Perhaps there would be no great difficulty in getting the place of experience recognized so long as we consider it only as an element of content. But there are those who would insist that experience does have a share in the content but also a claim to a share as an element of form.

To this I should argue that it is just the formlessness of experience that lies behind the original urge to create; but it is this only as occasion and condition and not as cause or substance. That is, it is because experience is formless that it is necessary to go beyond it to find the full conditions under which reality can appear in experience as form. But it itself contributes nothing in a positive way to the determination of form, which has its "origin" in situations from which experience may be absent, and appears as a clear-cut feature in objects with whose creation experience has nothing to do. That is to say, in many instances, at least, experience is not a cause certainly, not even an occasioning condition of form. Experience may operate as the frame through which form may appear as divided

off from extraneous circumstance in an integrated picture, but it is no part of the picture or of the energy that defined it. As a matter of fact, if we were able to work out a consistent theory of form, we should probably find that form is independent of both condition and cause, that it is an entity whose being is prior to any situations where cause and condition have their real relations. But if cause and condition find form beyond their reach, experience will find it further away, because both cause and condition stand between experience and form. The essence of experience is passivity; its very idea presupposes action in something else that can, and does, by its action, lay down the conditions within which experience may occur but which do not under any circumstances necessitate it. When experience does occur, its occurrence is circumstanced but neither occasioned nor caused, so that we tend to associate the having an experience with chance. There is often a confusion of thought, which is active, with experience, which is not active. And the activity of thought is to be taken in quite a different sense from that of any other action. Thought implies logical conditions upon which its action depends; other kinds of action imply temporal and material conditions. With respect to action thought and experience are distinct, and experience does not act in any sense. If we must treat experience as if it were caused, we shall have to resort to its physiological conditions. But, in so far as experience is intelligible, it does not depend upon a cause of any kind but has instead a ground. The reference to the physiological and biological conditions of experience gives no light upon the relation that holds between experience and the higher phases of form in objects of art. For this relation is a purely logical one, and the explanation of experience in factual and organic terms lies in a different field of discourse. The relation is purely intelligible, and it rests upon grounds and is not interpretable in causal terms. So all questions of the nature and status of form are intelligible questions, matters of logic and of thought without reference to "sources." It is this fact that suggests the possible element of chance in experience, which becomes important in religion.

But art could never depend either in form or in content upon chance. And while chance may be an element within the situation out of which art appears, may even be an element of the fact that comes to be incorporated as the content of a work of art, this will happen because of the active capacities of form independently of any relation to experience. That is to say, if chance is to be as real as is implied in its being an element of art, it must be objective in the sense that its appearance in experience is not to be regarded as dependence upon experience. If there are people who have difficulty in thinking anything as independent of experi-

ence, they should be reminded that they have not yet had their first lesson in philosophy, and so are not yet ready to begin the discussion of literary questions. For there is no literary question, so far as literature is a matter of art, that does not turn up somewhere in implications beyond experience, and it is at this *beyond* that all literary questions, as well as all kinds of questions about art, find the beginnings of their solution.

Experience by itself then is incapable of form; it is formless, void. It may, taken with other things in compound, be given form if the other things are properly substanced. Experience may become *a* content of art. It cannot be *the* content, and we must look further. We said above that between experience and form there intervened other things. Perhaps these other things will furnish experience with its passport into the realm of art.

What transforms a mere symbol into a term for language and so into an instrument both of expression in communication and of representation in assertion—in short, what changes a symbol into a word—is that it becomes ambiguous. It is taken for granted here that the difference between expression and assertion is known and held clearly in mind. And by ambiguity in this connection I mean not merely variety of meanings but also uncertainty of meaning. This I have explained elsewhere but may here point out that the difference between expression and assertion lies in this idea of ambiguity. Put simply, expression implies a reference to a fixed and determinate content; while the reference of a term in assertion is a reference to a field of implication whose boundaries are not determined at all. For example, the term "tree," as a symbol referring to a fixed biological species, is a term in expression for communication; the term "tree" as a word in assertion refers to a field of implication without limits, as the word is used in poetry. The interpretation of a word therefore depends upon a relational context that could in no circumstances be contoured by fixed limits and is flexible in the sense that it is capable of many meanings at the same time. Any one meaning is definite enough to determine a line of continuity so as to give the discourse it occurs in a structure that can be traced and so a determinateness of design; but another meaning is equally plausible, since it will stake out its own line of continuity and point to its appropriate structure and design. The ambiguity of a word is often noticed—the fact that a word by and of itself has no fixed meaning but derives its meaning, in any given case, from its present context taken as an element of its history. That is to say, it derives its meaning from its relations either as expressed together at a given instant or as taken serially and one after another in time. Or, perhaps better, in both at once and without distinction. And that means that the mere symbol becomes ob-

jectified in time and space, assumes existence by the mutual tangency and intersection of its dimensions. There is, of course, the "fourth" dimension, that constituted of its ideal relations, those relations, namely, which give it a place with other species in a universal and through the universal connect it with the whole of things.

This system of ideal relations, this fourth dimension, is the realm of the "spirit," reference to which gives the word complete objectivity, both in the natural and in the logical sense, so that the word is an object of nature and of logic (culture) at the same time. All of which means that what was originally a symbol becomes a word, and thus a meaning, and thus an existent, and thus an entity, and so real as an integral part of the whole of things, through the principle of ambiguity. For, through ambiguity the word posits a reference both in a backward direction to physical nature and in a forward direction to the system of culture, and this double reference constitutes its objectivity. But this is saying that as a word and a meaning it becomes an element in the system of nature, for nature is simply the whole of things as integrated about the principle of ambiguity. And this means, in its simplest statement, that nothing is anything by itself; that what a thing is, is the variety of its others and the unity that holds the variety together, where the unity and the variety integrate or individuate or make a one. And this tendency to oneness with all the things that constitute its variety, itself integrated into a one, is what we call "nature."

Now it is this system of nature, using the term as a word whose meaning is a reference to the system of implication *beyond* as "cause" and "condition" mentioned above, that intervenes between experience and form. It is also the ground of "occasion," "chance," "circumstance"; in fact, nature is the system of objective circumstance. And it is that which intervenes between experience and form. The intervention is an objective assertion, and as such nature takes form in terms of words and language, where words, that is to say, are subjected to orderly system in continuous discourse. It is here in language that we have the artistic use of words in that the words are set up as an instrument of creative action. And by creative action we mean an act that materializes in an object—not merely an object as an end term to the act—we do mean that—but an object that *matters*, one that makes a difference to the totality of things. It is in this act that our words are realized, set up as objects in the system of the world. Words as ordered in language become, in this process, the instrument by which an object is originated or comes into sensible being, for example, a poem; and the design of this object is an instance of new form. Thus experience makes contact with form through the intervention

of words in language, where language has its meaning in the system of implications that become, when objectified, the system of natural existence.

What we are saying here is, of course, that language, as a system of natural elements ordered "with respect to the ideas," that is, organized in nature by reference to the experience of sentient beings, takes a double character. In the one aspect it is the end-object for the act of assertion, in which alone language finds statement. It is that in which the act of assertion, as the creative act, is objectified or finds an appropriate body, without which it cannot be an element within existence. Language is then the first of created objects, the first miracle, the first instance of objective form to come to existence. In the other aspect language is an instrument. It is the tool by the use of which the act of assertion (experience, life, spirit, etc.) creates an object for its own embodiment, since it itself becomes that object. But it is also the instrument in the hands of the act of assertion by which the latter creates all other objects, and this necessary assumption of objects other than those directly created by the assertion, upon which the assertion will depend in further action, is what we mean by the "material of the arts." But the other objects, the "material," are not a *deus ex machina* in that their "origin" is to be left a mystery along with the act of "genius." They are simply objectifications of previous acts of assertion, *natura naturata*, and are, in simple terms, what we mean, when we mean anything objective, by the system of culture. That is to say, what we call the system of nature is, exactly, life, experience, spirit, etc., in its aspect as active; it is reality seen in the midst of its characteristic act; the act by which it continuously creates itself and maintains in existence its separate acts as the elements of that existence. For each act is the act of self-embodiment and is final in the sense that it is completed, done, finished, and will thus never be the occasion for further action toward its own continuance. But by the very fact of its finality it is the occasion forever of actions intending other embodiment, will be there in "nature" as the condition, occasion, and cause of other acts.

Nature, then, as the system of objects in which the eternal assertion is embodied, is real, is reality so far, and is content of art. It is therefore a factor in every artistic act, a part of the reality it is the destiny of art to give finality of form. But its position with respect to art is unique in a way. For it is the immediate, direct, and unsymbolical language in which the act of creative assertion first finds expression for itself. In the sense that nature is the direct embodiment of the assertion, it *is* art. It is the art of the Idea, the unchanging pattern or model from which the design of every object that can exist is derived. It is not that nature manifests or

discloses an "inherent design" in the sense of the senseless older teleology, but that it *is* design. It already contains the design of every possible object as an element of the design that it is, and it is this fact that explains the ancient instinct of man that he is tied to nature by his own limitations and that he is therefore not free until he extricates himself from its toils. But it was religious fear that was responsible for this negative attitude. The tie to nature considered as an aesthetic relation is not only a positive condition for free action but is the only condition for action that is free and thus the basis of human freedom in all its various expressions.

Nature, then, is not only the universal assertion of the creative act and its realization but the fixed condition, the law of all occasionality, and the hypothesis for every act that is to find assertion in the universe. We think of nature as expression when we conceive it as independent of the act which creates it; nature is an assertion when conceived as becoming the object through the act. The term "assertion" is preferable. It does not imply an object determined at its conclusion; it does not necessarily imply an object other than its own form at all. Expression implies a product, something remaining after the act is completed that is different from the act but somehow a record of it. Nature then as a self-asserted object *is* art. And these reflections will, it seems to me, furnish principles with respect to which the vexed question of the aesthetic character of the objects of nature can be resolved. The sunrise is an object of art in a sense more inevitable than any object of man's creation, for it is a direct embodiment of the creative assertion, whereas every product of man's action must come into existence upon the assumption of the prior reality of the objects of nature. The object of nature has no cause or pattern; it *is*. And, since the act is embodied in it as its continuing life, it does not require an explanation or a theory. It does not require an experience, and its being and its being there and its being what it is as a "value" are dependent in no manner or degree upon its being experienced. It asserts itself. And I assert nothing but my own littleness and egotism when I see it as depending on the whim by which I turn my head. But that nature is real in and for art, and that it is in part the reality of art is clear; it is nature, along with other things, that is the reality to which art gives assertion.

But there is still an aspect of nature that we must examine. It was noted above that nature, as a system of objects embodying acts that have been completed, has still a certain function to perform in the continuing act by which it maintains itself. This means that the mode of being of nature is an act, although it does not involve a transition in time and space. Change of time and space are aspects of it, not its external and occasioning conditions. In a sense the exercise of this capacity to be is an act, and the form

and pattern of all other acts, a sort of passive act or unmoved mover, if the contradiction can for the moment be overlooked. It is in fact the act of passion by which nature endures and tolerates the eternal changes through which the special forms of nature become what they are, the act of parturition by which individual things come to be. It is the kind of act one may conceive as that by which a ground continuously sustains its consequent or a premise its conclusion, or a tone its overtone or a color its quality. Namely, it is the act of inference conceived as materialized and synergizing in nature, and it appears as an unconscious and undefined presumption in every effort of thought, and as a material presupposition behind every act. It is what I take for granted as permanent every time I think or act, and it can only be conceived as universal and as permeating the entire world in the sense that there are no conceivable conditions in the world from which it could be absent. It is, I think, what can be presupposed as factual in connection with the old term "spirit."

There can be no question that nature is real in every artistic act and in every aesthetic object and that no such act or object can be conceived in the absence of this necessary implication to nature. But it is equally clear that in no case is nature the total substance of any act or of any object. Nature is an object first defined within the primordial cosmic act of passion, but this only makes it possible. It becomes real in the aesthetic act by which it takes place as an element in the aesthetic object. But by itself it is never that object.

It is fashionable to lapse into a discussion of things spiritual in connection with artistic and aesthetic questions. In fact, in the presence of the great questions that arise on the approach to an intelligent account of art, many otherwise sane and levelheaded individuals abandon the effort to abide with the reality and the fact and take refuge in the obscurantist's paradise, the hope-sustaining emotionality of religious form. In this refuge spirit becomes a rarefied ethical abstraction—an attempt by an abstract and tortured thought to give reality to emotionalized representations of life and experience. And there appears good evidence that such a connotation is all and the best the term can mean. So we may here very well follow the hint of the spiritist and take spirit to mean an ideal synthesis of all types of "experience" and all phases of "life"—it is a whole of sense, memory, and emotion functioning noetically or as intelligence softened and shaded so as to make easy the creation of the design of objects without the trouble of knowing how it is done; but in such fashion that the design, once being formulated, the objects, in flesh and blood, might be permitted to exist. It is in this "might be" as abstract possibility that reality resides for the spiritist. So that spirit is regarded as the creative

act *in potentia*. Questions of existence do not trouble him, and facts do not break through or steal his confidence away. It is not very clear in its detail—how, that is, the conditions for an object can be provided before the object is supposed to exist—and there is a suspicion that the shades and comforting lights of the spiritist's haven give color to the argument where logic would falter and fall down.

But this seems pretty obvious: the spirit is called upon in the aesthetic predicament because it creates potential objects, and in this it is the determiner of the future and the possible, and the totality of the future is the eternity which the spirit demands. Now this future, as the unattained, except in imagination, and as the sum of the conditions in which the perfection of design is to be possible, is a significant conception; and we must find out if possible in what sense it is so and in what direction its significance lies. But it is what in the popular vernacular of religion is looked forward to as the beyond, and in the ethical conscience as the ideal; and it is, I think, the whole significance of the attempt to represent life and experience in terms of spirit. In any case the notion of the future will allow us to discuss the affairs of the spirit in terms of fact, and this may be an improvement over some other methods. And it will justify us also in believing that spirit is an important matter and that the appeal to it in the interest of aesthetic and artistic concerns can be freed of its mystery and superstition and will permit its devotees to hold fast to their intelligence and good sense. And it may turn out that through the concept of spirit we shall find a suggestion upon the question of what it is that is real in art and the aesthetic experience.

What we have for some time been trying to do is to show that the points of view that have assumed a type of reality to be basic to art have all been correct—it is true that life is reality for art, that experience and nature and spirit are also reality for art. These are all realities, in some way and in some sense and to some degree, and all are to be exhibited in form and design by the techniques of art. But the points of view are all wrong also in that they go beyond the mere assertion of reality, each to insist that the type or phase of reality it represents is the only reality and all the reality art can represent. We have shown that life and experience and nature and spirit are all real as fact and real for art, but we are going to deny that either or any of them alone is *the* reality, nor are they, all taken together, the reality which art means.

For *the* reality must be final and complete, and there must be nothing beyond it. And each of these partial realities demands a something beyond it, something conceived in positive quality to fill the gaps left by its own imperfection. Thus life recognizes its fragmentariness, and has recog-

nized it for as long as it has had a history, as is evidenced by its universal appeal to religion to design for it the scheme necessary to supplement its imperfection. It demands the life more abundant, the life fuller of hedonistic quality, or the life everlasting, life stretched beyond itself in pure time. And experience knows and has always known that there must be something that embodies in substantial form what it knows itself to lack. For the representation of experience in artistic form has always pictured something as ideal and to be sought after that would transform or eliminate experience and reproduce it in a higher form. And when experience reaches the stage of full self-consciousness in science it incorporates its element of imperfection into its method and procedure—continuous and never ending experiment. And the realization that its ideal could never be attained in positive and individual form has shaped its attitude as universal skepticism. Experience here demands its own transcendence in the shape of eternal repetition—which is the abstraction and the falsity of science.

A similar account is true for nature. The essence of nature as a system of fact is its endless nisus toward continuity, its persistent attempt to breed itself into actuality, forever trying and failing to accomplish the individual and achieving only the particular with its radical imperfection. So that nature remains forever the realm of the potential, the eternal striving to transform what only *can* be into what is by virtue of its own inner necessity—and failing. And when we recognize the shortcomings of life and experience and nature, we attempt to generalize upon a basis of their world-inclusiveness with their synthesis in spirit. If we should ever undertake to define spirit, which we will not do here for fear of what might come of it, we should find ourselves summarizing and synthesizing the imperfections of the world and then trying to imagine what the whole would be like in terms of quality. Spirit is therefore the gathered import of all negation conceived as substantiated by a positive quality, and it is on this account the highest reality that is possible to experience and knowledge. It is no wonder therefore that it has been the reality for religion and for the profounder types of philosophy; and that it should be appealed to as the reality for art is not strange in any way, or a variation from the normal procedures by which we attempt to know. It is because of its content of negation that it demands eternity for its realization, and, because of this demand, it appears to have the character of infinity that art looks to for the positive character of wholeness that is to specify the individual. And it is the tragedy of the philosophy of spirit that it has found nothing better than the attempt by force of a mere decree to fasten a positive quality onto a negation in the hope of giving it the stability of substance and of making the thus-substanced negation reality by calling it so. What

it failed to see is that, after failing to make position the ground of quality, the effort to make negation the substance of quality would likewise fail, because negation itself is an implicate of position. And the failure in both cases is due to the assumption that quality is not complete in itself and that it requires being substanced in something else. But as long and as far as we are in the value-world, and when we are not there there is no quality, quality is itself the substance; and, what is of importance for us here, it can never be derived or achieved in any way from any interpretation of life or nature or experience or spirit, or from any combination of them in any manner.

What is it, then, that is beyond life and nature and experience and spirit? And how is this beyond, whatever it is, the reality upon which the intelligibility of art is to be established? So far as life and experience are concerned, the beyond is simply the instinctive recognition of objectivity, the primitive perception of something out there as *a* particular at the fingertip of life, what the subjectivist philosophy called in negative terms the not-I. At the point of view of nature and spirit this is perceived as an object and as universal; and when nature and spirit were naïve and honest, it was individuated as God and looked upon as the substance of truth with authority for all judgments. In subjectivist philosophy this object was interpreted as the species (for nature) and as the universal (for spirit)—given these broadly expansive terms because the method of subjectivism is abstraction. But for a competent logic the objective is a concrete universal, an individual.

If we can answer these questions about the nature of the Beyond and can put our answers in universal and intelligible terms, we may have something positive to say about literature as art, something that will enable us to formulate the principles of a philosophy of literary art. And, if we can do this, we shall have the conditions laid down upon which a rational criticism can be achieved. We shall roll our answers all in one and state it flatly at once and then ask if it can stand up.

The Beyond that is implied in all existent values, and that gives form and reality to all values, is Culture. Its concept is the universal from which all maxims of form, indeed the concept of individuate form itself, is derived. Culture is thus the real that is contemplated in all types of art and artistic activity.

Life, in experiencing nature, infuses and informs it with spirit. And the new synthesis is a new reality. Outside this synthesis, life, experience, nature, spirit, are abstractions, causes, forces, existences. And when we undertake to treat either of them as real by itself, all we get for our pains is further abstraction, and this we undertake to fill up out of the emptiness

of ourselves, with a bottomless subjective attitude and a whirling confusion of spineless mental states. And this is unreality and negation in its evil positive garb. In our subjectivist fury we have labored to find the real of art in the dark vacuity of mind; but the mind we have looked into is not real, not the universal mind; neither is it the individual Mind. We have attempted to treat mind as fact, as the object of thought; whereas it is hypothesis, the subject of thought. But it is the organic and physiological mind that we have assumed, the mind as a scientific abstraction; or it is the psychological mind, the particular of imagination gone astray in idle fancy. Better to drop the search for the real of art within the mind for fear we find the mind itself nothing but the emptiness of the experience we find there. From the point of view of the search the mind is no more than an empty hypothesis derived by faulty, that is to say, inductive, inference from the procedure of the search, and it has not the substance of a vivid dream. It is this prowling in subjectivity that explains why the search has recently led to the colorless formulas of a religion of retreat or to the weird gropings of a psychology that would wrench the soul itself away in its effort to escape the facts by burying them in the unconscious or the subconscious. The subconscious is the vacancy left by the extraction of the vacuity from a vacuum.

For the facts, thus pluralized and chased into the den of abstraction, lead us to nothing but the darkness in the den or to the vacuous light of the shadows on the wall. The Fact of value, and thus the Real of art, in all its forms, is just the synthesis mentioned just now—the corporate whole act of Life experiencing nature as spirit. The synthesis, as and when objectified, is called Culture; and, in concrete actuality, it is the system of institutions, the habits, thoughts, feelings, actions, and the objects implicated in all of these, all of them in the world and its history set up incorporate in substantial forms. The habits, thoughts, feelings, actions, objects, of the world, I said; I did not say of men, but of the world; and note that I said actions; I mean actions as the corporate embodiment of the habits, thoughts, feelings in property objects, set up independent of individual men. And, if we want to represent these in terms of their species, we can say that culture is the life, experience, nature, spirit of the world, the Quality of the world institutionalized and incorporate in the objective structures of institutions. And by these structures I mean the political states, the religious organizations, the educational and industrial systems in their hard factual actuality, the systems of property objects.

Culture, then, is life particularized as experience and specialized as a creative instrument from the union of feeling and thought in intelligence, with intelligence actually operating upon nature to develop the form in-

herent and instinctive in it, in accordance with, or "with respect to," the laws of spirit. And spirit here is simply the synthesis of the laws of form. The laws of form are there in factual substance in the institutions of culture. This is the reality that art contemplates; this is the reality that lives and strives and triumphs in every the least instance where artistic form is given substantial content. And the substantial content of art, in every instance, is some phase or aspect or detail, or some reflected quality, of culture as here pictured. And the laws that govern its creation are already written there as elements of the structure of culture and are to be traced in and transcribed from a knowledge of culture that is adequate to its whole nature if they are to be either true or practical. The laws of art creation and the maxims of art appreciation are clauses in the knowledge of the world and are accessible only to an adequate philosophy; and this philosophy will have to be our criticism if we are to have a criticism. And the intelligence as above defined, or more accurately defined if there are those who can do it, is the instrument both of art creation and appreciation and of the theory that is to be criticism or the philosophy of art.

But how does this intelligence operate when it asserts its artistic function? And by this is meant its creative function, wherever found, whether in the imagination of the mechanic, the farmer, the statesman, the priest or poet. This is the fundamental question not only of art but of general philosophy. For art, as culture active in its own self-assertion, is the vital urge of the world and the universal creative force. It is the world actively asserting itself as spirit; and, in its act to create or continuously re-create itself, it creates everything that is real in the universe. There are two modes of this self-assertion, and they must be briefly described.

Action is one mode of the creative urgency, or, as we should prefer to say, the creative synergy. The sphere of action, in its distinctively human expression, takes form ordinarily in what are called "social movements" and are described in what are commonly called the "social sciences." But in these sciences, our scientists being governed by subjective and egotistical, that is to say, practical motives, the scope of the creative action is considered as limited to human utility. This, I should say, is trivial from the point of view of a larger cultural vision, and its description is done often and well enough, and we are free to expand our concern to the broader and more characteristically artistic aspects of the creative impulse.

One phase of creative action is represented in industrial effort. Here the object of art is the object of utility, and it attains complete aesthetic form when designed in accordance with the maxims of morality. The aesthetically good shoe, vessel, tool, is the one that fills a place in a world

of right, one that implies a cosmos, where institutions are mutually adapted to each other in a symmetrical whole. Here again the subjective motive limits the interest to the mere human, but there is no good reason why we might not speak of the industry of nature, since nature creates many forms by action analogous to that of the human. And for aesthetic purposes there is no reason why the labors of the stars might not be described, and the poet and the priest have always claimed the right and the insight to report the labors of the gods; their art for them becomes their theologeion. But industrial action may be limited to the activities by which the world of humanly useful things is created—and we mean here created, not produced, since by the creation of useful things we mean the designing of them with respect to the idea of beauty, where beauty is the symmetry of organically felt form. And "felt" does not necessarily mean consciously apprehended but refers simply to the mutual fitness of the elements of form where design is adequately executed. The feeling that is real is "in" the object and its circumstant relations. For instance, the hand tool that is artistically created is designed with respect to the feel of the tool in the hand, as that feel cognizes itself not in the sheer consciousness but within a complex nimbus of the general organic sense of well-being. Here, again, the feel is objectively the balanced fitness of all the elements of a practical situation, and the conscious "feel" is merely the sign of it. And the well-being is simply the balanced integrity of the whole, the objective "peace" of a situation whose integrity is the mutuality of its elements. And this "feel" is for us subjectively the symbol of the welfare of mankind as comfortably ensconced in the natural system, and it is this concept of human welfare as universal that confers individuality and so beauty on the tool. The good hammer is thus one that collects together all the active phases of carpentry into an art and at the same time symbolizes the harmonious integration of mankind into a significant culture. This is what it means to build a house.

