フェノロサの「文学真説」

ハーヴァード大学ホートン・ライブラリー蔵遺稿（Ⅱ）

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Ⅰ　東京高等師範学校とフェノロサ

ボストン美術館 curator を辞したフェノロサが6年ぶりに来日した明治29年 (1896)，御雇外国人の黄金時代は既に過去のものとなっていた。新妻 Mary とともに8月5日から10月22日まで京都に滞在したフェノロサは，翌年それぞれ開館・開校の帝国京都博物館，京都帝国大学における position の可能性に期待をかけた。[1] しかし，同年11月一たん帰国，翌春再来したフェノロサに提供された唯一の地位は，東京高等師範学校および同付属中学校英語講師の職であった。明治31年 (1898) 1月から33年 (1900) 3月までの任期をつとめたが，その初任給 (150円) は20年前東京大学教授として着任した時の半額にすぎなかった。そのささやかな教職すら，東京大学の教え子であった高師校長嘉納治五郎の好意の計らいによる。[2]

フェノロサを迎えた英語専修科の主任教授は，外山正一らとの共著『新体詩抄』(1882) 中グレイ「墓畔吟」で有名な矢田部良吉であった。フェノロサ招聘の前年明治10年 (1878) 東京大学植物学教授となったが，24年故あって辞職，閑居中嘉納に起用された。31年 (1898) には嘉納の後を享けて校長となるが，翌夏不慮の水死をとげた。当時高師におけるフェノロサの同僚にはオックスフォード出の古代・中世英語学者 Ralph Granger Watkin，東京専門学校英語専修

科廃止後高師へ本拠を移した岸本能武太，嘉納の家塾弘文館出身の本田増次郎，天心の弟岡倉由三郎，30年(1897)帝大を卒業したばかりの上田敏がいた。[3]

フェノロサの謦咳に接したのは英語専修科第1～3回(期)生であろう。その中特筆すべきは秀木平田喜一である。一高在学中の明治26年(1893)，一年上の上田敏らと『文学界』を創刊，文壇の新星として華やかな存在であった平田は数学が苦手で一高を中退，これをとらなくてすむ高師英語専修科に28年(1895)一回生として入学した。31年卒業後付属中学教師を勤め，上田より2年遅れて高師教授となった。付属中学の同僚として，フェノロサの能楽研究に協力を惜しまなかったのは平田である。[4]

平田自身「岡倉覚三先生と共に日本美術に偉大の功労あるフェノロサ氏が身を低くして付属中学の4，5年級に英会話，英作文を教え，本校に於てもその独特の，潑剌たる講演を試みた」頃をふり返って次のように語っている。「さて生徒はというと，長く小学に教鞭をとっていた年長者2人，地方の養蚕家1人，建築請負業者の若旦那1人，夜は神田辺の私塾で多くの時間を受持っていた努力家2人，その他〔私のような〕高等学校の落武者3人という風で，その顔ぶれは如何にも不景気至極のものであった。それが3年後には兎も角巣立って，一人前の教師となれたのは全く諸先生の丹精，薫陶によるものである。」[5]

「本校の英文学の講義も，支那の文字を細かに解剖してそこから一種の哲理を編み出すという独創的なものであったが，付属中学の会話教授も，何かしら新機軸を出さなければ承知できないという意気で，一々教案を作って来，満腔の熱をこめて，真剣にやっていられたのは，傍の見る目にもいじらしい位であった。何よりもこの中学の仕事には一番精根が尽きると云っていた。当時高師には，オックスフォード大学に創設された英語，英文学科の最初の卒業生で，古代英語，中世英語を専攻した，ワトキンという若い英人がいて，自分は特にその人に請うて，その寓居で一週一二回チョーサーを読んでもらっていたが，フェノロサ先生も上田敏君とともにそれへ加わって来た。すると，いつの間に

やら先生は，そのワトキン氏を自宅へ招いて，別にまた古代英語の『ベーオウルフ』をやっているのであった。チョーサーは余程気に入ったと見えて，十分の休みにも，自分と腕を組んで，巻頭序詞の数句を微吟しながら，足拍子取って廊下を歩いたりした。(現代仮名遣いに訂正)」[6]

因に，フェノロサに教わった他の生徒達の回想を通じて当時の状況をうかがってみよう。「F先生は威勢よくドーアを排して教室にはいり，銀髪赭顔の堂々たる巨体を教壇の上に運び，炯々たる眼光を放って生徒を一瞥し，それから壇上を闊歩しながら音吐朗々口角泡を飛ばして，或は東西両洋における文芸の過去現在将来はどうであるかとか，或は日本の和歌俳句が西洋文学に影響を与えて，今や欧米文学界にも幽玄微妙の深意を短句短文の中に含蓄させる傾向が生じて来たとか，或は浮世絵の曲線の絶美とか，光琳の図案的絵画の技巧とか，滾々として尽きざる豊富な芸術的蘊蓄を傾けて，生気潑剌たる口調を以て滔々弁じ立てるから，生徒は心から傾聴せざるをえなかった。……私共がエマスンの Twenty Essays を教えられた時，その冒頭にある History 論の最初の sentence "There is one mind common to all individual men." を講ずるに当り，歴史と個人との関係を得意の哲学的見地から縷述せられて理路整然たるものがあった。先生は sentence structure という題で毎週 sentence の構成を幾多の短文の例をあげ，これも哲学的の理論に立脚して，説明された。先生が出勤される時は学校の門前まで奥さんと馬車に同乗され，帰られる時刻になると奥さんが門の所まで先生を迎えに来ているのが例であった。要するに先生は徹頭徹尾ヤンキーの代表者であった。」[7]

「明治31年頃の事である。私の通って居た中学校……と云うのは，その頃，御茶の水付属として知られた官立学校であったが，一級の生徒30名内外，幼稚園時代からの同窓なので，いづれも兄弟の如く睦じく，名士富豪の子弟が多かった。……当時フェノロサ氏は日本の美術紹介者として既に世界的に知名の士であった。高等師範に英語を教うる余暇，一週僅かに二，三時間の授業に過ぎ

なかったが，それでも中学校の英語の先生としては，実に，正宗の銘刀で菜っ葉をきざむようなもので，勿体ない次第であった。いかに氏が世界的名士であっても，氏の講義を聴く私たちが漸くリーダーの二，三冊を読み終った程度なので，その講義は濃霧の中に花を採ること同様，殆ど補捉理解する事が出来なかった。それでも，霧の中でも花の香だけはかぐことが出来るように，氏が非常に偉い人であると云う評判と，氏の風采がいかにも立派で堂々としていて，その講義ぶりが朗々としていたことが，わからぬなりに私達少年の心を魅了して，氏の時間には腕白連も温和しく神妙に聞いていた。……（現代仮名遣いに訂正）」[8]

註

1　山口静一氏「フェノロサと京都」『京都新聞』夕刊（昭和53年11月2日），11面。

2　山口氏「フェノロサの能楽研究」*Heron*, XI (Saitama University, 1977), pp. 53–54.

3　福原麟太郎監修，桜庭信之ほか編『ある英文教室の100年——東京高等師範学校・東京文理科大学・東京教育大学——』（大修館，1978），p. 37。本書に筆者の注意を喚起して下さった蜂谷編集委員に感謝する。

4　同上，pp. 48–49。平田およびそのフェノロサとの能楽をめぐる関係については『英文学評論』XL（January, 1979）所収拙稿「ハーヴァード大学ホートン・ライブラリー蔵フェノロサ資料（I）—序—」後記参照。また三高教授時代の平田は，入りたての末川博氏にとってオックスフォード帰りの「ずいぶんハイカラな先生」であった（『彼の歩んだ道』〔岩波新書，1965〕，p. 87）。

5　『ある英文教室の百年』，pp. 174–5。

6　平田禿木「フェノロサ先生」『文芸春秋』第16巻15号（昭和13年9月），42頁。

7　小野圭次郎（明治33年卒）「臨時官費英語専修科を語る」『ある英文教室の百年』，pp. 180–1。

8　五島駿吉（付属中学明治33年卒）「フェノロサ先生」『文芸春秋』第16巻11号（昭和13年7月），10頁。

Ⅱ 「文学論序説」—"Preliminary Lectures on the Theory of Literature"—

ノートブック107頁に鉛筆書のこの講義草稿は，標題とともに1898年1月25日の年記をもつ。この日を以てフェノロサは高等師範学校講師に就任した。冒頭に英語科卒業学年のクラスの最終学期の講義であることが明記されているから[1]，この年3月卒業の平田を含む第一回（期）生がこれを聴いたと推定される。前掲平田の回想にある「支那の文字を細かに解剖してそこから一種の哲理を編み出すという独創的な」講義と，内容的にも一致する。フェノロサは全部で12回以内の授業を予定していたが[2]，この草稿が正確に何回分の講義に相当するものかは分からない。

「文学真説」と題したのはいささか provocative かもしれないが，フェノロサ自身下に訳出引用した部分で"The true theory of Literature"という表現を用いており，内容的にみても妥当と思われる。因に，かの有名な「美術真説」は今日大森惟中の邦訳によってのみ知られる[3]。

序の中でフェノロサは次のように述べている。「〔西洋の文学論〕は世界の東半分における文学的慣行に無知であったため，ヨーロッパ諸国の限られた経験だけに依存しなければなりませんでした。……これは重大な欠陥です。なぜなら，文学が変化に富むものである限り，文学理論家はその歴史的諸例の総体を学ぶことが必要だからです。文学の真説は，ギリシャやヨーロッパのそれだけに基くことはできません。それは世界の歴史的生活の集大成として，人間性そのものと同じように広く豊かでなければならず，東西両洋の文学の諸原理を包含するだけ巾広いものでなければなりません。」このような反省を自ら実践に移したのが，この期のフェノロサの謡曲，漢詩研究といえよう。

文学の定義を二章に分けて追求するフェノロサは，第一章「統一性としての文学」において，まず文学の優秀性が効用，快楽，知識（情報），精神的道徳

的影響に無関係であることを証明する。次に文学の価値は行動の誘発にあるのではなく，非人格的，恒久的でなければならない，という三つの系を引き出す。端的に言えば，文学とは言葉による人間意識の総合的 (synthetic) 表現であり，その優秀性は内在的諸関係の個性的調和的完全性にある。ここまでの論旨は，美術を文学と置換えれば，ホートン・ライブラリー遺稿中の Lecture on Art delivered before Tokio Artists; I & II. 10 April, 1881[4] や翌年5月14日の龍池会演説「美術真説」の初めの部分に大体共通する。

この文学哲学の根本原則は儒教，特に易経の主要概念に酷似する，とフェノロサは指摘する。Analysis—Synthesis, Understanding (Verstand)—Reason (Vernunft), Personality—Individuality 等の基本的対立をふまえながら文学の統一性を明らかにしていく過程で，フェノロサは言葉，理性 (Vernunft)，合理的人間的調和を表す Logos が漢字の「文」に相応することを示す。「章」は音と十とに分解され，完成した音楽，即ち調和 (harmony) を意味する。ここに Logic (Hegel)＝Eki〔易〕，文章＝Belles Lettres の図式が成立する。

孔子の方法の最大の独創性は抽象的原則論ではなく，具体的例証にある。文学・芸術の究極的原理である調和は根本的カテゴリーとみなされる。その最も重要な実践的表現が人間であり，その最も特徴的表明が人間の作りだす音楽，絵画，文学なのである。「以上のことはみな，実際的で分析的な我々西洋人にとって目新しいことなのです。我々は社会を調和と見たことがありません。我々にとって，社会とは利己的な悪を避けるための便宜にすぎないのです。」従って，西洋の政治外交史は「エゴがエゴを抑制する均衡と戦争の記録」でしかない。

孔子は調和の具体例として詩経を編集し，音楽を礼賛した。それはギリシャ語の音楽が詩的霊感を意味することと一脈相通ずるが，孔子の音楽観，そして宋代の大画家郭熙の絵画観の根底には究極的調和の理念がある。「西洋では調和は僥倖にすぎず，従って芸術は皮相な elegance にすぎません。東洋では，

芸術は文明の定義そのものに係わっています。」文が総合 (synthesis)，章が調和 (harnony) を意味するとすれば，易は文章の論理学であり，その最初の五つの卦，即ち「乾，元亨利貞」はいわば純粋論理学である。蕾が花開き，実を結んで種子に戻る自然の循環に対応する元→貞の展開は調和的個性の論理に外ならず，人間の精神的道徳的社会的発達に対する美術，音楽，文学の関係を示唆する。孔子の「文は人なり」も，その意味で理解すべき定義であろう。西洋思想の向かうべき方向は，この古代中国の統一的調和観なのである。

再来日時代フェノロサは根本通明に易経を学んだというが，その明白な影響をここに見るのは興味深い。また漢字への強い関心と独特の哲学的意味論は後の‘The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry’[5]を思わせる。孔子の思想を西洋が範とすべき理想として掲げる一方，常に西洋自身の古典，ギリシャ文化の伝統に遡りながら東西を比較する文明論はフェノロサの得意とするところであった。卦辞の「利」の解釈について，「無限の印象に敏感で無限の相関行為の源泉となり，あらゆる大いなる調和を反映する個人」を意味する「部分の個性」とよぶべきものをフェノロサは提唱する。この高次の「利」は，孔子がたぶん考えたように君主に限定されるものではなく，アテネの例が示すように，偉大な時代には誰もが共有するものである，とフェノロサは主張する。いわば，民主主義的儒教批判といえよう。

文学を「言葉による人間意識の総合的表現」と定義したフェノロサは，第二章で「意識の統一性としての文学」を論じる。以下，その主張を抄訳の形で要約してみよう。意識は思想と感情とに大別され，孤立性，無限の多様性，流動性をその特色とする。狭少な個々の意識は，文学とよばれる大いなる表現内容の教育を通じてのみ自らを豊かにすることができる。文学においてのみ，我々は自己意識を普遍的ないし民族的意識にまで高めることができる。教養人の意識は，同じ一つの大海に源をもち，またこの大洋に回帰する泉水のようなものである。人間の歴史は，文学による人間精神の無限の成長の記録である。森羅

万象，経験や印象の無限のヴァラエティに加えて，我々の魂の総合的思考力もまた無限である。既存の文学の豊かさにもかかわらず，未だ夢想も及ばない偉大な可能性が未来に開かれている。それは表層しか発掘されていない無尽蔵の鉱山のようなものだ。精神を新鮮で活動的，個性的に保つならば，我々は日々何か新たな宝物を見つけるだろう。だから，シェイクスピアのような偉大な精神はかくも豊かなのである。自然はまた，無限に連続的である。種子から果実に至る植物の一生を例にとっても，一段階から次の段階へと目に見えない微妙な連続性をもって移行して行く。思想も同様に無限の変化に従って合流し，透明な全体に融合する。

しかし今日，言語は肯定と否定の連辞 (is or is not) の狭量な二元性によって，あらゆる思考と真実を一致か相違，あるいはせいぜい類似か非類似という不毛の認識に還元してしまう。分析的論理の世界は，個々の単位に分解された具体的事物を底辺とし，存在 (being) という唯一の抽象的類を頂にもつピラミッドの石積みのような分類表にすぎない。このような概念のピラミッドをいくら上り下りしても，具体的流動的真実には到達できない。

だから，ヨーロッパ人は進化論を容易に理解できなかったのだ。有機的調和の具体的連続性は絵画的描写や分類の対象とはなりえず，自然の流動性，相互的内在性においてのみ把えることができる。厳密にいえば，自然には事物などなく過程があるにすぎない。より根元的法則，より新しい統一性や調和に次第に深く迫り，永遠の螺旋的展開を重ねて行く思考の流動的内向性には限界がない。思想は生命以上に総合的である。[6]

この人間意識の流動性は歴史的時代によって変化する。本来，個別意識と普遍意識―記録された象徴の集大成をなす過去の思想の大海―との間には無限の相互作用が行われる。個々の魂は引潮のあとに残る澱みではなく，水蒸気としてその海から立ち昇る雨雲の濾過水に育まれながらも，現実の土壌から強く新たに湧き起る自立の甘泉のようなものであろう。ところが，怠慢と自己満足か

ら我々は文学を単なる贈物として受取るにすぎず，その流動性を把握せずに，抽象的価値のみを利用しようとする。文学は孤立した思想，分析的事実，外在的資料と化してしまい，それに依存する我々の意識の個性的流動性もやがて廃れ，死滅してしまう。

