

THEORIES OF ART

I. *Philosophers and Art*

FROM the days of Plato and Aristotle, and probably from long before their time, down to the moment of this writing, the philosophic mind has been wont to turn its attention to the arts in their various manifestations, design included, viewing the activities of the artists and the antics of those who buy their wares as phenomena worthy of explanation, or as conundrums on which to exercise their faculties. Now, there was never an artist that really mattered who did not know quite well in his bones, as the saying is, what he was about, or who really required a philosopher's help in the matter. But with those who buy the artist's wares the case has been different. Hence the critic and a philosophy to support him.

Literature, from its very nature, cannot help being affected by all philosophies, ancient and current. It has thus served as a medium to pass on to the connoisseur, the buyer, and the building owner—to all those in fact who have any part in the complementary function of receiving what the artist has to give—a heterogeneous mass of philosophic thought and comment on art, presented in more or less mutilated form. The corruption of the integrity of the response to art is the result.

Since the invention of printing enabled the written word to replace the visual arts as the main democratic vehicle of expression on things in general, this indirect influence of philosophy on art has been enormously extended. What one generation of philosophers promulgates, the next generation of historians, essayists, poets, novelists, journalists, and critics disseminates; and the next generation of artists has sought to put into practice willy nilly, on the erroneous assumption that one must live. Aesthetic is the name usually applied to this body of speculative thought, whether it be regarded as a branch of philosophy, or as a science.

Your modern philosopher, when he turns aesthetician, is usually very doubtful of the expediency of deriving artistic precept from his findings. To give him his due, this is not so much from a fear

of a possible *reductio ad absurdum* as from an Olympian attitude of mind—a sense of his prerogative to regard art and artists as phenomena.

But the artist has a lively interest in what is said about him and his work; it may affect his living; it must affect his reputation, now or later. The modern student of art and the modern art student, once they become cognizant of aesthetic, are not slow to investigate it for what it may offer. The student of art seeks explanation of such phenomena as the pseudo-archaic movement in the Greco-Roman world, the rebirth of classic taste in the fifteenth century, and the Gothic revival in the nineteenth; while the art student demands a creed that will hold water. Both soon become alive to the fact that the last century and a half has produced an enormous literature of art, tainted on half its pages by propagandist zeal, based upon irreconcilable aesthetic doctrines.

It is not necessary here to recount the evolution of aesthetic thought. That has been done very adequately by many aestheticians during the last thirty years, in their prefaces and in their appendices, the better to clarify their own positions. On certain of the positions taken in recent contributions there will be something to say; for these represent a great advance towards a common-sense view, and one hesitates to await three generations for its full effect.

A learned colleague¹ has recently written a *History of Taste*, and one might easily be tempted to trace the effect of the evolution of taste—the taste of the writers and the thinkers—upon subsequent performance in the arts. A brief outline of the problems with which aesthetic seeks to deal is all that can be attempted here.

2. *The Inquiry defined*

Confusion of thought between aesthetic, the science of expression, and hedonic, the science of the agreeable, is an unfortunate characteristic of much writing on the subject of art in the English language. It will be well to clarify what we may call the modern position from the start, even if this involves assumptions to be substantiated in later pages. There is an inevitable relation between aesthetic and hedonic activities; the former involve the use of the latter. The relation is that of master and servant. There are things a master cannot do at all, and things he cannot do so well, without

¹ F. P. Chambers.

the help of his servant, but it is he who has the responsibility. This dependence is not mutual, for though each is dependent on the other, each is dependent in a different sense.

It may be convenient at this stage to categorize the main questions which aesthetic seeks to answer. The first group comprises the broad fundamental problems to be discussed in this chapter: What is art; what is an artist; what is a work of art; what is beauty?

The second group concerns itself with corollary matters such as the public taste, fashion, types, ideals, and the criteria. Later an effort will be made to deal with colour vision and form vision, with a view to supplying the reader with something in the way of a scientific basis for his approach to the problems of design. The artist may as well know what he is doing when he invokes the service of the hedonic in his aesthetic activities.