We have the same "experience" in visual terms in looking at a "good" pot or vase, and in tactual terms in the feel of a fine piece of cloth or a dog's ear. We smell the good and beautiful universe in a competently cooked and served dinner, and we taste the harmonies of heaven in a good wine. And the ultimate artist is the carpenter and the weaver and the cook and the poet. In many of the products of artisanry these "subjective" representations, which are not subjective or mental in any sense, come to us from all sense fields at once, and they fuse together in a vision of the Utopia. And to interpret them in terms merely of the private feelings of the individual is to fail altogether to apprehend them as aesthetic qualities. The quality that makes such "feelings" real resides in the total ob-

jective situation, in the cosmic implication, and not in the consciousness of the patient who happens to be present when they appear in sense. You can gaze for an hour's reverie at a good saw hanging above your bench, can see the world in it; you could enjoy for an indefinite time the feel and the heft of it, and it would give you an hour's well-being in tone if you suspend it and tap it fondly with another good tool. The industrial "order" is itself but the system of these tools appropriately adapted to each other and to the actions that create them, which, as aesthetic acts, are identical in design with the actions that use them; and this aesthetic generalization is the law whose necessity will some day destroy the existing industrial chaos and at the same time give us an order consistent with the morality inherent in the law as a metaphysical principle, which has its "place" in the design of the objects of use.

It is in terms of this law that the active phases of the creative assertion come to harmony with its passive phases, which we describe below. It is to be observed that no sense can be made out for the existing shambles which we deceive ourselves into believing is achieving our welfare. The industrial system under the domination of the principle of subjectivity has been transformed into the chaos of strife and death and exhaustion which we falsify and diabolically consecrate to our welfare as "business," and its rotten end is seen clearly in the war that is inherent in its motive. It is only as the function of work is elevated to the status of art that it is right in the sense that makes it consistent with morality and thus convergent with other human modes of action toward a stable world and the harmonies that design its peace.

It is, or should be, by economic action that we maintain the moral and aesthetic harmony among the multitude of individual artist-workers. This sounds strange when we observe that it is in the economic, so called, phase of action that nearly all human strife is generated. But we are working toward the basis of criticism here, and it is just by a critical understanding of the prevailing confusion that one may make his way to a positive basis of harmony. For it is from activity in connection with the distribution of goods, and their adaptation to personal use and enjoyment, that the motive or active principles of "social" harmony are to be deduced. For these acts will trace the design of all objective values and so of a society in active peace, which is the ideal of human relations as integrated into an aesthetic object. I mean, of course, that the actions which produce and exchange and adapt goods to the uses of the agents who perform the actions are instances of the law formulated above, and this law is in this connection just the lines of continuity that in their system constitute the structure of the corporate entity we call "society." There is,

of course, no place in this just society for the "agent" who does not act; certainly no place in it for the "agent" who interrupts the action to satisfy his private interest. The businessman is a monstrosity in a just world. This Plato never tired of illustrating. The carpenter who builds a house for the shoemaker who makes the carpenter's shoes is a sort of divine model of the structure of society; and, so long as the relation can be kept in the terms of house and shoe and shoemaker and carpenter, and kept free from the buccaneer huckster who would intervene to control the relation in his own or somebody's interest, just so long is a state and a state of peace possible in the relations of the world.

It is this freedom and "charity" in the relations of men that the Christian emphasized in his early insight, but which he has now abandoned in the interest of a calculating prudence, which has no moral and certainly no aesthetic status in a just world. That industrial activity, when rationally defined and conceived, and appropriately implemented, is one of the basic elements in culture, and thus a form of artistic activity, could hardly be denied. And it is culture as envisioned in these active forms that is the end of art, the reality that is intended to be represented in every object that exhibits aesthetic quality. The end and substance of all art is the beautiful life, and this is the life that is materialized in industrial and economic institutions and incorporated in a stable culture, and this latter is the just state.

Another form that action as aesthetic assertion takes is the political. We have noticed a character that is common to all forms of action in the nisus to order and harmony that is present in every act. And this nisus to harmony, this implication of a world order, is the substantial aesthetic quality, the aesthetic reality as it relates to action. In political action this character, this urge toward the *totum simul* as ordered harmony, becomes the element that determines the form of the act and thus the substance of the object the act ends in. That is to say, in a political act the urge toward harmony undertakes to proportionate and adapt all the actions of culture to each other under a design of the whole, and this tendency to the whole is the law of the design of the act and the "purpose" of the act. And as every act of this type contemplates and exemplifies the whole of relations that constitutes and institutes the structure of culture, the synthesis of all such acts, in the unity their relations to each other imply, constitutes the state. And in this large sense the ultimate object of every act, so far as its aesthetic character is concerned, is the state as the realization of human well-being, so far, at least, as well-being is conceived or imagined as a harmony of sense, as every happiness theory assumes it is; just as also in the religious sense, every act intends the Kingdom of God, and as every

moral act contemplates the world of the Good. The emphasis here, of course, is that the ultimate aesthetic object, the state, is an object of Platonic beauty in that it is the ultimate harmony of all the urges and objects of life and experience and nature and spirit, imaged as constituting a designed whole and as thus the End. Some such conception, or "graven image," or image-form—nobody under religious impulses quarrels about names so long as religion is not theology—some such idol as this has always been the central power in every religion that seeks a completion and fulfilment of life and experience, as perhaps every developed religion does. And what makes them religions rather than political or ethical systems is just the limitation to the subjective, that is to say, the abstract spiritual in life and experience, and their ignoring the element of the objective as represented in nature and life. And it is precisely this limitation to the subjective that has invariably queered religious art with a tendency to the grotesque, since the neglect of nature, which in the end will not be ignored, comes to be represented as a distortion of nature and thus involves disproportion of form and design, as in the subjective representation of sorrow or anguish or piety in painting and sculpture. It is not subjective anguish in the "Laocoön"; it is cosmic, tragic, substantial anguish, hard and solid and with the edge of steel.

But it is obvious that the artistic act manifests this tendency to the ordered objective whole and to its designed structure, and it is this essential character of the act that makes its object an individual. And it is this character of the artistic act that demands the "beyond," that necessitates the going through to the yonder side of life and experience, on and onward to nature and spirit in order to get the universality which the act demands in the interest of the authority of its law. But the same character of the act demands a "beyond" even *jenseits* nature and spirit; for there is in neither nature nor spirit, as there is neither in life nor in experience, so far as universality and law are concerned, that substantial element which is required to give the act the objectivity it demands. For an act is never finished, done, accomplished, until it has transformed itself by embodiment in an object, has become itself its own object. And it is this demand of the object that, at the last, determines the aesthetic quality of the act, as it governs all theory about the act.

This self-created object is the reality that art contemplates; it is that in which art finds both its origin and its end; and it is, when we look at it from the point of view of the creative act, the objective world of culture. This is art's ultimate object and its objective, its last home. It is the source of its impulse and the end of its yearning and its striving. It is the Body that gives it the grace of form and the pulse of life, that lays on its fea-

tures the smile of eternity. Anything less real gives a distorted art, as is manifest in the art that attempts to give form to life or experience or nature or spirit. All these, none of which is real by itself, must themselves be objectified in their synthetic unity in institutionalized culture; and to achieve this the artistic act must rise to the assertion of metaphysical law. This it achieves in the act of passion, which we must now try to understand.

We have seen that Culture is Nature modified by Intelligence with respect to Spirit. Intelligence or mind is the synergic whole of "experience"—the sense, memory, and feeling unified in a single creative agent. And we saw that nature is modified by intelligence in two ways. One through *action*, which assumes three different modes of assertion, the industrial, the economic, and the political. These three modes have their principle in the ethical, and it is here that the Object is created, and it is here that we get Law. The second way of modifying nature through intelligence is Passion, and we must now, if possible, make clear what this means.

And first to make clear in what sense the term "passion" is being used. It does not refer to violent or, necessarily, any other kind or state of emotion, although its normal occurrence is within a medium of feeling, and feeling determines the color of its quality. It is intended to connote the opposite corollary to action, if by action we mean primarily that condition of overtness in which energy is transferred from an agent to an object. What we mean by passion is approximated in the idea of growth, where what happens to a form through its external relations, as well as what happens to it internally through its own energies, is a consequence mainly of its circumstance, a consequence of the energies and relations of the objects that lie in its vicinity and the positional impact of these objects upon it. The form in question "does" nothing more than deflect the relations that impinge on it, and what it "does" is more literally "done to" it by virtue of its position or situs within its circumstance. It acts by being what and where it is. A rock or stump in the middle of the field acts by modifying or influencing the acts and intents of the farmer. It acts upon the animals in the field, who must change their course in their way across the field to the watering place. It acts upon the birds, who stop on it and drop the seeds of plants that make a thicket around it which attracts rabbits and other animals. Ultimately the entire landscape is changed, and the painter is appealed to by it. All these events are results of the acts of the stone or stump, although it does not move from its position and is incapable of intent. It is merely there, and its position is the cause of an indefinite series of events. Or, a good strong man, merely be-

cause of the fact that he lives in a community, influences the life and action of everybody else in the community. His act of *being there* exerts a powerful influence all about, and his having been there will have its effects long after he is gone. His passion is the most effective of his acts, and its results are as actual and as obvious, often more so, than his material actions.

The term "passion," then, connotes an act. It is an act in the sense at least that an assertion is an act, for whatever is real is an act in the sense that it asserts its own being. The act of passion occurs in a circumstance where there is no overt or external object of the act, no object at all in the ordinary sense. Nor is there an objective involved; it is outside of and beyond the scheme where purposes are implied, or, if purposes are implied everywhere, where purpose remains an unasserted intent. The objects involved in an act of passion are those that constitute its circumstance, and they are designed with reference to a different principle from that which governs the act. Yet they have a relevance to the act that is an issue of their quality, and through this relevance they control the direction of the act and the conditions that are to be its issue. Or, if we consider that every act must have its object, the act of passion is an act within the agent where the object is formulated from the functions and procedures of the agent regarded as its instrument or means, where the means become the body of the act—an object represented to the agent as consisting only of its internal structure without reference to the qualitative substance that would give body to the structure.

Analogous to the act of passion is the act of thought, where there is no suspicion of agencies or forces and yet changes of some sort are expected, and sometimes appear in fact, as a consequence of its assertion. And we say assertion, for the act of thought, for its mode of expression, does not imply overtness of appearance of the facts in its vicinity. Its object is therefore an object as a type, an object in representation, imaginatively conceived, one that might be realized in a great variety of individual instances by variation of the qualities with which it is substanced. The object of an act of passion is therefore a design, and we may speak of the act of passion as the designing function, an intellectualized imagination, a "constructive" or "creative" imagination. But all any of these terms means is a reference to an act whose object is a design. It must not be conceived as going about its tasks with hammer and tongs and a great noise of efficiency. Its action is contained within its being, like the act of the Word that was God. And by illustrating it as a form of imagination it must not be confused with any subjective process, for we are thinking of the act of passion as independent of any specialized reference.

It does not have an object as a subjective process would but *is* an object, a complement, since its assertion gives it full individuality in a form that has only the promise of qualitative substance. Its act does not issue in a space-time form but in a shape that is of the quality of an idea. The act of passion is thus engaged in the formulation of the conditions for an object's existence before there is an object, and in this sense it is the theoretical intelligence. This, of course, in the logical, not the psychological, sense. But as intelligence it is more generally designated the reflective or contemplative capacity, and this is a noetic function. For our purposes here the primary function of the act of passion is the modification of nature by anticipating its existential characters, determining their quality in advance of their existence, asserting them through the contriving of the designs that they as the objects of nature must give substance to and flesh out with body if they are to attain the solidity that the artist's purpose demands of them.

It is to be kept in mind that it is the End of the artist's motive that we are looking for, the That in which his act finds the quietude of satisfied finality. And here we are trying to state the act of passion as the assertion in which this finality is attained, the design that designs itself with form, the act that enacts itself and is final in the enactment because it congeals its quality into a substantial object. The statement is, like the statement of any other immediate contact with reality, primarily a struggle with language, for it is the point at which language, the instrument by which we state overt realities, has come to state itself as the reality not only in the instance but in the instance as the embodiment of law. That, I take it, is the meaning of literary art: the instance of assertion in which language has achieved the reality within its own forms, where language the instrument becomes itself the object and end of its own instrumentation. Here it is self-assertion, the autonomy of the individual, the *primum mobile* of all action and the law of reality per se. It is a struggle with life and death, a final parturition of the living element from that which dies to itself eternally and becomes at last the form that is substanced in the Word.

What we want to show here is that and how nature, through life and experience, is transformed into culture in that aspect of the transformation that is accomplished in and by passion. And by passion we mean that form of the act in which action transcends itself and out of its own energies achieves its own end in the calm of finished tranquillity. The act that enacts itself is no longer an act but that which was enacted. In "experience" we have this end, this finality as an object, illustrated in the reflective calm that comes from a course of thought that achieves self-consistency, where all the conflicting motives of the thought are rounded up

and fitted into a structure that assumes stability out of its own balance. We have it again, a little more boisterously, in the case where the feelings, by their very violence and turbulence, beat each other down into a relatively smooth surface calm, where the anguish cries itself out in resignation or where the ecstasy swoons into beatitude from its own exhaustion, where the angered wrath boils over and puts out its own fire. And in physical action where a long course of delicately exquisite separate acts are fitted together as the design of a finished table or statue, where the object *is* the synthetic whole of the acts that created it. Where the poem is created out of the words that create it.

Since this act of passion, this act that enacts itself, is probably what is meant by the creative genius that is supposed to be the ground of explanation for all questions of literary art, it is worth the effort to clarify it by any means that may be available. Here we shall resort to instance and illustration.

It is in religion that we find the act of passion in its simplest and most elemental form and, possibly, its most instructive form. It is here also that the act claims full creative power, and here that it asserts itself in the forms of the purest art. We refer to the rituals and liturgies that, in and through their form, state their meanings in full; their meaning and their form come to be the same thing. Here we have pageantry and dramatic action becalmed in statuary or painting, or the entire movement of the universe's life molten down to placidity in music and cast in form forever. These results come as a consequence of the act of passion that reduces any degree of chaotic variety to a static perfection, a perfection which is the object that embodies the passion and thus imposes form upon it, as the grace of God descends upon the troubled soul. It is an act, but all the energy, all the effort, all the stirring and striving, are realized in fixed form, as in the "Discus Thrower." The ideal and the end of all the action and stir and movement are changeless quietude and rest—the image of an order that is accomplished by the mutualization of all differences among the elements that compose it, a whole that is whole and sufficient because of its internal homogeneity. It is possibly for this reason, this sterile passiveness, that religion fails to satisfy many people when it becomes formal; also, it is just this character that appeals to the timid soul or the soul that fears a blighting penalty before he can think his way through to a livelier haven, or whose courage is inadequate to the task of thought.

But the genius of religious passion appears in the type of objective order which it achieves in spite of the quiescence of its object; in fact, the significance of religious order is just its lack of motive or commotion. For it is just this absence of all striving, this calm of utter inactivity, the

act that annuls itself in a positive negation, that gives us our first and lowest or most primitive notion of form, that, namely, of static form. The individuating character of form in this case is just this stasis, the stasis is the active energy (if we may resort to contradiction) that maintains the form, the centripetal force that makes a unity hold itself together, like the poise of a benign personality. It is similar to a mathematical form, which is ideally a shape, which can be conceived as having been caused only by the active intersection of lines where finally the act of the lines is to annul itself and leave the lines as objective fragments of itself that by chance bound a space. In any case, this idea of static form is basic to any kind of active or living form, that, namely, which is posited by rhythm, and it is religion that succeeds in achieving form in this fundamental sense. And it illustrates perfectly, within the simple area of relations that do not yet complicate themselves with quality, the structure and mechanics of an act of passion, the act which negates itself and makes the negation its object. This is the essence of tragedy, the ground of all forms of literary art. And it is the structure of this object that gives us our first direct image of form and, hence, our simplest contact with reality. That is to say, it gives us order at its elemental lowest.

The act of passion in its intellectual phase has already been hinted at. Its type is inference, and the reality relation it involves is implication. It is basic and primitive in the sense that it is also dealing with relational structure where as yet quality has not laid on any substance. That $a-b$ can be inferred from $x-y$ involves no reference at all to reality in terms of any qualitative character; in fact, the inference is the image of a relation unencumbered as yet by terms—a relation that stands by itself with neither form nor quality. There is, in fact, no predicate that can assert a relation of implication unless in the sense that it can be conceived to assert itself; but here self-assertion, unlike the self-assertion of a religious act of passion, cannot occur except by pluralizing the presented self, and this pluralization destroys the unity which is the first character of significant form. It is this impasse that determines that the law of thought is contradiction, and the contradiction comes from the fact that thought is thrown back upon itself when it approaches reality and from this action-in-reverse attempts to equate reality with its own movement. And it is here in this concern of thought with itself that we have the development of the methodology of thought in logic; but we also have, by the perfidy of the modern mind, the origin and cause of the subjectivism of epistemology and psychology which is characteristic of contemporary "thought."

But the act of passion in its noetic expression is the assertion of posi-

tion; the idea of an element of reality that is intelligible through itself, one that gets none of its characters from its reference in implication. It is the transformation of mere nature as abstract existence into that which has significance at its first degree of quality, the first primitive element whose infinite and indefinite complication constitutes what we call culture. Passion in its active function that at its perfection becomes the intellect, then, is one and an important factor in the great instrument by which life-experience-nature-spirit is transformed into culture; and it decrees that the same culture should be the reality for the arts, in the sense that it is both the matter that lies at the origin of art and also the "spirit" that is the substance of the end that art is to attain.

This idea of nature or the world as the self-assertion of its own being, not yet as intelligence but nevertheless intelligible, is also an instance of primitive form, that, namely, which is exemplified in growth; and as such it becomes one of the major laws of art. In growth the act of passion is represented as proceeding out of its own inertia in directions determined by the conditions of its own urge toward form; or its form is conceived as designed by the confluence of the directions of its procedure, where these directions have an end only in the sense of a universal which they instance. This point is neglected in discussions of literature as art, and it indicates how imperfectly the importance of logical considerations is understood, both for the discipline of the creative act in literary production and for the guidance of thought in its critical efforts. It is the failure to develop a trained and informed intelligence that has made the literary production of the time the puny thing that it is; and the lack of the knowledge that would have been acquired in a proper intellectual training has sunk criticism in a smelly bog of psychology and a confusion of technical trivialities. Neither the literary product nor the critical effort shows any sensitive perception of the elementary necessity of form or of the importance of the regulation and restraint which form as a logical universal imposes upon the creative act. For it is only as form checks and guides and restrains and coaxes and spanks and damns the unruly energy of the creative urge that any degree of objectivity will be attained at all. It is not the free creative urge that creates art; that by itself will produce distortion and confusion and formless negation. It is only as an intelligible form, the form of intelligence, stands over the creative urge and paddles and beats it into shape and an intention of order that anything in the way of art is to be expected.

Also, it is only as intelligence and its act of restraint keep before the eye of the creative urge a world of intelligible form that we shall be spared the mystic magic world of the diseased or undeveloped imagina-

tion. It is true that a Yeats must have a world that corresponds to the passive act of his imagination; it is also true that the kind of world he has will be the gauge of the quality and power and sanity of his imagination. A bizarre world that is fanciful to the point of absurdity would not be necessary for a mind that had been trained by and in a knowledge of the heritage of human culture or by a mind that had a solid knowledge as it is represented in simple unmystic fact in the life and experience and nature and spirit of the world as ordered in human knowledge. It is ignorance therefore of the fact and the given reality that forces us to create our own "imaginative" world, and it is ignorance that makes the world we create the little and maudlin and mawkish and confused distorted damn thing that it is. There is no art of the present because there is no world for the artist to assert, and there is no world because there is no knowledge; there is nothing but the void of ignorance for us to make our world out of. We have no knowledge, we have science; so we can have neither a world nor an art.

Nor but for our pestilential ignorance and the cowardice it breeds would it be necessary to look for a bottom for art in the owlish and batty befuddlement of pathological psychology, or for the seat of the genius that creates in the sex glands or the lower intestine.

Even in the rare cases where culture is recognized as the reality of art, it is conceived under the subjective term "tradition." While the primary demand of artists at the present is for new styles, new procedures, new techniques, new "form," there is occasional recognition of the place that tradition has in the very urge to create, and our artists put themselves at times at considerable pains to demonstrate the continuity of the art of the present with "the tradition." But having particularist minds, and incapable of generalization, they must find the present incapacity for form justified not in the past form of culture but in John Donne. But here the "tradition" they see influencing their motives is nothing more substantial than an attempt to copy the tricks of technique and idiosyncrasies of style of Donne or whatever other writer of the past happens to be their model. For even the "metaphysics" of the "metaphysicals" had nothing to do with the world-image that controlled that movement, if there was any such image, but is to be interpreted merely as a peculiar use of metaphor and an extension of it to a close likeness to allegory, and this perhaps due to the incapacity for ordered rhythm. The "tradition" to which some of our contemporaries would "go back" and which some of them are anxious to show has direct continuity with their own work, is hardly adequate to the tradition as historic fact. This latter is rather an objective system of habits and customs as embodied in forms modeled upon nature that a his-

torical definition of tradition would represent. But this is precisely what is meant by culture and is not tradition at all. But the prevailing notion of tradition is conceived in terms of the supposititious experience had by people of a past age, and it forgets that past experiences have no existence except as embodied in material cultural forms. There is no direct or empirical access to an experience that belongs to the past; either it is to be reconstructed from a continuing material element from the past or it does not exist at all. And recovery of an experience by reconstruction is itself an experience of the present, so much the work of the imagination that its suggestion of the past is itself inferential. There is therefore no basis for art or for anything else in tradition as it tends to be conceived. For as such it is merely an aspect of experience and a purely subjective notion, too unsubstantial to serve as a basis for anything.

Thus the "tradition" to which we do homage has hardly the objectivity that would give clearness and finality to its definition. It is therefore not the reality which art in all or in any of its forms seeks contact with. There is, however, in tradition a reality that is substantial, hard and solid enough to furnish a safe and permanent resting place for the ideals and imaginative ends of art. And all the arts are the arts they are because of the fixed characters of reality to which they give form; and giving form to a character of reality means, simply, showing how a quality that is real can be given substance and thus demonstrated as itself the reality in one of its infinite phases or modes. And every phase and every mode of the real that is asserted to us by the arts is simply a recognized quality of the substantial culture that has come into being "in the beginning" and has remained in being because it is the embodiment of the historic life-experience of nature made spirit that represents the career of mind and form in the world. Culture is therefore, for the arts, the ultimate fact, the reality which all of them seek, and a place and a share in which for each of them is the end that governs its every move. To reach this reality, and to make a firm contact with it, and to lose itself in its forms and to be absorbed into its substance, each of the arts, by the use of life and experience and nature and spirit as experimental material, is willing to exhaust and use up and discard them the moment the real of culture has been touched. Art uses life and experience and nature and spirit in order to put them behind; to destroy them, to put them away, to eradicate, to eliminate them, to cast them into the furnace of form and recast their substance in the molds of culture as the unified material in which art is to find form inherent and autochthonous. And the urge of art, its creative *élan*, its synergic power, is the will to break through the phenomenality of life and experience and nature and spirit to the solid rock of culture beyond; and its desire is to

lose itself in the substance of this rock of reality in order that its specific forms may acquire from it a share in its permanence, an age in its eternity.

This end, then, the recognizing culture as the aesthetic reality and the substance of the world, can only be reached when artists and knowers of art recognize the final central place of intelligence in the artist's motive, the place of the reason in the will to create. For not only is the prevailing doctrine that the "subject" of art is the instinct, the primitive life-urges, the subconscious or unconscious, but that these same motives are the creative urge itself or the active source of the urge. As a consequence the theory of art resorts to myth and magic and the irrational. But the essence of form is intelligibility, and the appeal to the irrational must be put away. The elements of emotion and volition and instinct and all the life-urges must themselves be put in order under the control of intelligence; otherwise they would never come to consciousness. A feeling exists only as it is known, only as consciousness becomes its central motive. Otherwise there are none of the conditions of that order and orderliness which is the only evidence of the presence of the spirit of form, which gives the life everlasting to the object that is to be a work of art.

Art knows no surface, no phenomenality; it cannot rest except upon the real that *is*, beyond and behind and below the apparent. And this beyond is the realm of the intelligible. And the work of the critic, when by the grace of philosophy he arrives, will be to show that, and how, and how accurately and adequately, a given work lays its hands on the horns of the altar.

We have still the topic of the act of passion in relation to the artistic order specifically. By way of catching our breath again, we are arguing that culture is the reality that takes and holds form in every work of art; that the reality in art is not life, or experience or nature or spirit, but that it is these as they are transformed and unified and redesigned in the substance of culture. And to show how these are transformed and redesigned in culture, we have argued that culture is nature-life-experience-spirit modified by intelligence where intelligence is conceived as embracing within itself the emotional and volitional powers; and that the modification is effected through intelligible action, in the industrial, the economic and the political order; and through intelligible passion in the religious, the intellectual, and the artistic order. It is now this last topic of artistic order that we have to discuss.