次の一節はエマスンを連想させる。「我々の大多数にとって，過去が現在を圧しています。国民的意識と文明を攻撃するのは，時代と老いの病いです。各世代にとって，歴史と文学はより強制的な重荷となります。教育はそれなりの目立たない危険をもたらします。我々は自らの責任において他人の思想を考えます。古人の魂から自由に湧き出た思想感情の流れは，現代の子孫の洗練と因襲の中に停滞して澱んでいます。」

流動的意識を阻むものは形式主義であり，この流動性と硬直性の永遠の葛藤が人間の歴史の基本法則をなす。流動的個性が尊ばれる時代には，社会全体の意識と個人の意識とは，澄んだ急湍のようにともに豊かな流れをなす。しかし，習慣が独創性を圧迫する時代には民族の流動的思想の流れと自由な内的流通は緩慢となり，ついに老年の冬がその水路を不動の殻に凍結させてしまう。国民の個性的意識の創造的発動が社会的調和を実現させ，未曾有の高度な文明を開花させた黄金時代の例として，紀元前4世紀のアテネ，12世紀宋代の杭州，15世紀ルネッサンスのフィレンツェ，これが涸渇して死滅に瀕した例としてビザンチン帝国，清朝の中国をフェノロサはあげる。文明盛衰の必然性とその原因の究明は，御雇い時代既に美術史の分野でフェノロサの関心を引いたテーマであった。

十数年前日本の美術家に危機を訴えたフェノロサは，今また未来の教師達に次のような警告を発する。「日本民族はこのような個性に富んでいます。それが明治維新をつくり出し，またこの革命がそれを再生したのです。しかし日本人の間には既に成果に満足して後退し，生産より享受を選び，文明を内から再生するより只西洋の贈物として受入れる傾向があります。これを警戒なさい。

それこそ国々の衰退，魂の堕落の潜行的原因なのです。むしろ，皆さんの思想・感情の個性と流動性をかけがえのない宝として護りなさい。」

しかし，フェノロサは自らの主張を近代ロマン主義の主観主義芸術論から峻別する。フェノロサが意識の流動性を強調するのは，「真の文学作品の個性は著者の魂の完全な個性からのみ生まれうる」からである。芸術は事物，思考，形式の見えざる調和を通じて自らを創造する。抽象的客観の不毛性に絶望して，抽象的主観という反対の極端に走る必要はない。主観と客観が一体となる状態にまで迫るのが真に論理的総合である。芸術の秘密は調和的結合の自立性，その内在的構造にある。これこそ，孔子が定義しようとした調和の意味である。

作家の魂はあらゆる不純や放縦から自らを守り，形式主義の異常な専制から法の正常な関係を選別し，一途に敬虔な目的をもってその無限の内容の中に調和的統一を求めなければならない。この謹厳な創作の姿勢は，フェノロサがかつて鑑画会の画家達に向かって唱道したものである。[7]「文学的天才が相対的怠惰の長い闇夜に遮られた輝ける星群に結集するのは必然的であります。文学史はそうした諸々の星座の歴史にすぎず，それらは文明の個性的時代に集中する傾向があります」という彼の結語は，文学を美術と置き換えさえすれば，遺著 ***Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art : an Outline History of East Asiatic Design*** (1913) の序文に見出しても全く不思議ではない。

フェノロサの有機的個性主義芸術観は，エマスンに代表されるアメリカ・トランセンデンタリズムの理想主義的思想系譜に属するものであろう。フェノロサは生涯を通じてエマスンの愛読者であった。[8]御雇時代の一連の啓蒙的講演は，エマスン的警世家としての姿勢をうかがわせる。その意味で，フェノロサはアメリカ文学史上，エマスン以後の“defenders of ideality”[9]の一人として分類できよう。

しかし，スペンサーの進化論哲学とヘーゲルの観念論哲学を総合した理路整

然たる論理構成や第二章に見られる密教的認識論，創作論は，フェノロサ独自のものである。その点で，「人間的経験と理性の共通の言語に翻訳」するため，「東洋的観念の歴史的論理的知識の利用」を宣言した1891年5月1日のマニフェスト[10]の延長線上におかれる。

古今東西の古典から巾広く真摯に学ぼうとする志向，特に極東文化の価値の再認識において，フェノロサはトランセンデンタリスト達からパウンドへの橋渡し役をつとめたといえよう。狭義の文学の枠を越えて美術，音楽をも包含する広義の芸術 (fine arts) への総合的関心についても，それはいえるのではないだろうか。以上の意味で，また明治後期わが国高等英語教育の一水準を示す原資料として，この「文学真説」は有名な幻の一英文原文を欠くという意味で一「美術真説」に劣らず，評価すべきドキュメントなのである。

註

1 次節Ⅲ，p. 77。

2 同上。

3 フェノロサ氏演述，大森惟中筆記『美術真説』（明治15年10月，竜池会蔵版）。『明治文化全集』（昭和42年，日本評論社），第20巻「文学芸術篇」，159—174頁に再録。

4 「東京の美術家達を前に行った美術に関する講演」，隈元謙次郎・村形明子「アーネスト・フェノロサ資料Ⅳ—Ⅵ」『三彩』334，339，341（昭和50年7・11月，51年1月），pp. 61-65, 66-71, 70-74。

5 1918年末 *The Little Review* にまず発表され，*Instigations of Ezra Pound* (1920) に収録された後，1936年 An Ars Poetica with foreword and notes by Ezra Pound という副題をもつ単行本として出版されたこのエッセイは，パウンドはじめイマジスト達に大きな影響を与えた。日本では『漢字考』として知られる。

6 上記エッセイにも同様の主張がみられ，全体的に関連性が強い。

7 例えば「日本美術は復興できるか(2)」『三彩』345，p. 77。拙稿「フェノロサ，芳崖と仏画復興—鑑画会における一講演を中心に—」『人文』XXV（昭和54年3月），pp. 39-44。

8 日本滞在中もエマソンの著作を座右に備えており (Murakata, "Selected Letters of Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow," dissertation, George Washington,

1971, p. 61; Lawrence W. Chisolm, ***Fenollosa: the Far East and American Culture*** [New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1963], p. 134), 高師でもテキストに用いた（前出68頁）。

9 Robert E. Spiller *et al*, ***Literary History of the United States: History***, 3rd edition (New York: Macmillan, 1963), Ch. VII, 50. フェノロサはこのグループの中心的存在 Edmund C. Stedman と親交があった。Murakata, "Ernest Fenollosa's Poems from Japan,"『光華学会会報』2（昭和53年5月), pp. 30–31。

10 前掲『英文学評論』XL (January, 1978) 拙稿, 80頁。

Ⅲ

Editor's Note

The author's footnotes written on the facing page or the margin of the same page are placed immediately after the asterisk or the related sentence (or paragraph). Vertical bars enclose word(s) written above the immediately preceding word(s), apparently suggesting the author's revision or supplement. Obvious grammatical errors, including accidentally repeated or omitted letter(s) or word(s), are silently corrected. Editorial interpolation is placed in square brackets.

Preliminary Lectures on The *Theory of Literature* –
Higher Normal School – Tokio – Jan. 25th '98 –

Preface–

Since I am to have the privilege of lecturing to the graduating class in English, for only a single term, not more than twelve lectures at most, I shall be able to make no attempt at a detailed

teaching of practice, nor even of more than a hint at Literature's Historical developement. It seemed better to confine myself to a few fundamental points of theory, which may stand solid on their independent bases as premisses for you to reason from.

My object, then, is to establish, if possible, a point of view from which any one may at his leisure look about over the whole subject of Literature, or any part of it. Such a starting point is not to be taken at random, but ought to be identical with the true rational source of fundamental principles. We shall attempt to reach the broadest and most universal considerations concerning Literature.

Introduction.

In the West, the theory of Literature, as of that of all branches of human art and culture is decidedly backward. A great deal has been written about Literature; but the attempts to explore its deepest source have been few and weak.

This is due to several causes. In the first place, European races have been eminently practical people; and so have instinctively regarded language in its utilitarian function, chiefly as a means to enable them to live together, and carry on the business of society. For them, therefore, Literature seems to be an exceptional use of language, and one hardly capable of having a separate and self-subsistent nature.

In the second place, we must remember that the conception of evolution is a comparatively new one in the West. While Buddhist

and Taoist philosophies in the East have recognized that growth is the very nature both of being and of thought, until about forty (eighty) years ago European thinkers practically assumed that we could get to the truth of things by finding and stating their absolute and eternal definition. Thus the conception of Literature as a thing which necessarily changes has never yet been fully explored; and we have, yet, no satisfactory theory or history of Literature written from this point of view. Hence it is that Critics and Rhetoricians have been content to lay down for us a mass of set rules, without making us understand the vitality of principles.

In the third place, Western Literature and theory have had the misfortune to be dominated, and partially enslaved by a past tradition; namely the example of ancient classic Literatures, notably that of Greece. It is to the very perfect Greek models of two thousand years ago that our writers refer for principles, and from these that they derive most of their fixed rules. Even in the recent modern reaction from the classic type, sometimes called Romanticism, the negative nature of its revolt defines it too narrowly, and holds it still in a kind of subjection to its predecessor.

From these causes it has happened that the theory of literature has not yet had a full and free statement; and that our rhetorics, our histories, our criticisms have been too static, too full of little rules, too vague about great things, too much dominated and restricted by the authority of a single classic type. The result

is that a birth of new literature is hindered, because the minds of living writers find it difficult to break through the fence which has beeen built about them.

But, such as Western theory is, there (it) has been (had) another serious and unavoidable defect, in that it was ignorant of literary practice in the Eastern half of the world, and had to rest solely upon the limited experience of European nations. It is only in the present century that our scholars have come to know a little of Persian, Indian, Chinese and Japanese Literatures. Even now the knowledge is very limited, in the case of Chinese and Japanese, and nothing whatever is known about Oriental principles of criticism. This is a serious defect, because, if Literature is a thing that varies, it is necessary for its theorists to study the total of its historical varieties. The true theory of Literature cannot be based upon Greek, or European alone, but must be as wide and rich as human nature itself, as the totality of the world's historic life, must be broad enough to include the principles of both Eastern and Western writing.

There is still one other cause of the narrowness found in most treatises on Literature, namely, that its nature has not been sufficiently compared with other and kindred forms of human culture; —Logic, Art, Music, and Social Manners. It has stood isolated, as if it were a quite independent consideration, and at the mercy of narrow specialists, who could hardly thus conceive of its deepest spiritual analogies and functions. Something like this isolation has occurred in Asia, too. The *bunjin* 〔文人〕, or literati

of China and Japan, have sometimes established their exclusive claims over culture, to a deadening extent. The place of Literature in the total of civilization is a subject which the mere literary scholar is unable to discuss. Only a philosopher can grasp both terms of the relation. It is a Confucius, an Aristotle, or a Hegel who thinks deeply about such things. It is time for the theory of Literature to re-examine, combine, and expand their principles, if possible, and this from the latest philosophic and sociologic points of view.

In the lectures which follow I am going to try to project, as it were upon a map, the outlines of such a course of exploration; and I shall try to avoid the errors and supplement the defects found in the ordinary theories.

Chapter I. First Approximate Definition of Literature. Literature as Unity.

In order to be sure what we are talking about, we ought to make some sort of approximation to a definition of Literature. But to make such a definition will be the most important point in our theory. We must, therefore, plunge directly into the depths of philosophical considerations.

For this definition we must search as widely, yet as deeply as possible. Some dictionaries say that Literature is the total of all printed books. This is too wide in some respects and too narrow in others. But this, at least, is clear that Literature is an expression of something in *words*, that what it expresses is something

in the *consciousness* of an author. Can we then say, "Literature is an expression of human consciousness in words"?

It will at once appear that such a definition is too wide. It would mean that every word uttered or written by man throughout all time is Literature. This is not true. The largest part of human speech is absorbed in everyday intercourse, in domestic conversation, in industrial co-operation, in buying and selling. It is a part of a man's personal function, as much so as sleeping or eating.

Its business is done when it has discharged that momentary function, and it is forgotten. It is a part of the common machinery of life, its purpose is solely utilitarian. Such speech evidently does not belong to Literature.

Even of written words, also, much is not to be called Literature. The records of business, the mass of letters which we mail, the exercises of students, even military and government despatches, are generally not to be included under this term, and for similar reasons. Though written, they are part of the ordinary machinery of life, to be forgotten when used, of no more than personal and temporary import.

Of printed matter, too, complete books even, all is not to be regarded as necessarily literature. The mere recording of a personal or useful speech does not change the quality of its import. Advertisements, theatrical bills, legal forms, bank-notes, though printed, are only expressions of partial thought for an extraneous purpose. They belong solely to life and use. Even technical books for artisan's use, guide books or compilations of statistics,

are valuable solely for a use which lies entirely beyond themselves. The mere material facts of printing and binding are too trivial to define the essence of Literature.

On the other hand, it would be arbitrary to exclude from our conception of Literature some works which may never have been written down or printed. Even before writing is invented national histories and poems are often handed down by tradition. It is supposed that the Greek poems attributed to Homer existed in this state for several centuries. The early Japanese poems in the Kojiki and the Nihongi must / may / have been similarly preserved in the memory only. It seems narrow to hold that they are not literature until written down. Even in modern days an exception sometimes occurs in the impromptu speech of an orator, or the improvisation of a poet which, if it is not taken down by a stenographer, is a loss to literature. If afterward written down, it is because it is literature; it is not literature because it was first written down.

Of course it is true that most historical literature has been written, otherwise it would have perished. Its wide diffusion through printing is also a matter of concern. To extend the influence of a good thing in time and space is the privilege of civilization; but its goodness does not at first consist in its permanence and popularity. Much of Greek literature is now lost to us; but it *was* literature. Much of the poetry of Ashikaga days exists only in little known manuscripts. So the words of some lonely Chinese poet of nature, though known only to a few friends, may be

the finest literature, and its absence a great defect in our history. The essential quality of Literature must be an internal one. Our preliminary definition, therefore is this ; — " Literature is *some sort* of expression of human consciousness in words." And our first problem is to find out *what sort* of expression it is.

It is necessary first to remove systematically some wide-spread misconceptions. And to this end, I shall first maintain that the essential thing in literature is not its utility. If, by utility, we mean the furthering of ordinary human interests, then some writings which have it and some writings which do not have it are equally literature. For example, a well-written book of travels may include some information valuable to merchants, while a poem, however beautiful, may be quite useless. Words which are manifestly not literature may also be divided into useful and useless, as, for example, careful and aimless conversation. The line of difference between useful and not-useful, it appears, cuts the line of difference between literature and not-literature at right-angles. This, therefore, we can surely say, that any writing, whose purpose and quality are solely utilitarian in the ordinary sense, is not literature. Whether a work be useful or not, that which makes it literature must be some added quality which we have not yet specified.

To perceive the full significance of this conclusion we must note that the value of utility is always a reflected value, one which comes back to it from the true end toward which it operates as a means. Machinery, for instance, is valuable not in

itself, but for the work it does. When worn out by use, it is discarded as valueless. So many books not literature, catalogues for example, are discarded when used, because their value lies entirely beyond themselves. In literature, however, the peculiar value cannot lie in some outside end for which the book is valuable. Literary value is no adventitious or temporary value, but something inherent directly in the very body of the words.

It does not follow, however, merely because literatue is not defined by use, that it has no use. Even beyond the ordinary use which, as we have seen, it *may* have, there often lies a separate and higher use of a very special kind. All value must / may / be useful in some way, even literary value. Even a poem may uplift the human soul. Literary value broadens man's mind, softens his heart, stimulates his patriotism, or claims his reverence. Man is a finer being because of it. But there is a most important difference between this special kind of utility, and ordinary, personal, material utility. It is this. The excellence of the latter utility consists solely in its use; but the use of the former utility consists in its excellence. Of tools, for example, the value is purely derivative and relative; it is the external utility that is primary and positive. In literature, on the contrary, it is the excellence which is primary and positive, and the peculiar utility which is derivative and relative. Man is finer for reading it, because it is fine in itself. Such utility is a new and higher sort which may be named *literary utility*, and which, far from helping to define literature, needs the help of literature for its own definition.

