

# THE PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW.

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## THE PROBLEM OF BEAUTY.<sup>1</sup>

THE masterly presidential address of my predecessor in this office was devoted to "The Problem of Truth." He spoke with authority a unifying word in the struggles which characterize the American Philosophy of to-day. He focused the interest of our Association on the one central point from which our discussions in recent years have been derived, and there certainly can be no higher mission for such presidential addresses than to give expression in this way to that which stands in the foreground of our thoughts. Yet, is it merely the law of psychical contrast which makes me believe that there is one thing not less important than the center of our interests, namely, the center of our neglects? Am I entirely wrong in thinking that if such a presidential address has to accentuate a certain problem, it may be right to work against philosophical one-sidedness by emphasizing not those problems which are daily with us but those which we have forgotten and almost lost? One-sidedness is nowhere more dangerous than in philosophy, for every true philosophical question and answer is related to the whole philosophical universe. To give attention to a fraction only must always lead to a distorted view of reality. In every other field of intellectual effort, the division of labor may demand a one-sided concentration, and perhaps without serious harm. In philosophy there never was, and never can be, a movement which does not pay a grave penalty for the neglect of any fundamental side of life. Truth and morality, beauty and religion give meaning to our life; and the experience which philosophy seeks to interpret and to understand

<sup>1</sup> Delivered as the presidential address before the Eighth Annual Meeting of the American Philosophical Association at Johns Hopkins University, December 30, 1908.

is falsified, if you substitute one single color for the rainbow of reality, if you discuss the question of truth alone.

Surely, I have no right to say that this has occurred wholly. The philosophical problems of morality and religion have been unduly suppressed by the interest in the problem of truth, but they were never really brought to silence. Their inner life energy makes them heard even where they seem to be unwelcome. Only one ideal has suffered the full severity of the situation ; while no one in his fights about truth has dared entirely to forget that there is morality in the world too, American philosophers, with two or three notable exceptions, have not cared to remember that beauty also is interwoven in the life we aim to understand. I claim that, without forgetting that the empirical psychology of the sense of beauty, the experimental analysis and the physiological explanation, have given us some strong contributions to a psychological æsthetics. The psychologist has not to speak the last word here, and nobody would suppose that he has, if we had not so carelessly and so persistently neglected the philosophy of beauty.

Of course, whoever approaches the problem of beauty to-day is inclined to start with the study of the psychological processes in æsthetic enjoyment. Here alone is evidently solid ground. It was the great day of emancipation for æsthetics when at last it became liberated from metaphysical speculation and when Fechner's patience laid the foundation for an æsthetics "from below," for an æsthetics which simply gathers the empirical facts, describes them with scientific exactness, starts with the simplest elements and leads slowly from the most elementary æsthetic experience to the appreciation of the highest treasures of art. It was the hour of birth for experimental æsthetics, which in the last decades has found greater and greater access to the psychological laboratories of all countries. Its spirit harmonized well with the ethnological discoveries of the same period, and with the folk-lore studies which have shown us the primitive origins of human art.

What biology and ethnology and history of art have yielded there, offers evidently no difficulty as far as principles are con-

cerned. It is the same simple story which the last fifty years have told us in every department of human endeavor, the story of slow, natural development. Artistic creation and artistic appreciation have grown as language and religion, as customs and law have grown. More difficulty and therefore more controversy belong to the contributions of the empirical psychologist. Certainly the psychologist's starting-point was very simple and natural too. He had to begin with the question : What are the impressions which we prefer to others? Which colors and which color combinations, which tone successions and which chords, which lines and angles and curves, which rhythms and which movements, are more or less pleasant? The experiment alone can give the answer, if one seeks exactitude. It was short-sighted to claim that such experimental æsthetics would remain unsatisfactory, because it could never lead beyond an analysis of the simplest pleasant stimuli. That was the same narrowness with which, at the cradle of experimental psychology, it was prophesied that the psychological laboratory could never grow beyond the study of sensations and reactions. Meantime the psychological experiment has conquered the whole field of mental life ; and in the same way we may not merely have a vague hope, but we may confidently expect that the psychological experiment in æsthetics too will lead from the simple stimulations to the most complex objects of appreciation. Yes, it cannot be denied that much has been reached, and that the strictly experimental method has been applied in recent days to æsthetic material which far exceeds the elementary beginnings, to pictures and poems and melodies.

But more important was the increasing insight into the fact that the character of the outer stimuli is not sufficient to explain the pleasure which their perception offers. From year to year the experimental work has turned more and more to a careful study of the subjective factors. We may think here of the investigations which refer to the psychophysical conditions : how far, for instance, do different positions or fatigue or drugs or repetitions influence our enjoyment? Or we may think of the investigations which refer to the psychophysical effects, for instance, to the

motor responses or to changes in pulse and breathing during the æsthetic state. Or finally we may think of those studies which examine the associations and inhibitions, the memory processes and organic sensations in the æsthetic affection. It cannot be denied that the experimental results along these lines have so far been meagre. We are only at the beginning of the laboratory task, as far as the subjective factors of the æsthetic state are involved.

Yet the shortcomings of the laboratory work are not harmful, as we can fill the blanks of our knowledge by the results of careful self-observation in our daily enjoyment of works of art. Every artistic experience works here as a kind of experiment. The psychologists have, therefore, not waited until the laboratories have furnished us with exact data : most various psychological theories have clamored for acceptance.