We have on an earlier page described in what sense we are justified in speaking of the act of passion. It is Aristotle's sense. It was a little tempting to appeal to the religious tradition for an illustration of the act, and we refrained because of the darkly mystical atmosphere in which the

act is there represented. But if one is able to see clearly the formal truth in the notion of the *suffering* of the Christ as the *active* agency in the redemption of the world, which, as I conceive, means the redesigning of the world, and can avoid the unwarranted inferences from it that are commonly made, one can, I think, arrive at an insight into the power and function of art as the agent of the new design in the creation and maintenance of culture. This active or "causative" power in the act of passion can be well visualised, it seems to me, in the ambiguity of the concept of design. For if we take together the two usual and very different ideas included in the connotation of design, we have the common-sense statement of a metaphysical principle. Thus there is one sphere of meaning in which design is the structural skeleton of a contemplated object, or the image of that skeleton as given in and by the sensible qualities of an object of experience. Here design is the synthesis of all the real qualities of an object in their static unity, and its very spirit is that of quiescence and permanence and fixity. It represents the universal being of an object as given through its appearances, and the appearances or phenomenal characters of the object have their function in the fact that their unity and synthesis is the titular mark of that being. The appearances are thus aspects of the object and not of the subject that apprehends them. Here, then, the mode of the design is its passion, the fact that the design is nothing but the eternal consequence and conclusion of the unity of the object's characters, and the "act" of the design is to maintain that unity unchanged throughout all possible changes in the world in which the object has status. The "act" of the design here is the act of status, the act that exhausts its energies in the internal tensions and balances by which its object remains itself and outside of change. It is this aspect of design that fixes forever the artistic value of an object and at the same time lays out the scheme of universals that constitutes the structure of the universe and so the premises of all judgments about the object. And the design in this sense is the power of assertion in all such judgments and the authority that endows them with their truth.

But the fact of growth in nature, and the fact of will in experience, by which a change in the direction of intent is effected, with facts of corresponding character in the domain of spirit, indicate that the design of an object can be restructured so as to involve it in a new direction of intent, so as, that is, to redesign the object. This is implied with respect to nature in the evolutionary principle of change of species; and something like the same change is implied in the statement that a given object in culture can be remodeled. It is such a change of design that is assumed in the transformation of life, experience, nature, and spirit when their unity is as-

serted in art, and the act by which this is accomplished is the act of passion.

But there is another phase of the meaning of design. In the phase just described the "act" is the eternal assertion by the premise of the conclusion that is inherent in the design of the premise; the assertion by the cause of its effect; the assertion by the substance of its attribute. It can only speak the truth, and there can be no falsity, for what it speaks *is* the truth; for existence is the relation between substance and its attribute, and the truth is made in and by its speaking its assertion. What it asserts is truth because what it asserts is. And this act of assertion is what is meant by design. What design asserts for art is the world that, for us, is culture. What makes an object a work of art is the design in it by which it is fitted into a place among all the objects of the cultural system; the design is the subject of which the culture is the predicate. Or, for a historical view, culture is subject and the object is predicate, and the relation of assertion between them is design. In any case, the relation between the two is the aesthetic relation, and the object involved is the object of art. But in this second meaning, the design now before us, the act has the character of agency, the synergy that contemplates not truth and being in their universal aseity but truth and being in the individual, in the instance in which truth and being appear as one. In this sense the design of an object is the world of objects that can or must be contemplated as having their existence and their significance through and because of the original object. That is, the household and the home have their origin and significance in the pot and the vase, and the ideal values of the household are analogical correlates of the qualities of the pot and the vase. Thus Hitler was (what he was the powers and dominions have not yet found out), and the dissolution of European culture was the assertion. There was Moses, and Israel was led; the world of deliverance was in the man as his assertion, as the oak and the forest of oaks are in the acorn. The culture of the world is in a "Pietà" or a "Lycidas" as its internal active design, so far as its attitude is a necessity to culture. So that the "Pietà" and the "Lycidas" are replicas of the universe and have the reality of the universe. Just as the culture of the world, so far as it implies strength, is in the statue of Hercules. But it is clear that a world of objects is implied in and does follow from the design inherent in the more significant objects, and, if our eye were keen enough, this world-implication would be seen as the essence of every object that is real.

It is this implication to a world, and the order of that world as the order is indigenous to an object that is individual, that is meant by its active design.

It is, then, in the design that the reality of every object is found. And it is through a reassertion of this design that an object of nature, experience, life, spirit, is transsubstantiated as an object of art. The sunset is there, designed in nature; but it is given an exalted supernatural design when it is painted. And the design, the reality of the object, is the world of objects it adumbrates. This world of objects, that, namely, which is the reality of every object that has significance, is what we mean by "culture"; and the system of culture is the reality that every work of art and every artistic act contemplates as its end. If we ask therefore what is the metaphysical reality implied in a work of art, the answer is "Culture." Life, then, and Experience, and Nature, and Spirit are not real—not reality—not therefore that which as the ultimate point of implication makes an object an object of art or an act an artistic act. It is only as each in its design is so modified by the designs of the others that they all fit themselves into a synthetic and actively creative whole, that they are significant for art or for any worth-while theory about art. And the synthesis they form and the world their unity creates is the subject matter for the philosophy of art and culture, and that is the *sine qua non* of any valid or meaningful criticism.

Culture, then, as this unity, stands as the ultimate subject of every judgment about art; and it is the substance whose qualitative act constitutes every creative impulse and every imaginative construct that enters into the creation of an art object. It is the "genius" of the artist in every case, and it is as far and as different as possible from the maniacal egotism that claims that the work of genius flows from out of the artist's ideosyncrasy. This ultimate ground is the metaphysical ultimate to which the artistic impulse must break through before it is a creative act and before its subject is an object of art. The impulse cannot stop with life or experience or nature or spirit; if it should attempt to do so, its issue is a fragmentation of the real; and that the artistic impulse of the present fails of the real is evidenced in the imperfection and crudity of the artistic work of the present. It is significant that the novel is at present claimed "the most independent, most elastic, most prodigious of literary forms." This may very well be true; but, if so, then, literature is not art. For the novel, certainly as represented by the author of this statement, is pure subjectivity and asserts nothing more solid than the private and subjective whim of the individual, than which nothing in the universe is less real or significant. In the music, painting, poetry of the present there is the inevitable distortion consequent upon the obsession of "life" or the deification of "experience" or the apotheosis of "nature" or "spirit." The obsession of experience leads to a universal subjectivism for which any type or de-

gree of objectivity is impossible as is any approach to significant design. And in literature existentialism is a logical consequence, in so far as there can be a logic of illusion. The only positive result of this emphasis upon experience and life is the development of a craze for psychopathology as theory, and the practical result is the age of the grossest immorality in the history of the world. Culture is overlooked and forgotten in the effort to find artistic reality in the mental states of individuals, with the consequence that culture decays and the moral design of the world falls into chaos.

Or, in the attempt to find something more substantial than mere "mind" as the basis for art, the appeal goes to what is called nature, with the consequence that a universal crude biologism has taken possession of the creative interest. This can be seen (smelled) in the emphasis upon the generative function as the creative force in the artistic act—does anybody, can anybody, ever read the *Symposium?*—and out of this comes the "modern novel" with its love motive which is nothing more than a viscid organic spasm. Or, seeking still deeper for objectivity, a vague image of nature in general leads to a mawkish sentimentality and the representation of the creative act as an occult and mysterious force operating in a mystically vacuous realm, the product of an unrestrained fancy that imagines itself an imagination. And the last resort of the misled search for the real and the substantial is the purely abstract and groundless formal spirit, the urge toward an empty and formal "spiritual" religion.

In all these unconscious attempts at escape from the real, which in reality they are, the tragic issue is seen in the total absence of moral fiber. The ground of morality, as equally of art, is this objective culture we have described; and where there is not a constant reference to this ground and a deliberate effort to build firmly upon it there can be no morality and no art. What we have at the present time, as the fruits of our abandonment of the ideals of culture, an abandonment that is not deliberate or conscious but more effective because totally ignorant, is a morality that is negative in every detail and destructive of every positive tendency in human nature. And an art that is without design or form and as substanceless as the lack of any basic principle can make it. Unless therefore the will to go deeper to a fundamental reality is developed, there seems no hope, and the culture of the ages is to be lost if it is not already gone. And the civilization upon which that culture rests is now undergoing the last assault before it collapses in final ruin. Where there is no morality and no art there can be nothing, and the nothing is upon us now with the final oblivion.

We have said that the real that is implied and involved in every artistic

object and every artistic act is Culture. With now a brief statement of what culture is, in the view we are trying to give form to, with respect to art and in terms of its descriptive characters and its organic and total structure, and we are done.

There *is* life, there *is* experience, there *is* nature, and there *is* spirit. All these *are*, but they are not facts; they are universals, and their implication is not reality but law. They are premises, hypotheses, to be argued from, not conclusions to be argued to. They explain nothing. They make nothing real and are not to be confused with realities capable of sensible form or relational design. Not any of them by itself but only their unity is an object. And the fact that they *are*, and its recognition, is all that can be asked of them in the interest of art. For they are mere raw material, important, indispensable, necessary. But they are necessary and indispensable in the Aristotelian sense that they are to be recognized and used in their place and then forgotten, put in their place once for all in order that they may henceforward be ignored. They are to be used up in the use, absorbed in the end they serve. And we have put them in their place, disposed and disposed of them when we say that they are the original raw matter of the arts. Everything can be made *of* them, but they make nothing. And they make nothing because they are, by themselves, nothing. Everything can be explained, *as to the matter of its origin*, by reference to them. Nothing can be explained or made intelligible by using them as anything other than *dead* matter and the abstract potentiality from which all things are possible. But nothing is actual because of either of them alone, and there is no act and no end that can be attributed to them. Life *does* nothing; we demonstrate this when we say it preserves itself. Experience never *is;* it is always *of* something, and passing from that. Nature is *naturata*, never *naturans*. And spirit rests in divine puissance which cannot act because it cannot lay hold of appropriate means.

But there is active reality implied by and involved in the existence of life and experience and nature and spirit. Being matter, and passive in the sense of inert, they can be acted upon; they await the stroke of creative action. That is to say, an act may issue *through* them when we have found their essence in what is outside them, in what is not them. They can be used as means, as material causes. And what is outside them as their essence is the relational medium in which they exist, which puts them in their places, thus imposing the conditions of an order upon them. But the order, when imposed upon them, establishes a unity among and in them; and although the unity is imposed by an act of passion, the agency active in the act of passion becomes active beyond it through the unity imposed, and, by every evidence that can be obtained, the unity thus itself becomes

self-active. It asserts itself as a design. In this fact of their inert mutuality, life, experience, nature, and spirit come to be unified into an active agency whose body (existence) is the permanent Culture that gives temporal and material continuity to the human species, and whose active agency, as the capacity to assert itself, is precisely what we call the creative artistic genius. It is this universal that is creative in the Poet, and the man who is poet is the more or less passive instrument, that is, he acts by the passion in him, in the hand of the genius of culture. Blessed is he upon whom the hand of this genius falls, of course; but like all other blessedness it comes by act of grace, and not by or through the idiosyncrasy of the individual. Life, experience, nature, spirit can act, each by its inertia passively; they can act creatively through their unity, which is the act of passion.

Or, put in another way, it is the approving hand of design, and we recall the ambiguity of design, laid on the man by culture that makes him Individual, just as it is the universal design imposed by form that makes an object an object of art. In either case what was merely particular is universalized and thus made Individual, and this is the condition of its possessing full being and significance in any degree. As such an Individual it is an epitome of the universe in its wholeness, and it acquires by such status all the active capacity the whole represents. And this lack of limitation upon this active power, other than that imposed by its own rational design, is precisely what is meant by the creative capacity; and the poem, statue, music, painting, in which the structure and texture of the world are revealed as this rational design is immediately perceived as the cumulus of all being.

What we have been insisting on all through is this structure and texture of the reality that puts the mark of the ultimate upon culture. The emphasis here at the conclusion is, then, that the structure of culture is corporate, and by this we mean that culture is, in first intention, an ordered body, an organized physical system capable of all the processional functions of nature and life. As such it is the system of the tangible institutions in and by virtue of which human society lives and moves. This solid body has a hand in every creative act, not subjectively and ideally as tradition, but actually and literally and physically it enters as the solid framework upon which the substance of the act is draped. This corporate structure, by predetermining its design, gives the first essentials of form to the object, and thus is the beginning of the concreteness that makes the object an individual. The corporate body of culture is minded by the subjective and spiritual force of tradition, including what we rather misname experience and the spiritual, which operates to give to culture its full individuality. The political, religious, legal, industrial, etc., institutions are

made fully personate by the traditional ideality that infuses them, and thus culture assumes the full significance of nature and life become viable in experience and spirit. It becomes fully individual in art. And it is the function of art to give body and form to the reality as it is found in culture and thus insure its continuity in time and substance through the creative act. Full corporeity is the synthesis of structure with texture, and we must look for a moment at the relation between them.

By the texture of an object we mean, to put it in tactual-visual terms, the weave of the object, the way its constituent elements are intermeshed with each other, just as by structure we mean the build or make of the object, the way its elements are co-ordinated to each other. The weave of the object is the universal sensuous quality, that is, the synthetic whole of all its sensuous qualities, as the latter interfuse with each other and entwine themselves about the lines and strands of structure. These lines of structure are represented logically as relations and are thus the formal means by which the object asserts its aesthetic character. They also dictate the form of assertions made about the object. It is because of the consensus and consonance of its qualities, however, that the object has an individuality in the aspect, at least, of a master-character, one that gives in experience an all-at-once image of the object and at the same time indicates the general nature of the relations the object can stand in. I know, for example, that this piece of wood or this word will fit in with other pieces of wood or other words to form an element of design for an object the instant I perceive its master-quality. When I see that the wood is walnut, I know what can be done with it, and when I see the vowel quality and the consonantal structure of the word, I know in what kind of figures it will fit. It is the object as presented by this master-character that is the basis of the uniqueness of the individual, its principle of individuation, that aspect of the individual that has been so viciously overemphasized in individualism. The interpretation of individual significance in terms of exclusiveness has been due to the negative approach, to emphasis on qualities and relations that are not properties of given objects; and this emphasis has tended to equate the individual with the particular. But the master-character makes the individual unique not by cutting it off from all other individuals, but by expressing, in its own way, the mood of the individual's assertion of the universal; and it is this peculiarity in its assertion of the universal that makes the individual a work of art. Individuals of all types, by their unique quality texture, their master-quality, assert the universal; the individual that is a work of art asserts it through its form, and form in this function is simply the qualitative texture of the object as given body in the structure of the object in such a

mood that the whole manifests life. And this individual, bodied in structure and vitalized in texture, is the corporate whole that is capable of self-existence and is on this account real.

Coming now to apply the above reflections to our topic, it is the fact that through the use as materials of life and experience and nature and spirit a literary work becomes a work of art; it goes beyond them all, makes use of them as means to transcend them in a corporate whole that is the matrix of life and experience and nature and spirit. Considered apart from this corporate whole and each by itself, these latter are mere appearance, and they cannot, as such, be real. To take life, for example, as subject of art is to mutilate it and to make of art a fraud. But the corporate whole that gives life its place of significance is culture, and unless we see in culture the ground premise of which life, etc., are necessary implicates, we shall lose entirely the basis of all judgments that are true of literary art. For any judgment is as sound as the ground of its truth, and any significance, which must have the form of the judgment to have relevancy, is as cogent only as the body and substance to which it is relevant can validate its place in the universal, which is to say in the universe. This means that, if literature is to be an art, it must go on through and beyond all appearance to the real, must generate a significance and find a point of attachment for it in the body of the real. Literature can thus not stop with states of mind and personal feelings and emotions however intense or vivid or exalted they may be in any subjective quality. There is nothing in the life or experience of the private individual that is solid enough to make art out of, and until we go beyond that to the substance of culture what we do has no aesthetic or artistic significance. And it is this implication to the whole, this cosmic implication, this beyond-reference to that which is ground for life and experience and nature and spirit, that constitutes the validity of every real relation and the veracity of every judgment, whatever may be its content or its form. So it is only as life points by its master-quality beyond the conditions of its mere existence to that which endows its existence with significance that it can be the stuff of a genuine art. It is only as life merits and justifies and significantly fills a place in the cultural scheme, a place conditioned entirely by the qualitative nature of culture and determined only conditionally by life, that it becomes the real for any artistic assertion. It is culture that life means, the substantial whole that life hopes to become or to find a place in, that gives to life whatever significance it has. Life, merely as it is, in any quality that may bloom in it, or in any glow that may fall upon it, in any form of itself it may hope to redeem from its mere actuality, whatever it may be or become in its own right, is worthless. Mere nature has no meaning; it stands

gazing blankly at the void, and the smile that appears in it is a smile let fall upon it from afar; and that which casts its smile upon it holds its value destiny in its hands, which it reaches out from the beyond, from the culture to which nature is relevant or it means nothing.

It is so with experience. It has never the hard density that suffers form to be its individuating quality. It is too soft and flabby, not stern enough to stand before the winds of circumstance until it is beaten down to the measure of form. There is no end that experience by itself may attain or become. It is endless. And, by itself, to come *to its* end is all that it can hope. And only in so far as it leans upon or loses itself within the substance of culture is it possible that anything can be made of it. As merely had or felt by the individual it has and can have no meaning; it must repeat itself infinitely and at the end become nothing; as a shadow it passes, for its substance is the accident that something appears for the flash of an instant to consciousness and then evades it like a shadow that is lost in darkness. And unless it can by significant creation embody itself in its beyond, its passing momently the present instant is its destiny. And the creative act that validates it is not its act but the act of that in which alone experience has its meaning, in the culture which furnishes the rationale and the occasion and the end of it. And the spirit likewise breathes the breath of uncertainty except as it bares itself to the winds of heaven. It has its mode of existence from the beyond to which it forever refers, and it is the beyond which alone gives it life and substance. Religion in all its forms and degrees attests the fact and itself has no meaning except as it finds substance for itself in the beyond, where it, if only in idea and the semblance of empty form, can take the character that individuates it.

But the fatal mistake that is uniformly made is in seeing the beyond in the remote and the deferred and the external. Whereas the beyond that is real and that gives reality to all the forms of art and to everything that has significance is immediate; in fact, it is the Immediate. It is the ubiquitous and unlimited medium in which life and experience and nature and spirit all find their appointed seat, and from which each derives the qualities that substantiate it when it attains substance. It is that which renders everything presentable that can come to our cognizance, either through sense or through the processes of thought. It is the medium in which we, as human and conscious, live and move and have our being; that from which we derive our sustenance and that to which we look for whatever fulfilment there may be. It is the World as organized in Culture. It is the reality.

A subjectivist age treats culture as an abstraction, as the mere name for the succession to infinity of experiences; or as the hard materiality that has been shaped in duration by our past action. We will tolerate no

account of it except that by Locke or that by Marx or Rousseau, as if two puny insights could encompass and embrace the whole. It is, for the fatal fiction in which we live, either a state of mind or a state of body, and there is to our eye no alternative besides. In our psychomancy we deny the miracle enacted in our presence every moment—the corporate enactment of the unity of the world in the cultural system. Whatever has significance and endures has its substance in that corporate act and the object the act gives form to. And art has significance and endures. And, if literature is to be an art, it must find or make its way to enduring significance.

IX

What Is a Poem?

IT IS a problem for the critic to determine, in its details of structure and minutiae of quality, what a poem is. It is the philosopher's job to furnish the critic with his principles, since the critic is not equipped to the task of working them out for himself. The purpose here is therefore to formulate principles in their larger outlines, and no attempt will be made to deal with details. What anything *is* is a question of schematizing the system of concepts by means of which its nature and its place in the world are indicated. The "nature" of a thing is its relational structure together with the qualitative characters that give the structure body, as the structured quality is pictured by these concepts in the form of an individual. A mathematical figure is an instance of pure structure, or would be if it were possible to conceive its spatial content as devoid of quality. But it is perhaps not possible to "think" a space that has no implications of quality; there will be, in any case, a positive effort to negate quality, but this is itself an obvious implication of quality. The "place" in the world of a thing is its appropriate situs as the situs is determined by the intercrossings of its relations in the relational system that establishes its continuity with the universe—the system of "cosmic implications" that make it individual and at the same time formulate the universal that operates as its species. In scientific terms its place is its system of classificatory relations, and in popular terms this system is referred to as the environment.

The "is" therefore is an objective predicate; its implications are all toward the scheme of things, and they make no necessary reference to the mental processes or the "mind" by which they are apprehended. There is, of course, always the metaphysical implication to mind, but it is to mind as such and never to a particular mind. Existence therefore has nothing to do with the contemporary superstition that to be means nothing more than to appear as a particular in the hypothetical "consciousness" of an individual. It is this fact, perhaps, that led the great psychologist to raise the question whether consciousness exists. This superstition that existence is identical with the "data of consciousness" is the fallacy of the age;

and instead of being the basic principle of a new development in philosophy, as is generally supposed, it marks the last stage of degeneration of the subjective individualism that has been the ground presupposition of thought and practice throughout the modern period.

Being, or being real, if this is what is meant by existence, then, implies a system of self-subsistent relations which are given place and habitation by the qualities among which they hold; the system of qualities and relations made permanent and sustained and maintained in being by the mutuality of the relations of the qualities to each other. This mutuality is itself in substance a quality, as we shall see later, the quality, namely, which operates as the stuff of rhythm. The question of priority in respect of quality and relation is irrational and is disposed of by the reflection that priority gets its own meaning as a logical principle from this mutualized identity of relation and quality in the individual which their identity constitutes. Any attempt to interpret priority in terms of which is "first" is assuming that time is the original substantial cause; the attempt, that is, to break their identity apart into the duality of cause and effect, which is a misconception of the nature of priority and identity as logical relations. It implies mere priority in time, where time is simply one of the considerable number of "firsts" that must be presupposed as a consequent if being real is to have meaning, that is to say, if existence is to be significant, which is what is meant when we ask what a thing is, or ask for its reality.

The reality of anything is thus a matter of the qualities-in-relation that give it a bodied structure. Our question, then, "What is a poem?" asks for the relations and qualities of a poem as their order constitutes for the poem a structure that is concrete or has a body. These original qualities must be identified and their objective or cosmic implications traced; and the attributes that come to existence as a consequence of their cosmic implications, considered as relations, must be described.

I. STRUCTURE

By structure is thus meant the system of relations, internal and external to a group of qualities, that constitute the group of qualities an object. Relations are implications of differences among qualities. Qualities are real only in relations which they generate or assert, and relations are real only as they hold as assertions predicating continuity among qualities. This does not involve a dependence, in either direction, between relation and quality; dependence is not a primitive or necessary relation but one derived by remote stages from the identity of quality and relation in structure. It is an implicate of cause where cause is itself an implicate of

a prior ground. And as qualities are realized in their appropriate relations, relations generated out of the plurality of qualities, they become the body of an object whose skeleton or framework is the relational system. The typic object in this situation is the value object, which comes into being through the appropriateness of its relations, appropriateness bearing the same relation to value relations that necessity does to existential relations. Appropriateness is value-necessity; that is, it is the value analogue of necessity. The mutuality of implication of qualities and relations thus constitutes the identity of an object, and the object is thus determined the unit of reality. That is to say, the unity as object is what makes reality cognizable, for reality in general can only be comprehended as a principle. All distinctions are thus centered in the object, which is the ground presupposed behind all implications, the substance to which all qualification and all relationality refer. The object *is* thus the mutuality of relation and quality as mutuality attains substance. The object as qualified, and as thus bodied in relations, is the individual, so called because it is the seat of all references and implications in the sense that no reference or implication can go beyond it. Implications that attempt to go beyond the individual negate themselves, become abstractly infinite, cancel themselves out, and thus set the conditions for the universal. It is thus that universality becomes a feature of the individual. The object as individual can thus not be duplicated, since duplication would imply identity, and in this capacity it is the ground of all multiplicity and variety, because all the distinctions that are the bases of multiplicity and variety must have their ground in it; must be, that is, internal to it, since none can go beyond it. It is the object with this definition that constitutes the unity and individuality of a work of art, since in a work of art the multiplicity and variety must remain as particulars at the same time that they are unified; the unity leaves its elements real and thus avoids eliminating them in an abstract identity. The unity is *in* and *of* the particulars, a unity made real by and through the particulars, which themselves must remain real with respect to the object they imply.

A work of art therefore has its definition in itself, is real through its own content of particularity, and has thus no reference to the experience by which a mind becomes conscious of it. The critic therefore who finds the "texture" of a poem in its simple particularity is overlooking the fact that particulars have significance only in the universal they imply, and this universal is substanced in quality. The unity of a work of art is thus its distinctive objective character, which can always be pointed out in the details of quality and relation that constitute it. A work of art has this "independent" character, this self-sufficiency, this completeness-in-itself

because it is an individuate instance of the universal object, because, that is, it is the embodiment of a cosmic implication. It *is* its reference to its world.

