Albert Hofstadter On the consciousness and language of art

Art is a language by which the human mind gives utterance to its own integrity. It holds the two main sides of mind, objective and subjective, in their appropriate unity and it articulates that unity in an image for intuition.

One side of mind is theoretical, devoted to the formation of knowledge of reality. It attends primarily to the object of consciousness and concerns itself with ascertaining the being and content of that object. Its aim is truth, the agreement of the subject's intention with the reality. In the whole economy of life its function is the development of science, the illumination of reality. Within art, it gives rise to the tendencies known as realism and naturalism.

The second side of mind is practical, devoted to the exercise of freedom. It sets its attention on the subject's appetites and goals and concerns itself with realizing his desire and will in existence. Its aim is the goodness and rightness of things, actions, and persons, their agreement with the subject's chosen norms. Hence it aims at the agreement of the reality with the subject's intention. In the economy of life its function is the development of man's governance over things, including himself, in accordance with standards he determines as suitable for them—as in technology, law, morality, and politics. In art, this aim at freedom gives rise to counter-naturalistic, counter-realistic tendencies such as constructivism, surrealism, expressionism, and dada.

Theoretical and practical mind are necessary factors in the integral unity of the psyche, just as the objective and the subjective are necessary factors in the unity of consciousness. What is the unity of consciousness and what is the corresponding psychical unity of which art is the language? The nature of this unity is already indicated by the language we use to describe the ideals of its two indispensable sides, the theoretical and practical. One is truth, the other freedom. In one, intention agrees with reality; in the other, reality agrees with intention. In both, the union is one of agreement. The ideal of mind in its integrity is: agreement, the mutual agreement of intention and reality. But the intention has to be not merely the cognitive intention of theoretical mind and not merely the elective intention of practical mind, but the full intention of mind in its integrity, namely, the affective intention of the love that binds spirit to its affinity.

The third and unifying principle of mind is the spiritual one, whose aim is to reach the mutual agreement of intention and reality. It includes knowing, on the one hand, but is not mere science. It includes freedom, on the other hand, but is no longer merely freedom, for it yields itself completely to its other in devotion to it. Its essential aim is to exist in the mutual ownness of love, an ownness for which the classic formula is found in the words of the *Song of Songs*: "My beloved is mine, and I am his" (2. 16).

Albert Hofstadter is Professor of Philosophy, Adlai E. Stevenson College, University of California, Santa Cruz. *This paper was read on October 26, 1968 at the meeting of the Association for Phenomenology and Existential Philosophy, Yale University.*

This mutual ownness of love is the ultimate and true form of ownness. It transcends and includes the validity of all merely cognitive appropriation and all merely practical appropriation of reality, for in it is finally realized the basic underlying aim that gives rise to knowledge and practice, to consciousness of objects in their objectivity and consciousness of objects in their belonging to the self, their "mineness." The consciousness that belongs to this mutual ownness of love I call, by an obvious metaphor, *kin-consciousness*. It is the consciousness of self and other in their mutual belonging to one another, their mutual fitness, harmony, accord, kinship. The negative form of kin-consciousness is the consciousness of unbelonging, unfitness, discord, disharmony; and there are many modifications of it, complications of the positive and negative forms, among which are to be found notably the consciousness of the tragic and of the comic. Goethe celebrated it under the name of "elective affinity." Plotinus quite properly took it for the foundation of his interpretation of beauty:

> Our interpretation is that the Soul—by the very truth of its nature, by its affiliation to the noblest Existents in the hierarchy of Being—when it sees anything of that kin, or any trace of that kinship, thrills with an immediate delight, takes its own to itself, and thus stirs anew to the sense of its nature and of all its affinity.[1]

This mutual ownness is the ultimate form of being, in which a person's being-toward-an-other is one in which the estrangement and alienation of otherness is completely—not merely partially—overcome. It is a reconciliation of self and other that consists not in a mere eradication of opposition or a mere quieting of otherness but in an affirmative and reciprocally enhancing appropriation of one another in, and through, and if need be despite, the reality of opposition. Love forgives the finite for what it is and takes it to itself precisely for what it is.