My next proposition is that the excellence of literature cannot lie essentially in the pleasure which it gives to read it. But, in order to make this clear, I ought first to examine more carefully the hidden relation which subsists between utility and pleasure. Utility is a very ambiguous and misleading word. It seems to imply a special and important kind of value opposed to pleasure. The fact is that utility is essentially a relative conception, implying the dependence of a means upon an end. Usefulness is not an original, independent value; it is, as I said before, a reflected value which comes back to it from its service. The outside end entirely defines and measures the utility. For instance, water is useful because it supports human life, guns because they enable us to fight our enemies. Ordinary utility must, then, mean a utility which is determined by ordinary human ends. Now, what are ordinary human ends? Most people might answer at first, "To get *rich*." But this is not strictly true. Wealth or money is not an end, because we cannot enjoy it for itself directly. It only discharges its function by being spent or consumed. It is only a means of procuring or purchasing the end. Shall we, then, answer, with another class of men, that the ordinary human end is to obtain business, or opportunity for *labor*? Certainly not. Labor is no ultimate end. No one wants to work unnecessarily. Business is only a means of producing wealth. Shall we, then, say that the end we are all seeking is *power*? No; most people wish to acquire influence, not for itself, but for the purpose of satisfying others of their desires. Even education, in the ordinary

sense, can hardly be called an end, because it is little more than a necessary means of earning one's own living. You see that most utilities are only a complicated chain of means to means, all pointing beyond themselves to some ends, or self-subsistent values. The fact is that we can practically reduce all ordinary vulgar ends to two;—to maintain life, and to get pleasure. All other apparent popular ends are only a means to these two. Wealth, work, commerce, power, common education are all for these. In the last analysis you will find that what people care for is to please themselves. Pleasure is the chief measurer of our estimates of utility, and determines the relative values of commodities. Even charity, or public spirit, or national economy, even though they be unselfishly considering the welfare of the whole people, or of the human race, do not succeed in providing us with any end. The welfare of the mass is only the sum of individual welfares; and, if these are conceived solely in terms of life and pleasure, charity and economy become reduced to the level of a means. Thus utility, as popularly used, is the correlative of pleasure.

It does not follow, however, that there are no conceivable ends higher than pleasure. There is one, at least, which well-educated men recognize, but average humanity for the most part ignores. It is improvement, growth, developement;—not indeed growth in wealth, power, and pleasure alone, for these would imply no new end at all.*

* "Progress" as ordinarily used

If pleasure be a satisfactory end, then the more pleasure the better. But if evolution be a higher and independent end, it must be an evolution of some qualities not involved in in bare living or in mere enjoying. Are there any such? Yes, the peculiar qualities of individual men, in terms of which we rank their spiritual growth. A man is more, or ought to be more than a mere breathing pleasure-seeking machine. He has higher faculties of perception, of knowledge, of imagination, of feeling, of action, than those involved in ordinary material life and occupation. It is this conception of the inner man, the soul, as a thing capable of self-subsistent value through independent growth, which constitutes an end additional and superior to pleasure. And the peculiar "literary utility" which we spoke of in a preceding paragraph, is one which relates solely to this higher species of end. Yet, even so, we must remember that it was not this external end of human growth which defined literary excellence, but literary excellence which, independently defined, may minister to this growth.

We may now come back to the second proposition, that literary excellence is not defined or constituted by pleasure. This is quite opposed to what the text-books ordinarily assert. As loosely employed, the terms *use* and *pleasure* are thought to oppose one another. Use is supposed to be objective and practical; pleasure subjective and wasteful. By many writers this very difference is employed to distinguish literature from ordinary speech. Ordinary language, they would say, is useful; but literature proper is not useful, its specific justification being to give pleasure. The

pleasure we derive from reading poetry, for example, is supposed to contrast with the hard practical use of a scientific text-book. Pleasure is thus made the very definition of art. But what I have already explained about the hidden connection of use and pleasure, shows this definition to be utterly false. Pleasure is not contrasted with use; it is the latter's ultimate measure. Any value which contrasts with use also contrasts with pleasure. So we found the internal growth of man's spirit to contrast with pleasure. So, also, if there be a third independent end in literary excellence, it must contrast with pleasure. Indeed, pleasure would be a most absurd test of literary excellence, since it belongs equally well to much language that is not literature. That which belongs both to a thing and its opposite, cannot be the test of that thing. Moreover, pleasure would be a vague test, because it is so relative to the individual mood of the reader. Some admire what others hate. Whose pleasure shall test the excellence? To answer, "the pleasure of the *literary connoisseur*," is to beg the question, for literature and its peculiar education would be thus used to define itself.

But, because literature is in no way defined by pleasure, it does not follow that it is incapable of imparting pleasure. There is no doubt that to read a splendid poem or a fine martial speech thrills us with an inward excitement which, for want of a better word, we call pleasure. But, though language lacks the word, we must nonetheless recognize that this meaning of pleasure is something quite new and special. The thrill is an accompaniment

of the reading, but not its purpose, and not the admirable quality in the piece we are reading. It is the subjective correlative in us of an excellence in the literature, but it would never exist in us if that excellence did not exist first. The literature is not good because it gives pleasure, it gives pleasure only because it is good. Here lies the difference between ordinary pleasure, and this higher kind of special pleasure. In the former the pleasure is primary, and the excellence of things, their utility, is derivative; in the latter, the pleasure is derivative, and the excellence of the thing is primary. In short, we have no resource but to name it, "literary pleasure"; and, thus, this pleasure, so far from defining literature, needs literature to establish its own definition.

My third negative proposition concerning Literature is one that still more decidedly contradicts popular, and much of critical opinion. It is that the essence of Literature cannot lie in the fact of imparting information. This must seem a startling statement. Probably the ordinary reader supposes loosely that it is just the utility of giving information that justifies literature. Poetry may be the flower of literature, but it is the transmission of thought which strengthens its trunk and branches. Now, of course, I do not deny that all literature, even poetry, does and must impart a certain quantity of information. What I deny is that it is this fact which constitutes it literature. Now it is seen, at once, that if the information is to be used as an ordinary utility, it is no more than a subservient correlative of pleasure, and the case becomes reduced to that of the second proposition. For instance, infor-

mation concerning iron-smelting contributes to industry, thus to wages and profits, and eventually to purchase, consumption, and pleasure. Again, such a view would make of literature a mere tool to be cast away, the moment that its virtue were extracted. Just as a rusty worn-out engine is useless, so would a book whose information is once absorbed, become useless. But this contradicts the well-known fact that, just in proportion as a book really possesses literary merit, it is not thrown away, but is read again and again, and by successive generations, for its own inherent value. Such a view would estimate a fine literary description of China according to the value for merchants of its account, say, of coal mines. But its final disproof lies in the consideration that the giving of information belongs both to words which are literature and to words which are not. As in the cases of use and pleasure what is common to a thing and its opposite cannot define the former.

But, it may be alleged that, though the giving of ordinary information, and so of ultimate pleasure, be not the essential thing in literature, yet, in its higher sense, that of contributing to man's mental development, it must be taken to constitute the chief function of books. This modified view, though avoiding the pitfall of that lower end, pleasure, does not succeed in escaping the charge of subserviency to a higher, but no less external end. If the excellence of literature be measured by its salutary effect upon man's soul, it can have no internal laws and tests of its own, but must become as rigidly obedient to utilities, though of

a social sort, as the steel of an iron bar. It would be a mere parasite with no inherent life. It would exclude much of what has been regarded as high literature, such as the lyrical poems of Shakespeare and others. Moreover, if logical truth be the essential thing in literature, then all literary books which treat of similar subjects ought to approximate a common type. But this is notoriously untrue. In proportion as works have literary value, they are characterized not by universality and sameness, but by unlikeness and individuality. It is only stupid mechanical writers that produce a common type. A dozen geniuses will treat the same subject with a dozen different values. But, as before, the final disproof must rest upon the fact that contribution to mental growth is as much a function of words that are not literature. The oral teaching of masters in schools, and the scientific exercises of pupils are not literature, and yet contribute to mental growth. It is so, eminently, with ordinary textbooks in mathematics, and strict, dry treatises on Logic. What then is as characteristic of its contrary, as of literature, can in no sense be the latter's test.

But, as we saw before in the cases of use and pleasure, it does not follow that, though not so defined, literature does not, in fact, contribute to general information and to mental growth. But it does follow, that beside the ordinary ways of doing this, it has / may have / its own higher, more special, and characteristic way. Among other things, literature groups its statements with peculiar force and lucidity. A pile of bricks on the ground are the

same bricks as when afterward built into a wall or house, but they compose a quite different whole. Something has been added to them, namely definite arrangement. This may be an immaterial thing; you cannot touch it or weigh it, the substance of the house is the same as that of the heap; and yet this immaterial thing has entirely changed and heightened the value of the bricks. So it may be with the details of scientific information, and even with the scattered mental faculties by which we apprehend them. If literature should introduce an entirely new significance and efficiency into these as wholes, it would merit the specific name of "literary information," or "literary education"; and, in that case, so far from defining the function of literature, it would have to incorporate that function in its own definition. That there is such a peculiar mental stimulus in almost all of higher literature, I shall be able to show you further on.

My fourth proposition under this head is that the essence of Literature cannot consist in its tendency to stimulate moral growth. Critics have been divided on this point. The ancient Greeks and the Chinese have tended to maintain that the value of literature is measured by its power to develope character. On the other hand, most all modern European thinkers have held that there is no perfect parallel between literary and ethical excellence. That the latter are right is proved by the fact that moral education, though sometimes found in literature, is also sometimes found in words that are not literature, such as the sermons of priests and the scolding of one's parents. And again, that

which may belong both to literature and to not-literature cannot be a test of the former. Clearly, some of the best poetry has no particular moral effect, and to test it by the character of its readers would be to enforce an external and a common universal standard.

But it does not follow that Literature may not, after all, stimulate moral growth, and that in a quite peculiar way. Like use, and pleasure, and information it may be an accompaniment, rather than a test. The question is, which logically comes first? Now, as we saw before, Literature groups / may group / thoughts and facts together in a peculiar way, a way which gives them an added value without increasing their substance, analogous to the arrangement of a heap of bricks in a wall. Beside a special literary, mental growth involved in such a grouping, it is quite possible that Literary grouping may also exhibit qualities which tend to stimulate the moral character of men. After all "integrity" means "wholeness"; and the power of firm resistance in a grand literary idea to all disintegrating suggestions—personal, emotional, or logical,—is a typical analogue of that round self-mastery of our actions which we denominate character. It is probable that this is what Confucius had in mind when he identified moral with literary excellence. It is this which belongs to the higher end of man's growth; and is something so special, so supplementary to ordinary textbooks on Ethics, that we ought to give it a special name, "Literary Ethics," or "Literary Integrity."
It follows that the independent definition of literature logically

precedes and enters into its own.

Let us now sum up what we have proved in the four preceding propositions. We have shown that Literary excellence cannot consist in, or be defined by either Use, Pleasure, Information and Mental Growth, or Moral Growth. All these may or may not accompany it; but when they do, they have no power to measure it. Moreover we have shown that these four things in a special sense or potency, are apt to result from literary excellence as secondary or derivative qualities, depending for their value upon its own; and that we may thus have a conception of contingent values in Literature, to be called "Literary Use," "Literary Pleasure," "Literary Logic," (Intellectuality) and "Literary Integrity." If the purpose of anyone is to consider the general value of literature to society, he must dwell upon these things. But if his purpose is to find the definition and measure of literary excellence itself, he reasons in a circle unless he looks for it in a realm quite beyond these things. It would be like the dishonest maxim that honesty is the best policy, or the self-defeating effort to seek Christian or Buddhist salvation for its own sake. Having now removed from our path these primary misconceptions, it still remains for us to search positively for the sufficient and independent definition of Literature.

Even this positive search we must conduct with caution; and first, I think, there are several corollaries which we ought to draw from the preceding four propositions. This is not so much to introduce new arguments, as to view the old ones in a new

light. It is worthwhile explicitly to draw the conclusion that the value of literature does not lie in stimulating external action. Of course many patriotic books do stimulate action, and were written for this very purpose; but what we say is that it is not this effect which constitutes them literature. The argument would be a summary of those arguments which we have previously stated. For external action would take the form either of utility, or attempts to get pleasure, or study, or moral effort. In all these cases the action would lie outside of, and beyond the literature. But equally such action may lie outside of and beyond other words which are not literature. A merely external relation which is common to a world of objects cannot express the essence of any class among them. Indeed, this corollary has been used by some writers on Literature, and aesthetics in general, to define positively the very nature of art. In the midst of a real battle, they say, our blood would leap, and our muscles harden, and we could not restrain ourselves from rushing into the thick of the fray. That is, the actual scene would necessarily stimulate action. But in a literary description of a battle it is not so. We sit quietly in our chairs beside our lamp, and think of the scene without allowing it to influence our nerves or our muscles. So in the painting of fruits, they say, the well-painted fruit makes us think of fruit, but does not stimulate our appetite; and, if anybody paints a fruit in such a way that we want to eat it, then the art is bad. Of course, such writers are trying to find a principle for distinguishing art from nature. And, so far as their

distinction is a negative one, it is true. Personal stimulation is not the *test* of literature. But to say that personal stimulation would condemn literature is going too far; at least, we have not yet proved it. At any rate we have admitted that some secondary, or after effect, might take place in the higher faculties of man. And we are concerned here only to show that such external relations to action cannot become the test of Literature.

The second of my corollaries is one which we can state in a more positive form, although the idea is still negative. It is that the value of Literature must be impersonal, or that no personality shall enter into its test. What I mean by personality is the accidental fact that you are the reader, that you are conscious of yourself as such, and derive some effect from that consciousness. The chief reason is that personality is too external and trivial to measure the value of literature. Its appeal should be not to me alone, and to my peculiarities; but to all men. When I read, I should read with the consciousness of humanity, and forget myself. I must make consciousness objective, and lose my relative self in the absolute value of the book. For it is personality that lays stress upon utilities and pleasures and abnormal concern for its own self-developement. It is a disease which we carry with us from the world into Literature. Chinese and Japanese are less prone to this disease, than Europeans. They are more objective, look at things and thoughts for their own universal worth, and not merely as reflected in the accidental mirror of self. If a soldier in battle stops to think, "O I may be wound-

ed!" it is like a poison in his valor. If a mathematician in computing motions of stars, stops to consider his own skill, he may lose his connection. If a statesman among grand responsibilities dares to think of his own pleasure and gain, the true key to solution is lost. If an orator absorbed in his speech, suddenly recollects himself and that somebody may be laughing at his features or costume, he stammers and breaks his argument. So, if a poet, loving disinterestedly the beauties of nature, even stops to think upon the subjectivity of his own pleasure, or the fame his poem may bring, he produces an inferior work of literature. And so, also, if a book, instead of carrying the reader away from himself into the purity of his subject, stimulate that which is personal in him, his passions, his avarice, his ambition, his laziness, his self-conceit,—and if such effect is its chief quality—, then its value is measured, not by itself, but by some external relation, and that, too, one which is narrow, temporary, and trivial. Such work, according to our preceding proofs, cannot be literature. In short, we can see now that it is impersonality which distinguishes "Literature pleasure" from ordinary pleasure. If the Literary excellence be primary, the Literary pleasure follows unconsciously. Once allow the pleasure to become conscious, that is personal, and it assumes the primacy like a tyrant, destroying or perverting the just appreciation of the excellence.

My third corollary is, also, positive in form; that the value of literature is persistent, after discharging whatever uses it may have. It is not like an electric disharge which is exhausted by

its work. It has a value for which we can read it again and again. It will not wear out, like a machine. This is a well-known critical test to distinguish good literature from bad. The bad, the ordinary novel, the specious history, the popular poem, is read once and thrown away. At most it lives but a few years. Its appeal is to temporary interests. It is too external, or else too subjective, too trickily taking advantage of the weaknesses of its contemporaries. But the true work of literature is studied by men as long as they live, and by new generations; and its appreciation will revive, even if eclipsed for a time by changes in fashion, because it embodies an independent and universal excellence, which man, as such, can admire impersonally for its own sake. Personality is particular and temporary; the impersonal is the only value that can aim to be eternal.

