

CULTURE-EPOCHS AND THE COSMIC ORDER

BY HARDIN T. MC CLELLAND

VITAL as have been the influence and effect of Art and Culture on the individual minds of the world's historical esthetes, this affective action did not embrace the complete function of the artistic life any more than of the cultural procedure in education. Rather has this function found its full expression in following out the dual aspect of progressive improvement in the whole world's esprit as well as in the life and mind of the individual. It has served a sphere of far greater amplitude than that of any selfish interest or temporal exploit, for it has been the leading vehicle bearing us forward in that great venture known as the evolutionary purpose of life. At present it has reached to a domain not specifically bound by any definite limits of race, creed, color or nationality, but given rather to those liberal and exalted mental attitudes which look only for the truth and spiritual character of the various Culture-Epochs of the past which have produced the civilization on which our own has been established and from which we draw whatever we enjoy of inspiration and security. It has fortunately come to have an international patronage and a cosmopolitan appreciation among people of responsible intelligence, and does not have to depend precariously upon a cycle of existence whose nodes are always determined from the fool's finite center of selfish interest.

Accordingly then, we can acknowledge that the general evolutionary purpose of life has not been betrayed by human nature as a whole; our historical studies, religious aspirations, scientific efforts and philosophical speculations, in fact man's whole cultural ambition and comparative aesthetic success have not served in vain because we can now find the study of a delightfully chronicled past highly delectable as well as morally instructive, we have come into a keener taste for joyous intellectual contempla-

tion, and can even count numerous beatitudes under the beneficent protection of religious tolerance and piety. We are now beginning to live again renaissant days of enlightened and ennobled social cooperation in everything we love or dream or plan to do. What better issue from the cultural text of past endeavor and achievement could be desired? Something similar to this expectant mood has always marked the jubilee and justice of man's slow periodical transit from the lesser to the greater age of his progressive civilization. It was we know a veritable passion in the days of Renaissant Humanism, the Enlightenment, and the Reformation, which changed the whole course of man's thought and faith and social work. It was the chief relish and documentary delicacy of that most epicurean of centuries (the 18th) when the men who championed moral and aesthetic culture were thinkers and poets consecrated to both romantic and reasonable interpretations of reality. How then, we might well wonder, could such rare geniuses as Dryden, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, Rosmini, Vico, Lessing, Herder, Wincklemann or Schiller have lived at all if they could not encircle a whole world's progressive cultus and draw a wealth of instruction and inspiration from it? They themselves were products of an historical evolution, the whole process of civilization since antiquity, so why should they not also be pleaders and champions of that which was their spiritual godmother and gave them their birthright to a true and nobly aesthetic function, their capacity for artistic expressions to influence and inspire their fellow men? We do well also in looking back to men of such admirable achievement, and reflect that they did not in the least betray the purpose behind life's cultural destiny, nor did they seek any fleeting reward or academic exploit by misexecuting the precious power their rare artistic wizardry had given them.

Referring to a more distant past, the dramatic and philosophical literature of the ancient Greeks lived as a necessary part of their daily lives. The last of the old comedy writers, Aristophanes and Menander, were known by heart even in the less immediate provinces of the peninsula. Antiphon and Menaechmos, the literary inquisitors of prehellenic culture, had constant critical use of both comic and tragic drama, while their phrase-borrowing shows how faithfully they supported the querulous avidity of the keen-witted Aristarchos. The sophists led by Protagoras and Gorgias popularized philosophy and its intellectual