When we speak of structure, therefore, it is this universal object to which we refer, since there must be an implication to an object if the structure is to be more than an abstract frame of relations. And, when we characterize the structure as a system of internal and external relations, we mean by the internal relations those that constitute the inner skeleton or framework of the object, and by the external relations we mean those that carry the implications of the object to the universe—those, that is, that define its universal or species. But the internal relations and the external relations are continuous, and so identical, as in a mathematical figure the lines that contour it are conceived to be drawn to infinity and thus to define the universal to which the figure belongs. The relations that constitute the inner structure of an object run out beyond its contour to constitute the world to which the object belongs, thus determining the place the object occupies in its universe. All these relations, internal and external, are bodied in the qualities which they sustain, so that, when we identify them in experience, we can refer to them indifferently as qualities or relations.

So when, for example, we name one of the relations space, we mean either the expansive *quality* of an object which, by virtue of its internal relational structure, sustains the identity of the object, that quality by which the object asserts its self-sufficient individuality; or the external system of *relations* by which the object, together with other objects, asserts the reality of the universe to which it and they belong and which they constitute. In any case, whether quality or relation, space is real, that is, is a necessary constituent part of the object and of the world, so that it can, in its self-assertion, function either as subject (substance) or predicate (attribute). Its assertion is the identity (analogical) of the substance and the attribute, the structure and the quality. We can say that space is the quality of extension or expansion of an object, the assertion by which an object posits itself, announces its being; or we can say that space is the object that expands or extends, that it is the being that is asserted, the nucleus of a system of relations whose interrelations or intersections constitute it. It is this ambiguity of space that enables it, as a term in language, to render assertion possible, in that it conditions the relation of part out of part, and in that it provides for both subject and predicate and at the same time establishes their identity in an individual. That is to say, the ambiguity of the word, as resting on the duplicity of the object, exemplifies the type of all assertion in the sentence or proposi-

tion, as part distinct from part whose identity is demanded, and thus serves at the same time as the model of the act of thought in the judgment. Thus we see that instead of the act of thought being the ground of the object, as subjectivists claim, the act of judgment and the assertion in language are derived from and dependent upon the nature of the object. So that as either quality or relation space and the reality it asserts are phases of the object, and this object is the ground of all aesthetic distinctions—it must be established before there can be an object of art. It is the aspect of space here described that makes it possible that an individual can be given assertion through colors in painting. Space, then, is a necessary implicate of color in the individual.

A similar account is to be given of time and of all the originals in so far as it is the object that is required. And the object in general must be understood before the object of art can be made intelligible. We can say, with a little more logical hardihood than did Bergson, that time is the objective and substantial quality of every object that is real or exists (persists), that is to say, time *is* the existence or persistence of the objects in the world; or we can say that time is the relation that *holds* persistently among these objects to constitute the world as a substantial ground. For objects constitute a world only when their status and their relations are made permanent against all possible changes, and time is the condition that supersedes change in that it is the condition that makes change intelligible. In the one case, time is the objective quality whose persistence (duration) creates and maintains the object in the world; in the other case, time is the relation that holds the objective quality to its identity as the ground of all multiplicity and variety. And as in the case of space it is this ambiguity that lies as ground behind all assertion in thought and language, being the archetype from which the form of all assertion is derived or upon which it is modeled. It is time in this sense that distinguishes subject and predicate in that it is the identity whose duplicity or ambiguity makes assertion possible and necessary; and it is time as temporality or duration, time, that is, in the universal, that is the substance of the continuity which must hold between thought and its object if thought is to be "true," just as it is time as the substance of language that gives to language the objectivity that makes it the ground-stuff of culture. It is language-continuity in this sense that substantiates the literary arts as the materials of culture. For time is the condition that provides that the arts have a history, and this history is, objectively, the tradition that unifies the arts and gives substance to their continuity.

These reflections on space and time as elements of structure will perhaps be intelligible enough to anyone who thinks seriously on basic ques-

tions. They are, in their aesthetic implications, quality-relations of objects, and, so far, are conditions that make the object intelligible and thus lay the ground for the understanding of the object of art. But it may strain credulity a bit when we apply the same characterizations and distinctions to color and tone, and when a little later we apply them to what are called logical relations.

Color, then, is either a quality or a relation, or rather, as in the case of space and time, both quality and relation at once. So we can say that space, time, color, and tone are all relational in essence; they each represent a complex of relationships which furnishes the ground for what in sense experience is pure quality. But as qualities, and as they appear in experience, they require a ground only because experience is not real and so cannot realize anything given in experience. But objectively, and apart from experience, they are substances in themselves, and no ground is required on which to render them real. What is real requires a ground only because experience is not adequate to its form of assertion—experience cannot *say* what it is without referring it to something else indefinitely. This ground is that in which, for experience, qualities "inhere," where as a real "thing" it is the system of relations that localize the color, etc., qualities. But in reality it is indifferent whether colors and tones are regarded as qualities or as relations; they will be taken to be qualities when they are regarded as standing in a certain position with respect to other realities, and as relations when they hold a status that is referred to certain other realities. A sound is a quality, a tone, when referred to the system of cultural realities; it is a relation, a vibration, when regarded as an element within the system of natural existences. The color of a fruit is a quality in relation to the uses of men and the system of utilities generally, and with respect to the system of values as distinct from the natural system, also in relation to the metaphysical whole; the same color is a relation when it qualifies the physical or natural system, as it is also a relation in the metaphysical system when this system is conceived from the point of view of abstract structure. Consequently, it is substance or attribute, subject or predicate, in the identity that makes it real. Its self-assertion therefore proclaims the identity of itself with the universe.

In a picture a color is an obvious quality in the specific view of the sensibility of the observer; but to the intelligence or reason of the observer it mediates the relations that constitute the design of the picture and takes its nature or character from that design as in its primary intent a system of relations. In the picture the color at its contour or point of cessation establishes a line with respect to another color, and the two colors, in conjunction with other qualities, generate the system of lines

that activate the design of the whole. The color thus acts, asserts itself, takes form in a design, and its intent is a finality. The relation of distance and the relation of weight, or mass, which together determine balance in the picture, will be executed in terms of colors; and there would be no design in the picture except for the relational system that is grounded in it in the colors that compose it. And here design is to be taken in both phases of its ambiguity, its implication toward form and its assertion of intent. So in a poem the tonal and logical, even spatial, qualities of the words and the relations of relative position and implicative reference among the words fuse in a mass or body which formulates its design and thus carries the weight of significance of the poem; and this significance is as "independently" objective and free and compelling to the reader as the veriest of physical qualities. And what is quality in this significance, and what is relation, can be distinguished only after a standard of reference is set up outside the poem. The distinction between quality and relation is a matter of indifference to the poem and rests on a standard ground set up in the intent of the interpreter. In the poem quality and relation are identified and are distinguishable only with reference to this ground. The principles of analogical identity and mutuality and ambiguity are the ground upon which all standards are set up, so the ultimate status of a quality or a relation, even its individuating character, in a specific instance must be determined by reference to them.

What we have here, then, in the way of a conclusion is that every aspect of a work of art is, when traced to its essence, a reference to or an implication to the work of art regarded as a metaphysical object. Any principles that may be applicable in the estimation of art or in critical judgments on art will have to be derived from this object and the system of objects which its species adumbrates. There is no ground for principle in the experiences that are involved either in the creation of art or in the appreciation of it; all references to experience are mere expressions of subjective feeling which have no status in the real. As a corollary to this conclusion, the distinction between quality and relation is largely one demanded by our mode of thought and has no status in reality except as quality and relation are recognized as distinguishable features in the identity that is the essence of everything that is real, that is to say, every object. It is a distinction that is necessitated in the nature of judgment and the assertion by which a judgment is expressed, both of which are objective fact, and is real only as such.

That Space, Time, Color, and Tone are either relations or qualities is fairly obvious, and there is little difficulty in exemplifying them. There is another species of quality-relation, however, that is a good deal more

difficult to demonstrate. These are what are commonly called logical relations, and we shall undertake to show that these "relations" are qualities when they function in certain kinds of situations and that the principles of mutuality and ambiguity and identity apply to them in their appropriate modes just as they apply to color, etc., relations in their characteristic modes.

Logical relations are implicative, hypothetical, or inferential. Like any other distinction, that among these three is not absolute, and the classes are not completely exclusive. The relations we have here in mind and throughout are those that constitute the structure of a poem and are thus, in their quality-character, the attributes of the words in the poem.

The hypothetical relations of a thing are those that connect it with objects which must be presupposed to account for the existence of the thing, so that, once these objects are postulated, the relations that determine the thing's existence follow at once from them. But, since these relations are also qualities, they determine also the character of the thing, so that the character follows with the same immediacy as the existence. The fact that there is a child presupposes a parent, and the fact that there is a rose presupposes light and warmth and soil and the rose gene. The existence of a quality presupposes a relation and can be asserted only on the assumption of relations. In this case the existence of the relation presupposes the quality, so that the relation of quality to relation is one of mutual implication, the relation of mutuality upon which identity is premised. But, given the system of relations that establish an identity, a quality of a unique "quality" is immediately predicable from the identity; and this quality is the essence of the relation-group as the mode of the mutual implication of the relations in it to each other.

The fact therefore that a hypothetical situation sets up relations in relation to each other lays the ground for new quality, and the quality from that point on can be taken for granted, since it is necessitated in the relations given. The hypothetical relation is thus objective, a tie that holds in the nature of things, an object, that is, since quality can be predicated of it, the factual aspects of which the scientist recognizes in his concepts of causation and physical continuity. What the scientist cannot do, however, is to justify the assumption of new quality which he makes from his inductions, since the justification of the quality carries beyond the limits of science. How, therefore, he can make an inference from his inductive "results" is beyond his reach to explain. If the scientist should think through the concept of cause to the point where its hypothetical character appears, he would arrive at the concept of ground, and his thought would be completed. For he then could predicate quality, and his induc-

tive result would be justified in the fact that all quality is of objects. Also, the objects could be "produced," whereas the scientist can only "produce" abstract things without quality. His habit of stopping at immediate fact renders all his conclusions incomplete, and all his so-called results partial and inadequate and so unreal. But the scientist's instinct to take the facts seriously merely means that he unconsciously presupposes the objectivity of the hypothetical relation, the fact that the hypothetical relation is one connected with the reality of things and therefore immediately involves quality. If the scientist could see this, he would be a philosopher and his thought would extend beyond the production of gadgets for the businessman to exploit.

What must be seen clearly here is that the hypothetical relation *is* essentially a quality and that it is somehow involved in the substance of things. Being a quality, it is immediately apprehended in the intuition, just as empirical qualities are apprehended in the sensuous intuition. For the fact is that the sensuous intuition is itself an act of hypothesis and therefore rational, so "empirical" qualities can be demonstrated real independently of their appearance to consciousness, and thus appearance in consciousness can be shown not to be illusion when its qualities are hypothetically real. How I can "see" the connection involved in a hypothetical relation is therefore no mystery; I "see" the relation as directly and immediately as I see a color, since it is a quality just as a color is a quality but of a different order. But both are substantially real in the same sense. It is precisely this quality which, as it appears in consciousness, is the elementary "feel" of the continuity of things that carries the degree of reality which any logical or abstract situation represents; and it is the obviousness of the reality of a thing as given in its continuity of quality that lies at the basis of the thing's significance. The tones of the reaper's song and the motions of her body connect directly with the structure of the universe through their rhythm, which is essential to that structure and which becomes perceptible in the tones and motions. A common rhythm agitates the universe in the song and thus renders the song audible in the poet's "heart" after it is heard no more; that is, the rhythm is universal and is heard whenever and wherever there is appropriate sensitivity; and, where the sensitivity is rational, the song will take form and assert itself real.

It is necessary, I say, to see this objective quality of the hypothetical relation in order to overcome the subjectivist fallacy of deriving the significance of a thing from the intensity of the experience in which it is apprehended. The poet had to wait for the intensity of his feeling to pass before he could make "The Solitary Reaper"; the intensity had to give

way to the objective quality, as expressed in the cosmic implication involved in the "conclusion" of the poem, before the poem could take form; and, when this has occurred, the intense feeling has disappeared, and the "tranquillity" of the universe has settled upon the situation like the falling of the colors of the sunset, which lapse into the rhythm of the world. It requires very little observation and no deep acumen to learn that there is no stable relation between the significance of a thing and the intensity of the experience in which it is represented, and this fact seems to be recognized by the subjectivist when he finds, as he invariably does find, mystery in the mere fact that a thing has significance. The significant object and the feeling are both handed over to mystery, and the only ground the critic can find for them is the "genius" of the poet, the common dumping ground for the critic's ignorance. The intensity which he feels is therefore the only "fact" he can relate to the significance, and, as he is a scientist, this felt intensity becomes for him the "cause" of the significance. But he can nevertheless see no necessity in the relation, so he dismisses the matter as a mystery. For the critic the problem is obviated by merely regarding it as a "psychological illusion," and this is the primitivist resort to magic. But it gives the critic the robust confidence of the scientist. The professors of "English" or "Literature" beat every bush in the fields round about, biographical, historical, etc., and, finding nothing, look deep within to the genius of the poet. But the fact that reality and its significance lie within the sphere of the hypothetical relation does not open the field to irresponsible fancy; it on the contrary restricts the field of research to bounds of logic and requires that for questions of criticism the principles of a logic of value be developed before literary questions can be profitably discussed.

The implicative relations of a thing are those that indicate or suggest objects that must be presupposed as complements of the thing if the thing is to have the substantial continuity with the rest of the world which fixes it as permanent and thus real. The hypothetical relation stands to a thing as a sort of premise, leading back behind to that out of which the thing comes and must come if the world of things is to hold together. In a similar way the implicative relation leads on beyond the thing to those objects which appear as necessary complements of it if there is to be a world. For a thing to be significant involves that it "make a difference" in some way with the world to which it is appropriate, the difference appearing as the evidence of the appropriateness. The significance, that is to say, lies precisely in this cosmic reference, this reference to the world in which it is a necessary constituent part; and the fitness of an object to its world is precisely the appropriateness that is the objective stuff of significance in

every instance. This reference to the world is the cosmic implication that thus becomes the principle by which both the reality and the value of a thing are determined. The fact of leading in both cases, the backward reference in the hypothetical and the forward reference in the implicative relation, is interpreted in the limited imagination of the scientist as a temporal or a causal relation, which is the reason he never can go beyond the notion of cause to that of ground, for ground itself is a cosmic implication. And the failure of the critic to see any such logical relations involved in a work of art is the reason he stops at psychology and the states of mind that are its mere phenomenal facts, facts that can have no genuine significance because they have their "meaning" in their mere existence. The critic is thus ignorant of the principle that a fact can have no significance until something in the way of an object is discovered behind it that sustains it as a fact, and this ignorance of the elemental logic of the situation with respect to a work of art is what leaves to the critic no recourse but to lapse into the magic of religion or the phantasmagoria of Freudianism.

In a "good" poem, for instance, there are laid down, usually at or near its beginning, a set of qualities and relations that necessitate as complements all the elements of significance that are to follow from them and thus to make up the body of the poem. And the poem as a whole can be shown to be a necessary complemental construct of those qualities and relations with their complementary implications. And so, I imagine, in the overture to an opera are laid down the premises for every tonal quality and every harmonic relation that are to follow and that are by the premises necessitated to form the order, or order the form, of the body of the piece as a whole. The logic here differs formally not at all from the logic of philosophic method. What is new and unique in the situation is the content, which is composed of objective significances and not of signs. Ordinary logic is logic in general, and its laws and rules are known; the logic of art is the specialized logic of value, whose laws and maxims are not as yet generally known. The qualities thus hypothecated in a poem or a symphony are given contour and form as an object by and in the rhythm which they postulate or set up, and the feeling mode of the poem or music is thereby determined. The rhythm of the poem is thus, taken abstractly, the logic of its structure, that which endows the whole with the universal of form. The feeling of the poem is cosmic stuff, the substance of the world as made up of the implications of its qualities, appearing as the objective content of value elements, of the significances of which ordinary logic knows nothing, and of their existence psychology cannot even dream. The feeling is *made* there in the tones and colors that are

formed and the logical implications adumbrated and is the objective substance of the poem, while the subjective feeling of the reader is an attribute *of him* and not a character of the poem. That the feeling of the reader is an accident of his own nature is shown by the fact that it varies with his mood or his attitudinal bent of the moment; the poem will not always and under all circumstances "produce" the feeling in him, so is not its "cause." The feeling is not a consequence of the poem but an accident of the reader and has no necessary relation to the significance that is the substance of the poem. Aristotle settled this once for all in his observation that the feeling is a mere indicator of the presence of a significant object, a mere sign that the organism is in satisfactory relations to its environment.

It is clear, then, that the implicative relations are always references to objects and are qualitative in nature and that, as a consequence, they can become elements of objective feeling and as such can be transformed into the substance of a work of art. But this feeling has nothing to do with the subjective feeling of the poet or the reader. The implications of the family with all their variety of types of significance thus become the substance of the painting that asserts a homesite. In the absence of these implications the painting is a mere picture of a house with a garden and trees, etc., a photograph which is dead to feeling and significance, however much it may perturb the "emotions" of the individual who paints or contemplates it. And the art of the painting consists in such a manipulation of the color, etc., relations as will formulate those significances.

The old mill and the covered bridge are substances in the implicative relations to the modes of life and habits and customs of a bygone day, and the painter of the mill will quite appropriately hang the ox yoke above its door. The meaning of the bridge was printed over its entrance: "Five dollars fine for riding or driving over this bridge faster than a walk." The bridge survived its existence in the fact that it gave form to the morality of its day; no more probity or integrity can be than were broadaxed into its timbers and carpentered into the joints of its structure, and it endures because these objective qualities give it its substance; if it had been a commercialized thing and objectified the interests of the builders, it would have fallen within a year or two. The meaning of the bridge or mill is not in its romantic setting but in its structured substance, and that substance is pure value, in this case and behind the aesthetic form a pure moral value. Except for these implications the mill is an abandoned building which represents no more than what is or can be given in abstract memory. You must be able to hear the hum of machinery, the swish of running water, and the miller swearing and fuming flour dust before the picture is a

painting. And get the whiff of warm corn meal. But these, as experiences, have real significance only as implications of structure in the painting, where they are universal and objective and thus have nothing to do with subjective intensity or any other accidental characteristics.

We have said that these hypothetical and implicative relations are objective elements in a work of art and at the same time elements in the logic of value. The essence of ordinary philosophical logic is inference. Are these relations inferences? They are both inferential in nature in some sense in that they are conditions of the intelligibility of an object. That is, they are the constitutional aspects of a thing that make it possible for the thing to become an object. They are hence inferable from the concept of the object; or, rather, taken in their system, they constitute the concept of the object, and at the same time they constitute the external scheme upon the model of which the idea of the universe is formulated. By the reference to the universe, the cosmic reference, the thing is made an object, that is to say, becomes intelligible or acquires or has meaning. The scheme of hypothetical and implicative relations therefore is not only the pattern of the object which we recognize as its internal structure but is also the design of the whole considered as the world of the object, references to which are the cosmic implications that are the objective ground for all significance. Color, tone, time, space, we saw, are inferential relations of an object, and as such are quality-relations in the art object, and hence constitute the content or substance of the object. They are, if we stop here, mere facts that present the objectivity of the object if and when they are integrated in a system. But they have as yet, and as mere logical and cosmic conditions, no "life," no active or creative urge, and in order to become the value elements of the object they must submit to organization or orderly array with respect to each other. For it is in the system of mutually implicative relations as integrated within a corpus, a body, that the dynamic features of continuity have their ground and origin.

It is by virtue of this that an object moves, and it is through the analogue of this corpus as an integration of color and tone qualities that an object manifests the rhythm that endows it with the characters of art. Rhythm, as the life, is the essence of art. It is the function of these relations we have been considering to give to the elements of color, tone, time, and space the array that makes them into an object with life and endows them with a constitution. This is done in the analogical identity of color and tone upon the skeletal frame of time and space in the abstract existential characters of the latter. They are therefore the active life of the object, and at the same time its substantial constitution in that they make

of themselves the substance and the framework or design by which an object maintains its form.

All these elements, then, space, time, color, tone, are both qualitative and relational in nature. Together with relations derivative from them, they take the form of hypothesis and implication. They are as such active as inferences; and all of them, in the orderly array which is inherent in them by virtue of their mutuality, operate as an identity, and this whole constitutes what we mean by the structure of the aesthetic object. The basis of structure is thus the mutuality of these as basic qualities and relations, and by mutuality is meant the necessary reference each carries to each of the others and to the whole which they together constitute. It is thus their identity, the self-identity that individuates them as an object. They are the constitution of the object, the inner carpentry by which the object maintains its design, and they thus determine its contour with the contoural relations to other objects by which the object maintains its form. They give the object continuity with other objects by which it assumes a place within the system of the universe, so that they formulate its universal, prescribe its type. The aesthetic object is then, formally, of the same type as any other object: what distinguishes it is the fact that its substance is quality, and this determines it an object of value, the type of all values. And the characters of order and design and contour and system, taken together in their identity, are the elements of the meaning of the object, and as such they constitute its form.

But so far as we consider structure by itself and in abstraction from the elements of quality that give the structure body, it is a "formal" concept in the sense that it provides the hypothetical conditions which when realized give the object its actuality. It is, as Kant would say, the set of conditions of the possibility of an object, the objective conditions that correspond to the concept considered as an element of thought, the objective complement, that is, of the concept. It is necessary therefore that the identity of this objective scheme with the "subjective" or thought-form of the concept be established and that the structure of the object be appropriated to its meaning as that which gives the structure body; and we shall have to show, by the development of another set of conceptual modes, how the conditions for this identity are provided in the scheme of concepts which we have already worked out above. The object's objectivity with respect to thought and "mind" is thus established by the same considerations that determine it an independent object and does not therefore depend upon the mind.

It is unfortunate, for the critics, at least, that the form and meaning of the object of art is not a matter for the psychologist to determine but

is rather the more difficult problem of metaphysics, which puts it out of the critic's reach. It is not to be approached by toying with hypothetical states of mind of the magician or the dream states invented for the purpose by the Freudians. It is also not a problem for the critic who is also a philosopher in his own conceit. So the *Philosophy of Rhetoric* and the *Philosophy of Literary Form* are in their peculiar way entertaining but have nothing to do with art.

This new set of concepts are what we shall, following the terminology of recent critics, call the texture of the aesthetic object. But we shall go on beyond the statements of the critics far enough, we hope, to make sense of it. These new concepts are immediate implicates of the relations and concepts already formulated, so that their analogical identity with the original set of structural concepts is established when we trace out and exhibit the implicative relations involved. The impropriety of the term "concept" here is obvious; yet I choose it because the only genuinely appropriate term is in our day confused with too many prejudices. The only right word is "form" in the Platonic sense, but that sense is lost to the modern mind. Our concepts will therefore have an immediate objective reference at all points, will consist of objective implications in every instance. They will thus identify with the concepts and forms of structure but will represent the object in a different aspect. The demonstration of the identity of structure with texture in the object of value becomes somewhat involved, and to follow it will require at least a portion of the concentration on the part of the reader that the writer was forced to endure in its formulation.

The theory is stated in general terms because the quality-relations we have described are the syntheses of the basic qualities and relations of all types of objects; they are quality-relations as such and have the status therefore of metaphysical principles. We have had in mind throughout the value object in general, in the conviction that it would be necessary to find from it the principles that would give an insight into the nature of the aesthetic object; and it was through the value object, as exemplified in the aesthetic object, that we hoped to be able to get access to the object that is characteristic of literary art. Taking the poem as the peculiar instance of the object of literary art and applying the principles as formulated, the qualities and relations of value objects in general become the qualities and relations of words, since words are the material elements of poetic structure. We shall hope to maintain the generality of principle in what follows but will undertake to speak in the mode of the qualities and relations of the words in a poem.

A given quality, taken as a function of a given structure, implies,

through its species, a set of other qualities, as yellow implies orange, etc.; and implies, through the analogical relations inherent in it, qualities of other species, as, for example, blue. Also, the total implication of the given quality is the whole system of colors. Not only so, but a color has relations of implication to qualities other than colors, as, for example, yellow necessarily implies a relation to space, etc. Also, there is the myriad of analogical relations, where the implication is not limited by species or any other distinction, as a color implies a tone or a structure of tones. And, ultimately, a given quality implies the universe of quality and through this the Universe. A given quality, that is, is essenced in its cosmic implication and is thus real as a substance. Now all these relations of implication and hypothecation are modes of each other, in that the character of any one of them is modified by the presence together with it in a structure of each of the other relations. For example, the degree, or the intensity, or even the quality or tint of the yellow, is modified, that is, given its mode, by the proximity in time and space of other colors and relational qualities. Regarding the system of interrelated modes as an entity by itself, and as characterized by a distinguishing quality, it is observed that the peculiar quality is a synthesis of all the qualities and relations that are modal to it and hence has the status and function of a universal; that it is therefore a new and distinct quality and is generic in character; and that it, in experience, is identified only by its *feel;* and that it is in language best referred to in some such term as *weave* or *texture*, or perhaps in the obsolete weftage. For the new entity cannot be apprehended at all except as there are present in it the variety of qualitative modes which form its content, the unity of which is felt as a net which contains them as intertextured or woven and matted together. Some of the deeper tones of the organ have the visual feel of purple velvet, and the quality is too delicate to be apprehended by any of the "special" senses. It is the textured tone of a weave, and one feels the elements of tone as reeved through each other thus forming a reticulated whole.