From my original four negative propositions, I have now deduced three corollaries, namely that Literary excellence does not stimulate action, must be impersonal, and must be permanent. We can now sum up the essence of these three corollaries into what we can state as our first positive proposition. It is this. The value of a work of literature is one that is inherent in its very being, or substance. The whole trend of my arguments, so far, tends to show this. It is time now to state it explicitly. Utility, we saw, is not inherent. It is the outsidedness of an end. Pleasure, we saw, though a measure of utility, lies in our own personality, not in the Literature. Mental and moral developement also, and all stimulation of action, are after-effects, not constituent

qualities. Finally, the persistency of Literary excellence implies inherence. I cannot conceive of any other external quality, relation, or measure of value. Three possible ends we have discovered, so far;—life, pleasure, and spiritual growth. No one of these three is capable of defining literature. Therefore, we must either say that there is no such separate thing as Literature, or else that its excellence is a new and fourth kind of end, hitherto unexplained. If it be the latter, then such an end must have an inherent or self-subsistent value. Incidentally and derivatively it may further other and more external ends; but to do this is not its own end, rather is the doing of this in spite of, or on account of the independent value of its own end. This first proposition does not carry us very far; but it is very important, since it forces us to look for our definition, into the very nature of literary work.

My second proposition is, now, that such inherent literary value must be purely individual. This is an extremely important proposition, and one that has not been sufficiently recognized, as yet, by any Western philosopher or critic. I will deduce the fact of individuality from the fact of inherence. Each separate piece of the thousands of literary works has its own inherent value. Now, if this value were something universal, something in respect to which they were all alike, something by which all were equally tested and measured, a common or average kind of excellence, it could not then be internal or inherent in any true sense. Being alike for all, it would be imposed upon all, if not from the out-

side, then arbitrarily and without reason. Since the matter of each piece is different, this universal test of each would be indifferent to its matter, that is, purely formal; and what is merely formal is not inherent, in the deepest sense. There must be some reason why such an indifferent test should be chosen as a self-sufficient end; and this reason could not possibly lie in the things tested, but must be derived from an external authority. Let me illustrate by concrete examples. All machines to do a given kind of work are just alike. The noise of all crows is alike. The speech of common people is very much alike. This arises from the fact that ordinary human utilities are very much alike. The pleasure of eating, the rest of sleeping, the necessity of working are pretty much the same to all men. Heat is heat, Iron is iron, Brain is brain—Pleasure is pleasure. In short, nature is uniform; or, in practice, we assume it to be so. The precision of machinery depends upon the identity of natural law. Utilitarian excellences are measured by universal tests. So it is, also, of books which are useful only. Their excellence must be uniform. Scientific text-books, arithmetics for example, must be judged by a universal standard, must approximate, as they improve, to a common type. Their very matter is the universality of the law of quantity. But books which have value in themselves differ infinitely from one another, and must do so. Each has its own peculiar treatment of subject, its own peculiar expression of feeling, its own peculiar choice and combination of words. If its value be inherent, it must include this very peculiarity. Its value does

not belong to the fixity of natural law. If it were something universal in its subject, it would not be inherent, but external, belonging to the outside world. If it were something universal in feeling, it would be like a single flute-note played without change, or the unceasing whistle of an itinerant street pipe-mender. If it were something universal in the use of words, such fixity would have to be prescribed by a natural law, an excellence defined by a universality in nature's working, and not inherent. And, in fact we find in the History of Literature that its variety is fundamental, and cannot be reduced to any external law. The best literature is, *in fact*, individual. Why it *must* be so, we now see. If it were universal, it could be produced by rule, that is, mechanically, that is externally. We all recognize that imitation produces no good literature. The fact that each great piece stands alone, could be produced only once in the history of the world, is explained by the fact that the whole of its substance must enter into the nature of its excellence. If that excellence be internal, it must be individual.

This quality of individuality, is, of course, from time to time, recognized and admired by critics; but, so far as I know, it has never been acknowledged as an essential test. It seems rather to be regarded as a special literary excellence superposed occasionally upon the more ordinary one. This is because philosophers have not yet been willing to discard utility, pleasure, and information as literary tests. Many of their old-fashioned rules imply such things. If they discard them, they feel lost in

vagueness and ignorance. We, however, have carefully discarded them; and I am going on to show you that the conclusions to which we are led are not vague, but illuminating. The strength of our position is that we regard individuality in a work of literature as fundamental.*

* Kakki〔郭熙：中国北宋山水画家（後出註7参照）〕. The very fact of being like another is bad. The *Itsu*〔逸〕quality=individuality.

One special advantage which this view of individuality gives us is the peculiar preciousness with which it consecrates the history of pure literature. We have got so far in the evolutionary study of history as to recognize that nationality and heroism are individual. No two leaders ever experienced exactly the same burden of responsibility. All great situations in human annals are unique, (they are landmarks in human experience.) In this sense, human history as a whole is individual, because it is a series determined from within. And the peculiar preciousness of history is that each step is as necessary to understand all that come after, as each note is necessary to understand the unity of a piece of music. Such individuality is absolutely opposed to the ordinary conception of the uniformity of nature. The conception of uniformity is that all cases of a given class work alike; but in history there are no two cases that are ever alike. And it is just so with the special preciousness of the history of literature. Granting that each great piece has value in itself, that it is its own end, then it is a jewel, an inestimable treasure which can never be produced again, something as precious as if it had dropped to

us from heaven. And the History of Literature is nothing but the single rosary of such individual jewels, strung together in their unique order. And this is why I said that Western writers had not sufficiently studied Literature from the point of view of Evolution. If they had, they would have seen that Literature is of primal importance for history, just because it embodies the most typical case of man's essential individuality. The history of iron or coal-mining, for example, is very nearly the same for all countries and times. But the history of literature is the very core and clearest exponent of human history.

My third proposition, perhaps the most important of all, is that the peculiar value of a piece of Literature consists in its *wholeness*. We have already seen that it must be inherent, and that it must be individual. Let me now explain to you in what sense it must also be a *whole*. The word *whole* is a vague one in English and most European languages. Popularly it is hardly thought to mean more than a sum, or a total; like the word *all* taken collectively. Thus, if there happen to be only nine trees in my garden, I imply their wholeness or totality, when I say *All* the trees in my graden are nine. Any number of units grouped together, by whatever accident, can form a *whole* in this sense. Any number, five, forty, or ten thousand, can express such a whole with equal ease. We can vary it as we like, add or subtract units at pleasure, and the group still remains a whole. If I cut down a tree in my garden, or plant a new one, there is still some whole number of its trees. Such a whole is variable, and

relative to the accidental nature of the grouping. (If I remove the fence between my neighbor's garden and mine, and annex his to mine, I change the grouping of my trees.) Such a wholeness is only a mathematical one, and is determined by a thousand utilities quite external to the objects grouped.

But there is a more special meaning of *whole*-ness than this loose one, although we have no clear specific word for it. It is a wholeness which is not imposed from without by accident; but a wholeness composed from within by necessity. The grouping of its parts depends upon the function of those parts. The whole is not measured mathematically by numbers, but dynamically by forces. The simplest example of such wholeness is given in chemical composition. Here several elements by exercising their power upon each another, produce a whole which is different from their sum. For instance, air is a whole of the first class, merely mathematical, the mixing of oxygen and nitrogen side by side, as trees are mixed with stones in a garden. So the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, can be (so) mixed mathematically, as they are at the mouth of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe. But they can also be united chemically, as in water, where the whole has different qualities from those of its parts. The word to express the first kind of grouping, is *and*; oxygen *and* nitrogen make up the whole, *air*. We have no clear word to express the second kind of grouping, that is, no conjunction or preposition. We must say "combined with," or some such phrase; oxygen combined with hydrogen make up the whole, *water*.*†

* + and ×

† We cannot subtract or add parts without changing the whole.

In this second meaning of wholeness, the mathematical sense is entirely discarded. A chemical compound is a wholeness of indefinite extent, like water, or lime, or alcohol. We cannot use the definite article, or numerals before them. We cannot say a water, two lime, or twenty alcohol. Their external wholeness of quantity is entirely neglected, and attention drawn solely to their internal wholeness of quality.

But there is still a third species of wholeness, for which we have no single name. The first kind, as we have seen, concerns quantity alone. The second kind, as we have seen, concerns quality alone. The third kind is that which combines quality and quantity, being a whole in both senses at once. This is also a dynamical whole, depending upon the forces that work from within. But they work together in such a way that they mutually limit the size and shape of the whole, as well as its qualitative constitution. How many parts there shall be depends upon what they do. The typical example of such a whole is a living animal. Here the whole is not merely the sum of legs, body, head etc.; nor is it the mere fact that these taken together can do something which neither can do alone. It is that those parts could not exist *as* parts, unless they worked together in a specific way. (We cannot say that the whole comes first to construct the parts, or the parts come first to construct the whole.) A dead body has the same parts, but they will not work together; they compose

only a mathematical whole, and, therefore, their very parts decay and drop to pieces. In the living body we cannot add new parts, nor can we subtract old parts without injuring the body's health. If + and × are mathematical signs analogous to the first and second kind of grouping, we cannot find an analogue for the third short of the sign $\int$ for integration in Calculus.

It is very important to distinguish these three kinds of wholeness, and yet our ordinary thought is so utilitarian that we have not taken the trouble to name them. The Latin word integer comes the nearest to expressing the third species. It means literally "untouched," that is *pure*, perfect, complete, implying something so complex and delicate that it can be easily destroyed by manipulation. But in ordinary English its meaning has been narrowed to distinguish whole numbers from fractions, and thus marks no more than the first kind, arithmetical wholeness. In the ethical word integrity we have a reminder of its original dynamic meaning. In Science the first use of it came in the dynamic sense given it in Calculus. But Herbert Spencer has attempted in his Philosophy of Evolution to erect the term integration into a special dynamic category. In practice, however, he uses it of all three species of wholeness, merely considering them different degrees of integration. The third kind has to be specifically defined as "organic integration." We have no other clear word for this thought.

It may be well, in passing, to note that use of the word "unity" is just as vague as the word "wholeness." We call a stone a

unit, a man a unit, a nation a unit, without pausing to see whether we mean the same thing in each case. The fact is every whole has unity, but the unity is constituted in as many different ways as the wholeness. A spot upon a wall has unity. A group of spots upon a wall have unity. But such unity is merely mathematical and external. Water is a unity, but purely chemical and internal. We speak of "chemical union." But a man is a unity both external and internal, prescribed in the number, size, and shape of his parts, as in the peculiar force which each exerts over the other. We must say "organic unity," although that is an awkward term.

But I am now going to show you that there is a fourth kind of wholeness or unity, distinguished from these three. The third kind, or organic wholeness, admits of indefinite multiplicity. Wherever the same combination of organs and functions recurs, you have another case of the same wholeness. An animal is a complicated kind of a machine, capable of reproduction (by imitation.) Hence the wholeness of it denotes only a characteristic of a whole species. The general nature only is determined from within. That each individual shall be here or there, now or then, is not determined from within, but by some outside accident. In short, if like things can exist under unlike conditions, they cannot be perfectly unified. Hence the conception arises in us of a more perfect kind of unity or wholeness, in which every part of the whole, every single quantity, quality and circumstance of the whole is determined completely by the combination of all.

Only in this case can we say that the inner nature of the being is exactly equivalent to its outer. But in this case the being becomes unique, because the very condition of its existence are part of its own function. Such wholeness can only be expressed by the word *individuality*.

Such an idea of perfect wholeness we can define. But is there anything corresponding to it in nature? Both the Christian and Buddhist religions, and many schools of Philosophy, Greek, Hindoo, Chinese, German, assert that there is;—namely spirit, the spirit of a man, or the spirit of a saint, a Bosatsu, a God. If such a thing, as the spirit or soul of man exists, it is a more or less perfect case of this fourth kind of wholeness, because it is a case of individuality. The individual soul is a centre, not only of knowledge, but of will also; and all its characteristics consist in the unity of its faculties. We cannot say which is whole and which is part, which inside and which outside. The parts are many, but they cannot be said to precede the whole. It is as much the whole that makes the parts workable / (2) / and possible / (1) /, as it is the parts whose working constitutes the whole. The nature of such a being would be self-expression, or self-evolution; and the logic of such a nature is quite unlike that of mere biology. Human thought, is, to some extent, an example of such individual self-expression. All that is involved in the thought of Cause, or Causality, can be produced right out of itself. Again, human history tends to exemplify such individuality. A national epoch, like the French Revolution, merely evolves for

itself what was involved* in itself.

* Words, "evolve" and "involve."

And thus Spencer's Philosophy is awkward in that it takes the third type of wholeness to explain the fourth. Evolution having been defined in terms of Biology, the higher unities of Psychology and Sociology are regarded only as cases of Biological law. His formula becomes almost useless in the study of history. But in Hegel's Philosophy of Evolution, the laws of individual unity are taken as the type, and Biological laws are developed from them as a special case. Whether life be really more than a complex kind of chemistry, we may not know; but, even so, since it acts as if it were, it is convenient, even necessary, to employ the logic of organic unity. So, whether soul be more than a complex kind of life, we may not know; but, even so, since it acts as if it were, it is convenient, even necessary, to employ the logic of individual unity.

This discussion about wholeness is not a digression, since it is necessary to distinguish meanings that are not in the dictionary. Now, whether a human soul exists or not, I can prove to you that a perfect work of literature is an example of a wholeness whose unity is of the fourth class. Already I had proved to you in my first proposition that literary excellence must be inherent, and in my second that it must be individual. But, in that second proposition, I used individual in the sense of uniqueness only. It was necessary by a third proposition to show you that this inherent uniqueness necessarily implies a peculiar species

of wholeness. It is not an accidental phenomenon; it belongs to the logic of its structure. The problem is, what inherent qualities are required to produce uniqueness? And the answer is, such a close self-determination of all the parts, that their unity is not an after-result of their coöperation, but operates already in the creation or selection of the parts. Now, a work of literature is just this. It is a whole of many parts;—the thoughts involved in it, the feelings involved in it, and the words, sentences, paragraphs, and chapters involved in it. But how do such parts compose a literary whole? Do the parts come first? Does the author sit down and say "I will take so many parts/thoughts/, so many feelings, so many words,— put them into a basket, as it were, shake them up together, and see what combination comes out?" Certainly not! There is not one chance in billions that any unity could result from such an accidental grouping.

In a fine work of literature every part is most carefully calculated, and the order of the parts is most carefully calculated. Not one thought more or less must come in, not one word or figure of speech changed. The whole combination is absolutely determined, individualized. By what? By itself, by its own unity.

Then the unity must be present to the consciousness of the author, to guide him in the very selection and grouping of his parts. He must see the whole and the parts together, as one individual. If he sees the parts first, there is no chance that they will form a true individual. If he sees the whole first, without the parts, then it is only an abstract idea, not inherent to the literature,

but external to it. In that case the selection of the parts becomes utilitarian and mechanical. The wonderful fact is that just that concrete idea, that literary individuality, can exist only just in that perfect combination of the parts. Each defines the other, because each *is* the other. How can the author think of such a unique whole, out of the infinite possibilities of the world? There is no rule to follow. It must come upon him as a revelation. That is just what we mean by "literary genius," that it is a peculiar capacity for having such unique literary ideas. It is true, the capacity can be trained, and that chiefly by exercise. Young writers do not have their ideas quite unified; they are blurred; like a photograph taken out of focus. There is too much of one thing, too little of another; the order is mixed up. But the exercise of improvement does not consist in applying universal rules, but in coming to perceive more delicately, case by case, just what contributes to the individuality of each. A great and practical writer holds the individuality of the total impression he would produce, so clearly before his mind, that every word flows from it inevitably into its exact place. If, afterward you change one word, the impression is blurred, or it produces a different individual. Just as in drawing the portrait of an individual man, the least variation in the line of nose and eye changes the character. Or it is like a melody in music, where, if one note in the series be changed, the melody loses its individuality, and becomes something else. This is why the true work of literature has such power over the reader. It produces wholenesses of individual

impression, when ordinary minds can only perceive or produce, scattered thoughts, uncertain feelings, words heaped together like tumbled-down bricks. It is as if the eyes of most minds were badly focussed, and saw only dim images. Only the rare author has the exceptional gift of clear sight, and when he shows you what he sees, it strikes you like a revelation. Such clearness does not come from without, but from within. It is not utility, pleasure, or information that produces it. It is individual, then it is self-produced. Nature does not show it, for nature builds in great pieces, or crumbles into fragments, always bowing before the external universality of law. But every perfect literary work produces a new set of laws for itself, which laws are itself.*

* Poetes—creator. Poetry=creation

The History of Literature is the collection of the small choice body of such clear, transparent, unified ideas that man has produced. I call them transparent, because every part is seen clearly working in every other part. They are thus, like diamond or crystal gems, shooting out a brighter or purer light than the impurity of common stones.