distinctions to such an extent that no one of any culture at all could be found who was, for that period at least, to be considered ignorant of the general speculative theory of man's origin and the world's destiny. And who will attempt to say that old Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides were not the supreme relish of all who had any life-love at all in their hearts? Being not only an instructed age, but also one which had cast off its early heritage of uncouth commercialism, its barbarian sympathies and the quondam atavism of its Dorian plunderquest, the Athenian Era, lasting for close onto three centuries, is especially remembered as being one of polish and proficiency. The Greeks of this period were supreme in Art, Science and Philosophy, giving out in what was the world's first formal exposition principles of thought and conduct which we still recognize and use today. Even their religion was of a rare purity and sincere honesty so far as the polytheistic hegemony of their age would permit. And it is not within our judicial authority to say that honest men then could not have been just as good and courageous with their ancient ritual as we are with our own cosmopolitan modernism. The Romans too were great users, quoters and reproducers, altho not near so original or creative. As a pattern of them we might say that one of Terence's best characters, Chremes, gives only a simple sansculottist religion of the New Academy's *homo sum* while his actor-manager, Plautus, is famous largely for having laughed deliberately in the face of captious hypocrisy, idle usury, and the slavish literary prostitution of Neronic Rome.

Among the great prophetic pioneers of Italian Humanism and the Florentine anticipators of the cosmopolitan culture of the transition period of the early Renaissance, the leading poetic innovator was Dante—that is, if we except Avitus, Augustine, Aquinas and Vondel on the especial grounds of their nationality and particularly temporal activity, altho they were faithful exponents of the Platonic triad of human capacity, that we have three equal senses (of rectitude, certitude, and pulchritude) for determining the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. And yet, strange as it may seem to us to hear of such a proposition, an almost adverse criticism could be raised against Dante for having sought out and utilized such a heterogeneous complex of literary material and cultural derivation as are sometimes called the most pleasing ornaments of his achievement. A clearance-index of his works shows us that Dante built his poetic structure (and not a

few parts of his prose works also) out of such actually incongruous materials as Aristotle's metaphysics and ethics, Christian-Roman mythology, scholastic theology and philosophy, Ptolemaic astronomy, and Florentine-Guelph politics. And in keeping with the medieval conception of spiritual evolution hatred, resignation and aspiration were the main themes of the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso*, respectively.

However, Dante was champion of the cultural renaissance when it was at its high tide in Italy, for after his generation it began to ebb back into popular assumption and ignorance. Petrarch and Boccaccio and *Salutati* may have been in their turn the appointed apostles of pristine purity, licentious elegance, and critical commentary, yet their very efforts at reestablishing the classical style and inspirational power of the masters were destined to be the gaudy harbingers of a proud but inane dilettantism, a pseudo-classicism, and a locus of departure for all the movements of the next three or four centuries were reactions one way or another from this blasé humanism sometimes masqueraded as a warm or affective romanticism. Puritanism objected to the grossly human immortality of *Mort d' Arthur* and soon checked the passion for this romanticism in 17th Century England; then when a similar movement was advancing toward risque scandal and weak sentiment in France Rabelais sent forth his *Géant Gargantua* to turn the tide of such empty folly; and similarly in Spain Lope de Vega with his "*Arte Nuevo*" and Cervantes with his rebellious *Don Quixote* and his secret passage out of "*The Labyrinth of Love*" greatly disillusioned their contemporaries out of their futile daydreaming and pretentious luxury. They were works of a more determinative character than the otherwise pleasing "*Autos Sacramentales*", Calderon's spiritual allegories of the reality and significance of the Eucharist, for tho he was inconceivably industrious and "musical as *Metastasio*", Calderon still lacked the melody of picturesqueness and broad compass of power. He was attempting to establish the very sort of religious and philosophical rationalism which in Germany was being constantly disapproved by the reactions of neoscholastics like Leibnitz and Wolff.