This synoptic quality, as it may be called, is therefore the substantial body of an object; you know and love and fondle that tone as you do a baby or a fine vase; and, when conceived as the stuff of a structure, it is what gives universality to the variety of particulars and thus establishes itself as an individuate object and thereby demonstrates its own reality. This demonstration is what is meant by the statement that an object maintains itself as an identity and as real by self-assertion, creates itself, and this act of assertion is the only instance there is of genuine truth, the case in which the assertor, the assertion, and that which is asserted are the same object, where thought as an active agent identifies

with its object as a substantial fixture of the world. It is not therefore "metaphor" to speak of an object as asserting itself, for the act by which an object maintains itself in being and so gives substance to the idea of permanence, is the model or pattern upon which the act of judgment is formed, and so the ground of the judgment's truth. Thought and reality are here one and the same thing, the self-identity of being.

The formal limitation upon structure is thus overcome when we observe that a texture is an immediate implicate of it. No structure can subsist therefore except as it is realized by and in a texture; a structure cannot, that is, be conceived as real except as it is bodied by a texture in which it functions as supporting framework or constitution. Texture appears in experience, it was noted above, as the peculiar sensation that is best designated perhaps as the *weave* or *feel* of the object, both the literal and the metaphorical feel which we find so much difficulty in properly expressing. The feel of a painting is immediately apprehended in the soft or hard or mellow or granular or creamy quality of its colors; as the feel of music in the sharp or soft or angular or velvety quality of its tone relations; the simultaneity of a group of tones is not heard, in so far as a clearly conscious state is involved, but immediately felt, and the feeling is the noetic element in the sense complex. In the literal sense of the feel it is the peculiar quality of an object which appeals to you to take it in your hands or touch it to your lips or cheek; you see the beautiful apple at the grocer's, and you must feel its quality in your hand, and you automatically touch it to your lips not because you want to eat it but to get the exquisite feel on the lips and other organs of "taste," which is largely a purely tactual sense. The mellowness you feel in your fingers is the same feel you get in the tongue when the apple dissolves or granulates over it, the same feel that you see in its color, and the sense of total organic satisfaction after eating it is the same feel generalized. You cannot keep your hands off a shapely vase or a smiling baby, and you reach for the blue of the sky to touch it to your cheek as you fondle your dog's ear or a piece of good cloth. Texture thus appearing as quality is the immediate recognition of the value element in the object, and, psychologically considered, it is what might very well be regarded as the universal or the Aristotelian common-sense. It is literally the synoptic whole complex of all "the senses" given in one individuate quality, and as such gives the sense of reality in a way and degree no special sense does. It is the test of the accuracy or faithfulness to reality of the other senses, the check upon the tendency to illusion always present in the other senses. In the strictly biological situation it is the literal feel that bases all the pleasures of love and sex, as it is also the ground of the revulsion and the

negative values that come from the biological contact. The highly sensitive person avoids the too familiar nose-rubbing of "social" functions and the wallowing intimacies of religious fellowship. But it is probably also the basis of most of the social associations, all of them, perhaps, in so far as they are not pure conventions. The texture of a work of art is thus the substance of it as given in the synoptic fused whole of all the sense qualities, the metaphysical feeling that is the content or matter of it. The feel of the quality of a work of art is the feel*ing* that is substant to the universe.

In a little less direct but equally real sensuous form the feel or texture is given through the other senses than those based on contact. The color of the apple as it is given in vision is felt, and it is felt primarily in the contact elements of taste; so that the expression, "It looks good enough to eat," is an almost exact transliteration of the visual quality. The quality of tones as integrated in harmonies is, in its higher degrees, felt rather than heard, that is, it is a synthesis in imagination, and we give expression to this fact in such statements as that we resign ourselves or give way to, or, as the Stoic would say, assent to the music and let it flow over us. In any case, it is an intelligible act of passion. It is perhaps impossible to distinguish the quality of a tone from the rhythm one feels in it, or feels it in, and this felt identity of quality with rhythmic pulse is what gives music its peculiar assurance of reality; it certainly is not felt as real through the subjective intensity of the feel but through the obvious externality and out-thereness that characterize a tonal structure that is compelling. Mozart's music is peculiar in that his tonal structures are so textured that they stand alone, no reference to other qualities than the pure tone is required to make them real. Wagner, on the other hand, must append to his tones an intensity derived from an emphatic duration in order to give them the reality that musical structure requires. As a consequence his tones are overdone sometimes and justify the charge of sentimentalism. In extreme cases the musical quality may come to us as a form of visual quality and be represented to us as a landscape, or even in a pictured group of social or interpersonal relations. The "social" quality of music thus comes perhaps from the objective aspects of its texture, since this texture operates as the ground of mutuality for personal relations and thus sets up the complex of relations as objective and common.

All these "experiences" are instances of the fact that a structured object is real only as it is fleshed out by a texture, and they indicate, when examined by the artist's eye, that the texture is a fused identity of quality-relations which substantiate themselves as the body of the object that is

constituted about the structure. In a poem there is a structure of word-relations which are tonal and visual in characteristic quality, with the externality that comes with these qualities when they are apprehended as the common-sense. So far this structure is a mere skeleton. But in the poem the structure is bodied out by the substance formed by the interweaving of the qualities into a reticulate form, the interfusion of the qualities into a cumulate mass, so that the skeleton, which is normally pliant, stiffens with the mass into a fixed and permanent form. It is this form, as so formed, that gives to the poem the individuality that makes it an independent object. But the structure would never assume concrete form if it were not materialized in variety of quality. Perhaps this variety of quality is what Mr. Ransom means by "particularity," but mere particularity by itself gives form to nothing. Texture is therefore a universal feature of every object of value, and the concept must enter into every principle that is involved in the creation of art and into all the maxims derived from it, as well as into every proposition that is basic to art theory. And texture, we must keep in mind, is, essentially, that is, the essentiality of, the interrelation and complication of quality-relations and their modes of interweavement.

It would be interesting here, if not very profitable, to examine the use that is made of the concept of texture in contemporary criticism. That texture in a poem is nothing more than variety or particularity of detail seems as trivial and superficial as it is, and the only sense that can be made of such a theory is comprised in the fact that it shows how naïve, philosophically, is the point of view by which it is necessitated. Some such triviality will be necessary so long as all aspects of literary meaning are referred to "experience" or "life" as their ground, and pointing out this fact is all the refutation such a theory calls for. If experience is the "reality" of literary art, then the only instance of reality is to be found in the confusion of psychological fact, and such reality must be regarded as illusory and irrational because it can never be given the form and design upon which reality depends. There is no finality of form possible to mental states, and therefore no reality is possible to them. Reality is given in thought by immediate implication; it is not represented in experience or symbolized by mental states.

What is real, we have seen, can be recognized as such only by showing that the structure by which it is constituted immediately implies a texture that gives it body. And it is this body of qualities as the substantial stuff of an object, and as it appears in experience, that gives to experience whatever claims the latter may have to reality. The synoptic qualitative character that gives body in experience, the quality of texture that makes

body experienceable, in the special case of a work of art, is its feel; and this feel is the objective character of texture which is real whether it appear in experience or not. The feel of an individuate object is an instance of the feeling that is the material of the universe in so far as the universe has or manifests aesthetic or value attributes. It is this that gives objectivity to a work of art and to all thought that adequately represents art. But it is not the *process* of feeling that is the phenomenality of experience, not the experience that is felt in the individual, for this has none of the characters of reality. Nothing is realized merely by its appearance in experience; the appearance *is* the experience, and, when it passes, there is no experience; but the feel of a texture is there in the nature of things independently of any relation to experience. The quality is there, and it may, on occasion, be experienced. Regarded as universal, this quality feel is the feeling which is the material identity of color-tone and which, with the matter of space-time, materializes every object in the universe. It is the substance that Whitehead undertook to give factual form to in the consciousness that is merely its cognitive aspect; he finds reality in what is only a partial phase of a given whole, the cognitive element being only that phase of the cosmic feeling that appears in consciousness. He thus, as did Bergson, hopes to find reality in experience as a part of it, whereas experience is itself only the appearance of reality, that aspect of reality that appears within the merely actual. Reality proper is that hypothetical and inferential entity that lies behind what appears as the substance that appearance presupposes. It is reality that appears, but appearance is not reality.

The texture or weave of an object is, then, the reticulate qualitied mass or corporate body of the internal and the external relations that constitute it or give it structure. These relations are interrelated and so become terms to each other by virtue of the fact that they mutually imply each other, and so constitute a system with a pattern. In their original or elemental form they are qualities, and it is from this fact that the pattern formed of relations has a substant stuff or body which is contoured by the relations. The body of this pattern is the feel, that is, the quality that is idiosyncratic to it and thus gives it substance. It is the consummation of all the variety of qualities that have entered into the pattern, a synthesis of them into an integrated whole. In a poem the relations that constitute its pattern are, qualitatively considered, its tones, with their color analogues, that is, the tones that constitute the substance of its words with the colors that give them quality. So the feel*ing* that is incorporate objectively in a poem is the synoptic import of all its tones with their analogical colors as an integrated system of quality and is an objective

character, being its substance, of the poem as a whole. It is not a state of mind. To argue that the meaning of a poem is what appears in the mind of the poet or the reader is to deny the reality of the poem. And this of course makes nonsense of all the efforts that are made to formulate a subjective theory of poetry—leaves the "theory" the shallow confusion that it is. It is this system of integrated relations that we mean by the texture of a poem, and it is immediate to experience as a unique quality in the characteristic feel which is identified with the whole.

Stated a little differently, the texture of a fabric of interrelated qualities (which are the substances of relations in every case) is identifiable with the *mode* of their interrelation. The *how* of the interrelation, or the *way* in which qualities are interrelated, becomes a quasi-substance to the individual qualities and to their relations and to the whole body which the complex of qualities constitutes, so that it can and does itself support or "have" qualities characteristic to itself. A mode, then, is substance to its qualities and to the relations among the qualities; but this must not be taken to mean that modes are mere terms between which relations hold. If relations are real, and they are, they have a substance of their own distinguishable from that of qualities or that of their terms. This means that a change of substance occurs when a relation begins to function as a quality. It is from this fact that relations can be terms to other relations and can "have" qualities that can be recognized. This process of texturing is therefore without limits, infinite, and it is this prolific fertility of qualities in relation that creates values faster and of more variety than intelligence can give account of them. It is this fact that accounts for the bewildering wonderment and awe with which persons not trained in intellectual procedures contemplate the values of poetry and all forms of art objects, and it is this also that leads the simple-minded critic, who manifests all degrees of unfamiliarity with intellectual procedure, to appeal to myth and religion and psychological nonsense when he undertakes to express himself on the subject of artistic texture.

But the place and function of mode in the understanding of art is so profoundly important that it should be explained so as to become a commonplace of artistic discussion. Its value lies primarily in the fact that it cannot readily be reduced to the futile kind of ambiguity and confusion that haunts some commoner concepts. The fact that mode comes, in artistic relations, to function as a substance results in the derivation from it of a whole batch of concepts that are fundamental, among which are Figure, with all its variants from metaphor down to mere simile, Design,

and Form, and it comes also to be the basis of explanation of the major aspects of Rhythm.

Here we want to suggest its meaning and importance by appealing to examples.

In a poem the mode of distribution of tones (with their analogical colors) with respect to each other constitutes the rhythmic pattern, thus conditioning the length and cadential flow of the line, and this in turn has much to do with the form of the stanza and the organization of the formal elements in the poem as a whole. Also, the mode, operating as the rhythmic pattern in the textured structure of a poem, contributes much to the organization of the "sense" into an intelligible whole. It is on account of this that prose is differenced from poetry. Where rhythm is completely occupied with the organization of sense the literary type is prose; where rhythm is mostly concerned with the organization of formal elements the type is poetry. Prose and poetry are thus distinguished by the form of the rhythm involved. But as the distinction of form and sense is not absolute, so is the distinction of prose from poetry not clear cut. As we have remarked before, the sense is the sense of the form and the form is the form of the sense. This means that the "logic" of the "argument" of the poem, that is to say, the organization of those elements of the poem that appeal directly to the intelligence, is a function of the mode of its tones; and this involves the total structure of the poem as the structure is textured in quality that is to constitute the integrity of the poem and make of it an individuate whole. The backbone of this structure can generally be identified by tracing its major tone sequences through the whole poem, and this sometimes is a little too obvious in that it gives the poem the feel of its having been constructed by mere carpentry rather than having been formed by the spontaneous operation of appropriate tones.

Tones should fall into relations to each other of their own weight of quality, and it is this spontaneity of tone-quality manifest in the mode of relations that gives to the poem its life. But an overemphasis on tonal mode makes a poem quiver with artificiality rather than pulse with life, and this is the effect invariably of making the poem out of experiences instead of objective qualities. This overdoing of structure by an artificial mode derived from intensity of experience has seemed to me to weaken a poem like Poe's "The Raven" or Wordsworth's "The Thorn" in spite of the finesse with which the figurative decoration tends to hide the defect. The relations that are natural to words as used in ordinary language, when they fall into their natural rhythms, are what give the natural spontaneity to a word-structure, and too much "poetic diction," or a too obvious effort at novelty or subjective emphasis, will invariably distort

the rhythm and throw the structure out of plumb. But that it is the textural mode of the tone structure that constitutes the essentially objective individuality of a poem appears to be evident.

In a picture a group of colors and lights and shades, together with their tonal and temporal and spatial analogues, "has a way with it" in the interrelations of the colors to each other and the modifications (reduction to modes) of each other that are consequent upon these relations. It is of course possible to hypostatize this "way" and force it to assume functions and relations that are not inherent in the modes of the colors, but the fact that this exaggeration can and does occur does not disprove the assertion that in its proper use as a mode of quality the "way" is substantial and has its own attributes. Contiguous colors tend to fuse and run into each other, thus giving substance to the law of ambiguity, and in this way mixing to form new colors, which new colors are modes of the interrelational texture of the original colors. This fusion is obviously a consequent of the spontaneity that characterizes every quality and that thus is the factor that gives the quality substance or makes a substance of it. And considering the fact that the new or derived colors will also fuse with each other and with the original colors, the almost infinite degree of complication makes the expressiveness of color modes also infinite, so that it is always difficult to say with respect to a picture just what in ultimate import it is designed to assert, just as it is next to impossible to pin a good piece of music down to one and only one meaning. So the meaning of a picture is exactly the peculiar synthesis of colors that it is and the object that the synthesis constitutes—it is exactly that synthesis of colors that it means and designs to assert and nothing else. It represents therefore a type of object, being individual, and it is this universal that is asserted. It is the hum of the bee, not the bee but the hum as a type, that is asserted; it is the ripple and roil and the dimple and curl of the flow of the river that is asserted; it is any bee and any river that is asserted in the music. "Narrative" music is always questionable, and to hold a picture to a particular meaning is to perceive only a fraction of what it asserts.

The relations of noncontiguous colors, as expressed in modal quality, are equally important, in that it is the fact of mode that is responsible for distance, in both its literal and its figurative senses, that is, both farness-apart and far-offness, as well as for the other spatial elements of the picture. It is perhaps ignorance of this factor of mode that is responsible for the mystification and resort to questionable metaphor by the critics who undertake to discuss distance, weight, balance, etc., in painting. It is likely that for one who understands the modal relations of colors the

descriptive explanation of a painting would become as matter of fact a procedure as simple narrative literature if there were available adequate words and word relations in which to make the assertions. But this understanding is rare, if possible at all, even among painters, who are as mystifying as critics when it comes to the why or how of the relational implications of their own media. The painter knows that a given relation between two colors is right, and he knows in what color values to express the rightness; but he knows no other reason than that the rightness is the pronouncement of his instinct or his perception. It is of course not so much a question of the painter's methods or of his ability or lack of ability to express himself in words if he can get the adequate expression in colors; it is primarily a matter of the qualities and potentialities inherent in the colors the painter uses, and he, like the rest of us, knows only those qualities and potentialities that are useful to him in a practical way. But in the matter of the uses and functions of the modal capacities of colors the painter as an expert knows how to control them for effect, and he can hardly afford to be overcurious about mere matters of theory.

Another aspect of the mode of colors as it involves spatial factors is the balance and equipoise in color relations. This is, of course, an instance of the universal relation of appropriateness or fitness, the principle of modality as it applies to color relations. This feature of color is the primary agent in determining the unity of the picture and the integrity that makes it stand up as an individual. Colors that are noncontiguous have referential relations to each other of the sort that we have designated inferential and implicative; only the substance that mediates the relations of implication and inference among separated colors is quality, just as it is the existential implications of relations in ordinary logic that makes them "hold"; and the intercommunication among colors within this logic of quality is the basic factor in giving a picture its life. Modal considerations thus determine the rhythmic elements in a picture, just as the interreferences of tones determine the rhythm in a poem or a piece of music. I suppose it is the fact that tones have necessary relations, or, since it is the logic of value that rules here, inevitable or appropriate relations, to each other—that a given tone implies its appropriate analogues in other tones—that is the ground of counterpoint; and I suppose that there is such a necessary or inevitable contrapuntal relation among colors, that a given color necessitates or appropriates certain other colors in certain spatial relations to it. It is this necessary or inevitable implication of colors to their appropriate analogues that is the basis of rhythm and of balance and harmony among colors and among all qualities of whatever kinds.

The logic of taste in a good dish is a matter of the modal implications of its various taste and smell qualities, and, if we had an adequate language, its assertion in words would be as accurate as in the case of colors and tones. A good cook can identify all the ingredients in a dish by tasting it and do it as accurately as the musical analyst can with the tones in music. The rhythmic aspects of a picture differ from the rhythmic aspects of a poem or a piece of music in the different analogical relations its modal qualities stand in; the analogical relations that determine the rhythm in a picture are the spatial implications of color; in a piece of music it is the temporal analogies of tones that determine the rhythm. But in no case is rhythm a matter of time or motion, not a matter of pulse or beat or pause or intensity of accent, any more than it is a matter of space and the tensions whose balance constitutes rest. This existential language is inadequate in every detail to the facts of rhythm. The poem has the rhythmic characters of both the picture and the music, in that the analogies which make up its rhythm are both spatial and temporal because of the fact that the poem is composed of both colors and tones with equal emphasis on each. But they are spatial and temporal *analogies* and not the existential features of space and time. It is obvious that the living and active synergy that maintains the subsistent unity of a picture is the sum of the synergies of all the modes of its colors as these modes involve the analogical relations with tones and, through tones, with the spatial and temporal factors which colors and tones imply.

The presence of balance and harmony is seen to lie in the substantial modes that arise out of the implicative relations of colors and tones, and, when we have worked out the details of fact that are involved in these relations, balance and harmony will cease to be mysteries that are to be accepted as irrational fact. Also there is a chance here in the logic of quality to rescue rhythm from the mystifiers and to discover that it has in simple fact vastly more significance in its logical implications than it could possibly have from psychological or biological or physical obfuscation. There is nothing in the universe that can be explained by the "principles" of science, and the logomancies of psychology are equally sterile. The logic that must give these explanations is a pure logic of relations; but it must be realized that relations become a substantial ground and thus capable of a logic only when they are derived from quality, which is the *Urgrund* for all values. The logic of values is the logic of quality. Rhythm is the cosmic tremor that arises out of the impact of colors and tones upon each other in an individual; cosmic because these impacts reach in their effects to the whole of things; the tremor is the cosmic

strife of quality, and it makes no difference whether the individual is a poem or a painting or a piece of music or anything that is real in value.

Functioning as the textural ground of an individual work of art, mode becomes the Figure of the object. The figure of a poem, for example, is the model of it as this is prefigured in the modal relations of its colors and tones in their mutual interreferences to each other. Here the emphasis is upon the relational structure of the object of art as that structure is modified by the textural body which quality endows it with; and the significance of figure lies in the fact that it represents the qualitative body when the body is conceived as abstracted from its structure, the texture visioned as standing alone after the structure is abstracted from it. A "figure of speech" is such a model of relational intertexture within the language by which an object is represented. It is not necessarily a new or unusual or striking combination of words, but any combination that sets up a form within a given quality. It may have the grammatical form of mere prose but must establish a qualitative whole. The purpose of the abstraction of texture from structure is to reassert the modal ground of texture, so as to make of texture a mediating concept between structure and form and thus to enable thought, as it operates in perception or imagination, to conceptualize the form of an object as independent of its material ground. The significance of the form of a poem or a picture lies in the qualitative nature of the object regarded independently of its structure as structure is set up in language or paint, and the method of the separation is instrumented in figure.

Figure therefore covers and hides the mechanics of structure so as to put the emphasis on quality, since the form of an object, aesthetically considered, is a mode of its qualitative matter. The function of figure is to prevent form from being confused with mere shape as shape tends to be imaged in terms of mere contour. Figure asserts form as a mode of quality, where quality is conceived as substance and as having lost its adjective features. Figure therefore is a mediating agent between structured texture and form, and its value lies in the fact that it renders form clearly conceivable as the essence of the object without the perceptual dependence upon its particularity. For the apprehension of an object as a whole must find some way of gathering up the particulars of it so as to go beyond the particularity to the universal which the object instances, if it is to have the aesthetic character. The perceptual content of a work of art, its particulars of quality, must never be lost sight of, to be sure, but it is also necessary that the detail of content should not interfere in the determination of form. Form thus figured in quality can be conceived or observed as the common principle of all types of art objects, as that

which determines the artistic significance of the object whether it be a poem or a painting—in fact, any work of art. It gives thus a mode of conception of the object that does not depend upon technique, where the interpretation of the object in terms of technique leads inevitably to the deterioration of it in the direction of the merely practical.

Figure is thus not a "figure of speech," if figure of speech is to imply artifice, nor does it have the artificiality of a mere tool. It is as solid a constituent of its object as is the design of a house, even though its use is that of a mediator. A slur or a liaison or even a pause is a solid element of musical structure, even though merely relational, and does more to make possible the harmonic form than the tones do when considered in their mere quality by itself. The piano with its sharply distinct or atomized staccato tones gives harmony with much more difficulty than the organ, whose tones for the most part defy distinction from each other and run together so as to form a solid mass. The piano resorts to the mathematical trick of getting continuity of tones by filling in between two tones with a succession of tone atoms, as if continuity could be attained by mere multiplicity of shortened pulses. But the function of figure is precisely to overcome this pluralization and granulation and to establish genuine continuity. That is to say, the real essence of figure is the synthesis of particularity which is embodied in metaphor. And metaphor, we have already seen, is the generic type of all figures. By a figure we do not therefore mean a trick of the mind or consciousness such as gets all its meaning from the psychological effect, but a figure is a real constituent of an object, and has its meaning in objective relations. It is not merely a way the consciousness has of handling objects it cannot comprehend directly, not a Fabian trick of inducing objects to come out in the open to be observed. It is rather the form of the assertion by which an object proclaims its unique being, and the assertion stands as a cosmic truth without reference to a mind or consciousness. As a necessity of form and an implicate of structure, figure is a constitutional principle on the same level as form and structure.

The aspect of form that figure mediates is Design. When we ask for the form of an object, what we want is to have pointed out the figure or cut or build or setup or "make" of those of its constituent relations that are directly observable in the perceptual qualities of the object, and it is in this sense that figure, design, and form are aspects of quality when the latter is seen to be the substance of the object. In a poem the figure or design or form, which are the same thing in cumulative degrees, will consist in the qualities of the poem that are expressed by means of the language figures. This is recognizing that all the figures are variations of

metaphor, when the latter is regarded as the characteristic form of the synoptic act of the imagination. It must be repeated that figure does not necessarily involve strange or unusual word-structures or unusual word combinations but may be made up of ordinary words in their ordinary relations. All that is required is that the word-group express an act of synthesis which incorporates a meaning. The qualities that are the original content of the figure-form are the tone-colors of the words in which the figure is expressed, the type of qualities that are the substance of all value objects.

The distribution of the tone elements of the poem or a poetic expression, with respect to each other and with respect to the analogical implications of the tones, constitutes its figure; and in this sense the figure is the somatic element of design where design expresses the intent of the form and at the same time makes the form actively effective as the life of the object. It is this life-element that arouses the emotions of the reader of the poem, and it does so because the life-element in the poem is the instance of the cosmic feeling that is the cultural substance of the world. It is the reality behind the "experience" which the poem is supposed to embody and which occurs in the consciousness of the reader. The experience is thus the appearance; the reality is an element of the structural design of the world. One can anticipate the cynicism with which the empirical critic will observe how in our theory everything fuses with or runs into everything else, but his failure to see the serious implications of the principle of analogical identity takes the sting out of his criticism and exposes his ignorance of the nature of imagination and its act and of the object that the act of imagination characteristically creates. It is this synthetic or synoptic act that is ontologically implied in the very existence of an object, and the figure of the object is the design of the act by which the object is created; and in the absence of the object and its figure what appears in experience is a mere thing which can be characterized by no quality whatever. And in the absence of quality an "object" is an abstract structure without body, a structure that is a mere relational skeleton, whose terms are mere termini of its relations, a mathematical figure in an empty space.