We can now begin to see how those books which are Literature can be distinguished from those that are not. In English there is no word to mark the distinction. The word Literature is often loosely used to mean all printed books. We need very much a special word. In French they have it—"Belles Lettres." This clearly excludes common-place books. Of course the French Philosophers differ as to just what it is that constitutes "Belles

Lettres." Some are inclined to say pleasure. But if what I have proved to you be true, the real meaning of "Belles Lettres," is those works which, whether printed or not, are each an individual whole of human expression in words. In practice, of course, we find all degrees of this quality. Only the few greatest writers have it in perfect degree. The great mass of lesser writers achieve it only approximately. Still, it is only in so far as they achieve it at all, that these works *are* Belles Lettres, and therefore a great gap separates them from those which make no attempt to achieve it at all, or those which, trying, fail. Literature, then, (in the true sense) / in practice /, means the whole body of such attempts which are tolerably successful.

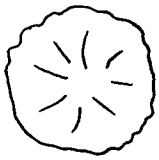
My Fourth Proposition is that every case of Literary value consists in the harmony of its parts. This proposition is only the expansion and classifying of the conception of individual wholeness. Inherence, uniqueness, individual wholeness, and harmony, are the four successive steps by which I try to make you feel that wonderful literary quality which the English words do not accurately define. Harmony is, itself, a somewhat loose word in English, and is supposed to refer particularly to a quality in music, namely a result of simultaneous sounding, as opposed to melody, the result of successive single sounds. But in its general sense it should include melody also, meaning mutual conformity of parts. Thus melody is only one species of harmony, successive harmony; and the use of it as simultaneous conformity is purely technical. The original Greek word was also used in Music to

denote mutual conformity of sounds, but in this sense it probably referred to melody chiefly, as it would in Japanese music.

ἁρμονία from *ἁρεῖν*

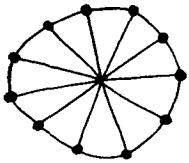
But in Greek its use was consciously metaphorical. It is a word derived from the verb to join; and its primary meaning in Greek was jointing, proportion, rule, order, pattern. Even in English surgery today the word harmony is used to mean a special kind of fitting together of two surfaces of bone. But its general meaning is evidently the natural adaptation to one another of several things or parts, as of a joint to its socket. It is, therefore, partly analogous to the Chinese category 理, an inherent principle of arrangement, i. e. natural order. Or, if we use the word "affinity" we come to a very close analogy with the Chinese term *setsu* 節 of *Kwansetsu*, a joint. This means primarily a joint of bamboo—and secondarily to limit mutually. This latter is just the primary meaning of the Latin word affinitas. But in English its meaning has become more positive, springing from the ties of marriage between neighbors. This meaning is shown in the term "chemical affinity," where the elements have some primary tendency or natural adaptability to unite. I will therefore make my own definition of harmony, as follows;—it is the peculiar inherent affinities of parts / things / through which they naturally tend to become parts of individual wholes.

This introduces us to what amounts to a new practical quality in the parts. In individual unity we saw only that the wholeness and the parts are identical and self-determinative. This

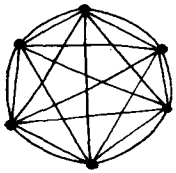


inherence

uniqueness



individual
wholeness



harmony
The two [?]
last [?] must be
identical
each line +

implies the mutual control of the parts over one another; each must be susceptible to the influence of all the others, be capable of modification, or of intensification, that is, of responding in some new way to the influence of others brought into juxtaposition with it. Such effect is mutual between each pair of parts, each group of pairs, and each group of groups.*

* Lay more stress upon the element of affinity.

The unity, therefore, is not the single abstract fact of the combination of parts, but the great multiplicity of the cross-effects between any partial grouping of the parts. It is, therefore, concrete, down to the smallest subdivision of the parts. The tissue of a work of literature must be as closely knit, as the substances of organic life. It is alive, all through.

One of the most striking examples of harmony, which can be demonstrated by experiment is color. If I throw a single spot of color upon a white wall—say red—it has a certain effect upon your eye. If, now, I throw beside it a spot of more brilliant red, the first becomes changed by the contact, and looks more gray. The bright one, too, looks brighter than it would have looked alone. They have mutually modified one another in a way which can only happen when just those two reds are

together. Now, if I add a third patch of dark red, the first two reds together look lighter than they did before, and the single dark red looks darker than it would alone. Now, suppose that I add to the three a spot of orange. That orange makes the three reds look more purple than they did before, and the orange itself looks more yellow than it would alone. Now, if I put a spot of real yellow next to the orange, it throws the three reds still more into purple, and throws back the yellowing effect of the reds upon the orange. So I might go on until I have fifty spots of color, all different. Each one of these changes the effect of the group that went bofore, yet no previous change is ever lost, only modified. Each color acts on every single color, on every pair of colors, on every triad of colors, and on every higher group. Thus there would be something like 10,000 modifications between fifty spots of color. Yet the total effect must not be confusing, but single. We ought to get a single individual color impression from the whole. What chance is there of this? Almost none! Hundreds and thousands of the cross-relations are neutralizing, or contradictory.*

* More stress should be laid on conflicting relations.

They modify, but will not blend; they produce no whole. I cannot see them transparently, all at once, unless a color-individual arises out of them. If this is so, it is seen that the choice of the fifty colors is most wonderful. Each has been chosen for its exact effect upon the ten thousand relations into which it enters. The slightest variation of each will change a large part

of the relations, and so change their power of blending into a color-whole. The whole fifty have to be chosen in view of one another, and in view of the 10,000 cross-relations of harmony which they produce.*

* Lay more stress upon affinities.

Now, if you remember that there are about 1,000,000 different colors that the eye can distinguish, you can see that there are thousands of millions of possible contributions of fifty colors to choose from, and that each one of these thousands of million sets produces 10,000 simultaneous color-effects. If therefore, it were a question of mechanical skill in selecting, the artist would have to consider millions of millions of possible color effects from which to select just the group that shall produce a given individual color-unity.

But this enumeration only exhausts a small portion of the possibilities. There is no certainty that just fifty spots of color are required. Ten might do, thirty, perhaps five hundred. We have got to consider, not only the million cases of ten thousand simultaneous effects, but the millions of cases of all other total numbers of simultaneous effects. Still again, each color modifies another, in proportion to its closeness. We have got then to consider in each case, not only the arithmetical group of fifty colors, but the thousands of possible interarrangements of these fifty colors among themselves. Still again, each color modifies others, other things equal, in proportion to the size of each / its / spot. Now the relative sizes of the different spots may be modified in

thousands of combined degrees. It thus appears that a color-creator, in throwing color spots on a wall, or in sitting down to paint, has before him a freedom of choice in his spots amounting to millions of millions of millions of millions; and that each choice itself produces thousands of combinations; and that any one of these thousands must be absolutely consistent and self-helping, without a jar or a flaw, in order to produce a single color-individual. See, then, the necessity of color-genius, of color-creation! The artist must have his color-whole pretty clearly before his mental vision, in order to select instinctively its fixed group of essential factors. Out of all infinity, only in that combination does the individual subsist. *The individual lives in the bosom of its harmonies.*

Another example, of course, is music. Here the harmonic relations of the parts are not simultaneous in space, but successive in time. I strike a single note with my voice or, on an instrument. It produces an effect. I sound a second note immediately after it, and the two together produce a sound effect different from the sum of the two taken separately. Each colors the other with feeling, so that the two together produce a single feeling. I add a third note, and the total feeling becomes more complicated, depending upon the mutual effect of the three as held together in memory. By the time I have eight or ten notes sounded in close succession, I have a whole quite sharply distinguished in its effect upon the ear from every other whole. The change of the quality or order of one note changes the whole. Such a whole of single

successive notes is a melody. But of the thousands of possible melodies which you can make out of ten notes, while each one may be enough of a whole for the ear to distinguish (it), there will only be a few which (will) have the power of impressing you with great or specially characteristic wholeness. The small changes which distinguish many of them from one another, do not much matter. We have no preference, or heightening of interest between them. But, by and bye, some one combination comes along which throws the feeling so closely backward and forward between the notes, that we see a single change would utterly spoil the peculiar unified character. It haunts you, not with the mere fact that it *is* a unity, but with the individuality of its harmonic character. It stands out with full transparent individuality against a whole universe of sound.*

* Lay stress upon sound-affinities.

In longer musical composition the unity of feeling cannot always be carried in distinct remembrance of the notes, but it can in the totality of the emotional state that accumulates. Just as in a fine painting, we cannot stop to identify every little spot of color that enters into a partial effect, yet we carry it, involved in the effect, over to another part of the picture, so we carry forward the harmonic effects of a past portion of our musical piece, in combining them with the portions directly within our hearing and memory. Sometimes this effect is achieved by partial repetition, sometimes in other ways. But the complication is increased when we add the facts that each separate note may

vary, not only in its scale sound, but in its degree of length and in its degree of loudness; and that the individual harmony of total effect depends on these variations also. It is also possible to sound several different notes together so as to make a simultaneous harmony. In orchestral music sometimes twenty or thirty different notes are sounded together. The ear may not distinguish every one, but it catches their total effect. Now, as the piece progresses in time, there is a very particular succession of these simultaneous effects; and so, it follows, as in color-unity, that there are millions of millions of possible musical groupings, out of which the composer has got to select the material of one distinct, individual impression. Such an individual has no existence except in that mysterious, unique harmonic sound-combination.

The case is quite parallel with literature. There are literary harmonies, just as there are color harmonies, and sound harmonies. I will not analyze them fully here, because I wish to do that in a later chapter. But it is enough to show you that the harmonic elements in literary unities afford an equal complexity and infinity.*

* Also that it comes through affinities.

(1) In the first place, we have thoughts grouped together in thousands of separate words and sentences. Now, each thought or portion of a thought as much effects, and modifies, and combines with another, as color with color, or sound with sound. These partial thoughts have to succeed one another in time, like sounds; and their order as much effects the total thought they

produce, as does their selection. A false selection or a false order confuses and scatters. Only an individual grouping produces a transparent result. (2) Besides thoughts, there is also an harmonious grouping of feelings, in literature. Every situation is not hard and sharp with mere logical outline, but filled, and variegated, and softened by the colors of emotion. When you read the biography of a great man, like Masashige, or read a beautiful poem, a succession of interrelated feelings is part of the substance of the literature. The selection and order of these must be most carefully attended to. A common writer introduces suggestions of feeling that distort, and will not blend into a single individual feeling. (3) A third element of the literary whole is the words themselves. Besides being vehicles for thought and emotion, their very order and sound has a refined kind of harmony of its own, very close in nature to Music. We can vary greatly our choice of words, their relative length, the various length of our sentences and paragraphs. Lastly, these three kinds of harmony have got to be harmoniously combined together.

In this way we can see that billions of billions of literary combinations are possible; but only a few of these will be so harmonious throughout as to produce a single individual result. Something might be changed, a thought added, a word subtracted, a feeling intensified. By this the whole is changed, and the individuality approximated. Only in the greatest works of literature do we feel that the individuality of the constituent harmonies is perfect. Yet every work of literature, in some degree, con-

sciously or unconsciously, aims to produce such an harmonic unity.*

* Insert here the next paragraph but one headed (□) on analysis and synthesis. p. 52 〔p. 126〕.

Now is the place, perhaps, for us to reconsider the bearing of such Literary synthesis or harmony upon the mental and moral growth of men. We may even speak for a moment of its Utility and Pleasure. These do not define the nature, but spring *from* the nature, of the harmony. It is perhaps true, that I can never perceive harmony without pleasure. It is like health, which is always pleasurable. The very orderliness and sanity of harmony throws the whole system into a condition of spiritual health, so to speak. Such a pleasure is peculiar and impersonal. I do not seek it for its own sake, to gratify myself. In that case, it becomes diseased, and tends to dissipation. When I exercise my body naturally, it is health, and the pleasure comes. But if we seek the pleasure, apart from health, it abuses the body. So literature being health, of spirit, so to speak, pleasure follows. But if we seek the pleasure to amuse ourselves, it destroys the literary perfection. So with utility. Narrow labor is like using a man's single muscle for a special machine. We do not think of the harmonious development of the whole human health and nature. But the rounded, well-developed man is capable of higher uses than the mill-operative. So literary individuality which is whole and free, will not be confined to any special utility which is partial and prescribed. This free individuality is a separate

kind of excellence, a fourth and higher independent end. Yet, from it, many special utilities may flow. These we may sum up conveniently in mental and moral growth. A soul that deals with literary wholes, tends thereby to become itself a spiritual whole. The individuality of art reacts upon the individuality of man.***

*** Because it requires the synthetic faculty of man to perceive it, give that faculty exercise.

Even information, truth, consists in unity, as well as in multiplicity. He only who can see scattered facts, sees but the poorest part of truth.**

** This should be expanded.

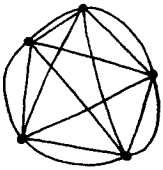
It is the hidden transparencies, the dramatic unities of nature, of human possibility, that only the poet has individuality enough to discover. Harmony is no weak, sentimental thing, no personal indulgence in pleasure. It is the very principle upon which the universe, upon which Logic, upon which Character have been constructed. As individuality, it is the eternal foe of personality.*

* Persona=a mask

The latter comes in a corner, and tears the patterns of the world into a wisp of wretched threads to hide its nakedness. The former sits fearless upon the planets as they circle in space, and gives its commands to the future like a new-born God. Thus we see that the highest social development depends upon the individuality of its citizens; their power of looking beyond themselves at visions of the gigantic unities that challenge them. Each

man then stands for one independent creative centre of perception and force. The unity which each sees is peculiar; each adds something essential to their higher coöperation. It is only the personal men that are all alike. All personality makes the same mistake of looking into the wrong end of the telescope, and sees the same microscopic patch of selfishness at the end. But each individual so magnifies his vision that each discovers an unseen star, yet no two ever the same. Therefore, individual men combine harmonically into a larger, social, or racial individuality, which lives only in their concentrated efforts. Each is like an essential spot of color, or a clear note ringing through a harmony. If we look at Athens in the fourth century before Christ, we see that four fifths of all that Western civilization has produced came into its existence during fifty years, and that four fifths of the greatest human individualities the West has produced, arose during that same fifty years from that little town of fifty thousand inhabitants. Take China in the Sung dynasty; the galaxy of great statesmen, philosophers, artists, priests, and poets, made Hangchow the Athens of the whole East. Life itself is a harmony in such days. The city, the nation, the race, is a harmony, because each unit is an individual. But when individuality dies, the power of combination dies, the power of reconstruction dies, the power of insight dies, the power of institutions dies, the very machinery of government becomes rotten, for each part has become a disintegrated, selfish, personal, inharmonious fragment. Such is the life of China today. 〔○〕

〔○〕 Pass over to the next paragraph but one, p. 55 〔p. 128〕.



the individuality of a part.

It is the positive element of affinity, as opposed to the negativity of personality.