The language of art is the language of this mutual ownness, its negation, and its modifications. In art man's spirit utters its meanings as unities of the subjective and objective which are not merely one-sided but reveal the essential bond between the two. The one-sided tendencies in art, namely, realism and naturalism on the one hand and the tendencies of abstract freedom on the other (constructivism, surrealism, etc.), all nevertheless contain this unity of both sides, since they are art first and foremost. So expressionism, for example, because of the tortured character of its love, must torture the object into a fitting distortion. Dada and surrealism, out of an indefeasible craving for the spontaneity of infantile being or of absolutely uninhibited freedom, must destroy every vestige of maturity or rational order in their object; only the nonsensical, absurd, and irrational shows itself to them as their very own. Still, neither the one side nor the other reveals in art the true wholeness and purity of spiritual unity. Only those art-forms that do justice to both sides of

[1] *Enneads* (trans. Stephen Mackenna) I. vi. 2.

consciousness and the spirit—the theoretical and practical, object-consciousness and own-consciousness, consciousness of the other in its objective being and consciousness of it in its essential relation to the self, truth, and freedom—only such art-forms give an ultimately true image of spiritual unity. These are the great classical forms of art that come into being and endure as long as a culture comes into the maturity of its conscious life and endures—normally, perhaps, only after the great military, political, and economic achievements are behind it. They are the arts that belong to periods like the Gupta in India (A.D. 320-647), the T'ang (618-907) and Sung in China (A.D. 960-1279), or the mature Classical period in ancient Greece and the High Renaissance and Baroque in Europe. The greatest of artists and art works arise in these periods because they are periods in which the spiritual consciousness of the culture arrives at its natural fullness and demands utterance, and the material means are available in power and riches to give the artist scope for his task.

As an illustration of the language of art in its articulation of the unity of subjective and objective as a unity of mutual belonging, I choose a relatively minor work, yet one that brings out clearly the character of this unity by a certain inner contrast. It is a poem written in a period of somewhat low key, written out of a mood of melancholy which realizes that it has lost the golden splendor of the great classical age, which knows it has to come to terms with an austerely real natural world, but which, in its very utterance of itself, in its own very moment of being, realizes for itself in its own way the essential unity whose loss it deplores. It is Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach."

> The sea is calm to-night.
> The tide is full, the moon lies fair
> Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
> Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand
> Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
>
> Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
> Only, from the long line of spray
> Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
> Listen! you hear the grating roar
> Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
> At their return, up the high strand,
> Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
> With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
> The eternal note of sadness in.
>
> Sophocles long ago
> Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
> Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow,
> Of human misery; we

Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

What is the form of outwardness here by which the kin-consciousness of art shows itself to the intuitive imagination? Let us begin by distinguishing between the particular dimensions of the showing and the essential connection between them. The particular dimensions are two: the presentation of objectivity and the expression of subjectivity.[2] The essential connection lies in the fitness, the kinship, by which they belong to one another.

In all art something has to be presented objectively as that to which the self in the work attends and with which it is concerned. Most familiar of the modes of objective presentation is the representation of objects. The work will be a painting of figures, animals, a landscape, a city scene; it will be the sculptured image of a god or man, the story of an event, the dramatic representation of a conflict, a lyrical representation of the self's world. But objective presentation also operates in modes other than literal representation. Art uses, as modes of presentation of objective matter, a symbol of an abstract concept, an allegory of a universal meaning, a metaphor, a simile, or other figure for an objectively thinkable content. It can present objectively that which transcends all finitely thinkable meaning, the mysterious, the infinite, the transcendent, by means of inscrutably suggestive images.

Even in the most subjective form of art, the lyrical, or the most subjective

[2] Some discussion of these dimensions will be found in the author's *Truth and Art* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1965), chap. 4, "Language as Articulation of Human Being."

of the arts, music, there is present a strong and indelible objectivity. I do not merely mean that musical tones, fleeting as they may be, stand forth for themselves, insist upon themselves, and build the strongest structure out of the gossamer web of their relations in time—a Bach fugue, a Mozart sonata. That is the objectivity of the utterance itself. I mean rather to point to the fact that when music is at its most lyrical and subjective, as in the romantic melody of Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, and Wagner, it remains at the same time, however strangely and mysteriously, evocative of an unheard world, a world unnamed and undescribed, toward which nevertheless the subjectivity in the melody comports itself; and this merely adumbrated objectivity, the ghost of objectivity that remains with subjectivity when the latter retires into itself, is more truly representative of the function of objective presentation than the actual sounding of the tones! Lyrical art, generally, is the self pouring forth its utterance; but it utters its feelings in tones, words, verses, lines, and colors, which are themselves powerful in the presentation of objectivity.