Now, this formidable array of questions and corollary problems, if it is to be resolved at all, involves the formulation of a series of definitions, all too apt to be in terms of one another. This is somewhat akin to disentangling a very long line with a great many hooks upon it as a preliminary to catching fish. We may expect occasionally to come across odd bits of string that look very like line, looped in with invisible knots—vicious circles. When this is so we require scissors. In using them one must try not to cut the line. The reader is therefore warned to be on his guard; for the writer may very likely blunder.

3. *The Underlying Sciences*

Many of these classic and immemorial questions cannot be answered to-day by mere dialectic in the way that it was open for any one to deal with them a century, or even half a century, ago; for there have been enormous advances in certain sciences of late. Where these have any bearing on the points at issue their aid must be invoked.

Archaeology has been making spasmodic contributions to aesthetic ever since the dawn of the Renaissance—spasmodic, because at different times archaeology has turned its attention in diverse directions, depending on its opportunities. It has now reached a stage where future researches may be expected to substantiate its established theories, rather than to provide food for new ones. Psychology has been freely drawn on by the aestheticians for a century and more; in fact, since long before it had a name. Physiology

has been appealed to with ever-growing emphasis for half as long, though only effectively in recent years. Physics is the last of the adult sciences to throw light on our problems. And now we have the new generation of cross-bred sciences, psycho-physiology, psycho-physics, and the rest, offering rather insistently to take a hand in stirring the aesthetician's pudding.

It is well for the inquirer to bear in mind that, in all these sciences, there are very definite limits as to ascertained fact; beyond these, theory based on assumption, hypothesis, and supposition has to be invoked. Also there are many matters pertinent to the answering of our questions, particularly in the field of form vision, on which hypothesis has not yet even been attempted. We, to-day, know far more than we did twenty years ago about how things are seen—quite enough to explode several time-honoured beliefs on which the technique of the visual arts has been founded; but, it may as well be confessed sooner than later, not yet very much.

It is the extraordinary lack, on the part of many fluent writers on art, of even a nodding acquaintance with the present state of philosophy and science, which renders the labour of these pages of a possible use to the book-bedevelled student of design. It is high time that some of the current superstitions with respect to 'the nature and function of art' were laid to rest. If one is here so fortunate as to make a beginning of the end of some of them, it is with the hope that others will continue the task.

These misconceptions stand in the way of mutual understanding between the artists and their public, and especially affect those who have the relation of architect and client. Art, as it will presently be seen, is essentially an affair of giving and receiving. It is rendered abortive when there is no free hand with which to accept.

Most of these superstitions have their origin in mistaking the means for the end; in confusing the aesthetic with the hedonic; in assuming that delight and insight are synonymous terms. Once one becomes possessed of the idea that it is the function of art to please one is headed direct for the 'Epicurean sty'. The artist must then take his place professionally, as many artists seem quite content to do, between the barman skilled in the mixing of elixirs and the daughters of Lilith, expert in carnal delights.

All which has been said before with more elaboration, but, apparently, with little effect.

4. Croce's *Aesthetic*

With two reservations, the reader is asked to accept the position of Benedetto Croce as set forth in his *Aesthetic as General Linguistic* in 1907, referring to Douglas Ainslie's translation of 1909, to fill out the arguments here only epitomized. This work made much stir at the time it appeared and has profoundly affected the views of all who have become familiar with it since. It may be mentioned that there are some who would have preferred that the translator had used the word 'mind' throughout, rather than 'spirit' as an equivalent of the Italian *spirito*.

As to the reservations: while one may be prepared to go the whole way with Croce in identifying artistic activity with expression, one may not be prepared to come the whole way back again by his route and admit that all expression is art. The difficulty seems fundamental, for expression is a universal phenomenon. It is inherent in every act and work of man. It pervades all nature. In these pages aesthetic is understood as the science of expression, which is an aspect of all things that are. In its own way, it is an explanation of everything. But art is not universal; far from it. There is an essential difference of kind between a map of Sicily and a madonna by Michelangelo where Croce seems to see a difference of degree only. Both are expression, the former is not necessarily art.