Quality is therefore the substance that is implied as *Urstoff* in every object that is a value, and every phenomenal aspect of quality will take the nature of a mode figured out of it when it is considered as the texture of every real object. Quality has or is on occasion also a figured mode, that is to say, an attribute, where the mode is determinate with respect to an object, and where it has the "relation" of identity with itself, in the same way that ice has self-identity as an attribute of water in a specific

situation comprising a system of relations of temperature, elevation, shelter, purity, etc. But what this means is that quality is substance in the universal sense in which its form is the parent of all forms of objects that are capable of asserting value or significance. We must therefore consider it a little further as to its characteristic modes. That quality is the reality for all values is demonstrated in the fact that figure, design, and form prove of themselves, when examined, to be direct implicates of it and when the implication shows itself to be a cosmic reference of the nature of an inference.

Quality is *sui generis* and can be described only in terms of predicates of its own self-assertion. It cannot be defined, since it is that which is presupposed in all definitions where value is involved. Its characteristic assertion is the special relation it stands in to structure, and in terms of this relation as predicate we can say that quality is the existential mode, the mode of Being, of structure, that in the absence of which structure could not be conceived or observed. Hence it is that which gives body to structure and as such appears in experience as texture. Every structure is thus realized through the texture that gives it body, and texture is thus a mode of quality. Structure as textured in quality is at the same time that which is presupposed as the objective ground of all perception. The assertion of quality is thus through itself "necessary"; but this assertion does not extend to perception or to the object implied in perception, the relation of which to quality and its assertion is strictly accidental. The principle of indifference of reference is absolute here: quality may appear in perception or it may not, and there is nothing in the nature of perceptual appearance that of necessity relates it to quality. The question of the value-necessity, the inevitability, of the relation, when it appears, is of course another matter.

Experience hence is pure accident with respect to the logic of philosophic thought, but it may not be such with respect to the logic of value and its assertion through the agency of figure (metaphor) by the aesthetic imagination. Experience can thus have no significance at all on its own account. As the ground of perception, quality is therefore what distinguishes the concept of a thing from the objective reality of the thing and so makes the distinction between the consciousness and that which the consciousness is "of." Here the concept of a thing means the psychological schema by which it is apprehended. It is to be distinguished from the Idea of the thing, which formulates the objective reality of the thing directly. Quality is thus the Idea of the thing when it appears as an Individual, as it does in every "good" piece of art. It is therefore that with respect to which the consciousness of a form defined in thought is

identified with the object of thought, so it is the condition of the "truth" of thought where truth is the identity of thought with its object. Quality is thus the objective element in thought and experience, that which makes thought objective and experience real in every sense in which it can be real.

Thought is not objective by virtue of its own nature and requires a mediating agent in order to make contact with the substance which it presupposes. This mediator is quality. Also, experience is accidental and phenomenal until it is mediated to the reality which it presupposes, and even after this mediation it can disappear without loss, leaving quality unmodified. Its essential predicate, the assertion in which it realizes itself, we may repeat, is its relation to textured structure, and in this relation it at the same time confers upon structure such reality as structure can have. Structure in the abstract can be conceived, but it cannot be conceived as real except as it is qualified. Quality might thus be better described as constituting the substantial continuity of the concept of a thing with the reality of the thing, and so essentiating the Idea, since it is quality that is the universal predicate through which the thing asserts its reality as an object.

With the peculiar reference to texture and structure which quality carries as its self-asserting predicate, we can say that quality *is*, hypothetically, the identity of texture and structure, so that it is the substantial ground upon or within which the unity of texture and structure in an object is made possible. In any case the concept of quality as the analogical identity of texture and structure makes a satisfactory explanation of the identity, as it appears in every object of value, possible and significant; and it furnishes a principle on which the interpretation of a value object such as a poem is rendered fairly simple. The poem can hence be interpreted in terms of itself and its species and illustrated through comparison with other types of value within the species, and this makes unnecessary the invocation of superstition and irrationality and mystery and the dependence upon the puny supports of science and psychology and the bastard science of psychoanalysis. There is a logic of art—the logic of imagination in metaphor—else the world of values is irrational; and, if values are irrational, there is no world at all. So the unity of textured structure in quality can be taken as ultimate fact. That is to say, textured structure becomes quality; quality is the unity by analogical identity of texture and structure on the principle that the elements of an object are integrated in its identity.

It is optional therefore whether one speaks of quality or of textured structure or structured texture, since the relation between structure and

texture is mutual and analogical and either way without direction, so that which is substance, which attribute, is indifferent; the relation is reversible and so eliminated, that is to say, converted from a relation of implication to a "relation" of identity in which the terms of the relation by its means fuse into a single unified object. And this object is the type of what is real, since it is the species which is also individual. So in a given object what is substance, what attribute, what the essence of the object, and what its self-assertion is a matter of the design of the object.

Structure and texture are then, since their relation is mutual and analogical, identified in quality, so each may be regarded as an attribute of quality, that by which quality has design. Quality is, then, for all artistic purposes, ultimate substance. But the relation between substance and attribute is one of identity, so quality may also be regarded as attribute. Whenever therefore design, as the formal intent of an object, requires that the qualitative substance of the object be considered as attribute, as is necessary in ordinary perceptual experience where design is abstract or formal intent or subjective purpose—under these conditions quality is color-tone.

It is to be emphasized that quality is color-tone only under the conditions specified above. And these conditions determine that design is to be considered in its aspect of formal intent or subjective purpose, and, being merely the conditions of experience, do not negate the proposition that quality in the object is Substance. For where quality is identified with substance it is the reality; where it depends upon experience it is unreal, since experience is unreal. For purpose does not modify or alter or limit the actual object, does not, that is, determine the mode of its actuality, but does modify only the "ideal" or hypothetical object, the object as it exists as yet only in the stage of a plan or a mere abstract design. So far as my house is a purpose I can change it at will or whim; when the house is actualized, it has nothing to do with my purpose, which now relates to something else and takes the house for granted as a means to the something else. For in experience, which is the domain of purpose, the object is always a plan and remains a plan until either handed over to thought to be pronounced universal and so a principle, or passed on to the will to be executed through action. It is for this reason that any empirical philosophy will end up in a shallow pragmatism where there are nothing but plans and purposes: everything exists only in experience in its eternal tendency to become something else, the infinite process.

The aesthetic object lies in the interspace between the pure object of thought and the real object of action but can in its process of creation ap-

peal to either or to both where its aesthetic formulation requires them as hypothetical conditions of the design of the creation. As a completed object therefore the aesthetic object is both *enacted* as real and *thought* as "ideal," or as universalized as principle; it is hence the object which is both individual instance and type or species at the same time. Purpose does not relate to an object in its reality or substance but only in its attributes. Purpose deals with the modes of an object, and the modifications of the object which it effects do not reach to its substance, so never result in objective or substantial change or transformation. Real design, on the other hand, as it operates in aesthetic creation, transforms the object even to the transgression of its species conditions.

As sculptor I can, through the initiative of design, make this stone a statue, can transubstantiate it out of its mere existence into the form and substance of value. My purpose, however, makes nothing substantial of a stone but a stone, leaves its substance what it was before. It is because a stone is a stone and remains a stone that I can build it into a house; it remains an element of *my* design (purpose) and not of the design of an independent object or element of an object with a design of its own. But my purpose can determine its attributes; and, if it could objectify the attributes by imposing design upon them and thus, renouncing itself as purpose, could redetermine the attributes so as to constitute within them a new species, it could convert the stone into a statue and thus give it a new form of being with a life-principle that is unique. The gods grant the statuary's prayer and give the statue life only when he renounces his subjective interest and abandons his purposes; when purpose intervenes, the statue relapses into stone. All this can be accomplished however only if the artist follows the technique dictated by the substance (quality) of the stone; and, by adapting his procedure to the objective technique inherent in the nature of the stone, he has abandoned his purpose, and his acts are determined by that technique. The stonemason knows *from the stone* where and how hard to strike to split it, and he knows by and from the stone whether it will split at all. The stone therefore presides over the procedures by which it becomes a statue, so that the creative act is the act of the cosmic genius, and every movement in the act follows an implication to the world which is an element of the structure of the stone. All this can be said simply and in common empirical terms in the proposition that what can be made of the stone depends basically upon the quality of the stone; but it is necessary to remind ourselves that, so long as we remain within the conditions of experience simply, we shall miss the insight that there is cosmic design involved in every act of creation. The poem writes itself by the decree of the universe that at this point there

is the structured quality of an individual, manifest to the poet in its cosmic implication. The sculptor is only the proximate cause of the statue; the ultimate cause lies in the nature of things as that nature is manifest in the stone, and to attribute the genius of creator to him merely expresses our human egotism and anthropomorphizes every statement we make and so commits us to subjectivism.

With these reflections in mind, and reminding ourselves also that we are not limited by the conditions of experience, we can assert that quality is color-tone. Color *and* tone, regarded as distinct empirical qualities, are modes of the existence of quality as conditioned by design, forms of the assertion by which quality objectifies itself in textured structure. Existence here refers to the modification (reduction to a mode) of Being, as Being (quality) is determined to experience or is made experienceable. Considered as an existent therefore and as conditioned to experience, quality is feeling in the subjective or psychological sense. But this aspect of feeling has no significance except as a minor factor in the technical process of creation and has no bearing on the nature or structure of the art object. Quality is objective Feeling as the rhythm of an object that is structured by design and textured by form, and, as such, is a cosmic entity that has no dependence upon, or other necessary relation to, "mind" or experience. In the universal, below and behind and beyond experience where the world of value has its ground, and where experience itself has its ground, Color-Tone is objective or cosmic substance, Feeling in the transexperiential sense. Quality is here Feeling, but Feeling as world-stuff, and has no reference or implication to experience, certainly not to experience in the form of consciousness in the individual. The form its assertion takes is thus not that of an experience, yet it has the active capacity to appear in experience. But the appearing in experience is not *what* appears. The form in which Quality or Feeling asserts its reality is color-tone, and this, as a reality and before it appears in experience, and as the reality that appears in experience, is Rhythm. The appearances of rhythm as they come to tentative form in experience are colors and tones, with all their analogical implications to time and space; these, taken as sense qualities, experiences, and as yet not identified with each other in the synthesis of imagination and referred thus to their objective ground, are not the reality but instances in particular of the appearances of the reality and as such are not capable of being utilized as elements in the constitution of the object. Their analogical identity behind experience is the reality, the Aristotelian common-sense or sense in the universal, the substantial Quality or Feeling, and it is this as it attains structure in Rhythm that becomes the substance of every object of

value and the common stuff of the world of culture. It is then our task here to try to say what Rhythm is.

Rhythm is the substance of all art forms. It is therefore the stuff of poetry. As it expresses itself in active self-assertion, Rhythm is Color-Tone, the self-identity of the common-sense which we have named objective Feeling, the stuff or content of all cultural objects. Analogously, Motion is Space-Time with respect to its active self-assertion, the self-identity that is the Matter of the system of natural objects. The mode of reference or implication of rhythm to color-tone is not relation; nor are the modes of interreference among rhythm, color-tone, feeling, motion, time-space, matter, none of these is a relation. With these modes we are beyond relation, beyond the distinctions of the scientific intellect; our thinking is within the realm of the synthesis of imagination, where all interreferences are analogical implications. The principle governing these implications is identity. The meaning of these implications lies in the system of characters whose synthesis constitutes an object. This object is therefore the ultimate point of reference for all distinctions.

The system of these objects is the world implied in the system of speculative thought, and its relations to experience are nonempirical speculative attitudes of the imagination. The "relation" that is universalized in the self-assertion of rhythm is that of analogical identity, and this is the assertion by which the object of an act of synthesis maintains its identity or integrity. Rhythm is thus the synthetic or synoptic act in which color and tone assert their identity in color-tone as the stuff of an object and thus proclaim themselves a substance. The "relation" of analogical identity is the synthesis that maintains the integrity within the unity of Color-Tone-Rhythm and the integrity of Space-Time-Motion, each in its appropriate object. In so far as it can be imaged as a relation, it is the relation of fitness or appropriateness by which elements are synthesized without regard to their specific characteristics. The only "quality" such elements possess is that of amenability to association in a whole. The same relation of analogical identity also maintains a cosmic integrity within the unity of Color-Tone-Rhythm with Space-Time-Motion, and it is here the Metaphor that expresses or constitutes the synoptic unity of the universe. This Metaphor implies or involves no likeness, no common qualities, or any sort of correspondence among the elements of its synthesis, but these elements are, in and by the act of synthesis, given a new relational quality which in experience we call fitness or appropriateness, and this is the quality that binds the elements together in a common substance. The quality is created in the act and becomes the essence of the elements of the synthesis. Donne's compasses

are no longer mechanical or material fact but the ultimate conjunction-in-discord that grounds the unity of love. The positive quality has its origin in the act. The act of synthesis in this Metaphor is arbitrary and "free" in that it has no ground in the characteristics of the elements synthesized, but the act has regard only to the prospective object of its own design, which, accordingly, is its ground.

The act therefore determines the character of the elements that enter into its synthesis in that it appropriates them to each other and to its design. It is thus the creative act. This act is expressed in or rather expresses the autonomy of language, that character through which language provides for itself out of its own substance the elements necessary to its own growth, as it supplies from itself the elements out of which its ends or objectives are constructed. This creative act is the common source of the principles of all the cultural disciplines, law, ethics, politics, even religion in so far as it is comprised in principle, as well as of all the principles of the arts. The cultural ultimate therefore is the linguistic act as it asserts its own form in rhythm, which thus becomes, as the empirical aspect of the cosmic Feeling, the stuff of the cultural world. This act takes form in Metaphor.

Rhythm is thus the mode of being of quality, the form of the self-assertion through which quality maintains itself in being. The pink of the ripening peach and the pink of the blushing cheek hold their being in the constitutions of their objects; the pink is what it means forever to be a peach or a sensitive soul, the ritual by which these objects are constituents of the enduring world. Rhythm asserts, that is to say, the independent being of quality, the fact that quality is substance. It is that which is given as real in the experience of sense; it is that which is presupposed as real in every act of thought; it is what is realized in an object in every instance where thought and sense conspire in and through action to form a design within the scheme of culture. Conceived as objectively independent of experience, it is the reality that is presupposed as the ground of unity in the variety of nature. It is thus the common ground upon which mind and nature are found mutually appropriate in feeling, as well as the condition upon which objects are realized in thought.

As the form of the self-assertion of quality, which we now recognize as the cosmic Feeling, Rhythm is Life. In objective terms life is spontaneity, growth, the act of assumption of new or undetermined quality, so it is the procreative act of quality. It is unfortunate that life is ordinarily restricted in its meaning either to the abstract physical or biological process or to the equally abstract empirical or "spiritual" process. These represent life in the particular, or, where there is an attempt at

the universal in science, what is achieved is the abstract generalization. But there is no reality in either; this comes only in the concreteness of the aesthetic, where life takes on the form and structure of a corporate agency. Life in the concrete is the act by which quality, as the body of a textured structure and by its own design, attains form and self-sufficiency in the individual. In a painting color, with its implications to tone and time and space, comes alive in the design which its own lines of distinction formulate for it, this design being the object of its own assertion. The painting thus stands up in the structure designed in its lines as that structure is bodied in the original quality of the color, and through the object it posits for itself asserts its unique individuality. Its life is therefore as literal a fact as the life of a tree or a man; but it is also a "fact" in a higher sense than the life of the tree or the man can claim, in that it is by nature and from the start universal in its own right; where the life of the tree or the man can only become universal by being made over into a form of art. The tree universalizes itself in the seed it produces and the man in the poem he writes; so that life in the seed or the poem is life in a higher form than in the tree or the man. This universalization is done for the tree in a painting of the tree, or a poem or a piece of music that "expresses" it, and for the man in his being absorbed in some form of "social" or cultural activity, and thus integrated within an object of culture, his being transformed into an element of public life where his individuality is realized in the unique quality of the public. The man as universal and so real is an institution and has the being and nature of a work of art.

Subjectively considered, life is quality in that aspect in which, by virtue of the intent of its design, quality is Being viewed from within, that is, in complete isolation from its relational ground, where its object is its own existence, where its self-reference is limited to the awareness of itself in consciousness or experience. It is therefore broken, fragmentary, and has no continuity. This distinguishes it from its objective phase where quality is the self-assertion of Being with respect to its relational ground, the objective reference to that by which an individual maintains its integrity. But where this integrity is viewed from the point of view of its own inwardness it isolates its object and is taken as acting out of connection with the implicative grounds by reference to which it is designed, and it is the absense of any ground reference which defines consciousness, in so far as anything can be defined by reference solely to itself.

The attempt to define life as consciousness for this reason is always expressed in negative terms, in spite of "descriptive psychology," and

the attempt to represent an object in terms of the consciousness of it will always bog down in abstraction or mystification or both. The fact that critical theory undertakes generally to represent all its objects in terms of life conceived as consciousness and experience is the reason that all its explanations end up in confusion and uncertainty when they do not go on to complete obfuscation in magic and mystery. And the attempt to objectify as art the "stream of consciousness" leads to the absurd and irrational piffle of *Ulysses* and to almost the same sad silliness in the great James and the glorified Mann. The same attempt in modern poetry comes to a blatant grief in Pound and Eliot and almost the whole of contemporary poetry. It is the last lost step into the unutterable *Unsinn* of confusion which implies a possible unity and objectivity for the discrete and formless variety of states of mind, and it is a relentless logic of decay that appeals with its last breath to the subconscious and the unconscious for a ground and a bottom that are not there.

It is only another step to the superstition that the artist must himself be a pervert in homosexuality or some other moral obliquity. For neither consciousness nor experience has or can have objective existence in the sense that it can serve as ground of the existence of anything else or of the thought in which anything is logically defined. The life therefore that is real in a work of art has no meaning that can be made intelligible by a mere reference to consciousness or experience; the nature of a thing as made manifest does not necessarily involve as parts of its nature the technical procedures by which it is manifested; consciousness and experience do not enter as factors into the objects that appear in them. Life as rhythm and as the stuff of art is not the life that is felt immediately in experience but a life native to and inherent in the objects that constitute the world.

This has been the insight of all the great poets; the living reality in the world that is given form in poetry is not the life that is experienced subjectively in the human mind. And while for the most part the poets have tended to think of the world-life in terms of their own experience when they undertook to state it in theory, all this means is that the poet does not know his own philosophy in its speculative form but only knows the reality as it comes to him in imagination. Wordsworth was absolutely right about the life-principle in nature, but his lack of command of theoretical language led him to state his insight in terms of a crude mysticism. The poet deals in "images"; he is not particularly successful in handling ideas, and his images are of no use at all when he undertakes to think consistently *about* poetry.

The importance of the concept of life in a work of art cannot be over-

estimated, and the relation of life to experience is a question that has to be formulated in objective terms if the importance of life is to be made intelligible. And it must be made intelligible and reduced to forms of thought if it is to be made a concept of criticism. The images of the poet will not suffice as ideas for the critic, and this suggests that their use by the poet has also its limitations. The demonstration of the fact that life is a central concept in the discussion of art and its forms as given above may suggest to those who persist in subjective interpretation the notion of life as that of a static condition of a textured structure or tend to that effect; but this interpretation of life is one after the analogy of physical law, while the very essence of the *idea* of life is action, and the *image* of life is derived from the experience of physical motion.

This is saying, of course, that by action we mean something essentially different from motion, the transgression of space by time as represented in natural science; we mean action in a sense kindred to that implied when we speak of an act of thought, an act that is not limited to space and time conditions but is free under the conditions set by the creative imagination. Life is action, then, in the sense that its movements imply direction from ends; it acts by design as objective intent, a design expressed in ideal forms. The counterpart of this in the thought function is speculation, which is thought experimenting under logical or hypothetical conditions, conditions of its own making. In the conditions set by the imagination what we mean by activity as characteristic of life is better expressed in the notion of continuity, the objective relation by which variety is integrated to unity and wholeness; and the question now becomes that as to how and in what sense life attains continuity outside of and over and above the conditions set by space and time. That is to say, how one object of the imagination passes into the next without involving the time lapse or the movement in space. The example of life in this sense is the fact of growth. For, while growth takes place *in* time and space, it is obviously not limited by them. Growth is measured by time and space, but it is not determined by them. It is this attempt to answer the question as to the continuity of life as not limited to abstract existence that leads to our attempts to explain life in terms of experience; for the basic character of experience, or that which gives such individuality to it as it has, is the capacity by which it appears to endure through its conditions and is not limited or thwarted by them, as space and time give estoppel to motion. I say "appears to endure," for experience itself ceases when time and space conditions press down too hard upon it; death is a limit experience cannot overcome. It is, of course, this character of experience, this illusion of continuity through its determining

conditions, that explains the conviction of immortality; experience cannot be imagined as nonexistent or as coming to an end, since the act of imagination would contradict itself by picturing the end of that by and through which it is able to act.

We interpret life in terms of experience therefore in the mistaken notion that we thus enable ourselves to envision it as continuous with itself within the unstable conditions that environ it. It is once more the demand for substance, the insistent need that stability be found somewhere. But the mere fact that experience is always present to us while we are there to be aware of it proves nothing objectively, so that life must find something other than experience as ground if it is to demonstrate its continuity. Or, if we may consider life as a function of imagination and thus free and undetermined by environing circumstance, we may represent its conditions as merely accidental and occasional, as conditions through which it passes without being affected in any way by them. It is possible also to regard circumstance as absorbed within the functions of life; life is not then modified by circumstance, but circumstance is determined as to its relations to reality by life. And the sum of these conditions, the whole of circumstance within which life operates, is what we mean by experience when we regard it as objectively real. Experience thus appears to be that by which life is given continuity. But it must be understood that by continuity we do not mean mere persistence in time and circumstance, nor do we make any necessary reference to time. Continuity, then, means subsistence in the logical sense that an idea subsists within the system of ideas and reals from which it gets its meaning, and, when applied to life, this means self-maintenance or persistence in or through existence but independently of any limitation by existence. Life must therefore be independent of experience and the merely existent, must have its being in a sphere that is permanent and continuous outside of experience. If life is to be a value or an element of value, it must have its ground in something more substantial than experience. This is the "timelessness" that we attribute to a work of art, a mode of eternity which, as Spinoza so clearly saw, consists of the logical conditions of an object that hypothecates it a substance which has nothing in common with time and is logically antecedent to time.

But if we define experience in terms of this continuity, experience is objective fact and has no dependence on or other necessary relation to consciousness or experience in the individual. And our confusion of experience with personal consciousness is the subjectivism that has vitiated culture in all its objective forms throughout the period of what is called modern history. We have failed to see that experience has no reality, no

universality or meaning that can be made intelligible except as it is realized in the objective system of culture, the art-forms which, as universal, constitute the institutions of life. There is an attempt to take hold of this reality in the modern appeal to tradition, but it fails because tradition is itself interpreted in terms of the private experiences of individuals. Shakespeare's poetry, for example, is interpreted as if it got its significance from the private experiences of William Shakespeare, or, by generalization, the private experience of "any" individual, whereas the poetry came into existence as a means of demonstrating the unreality of experience in the private and personal sense. This subjectivism has lately developed, or rather lapsed, into self-contradiction and utter unreality in "modern" art, this stage being represented in literary art by psychologism and existentialism and magical religiosity. The instinct of the presently dying criticism, while its reality is slipping through its fingers, to grasp at philosophy as a last hope, is sound; but the hand that grasps reduces its refuge to the straw that floats by on the stream of confusion which itself created.

It is continuity in the real that the critics are unwittingly looking for when they appeal to experience. But their idea of the nature of the real is dogmatically fixed upon the subjective character of experience, and, when their appeal to it gets them into trouble with the limitations of experience, they are led to make demands upon philosophy. But they expect philosophy to support their conception of experience, which it refuses to do. With their peculiar conception of experience as a subjective phenomenon, and their total ignorance of philosophy, they confuse continuity with mere process and then appeal to science to explain and justify their blunder. And when science fails them, they come back to philosophy, but to a "philosophy" that is only a tissue of psychological and scientific nonsense. The "philosophy" of the critics, Eliot, Ransom, Winters, Burke, and the rest, is the old and defunct empirical philosophy as it has petered out in pragmatism, instrumentalism, psychologism, existentialism, Freudianism, and religious magic. It is pathetically trivial, and none of the "philosophers" has the slightest conception as to what a genuine philosophy would demand in the interest of a critical formulation of the principles governing the creation and interpretation of art. The *Principles of Literary Criticism*, the *Philosophy of Rhetoric* and the *Philosophy of Literary Form*, *The New Criticism*, *In Defense of Reason*, are all good instances of the thing that represents philosophy for the literary critics. They all show clearly the dominance of the pseudo-concept of process which prevails throughout the modern scientific and "philosophical" obsession with the doctrine of evolution, and none of them

appears to be aware of the limitations of that doctrine when it is made to serve as a philosophy. They are blindly feeling their way toward the idea of continuity, but they have not the ground for that idea and lapse into the scientific dogma of process. Process is, of course, the existential analogue of continuity, but the attempt to develop it as a principle of universal scope reduces the universe to mechanism, which even the genius of a Whitehead could not avoid, in spite of his most extraordinary inventive power over words.