We know the theory which says that the physical stimuli awaken in us a system of motor responses, and that we feel pleasantness whenever these physiological tensions and excitements and movements harmonize with the structural conditions of the organism. On the other hand we have theories which refer to psychical factors only, and seek the source of pleasantness in the similarity and likeness of mental states. We like it that the mental response which one element awakes is in some respects the same as the other elements are producing. Other theories again arise from quite different starting points. That which is really pleasant, they say, is the feeling that the perceived object of art does not make demands on our practical activity, that is, that our impulses to real actions are inhibited. That gives us a pleasant feeling of freedom from the necessities of practical existence. We are in a playful attitude which awakens an agreeable emotion. Quite near to this stands the theory which emphasizes that the work of art inhibits whatever is not contained in it. All associations which carry our mental life away from the æsthetic perception are thus inhibited and suppressed, and this hypnotizing power of the work of art overcomes us with a restful feeling of pleasure ; we are liberated from the real chain of events. But if such theories emphasize the feeling of unreality, others

point out how this state of mind alternates with the opposite : it has been insisted, indeed, that the whole pleasant effect of art lies in this constant fluctuation between the feeling of reality and the feeling of unreality, a kind of pendulum movement, which gives us a particular pleasure.

Other theorists again insist that we project our own mental states into the æsthetic object. We enjoy it to be thus free from the feeling of our own personality, to feel, instead of ourselves, the actions of nature. Or, on the contrary, it may be said that our self enjoys itself because it becomes the richer, the more it absorbs the external impulses and energies. Is it necessary to gather still more types of psychological theories, to speak further of those which emphasize the pleasure from associated ideas of practical advantage or of moral satisfaction, or the pleasure of mere imitation, or the pleasure of overcoming technical difficulties, and so on? May we not rather notice that every one of them points to important parts of the experience and that they are in no way contradictory to one another? Yes, perhaps all of them ought to enter as factors into an ultimate psychological theory of the pleasantness of beautiful objects. But more important to me is the fact that they all belong together in still another way : they all, without exception, are nothing but psychological theories.

Their common presupposition is this : the works of art or the beauties of nature are physical objects, lights and sounds and so on in a physical world, and they have a certain causal effect in human organisms, they stimulate the sense organs and the brain and awake there a series of physiological and mental phenomena of which the last is a feeling of pleasantness. The various theories disagree as to the most important links in this causal chain between the sensory stimulation of the brain and the feeling of pleasantness, but the principles and the purposes of the theories are, after all, the same throughout. They are fundamentally not different from the psychological explanation of the enjoyment of fruit and coffee and candy. The psychophysical processes between the sensations in eating an apple and the pleasure we have in the fruit may be simple ; those between the impression of a

painting by Rembrandt and the pleasure in the picture may be complex. But the interposition of all those associations and inhibitions, fusions and impulses does not really change the character of the psychological task : it is an individual pleasure feeling which is to be explained by causal means. The æsthetic enjoyment in every case means a certain pleasant feeling stirred up in the individual organism, and the beauty of the object is nothing but an illusory objectification of this mental phenomenon of pleasure. Things of beauty have themselves no value, they are themselves ultimately physical molecules, mechanical atoms, air-waves, and ether-waves. Their only æsthetic import lies in the fact that they are the causes of pleasant effects in psychophysical individuals.

But have we really a right to stop here and to accept such psychological analysis as the last word of æsthetic inquiry ? Has beauty really no further meaning for us than that it gives us a pleasant feeling ? Is our enjoyment of Leonardo's *Mona Lisa* or of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, of *Hamlet* or of *Antigone*, really nothing but a more complex pleasure of the kind which chocolate and perfumes may awaken in us. Yes, have I ever been near at all to the altar of beauty, if my personal pleasure, my individual state, my passing enjoyment was all that I meant by the meaning of beauty ? If I enjoy the pleasures of life I seek my own comfort, my own tickling sensations, in short, I seek states of myself. If I worship at the shrine of beauty I know that nothing depends upon me, the chance individual, that I reach out there to a reality which must be valuable for every one who is able to feel it, that it comes to me as an ought to which I submit, that it comes as a perfection which belongs to the truest meaning of the world and which cannot be otherwise. I may not be able to hold it, I may not be worthy to enter into its endlessness, but if it ever spoke to me at all and unveiled its beauty, it did not ask me whether there was pleasure in my consciousness, it asked only whether I grasped its harmony and through it the perfection of the world.

The well-trained psychologist has a condescending smile for such metaphysical cant. He shivers at the thought that he

might be thrown back to the speculative æsthetics of pre-psychological times, to that æsthetics 'from above' which begins with vague speculation instead of the facts of real experience. Yet he is not afraid of any danger, because his psychology can quickly give a full account of such mystical moods. Of course, he says, in excitable personalities the psychophysical emotions caused by the pleasant object may overflow into secondary channels and produce semi-religious associations and feelings. The psychologist is perfectly satisfied with this solution of the problem and simply asks us to inhibit those vague associations and to stick to the real facts.