(□) From this explanation of harmony we can now explain easily the deeper contrasted meanings of the words *analysis* and *synthesis*. The former literally means *undoing*, the latter *putting together*. Thus the former is originally negative in meaning. Still in modern scientific processes we give even it a positive use. We speak of some mathematical sciences as analytical. We speak of an analytic mind and a synthetic mind. Both are positive, but their methods differ. The root difference seems to me this; that analysis, as a way of thinking, follows the connections of things along an endless series, whereas synthesis deals with them as closed wholes of harmonious parts. Number is the chief type of analysis, passing on in a series, from one, through 2 & 3, and so on forever, as if in a straight line. So, Pure Space, conceived as outsidedness, is an analytic conception, because it goes on and on building up the homogeneous relation as long as we wish. So, too, the analytic consciousness of time spreads itself out in an indefinite series of befores and afters. It is therefore true of analytic processes that they can reach only a mathematical whole. It is also true that you can follow the series backward, as well as forward, that is, can undo it, hence its name. Other lines of seriality much used in Logic are those called *inside of*, or inclu-

sion, and *arranged under*, or classification. Along these lines we relate things [two illegible words] to one another analytically.
Another very important line in Science is Causation. Though force be used, it is only along our endless line of means to means. To think of nature as a succession of beads so strung is to think of it analytically. No doubt the greater part of ordinary human thinking is of this kind. No doubt science ordinarily works in this way. No doubt definitions, as found in dictionaries, are analytic, because they mark off every bit of thought sharply from every other, like a thing to be numbered. But the analytic principle in the moral or the practical sphere is *for the sake of*. Things and actions and pleasures become related to one another in strings of purpose; the relation is always external. This is the chief category of utility and business. Common-sense finds itself upon using it skilfully. In short, whenever we deal with the externality of serial relation, it is analysis. A synthetic mind, on the contrary, is one that deals with internal and mutual relations (which) / that / bind things into more compact groups. You cannot undo a synthetic group without destroying it as a group, that is, reducing it to the analytic state. Synthesis can roughly be taken to cover the 2nd, 3rd & 4th meanings of wholeness.
But, in the second, quantification still remains analytic, and in the third, minor changes and differences do not deeply affect the unity. That is you can deal analytically with certain portions of their nature, like specific birth, variations, and slight defects.
Therefore the peculiar meaning of synthesis gets its full satisfac-

tion only in the fourth kind, or individual wholeness, which we have now seen to imply harmony. The very conception of harmony, naturally joins itself with synthesis, because it is the self-putting together of affinities. We can see, then, that the first kind of wholeness is pure analysis, because there is no mutuality of harmony, that the fourth kind of wholeness is pure synthesis, because it is complete harmony; and that the second and third kinds of wholeness are mixtures of analysis and synthesis leaning to the first and fourth respectively. In German Philosophy there is another pair of terms bearing upon this distinction, Understanding, (Verstand) and Reason (Vernunft). The former is the faculty of analysis or seriality, the second is the faculty of synthesis, or harmonious wholeness. This distinction lies at the bottom of all human working, conception of nature, thought, and art. It is clear, then, that Literature must be pure synthesis.*

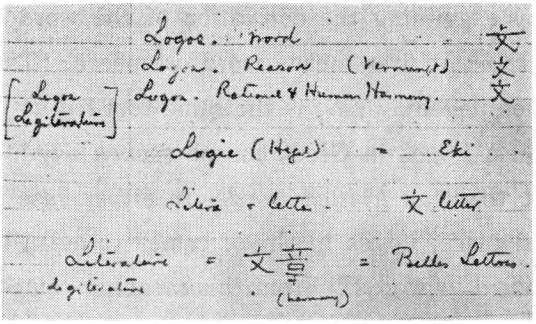
* Go back two paragraphs p. 50. 〔p 123〕.

We have thus reached our first approximate definition of Literature. We saw at the beginning of the chapter that it is some sort of expression of Human consciousness in words. We now find that it is the synthetic expression, or *the harmonious individuality of expression of human consciousness in words.* Now, in conclusion, before closing the chapter I wish to tell you this interesting thing; —that I find these first conceptions of the Philosophy of Literature extremely analogous to the main conception of Chinese Philosophy, notably of the Confucian Philosophy, and specially of the Philosophy of Eki〔易〕. In fact it is probably Chinese

Philosophy which gives the most comprehensive account of this most important matter, ever yet attempted.

We can best approach the force of the Chinese thought by noticing briefly its nearest Greek analogue. We may get to the heart of it by examining the derivation of the word *Logic*. The Greek word λόγος at first means word or speech. The verb from which it comes, legein, λέγειν, is the same root-*leg* as Latin legere, to read. Hence Logos in Greek means *spoken word*, and, if Latinized, ought to mean *written word*. In either case it is *word*. In the second place, Logos in Greek comes to mean the Thought that is embodied in words. From this meaning comes the ending -logy in names of our Sciences. Hegel also makes Logic the Science of Thought. But, in a third sense, Logos in Greek comes to mean the inmost harmonious principle of Thought, namely Reason. In Greek Philosophy Logos is the regular term for Reason. Hence the ordinary meaning of the English word Logic, the Science of Reason; but, in this Greek sense of Reason, it is not Reasoning, but the German Vernunft. In the Philosophy of Heraclitus, who lived nearly contemporaneously with Confucius, Logos is the First Principle, "the Reason that governs and developes the Universe." But in the Greek School of early Christian Philosophy Logos came to have a fourth sense, namely the perfectly harmonious expression of God just as language is the harmonious expression of Reason. In this sense Christ is identified as the Logos. This deep meaning is best expressed in the opening words of John's Gospel. "In the beginning was the Word, and the

Word was with God, and the Word was God. × × In him was life, and the life was the light of men. × × And the Word was made flesh." Here the principle of harmonious being is identified with God, with Light, with humanity, and with life itself.



Logos- word 文
Logos- Reason (Vernunft) 文
[Legos / Legiterature] Logos- Rational & Human Harmony 文
Logic (Hegel) = Eki
Litera=letter- 文 letter
Literature= 文章 = Belles Lettres-
Legiterature (harmony)

The Analogy of the Philosophy of Confucius with this is so great, as to be almost a miracle. The exact analogue of Logos in meaning and application is the Confucian Bun, 文. No doubt, one of the simplest meanings of that, is character, or *word*. But secondarily, like Logos, it is the harmonious principle of things, or their inherent reason. This sense is not modern, but if you examine my expression you find it to be their root. Thirdly you will find that its meaning becomes almost as deep as the Xn. 〔Christian〕 meaning of Logos. For example, the term used in modern times for civilization, Bunmei, 文明, (†) is the identi-

fication of this root principle of rational harmony with *Light*, and with *Man*.

† Compare etymology of civis and πόλις with Bummei—(wait till p. 60 〔p. 134〕)

"In the word was the Light of Men." Also Shibun, 斯文, means morals, the harmony *par excellence* of human action. (Jimbun 人文 is also called the expression of Tembun 天文.) Even in the more narrow sense of Bun-gaku are included, not only Literary accomplishments (Writing, Prose, Poetry) but also Music, Morals, Ceremony, Politics etc.*;—in short all human product which exhibits rational harmony. In its more restricted sense of Literature it still carries the exact meaning of my preliminary definition. (see Bunsho.)□

* Painting & color are now called Bun (Morrison)追甚1

□ Bunsho. 文章=Belles Lettres-
Sho means a piece of music completed- from *sound+ten*

The significance of Bun is still further shown in the sense of Synthesis, or Synthetic Reason (Vernunft), in its contradiction to 乱, *ran*, Disorder, and its opposition to 理, the lower or Analytical Reason. Ran is a mere heap of bricks, or broken confused sounds, or discordant colors; just the opposite of harmony, the absence of affinity. Order in the lower sense is a mathematical arrangement, the understanding, *Ri*. In this there is no primary harmony or individuality. It is an externally arranged series, in short analysis. But *Bun* is the peculiar principle of harmony, or the minute principle of order or cooperation, therefore synthesis.

The still more specific word for harmony is *sho*.

文 Bun- Synthesis 理 Ri- Analysis

章 Sho- Harmony

Now, leaving aside for a moment, the specific meaning of Bun and Literature, let us look in general at the Nature of Confucian Philosophy, as compared with my remarks on the higher mental and moral growth. That which was most original in Confucius' method was not to argue about abstract principles, but to illustrate them by concrete example. The whole of Confucius' Philsophy is only the manifold illustration of the harmonic life. Harmony, the ultimate principle of Literature and Art is assumed as the ultimate Category. In man is found its most important practical expression. In human products like Music, Painting, and Literature are its most characteristic manifestation. All this is a new thing to us in the practical analytic West. We had no such conception of Society as a Harmony. With us society is a mere expediency for avoiding selfish evil. We separate person in the unit, the animal struggle for existence the force. Law is a negative thing, a selfish restraint. We agree to curb our Egotism to the end that we may the better enjoy it. But in the East, the principle of struggle would be regarded as immoral, the separate person is *ran*. Therefore Law is positive, namely, the natural conditions of harmony.

Thus civilization is a far more positive conception with Confucius, than with us. It is not the mere absence of friction, it is not a half-hearted recognition of common interests; it depends

upon the original affinities of man and of social relations, forces which make cooperation as essential, as mutual modification is in colors. It is that the function of each is heightened and intensified by its peculiar combinations. Just as each color has its peculiar value only in a given combination, so does each human interest get its highest peculiar value, only in the same moment, and through the same operation as that which brings out all other human values. Each is suddenly carried up high, and forced to be its best. There is no waste, no loss. Harmony is far more than its false Western substitutes;— the average, the common, compromise, indifference, balance, restraint. In color and music these create only confusion and disorder; in society at best only temporary analytic wholes. In all of these there is interference, neutralization, great excrescences to be cut off, great gaps to be filled up. Such arrangements have no inherent reason, only accidental expediency. So Western Political History and Western Diplomacy is only the record of balances, of war, by which Ego checks Ego. Where the check is loosened, as in Africa and Asia today, the essential barbarism of their principle reasserts itself. In China alone has there ever been a rational attempt to create civilization for its own sake, to examine its essential ingredients, and to appreciate correctly its several values.

And another important thing to note is that this principle of Harmony is not merely social, it is a universal state, a privilege that belongs to all higher being. For instance, Confucius distinctly says that it is the order of things in Heaven; and if we

believe in Heaven at all, we must certainly admit this. In short, harmony is Divine. Applied to civilization, it is but the reflection of Heaven upon earth. Its procedure in Sociology, as contrasted with Spencer's, starts at the other end. English Sociology attempts to show how animals united to become men, and so evolved in time, perhaps, a higher nature, *spirit*. Chinese Sociology, on the other hand undertakes to show how spirit, the nature of Heaven, realizes its very law of harmony in human institutions. This is seen in the very etymology of Poli (tics) 〔政(治)〕, Civi (lization) 〔文(明)〕 as contrasted with *Bun* 〔文〕. But besides heaven and politics, it lies in all other cases of wholeness; for example, the clan, or the family. Conspicuously does it lie in the human individual himself. He is the harmony of completed faculties and acts. Here are shown the two higher ends of mental growth and moral growth.

Heaven, Society, Politics, Family, individual, mental growth, Morals, Manners, Painting, Poetry, Music etc.

Mental growth is *Chi* 〔智〕, the intelligence that grasps the essential harmonies of things and relations. Moral growth is *Do* 〔道〕, the character that incarnates the essential harmonies of acts and life. It is in the harmonious individual, the true man, that the larger individuality of civilization has root. But beyond this, and in a still more restricted area, every wholeness of human product obeys the same law; manners, architecture, arts, and notably Poetry and Music. Confucius edited one whole book of Poems (Shikio) 〔詩経〕, as the concrete illustration of harmony.

He says, "They stimulate the mind to self-study."[1] But of music, he is endless in his praises.*

* Meaning of Music.

μάειν=to strive after

μεμαώς=excited

μοῦσα=probably frenzy or inspiration

9 Muses- History- Music- Humor- Tragedy- Dancing- Love-songs- Religious odes- Astronomy- *Poetry*- (chief)

The chief meaning is Poetic Inspiration, there is the original individuality of the harmony coming into one's mind.

Confucius doubtless used it in the general Greek sense, but also in its specific sense of sounds. So fundamentally underlying is the conception of ***harmony***! He says, "The emotions stir in the heart and come out as voices. When the voices make harmony, they constitute music."[2] And again, "Music is identification, (individuality). If identical (joined in transparent unity), men love one another."[3] And again, "The great music identifies in its harmony heaven and earth. It *is* harmony, then no element is lacking."[4] The finest later critics of the So Dynasty also expressed this sense of harmony clearly in painting. Jakki[o][5] says, "In painting, from beginning to end, there must be carried out a mutual subordination of strokes to strokes, each depending on each, but in such a way as to make each a channel for the flow of spirit. Then the whole picture shall have an idea shining forth in divine unity."[6] And Kakki[7] says "The elements of a picture should all be painted with their bodies combined together, but combined in such a way as

to make each correspond to each of the others."[8] In short this is the reason why East understands art more profoundly than the West. In the West Harmony is an accident, therefore art is a superficial elegance. But in the East Art enters into the very definition of civilization. All human action is art; beauty is the natural atmosphere breathed by man. In the West, until the last 30 or 40 years Art has been despised. It is chiefly the influence of Japanese art that is gradually drawing attention to the essential humanity and universality of art. That is why I told you in the beginning that we have yet no perfect theory of literature.

If now, these fundamental categories of Harmony are something universal for Chinese thought, they must be capable of an abstract expression in fundamental principle. Such an expression of pure principle is Logic, in the Hegelian sense. One way of getting at the Logical is to see that it is a grade of being that transcends the distinction between Subjective and Objective. Thus the law of cause operates equally in the mind and out of the mind. So art must have a Logical nature, and not merely an objective, like nature, or a Psychologic, like pleasure. In Chinese Philosophy, too, should there not be a Logic which unfolds the meaning of Harmony absolutely, and not merely as illustrated in this or that kind of harmony? Yes, there is in Eki itself. I do not think it is going too far out of our way to compare the first five categories of Eki, as Pure Logic, with what I have already explained to you about Literature.

We have already seen that the meaning of Bun is Synthesis, that

of Sho— harmony in general. Then Eki is the Logic of Bunsho. The first *Kwa* 〔卦〕 or great category of Eki is Ken 〔乾〕 — (health). This original meaning is identical with the inner meaning of the word wholeness. You remember how I distinguished health from pleasure. It is the primary unity. Now in this Chinese Logic it is most significant that this is the primary abstract category. It starts with the definition of absolute synthesis as equal to perfect health or wholeness. We already know that perfect wholeness implies harmony, in the sense that it is a perfect (balance or) interrelation of parts. But now let us see how the Chinese go on to develope this conception of Ken. The first step in its evolution is Gen 〔元〕. The primary meaning of this is *origin* or *root*. Here the figure of a growing plant or bud is taken. The wholeness is not only a wholeness. It is that which contains in solution, or wrapped up, many parts, as the several petals of a flower are wrapped away in a bud or the root of a bud. This lays stress upon that *inherence* of the parts which constitutes the *individuality* of the whole. All are equally the children of it. They are brothers because they have a common mother. It is thus the source of all authority. In Politics it corresponds to the initiative of a ruler. In Art & Literature it corresponds to the fertile unity of the conception. Confucius calls it "the chief of goodness" 〔善之長〕. By this he does not mean that Gen is goodness, but the regulator of goodness. Goodness is not possible in isolation, only in combination, all parts being equally recognizable and valuable; and such combination must be

self-produced from within. It must exist as an absolute individual, before its several values can be fully brought out.

The next derivative stage in Eki is *Ko* 〔亨〕. Its natural meaning is pervasion, that which goes through and through from every part to every part. It is then the expression of the simultaneous function of all the parts upon one another; and so the category of *harmony* in the full logical sense. It is that which flourishes in and through the highest flourishing of all, where each part heightens the value of each other, and clothes it with new beauty. It is the blossomed individual, all the parts are in their places, like the petals of a flower. The Chinese explanation of it is *communing*, or mingling transparently in one, without losing self. In Sociology it is the perfect social state, in which there is no conflicting, loss, or friction. It is not every combination that will do this. Only that peculiar one in which each part, in its highest health, yields its full self out to the others. In art its clearest illustration is color harmony, and melody. Confucius calls it very beautifully, the "Concord of gladnesses" 〔嘉之会〕. Here we can easily see that gladness means highest, healthy self-value, and concord means that all shall have this together.