Once, when very young, the writer heard a lecturer on art, whose name he has shamefully forgotten, define art as 'expression by arrangement' and cite the difference between ordering a pint of claret in which to drink the health of a young woman before departing for the wars, and saying or singing:

Go fetch to me a pint of wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie, &c.

In both cases emotion is expressed by the act. The order, 'Waiter, a pint of Bordeaux and two glasses', informs, but leaves the hearer cold. The words of 'Rab the Ranter' infect, and we feel as that long-dead soldier felt, or, at least, as Burns felt that he felt.

There you have, in a nutshell, the difference between art and not-art. Modest pint of modest claret, or magnum of vintage champagne, it makes no difference. It is not the quality of the libation, but the quality of the words that enshrines the sentiment. Nor need one have shared the common experience of our generation

and have departed for the waste places whence 'the sounds of war are heard afar' to realize what Burns wanted and knew so well how to put into our hearts.

Now, that map of Sicily might be far more than a mere map. It might be the work of some one who loved, besides knowing, the contours of the land he portrayed; of some one who knew why he loved it with its harbours and ships, its hills and temples, its streams and towns. If he so made his map that he also made another also to understand and feel how he loved Sicily, or even only why, then the map would be a work of art, and he an artist. Such maps there have been, and plenty of them, but it is 'the outline of a country drawn by a cartographer' to which Croce alludes.

In any case, Croce lets us out of the difficulty by elsewhere alluding to 'what is generally called art'. It is with certain aspects of this more limited thing that these pages are largely concerned.

The successful exercise of the faculties is the basis of all satisfactions—those shared by the astronomer exploring the universe with the hungry student of his mathematical acrobatics; also, and as poignantly, those shared by the discoverer of form with him who contemplates the form discovered. The hedonic is as universal as the aesthetic. Design, the discovery of form, is subject to both aesthetic and hedonic law, whether the resultant object be competent only to explain itself, or be also competent, as a work of art, to transmit and revive something out of its author's heart, soul, spirit, or mind. Call it what you will, mood is as good a word as any.

The second difficulty with Croce is perhaps really only a regret that at one point he did not go a little farther to make his meaning fully clear. He makes a formidable onslaught on 'the theory of the artistic and literary classes'. By this he seems to mean the eighteenth-century laws of taste. He is at his best in pouring scorn on the sculptor who adds a spurious symbolic explanation of his work, and the writer who attaches a moral to adorn his tale, after it is told. What he would be at is the exclusion of general concepts from the field of art and the denial of the efficacy of those 'laws of styles' which are based on the principle that a particular formula is appropriate for a work of art expressive of a particular concept.

It has been stated above that art concerns itself with mood and not with concepts; but is there really a difficulty in its making use of concepts to provoke mood. When Lady Dilke wrote of 'the calculated effects of architecture' she certainly implied rules, but

she was far too understanding a person to have meant anything very different from mood by the word 'effects'. The eighteenth-century architects she was writing about very probably did believe they were expressing the 'sublime', by the help of certain formulae, when transmitting a mood in their view so exalted that superlative phraseology, used expletively, alone sufficed in giving tongue about it. This, after all, was only a case of the untranslatability of the work of art, which is inevitably unique in content.

Now, from all that Croce has said so well on translations and the unique nature of every work of art, it follows that no vehicle of expression can describe, far less express or transmit, all moods. This the critics continually forget. There are things of the 'spirit' that can only be said, others that can only be danced, and others again that can only be built, and so on with all the arts, ancient and modern and yet to be.

But there are tricks in all trades and the several arts are no exceptions. The architect, worthy of the name, knows very well how and when to make a façade smile or frown. If the smiles and frowns he deals in are not precisely analogous to the smiles and frowns the sculptor imparts, through an understanding of physiognomic contortions and clay and marble, they may be no less intentional and they equally depend on knowing how, on experience, on rules. Without this 'knowing how' the architect could not even have the conception of the smile or frown for his façade. Impressions are not best expressible, but only expressible, by handling of a medium. Technique sets the limits but it also provides much, sometimes all, of the inspiration.