The time was not yet ripe for rationalism to be a successful movement over the romantic aesthetics of literature and art. Lessing's own romanticism was never dimmed by his rationalist allowances for the universal impartiality of Nature in bestowing

her gifts of intellectual power, wit and wisdom, almost a century later. We recognize that while Klopstock may justly be considered one of the first pioneers of modern German aesthetic literature, it was Lessing who bore the light of its torch to the eager hands of Goethe, Wieland, Herder, Wincklemann and Schiller. Lessing's was a rare combination of harmonized aesthetic and logic, art and philosophical criticism; but by Schiller's time the practice and the theory of these things had become distinct fields of intellectual activity, for his tendency to be cruel and insatiable in his great tragedies (*Robbers and Wallenstein*) is a distinct affair from his easy romanticism in the philosophical spieltrieb. Then again where Schegel cannot tolerate Moliere's "Misanthrope", Goethe reads it over and over again with love and admiration as in this contentual respect it resembled his own "Wilhelm Meister" (the obvious self-portrait of its author) or even "Tasso". While Moliere passed the reason-over-emotion theory of poetic sublimity from Boileau to Racine he yet kept within his own heart, as expressed in "Melicerte", a warmth of sentiment and emotional vivacity rarely found in the literature of rationalist days. This modern Menander of the early Louis Quatorze period was slightly older than Bossuet, Boileau, Racine or Pascal (that "champion of faith against doubt and Montaigne"), so he was fortunate to miss the full force of the opposition of religious frenzy and critical bigotry which marked the climax and later years of that period, just as he had been very fortunate in acquiring his philosophical training first from Gassendi and second from De Hesnault, as may well be observed in his translation of Lucretius and his religious satire so thoroly disguised in "L'Ecole des Femmes". And he even anticipated many of the 18th Century freethinkers in raising and proving their gratuitous argument that active philanthropy and true benevolence are far superior to any passive tho rhetorically flourishing love of distant Gods. He even touched upon Voltaire's shrewd opportunism in flying into the editorship of "the Christian" Corneille's tragedies, so as to build his own (Voltaire's) fame on the textual criticism of another's more capable and original work, while Richelieu regrets that Corneille "does not possess a continuous intellect thoroly clear and piquant".

His great contemporary, La Bruyere, came straight to the point in his "Discussion on Quietism", showing that the source of all Truth, Beauty and Goodness is to be recognized only by

inward vision and contemplation for in the heart and mind of man serenity and moral scruple are of august necessity. To be free of all external anxiety and overly ingrained taste man must commune with the essential reality of higher things and aspire to be one with the Cosmos wherein he has such all-embracing sympathies. This is the secret value and utility of his individuality; his equanimity depends wholly on the power by which his destiny is controlled, his own civilization saved, and his ethical pledge redeemed. But mankind in general seems determined to die by imitation disease. If this were not so it would not be in reverse order necessary that his spirit be immortal only by virtue of his creative originality and the charming audacity of his speculative mind.

We learn from our histories that there was a recognition of this critical and actional necessity even in the hazy age-distance of Egyptian civilization when Ptah-Hotep inscribed his moral instructions on a roll of sheepskin, when Amenemhat and the scribe Ani were so deeply concerned over their sons' political and literary education. There was an equally primitive yet powerfully upright consciousness of the requisite affections in moralism even in those first Chinese dynasties when Fu Hsi, Shen Neng, and Wen Wang inscribed their thoughts and aspirations, as well as invented many practical contrivances, to assist their brothers in ennobling the nation and all humanity. This cultural intention came very near antidating the structural zest of all the ancient writers, and enjoyed a corregency over the literary genius of the pre-Brahmanic Veda chanters, the philosophical Sutra-writers, and the exhortant rishis of classical India. So was it a veritable law of the religious conscience with the sons of Hebron and Israel. The Greeks we know, and the Fathers, the Roman censors led by Cato, the scholarly apologists, Charlemagne's champions of regeneration, the quiet monastic thinkers, the Humanists, the leaders of the Enlightenment Reformation, the Rationalists and Romanticists, all the way from the neoclassical transition down to the Victorian wizardry and our own fashionable age of scientific evolution and world-courts of justice, there has been an everlasting war against the worldling, the vandal, the panderer, vulgarian, fool, rogue, decadent dupe and ruthless realist. Let us hope that if this really is a cultural *combat a outrance*, it will not last forever. Some of the weaker reinforcements are already

beginning to waver, and ere long may become disorganized and give up the fight.