I agree with him fully, but I ask: What are the real facts? What is my real, immediate, unreconstructed life experience? I have before me the drawing of a simple beautiful arabesque. Its halves balance each other, a rhythmical movement pervades their interplay, they move away from the center and come back, and the longer I follow their energies, the more I understand their perfect harmony. What are the facts? You say the drawing is a physical distribution of white and black points; they produce in my mind a visual idea through the agency of my sense organ and my brain, and this idea by associations and reactions awakes a psychical idea of movement and energy which I project into the physical ornament, and from this finally arises in my content of consciousness a feeling of pleasure. All of this I deny: I say that nothing of the kind enters into my experience. In seeing this ornament, I have not the double experience of the physical thing outside of me and the mental visual idea of it in me, enclosed in the capsule of my consciousness; I do not know that ornament as being in me at all, nor do I know of my brain, nor do I feel my feeling as an experience of which I simply become aware, nor do I know of those energies as states in me, nor do I know of any causal connection between those various factors; in short, no one of those so-called facts of physics and psychology present themselves to me as expressions of my real experience. I do not say that they are not true; that means I do not deny that it may have logical value to look at the situation as if it presented itself in those physical and psychological categories

and thus to reshape for certain purposes the facts of life in the way to which physics and psychology are accustomed. I insist only that their truths so cloaked and masked are not the naked facts of life, and that if we really want an æsthetics 'from below,' that is, an æsthetics which begins where no complicated thinking has remolded the facts, then we cannot possibly start from the results of physiological psychology. They may be necessary for certain ends but they are artificial, and to leave them behind and to come back at last to that which we really experience is certainly not a neglect of facts, but a true regaining of facts, from which the causal sciences lead us away not less than the metaphysical speculations. What are the facts? I ask again.

This ornament on paper is to me not two-fold but one, neither a physical thing made up of atoms, nor a visual image made up of sensations. It is a still undifferentiated pre-physical and pre-psychological object. On the other hand, I myself take attitude toward it not as a passive subject of consciousness which becomes aware of feelings and emotions, ideas and volitions, as conscious phenomena, but I myself am living through those attitudes, I am the will which reaches out directly toward those real objects. The antithesis of the subject of will and of the object is primary; it is a far way from it to the quite different antithesis of psychical and physical. Yes, I can go further. That object of my interest is not even a 'thing' in the sense of physical existence. If I speak of my object as a thing, I mean by it more than my immediate impression; I mean then that it will be a possible object for later experience and was an object for previous experience. In short, I have introduced thought relations which lie in the direction of physics, but which transcend the actual fact of my æsthetic experience. Neither the ornament before me, nor the picturesque church tower I see, nor the melody I hear is more than an impression which comes to me as a meaning, as a manifoldness of energies, of suggestions, of demands. I do not ask whether it will lead beyond the present experience, whether it is a thing; the impression stands for itself and every element in it wants me to take part. I feel uplifted with the noble upward movement of the tower, that is, the will of my personality wills



with the tower itself, and with the tones of the melody my will excites itself and longs for the other tones. Let us for once banish the reminiscences of physical knowledge, let us for once face reality as we experience it, naively and purely, and every difficulty disappears for understanding the self-expression of this world of objects as a concrete fact. It may be ever so valuable to turn from reality in the other direction and to connect experiences until they give us things and causal connections, but it is certainly not less justified to resist such an impulse, and to seek to understand instead what we hold in the present experience itself, before we transcend it.

In such immediate experience every part comes to me as a suggestion for my will. I grasp it in willing with it. But to live through a will is of course in itself no satisfaction, no joy and no value; yet only one more step is to be taken and we reach beauty. It is a decisive step, the step which gives meaning to our life and allows us to speak of a world at all. It is the act which constitutes the meaning of a world as against a mere dream and a chaos. Impressions come to us, but scattered impressions as such are never a world, and it is our share, it is our eternal share to decide whether we are satisfied with a scattered chaos of impressions or whether ours is a world which asserts its inner independence.

If you decide that your experience is to you nothing but a dream, each impression, each suggestion, nothing but an impression, nothing but a suggestion, without connection, without agreement, without mutual relation, then there is no need of asking whether there is anything valuable in the world, because you have no world. There is no need of thought then, there is no need for discussion, because there is nothing which lasts and nothing which is shared and nothing but a chaos of bits of which no one can reach the other. But if you decide to seek in this chaos a real world, then the constitution of that world is determined by the demand of your own seeking will, because nothing else can constitute that world but what you intend to understand as belonging to such a world. Vice versa, whatever your will requires as necessary to constitute a world is then

acknowledged beforehand as a feature of the world which you are seeking. It belongs to the world and cannot be eliminated from it, however far you may be from having reached it. It is eternally bound up with the world, as long as the will is posited to affirm such a world at all and to transcend the chaos of dream-like impressions.

Those absolute properties of the world are then for us no longer mere experiences, but they are the fulfilments of our own will to have a world, and every fulfilment of a will is a satisfaction. As this will to have a world is the one condition of the world which cannot be eliminated, therefore everything which constitutes the world as such offers an absolute satisfaction for every possible subject. Such satisfaction does not indeed depend upon the individual desire of the one or the other, does not depend upon the chance situation of personalities, and is thus no satisfaction of a merely personal desire: in short, it is an over-personal enjoyment and thus an absolute value. The will for the pleasant object is different with every personality and with every experience. The will for a world which is more than a dream is the presupposition for everyone whom we acknowledge at all as a subject. Whoever denies the decision in favor of a world has no longer any relation to our inquiry as to the constitution of this world; whoever makes that decision, performs the step which leads from the chaos of experience to eternal values.