If the kind of impressions of which architecture is redolent interest you, you study to become an architect; and you study to become a poet or a dancer for similar reasons—that is called your taste for this or that art. In this sense there is perhaps room for a 'theory of the artistic and literary classes' and the rules therefrom dependent. Once we realize that it is mood and feeling and not abstract concepts that they have to do with, the difficulty vanishes.

5. *Tolstoy and Hirn*

Count Leo Tolstoy's contribution to the aesthetic problem in *What is Art?* (1898) is somewhat marred by several obsessions of a moralistic kind which lead him to make his appreciations of expressions dependent on his view of the social value of their

intentions. In a serious study of art as an effective activity, surely good citizenship might be left out of the question. It was as good citizens, not as artists, that Michelangelo regretted his Leda, and Boccaccio his Decameron. For Tolstoy, Greek sculpture was obscenely nude. His misfortune in having that kind of a mind is his excuse, but not his justification, for regarding it as bad art. But, whatever his difficulties with good art and bad art, this great artist has given the clearest exposition, up to his time, of what is and what is not art at all. The 'infection' of the artist's public—the reader, the beholder—with the emotion of the artist through the work of art is his all-sufficing touchstone. If he flounders in confounding content with theme and in confusing good citizenship with good artistry, we can well forgive him. The masterpieces of Greek sculpture leave him cold for the same reason that the masterpieces of Renaissance architecture left Ruskin cold—he did not approve of them—there was a defect of sympathy in the critic.

Throughout his *Origins of Art* (1900) Yrjö Hirn has a good deal to say about the ways of primitive peoples, as might be expected from his title. In his chapter on 'Art the Reliever', which is another of the milestones on the road the student of modern aesthetic doctrine must tread, there is a most convincing exposition of the impulse to seek expression as a solvent of distress. Marshall in his *Pleasure, Pain, and Aesthetics* (1894) covers the same point from the frankly hedonistic point of view, so generally characteristic of English writings on the subject in his day. While both psychology and aesthetic have travelled far since Hirn and Marshall wrote a generation ago, one has still no difficulty in accepting the general thesis of these writers to the effect that pain is diminished and pleasure enhanced by expression. Now, an ejaculatory 'damn!' as explosive as the shell which has robbed one of a comrade, may be so heart-felt and its hearer may be so understanding that it has all, and more than all, the force of an 'In Memoriam'. But the 'damn' is not a work of art and a memorial poem may be one. It is not the elaboration that makes the difference, but the intentional materialization of a monument to a state of mind that does so. Some call for sympathy in distress, or in jubilation, is present in a great many things that are said and done; perhaps in everything we say and do. The hedonist's 'light and shade of experience' may be taken as universal. Art fixes this light and shade in a secondary expression.

Thus one may restrict the true content of art—of that thing we

are dealing with 'which is generally called art' as distinct from the casual blossoms in the universal field of expression—to emotional matters. In so doing one restricts the work of art to the function of an *aide mémoire* dealing with a mood. Art is not the expression of fact, or fancy, plus emotion; it is the expression of emotion plus whatever facts, or fancies, can be enlisted in its support.

Natural objects and designed objects have characteristics which are the expression of function and material and process; and several chapters will be consumed in the exposition of this mechanistic expression and the laws which determine it. Where art enters the fabric of design it begins inevitably where pure designing, such as occurs in Nature, ends. It is this that has misled so many into regarding art as expression of fact or fancy with something else added. The physical dependence of a work of art on a useful object, automatically expressive of itself, must not be allowed to blind one as to the integrity of the artistic expression which uses the useful object, together with other facts or fancies, for its support.

Whether in books or buildings, pictures or pirouettes, art is usually largely concerned to express the feelings of the designer with respect to the thing he has designed. It is often too readily assumed that all the 'light and shade' is inherent in the object, when the best part of it is in the artist's experience of the object. Through engineering the object expresses itself; through architecture the designer expresses himself. There are, of course, many engineers who are artists, and all architects should be engineers before they seek to be anything else.