All good art, whether national or individual, epochal or precocious, is bound to live even if only in the relish of the chosen esoteric few. Racial culture, like the spirit of truth and justice and aspiration, endures the ephemeral periods of local storm and stress, only to live out its destiny as the goodly imposition of what is superior and intelligent over what is inferior and incompetent. So too, with personal nuances of achievement; even when we realize the imposition of certain geniuses, yet we relish the charm of their style or the instruction of their expression. The reason for this rare durability is this: if a work of art has had a really aesthetic genesis (creative function) and an actually sustentant development (cultural taste), it will not readily be cast aside or forgotten, for its credentials are of the heart and mind rather than of the material avenues of sense. Yes, it will live *to* our delight, instruction and inspiration in the exact proportion that it lives *in* our appreciative thought and aspiration to emulate or adopt its moral pattern; in other words, it will live in the very tangible realization of the soul's most vital vision, its peculiar faculty for creating new ideas and expressions of cosmic truth, its liberal capacity for the love of beauty and wisdom. By virtue of its noble embodiment of our own devout longings we will carry its symbol with us to our own aspirant destiny, by virtue of its power to reflect the essential character of humanity we will give it intelligent cherishing and accommodate its cultural insignia to our spiritual attention and loyal patronage.

The cosmic order is not *against* the survival of humanity's numerous culture-epochs, it is only stern and determined that they be genuine periods of true melioristic ambition and effort, for this is the only characteristic that is allowed to stand in a progressive series of living spiritual forces such as make up the world; in fact, they *are* the cosmic order, for without them it is nothing, a no-world, as Carlyle had it. There is no room for merely nominal or adjectival affairs in this survival; the critical demand is that anything is not even real if it is not spiritual, creative, artistic, moral, constructive and just. Any fool with an energetic hand can turn out *some* form of self-expression, but that is not even the beginning of such competent power as will *make* his expression spiritual or morally constructive: he

would have to change his own nature first, else all his art-pretensions will never get beyond the irrational symbolism of folly and incompetence. Here is the primary reason why I cannot understand Pater's coup de caprice in arguing for the sensuous establishment of art and criticism; he seems to have been too sharp a critic to have done this sincerely. And anyway his aesthetic hedonism was miscreant to his law of progressive culture-epochs because real affection for Art and Symbolic Truth is generous, creative, progressive, and never selfish, consumptive or atavistic. No amount of cleverness or dual personality will enable a man to actually advance and relapse at the same time; he has to choose one or the other direction for his expression of energy and affection. The Universe may be full of many various sorts of cosmic order, but I doubt if it is anywhere inconsistent or at odds with the divine organon of Beauty, Truth and Wisdom which was the real subjectivism behind the refined aesthetic relish and flaming moral philosophy of the romantic Victorian age.

We are all prone to foist our own image and imprint on the external world; thus endeavoring to accommodate the elements of fact to our own storm of sentiment, and to thereby render to ourselves an agreeable cosmos fully consistent with whatever type of philosophy we are proud to advocate. It is not every man who is wise enough to see that his own particular foist is *warranted* by some external situation, action-series, or eventual realization of spiritual function. It was just such an instance as this that forced Philostratus to distinguish between the Platonic copyist mimetic and the Horatian creative imagination which Cicero had claimed could alone guide the hand and eye of genius to express the beauty or the truth his soul was conscious of. It led Plotinus to include in his mystical ecstasy a vague sense of beautiful ideas and outline the orthodox Neoplatonic doctrine that the soul is the Pierean Spring of all aesthetic experience, that the beauty, truth and goodness of external objects have their existence by virtue of reflecting their archetypes in the fine balance and purity of the human soul, and that while this inner experience shows us beauty and the expression of it in external nature is copied in mimetic art, yet neither the beauty we see nor the art we produce, neither the aesthetic act nor the artistic fact, can be rationally identified or considered functionally the same in scope or power. Again, Campanella in his *Poetica* calls beauty

the good sign (of Power, Wisdom, Love) and ugliness the bad sign (of impotence, folly and disaffection). But these are our impressions, our own readings from life about us; things in themselves are neither beautiful nor ugly, they only appear so by adjectival predication and other attributions from our affections and aversions. They might have inherent power sufficient for the consummation of their own specific function in life, and yet be wholly impotent to serve any extraneous purpose such as our pleasure or employment might desire of them.