Here we ask for one value of the world only, for that of beauty. We said the bits of experience come to us as suggestions for our will. Every color and every tone, every angle and every curve, every rhythm and every word has an expression which we understand. If we now transcend these single suggestions with the aim to find a world, then our first demand must be that such expression does not remain a chance experience without support and agreement. Our will to get a glimpse of a world is satisfied as soon as we discover that the one will which speaks to us finds an equal in another will, that the one demand is satisfied by the agreement of another demand, that the purpose of the one line coincides with the purpose of the other line, that the desire of the one tone is harmonizing with the aim of the other tone,

that the striving of one word is welcomed by the desire of the other. It is a long way from the mutual sympathy of a few tones in a simple melody and of a few lines in a simple ornament to the complete harmony and unity of life and world, but it is a straight way without turning of the road. Wherever a manifoldness of will is experienced, there every agreement of the various parts is the fulfilment of our demand for a non-chaotic, for a self-agreeing world, and thus satisfactory for every possible subject which wills a world, and thus eternally valuable.

This value is then independent of the question whether this self-agreeing experience satisfies at the same time still other demands of merely personal character, and gives thus pleasure or relief from displeasure. The beautiful may be pleasant and agreeable but it is never beautiful because it is agreeable. It is beautiful because it is perfect, because every demand which is raised in its manifoldness is completely satisfied by the will of the other parts. The objective satisfaction resulting from the will to have such a perfect self-agreeing world is the only æsthetic attitude ; the subjective satisfaction resulting from the chance desires of the personality is the practical attitude which may change with every man and with every hour and which lies below the level of æsthetics. The absolute value of the beautiful as belonging to the eternal structure of the only possible world is thus also entirely independent from the empirical fact whether particular individuals are able to take this æsthetic attitude and are thus able to understand the beauty of the world. It may be that the will of the object does not reach their will, that they deal with the object merely as material for the fulfilment of their practical desires. Their individual inability cannot possibly interfere with the entirely different question as to the objective value of that which they do not understand. Whether the unmusical person finds that music is to him an agreeable noise or a disagreeable noise has no bearing on the beauty of music. He knows no music at all, but only sounds, and the pleasure or displeasure which these sounds stir up in him by organic sensations or associations is a by-product which has no internal relation to the striving of the great composers. Our life involves a manifoldness

of attitudes towards the world. If we are to have a world at all, it must be ultimately the same world for all of us, but the world character of the experience can be reached in many ways. The æsthetic approach is only one. You may reach the world by merely ethical or logical attitudes, and a life may find its unity without taking an æsthetic attitude towards experience at all ; that surely does not interfere with the absolute value of the æsthetic completeness.

I have said that the absence of æsthetic attitude does perhaps not necessarily mar that unity of life which we all are seeking, but is not this unity of life itself such an ideal of completeness and harmony, and therefore ultimately an æsthetic value? If we seek principles, we have indeed no right to overlook the fact that the æsthetic attitude is not at all confined to works of art, and that the artistic efforts of historic civilization only bring to a focus the same energies and attitudes with which we meet the world in its natural flow. It would be a mere quarreling about words if we were unwilling to speak about beauty where the experience has not been reshaped by the genius of the artist. Are we not accustomed to speak of the beauty of the sunset and of our æsthetic attitude towards the ocean? We have no right to avoid the word when the same conditions are fulfilled in other spheres of experience. I do not hesitate to claim that friendship and love and peace in mankind are æsthetic values, yes that the unity of ourselves, that every inner completeness, that every happiness has its true meaning in its æsthetic perfection.

Indeed for a moment let us abstract ourselves from that systematic heightening of the world completeness by the means of art, and let us evaluate the immediate beauty of life. There are three spheres of experience for everyone. There is a world of outer objects, there is a world of other subjects, there is a world of the own inner personality. The scientist would like to substitute for those outer impressions the physical things and for the inner purposes he would substitute the psychological phenomena : we know that both lead us away from immediate reality. But still more are we removed from real life when science makes us believe that those other personalities come to us as physical objects, as

organisms, into which we introject mental phenomena by analogy with our introspection. In the life experience from which we start, other people come to us as subjects of will, as personalities with whom we agree or disagree, whose attitudes we understand and who are not at all in question as objects. If thus our original experience is restituted and freed from the reminiscences of a remodelling physics and psychology, then the world becomes for us a world of suggestions through outer impressions, a world of demands through other personalities, a world of purposes in our inner life. Every one of these three groups may show us inner agreement and unity.