6. Santayana

The word 'beauty' has occurred but once so far in these pages and then in a tabulated list of the problems of aesthetic. One may now dispose of it with the help of Georges Santayana, and it is unlikely that there will be much occasion to make use of the word later, for it is one of those flabby, question-begging terms that confuse discussion. The word 'beauty' has indeed no proper place in the vocabulary of the intelligent critic. In *The Sense of Beauty* (1896) Santayana has dealt very faithfully with the matter. Like most aestheticians, once he has explained its meaning he makes bold to use it freely.

Terms of approbation and disapprobation—beautiful, lovely, pretty, charming, and the like on the one hand, and ugly, hideous,

detestable, on the other, are just mere ejaculations in the form of adjectives. They are not descriptive of things, for they really tell nothing about them; but they do tell a good deal about the people who use them. They inform us that the person writing or speaking such words derives, or thinks he ought to derive, from the contemplation of the objects to which he has applied them, certain experiences, both qualitative and quantitative, of delight, satisfaction, pleasure, interest, or of the opposites of these. The fact that most people of a given race, speaking the same language, similarly brought up, react in much the same way to most of the vicissitudes of experience, gives these words a certain descriptive currency value. Santayana defines beauty as 'pleasure regarded as a quality of the thing' and there is little likelihood of this definition being improved upon. It at once exposes the inanity of such combinations of words as 'true beauty' and of the famous phrase that enshrines the Baumgartian trinity—'the good, the true, and the beautiful'; besides it obviously renders any attempt to explain art in terms of beauty open to grave suspicion. To define aesthetic as either the philosophy of the beautiful, or as the science of beauty is, of course, to confuse aesthetic with hedonic.

Now, the thing of which beauty is alleged as a characteristic may be a natural object, or a work of man, and in either case, unless there be tone of voice, or other qualifications, the word conveys nothing as to the mood, humour, sentiment, or frame of mind involved, though a good deal may often be inferred from circumstances and context. If my cook tells me the chicken the butcher has sent is beautiful, my knowledge of cooks in general, and my cook in particular, may enable me to form a good idea about the size and succulence of the fowl in question; and of the quality of the emotion it evokes in my cook.

To aver that a thing has beauty is not only to express an opinion as to some quality, but to admit that one is not neutral and indifferent on the subject; it is an implication that one could say more as to how one felt about it, though possibly not as to why one felt so.

It has often been maintained that beauty exists only in works of art—that is to say that beauty cannot properly be alleged of works that are not in any sense works of art, and far less still of natural objects. On the other hand, in the field of design the approving word has often been applied in frank recognition of organic qualities such as are invariably present in natural objects and are inevitably

attempted and more or less achieved in design. Structural organization is not art, though sometimes it is the theme of art. Its recognition may quite fairly evoke the remark, 'This thing is beautiful'.

It is quite unnecessary to construct a recondite aesthetic which reserves solely to intentional works of art the right to be described as beautiful. Of course, one may say with Croce that all expression is art and in doing so admit all the works and sayings of man to candidature for the coveted compliment, while still excluding natural objects. 'Beauty' and all kindred words can really be done without quite well, but, if we use them at all, let it be, as they have always been used, for general application to anything natural, or artificial, which happens to delight us. That does not prevent our reserving for the designation 'art' certain only of the human activities that delight us.

7. *Marshall*

Psychology was still young—it is not yet very old as sciences go, when it turned its attention to aesthetic and hedonic phenomena. Whatever may be the views of the later and rather commercially minded exponents of that science, some of the earlier findings seem reasonable to artists. The description of pleasure and pain as the 'light and shade of feeling' already referred to is at least a happy figure of speech quite applicable, if by feeling is meant, as in these pages, emotional experience. Confined to the range of sensations this may not be a sound way of putting it. If the nerves of pain and pleasure belong indeed to separate systems, as now seems well established, the figure of speech would need some revision, if it is to apply to feeling understood as bodily sensation.