Continuity and process are ideas of entirely different orders, and there is a relation between them only as the synthetic act of the imagination places it there. And the imagination puts a relation there in its demand for a world, which means that the relation is ideal and so out of the reach of a philosophy of experience and the scientific terms that mark its limitations. And this means that the analogical world relation lies beyond the reach of the scientist, and, it is to be feared, of the critic; certainly it is beyond the reach of the critic so long as he insists on floundering within the subjectivist limitations of the empirical philosophy. Continuity interpreted in terms of process is therefore falsified, and so far as the individual integrity of a work of art is made to depend upon it, as, for example, when the rhythm of poetry is reduced to terms of time, it is misrepresented in every detail. Continuity has no elements of meaning that can be stated in terms of process, and life reduced to process is as dead as the proverbial doornail.

The cosmic difference between continuity and process can be exemplified in the difference between the organ and the piano. The latter, in treating tone as a pure process, breaks it up into atomic particles which run upon and against each other like the sands of time and attempts to attain a continuity of tone by the speed with which it drives the particles into close succession; while for the organ there are no pieces of tone and so no problem of increasing force and speed to the point where they give the illusion of harmony by being jammed close together. The organ thus presents reality whole, while the piano gives abstract bits of it.

Process is the succession of repeated units in time and space. Or it is the unit made "universal" by numerical multiplication to infinity. There is no device known by which the atoms of process can be made continuous with each other. They remain forever mathematically contiguous, tangential, and unity is not possible. So the integrity of the real cannot be expressed in its terms. The only way process can be expressed in language is through the abstract verbiage of mathematics, and this reduces it to abstract and absolute discontinuity and discreteness in the conception of point out of point that establishes the abstract locus of a line. But a

line has no reality except as ideal, and there are not enough points in the universe to establish a line that is real in the sense that it is whole and complete. Except, of course, Mr. Einstein's geodesics. The only real line is that which is established as the locus of distinction between colors or tones or color-tone syntheses; a real line does not distinguish spaces, for in space there is nothing to distinguish. It is therefore only to be conceived as an infinite succession of pieces that never come to unity but remain forever a multiplicity of units; and the units are abstract, which means they are units of nothing. It can never attain to integrity, for to gather up the units into one contradicts the assumption that states the nature of process, negates the conception of the unit, and throws the idea of unity and integrity into contradiction. There is no technique of thought or language by which a process can erase the distinctness of the units that compose it, so the process must go on forever without issue of any sort. The "life" of an art object that can be stated in terms of the process of experience is a dead thing; the "system of the arts" that is a replica of "human experience" is an empty shadow, and the "tradition" that represents the "continuity" of human experience as a phenomenon in time and history is the dream of an imagination in its last sleep. No wonder the critics and the literary people go to Freud for their philosophy!

The objection to the attempt to explain life and art in terms of experience is, then, that continuity, which is the substantial element that makes life real when it is real, is misconceived as process, and process is, in the nature of the case, endless, infinite, and so without direction, integrity, or design. There is and can be no hint of the relation of appropriateness among the elements of a process or of the qualitative character that grounds the relation; in fact, these are excluded from process by the assumption that defines it. There is in it no possibility of the synthetic act whereby it might be elevated to unity and individuality. The human "individual" attempts the synthesis to individuality in the act of procreation, but this falls into the infinity of process in sex. And the attempt to express life as process in the forms and designs of rhythm distorts the very idea of rhythm, for the only devices available for the expression are time and number and the quantity of duration. The attempt to reduce the synergic pulses of rhythm to mere time lengths or bits of duration overlooks the nature of the essential elements of rhythm, which are pulses or urges of verve, the *vivida vis animi* within tonal or color qualities. It is the synergic urgency or vividity of accent and emphasis and the weight of relations among accents of different qualities that give the secret of the inwardness of rhythm, and no external measure in terms

of time or space will estimate its meaning. There is no genuine rhythm in the biological life-process, for there are no ends in the process, so no integers, no wholes.

The only life that is capable of rhythm is the life of the object of art. The biological life-process is a succession of motions or of the physical conditions of motion, and its measure is time and quantity. The measure of rhythm—there can be no measure—the estimate of rhythm is through the appropriateness of its life-urges. Rhythm as life-continuity in a work of art is not *in* time; time is rather "in" rhythm in the sense that in the absence of rhythm time has no significance for any artistic connection but is a mere material accident of existence. It is easy for the factually "motivated" mind to forget that time alone determines nothing; that time is an excrescent accident of the determination of an event. Time and space are remote hypotheticals, analogies that must be laid down and forgotten before the facts of rhythm can be qualified. In any case, the "in" in which time is supposed to relate to rhythm is not an exclusive relation, for it is merely a reference to the structure of individuality, where all relations are appropriated to each other. So the "in" relation is compossible with many, perhaps all other relations, even "out," in the metaphor by which individuality asserts itself, in which internal and external relations can be identified in type or species. The life therefore that expresses rhythm or is expressed in rhythm is not the life of the literary realist, for this is mere process and is infinite.

For the same reason number is not the measure of rhythm, for the effect of applying number to any reality is to break it up into parts that are considered as being without quality and so interchangeable. They are not therefore capable of appropriation to each other, but of only mathematical contiguity or tangency, and for this reason cannot become elements in an integrated whole. The pulses of rhythm as numbered are thus divested of the qualities of synergy that make them pulses of rhythm and are reduced to masses of motion or abstract and arbitrary pieces of time broken off at more or less regular intervals. Genuine rhythm has only analogical relations to motion and time, that is, it can be an element with motion and time in the structure of an object that includes them together, but motion and time are never aspects of rhythm. Numbers apply to rhythm in the same way that the tombstones in a graveyard apply to the persons buried there; they must be dead to submit to being laid out in a fixed scheme. A metronome counts the pulses of time, but it can do so for the reason that counting can make or mark no conceivable differences among the pulses, nor any relations of any kind among them. The only relation numerical designation can suggest is that of being unrelated,

which speaks its own nullity. But what is alive and rhythms cannot be indicated in any connection by numbers, and we can resort to numbers only when we want to represent a rhythm in terms of motions in order to gain command of the movements by which rhythms are sometimes supposed to be produced. But rhythm is never produced; it is; and what can be produced is an analogue of it in motion. Motions can be produced and therefore have no being in themselves but only as inferential replicates of entities that are "on their own." But the methods of "producing" rhythm never, by themselves, determine the quality of the rhythm, and, since quality is the essence of rhythm, rhythm cannot be represented in existential processes.

For many reasons some of the features of space would more nearly serve to represent rhythm than any aspect of time. For by the use of spatial factors it is possible to attain to a representation of figure, and from figure it is possible to go on to design and form. The difference seems to be in the fact that time, for sense, at least, has only one dimension. It is perhaps possible to imagine time as having width or being thicker at one point than at another, but it is probable that in the process we have unconsciously substituted space or mass or volume for time, and our "image" is not strictly one of time. And the figures apparently constituted of time relations in music are in reality figures constituted of tone relations or relations among tonal qualities, which we tend to apprehend in terms of time because of the poverty of the language of the imagination as it expresses itself in words. Given an adequate language, a language with an alphabet of tone qualities, a figure in tone, a tone metaphor, is as simple as any figure in poetic language. Any harmonic combination of tones is a metaphor. But the limitations of space in this connection, that is, as the general ground of figure, soon show up when design and form are applied to an aesthetic object in its spatial characters, where design and form become abstract mathematical outlines or contours or abstract shapes of objects that cannot be considered in any aspect of quality. Figure and form are here expressed in the abstract features of design, design without the element of intent, so it can mean or intend nothing. We have to conclude therefore that rhythm cannot be explained in terms of either space or time. What makes the difficulty here is the fallacy of conversion: we can explain time and space *in their aesthetic significance* in terms of rhythm; but we convert this to read that we can explain rhythm in terms of time and space.

Also it is probable that we get involved in a confusion of the literal aspects of space with its figurative aspects, which, aesthetically, are as "literal" as any representation can be. The figure of rhythmic elements

is metaphor, and this is the synthesis of rhythmic elements in quality. Metaphor is thus an order of quality thrown over a variety of meanings by a synthesis of imagination as formulated in a word-structure. The form of the objects represented is the figure of the word-structure, so the relation of reference becomes an identity. Our forms and figures here have substance, since the presence of quality renders any and all representation concrete. It is here that we come upon the ultimate design of language, in so far as language is the creative instrument of art, for it is the form of the synthetic act of the imagination, and this, where reality is involved, is the only creative agent known. The same act, rather the analogous act, of the speculative intellect creates the forms and objects of thought, but these are, for artistic purposes, mere abstract patterns until the imagination has given them a body of quality.

The "thought" therefore that gives an adequate account of reality is a synthesis of the imaginative act with the speculative act and the peculiar object of thought is the object that constitutes the reality of the world, the metaphorical object, of which the aesthetic object and the logical object are species. The theoretical account of the aesthetic object that is adequate is that which presents the object in its metaphorical implications, the "cosmic implications" of our argument. The same is true of the logic of the speculative object, and the significant thing is that in metaphysics the two types of object are identified. The linguistic form of this ultimate act of identity is metaphor. The empirical "philosophy," here represented by Mr. Burke, will give up metaphor for synecdoche, and this is for it quite appropriate, even necessary. For, once the "aesthetic motive" is assumed to operate through the organic and psychological processes of life and experience, it will of necessity adopt any kind of agglutinative relation in a vain effort to make the "life" or "experience" elements stick together, for there is in the elements no inherent relationship and so no quality by which their unity can be effected. The "philosophy" of the literary people turns out to be psychology, and bad psychology at that, even when its prostitution does not go so far as Freudianism; somehow one expects prostitution from excessive preoccupation with love and sex. There is no virtue or power in the "aesthetic motive" to effectuate the unity of particulars for the empirical philosophy, so that it must appeal to any kind of sticking plaster that may lie at hand, and this, in language, is the catch-all synecdoche.

Rhythm, as the mode of being of quality, is the pattern of the structure of quality, and this is figure. In the ordinary sense, which is the spatial and mathematical sense, figure is the abstract genus for all modes of nontextured structure, that is to say, the potentiality of structure im-

plied in empty space and, as such, is an abstract universal. It has merely potential meaning, and this only in science, where language is a matter of signs and symbols used and useful in communication, and where the half-truth of practicality is the goal. In art and aesthetic connections generally, where there are no interests or purposes, hence no practical motives of any sort, and where goals are always present as concretely real objects, figure is modulated quality, quality appropriated to a mode, that is to say, quality that "has a way with it" or quality with a nisus to design. It has therefore an individual status.

A figure, then, in all artistic connections, is a designed form with a real content of quality, whose self-assertion is the act of synthesis which we have identified as the essence of metaphor. We must keep in mind here that self-assertion is to be taken literally as the act by which an individual object maintains itself in being, maintains, that is to say, its integrity. A metaphor is therefore an act that enacts itself, an object that asserts its own reality. Figure is thus structure vivified with the intent of design, and its characteristic assertion is the object in which the design is realized. The object is substanced in quality so that figure is the prophetic utterance in which quality assents to design and thus becomes the ground of every art object. Figure is thus shown to be a mode of reality itself and must be treated as a phase of the objective world. It is not an "idea," has nothing to do with "ideas" in the literary or psychological sense, but is the Idea of Plato, the Act in and by which an object asserts its being. It is not created in or by the act of the artist but is a character found by the artist in objective reality when he has perfected his techniques to the point where they give him access to the real world. The Solitary Reaper is there in the nature of things from everlasting unto everlasting; but only Wordsworth sees her, for he is the one among men equipped to see.

In the scheme of nature figured structure is already laid bare in the artist's perception as a mode of all the objects that can be given expression in art-form, and the artist's imagination copies these objects, "imitates" them, as there prefigured. The individual who sees his world through the slobber of mental states and the perturbations of "emotion" or through the vivificent dribble of sex is hardly equipped to see its figure and design, and what he says is of himself and his perfervid littleness. To regard a Joyce or a Lawrence as an artist is the denial of the existence of a world and of art and the artist. The work of the artist is determined as that of finding a language appropriate to express the assertion these objects make by their intended form, and, so far as the language can be identified with the world in which the artist expresses his

humanity, it will take the mold of metaphor. It will come as metaphor because metaphor is the Figure of the Word. But the metaphor is real and an object. It is not a state of mind, not an image, as the critic uniformly assumes.

There is perhaps no objection to accepting technique as the practical maxim of art creation. But if we appeal to mere technique for the principles that are to give us our insights into the nature of art, we shall fall into the confusion and uncertainty and skepticism that have plagued the theory of literary art with futility throughout the modern period. For this dependence on mere technique with its emphasis on individual capacity and caprice as centered in individual consciousness is precisely the subjectivism that marks the complete collapse of the critical spirit and the end of significant art. It is perhaps worth the effort to try to put our finger on the precise point where the subjective confusion and subjectivity have their origin and to ask if there is a possibility of correcting the error that is the final cause.

To approach the issue directly, I suggest that the entire edifice of critical theory is in error because it is as a whole based upon a false notion of the image. And the creative spirit itself has falsified its act by proceeding under the guidance of the same false notion of the image. For it has confused the "idea" from and by which it acts with the impulse present in consciousness at the moment of action; whereas the idea governing the creative act in its normal expression is that of the individual object presenting itself within the cosmic relation and so as universal. It is inevitably not what appears as my impulse or "idea" but what appears as objective and cosmic Idea that furnishes the form and design of a work of art. The theory of imagery operates as the basic assumption in all types of critical theory, and, if its essential falsity can be pointed out, it may be possible to lay down a new and solider ground for critical thinking in the future. I suggest that the doctrine of the image has its origin in the misconception of the nature and function of figure as the element of reality, that is to say, the objective factor, within the metaphor which represents the real creative act. The image of the critic is the psychological shadow of the figure that gives reality, and as a shadow is the home of illusion and error. Where one cannot see clearly, things are, unfortunately, what they appear, and the critic sees but darkly.

If we look to modern critical writing for a definition of the image, we shall be rewarded with the uncritical assumption that the image, since it is an immediately given fact, does not require and is incapable of definition. It is, because of its immediacy, a fact *sui generis;* and the fact locates itself without question in the "mind" or consciousness of the critic as

thinker and the "mind" or "consciousness" of the artist as creative agent. And its nature and essence are given in its mere presence there; its mere presence *is* its nature and essence, and it is this "image" that serves as figure and form and pattern for what the artist creates. Its particularity is its essence and "meaning," and this is the end and goal of all theory and of all interpretation. To be sure, we shall not find this assumption put in words, any more than we find the definition of image put in words; and this resort to hypothesis without questioning the grounds of the hypothesis is characteristic of the procedure that is called "criticism." It is even characteristic of those contemporary instances of "criticism" that claim a philosophical basis; and this means, of course, that what is called "literary criticism" is criticism only in the falsifying label that is attached to it, and the appeal to philosophy to justify it merely libels philosophy, even though there are "philosophers" who would give it their blighting blessing. It is quite fashionable nowadays to attain to profundity by appealing to the concepts and methods of philosophy, without any knowledge or notion of what philosophy is about; and the critics have a bastard justification for their appeal in the fact that the "philosophers" have prepared a way for them in the pragmatic and instrumentalist and scientific and pseudo-theological and logistic nonsense that hides behind the philosophical label.

This critical piffle and its "philosophy" will yield a definition of image in some such statement as that an image is a mental or psychological picture in the mind of the artist which is formulated out of the creativity of the artistic imagination by its own unique act. The locus of the picture is in the private "mind" or "experience" of the individual, and it need have no similarity or other correspondence with the picture in another "mind." In fact, in the superior instances, an elaborate interpretative mechanism is required to make contact with another mind. Nor need the picture have any relevance to any objective situation. As all meanings found in poetry are couched in these images, every meaning is private to the individual reader, and there is no possibility or necessity that these meanings should be matters of agreement among those who "have" them or that there should be any implication to a world that is common objectivity for all individuals. The doctrine of the image is a perfect formulation of the subjectivist attitude and is typical of the assumptions of modern "thought" in all departments. And to this attitude is to be charged the responsibility for the collapse of modern culture. The collapse appears first in art because art is the creative cultural agent, and then it strikes at morality and religion, which are the conservers of cultural values. The collapse becomes chaos in politics.

The image, however, does not remain a mere picture in the contemporary theory of poetry, for such a "conception" contradicts itself on mere psychological grounds. The image as a picture is not the design of an object but the instrument of an intent. It thus falsifies the nature and function of design and form by confusing them with psychological impulse and motive, which are conceived as driving forces. The image as picture therefore is in many cases given an active function and appears to be identified with the imaginative act itself. And since an act, from this point of view, is taken to be the same thing as a causal movement, the energized image is now looked upon as a pulse of "life" or "experience," perhaps a "feeling," which becomes responsible for the active efficacy by which a poem is created. The causative and mechanical urge of impulse is confused with the ideal agency of design, the motive with the idea. The distinction between an act and a surge of energy is overlooked or unknown, and as a consequence the image is treated as a pulse of life reduced to mechanical form which expresses itself as a force and is measured by its intensity, its vividness in consciousness. As a consequence the most striking and bizarre and forceful image is the poetically most perfectly expressive, and this means that the most perfect image is the one that exerts the most force in terms of psychological vividness and "life." The normal product of such a point of view is, naturally, a poetry of bizarre and extravagant figures, a riot of disfigurement, rather, and the more far-fetched in their reference to reality the more perfectly the figures represent the creative act. Setting out from the compasses of Donne, our poetry goes on to the patient etherized upon a table and to defeated caves. The next, supposedly, will be a cross-eyed potato or a table with a wooden leg. Some modern poetry must have appended to it a glossary of terms or an elaborate system of notes as a prose explanation of the realities represented as the instrument through which its mysteries are to be approached, and this is supposed to be evidence that the imagery of the poem is rare and fine and "poetical." One great modern poet was moved, I believe, to write a book explaining the monstrous world which represented the realities implied by his images; where there is no real world the poet must invent one, and mythology is his justification.

But this view of imagery overlooks the fact that there are in it no realities involved, for such imagery simply fails to imply or make any sort of reference to a real world; it fails equally to refer to or imply the irrational, since an implication to the irrational must make sense. So that such language carries none of the cosmic implications that are the grounds of meaning. For an image that has its measure in its psychological vividness or intensity has no characteristic quality, and it is quality that

grounds the meaning of form or figure in every instance. Where there is no quality, therefore, there is no meaning, for a meaning is a reality meant and not a purpose meant or a purpose to mean. And reality is of the substance, and substance lies in quality that is designed in form. The "life" that is expressed in intensities is not life in any sense that gives meaning to poetry or to any art form. It is merely an expression of force, and the life involved is the life of instinct and impulse with a distinct organic reference in a mode of crude realism; whereas the significance of any object or any form is a matter of the life that is manifest as a nisus to form in its quality. And rarity of quality and the degree of intensity are as different as any two things can be.

It is not strange therefore that such a conception of poetic figure will ultimately involve the theorist in a cult of unintelligibility where the value of a form will be proportionate to the extent to which it can*not* be expressed in the ordinary forms of language, and this is a theory of "poetic diction" with a vengeance. The subjective image thus leads inevitably to a monstrous interpretation of the expressive function of language as implemented in figure and to a total misunderstanding of the structure and use of figure as the instrument of the synoptic act of the imagination. Figure does not, it is to be insisted, depend upon likeness or any other kind of external and superficial correlation between elements; but it does involve that the unity of elements be an inner unity and be intelligible in the synthesis which the figure imposes upon them or creates among them; and, where a positive suggestion of quality is not left by the act of unification or integration, the result is a jumble of words that is meaningless, and no explanatory note can confer a meaning upon it. Meaning is a quality of figurative assertion, or of the figurate from designed in the assertion, which is thus through quality continuous with the reality as such. And quality is "given" in the cosmic implications of the words that constitute a figure.

Regarded simply as a mental picture or a mere psychological event, an image is a colorless and bloodless abstraction and has and can have no quality, and abstract existence is the only predicate possible to it. The mere occurrence in the mind of an event without a distinct qualitative implication to reality is what is meant by abstract existence, and such an event is the most meaningless thing in the universe. Merely to be in a mind distinguishes nothing, since it implies no quality in the thing present, and the absence of quality carries with it the absence of all import. To argue that presence in consciousness gives meaning to the individual whose consciousness is involved puts the arguer outside the pale of intelligible communication, in spite of the fact that such an "argument"

is frequently encountered in literary discussion. Even if such an argument had an aesthetic meaning, the language in which it is stated would have no logical character, and the purported "content" it represented could not be verified. And since such a statement is intended to express a truth that can be recommended, it must submit to logical determination of its meaning. Anything, everything, nothing, even, can be in a mind, and its being there means nothing at all to it or to the mind or to the order of events in the world.

But there are still further objections to the idea of the image as a mental picture. If we attempt to justify it on the ground that it is an element of psychological technique, which is the only ground upon which it can be given logical status, we are then eliminating all artistic value from it, for it then becomes, or pretends to become, an instrument of mere communication, and as such it becomes a device useful merely to distinguish abstract hypothetical relations. It is thus an element of pure theory and has no relevance or implication beyond the abstract forms of thought. It is thus a mere term, a mere symbol, and that of which it is a symbol is nothing more substantial than a procedural movement or device of thought. Its sole "meaning" then lies in its being posited as a sign, and there is no significance possible to such an abstraction, for there is no fixed point in reality to which it refers. One use of it as a sign has no relation to any other use, and where there are no universal relations there is no determinable quality. There is no meaning where there is no quality, and no quality attaches to a mere presupposition of thought or a mere presence in a consciousness. So the meaning of figure cannot be represented as an abstract picture, and a theory of poetry that is based upon the image is a tissue of abstractions or a conglomerate of the figments of fancy.

But where there is no quality-substanced figure there is no form, a figment is not a figure; and what is represented by or constituted of psychological imagery is formless, as is so perfectly illustrated in modern poetry. It is for these reasons, and there are others, that the attempt to account for poetry in terms of images, and to reduce all the categories of poetic theory to aspects of the image, is to take the life out of criticism and to leave the theory of literary art without substance. The imagery doctrine is pure subjectivism. It supposes no reality for poetry except such as it may have from the mere status or appearance in a mind of pictures that are pictures of nothing, since their content is supposed to be a spasm of "emotion" which passes out of existence in the occurrence. And this ghostly specter characterizes or distinguishes nothing, since there is no hint of stability or permanence anywhere. To appear in a

mind is the least important event in the world; if what appears has no connections outside the mind in which it occurs, it lacks the cosmic implication which alone realizes an event. So it is natural that poetic theory which rests upon imagery should commit itself to unreality and irrationality and illusion, as modern poetry does, and from this comes the doctrine of symbols.

But before we proceed to the doctrine of symbols it should be noted that there is a reality which the theory of images is trying, in its muddling way, to find representation for. The image *theory* has reality of some kind somewhere behind it, even if images have not. The reality behind the image which the image misrepresents and the theory of the image distorts is the object; and it is this that the theorist is trying to describe and place in its proper connections within the system of realities. When the theory of poetic structure is stated in terms of the image, there is a tacit realization that there is a poetic object and that the understanding of poetry as an aesthetic fact depends upon a knowledge of this object and its place in the system of cosmic objects. The critic is therefore misled by the assumption that the object involved is the mind of the poet and that poetry can be referred to its cause in the consciousness of the poet and that the nature and operation of this cause can be explained by the use of psychological technique.

But poetry does not have its ground in the individual consciousness, and the technical procedures of science are not adequate to the expression of its nature and meaning. The critic's logic is at fault here. His mistake consists in the assumption that the object as the real can be represented vicariously by and in hypothetical states of mind. But this vicarious relation is precisely what is questionable. Real objects cannot be represented by other real objects and certainly not by "objects" that are unreal as the image is by the hypothesis. What is real in a poetic figure is not something that has no status except that it occurs as a state of a private consciousness; it is not a feeling in the life or experience of the poet or the reader but an objective situation that is there as a permanent factor in the structure of the world independently of any specific relation to any consciousness. What Wordsworth is giving expression in words and word-structures is the field of daffodils and the lone singing reaper-girl, the actualities and not his states of mind or his feelings. After the object is stated, he may reflect upon its relation to him, but this relation is given as an objective cosmic moral fact and not as one of his experiences. The music has existence independently of the singing and after the song has ceased, and the daffodils still exist when the poet is "on his couch" and does not experience them.

The figure that is the reality of poetry is thus the formulated design of the structure of an object, and the object with its design is a fixture in the constitution of things. But it is not a replica of a state of mind or a feeling in a consciousness, for these are themselves only devices invented for the convenience of psychological description, which expresses the reality of nothing at all. There is no such thing as *a* feeling. Feeling is incapable of individuation in the degree that can be represented in a definable term; it cannot therefore appear as an object but only as an element in the technique of description. Where feeling is universal and an undisputed object, it is the cultural substance of the universe. But, when this feeling appears in a mind, it is as a logical idea and has none of the characters of a psychological event.