If the purposes of the outer impressions harmonize, we have the æsthetic value of natural beauty ; if the will of the various personalities harmonizes, we have the æsthetic value of love in all its shadings ; if the totality of our inner demands is in harmony, we have the æsthetic value of happiness. Now we easily see why beauty of nature is to us a rare experience. It is possible only when nature suggests to us its own will and thus makes us feel with her desires and intentions, with her excitements and rhythms ; and that again can be realized only when those outer impressions do not come in question for us as starting points for action and as material for the satisfaction of our personal demands. If we fight with the waves of the ocean, they are to us only a dangerous object ; they have no meaning to us because our personal interest demands from us that we treat those impressions in their causal connectiveness and thus as non-living physical objects. But if we stand on the safe rock, each wave and the foam of the surf suggests to us impulse and energy and we feel the perfect symphony and the mutual agreement of the acts of the excited ocean. It is not an abstract idea which nature tells us and still less a moral, it is nothing which stands mystically behind nature ; that which is expressed is the energy and the strength and the impulse, the excitement of the colors and of the lines and of the rhythms and of the sounds. Whether any such element of nature is comforting to ourselves or painful, is agreeably tickling or disagreeable, does not influence the beauty of nature. Beauty demands only that we feel ourselves into the

will of nature and that we find a fulfilment of each desire in the agreement which the other parts of nature offer. Or course, the richer the manifoldness of such will, the more intense the beauty of the landscape.

It is not otherwise when we understand the mutual agreement of a human manifold. If two personalities agree in friendship or millions of wills are harmonized in peace, it is not at all the question whether such will satisfies our own personal desires ; no, the value lies here again entirely in the fact that two are agreeing and that the chaotic state of experience has thus been organized into that unity of will which means the world. Wherever two wills are felt by us as one, there something absolutely valuable speaks to us and its harmony has entered into the eternal meaning of the world. Love and harmony of souls, devotion and peace, are misplaced in the system of values if they are classified, as they usually are, among the ethical virtues. That two souls unite in love and that their will becomes one, without struggle and without resistance, following the deepest impulse of their will, cannot have any moral value. It has no right to claim ethical praise ; but it is endlessly beautiful and the world is eternally richer by such perfect harmony of personalities.

But still more is this misplacement habitual with the æsthetic value of happiness. Utilitarian ethics, using vaguely the word happiness for mere pleasure, has always tried to smuggle happiness into the system of morality. Idealistic ethics separated morality from happiness and believed therefore that it had to remove happiness entirely from the world of absolute values. Certainly happiness lies outside of the field of ethics, but an absolute value it is. It is the æsthetic completeness and harmony of our own strivings. Just for that reason it is endlessly more than, or rather something entirely different from, mere pleasure. The pleasure which satisfies my particular desire extinguishes the will. There is no longer any will when it is satisfied. True happiness wants the full richness of continuous striving, and yet the full agreement of all inner energies. There may be no value in any one of these particular desires, but their complete mutual harmony constitutes our inner life as an absolute æsthetic value.

The offerings of the outer world will thus the more enter into this happiness, the more they become themselves starting points for new and ever new demands and endeavors. Nature and the inner life of mankind offer us incessant gifts of beauty through their external harmony, through love and through happiness, and there is no human life into which never a ray of this perfection of the world penetrates.

The history of civilization is the great human effort to realize systematically and to bring to consciousness the absolute values of the world. Science and religion, law and economics, each is serving that task for different groups of eternal values. It has been the function of art to strive systematically towards the realization of æsthetic values. The fine arts do it with reference to the outer world, the literary arts with reference to the relations of personalities, music with relation to the inner world ; thus we have the same three groups which we found in immediate life experience. The purpose of the visible arts is indeed to give us a piece of the outer world in such a way that we completely understand the mutual agreement of all the intentions in this given manifoldness, and feel thus in this single piece the eternal perfection of the universe. Every possible rule and principle of art can be deduced from a clear understanding of this ultimate aim of the artist. One demand stands in the foreground. To find an inner agreement in the outer world it must come to us as will, because only intentions can agree. Thus it must cease to be simply material for our practical work, simply object for our interest. It must therefore be cut off from the chain of practical events, it must not be the effect of previous or the cause of later happenings, it must be disconnected from the remainder of the world ; in short, it must be entirely isolated. The isolated alone eliminates every connection, and thus every practical attitude, and this isolation is reached by art. In the painted landscape there are no people behind the mountains, and the road does not lead beyond the frame ; the lion of marble cannot spring upon us ; the dying heroine on the stage does not expect that we rush to her help ; the persons of the novel will never interfere with our daily life. Art gives us isolation, and just for that reason our demand

for complete agreement in that experience can be satisfied. Whether it will be satisfied completely depends upon the question whether we have a perfect work of art, whether a genius moulded the experience.

This isolation alone constitutes the unreality of art. Of course, the bronze statue fills a real space just as much as a living man, and the Hamlet on the stage is even a real living man himself. It would also be misleading to say that the painting is unreal because it is not itself the real landscape but only a representation of reality ; and that the novel is not itself the real love affair but only its report. No, the illustration of a natural history book or the historical biography are in the same way representations only, and yet they are not at all in question as unreal. That which is meant is rather this. To be unreal in the æsthetical sense means that the object of this experience does not transcend itself, does not awake any expectations for future changes or any reminiscences of previous stages. The waves in the painted ocean are not expected ever to move ; the hero in the marble monument is not expected ever to speak. No artistic experience points away from itself. It can never be grasped in a later stage and was never known in a previous one, and lacks by that all those characteristics which constitute the physical existence and in this sense the reality.