On the re-presentation of the pleasurable and the painful the older school, of which Marshall was a distinguished representative, arrived at a conclusion with which few will quarrel. It was this: the pleasurable is always pleasurable on re-presentation while the painful is never painful on re-presentation; but tends towards the pleasurable. If this be so, and we cannot conceive the matter otherwise, Tennyson was somewhat at sea when he wrote the lines,

As when a soul laments which hath been blest,
Remembering what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be expressed
By sighs or groans or tears.

First of all, the poor soul's remembering of blessings in past years would have a distinctly cheering effect. Perhaps it was the number of the years remembered that caused the depression of spirit, but the poet does not say that at all. Then we have the announcement that sighs and such-like reflex expressions of emotion were quite inadequate to give relief. For this the yearnings would demand artistic exploitation. That is sound, or at least accords with the theory, once the state of mind is admitted; but the state of mind is incongruous. When one has eaten one's cake, any regrets are associated with the absence of more cake. One does not really lament the old one, it remains as good as ever, if not better.

It would thus appear that the aestheticians and the hedonists are at one in assuring us that the world is a pleasant place for those who know how to exploit their sorrows, and a very pleasant place indeed for those who know how to exploit their delights. It is to be hoped that they are right.

To make others feel what he himself has felt—the gain of sympathy; that is what the artist is always trying to achieve. One must place the art impulse where it really belongs among the phenomena of hysteria, and leave it at that; adding only that all successful democratic politicians and all great autocrats and commanders have been artists in this sense.

What has Marshall to say on the work of art; this thing that turns all into gold?

'It thus appears that the great artist primarily reaches out to the production of a wide non-painful field by the elimination of ugliness. Beyond this, however, he must go, bringing into existence a broad field of moderate pleasure-getting without permitting the loss of those centres of interest which are supreme for him, and which make his work of art ideal and individual.'

In view of all that has been said above it is unnecessary to dissect and analyse this ponderous statement; it tells in a way what the artist does but says little as to why he does it. The essentially monumental intention of the work of art, if not directly stated, is implied. The artistic impulse is at bottom a conviction on the part of the artist, momentary it may be, or even erroneous, that how he feels about something is well worth remembering. Whether the artist be professional and dependent for his daily bread on feelings worth remembering, or amateur and free to memorialize his feelings or not, the impulse is the same. It may be added that the

feelings of the amateur are not infrequently quite as worthy of 'relatively permanent' immortalization as those of the professional artist. But the professional artist has certain advantages of inspiration when once the materials for the 'monument to the idea' are in his hands.

8. *The Senses*

There is only one avenue, though that contains several paths, whereby one mind may hold communication with another (telepathy and the occult sciences not excluded) and that is the avenue of the senses—direct or remembered. The use of the avenue always and inevitably involves materialization—the 'monument'. In the case where the expresser is his own public, ability to materialize and to imagine the 'monument' may take its place. All expression depends on sense. Some of the senses, as taste and smell, are hardly available, and then only very indirectly. Touch is, however, more potent. But things heard (which are mostly made up of images or symbols of things otherwise apprehended) and things seen (which on ultimate analysis are little bits of indirectly acquired knowledge as to matters exterior to the organ of vision) are on an altogether higher plane, when viewed as means of communication. When making sounds and engendering sights we all come within measurable distance of creating, whether we are acting as artists or not. The artist does not just create in every way bigger, better, and more efficient sounds and sights than the non-artist. He contrives sounds and sights simply to convey impressions, and what facts, or fancies, he relies on to help him are his affair. They would not be his affair if they were not in some way interesting to him. In virtue of that interest he regards them as beautiful. It may happen that no one else does so, or that the beauty some one else finds in them is differently constituted from the beauty he found.

Artistic tradition provides the code through which the artist says what he wants to say. If he insists on inventing his own code he must not complain if no one understands him. When a tradition is stagnant it means that there is no artist with anything to say. When a tradition is alive it is always changing; this means that much is being said—in words, in sounds, in forms. The standardized grammars of speech and structure provide for ordinary expression. But code arrangement of words and parts conveys feeling as to

what is being written or built, and often as to some extraneous thing. Otherwise all sentences would be simple and all structure reduced to construction.