> Red lips are not so red
> As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.

Wilfred Owen (in "Greater Love") makes his speaker, in regarding the soldier's sacrifice, express the irony he feels by an image as objective as any image can be: the contrasting vision of the living, pulsating, warm red lips of the beloved kissed by the lover and the stone stained red with the blood of the slain lover of his fellow, his dead lips pressed against that cold, resisting, dead thing, his outpoured blood the actual kiss of death itself.

In a sense, abstract art shows this feature of objective presentation most clearly. In its most extreme form, so-called nonobjective art, it is precisely the presentation of a pure objectivity. It abandons the representation of objects familiar in the world outside the work and it concentrates on presenting only objects that are imagined purely through the medium of the work. The whole of the objectivity in the work is thus absorbed and exercised by the work itself, in its own purity of medium, freed from having to bring into itself objects from the external world. A pure design by Mondrian is stunning in its objectivity, just because it disdains to copy trees, mountains, rivers, cows, men, buildings, and other such ordinary objects.

Objective presentation, thus, is essential to the constitution of the art work. But it is only a necessary condition, and it is not sufficient of itself to fulfill the artistic function of showing ownness and love. It is in itself indifferent to the artistic content of ownness, as is evident, for example, in mere photography and mere scientific illustration, from maps to electronic circuit diagrams. There is, however, one exception: namely, to present something objectively is to make it an image or an element in an image. This makes it present and accessible to the intuiting mind that apprehends it as an image. Hence it makes

it the mind's own in an abstract and formal sense; it is the mind's in the sense that, whatever its content may be, it is appropriated by intuition in the form of an image. Objective presentation is a phase of theoretical activity and consequently partakes of the formal, abstract ownership practiced by the theoretical mind merely as such. Cognition, and *a fortiori* presentation of objects, is indifferent, not to the merely theoretical appropriation of the object, but to what remains over and above its mere appropriation as an object. The indifference extends to everything in the object except the objectness of it. Once objective presentation has made the object intuitable, it is finished with it; whereas love has only then begun with it.

The second dimension of showing is subjective expression. This is as essential a function of art as is that of objective presentation. If objective presentation may be called the epical function in art, then subjective expression is art's lyrical function. A painting has to be made as something envisioned, a piece of music as something sounded, a poem as something spoken.

> The sea is calm to-night.
> The tide is full, the moon lies fair
> Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
> Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand
> Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
>
> Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

There is someone speaking here, from a personal point of view, bringing out in simple and strong imagery a visual scene from the window, speaking with a surface calm that, as the poem proceeds, proves to be a transparent medium for depths of disenchantment, and appealing in the end to his companion for the mutual trust of love. The poem is a short dramatic monologue; through the role it assigns to the speaker it lets him express a complex attitude, containing within it a vision of the present actuality, an understanding of the state of modern man's deliverance from religious illusion, the deep sadness that accompanies disillusion, and the hope for and the will to find in finite human love something of a finite answer to an infinite problem. The speaker expresses something of his own subjective experience and being—his perception, imagination, thought, feeling, aspiration, character, and temperament—while he is at the same time presenting an aspect of the world objectively in his language.

Everywhere in art something similar happens. Art articulates both the objective and the subjective components of human experience. It does this in such a way as to keep the objective objective and the subjective subjective. Objectivity is presented—pictured, symbolized, suggested, designated—and subjectivity is expressed in its role of viewing, thinking, feeling, willing. The visual arts construct not simply objects, but visions of objects; music makes not just sounds, but sounding expressions; in a poem, or other literary work,

there is articulated an experience *of* something, a concrete consciousness that utters itself in words, both the objective aspect and the subjective aspect and, eventually, the unity of the two. In a drama, a mind broods over the struggles of men in their world; the audience, sitting with that world presented before it in immediate presence, is given the opportunity to participate in that silent contemplation, full of complexities of thought and feeling, as the pathos of *Romeo and Juliet,* the satirical contempt of *Tartuffe,* or the profound understanding of the human in Euripides' *Electra.*

As subjective lyrical art makes essential use of objective presentation, so objective epical art makes essential use of subjective expression. Every story has its narrator or narrators; every object seen has its seer, every thought its thinker, everything presented presupposes the emotion that feels it. The supposed pure objectivity of *Madame Bovary* is only the inverse side and reflection of an intensely passionate observation, insight, and moral judgment passed upon Emma, her husband Charles, the pharmacist Homais, and their bourgeois world and life, a complexity of attitude that is as much a phase of the composition of the novel as any objective situation represented therein.