This automorphic solipsism in metaphysics was still being argued and tacked onto ethics and art-theories by the 17th Century geometers and empiricists, but in the next century Cartesianism was shown to be too abstruse and too coldly aloof from the actual aesthetic situation which is essential to both conscience and artistic genius. Locke anticipated Fichte and Schelling by compromising our experience of pragmatic particulars into one grand triumphant piece of personal identity between sensation and objective idea. Shortly afterward Baumgarten's famous treatise on *Aesthetik* showed that the science of *sensible* knowledge should proceed straitway to distinguish between sensible facts and mental facts, a clear distinction which lay the foundation for Kant's great Critique and Hegel's *Aesthetik*. Kugler's realism from ancient art hardly justified his attempted refutation of Hegel's idealism as to the origin of art when he had previously agreed with the latter that "the end of art must lie in something different from the purely formal imitation of what we find given, which in any case can bring to the birth only tricks and not works of art".

Some of the modern Hegelians like Caird and Croce have given his notion about the ideal origin of art a pragmatic turn by saying that the hypostasis of abstract fancies, ideals or sentiments into (supposedly) real existences is practically as good as if they were facts of life, at least any notion so taken will exercise as much influence as if it were objectively real and true. It seems to me this is probably a variety of Aristotle's *hysteron proteron*, the fallacy of putting the cart before the horse or putting one's ideas in front of the experiences which originated and now sponsor them, giving reverse order to our empirical derivations as tho reality depended upon our growth of perception and rationalized schematism of knowledge, instead of the true situation which is that *Reality was there first* and all of our experi-

ence and knowledge are derivative products of contact with and sentient response to its numerous stimuli. We depend on Reality, not Reality on us; and any effort to hypostasize the latter notion is a fallacy similar to that of romantic irony or conceptual solipsism. True art and genuine moral sense never rise out of the superficial egotism which was at the bottom of Schlegel's or Tieck's romantic irony, for this was really a misapplication of Fichte's principle that every man's philosophy must necessarily start and end with what he knows of himself, and *that* means humility; it is never any blatant function of the superiority-complex which assumes that we live above the world unamenable to the laws of God and Cosmos, immune from any penalty or prosecution.

The solipsistic fallacy in epistemology, holding that only one's personal subjective states of consciousness can be known, has been shown by Bradley and Munsterberg to be proven by the fact that the subjective cannot be made objective and still be actively thinking, the moment of activity must be past before it can be made objective. Canning Schiller's heroic rescue with new definitions and the suggestion that "any I will do" really throws the whole question over the fence among the thistles of egotism and rhyonistic sanction. No one but an imbecile denies that there are other minds, other states of consciousness, and other sorts of knowledge than our own; he has power to see and understand why there is no exclusiveness of the noetic process, no empirical preclusion except it be caused by functional incapacity, and no agnoiance except what is caused by non-consciousness, misdirection or incompetence. Of course, each one of us may speak authoritatively of "my experience", but not in philosophical code nor any other ambitious scientific analogy. The proper defense of philosophy (and this includes both ethics and aesthetics) against solipsism is not in juggling the ambiguities of private consciousness, but a closer and more rigorous analysis and validation of *all men's experience* of and aspiration to identify themselves with external reality. They are honest enough to admit that the external world is there first so far as each individual mind is concerned and that the latter's development out of infancy only takes place thru contact and response, either with such external reality or to the instruction from others who have been over the same road.