This leads us to the next category, Ri 〔利〕. Its primary meaning *Keen*, has in modern times become the category of expediency—profit;—But in the Logic of Eki, it means the sharpening of the lines of interrelation down to the point of convergence in a part or factor. It is thus the category of the individuality of a part. In art, not only does the total of the colors form an indi-

vidual color impression, but the color of each color is something entirely different from its ordinary state, some heightened peculiar value which can only exist in just that combination. All the other colors for a moment, as it were, lend themselves to it and make it. In business, doubtless it is the profit to each of perfect commerce. In Biology, it is the health of each organ. But it is chiefly in politics that Confucius likes to employ it, and here he calls it the *harmony* of *rights* 〔義之和〕. In fact, the English word, *right*, quite expresses its political sense, in the noun meaning, as, I have a right. In a savage or *ran* state, there are no rights. Force makes right. But in a civilized state, each citizen gets his right, that is, his highest self-function, only through receiving into himself the functions of all others. But there is still a higher sense, which it is doubtful whether the Chinese ever sufficiently saw, namely, what I have called the individuality of a part, in the special sense of the individual man, himself sensitive to an infinity of peculiar impressions, himself the origin of an infinity of correlated action, and so a mirror in himself of the individualities of all large harmonies. Such were the great men of Athens at her great days. Such is the nature of genius. It does not lie only in Gen, or the King, as perhaps Confucius thought. In a great age it lies in everybody. This is, perhaps, the deepest lesson of all Philosophy.

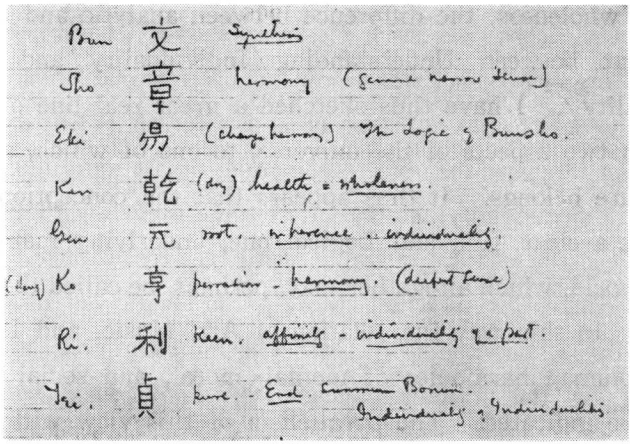
There is, however, one cardinal category beyond this, *tei* 〔貞〕. Probably its meaning is here, *pure*. It certainly refers to the outwardness of total effect which each part sheds on all the others.

It is thus the converse of *ri*. In morals, it is what Spencer calls *Altruism* or benevolence, the finding one's own end, in the totality of other people's ends. In the chief Confucian Political sense of righteous, it means the total conforming of all individuals to the law of the larger individuality. It is something like Plato's meaning of Good, the welfare or value of all realized at once. It is the supreme conception in which Morality is swallowed up into harmony. In art, no doubt, it is the absolute fullness, as well as wholeness, of the individual idea. I have spoken of it before as transparency. In this sense its kinship to purity is manifest. One false note sounded, one false color or line added, and the purity of the impression is marred. It is the complete evolving of the individual that was involved in Gen. It is the completed work of art. In the highest sense of all, it doubtless verges very near to the conception of Spirit, in the religious sense. Where many individual spirits work freely together they produce a total substance of spiritual state, which Buddhism deals with as the third member of the Trinity, the *So* 〔僧〕, or congregation, and Christianity deals with as the *Community* of Saints, or, also as the third person of the Trinity, the Holy Spirit.*

* Confucius' Great Harmony, Taikwa 大和

This part of Philosophy the future of the world has still to work out.

However, the Chinese noticed this, that the four states of Gen, Ko, Ri, Tei, form a circle as it were, the fulness of Tei, passing back into, and being identical with Gen. They say "Below Tei,



Bun	文	*Synthesis*
Sho	章	harmony (general narrow sense)
Eki	易	(change harmony) The Logic of Bunsho
Ken	乾	(dry) health=*wholeness*
Gen	元	root- *inherence- individuality*
Ko (Hang)	亨	pervasion- *harmony* (deepest sense)
Ri	利	Keen- *affinity- individuality of a part*
Tei	貞	pure- *End*- Summum Bonum- Individuality of Individualities

rises Gen." If anything were needed, this would prove that the group only unfolds the Logic of harmonious individuality.

We may now sum up the substance of this long chapter in a few words. In four negative propositions I showed that Literary excellence does not lie in any external relations; material, personal, abstract, universal or moral. In four positive propositions I have now shown that Literary excellence does lie in an individual harmonious wholeness of internal relations. In the course of evolving this complex conception, I have discussed four mean-

ings of wholeness, the difference between analytic and synthetic, and that between Understanding / Individuality / and Reason / Personality[追註2] /. I have thus sketched a great real line of division between two aspects of the universe, to one of which, as a class, Literature belongs. It thus appears that the conception of Harmony is a clear, full, and Logical one, underlying many aspects of the world, which altogether may, perhaps, be called the spiritual aspect. In this way the relation of Art, Music, and Literature, to the human harmonies of mental, moral, and social developement are indicated. The parallelism of this view with the Chinese view is striking. It is the view toward which Western thought is tending, and must tend. Literature is the expression of this great spiritual group of interests in the definite form of words. It remains for us now to unfold this preliminary definition, and gradually come to study the nature and the laws of Literature, as involved in this peculiar kind of Harmony.

1 「興於詩，立於礼，成於楽（傍点筆者）」（『論語』泰伯篇八），か。

2 「凡音者。生人心者也。情動於中。故形於声。声成文。謂之音。」『楽記』楽本編第一。

3 「楽者為同。……同則相親。」『楽記』楽論篇第二。

4 「大楽与天地同和。大礼与天地同節。和故百物不失。」同上。

5 郭若虚。郭熙（註7参照）と同時代の批評家で，『図画見聞誌』（次註参照）の著者。

6 「凡画気韻本乎（中略）乃是自始及終筆有朝揖連緜相属 気脉不断 所以意存筆先筆周意内画尽意在像応神全（傍点筆者）」「図画見聞誌」巻1『四部叢刊』続編子部（上海，商務印書館，中華民国23年），6頁。

7 郭熙。北宋山水画の確立者。11世紀後半に活躍。その『林泉高致』をフェノロサは愛読した。

"EXTRACTS FROM THE FAMOUS ESSAY BY KAKKI (KUO HSI)

ON PAINTING. KAKKI OF SO (KUO HSI OF SUNG) ON THE HIGH TASTE OF FOREST AND FOUNTAIN. COLLECTED BY HIS SON (FROM FRAGMENTARY NOTES) LAICHI LAIFU, COMMANDER-OF-CHIEF OF INFANTRY, KAKUSHI JAKKIO (KUO SZE)," Fenollosa, *Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art* (1913), II, pp. 12–19.

8 「蓋画山高者下者。大者小者。盎晬向背。顚頂朝揖。其体渾然相応。(傍点筆者)」「林泉高致」楊家駱主編『国学名著珍本彙刊・画論叢刊』上編(鼎文書局, 中華民国61年), 21頁。

以上の中国語原典について人文科学研究所曾父川寛氏, 本文中のギリシヤ語解読について蜂谷昭雄, 六反田収両氏の御教示に感謝する。

Chapter II. Second Approximate Definition of Literature. Literature as Unity of Thought.

The conception of the peculiar quality of Literature which we have now reached, namely, an individual harmonious wholeness of internal relations, is manifestly something which Literature shares with all other branches of Fine Art. We might have proved, though in a somewhat different way, that the quality of fineness in Painting and Music does not consist in analytic relations, but in synthetic harmonies. Indeed, we have well illustrated the nature of harmony by referring to those arts. In the matter of Literature, however, we have presented the proofs in their strangest and most difficult form.

If now, the several Fine Arts agree in this one matter of individuality, that which differentiates them from one another is the peculiar nature of the affinities which the substance of each affords. Music is Music, and a separate art, because sounds have a peculiar kind of acoustic affinity for one another, and can produce

together a single transparent sound-result. Painting is Painting, and a separate art, because visible forms and colors have a peculiar kind of visual affinities for one another, out of which they can produce a single individual effect upon the eye.

That which distinguishes Literature is the fact that its affinities, and so the nature of its whole, are of a peculiar kind, such as belongs to the use of language. We have already reached the approximate definition of Literature, as the Individuality of expression of human consciousness in words. Here we have two factors, the human consciousness to be expressed, and the words that express it, which factors the act of expression combines. It remains for us to investigate, then, how there can be individuality in such expression; therefore, how there can be synthetic affinity in each of its separate factors.

The human consciousness which language expresses is a complex thing. But, in general, we can divide it with sufficient accuracy into two parts, thought and feeling. When I say or write anything, there is some definite matter to be placed, some subject treated. Consciousness is no blank space or empty sheet, but a kinetoscope filled with more or less definite, yet changing images. Even in dreams consciousness so fills itself. I cannot use words without already implying something of this matter, because words have been invented merely to express it. Even if I recite a number of words at random, some fragments of thought are immediately suggested, even if they do not coalesce. It is much in the same way as spots on a wall, however accidentally placed, are

bound to suggest some form, as also we see it in the dispositions of stars, and in the momentary accidents of cloud-shapes. Now such definite filling or differentiating of the Surface of consciousness, we call thought. Thought is the marking out of the parts of consciousness, and the tracing of their relations to one another. And this very clearness of marking and tracing is rendered possible by language. The firmness and fixity of language becomes a frame on which thought can be stretched and measured. It would be difficult to remember Geography and maps if there were no names attached to the parts.

But beside these more definite markings in consciousness, corresponding to pure form or shape in vision, there may exist also a peculiar reaction of the mind toward these markings, which clothes them with more or less indefinite quality, much as color clothes the outlines of shape in vision. I may have a picture of the same spot filled with a dozen different changing colors. So I can have a thought of the same thing filled with a dozen different emotional colors ; —love, hate, pity, anger, sympathy, fear, etc. This latter qualitative and indefinite kind of consciousness we call feeling. In language we have many words to express it, like those which I have just used. Feeling can be expressed also by many other things than words, chiefly by actions, and especially by muscular contortions of the face. Feeling is almost as universal in human consciousness as thought. Country people, children and women can hardly have a thought without some accompaniment of feeling. It is only among very highly educated men that

thought and feeling can sometimes be completely separated, and then chiefly in certain philosophical and scientific pursuits. In short, if we are investigating thought for its own sake, as it may sometimes be desirable for scientists to do, feeling, a possibly disturbing element, were better abolished. We call such men intellectual machines. But, generally, it is not a good thing, not a human thing, to fall into this habit. It is one of the diseases of modern civilization. It makes life cold and empty, society sad and colorless. It tends to detach thought from life. It tends to break up the harmony of the total man, and specialize his function. Therefore its tendency is utilitarian and analytical, like the over-exercise of a particular muscle. The great sages of the world have not ignored feeling. Confucius recognizes it as an element of harmony between man and man. To speak kindly to another is to express feeling. And Christ says that we must become like little children, in whom feeling is as normal and pure as thought.*

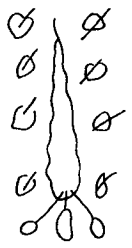
* Darwin.

Also, if Literature is to be the full expression of consciousness, it must express human feeling as individually as it expresses human thought. Of the normal relation of feeling to thought we shall speak later, when we have investigated the characteristic affinities of each, more thoroughly.

But first I wish to speak of several more general qualities of human consciousness, which belong to it equally as thought, and as feeling. It is a striking fact, when recognized that human consciousness, by its very nature, is an isolated thing. Every man

of us is as prisoner shut up in a cell of his own, who can only communicate with his fellows through signals (or notes on paper.) There can be no direct mingling of your consciousness and my consciousness, as several bodies of water may flow together and become one. Each has a peculiar world of thought and feeling within himself, unlike, in some respects, any other such conscious world that has ever existed, or shall ever exist. The only thing that we can know of these millions of hidden worlds, is the expression of themselves which they make through the signs which they use. Only through language, among men at least, can consciousness impress itself on consciousness. If there have been wonderful experiences and harmonies among some of these worlds, they have passed away for ever, unless they have been recorded in literature. Each consciousness is small and narrow, and can enrich itself only through education in this great growing substance of expression which we call Literature. Literature is the very body of the consciousness of the race. Except as embodied in it such consiousness is an abstraction.

We can thus discern the important function that Literature ought to play in education. In it only can we lift up our own consciousness into the universal or racial consciousness. There is an infinite action and reaction between this universal consciousness and the individual consciousness. The latter fills and expands itself with the former, but in doing so contributes its own new color or nature to the contents. If ex-



pressed in writing, this new individual combination adds something in turn to Literature; and thus the consciousness of educated men is like the fresh water in springs, which is drawn from the common ocean, and gives itself back into that ocean. Human history is thus the record of the infinite growth of educated human minds through Literature.

This fact may give some conception of a second quality in human consciousness which I wish to point out, namely, its practical infinity. Of the consciousness of the billions of billions of men who have lived on this earth, no two have been ever exactly alike. This depends upon the enormous variety of possible experiences. Apart from original differences of capacity in each, the number of things in the world with which each can come in contact is almost infinitely variable. Not only are there variations due to place, climate, geography, flora and fauna, but enormous other variation due to changes of these in time. Moreover, the order in which similar experiences occur to fellow citizens is different. Add to this variety of natural sensations, the more complicated and unreproduceable variations of family and social life. Every peculiarity of domestic arrangement, of costume, of habit, becomes a new datum for experience. And when literature itself begins to exist, the individual consciousness becomes related to varying fragments of past impression also. If out of colors alone, millions of millions of pure color combinations are possible; out of the impressions of the infinitely changing things in the world, impressions obtained in infinitely varying orders, a practical

infinity of combinations is necessitated. And all this would be true even if the mind of each individual were passive only, reacting in a sensitive way upon the order of given impressions. The far greater Truth is that, within this unlimited mass of raw material which sensation furnishes to each separate world of consciousness, the active power of the mind searches for combinations upon combinations that do not always passively reveal themselves. A savage or a boor does not understand by a millionth part all that he sees. The interrelations among the myriad things and impressions are themselves infinite, and these only active thought can search out and identify. Infinitely various, too, are our souls in this synthetic power of thought. An infinitely various power operates upon an infinitely various material. And yet we ought to perceive that the power operates because the material itself presents the attraction of endless affinities. The world is not only a mathematical series, however large; thought is not merely an analytic sum of sensations. It is the discernment below the detached units of infinite degrees of relation, correlation, harmony, and unity. Any two parts, any two facts, any two thoughts, may have a dozen ways of throwing light upon one another. How then with any three, any four, any fifty, any thousand, any million? Of all the peculiar consciousness of the billions of men who have lived, all together have only as yet explored a small fractional part of the infinite possibilities among such relations. With all the richness of human literature up to this date, there are far greater possibilities for its future than

have ever yet been conceived. It is like an infinite mine of which only the surface has been worked. If we keep our minds fresh, active, and individual, we shall be sure to find every day some new treasure. This is what makes a great mind, like Shakespeare's, so rich; it discovers millions of relations among things that no one ever saw clearly before. It is not the number of facts that he saw, but the use which he made of those facts.*

* Expand on Shakespeare's education.

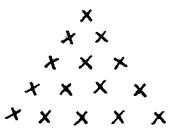
And when we add to the infinitely peculiar interpretation of the facts, the infinitely peculiar combination of the feelings which can attach to them, we see one magic of genius multiplied into another.

There is a third general quality of human consciousness that I wish to describe. Beside the isolation of human consciousness, and the infinite capacity of human consciousness, I want to lay stress upon what I may call the fluidity of human consciousness. If facts, though infinite in number, were hard and sharply distinguished like atoms of matter, there could only be external relations of number, position, likeness and unlikeness between them. In this way they would produce only analytic wholes. And it is in this way that analytic minds habitually think of nature. There are several reasons for this;—one is, the greater obviousness of external relations, we can see them directly. Another reason is the limitations of words. In the richest languages there are only about 100,000; but even writers use only 3000 or 4000, and common people only 300 or 400. Yet we have already seen that there

is an infinity of possible thoughts. Language, then, is a very defective means of expression. A few words have to do duty for thousands and thousands of slightly varying thoughts. This we often forget. Because the dictionary is split into a few thousand units of definition, we suppose that thought is split into a few thousand corresponding units of thought.*

* This is the mistake of the modern Chinese mind.