The poet is not concerned with his private experiences when he is giving form to the objects that interest him; these "experiences" must be "remembered in tranquillity," that is, they must be got out of the way so that the object may appear unencumbered, if they are to function as elements in the structure of a poem, and that means that the objects given to the poet must be separated out of the blur of the experience that presents them before they attain the clearness of outline that gives them design and permits them to be given form. The poet, that is, must clearly distinguish the object as a fact in the nature of things from the vague apparition or "image" of it as that is felt in his consciousness before he is able to see its form as its poetic essence. Wordsworth had to "see" the voice as stripped clear of the sounds by which it was represented to him before he could weave it into the poem; it had to stand alone as an object in its own right along with the system of objects within which it occurred, apprehended as elements in the nature of things. And he must see all this as objective form and see it clearly if he is to find in it the design that gives it significance. To represent the voice as merely his private sensation is to trivialize it and to exclude it from the elements of which poetry is made. This is illustrated perfectly in an observation that is supposed to be an effective criticism of Wordsworth—that he wrote with the landscape before him. That is precisely what he did when he wrote his great poetry, and it is precisely when he failed to do this that his poetry is weak. He lapsed into weakness when he undertook to give poetic form to his private experience, just as any other poet lapses when he confuses his experience with the reality he must give form to if he is to give it poetic expression.

And it is only the poet who is philosopher enough to be able to see the reality behind the appearance in his feeling that can write great poetry.

Our modern pygmies are unable to see the objective world because it is obscured and hidden by their monstrous egos, which hang like a pall between them and any and every form of reality. What is responsible for the objectionable features in Shelley is just the fact that on occasion he took his private feeling for the reality; he took himself too seriously instead of regarding the reality before him as the thing of great poetic worth.

And our contemporary "modern" poetry fails in every detail for the same reason; the ostensive poet has the illusion that he and his paltry feelings are the stuff that should be given poetic form, when as a matter of fact such mush and slush has none of the hardwood quality that will assent to form. He undertakes to make poetry out of his heartaches and bellyaches and stoneaches (if he is a modern "realist") and the slimy droolings of his inner impetuousities and has not the sense to see that such rubbish has no more susceptibility to form than the rubbish of the dump. The poet who had sense enough to see the reality in such phenomena and to recognize it as a factor in the cosmic irrational could and did make poetry of it—Baudelaire could make poetry of carrion—but he did so because he could see it as a structural element in the real world and not as a mere feeling or image in his private consciousness. It is not the carrion that becomes poetry, but the carrion-in-its-unreality comes to be the figure that shapes the form of reality itself as the tragic cosmic fact, and *that* is hard enough to assent to form. A mere Hemingway may sling his journalistic filth about the cosmic landscape, but the effect is merely a putrid smell, where Baudelaire's carrion stands pure and clean and free of the sensuous crudity by and in which it is presented. In the latter form has hardened into substance the filth of mere experience; in the former the filth remains raw experience without hint of form. And the vision that sees the form in its universal is the genius of the great poet, and the figure in which he presents the form is great poetry. This does not mean that the objects of nature are the only or characteristic objects for the poet. Cultural objects, moral, social, interpersonal relations; religious relations, most of which are given in abstract forms; cosmic relations, the relations of the individual to the universe—all these are proper objects for the poet as parts of the nature of things but not as "his" experiences.

So the stuff of poetry is the reality as it is given in the objects of the poet's vision. These objects are the realities of the world. They are not in any sense the feelings or experiences or life of the poet or of anybody else. And they certainly are not images or mental pictures. If you argue that they must come in and through the "mind" of the individual poet if

they are to come to form, you are merely talking about something else than poetry, and you have no right to demand to be heard. Poetry is made not of images but of objects.

And objects are not symbols. They are not imitable by symbols. They have nothing at all to do with symbols, in so far as they are elements of art. Poetry is art, and its stuff is not symbols, nor are symbols involved in the assertion by which poetry establishes itself as real and as art. The symbolist poet knows this, in his unreflective way; but he fails to see its significance because he has not the genius—is not poet enough—to distinguish his images from the realities he supposes them to represent. For a symbol to signify, it must remain distinct from the thing symbolized, at the same time that it embraces all the meaning of the thing symbolized. It must represent or imitate the relation that holds between an individuate whole and any constituent element of the whole, and this necessitates that the symbol become absorbed within the symbolized while retaining its own identity. It is that the distinction within the identity must remain clear and individual that determines the signification. The symbolist fails to make this distinction. Consequently, there are no realities for him other than the images themselves, and, as he cannot convince himself that they are genuinely real, he either denies the real world and becomes a pessimist and unrealist or attempts to construct a real world out of the figments of his imagination for his images to conform to. He thus befuddles the imagination by forcing it to create a world of images and then to manufacture a real world for his images to represent, which means that he makes his images out of whole cloth and his real world out of the stuff of pure fancy. If he is a Baudelaire, the real world disappears within, and becomes common substance with, the fog and gloom and outer darkness of his illusion; if he is a Yeats, he will make a world out of the whole cloth of the deficiencies of his images.

But, in either case, his world of "images" fails to disillusion the poet, and he lapses into the utter formal skepticism of religious mysticism or into the unutterable skepticism of one who sees the reality drop out of his inmost certainties. And if he is less articulate than either Baudelaire or Yeats, he will become a Joyce or a Stein and attempt to compel himself to believe in the reality of his innards by hypnotic repetition in consciousness of the urges and surges of his organism and the splurges of his imagination into the realm of outer darkness. But nothing in the world is more unreal and irrational than the succession of states of mind in the stream of consciousness—if the figure were adequate, we would call it the whirlpool of consciousness, for there is not the slightest hint of direction in the mere wirrwarr of mental states, no suggestion of rational

association. There is no suggestion of form or the possibility of form in the raw and bleeding fatuous paralogism which is consciousness.

So the imagist poet becomes a symbolist when he is not intelligent enough or is too ignorant to comprehend the nature and proper function of images as they constitute the stream of consciousness, and the limitations that as a consequence of the flux inhere in experience and states of mind. And on this matter of images the critics should use more care in selecting the philosopher from whom they get their philosophic wisdom. James (preferably Henry) is still good enough for them, since he writes novels "like a psychologist." But they seem to look through Henry to William for the stream, and that is, for them, as it should be. But the Jamesian stream hints of prostatitis.

It is not at all necessary to invent or imagine a specialized schematism like the stream of images to represent or express or imitate reality. That is what language is for, and it does not have for this purpose any use for images or for any other psychological claptrap. Words and the realities they contemplate, and the order of words, are all the equipment the poet needs. What the critic needs is ideas. Reality is not to be approached by makeshifts or by sneaking up on its blind side; it is given to us directly in words and language, and there is no need to torture words and language in the effort to compel them to disclose a reality which they do not constitute in their normal functioning. The effort our contemporary poets make to invent or discover a specialized device in the form of a bizarre figure of frenzied images with which to conjure up a reality within their experience is a type of primitive magic; and it comes from the superstition that poetry must be deintellectualized, the frenetic belief that to attain the poetic vision we must abandon intelligence for the magical power of "feeling."

It is this cult of unintelligibility that has so much trouble with the question of the place and function of "the sense" in poetry. For a world that is represented symbolically is not the world that is given in sensation and consequently not the world that can be made intelligible in thought or design in aesthetic form. Obviously the sense of poetry cannot be fitted into the senseless world of illusion and mental states or the nonsense world of symbolism. The prevailing theory leaves the element of sense or thought out of the active agencies by which poetry is produced and yet realizes that sense somehow does figure in the making of poetic form. The trend is to make thought a mere inert content of poetic form. Or, if there is a recognition of the necessity of thought in the creative process, it is given the irrational task of deliberately searching for figurative means by which the structure of poetry can be built up outside the frames of

thought—the task, that is, of using reason to dethrone the reason. It takes a lot of fairly good sense to prove that sense has no part in the rhythmic synergy that constitutes the substance of poetry, but, when it is proved, the poetry has disappeared, which shows that the effort was misplaced.

The use of reason to prove that reason is useless would normally catch itself up, and it may be significant that it sometimes does not. And this procedure appears to be adopted by the apologists for modern poetry: they think hard and seriously, if not too successfully, in the effort to contrive devices by which thought may be shown to be useless in the creation as well as the interpretation of poetry. The heart, you know! It is true that some of them attempt to say exactly the opposite, to argue in the "defense of reason" that thought does function; but they are forcing their words to say what their words are autonomously unsaying at the same time—their ostensive meaning is belied by their real meaning; their words have a logic of their own which the users are unaware of. For they are confusing the procedures of thought with the processes of sense (literal) and emotion and merely succeed in deceiving themselves by the muddle of their psychology. To the eyes of a competent logician the "logic" of the critic requires a distorted angle of approach, and to assume this stance involves a little of what hard logic would call guile or duplicity. There is no charge of dishonesty involved here, for the critical "logician" is, subjectively, sincerity itself, full of conscientious earnestness; only, he is also infected with a wide streak of omniscient nescience when he comes to deal with the nicer relations of logical method.

The critic's trouble here is due to the very ingenuousness of his artistic insight. It is the most obvious thing in the world that poetic assertion is not governed by the rules of the logic of communication and truth and science. And yet science, in the lingo of psychology, has probably been the formally most influential factor in determining the thought-forms and structural attitudes both of the poet and of the critic in the present literary movement. For the literature of the present would be entirely unintelligible except for the biological and psychological assumptions upon which it is structured. There is in fact no "sense" at all in it except for the slight suggestions of sense that science can offer. This is one of the weightier reasons that it is bad literature; rather that it is not literature at all if literature is art.

The relations of continuity and analogical identity that make a figure a metaphor are not the forms of connection by which truth and communicable knowledge and science are built up. They differ from truth connections in the fact that they hold between objective terms of distinc-

tively different kinds from those involved in ordinary logic or science. The terms of ordinary logical relations are ideas and are of necessity so. The terms of the relations of the logic of aesthetic values are sensuous and imaginative forms which differ from ideas in a variety of ways. Consequently, the objective content of the relations of the logic of science is the material clearness of the characters that substantiate an object in existence; the relations determine, that is, the existential features of objects that are real and thus place the object in the fixed and permanent and dependable loci of the world structure. It is indisputable that this logic does not and cannot apply, without modifications that deindividuate it, to the kinds of forms and relations that are the content of artistic or any other kinds of value objects. Hence the logic of literary art is not the logic of "sense" if the latter must of necessity refer only to the abstract design of objects; but it may be the logic of sense if there is a sense of a different sort that is the substance of art forms. And there is such a sense.

The relations of continuity and analogical identity that give form to the logic of value are relations that establish the continuity of objects whose substance is quality. And, since relations have the same substance as their terms, value relations are substanced in quality. It is this that the critics are trying to see and to say. And they see, if through a prismed glass darkly, that quality is the ultimate object and hence the experience-form of the cosmic feeling which, with matter, constitutes the full substance of everything in the universe that is real. It is their failure to perceive how quality can be real outside of the subjective procedures by which it is experienced that is the basis of all their mistakes and failures. So they piddle their insight away by allowing the "new poets" and the psychologizers to persuade them that this cosmic feeling is known or made accessible to us in and through the subjective states of individual consciousness and that it is thus constituted by these subjective states. We have seen how this fallacious assumption is a consequence of the dogma that experience is reality. For, when a proof is demanded that experience is real, the only recourse is to the immediacy of consciousness, since there is no objective form which experience by itself can take reference to which would furnish a premise for such a proof.

This reference to objects is necessary for any proof of anything and is so because the object as such is the ground of meaning for relations. And as qualitied objects, or objects with a content of cosmic feeling, are, like all other objects, of the same substance as the relations that hold among them, the objects being merely the inside of their relations; relations among qualities give effect to a unique type of continuity, a continuity

different in every detail from that of the logic of communication. That is to say, the difference between the logic of science and the logic of value is a difference finally of types of objects, and the key to the understanding of any logic is a perception of the structure of the object the logic implies. The continuity established among objects of quality, and these are the objects of art and of all values, is exemplified in and has been described as that created in metaphor by the synthesis of imagination and as that continuity of identity in and of differences which we have called analogical identity to distinguish it from the identity of utter sameness or abstract identity of mathematics and science, which is intended to represent the continuity of existence.

The relations of sunlight and air and warmth and soil and eye are continuous in quality—they individuate in red because red is the motive purpose in each relation and is thus the cosmic intent or implication to the world which the red object asserts as its essence. This implication to the universe is what constitutes the essence of every relation and every object and is the ultimate ground of every relation among objects in so far as objects are instances of reality. The identity created in the imagination is thus there already in the nature of things, and this means that the imagination itself and its act are real objects.

And this substantial objective quality, which we have identified as cosmic feeling, is the stuff of words, of the words, in any case, of which poetry is made. As a unique object it has a logic of its own, the logic of analogical identity, whose technique is metaphor, and there will be no adequate theory of poetry and no critciism until this logic gets its adequate conceptual schematic formulation.

To attempt to distinguish between the sense of poetry and the form, as the symbolism doctrine assumes is necessary, will therefore mutilate both sense and form. The sense in poetry is the sense of the form, and the form is the form of the sense. And the "problem" of sense, as also the "problem" of form, states merely the requirement that the relations of sense and the relations of form, the relations that are internal to sense and form, and the relations that are external to or "between" them, be carefully traced out to the point of their identity. And the principle according to which these problems are to be solved is the principle of the identity of both form and sense with the substance of the relations that hold between them. It has been shown that the relations of an object *A* to another object *B* are extensions beyond its contour of the object's substantial quality; the quality that individuates *A* has an ideal extension which identifies with the extensional feature of the quality of *B*, so that the objects are integrated into an identity outside of and beyond their existence

that determines them objects of value. How the substance of objects *A* and *B* can be identified in the relations between them, and thus lies outside of them in the cosmos they give structure to, has been demonstrated in the argument in which the nature of individuality is described. The theory of this argument is taken for granted here, and our present argument stands or falls with it. This objective quality has a relation to *A* and *B* analogous to the space that contains them and at the same time constitutes their substance as existences. It is the universal medium in and of which they have their being.

The relation of sense to form in a poem, then, is discovered when the qualitative substance of sense, and that of form in the object which the poem individuates, are recognized and identified. When I have recognized the form of a given poem, I have discovered its sense as the ground of its structure; just as when I have recognized the sense of the poem, I have discovered its form in the texture of its quality. To attempt to account for either sense or form by describing the factors that distinguish them from each other in their particularity will misrepresent both, for their differences are all gathered up in the identity of them which makes of them an object of art. A poem is therefore a synthesis of sense with form in a system of words in relations which constitute its substantial quality. The creative act of the poet consists in manipulating these relations, as given in a situation that manifests its objectivity, until they exhibit meaning and design (sense and form) in their identity; when this is accomplished, the object implied in the universality of the relations (their objectivity) is given concrete individuality and stands up as a work of art. Reality here asserts itself as a poem. Meaning has taken on existence, and existence has come alive with meaning. Where the creative act is adequate to its object, the poem sings itself, and the poet stands amazed in the presence of reality—the word is made flesh under his hand. Where a word as a symbol stands for an object no part of which it is, there is the breach that never can be filled and which cuts the world in two forever.

It is the task of the critic to identify and describe and, so far as possible, to explain by illustration and example these principles as they are to be observed in specific instances of aesthetic objects. This the critic does with credit so far as he understands the constitutional principles that identify a poem with the system of cultural objects, the objects that constitute the tradition—the system of art objects in their unity that make up the institutions of culture. By observing the relational structure of an object, he comes upon its qualitative texture, and the intent of the structured texture is the relation to the cultural system which its quality points out as its cosmic implication. The object, then, becomes intelligible, mani-

fests its basic nature and meaning in this relation, and the critic finds rhetorical expression for its assertion. And this is genius enough for him; he has genius after his kind, but it is not the genius of the poet. Pointing out the relations that tie a given poem up into a unified whole and its relations to the system of human culture is laying bare the implications to the universe of the poem, disclosing its cosmic or world implications, and thus exhibiting the poem's essence, telling what it *is*. This is done by bringing out to view the structure of the poem in terms of the relations that hold among its words, and those that hold within and among its word-individuations in its metaphors, in its Figure, or Form, that is; and by disclosing the texture of the poem by showing how these structural relations conspire together to form a design in the quality that is its substance, as the unity of the tone and color-quality of the words. When this is done, the structure and the texture of the poem are shown as mutual implications of each other, just as the sense and the form mutually imply each other; that is to say, they absorb all the essential relations to each other and all the relations of implication to the objective beyond in an identity that is individual. No reference beyond the individual poem is now necessary, for all these references are gathered up in the body of the poem itself, so that the poem attains the self-sufficiency and uniqueness that make it individual.

The tragic failure of modern criticism lies in the assumption that a poem as a work of art can be explained by enumerating and describing and celebrating the hypothetical states of mind of the poet, on the superstition that these states as "experiences" constitute the substance of the poem. This accomplished, the critic goes on to assume, the remainder of his task consists in showing how, through analysis of language as communication through a system of signs and symbols, the poet's experiences can be reproduced in the mind of the reader. And this is superstition born of ignorance and belief in magic. The "art" of the critic is thus comprised in a profusion of similes, usually miscalled metaphors, on the theory that all the relations involved in a poem are likenesses or modes of likeness, comparisons, and that the perfection of the "figure" is attained when the likeness is made as remote and obscure and far-fetched as possible, on the theory that this obscurity contributes to the mysterious reality which the poem is, which reality can only be hinted at or approached by symbolic stealth and by methods that involve magic and signs and portents and the illusion of the creative genius.

The tragedy of modern literature is that the theory matches the fact.

Appendix

Synopses

[The following synopses have been prepared as a reference to, and a partial schematization of, the contents of the essays in this volume; they are printed here for the convenience of the reader.—ROBERT D. MACK.]

I. WORDS

The artistic function of words is not communication but is to constitute an aesthetic object. This is true even in their scientific use, for a scientific or historical document is produced to create an object that hopes to have objective or ontological status. This means that words are not signs or symbols but are real objects on their own.

As words submit to form, they attain or have meaning. This meaning is ordinarily pictured as a "reference" to something, the reference constituting the work a "sign" of the something referred to. But this interpretation of meaning is contradictory in that it isolates the word from the species of words, the "reference" connecting the word with something not of the nature of words. The reference is thus a relation that isolates its terms, and this contradicts the definition of relation.

It is, of course, correct to say that meaning is constituted of relations, and of relations that refer, but relations must unite or bind, not sever. So the relation that constitutes the meaning of a word is that which identifies the word in its species, that is, with other words, and then as a reference through its unity with other words to an object which is constituted of their unity, and on beyond and through the object to the universe which is constituted by the object in its unity with other objects. The relation thus that constitutes the meaning of a word is the word's "implication to the world." Meaning is thus objective. It is a matter of objects and relations and qualities in the real world; it is the word's *assertion* of its object.

II. EXPERIENCE

Experience is not the content or stuff of art or its material; experience itself is real only as objectified in language and the objects of culture generally (as instanced in substantial institutions). But it is a true, if uninstructed, insight that looks to experience, life, and nature as the ground of art. For art is life experienced or embodied as realized in nature. Experience as precipitated in nature and objectified in the world of culture is the ground of art and art theory. Culture is the cosmic implicate of all and every creative aesthetic act, the universal in which experience, life, and nature find their end. The theory of art therefore involves a metaphysics that rests on a strict logic, and this is not to be got out of experience or out of anything by subjective methods.

III. IMAGINATION

Imagination is simply the synthetic function of intelligence in its speculative use, i.e., it synthesizes elements which are not given in experience but as they are represented *in potentia*. So the artistic imagination is not unique, but a case of the ordinary synthetic intelligence, that case which is determined to or by an object of value.

Where values are involved, then, imagination is the reason and by the act of synthesis makes its object out of qualitative reality as given in the circumstance. The fallacy of modern criticism lies in the assumption that the function of imagination is to make images, while its real function is to create objects.

The answer to the question, "How does imagination effect by synthesis a unity of elements that are or may be contradictory to the ordinary reason?" lies in recognizing a new type of object, the principle of which is not contradiction but identity. This new type of object, for purposes of literary art, is to be found in the theory of metaphor, which is the instrument of the imagination for all literary forms. A metaphor is the formulation in words of the design of an object as that design is implicit in a complex of mutually appropriate qualities.

IV. LITERATURE AND CULTURE

The function of literature as an art is to render the ideas of the philosopher, prophet, and saint into forms accessible to the mass of mankind, and the one who can do this is the literary artist or poet. The continuance of culture depends upon the performance of this function unhindered by private or particularist motives. Another way to say this is that the poet says in language accessible to the common man what the philosopher-prophet-saint in the common man is always through all his means of assertion trying to say. So the hod-carrying of the hod-carrier and the plowing of the farmer is poetry—when put in language. The poet as literary artist is thus the legislator for mankind, but his legislative act depends upon the principles that have been formulated by the philosopher, given content by the saint and a nisus toward ends by the prophet.

V. GENIUS AND TASTE

Herein we find many of Mr. Jordan's most cogent arguments against subjectivism, empiricism, and egoistic individualism. The problem, as he sees it, is to get away from, or get behind, the superficial tendency to regard the private experience and capacities of the individual as the *ground* of art. The artist is genius only when his capacities for aesthetic assertion attain universality, only when his creative act becomes the act of the universal and transcends his private or personal intent; he must see an object from the point of view of *its* universal. So there is no occasion for the bloated egotism of either the artist or the critic.

The only basis for judgment in a case of genius or taste, as in any other case, is a set of objects and relations and qualities which possess distinguishable characters. What we can know, then, of genius or taste we get from inferences from objects within determinable relations and of qualities that can be characterized. The formulation of such knowledge, which would imply careful identification and characterization of objects and relations and qualities, would constitute the philosophy of art, and nothing short of this can give us a ground for rational dis-

cussion of literary problems. The artist is by nature, and the critic must become, the philosopher if the fundamentals of art are to be put in the formulas of theory.

VI. POETRY AND METAPHYSICS

The argument is that all real or "good" poetry is metaphysical in the sense that it breaks through the veil of experiential fact to make contact with reality. The other way to make contact with reality is through thought, and the two ways constitute the method of metaphysics.

Poetry, whose organon is metaphor and its system of concepts, approaches reality directly; and thought, whose organon is logic and its speculative principles, approaches reality indirectly. By the principle of analogical identity logical form and aesthetic form are the same, and both are to be discovered in the cosmic implications of language. A poem is metaphysical reality in that it is form realized in an object. The object that is a poem is a structure of words in "relations" of mutuality with a texture of substantial quality. The *meaning* of the poem is the universe as the synthesis in imagination of all its cosmic implications. The metaphysics of poetry is the system of the principles of criticism. This has never been worked out.

VII. ART AND MORALITY

This essay argues that, since the objects of art are real entities in the constitution of things, they are individuals within the same species of which moral objects, the objects created in significant action, are also individuals. Art objects and moral objects are identical in their metaphysical implications.

It is argued also that there is a breach in the universe between our posited values and present existences. However, the fact that both morality and art meet the situation involving the irrational breach in the universe by the device of an object which is inevitably real means that at the point of the ultimate objective they are the same. And this means that, when art and morality are followed to their ground in metaphysics, this ground will be found to be common to both.

VIII. ART AND REALITY

Art is one of the methods by which life (or mind, experience, nature) makes contact with, or attains to, reality. Its approach is by transforming life or experience or nature into the universals of culture, where art objects become the permanent elements of culture.

Arguments intended to demonstrate a ground for art in experience, life, or nature all assume that art is not real but must be realized in one of them. The thesis proposed here is that art is real in its own right and that it would be truer to say that each of these supposed grounds finds its completion in art. It is nearer truth to say that life, e.g., is real only as it is perfected in art-forms than to argue that art attains full reality in life.

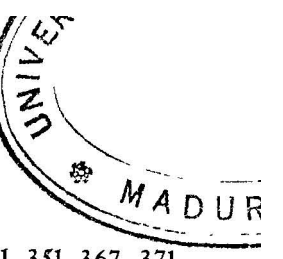
If we attempt to say what the reality of art is, we shall have a statement like this: The reality of art is form. Then if we define form as the assertion by an object of the analogical identity of its own being and of its status in the universe of objects, and then further define it in terms of concreteness as the synthesis of structure with texture in a design, we shall have the full statement of what is meant by reality in so far as it is possible to include or inclose reality in judgmental form.

IX. WHAT IS A POEM?

What anything *is*, so far as its being is to be formulated in judgments, is a matter of a system of concepts which display the design of its structure as an individual object and schematize its place within the universe relative to other objects. For descriptive purposes or for purposes of definition the nature of an object's being or existence is given by an analysis of the system of implications in which it stands and by pointing out the quality that the implications constitute when formulated as a system of designed relations.

A poem is an object of literary art as designed in the above arguments, i.e., in the arguments of the preceding essays. Analytically, a poem is an art object whose constitution or internal design is a structure of word-relations with their metaphysical implications. The content of the object is a fusion, by analogical identity, of its word-qualities with their metaphysical implications (or world references) into a unity that is individual. This content is experienced as the texture of the poem, as its structure is experienced in imagination through its design. So that an object with a structure so textured, or a texture so structured, is universal and takes its place in the constitution of things as a work of language art.

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