The moral aesthetic is no gig harbor for retired mariners;

it demands that the human mind and spirit be vigorous with life and ideal purpose, love of the ever-elusive Truth and Beauty which are such a large ingredient in the makeup of all the good things of life. Its first requisite, I believe, is the zetetic spirit handed down by the purer Pyrrhonism of modern scientific research which will be about all that shall really redeem our future thinkers from the too habitual obscurantism of dogmatic tradition and chauvinistic authority. It at least has a *free eye* for Plato's "fair and good", because one of its surest maxims is that there is no human competence of faculty capable of putting any defensible disguise of finality on man-made conceptions of truth and reality; and if these be indeterminate, how much more elusive and eternally intriguing are Beauty, Justice, and all the other divine hierarchic essences! This new "spirit of research" does not hold any devout converse with possessive hypotheses or finality-notions: its primary ideal is one of pure conation, and by pure conation it means more than bare intellectual tendency, it means the voluntary aesthetic desire, the philosophical unrest, the moral anxiety to be up and doing, and its affective impulses are always positive and melioristic. In aesthetic pursuits especially there shall be no stoppage because the conative affections reach farther than bare animation and hedonistic satisfaction, they supply a driving force which aims to keep urging the subject on until he responds by giving some positive expression to the *volonté*, *streben*, or *conatus* of his erstwhile latent genius. They are the eidolons of all artistic birth and rebirth.

All man's dreams and all man's experiences fall within the scope of life in *this* world; none of them ever being sufficiently bizarre and exotic to prove that they had an other-worldly origin. So too do all man's efforts and ideals aim at some effect in this world, its enlightenment, amusement or meliorism; not to any problematical delectation of the astral realm before or after the present mundane existence. This is a real distinction and has a universal scope as being inclusive of all human history, made and yet to be made; it covers all of those climacteric culture-epochs found so inspiring and exhortant in the past, and will be able to cover all those vaster epochs of knowledge and civilized progress (meaning genuine cosmopolitan culture) which will attend when man has succeeded in navigating from world to world in the interstellar spaces. A good piece of advice to remember when facing this or any similar situation is to keep

faith in Beauty, Truth and Justice, keep faith with the Universe of Life where these three supernal entities find their fertile flower in the mind and soul of Man, keep faith with the cosmic continuity, integrity and sobriety because it is under their beneficent dispensation that man has power and inclination to be philosopher, saint or sturdy citizen. Or, if not capable of this supreme confessional, then at least seek the heroic calibre of aspirants, those dilettanti who have learned to believe that great men *do* mean what they say, and that it is both unnecessary and inexcusable for us to feel that we are morally below their level or have any good reason to misunderstand their counsel unless we first adulterate it with our own superficiality and stupidity.

On the other hand, we should not take too seriously to those philosophical baroques whose authors seem wilfully perverse and anxious only to create some odd monstrosity of logic or interpretation. If they stopped at the normal material limits of grandeur and magnificent proportions, at the normal skill-limits of an original intricacy of design and definite symbolic function, their creations would be more readily appreciated and perhaps become immortal. But when they rush headlong after more and more grotesque, ill-balanced and exaggerated combinations of functional skill and material structure they are treading dangerously close to the edge of fallacy and mesalliance, and the works they produce cannot help but border on the penumbral limbo of the ugly, the degenerate, the decadent and irrational. Men of soberer minds know that the Universe is not an exotic baroque of such wierd construction, but is founded on such plain and incontrovertible facts as continuous law, conservation of energy, integral causality, functional sufficiency, and melioristic economy. They know that even tho it is seen as a multiple cycle of various orders, it is still a Cosmos, a homogenous continuum, and not a chaos of conflicting destinies and heterogeneous disjunction. And following this primary pattern on out to their daily affairs they will be morally sober, not hysterical or intoxicated by fickle sentiment; they will above all renounce the casuist counsel of those false *cymini* sectors who trifled with moral law and learning in Bacon's day and go back to the exemplary conduct of that original splitter of cummin seed (Antoninus Pius) who was honestly scrupulous and diligent to inquire into all the evidence so as to know the true merits of every case that was brought before his attention.