Of the dimension of subjective expression we must say also that, taken by itself, it is a necessary but not sufficient condition for artistic revelation. It too is in itself indifferent to the artistic content of ownness—as is evident in forensic rhetoric, passionate argument, cursing and blessing, and what not else. There is, to be sure, a formal element of appropriation in the very achievement of expression, for in it, the subjective attitude has been made accessible to intuition and thereby appropriated by the mind as an intuitive content, part of an image. But the appropriation thus far is limited only to the formality of becoming an image; it has not yet extended to the substantiality of being an image of mutual ownness, of kin-consciousness.

We begin to approach the articulation of kin-consciousness itself only with the union of subjectivity and objectivity. For here, insofar as the artist is successful, the objective material presented and the subjective attitude expressed belong to one another, fit together into a unity of essential appropriateness. If, in Arnold's poem, the mood of disenchantment and muted consolation in human love is to be veritably expressed, the vision and thought of the world given to the speaker must work, must be suitable to the attitude. The sea, with its ever-recurrent surf, has actually to work as an image, and, indeed, it does so powerfully in this poem. The calmness with which it is presented at the beginning will belong to the subjective attitude at the end. The slow tremulous cadence with which the sounds of the waves make themselves heard—drawing back pebbles and flinging them at their return up the strand, beginning and ceasing, beginning and ceasing, again and again—is telling in its ability to

bring
The eternal note of sadness in,

without the slightest hint of a let-down into sentimentality. This sound that Sophocles heard long ago, that master of insight into suffering, brought into his mind, too,

> the turbid ebb and flow,
> Of human misery,

and we northerners, far in time and far in space from that golden age,

> Find also in the sound a thought.

The thought is of the vanishing of faith in the reality of beauty, joy, love, light, certitude, peace, help for pain, in the world. That faith was once a Sea, like this, which

> at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
> But now I only hear its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating, to the breath
> Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

The objectivity that is seen, thought about, and presented for feeling, acts to bring out with distinctness and vitality the dominant mood. Dover Beach becomes an effective figure for the world—that darkling plain

> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Here, then, where art does what it is able to do, the two dimensions of its configurative action, the objectivity presented and the subjectivity expressed, occur together in a relationship of mutual belonging. The symbol of the sea, its tide, its surf, the rhythm of its recurrence, the coast, the cliffs, the beach, the vanished light, the whole content of the history of faith, all function to give a stand for the sad consolation, and the mood itself functions to hold them all together in the unity of its own meaning.

The poem articulates a certain truth. By this I refer not to the thought that the world is no longer a habitation of the divine, but rather to truth of a unique sort, an agreement between subjective and objective of the kind that occurs here between the expressed mood and the presented matter. There is a rightness of each to the other, a reciprocal accord. They belong together as do the tones of a harmonious chord. They feed on one another, being true to each other. They are kin. The mood lives, flashes up into a vibrant resonance, through the shape of the objective matter; and the scene and world that are imagined live, flashing up into an equally vibrant resonance, through the inspiration of the mood.

Here, in this inner truth of presentation and expression to each other, is our first glimpse of the ownness that is constitutive for art. The objective matter is own to the mood, the mood is own to the matter. The matter does not copy the mood; it does not express the mood—it is the *words* of the poem that both present the objective matter and express the subjective mood. The matter and the mood stand in a special relationship, of own to own, mutual kinship. Here we encounter a relationship of spiritual content to figural form, inside the work, which can begin to show us how ownness finds its outward form.

The question is how the poem as words, the outward poetic image or figure, the shape of the words as a poem, is able to reveal the content of ownness, the mutual kinship or truth of presented objectivity and expressed subjectivity, the content of truthful being that is constituted by these two inner constituents that are true to one another. The words of the poem, shaped into the poem, are the poetic image in the most literal sense: the image that is the poem. The content which this image exists to figure forth, the poetic content as such, is the unity of the objective and subjective constituents within the poetic meaning, the unity of the objectivity presented and the subjectivity expressed. How does the linguistic shape do this?

It is not a copy of it. That is evident. The verbal structure does not look like a union of the two dimensions of consciousness.