In order to suppress in this way every expectation of practical connection many means are possible. The painter gives us nature in the richness of its colors but eliminates the third dimension. The two-dimensional landscape suggests to us still every impulse which its colors and forms and contents, its trees and meadows and people may express, but the wanderer on that meadow will never advance on his way. The expectation that he may advance is not destroyed because the painter was unable to reproduce the landscape in its plastic form, but the painter projected his landscape into the plane because he wanted to eliminate the expectation that the wanderer ever may advance. The sculptor keeps that third dimension but he eliminates the color ; the colored wax figure which deceives us and thus stimulates the expectation of movements, stands on a level far below



real art. In the same way the poet uses rhythm and rhyme to exclude the expectation that his verses should be taken as reports of occurrences and of moods which enter into the chain of actions. Not otherwise the life on the stage. Its frame cuts off every expectation that those persons with their ambitions and their intrigues may have an existence beyond that which they show to us.

This unreality of the artistic object detracts nothing from the richness of the experience. That which is superadded in the real object is only its pointing beyond itself. The unreal offering of art has thus never to deceive us with the illusion of reality, as such illusion would eliminate the æsthetic attitude. But such absence of reality does in no way put the unreal object on a lower level than the real object, as if something were lacking. The unreal is something entirely different but not at all less valuable than the real. The usual predominance of our practical life interests may mislead us and may make us feel as if the real is positive and the unreal something negative, as if the unreal would become more valuable if reality might still be added. But with the same logical right, we might reverse the relation. The unreal is that which offers itself in its entirety, which is complete in itself and which thus needs no reference to anything beyond itself. The real, on the other hand, has its meaning in the expectation which it awakens and in the connections which lead beyond its own limits. The experience of the real is therefore that which in itself is incomplete, in itself imperfect, in itself unsatisfactory. The real is then the negative and that which lives in art becomes the positive. The real in its incompleteness strives to reach by its development and changes and connection that self-perfection which belongs at once to the creation of the artistic genius. It is a one-sidedness in our view of the world if we usually presuppose that the reality character of the world is fundamental and the perfection character a rather accidental addition. With the same one-sided over-valuation, we might consider that which is united in itself, harmonizing and complete in itself and therefore beautiful, as the only true and valuable world; it would then be an accidental side-fact that there are

some experiences which have no perfection, but stir up expectations of connection and have therefore scientific existence, and thus gain a certain value by their objective reality.

If the visible arts bring out the inner harmony in the manifoldness of nature, the literary arts deal with the will of man ; and as man's life has that threefold relation to the outer world, to the other men and to his own personality, we have three fundamental forms of literature. The epic narrates the hero's strivings in the outer world, the drama represents his relation to his fellowmen, and lyrics give expression to that experience of man which is bound up with his inner life. But in all three cases the poet gives us a manifoldness of excitements and intentions and purposes which is in complete agreement. Every sound of every vowel and every consonant, every rhythm and every line, every syllable and every word, every metaphor and every thought has there its own intention which resounds in us, its own will which we feel with it, and if they are all in harmony, the poem is perfect. Of course, that does not mean that literature deals only with men who stand in harmonious friendly relations with one another. On the contrary, the sharp conflict of antagonistic will belongs to the deepest meaning of the drama, and yet it has been said rightly that the true tragedy leaves no disharmony. That is the necessary difference between art and life ; the conflict of personalities on the battlefield of life is disharmonious because all the practical connections are working, no unity is reached in such hostility. But the drama has cut off those relations, the manifoldness which it offers is isolated through the frame of the stage, and in this limited manifoldness every single will serves perfectly the intention of the whole. The tragic conflict which wants to express itself demands the will of both the hero and his enemy. The will of the one has no meaning without the antagonistic will of the other. If we want the one we need the other, and thus they are all in perfect agreement, bound together in one unity. It is the same as in the fine arts ; the painter may create a perfect painting of complete beauty of which the content is the ugliest beggar. That which is ugly and disharmonious in nature and life may be the content of the most beautiful creation of art. As

soon as the expression of this dirty beggar is recognized as the purport of the offering complete harmony is reached, if every line and every color every movement of the figure and every suggestion of the background agrees in bringing out this aim. The unreal content can thus reach complete unity of experience where the same manifoldness felt as reality would be disharmonious and repulsive.

The harmony of our inner movements, which in the reality of life comes to us in moments of complete happiness, is reached in art by the experience of music. The tones do not describe and do not depict anything. They only liberate our own self which may live itself out in the movements and rhythms, in the longings and fulfilments of the tones. To bring to us such rich inner emotion, we need the tone-material just because those tones are not things; they have no practical value in the world, and while they come from instruments our attitudes do not refer to those external objects. Pictures and words speak to us of nature and other men, tones do not speak of anything. Their meaning is just their mutual relation which we feel and which thus fills our mind with an endless inner movement, with a striving and reaching, and yet all in that inner harmony of intentions which is the happiness of perfection. In music alone, in the completion of the simplest melody, in the unity of the simplest chord, complete repose is brought to us, and yet a repose not by lack of will, but by the complete equilibrium of over-rich inner excitement. Music thus expresses the harmony of ourselves, as poetry unveils the harmony of mankind, and fine art the harmony of nature. Yet this inner self is isolated again and cut loose from the practical emotions which may rush to our mind, because music substitutes the unreal world of tones for the real world of things.