Man's art can never be any nobler than his morality, and if

his morality is at its best when patterned after the laws which govern the cosmic order then it behooves him to know these laws and *how* they function in maintaining the cosmic order if he expects to validate his art or justify his conduct. If the Universe is a pure synechism of being then its reality, truth, law, justice, beauty and intelligence are also continuous, knowable and exemplary; but if it is a broken fugue instead of a divine harmony, if it is a discordant and disparate series of pluralistic masses, heterogenous and disjunctive, then we have little need to try knowing it in the customary guise of order and progressive function because terms such as continuity, law, logical schematism or any other hypothesis supplied by our intellectual integrity would be alien and quite meaningless. But it seems a cruel paradox that what little skill and knowledge we do have should be so reasonably efficient on the basis of law and order, if the same schematism is not continuous and commonly operative thruout the Universe. Still, it is quite possible that all the law, order, purpose, destiny or other *rationalia schematici* which can ever enter our field of conscious conception are only the terminology of our own particular phase of the cosmic cycle. Accordingly we could not expect to know anything about such other phases as might be, for instance, quite non-human, non-rational, non-moral or of any nature whatsoever that is different from or metempirical to the section of Reality that we know.

If the Universe is a true multiversal continuum, in contradistinction to the synechistic continuum) then it is not homogeneous of any one particular conceptual or biological series thruout; it would be heterogeneous, to be sure, but not necessarily discordant or conflicting, it would be knowable severally rather than wholly, each to each rather than all to all. It would be paralogistic (Greek meaning) rather than dyslogistic, paralogical and disjunctive rather than analogical and conjunctive, and in the functions which each cycle contained there would be no slightest feature duplicated in any of the other cycles; while each one was a "perfect" field in itself, in the sense of being self-contained and self-sufficient, there would not necessarily have to be any common bond of relation or law between any particular couple or group because that would be in conflict with the infinite disjunction. Such a Multiverse would be an unlimited field of both alien and exotic features, each part would be unimaginable and considered impossible to its neighbor; it would

be an endless scene of various function, forms of evolutionary process, prelogical and paralogical causality, discrete differentia of themistic application, and no amount of synthetic analysis would be able to reach all the different phases of the various cycles of the existential medley. No conceptual aggregate of theories in or out of logical series would be able to cover the whole field any more than any possible aggregate of divisions or collection of points can be said to fill up a continuous line; there would still be values, viewpoints, aperçus and dreams left over and not accounted for. Einstein and the relativists have tried to domesticate some of the alien and exotic phases of this Multiverse by inventing curved space and returning cycles of time, but I doubt whether any intelligence in *this* humanly-known series can devise any trick or procedure adequate to overcome the inter-cosmic disjunction and effect conscious experience of what is real and true, beautiful or good, in some *other different Cosmos*. It might very well be that our whole Universe, solar system, earth and human evolution are only the one single phase that we are capable of knowing and philosophizing about; we have no intimation what the other phases may be like, it seems sufficient for us to be only conscious of their possibility.

However the future cosmologists will look upon this very interesting inquiry. I cannot give further space to its discussion here; I only mentioned it as having some slight bearing on our ethics and aesthetics, especially in the argument that we have cosmic patterns and continuous analogies from the Universe itself for all our moral laws and lapses, all our arts and deceits, all our genius, taste and righteousness. In a more casual and customary field of inquiry I will devote a few concluding paragraphs to the historical viewpoint as a means of matching the culture-epochs of man's brief intellectual career against the cosmic orderliness of his spiritual power and expression in the functions of Morality and Art.