It is not a physiognomic expression of it. The verbal structure is not like, say, a man's face as it expresses an inner feeling or character. It cannot be this, because the reciprocal truth, which is a union of the two dimensions of consciousness, is not a suitable content for physiognomic expression: it is not something merely subjective, but a union of the subjective and the objective, a truth, a freedom.

The poem is not a symbol of the ultimate unity in the sense in which a symbol represents its meaning as something different from itself, separate from itself, in place of which it stands here to point to the absent content there. The clearest example of such a symbol comes not from art, but from science, as when the physicist uses the letter "G" to stand for the force of gravitation. But the poem as shape does not stand for the truth, to remind us of it as G reminds us of gravitation.

The poem *speaks* the truth. As the sentence "burlap is made from jute" *says* what it does, uttering this flat piece of information, so the poem—more than merely says, it speaks in its own way, it poetizes, so to speak, its meaning, the truth it exists to utter. The sentence is not a symbol that merely stands for something else, even though it is made of symbols. It is a piece of language that speaks in its flat way of saying. The poem speaks in its full way—intoning, singing, weaving its rhythmical way through its utterance. As the truth which the sentence speaks is spoken *in* the sentence, so the truth which the poem speaks is spoken *in* the poem. It is spoken not by one or other of the

words in the poem; it is not in the poem as a word or words. (But is it not? Does not the poem speak the sentence: "Ah, love, let us be true/To one another!")

In the poem a man speaks. It is, I suppose, a man speaking to a woman. It is this man whose perceptions, memories, thoughts, wishes, moods receive expression and whose world comes to objective appearance in the poem. It is he who is doing the actual speaking, or through whose voice the poem speaks as it does. He begins:

The sea is calm to-night.

Both the sea that he perceives and the mood in which he perceives it begin thereupon to come to utterance. He reaches out with his words and brings into picture the sea, calm, tonight. By his noun he begins to disclose to the imagination of the understander of the language a marine image; it is stilled by an adjective and brought to time by an adverb.

At the same time, by the same words, in the same sequence, he begins to disclose to the same imagination, not an outward picture alone, but also an inner consciousness, a disenchantment, a disconsolate consolation, which now just begins to be felt, but will grow and gain definiteness as the reading of the poem continues. The understander of the language is able to imagine this subjective phase in the manner in which subjectivity is understood. That happens not by looking at the mood, as though one were turned toward it as an object, but by an empathic participation in it. As we are conscious of our own mood, not by looking at it objectively, but by being in it and being inwardly and non-reflectively conscious of it, so we are aware in imagination of the mood of the poetic speaker. Our own mood is conscious of itself not as an object but precisely as itself, in itself, by means of itself. It knows itself along-with itself, *con-scius*.

At the same time, by the same words, the speaker brings to imagination the unity of the objective and subjective components. The disenchantment intends the calm sea. This is an essential constituent both of the disenchantment and the sea. The disenchantment is of and about the sea—among other things, naturally—and it permeates both the seeing of the sea and the sea as seen. So, later, we hear the tremulous cadence of the grating roar of the pebbles, which brings in the eternal note of sadness—the sadness is out there in the moaning of the surf as well as in here in the breast of the man. The words of the speaker make us understand, they give to our intelligent imagination, this essential unity, by which the sea belongs to the mood and the mood to the sea.

Why does the disenchantment choose the sea? Why not something else, somewhere else? Why do you choose the city in which you live? Why not a village, in another country? In and through the sea that the disenchantment chooses, or by which it is itself chosen, it lives its own being, comes to articu-

lated shape in its intentional congruence with it, as you come to be what you are in your living dwelling within your city. The sea is own to the disenchantment because the sea is precisely the object of which the disenchantment is the subject; the sea is the disenchantment's other, which the disenchantment has been able to make its own, in the way in which disenchantment can own things. The sea has captured the disenchantment, perhaps through capturing the disenchantment's imagination, fascinating it, casting a spell over it. Is it through the power of this spell that the disenchantment perhaps comes to spell the name of the sea, to tell its own story through telling the story of the sea? Is it this spell, permeating the sea and the disenchantment, that reaches out into the man's language and seizes upon the words that spell its own name and story?

What makes sea and disenchantment own to each other makes the language of sea and disenchantment own to itself.