Thus art demands many factors. The manifoldness of the content must be unreal; it must express a will; this will must be important; this will must be felt by us; our own will must be extinguished; every relation to anything beyond the content must be cut off; the whole must be entirely isolated; it must have its own form; this form must harmonize with the content;

all the suggestions of the parts of form and content must agree with the aim of the whole. But all these factors are not found there together by chance ; they are all controlled by the one fundamental aim of art, that the internal agreement of the experienced manifold shall come to expression. Only because we seek agreement, we must understand it as will ; only to understand the will of the experience, we must eliminate our own personal will ; to eliminate our personal will, the experience must be cut off from the world and be isolated and thus unreal : if this isolated will-manifold is in perfect unity, we have a work of beauty. This unity of will, on the other hand, represents an absolute value, as we have recognized from the start. If the will which comes to us as a suggestion is to be more than a chance flash, is to be the expression of something self-dependent and self-existing, in short, of a world, it must agree in itself, and only as far as it agrees with itself has it a meaning which is more than a chaotic dream. We want to reach in our experience such a self-asserting world, or else every discussion about the world is by principle meaningless. We receive, therefore, the single experience with a demand for an identical intention in the other parts of the given manifold, and when the identity is found, we are satisfied. But as this satisfaction refers entirely to the impersonal demand for a world, a demand which necessarily belongs to every subject as a subject, this satisfaction is over-personal ; the identity of will in the factors which constitute a work of art is thus valuable in an over-personal sense ; it is an absolute value. As such it is entirely independent from the other question whether the whole artistic work or parts of it satisfy at the same time a personal demand for pleasant feelings and agreeable advantages. The work of art may be pleasant but it *ought* to be beautiful. That the world demonstrates its self-assertion through the inner harmony of its will expressions, is a demand which constitutes the meaning of every possible subject that seeks a world. The satisfaction of this demand must thus be a general and necessary value ; there cannot be a subject which does not acknowledge this value ; there cannot be a world without this value. Our personal pleasures vary and may pass by ; the value of beauty is eternal.

From this highest point, we easily see the fundamental difference between æsthetic and logical value. They lie in opposite directions and yet the ultimate principle is the same. The satisfaction of the logical demand is another fulfilment of the same postulate. The subject wants to transcend the chaotic flashes of experience. From the chaos he reaches out for a world which asserts itself. In beauty we found it by the mutual agreement of the parts of a manifold. But this same self-assertion of the world can be reached in an opposite way: if we do not consider the manifold and the identity of the aims in its parts but if we consider the single experience and seek its identity in new and ever new situations of life. That alone is the logical attitude. In immediate life experience, we reach by such logical act at once the values of practical existence, of objective reality. We hold the single experience of the outer world and seek now its identity in the experiences of other subjects or in new experience of our own. The impression is thus constitutive of a physical thing. Or we meet a suggestion and we understand the will which expresses itself there as identical with a will in other experiences, and we constitute by it the existence of a personality. Or we meet in ourselves an experience of will and again we find it not fleeting but recognize it as identical in every new experience, and we then constitute it as a really existing norm. Things, persons, and norms are thus experiences to which we give the value of objective existence. But this again is an absolute value because it is again the satisfaction of the over-personal demand that the single momentary flash of experience remain identical with itself and that thus a world is with us.

Just as the æsthetic attitude was leading from natural beauty and love and happiness to those artificial creations of civilization in our art, in the same way the logical attitude leads from the mere, immediate values of existence and reality to the systematic efforts of civilization which we call science. Yet the logical attitude remains the same. Knowledge is a systematic reconstruction by which every thing and every person and every norm is understood as remaining identical with itself throughout every possible experience. For that purpose the things are linked into

a chain of causal events which make up the physical universe, the personalities are embedded in history, the norms are set into logical systems. Whether we deal with physics or with history or with mathematics, it is an endless remolding of experience until everything is transformed into a system of identities, until the universe is made up of indestructible atoms which remain identical with themselves or energies which cannot disappear. Science must thus connect these experiences until everything is a part of the systematic whole in which it can assert itself as identical with itself, while art isolates the experiences and cuts off all the relations of the one given manifold from the remainder of the world.

The æsthetical value of beautiful unity and the logical value of connected existence are thus equally fulfilments of the over-personal, absolute demand for the self-realization of a world in this chaotic experience. Our insight into such connections makes us, of course, able to calculate from that which is given that which is not yet experienced, that which is to be expected, that which thus becomes important for the practical deed. Our appreciation of beauty never leads beyond the given manifold, and is, therefore, useless for practical purposes, but it teaches us to understand the inner meaning of the world. As our knowledge thus offers us the vehicles for practical success, we subordinate ourselves to science and through our subordination we master the world. Beauty we serve by devotion, but in surrendering ourselves to it, we overcome the world and liberate ourselves from its struggles and griefs ; for the service of beauty demands that we feel with the will of nature and inhibit the chance will of our own. Through our service to knowledge, we grasp the self-assertion of the world by the everlasting identity of each single element ; in the service to beauty, we grasp the self-assertion of the world in the identity of purposes in a given manifold. The real value lies in both cases in this recognition of the identity, in this fulfilment of the demand for a more than flash-like experience, in the grasping of a world through a chaos.