There is no antinomy between Morality and Art in the sense that there is a very apparent one between Morality and History. Where Morality is concerned with the sphere of volitional expression and realization, Art is concerned with the sphere of aesthetic creation and delight, functions which depend mainly upon sensuous feeling, conative inspiration, spiritual insight, and intellectual symbolism. Art is therefore a moral activity (when it is good or true Art), but it is not Morality, this being the blanket term

covering all of man's various titles to rectitude, sobriety, honor and attention to duty. Art becomes a subject-matter of moralism only when we seek to analyze its means and purpose or when we seek to appreciate its creative destiny or temporary enjoyment and cultural effect. Where moralism is normally attentive to the principals and practices on which virtue and happiness are founded, Art *per se* is attentive in its proper functions only to those symbols from Nature and human genius which represent Beauty or Sublimity and their various proportions. History is a concrete field, not nearly so abstract and symbolical as Art, and hence presents many features far more easily contrasted against the rational morality of man in numerous more or less definite antinomies. Man's historical progress is only the last laboring travail of his cosmic gestation; it does not cover his deep-rooted and more or less unconscious heritage of inclination, passion, dream or desire out of the penumbral geological past; neither does it take into account any of the numerous chemical origins, structural modifications, functional experiments, vital transformations or mental tropisms which certainly went into the makeup of his body, mind and spirit when History does begin to record some of his antics and anticipations, some of his struggles, failures and victories.

This prehistorical phase of man's derivation is the only field from which to draw any admissible evidence supporting the notion of palingenesis in the dual personality of the modern vulgarian. It offers the only just excuse for the dualistic moralist's taking Gadarean refuge in that specious Apollinarian irenic which tried to show man's soul dually composed of bestial and divine, imbecile and rational elements. This subterfuge might have served for the time being to get around the Athanasian problem of the homoousion, but it is as outgrown and repulsive today as it was in the days of the Ephesian Synod when Nestorius and his neo-Arianism were condemned. Modern ethics does not look upon man as any longer the theriastic apex of creation; he is no longer bestial in his nether nature but merely selfish, ignorant and susceptible; epithets of stupidity, weakness, passion or folly now cover the Gadarean theriasm of a bestial ancestry. How differently would our *real* history read if its terminology was not subject to the same egotism which writes and reads the one we do have!

Morality and Art, like History and Art, have mutual honors and service; under the same clearance-index they show a melioris-

tic reading and even the main features on their table of contents are the same. They share a common influence in making every man worthy of his neighbor's friendly trust; they are joint messengers telling us of the cultural loyalty which survives in every leading nation as it gradually outlives and outgrows the achievements of its predecessor. The industrial arts, even more cogently than the fine arts, attest the historical value and melioristic significance of this survival, whether it be properly exponential and symbolic of spiritual or of worldly goods, whether the ethical function is of equal power and persuasion with the material or commercial. A certain critical accuracy is as possible on this ground as any other cycle of precision which aims to be both aesthetically appreciative and philosophically competent; it will lay large store by the *full* historical development of human genius in the progressive order of the culture-epochs which have marked the rise of man from savagery and barbarism. It shows that this development may be validated *de facto* from the innate creative power of genius or it may be defended *de jure* from the irresistible idolons which urge or drive the genius on to realize his high aesthetic dream. In either case, by fact of being a genius or by righteous law of aesthetic will, his spiritual development is proven valid and commendable; but only as it is really moral and culturally progressive is it justly defensible as a unit, and individual factor, in the more general meliorism of the world and the cultural advancement of human civilization. It is not enough that each genius, or even each nation or age, should merely repeat the cycle of previous historical culture; it must *go on*, carrying the torch of civilization *farther* along the path of human evolution. If they do not perform this service generously and with masterly dispatch, I have my doubts whether they are genuinely moral and artistically creative. Real genius is always both responsible and refreshing in every phase of art production, moral power and spiritual insight. These are the tokens of aesthetic survival, these are the capacities which make genius immortal.