Now compare the passages,

'They bellow one to another,
The frighted ship-bells toll,'

'The steamers were sounding their fog-horns, and the anchored sailing ships rang their bells as a precaution.'

If the reader cannot see the full significance of the difference in these quotations, we advise him to go no farther. The argument presented is erroneous, or his mind is blind to image. In either case he wastes his time on these pages.

9. *Artistry*

Once arrived at the point where art can be defined as distinct from expression of 'fact', the way is cleared for the exposition of artistry. By fact is here meant that which is believed, alleged, supposed, or assumed and stated; not that which is demonstrably true. When one thus differentiates between statement on things or the relation of things, and statement on how one feels about those things, or their relations, it must be borne in mind that without the first there cannot be the second. There can, however, be expression on fact with no expression on feeling adjoined thereto.

Contract forms, engineering operations, maps, and scientific data do occasionally get written, carried out, drawn, or expounded in absolutely cold blood, so to speak, but not very often. Even those who think straightest are apt to take pride in the fact and to show it. On the other hand, feeling, the real subject-matter or *true content* of a work of art, is not independently expressible; there must always be that other supporting subject or theme which some prefer to call the *occasion*. While it is true that either the occasion or the true content may be the thing of real importance in the expression as a whole, there is inevitable dependence of the one on the other. While this is rather obvious in the field of design, to which this volume is dedicated, it applies to all works of art, whatever their purport and whatever their means. Conrad never had any doubt about it, that what he felt about certain

kinds of people in certain kinds of situations was what he wanted his readers to feel. But before he could make them do so he had to assemble the people and the situations from his experience of life. Mr. Briscoe, the etcher, invites us to participate with him in realization of the gambling chance between rigging (itself a matter of design), wind, and weather; but before he can do that he must represent sea, sky—and through these, the wind—and the vessels with their keels twenty feet deep in the one element and their top gallant sails a hundred feet aloft in the other. Rodin would invoke in us the mood of puzzled thought, or of passion, or of humiliated distress, but he needs his primitive man, his kissing lovers, or his burgher of Calais to help him do it.

Whether a given phenomenon of expression is to be regarded as a work of art or not is largely a matter of approach on the part of the reader, listener, or beholder. Most expressions are, as we have said, more or less works of art, and can be appreciated and appraised both as statements of fact (as above enlarged) and as statements of feeling.

Complete accomplishment in the wide field of aesthetic, and therefore in the narrower field of art, takes place when the recipient—hearer, reader, observer—derives from the materialized expression precisely what the artist has sought to embody in it. This is the criterion. From the nature of things complete accomplishment is rare; and, again from the nature of things, there is a premium on clarity. Where mood, as distinct from fact, is the article of exchange between mind and mind, there can be no proof of persisting identity and we fall back upon thaumaturgy to proclaim a communion of spirit, real, approximate, or feigned, with Tom Scott or Michelangelo. If one knows the spirit of the Border river-sides, or the spirit of sixteenth-century Italian thought and action, one may not be far wrong in one's proclamation.

Before going farther the reader is invited to accept the position that expression is all-pervading and that it is open to any one to find and realize beauty therein; also that a certain class of expressions can be distinguished from the rest in that they convey mood. This class is designated as art. Definitions both of beauty and of the work of art have been accepted; these definitions are not in terms of one another. 'Pleasure with pain for leaven' has been allotted a place in all these matters and the working of the leaven has been demonstrated. Lastly the artist has been dealt with. If

he has been found to be a creature of impulse, it is fair to say that he need not on that account be reckoned a fool.

For the reader who has persevered thus far in the hope of more concrete particulars a word of cheer is offered.

His position may be something like that of Alice in Wonderland at the juncture in her adventures at which Humpty Dumpty was able to give her the assurance: 'It gets easier as it goes on.'