But this is only half the story. It tells only how the mutual ownness of the disenchantment of this poem and the sea of this poem find the verbal form of this poem to be its very own utterance. It is therefore the story only of a particular poem, but not of poetry; and only of a poem, but not of the work of art as such. The question is, what happens not just with this poem and not just with poetry but with art and with every art work?

Wherever there is a work of art, there is an utterance of some particular union of the subjective and objective in their concrete being own to each other, as the disenchantment and the sea are to each other. The way in which objective matter is presented and subjective matter expressed varies from art to art, genre to genre, and work to work. Dancing is in some respects a more objective art than music, and in some respects a more subjective art than architecture. Lyric poetry is more subjective than dramatic or epic, and poetry in general is more subjective than drama or epic or novel. Chopin is more subjective than Haydn, Keats than Dryden. Architecture makes an external world, painting represents it, music adumbrates it, poetry imagines it through meaning, drama presents it in a semblance. The self in lyrical poetry utters itself, in drama it silently looks on, in the novel it narrates. Music does not make use of the sentences of the intellect's language; literature is full of them. Music is auditory, painting visual, literature imaginative. And so forth. The changes can be rung on all the different ways in which subjectivity and objectivity occur in the arts; but throughout the arts and in all the works, one essential universal prevails—the reciprocal ownness, the kinship, of the subjective and objective components to one another, the inner truth to each other by which, together, they form a true unity. As with "Dover Beach" so with every other work: one could, given the means of investigating and understanding, discriminate the objective and subjective components in the intention-structure of the work, and in the same process bring out for awareness

the way in which the two belong to each other and to the whole, and the way in which that whole finds its utterance in the external shape, the existence of the work in the world.

El Greco's "View of Toledo" (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City) transforms hills, buildings, river, clouds, and sky into an image full of mystery and foreboding, as though some awful miracle is about to happen; it is seen with an intensely passionate concern that transcends everything merely earthly, looking beyond to the infinite for the meaning of what happens in time and space. We learn to live our way into an understanding of the transcending concern by learning to see the tremendous image, and conversely; and as we accomplish both at the same time, we rise to a concrete intelligence of the interior truth by which the two belong to each other, which we are able to partake of in imagination. This painting, like the poem, is able to stand for all works; each stands for all and all for each.

What makes the work a work of art is the interior truth that takes the outward shape as its vehicle of utterance and articulation. Art is the uttering and articulating of just the interior belonging to one another of subject and object, an uttering which itself belongs to that belonging, is true to that truth. The artist is the locus in which this process takes place, in and through whom the poetic content finds its language and the language articulates the content.

Art is a way of being possessed by ownness itself, or, as we may say, by love itself. The artist is the creature of love and art is love's way of uttering itself, by finding the language that belongs to it. Deeper than the disenchantment and the sea, deeper than the truth that unites them in the poem, is another kind of attitude, and object, and unity. For the poet, the disenchantment is not the final mood—not so long as he is and remains a poet. The disenchantment is a constituent in a poem—other poems, other attitudes, enchantment perhaps, gaiety, terror, or whatnot. For the poet, again, the sea is not the final image—other poems, other images, eagle, shipwreck, bridge, West Wind, or whatnot. These too are constituents in poems. The unity of disenchantment and sea, elation and eagle, transcending piety and miraculous mystery—these, too, are constituents of poems, unities of content that have, belonging to them, the unity of the outward shape of the poem, the painting, the work. It is this ultimate unity of inner content and outer shape, of total meaning and external vehicle, that casts its spell over the artist, making him an artist.

Here is where art becomes something real, something that exists in the world, and where the artist is at work in the world as an artist. The meaningful totality that consists in the unity of the subjective and objective—the concreteness of full consciousness—needs to be given utterance; indeed, it needs to find utterance in order to articulate itself. The spirit needs the world to give shape to itself by finding and shaping something in the world that is kin to it, of which it can truly say "That is mine and I am its." It needs the

world as it needs its own kin. Art is the spirit's attaining to its kinship with the world. The artist is seized by the spirit of ownness—that is, of truth and freedom and love—in search of its own utterance. Every poem he makes, or every painting, or dance, or building, is one sound in the grand utterance. In each of them the ultimate subjectivity, the love of truth, freedom, and love, reveals itself, not by casting itself forth into the world, but by speaking its own language. The concealment by which the speaker says what belongs to him is the revelation by which he gives himself to us to have as our own. As we receive this gift, we come to our own self, giving it to him, and in that gift coming at the same time to possess it for ourselves.