The self-agreement of the world in real beauty does not contradict the fact that its whole or its parts may satisfy also individ-

ual desires, may tickle our senses, may give us a pleasant feeling of play, may carry agreeable memories ; the beautiful is then at the same time pleasant. The same relation holds for the logical values ; also their real meaning lies in that fulfilment of the absolute postulate for a self-identical world ; and their value is thus over-personal and absolute. But the fact that the discovered connections which lead from the present experience to new ones must help us for the calculation of the future and thus for particular achievements, gives to knowledge, too, a pleasant individual effect. The individual demand for personal advantage can be satisfied. The absolute logical value may thus be coupled with a relative value of practical advantageousness just as the absolute æsthetic value is coupled with the relative value of agreeableness. But as the pleasant tickling of our senses does never constitute the real meaning of beauty, so the pleasant experience of advantage does never constitute the real value of truth.

It would lead us too far to ask in what other ways the postulate for a world which asserts itself, and is thus in unity with itself, may be fulfilled. We should then have to turn first of all to the identity between intention and action. We should there easily see that every progress in the universe and every moral self-realization involve just this fundamental harmony. Yes, we might see that nothing else is the ultimate meaning of law and technical civilization. And finally we should recognize that the world is after all not a self-asserting reality, if the demand for identity has led to such different worlds as the world of inner agreement in beauty, the world of systematic connection in truth, the world of self-realization in morality. They all demand absolute value without being united among one another. And therefore the postulate for a world involves a last value by which all these valuable worlds themselves are recognized as agreeing and ultimately identical. This last over-personal demand is fulfilled by the belief in a transcendent will through which the world of æsthetic happiness, of logical existence, and of moral striving are recognized as one ; then we have religion. And if this ultimate self-identity is recognized by going not beyond experience, but by grasping that ultimate act through which the

over-personal will in us posits at all the absoluteness of beauty, truth and morality, we have philosophy.

Indeed, only if we take this last step, is philosophy in question. To recognize beauty and truth and morality and religion in their eternal meaning as the deeds of our over-personal will is a true philosophic endeavor. To deal with the pleasant feelings which beauty awakens is nothing but a psychological research, world-far from philosophy. And just where this psychological inquiry into the pleasantness of beauty has its place, there belongs also the much favored study of the advantageous effects which truth may have for us, or the inquiry into the usefulness which moral actions may have, or into the comfort which the consolations of religion may carry to the individual mind. They are all psychology, untouched by the philosophical problem.

To say that such endeavors are psychological and move in a sphere where nothing can be gained for philosophy certainly does not imply that they are not highly important. To examine the individual and social, physiological and psychological effects of beautiful creations, of truthful propositions, or moral self-denial, and of religious inspiration is certainly a large part of scientific knowledge, and everybody will accept the results as long as such questions are not confused with the entirely different problem of what beauty and truth and morality and religion mean, and in what their value consists. Those psychological questions must, of course, be answered by the means of empirical science; biology, psychology, and sociology have to contribute. In the spirit of these memorial days in which our association gladly takes part in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the *Origin of Species*, I point to the wide perspectives which have been opened by the genius of Darwin. The importance which belongs to the evolution of the æsthetic excitement cannot be overestimated. In the moral field, those social groups must survive which are held together by strong altruistic feelings or which are strengthened in their struggle for existence by intense religious belief. Above all in the logical field, we see clearly that those individuals must survive whose brains produce ideas which can be used for advantageous actions. The survival of the useful ideas is one of the



most immediate consequences of Darwinism in physiological psychology. And from there it is only one step to the interesting and stimulating studies in social psychology which are called pragmatism.

But all these valuable studies are parts of knowledge and thus have themselves a meaning only in reference to the ideal of truth, to the ideal of remolding the chaos into a system of self-asserting identities. That fundamental, over-personal, world-positing act which gives value to truth precedes thus the acknowledgment of every particular group of truths. In our search for absolute truth we construct science and in the midst of science for certain logical purposes we must choose a standpoint from which every human function, even truth-seeking, appears as a psychological phenomenon, and thus individual and relative. From such a standpoint everything absolute must impress us as unreal, inconsistent and grotesque. The absolute is then a kind of monstrous world-lump behind the clouds. To fight against such a conception of the absolute is an effort in which pragmatism is certainly on the right side, but it is an effort which ought to appear superfluous in any philosophy after Kant. Pragmatism in logic and in æsthetics alike, if taken as philosophy, not as psychology, is the latest pre-Kantian answer to a pre-Kantian problem. The absolute which idealism is seeking in beauty as in truth is not a ready-made world behind experience ; it is a rule, it is a law, it is a norm, which binds our will if we are to have a world at all and the realization of which belongs thus to the eternal structure of our experience, if it is to become a world.

Let us do honor to Darwin, last century's leader in the study of scientific facts, and let us in his spirit acknowledge that every physical and psychical thing in the world, biological species and psychological truths, have their origin and their development and their ending ; and thus their merely relative value. But let us philosophers not forget that the same century gave us Fichte's idealism. There is no conflict between these two views which are equally consistent in themselves. To be sure, if we raise the natural science of body or of mind to the dignity of a last philosophy, then we can never reach an absolute value, and a conflict

must arise. But if we recognize that science itself depends upon an absolute deed and an absolute value, then all conflict disappears. Idealism can embrace scientific truth in its totality without disturbing it ; yes, idealism alone can secure to it freedom and safety. The value of the pragmatic doctrine of relative truths and beauties is dependent upon the absolute value of beauty and truth. Darwinism and pragmatism and every relativism can and must enter into absolute idealism : the origin of species and the eternity of values belong together.

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.