This is not true. One thought blends by infinite degrees into another, just because all the facts and relations of nature are infinitely continuous. Take the life of a plant from seed to fruit; each state glides imperceptively into the next. You can draw no line. Because you can take ten photographs of that plant at intervals, it does not follow that it is ten things. That is what I mean by saying that thought is fluid. All the parts of it tend to flow together and make one transparent whole. Another cause of this mistake is the narrow duality in language of assertion and negation. All sentences are reducible to sentences with the positive copula *is*, or the negative copula *is not*. Language, therefore, reduces all thought and truth to the barren perception of identity and difference between things, or, at most, of likeness and unlikeness. To say that a bird is like an elephant because it has a tail, and like a man because it has two legs, is not to tell us much that is valuable about a bird. How came the two legs to be joined with a tail, that is the organic problem which it cannot answer. All classification has this fault that it is based upon abstract likenesses and unlikenesses. This is the mistake of com-



mon Logic. It conceives of the whole world as reduced to classes of classes of classes, and these classes standing to one another like the layers of stone in a pyramid. All concrete things are separate units at its base. At the top there is the single abstract class, *being*. I call this the pyramid of conceptions. And the only motion it allows to thought is to work up and down in this pyramid, by the addition and subtraction of likenesses, and the consequent inclusion or exclusion of the class-limits. This is the baldest kind of analysis, yet it is the way in which most people think. Its enormous defect is that it never gets to real concrete truth. It regards truth as the separate grains of sand at the base. The real, complex, positive relations between the parts and organs of the grains it never sees or thinks. You cannot find them by passing up and down the pyramid of classifications. Language cannot easily express them. Their truth is concrete, altogether, fluid, transparent. That is the reason why it was difficult for Europeans to conceive of evolution. Evolution is concrete continuity of organic harmonies. It cannot be pictured, it cannot be classified; it can only be thought in its native fluidity or mutual internalities. Strictly speaking, there are no *things* in nature, only processes. We think that there are things only because we do not look deep enough. If we take an instantaneous photograph of the sea in motion, we may fix the momentary form of a wave, and call it a thing; yet it was only an incessant vibration of water. So other things, apparently more stable, are only large vi-

brations of living substances; and when we trace them to their origin and decay, they are seen to be only parts of something else. And these essential processes of nature are not simple; there are waves upon waves, processes below processes, systems within systems;—and apparently so on forever. There is no limit to the fluid internality of thought, ever a spiral of spirals, going deeper and deeper in, penetrating to more fundamental laws, more unheard-of unities and harmonies. This is why thought becomes a type of organic life, rather than vice versa. We cannot think life by analytical process; but thought is more synthetic yet, than life. Its absolute fluidity is something which organisms only approximate. Some mighty thinker is conceivable who might have the capacity to perceive the concrete unity of every group of things and thoughts in the universe. To him the Universe would be like a crystal ball.

Now, though this isolated consciousness of each man be, normally, that is, according to its own nature, infinite and fluid, the fact is that this fluidity is a quality that greatly varies at different epochs of history. We may say that there are degrees in the *Mobility* of human consciousness. Doubtless a perfect mind should be able to move instantaneously from part to part of the crystal ball, connecting clearly and truly any two of its component thoughts. But, in practice, consciousness moves slowly and partially, as if it were rather like a mass of jelly than a sphere of liquid. Of course, one evident obstacle to mobility is ignorance. We cannot connect what we do not know or think; and the best

of our knowledge is very deficient. Still, within that part of thought which we do know, it should be the prerogative of consciousness to move freely, selecting its parts and making its fresh combinations according to its momentary needs and aims. Yet even such capacity is rare, and the reason for this rarity is a peculiar one which we must now explain.

In discussing the relation of Literature to the history and the education of consciousness, I said that past thought embodied itself in a great grouping sea of recorded symbols from which the little isolated pools of present thought draw their main supply. But I said also that each present consciousness ought to incorporate that education with itself, infusing into it fresh material from its own clear vivid experience, and so making a combination and contribution additional to all that the world has hitherto thought and felt. In this way each soul would be like an independent bubbling spring, fed indeed by the percolating water of showering clouds which rose originally in vapor from the sea, but springing strong, new, and sweet out of the soil of things; and not a mere stagnant pool left by a retreating tide. The fact is, however, that consciousness is more often like a muddy pool than like a clear spring. There is a conflict between the power and mass of past thought recorded in Literature, and the power that springs up from within the individual consciousness. We are too complacent and indolent in accepting the former as a gift. We do not earn it, and make it our own by self-thinking. We try to utilize its abstract value without penetrating to its

fluidity. It becomes an abstract / detached / thought, an analytic fact, an external datum. Relying upon it, we suffer our individual mobility of consciousness to die away from disuse. In short, the past overweights the present, with most of us. It is the disease of time, of old age, that attacks national consciousness and civilization. History and Literature become a more imperative burden for each generation. Education brings its own subtle danger. We think the thoughts of others at our peril. The stream of thought and feeling that flows freely out of the souls of early men, creeps along slow and languid, in the sophistications and conventions of their late successors.

This peculiar disease which attacks the mobility of consciousness I call *formalism*. It is the hardness and tyranny of form no longer plastic, but rigid and lifeless. It is true that the cause of formalism is not solely written Literature. This is indeed a great cause and especially *the* Cause of the formalism of literature itself. We cannot see a new possible combination of thought, because the old one forces us into its well-worn channel. Any other causes which force consciousness into fixed channels can also occasion formalism. Indolence is a cause. We are too lazy to think for ourselves. It is so much easier to imitate than to originate. The desire to get the goodwill of others is a potent cause. We do not think and say what we mean, but what others would like to have us. It is, at first, a mere voluntary flattery perhaps, but in time it becomes a tribute demanded, and so a tyranny which we are forced to obey. Society itself, at certain

times / epochs /, is lenient and allows mobility. If its members are highly individual, that is, with infinitely mobile consciousness, the independence of individuality is prized for its own sake, and a city or a race is proud of its variety of opinion and copious creation. The consciousnesses of whole and of part flow richly along side by side, like a clear rapid river. But when the individual begins to yield to outside pressure, society ever demands that it shall yield more and more; and thus the intolerance of custom adds converts to the side of convention, discourages and eventually persecutes persistent originality, and so gradually congeals the fluid thought of the race, slackening its speed and the free circulation of its parts, until the winter of old age freezes up its course into a motionless crust. This tyranny of custom, worse than the tyranny of kings, allies itself with the crushing weight of past authority, and the two together bring on a state of formalism in which it is impossible for any individual to produce out of himself a new thought. Consciousness has become as hard and dead as a stone. A large part of the history of all times and races reveals this state. The Byzantine Empire was in it for 1000 years. China is frozen up in its delusion today.

But when mobility of consciousness has been once lost, or partially lost, through formalism, how can it be regained? Heretofore history shows only one way. That is the coming of some great nationl shock strong enough to break up custom and mental habit. It usually has to be violent and severe, like a great flood in spring. Prolonged and violent war is the commonest cause.

When cities are burned, dynasties broken up, races enslaved / incorporated /, new conditions of life encountered, the crust of habit is torn and whirled away in the flood of national disaster, while the underlying fluid thought in the individual soul has to adapt itself as best it may to the novel circumstances. Genius, that is, individuality, is now at a premium, rather than conformity. It is the springtime of a new national life. Sometimes these convulsions come from within rather than from without, as frequently in China and Japan; —a revolution we say, a new order, which may in time breed a new tyranny, but which at first just because it is new, has got to employ the freedom of self-adjustment. Sometimes the causes of reviving individuality are more peaceful, as in the extension of commerce to new places, and under new conditions. Only a fixed industry and trade can obey old-fashioned rules. The opening of channels requires fresh genius, individual recombination. In visits to new scenes and peoples, our minds broaden, we become reconciled to a variety of customs, our consciousness becomes more comprehensive and fluid. It is not so much the new things we learn, but the freedom from old prejudices, in which consists the chief benefit of travel. This is doubtless one cause of ancient Greek intellect, the extension of its maritime commerce among the thousands of islands, and the many-peopled coast cities of the Eastern Mediterranean. Lastly, a peaceful cause from within, like a philosophical revolution or a religious revelation, may sometimes revive the fluidity of consciousness. Doubtless the Philosophy of the So Dynasty did this

service temporarily for China.

Now, the chief fact of human history, and its most fundamental law, consists in the eternal conflict and alternation between these two states of fluidity and rigidity in human consciousness. The conflict is never still. The tendency to conformity is as silent and steady as gravitation, as physical inertia. Its eternal enemy is the native individuality of the soul, which has the power to move freely among all its thoughts, dive into the crystal depths of its experiences, and bring up to the surface, for action or expression, any combination that it wishes. The tendency is for many such individuals to come together; the peculiar buoyancy of the social atmosphere precedes them. Such was the group of great creators in Athens 400 years before Christ; the similar group in Florence in the Fifteenth Century, and the somewhat similar group in Hangchow during the Twelfth. But such constellation, such wonderfully concentrated light of Bun, is rare in the vast spaces of history; and the periods of it are very short. Fifty or a hundred years, that is, the limit of two or three generations is enough to exhaust the highest individuality. After this comes a more or less rapid decline, and then an interval, which may be a thousand years, before a new force, sufficient to break the crust of formalism can gather. These are the blanks of history, wherein new thought, and act, and art cannot appear, and civilization is hardly more than a lifeless copy. The disease lies in the soul, in the self-abdication by consciousness of its infinite, fluid, individuality. The Japanese race has this individuality in strong measure. It

created the revolution of Meiji and, in turn, the revolution recreated it. But already there is a tendency among Japanese to fall tback satisfied with accomplishment, to enjoy rather than to produce, or accept civilization as a present from the West, rather than to recreate it from within. Beware of this! It is the insidious cause of the decay of nations, the dry-rot of the soul. Rather guard your individuality and fluidity of thought and feeling as a priceless treasure!

But, you may ask, what have these laws of the fluidity of consciousness, got to do with the definition of literature? I answer, Everything! In the first chapter I have explained to you fully how and why a work of literature must be an harmonious whole. Like color, and like sound every one of its combinations is not transparently harmonious, individually organic, or self-grown. Of the billions of billions which are possible, only a few, one among a million, possesses the simultaneous heightening and perfection of all its interrelated parts. To find this unit of sensitive affinities is no easy task, is no result of infinite effort merely analytic. It cannot be built up by trial or accident, like a scientific discovery. It must be produced from within. Its qualities, its affinities, its harmonies, its individuality are inherent. It must grow out of the soil of the soul, from its own root. A literary genius is a soul that has the capacity of giving birth to such roots. It is so infinitely sensitive to affinities that it selects and groups them by a kind of instinct. It cannot stop to give a reason for its choice. It makes a thousand choices in one, and synthesizes

them out of its billions. We can now see more exactly how such genius is possible, and how it works. It works through the fluidity of consciousness! This instantaneous selection implies the infinite freedom of exploration and correlation among its experiences. It is as rapid and penetrating as ether, as microscopic and telescopic in its synthesis as chemical affinity and gravitation. It works like the mind of God. It sees infinite fertility of meaning where ordinary eyes behold but desert; creates systems and kingdoms of intellect out of the very blank spaces of the air. It never repeats itself, for each self-acting group originates from within. Its creativity is infinite; its resources fabulous. It lavishes upon its smallest expression the transparency of harmony, the treasure of individuality.

We come, then, to a most important proposition, namely, that the individuality of a true work of literature can spring only from the perfect individuality of its author's soul. Only in so far as a man possesses the synthetic temperament, can he be an author. He must tingle with his sensitiveness to countless affinities. Only in so far as his consciousness is fluid, will his power of original combination remain free. He is like a priest in trance. He does not so much act himself, as behold the gods act. The affinities seem to do their own work. He only reveals to a waiting world the new truth he sees. And yet, without his mediumship, his human individuality, the gods will not act, the affinities will not combine. The act is so subtle, we hardly know it to be act. We call it inspiration. Nevertheless, the individual combination

requires a form, demands from him an expression, as a body to dwell in, I say, perhaps self-concertedly. I think I see a unit of thought, but I have not yet been able to express it in paint, or sound, or words. Then I am deceived. It is not yet a unit. It proves itself such by the creation of its own body. That is the peculiarity of art, that it cannot be an abstraction; it demands concrete individuality, therefore a definite body of affinities, which are at once its own expression and its life. The author has a weighty responsibility, to which few are true. He must not allow one shadow of influence to affect him from the outside. It will strike a flaw through the crystal. Although educated out of the past, he must forget the past, and breathe alone with himself. He must not let his personality intrude, for then self-interest or prejudice will disturb the free re-distribution of the affinities. He must not yield to fear, or hope of gain, or thirst for fame; else the glorious soul that is forming within him will be strangled or poisoned in the womb. He must be the pure individual, untainted by any formalism; then the infinity of the new will bubble out of him like a spring. The individuality of the literary whole will find itself only through that free fluidity of soul which his own individuality implies.

The difference between this principle and the modern romantic theory of the subjectivity of art is very great. Such a phrase as Flaubert's, "the style is the man," such a definition of art as "nature passed through man," the view that it is the very oddity of personality that constitutes genius, all these are but distorted

shadows of the truth. Art creates *itself*, through the hidden affinities of things, and thoughts, and forms. It is true that, analytically conceived, nature is barren, and harbors no seed for art. It is only synthetic thought that can sense and detach its inner truth of rough material ready for diamond-polishing. But, because abstract objectivity is too crude for art, it does not follow that we must flee to abstract subjectivity. This is too small and mean for art. We must penetrate deeper to that state where objectivity and subjectivity become one. This is Logic in its true synthetic sense. Now the very secret of the Logic of art is its self-hood of harmonious combination. Whether it be in the author as a condition, or in books as the realized product, whether in the imagination of a poet, or the revelation of sunset skies, it is all the same. It is its inherent structure that tells, not its source or place. Such is the logical meaning of harmony which Confucius tried to define. And the practical difference of the two views concerns the preparation and purity of the author's soul. On the subjective theory, he may be as wild and personal as he likes, rebelling at the restraint of law, steeping himself in the dissipation of sensuous feeling. Hence the chaos of recent Western literature, in spite of its protest against the classic. But on the individualistic theory, the soul must guard itself from all impurity and extravagance, distinguishing the normal affinity of law from the abnormal tyrannies of formalism, and searching with single and reverent aim for the harmonious wholeness among its infinite contents. It is not always that this is possible. The

History of Literature is, par excellence, the history of the fluidity of human consciousness. It is inevitable that Literary genius should gather itself up into clusters of gleaming stars, separated by long black night-spaces of relative inaction. Its history is only the history of its constellations; and these tend to centre themselves in the individualistic periods of civilization. It is they that give names to the Zodiac of man.

[on a separate sheet]

How can thought become aesthetic material for literature?

1. *The wholeness of thought.*

Unities of thinking, seeing, change, growtn, experience

The test to critic is mutual involution of materials

The test to author & public is unity of impression.

But unity implies constructivity.

Mere enumeration or distinction contradicts it—

The sanity of thought in nature goes in cycles—

Unity of subject—

2. The *process* of *thought*—

Logical U. P. I

But thought process must be time process, for exposition in words.

First mode—Didactic. Essay, Science, Philosophy.

This is the main mode for logical *clearness.*

Second mode. Dramatic. Drama—Fiction. P I— U

Third mode. I. Essence of poetry—Lyric—

brevity— figurative— pictorial— Chinese.

The order left to be determined from without.

Fourth mode. History— Biography— Criticism. P—U I U— P

dissolving views

sub. { *Fifth mode.* Didactic Poetry / *Sixth mode.* Dramatic Poetry / *Seventh mode.* Epic Poetry } add a basis of I's.

I
U U U
P P P P P

Feeling varies in color, intensity, duration—It has continuity of change—The change from feeling is itself a new synthetic feeling. There are all possible orders of change.

Feeling—synthesis is thus naturally time synthesis. The general law of time-synthesis is cumulations of effect. Does this cumulation have a general law? Feelings are of two kinds—constructive or destructive. There then appear to be wholenesses of feeling; corresponding to the wholenesses of subjects. In their order the constructive must eventuate in order to achieve individuality. The feelings relate primarily to human situations. We apply them in a figurative sense to objects of nature and thought, just as we have figurative derivation of thought from concrete things.

—By courtesy of the Houghton Library, Harvard University—

追註1 (p. 131). Robert Morrison, *A Dictionary of the Chinese Language* (Shanghai and London, reprinted 1865).

追註2 (p. 142). フェノロサの論旨からすれば, Individuality と Personality は位置が逆になっている。