

Esthetics

my Confession

myself

• I part
on novelty,
Intensive Reiz
and pleasure - pain

Subject and Form

I part of the ~~autobiography~~ ^{of a writer on art}
We are beginning to put in order
into my notions of aesthetics, a certain
amount of autobiography or confession
will not be amiss. In questions other
this should be eluded.

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What strikes me first is that, at all
counts since the age of Murillo or
fourteen, ~~it~~ as a result of first
seeing Rome, galleries & hearing
art discussed, the word "Beauty"
or Beautiful has played a large
part in my thoughts, a constantly
increasing one as my proportion
as my reading & my teachers
Mr. Blanchard, Foster, & Frank Hall
the archaeological literature he lent me,
gradually accustomed me to a
vague notion that I knew, or was
to know something about it.

I underline ~~the~~ word because it
is here that doubt & a moment's arising.

I certainly got a lot of satisfaction
out of the word beauty or beauties;
I shall examine later whether I did
not get considerable emotion also;
but I am by no means sure
to what extent that satisfaction
was connected with the qualities
of beauty as I now conceive it.

I seem to recollect that my preferences
always had, or often had, a
distinct pari passu, that I liked or
thought I liked, for some reason
independent of instruction choice.
In fact I think that in ^{visual} ~~kind~~
art there was not much
instruction choice; and I am certain
that the suggestion of other (including
the inverted, contradictory suggestion)
played an immense part in my
"liking". I retrace the case of
the Apollo Parnassus, as an
apparent exception. I was extraordinary
foolish in some matters. I am

I was I always "liked" - When
John Sargent (himself) ^{thinks}
much in the same sense) liked,
who most liked, let alone
what books, and later on
Hatch, told me to like. There
was a very categorical imperative
about it; and now I look back
into my memory, I see that
the same really applies to
what I ^{had} thought was an
exception. This exception is
odd enough. Until about 16,
I distinctly thought (I remember
hotly discussing with the woman
who taught me drawing) that
I preferred Guido, & even
some of his school, to, say,
Titian. I remember distinctly
saying to myself & others. More
Titian, & I think Raphael, etc.
were duller, ~~more~~ had more

more technical merit, and
wore a bore. Guido had
soul, expression etc. All
this lasted I think until
I read Burckhardt's Cicerone,
I fancy Flora must have
been shocked by my views - ^{indeed}
I think almost he ^{must} have
been Burckhardt with a view to
conversion. Chs Blau's
Grammaire de A. D. D., read
I re-read, had not cured
me; and I understood why:
his (usual) habit (like a
writer) of describing ^{and} ~~not~~
repeating ~~the~~ pictures
but the subjects of pictures
(even his description of the Orpheus
statue might apply equally
to any one else's Orpheus)
had made me think that
the principal merit of a
picture was its expression.
Paris Now the habit of mind

Of my mother, & of the
mainly (the century) books
I read, particularly accustomed
me to adding the epithets
"refined" - "pathetic" - "spiritual"
etc & that word expression,
"pathetic" quite particularly.
Add to this that Mr Sargus
had been brought up in
the ideal period, that "Transposition"
when I read a good deal,
gave equal & perhaps
greater importance to the
Bolognese, than I actually
remember having my
attention drawn to the
Liberation, Titian, Cenci,
flowered words; moreover
that Bolognese art is numerically
stronger in Rome, & I get
the proof that my recollection
against Titian, Raphael etc &

My sticking to *Realism*
was a phenomenon originally
of docility, almost of
suggestion.

~~The~~ The reason why I was 'clipped'
in sculpture was merely that
boo-boo & p-p-pa (I must
misquote *particulaire*) explained
that it was right that
statues should be expressive
and that I rebelled, ~~again~~ in the
name of the artist, against
my father's criticism of statues
as uninteresting & unnatural.

But (like Hawthorne in *Transcendentalism*)
I don't think I made any
distinction between an antique
& the work of an artist or
Mr. Mozart! Certainly not
between an antique & a Canova.
But had been told to dislike
Bernini, & very soon I saw

a work of his school, &
my attention flew to its
ridiculous side, a ridiculous
side nearly always
liberal, for I always instinctively
strugled for what I could
say or ~~the~~ write, and say
or write emphasizing the words,
the curly sentences, the measured
attitude of whomever I was
reading.

To sum it up, I think there was
very little genuine library, because
there was no genuine looking.
I talked to friends for the
antique, for guide, as I
remember, doing for Racine.
But I did not read Racine.
I knew one or two scraps,
but never read the whole
of a play I think till after my
admiration had ceased.
~~What strikes me most in all~~
~~this was the exalted~~

Similarly, after the last year
in Rome, I was very rarely
taken to a gallery, lately not
at all, and my ideas of
pictures must have been
taken from copies in their
windows, photographs &
prints. I received very
little, but mechanically
when I was 16, under Placido
in the case. ^{my small collection of very bad male}
^{photographs & was} ~~contingents~~ ^{horrible}
all this pre-Flaccian time is
marked by excessive unreality.
I "liked" pictures & statues,
(+ books!) which I had but
really any knowledge of.
And yet I knew. There was
a ~~certain~~ a certain it to
show abstract aesthetic emotions
in what Sir Riba explains to
if he can! The aesthetic emotions
others had felt — an emotion
gradualism, a sort of love, was
awakened apparently by mere imitation.

This question of imitation admiration
is a very curious one, and I ~~was~~
with other people would enquire
scrupulously into their experience
on the subject. With regard to
myself I am aware that even
now ~~that~~ admiration (~~or reverence~~)
of ~~from~~ or ~~driven~~ by certain
persons has a decided influence
upon my preferences. I am
ever conscious of distant
pleasure or pain (or comfort or
discomfort ~~as~~ being - the
discomfort a sort of disruption or
the comfort of the faint glow sort)
at the moment; and there is ~~most~~
often an enduring result. The
only category in which, nowadays,
the admiration or ~~revere~~ of others
does not ~~now~~ affect me ^{much}, is literature.

I know what I like, what
I dislike, what leaves me
indifferent (especially of course
unprose); I can sufficiently
back my decision ^{to}
myself in reasons, & when
I find no reason I have a
weighty sense of instinct.

People can draw my attention
to things I did not sufficiently
admire, but my admiration
is mine, not theirs.

Militation? ^{my} No more. There
is another other category,
perhaps the most important
in my whole life, and
through which, earliest &
most intensely, I know what
spontaneous & irresistible
aesthetic ~~impressions~~ ^{preference} means.

But before examining this
category, let me finish
about imitative admiration.

Naum, as I remarked, to
be a natural habit of mine: I
^{do not become}
~~am~~ not attracted to people.

because I thus admire or love
them, but I adhere to them; &

the admiration which one of
my friends manifests - artistic
or moral - for another, greatly
^{enhances}
~~increases~~ my own. Indeed a
word "distrained" - "dejected"

"for fine eye" etc goes to
belate up my own feeling when
wavering. I do not think however
that in causing artistic personal
attraction a word of ridicule
affects me. Conversely: I more
recount it as a blasphemy, moral
admiration may sometimes be
partially undermined by drawing
attention to pleasure or feeling

New interpretation; but after
all "moral admiration" is
for what one thinks is, and
criticism actually alters that,
as a black eye or a bungle
light ~~alters~~ ~~def~~ spoils an
aesthetic impression. Well!

I certainly think that in my
early life I had a good deal
of admiration emotion which
was perfectly genuine, but
absolutely second hand. In
~~the case for instance of~~ I can
remember even having it in
connection with photographs
which I was aware were hideous,
and even wondering how it
was that I liked an ugly
thing or that a banal thing
could somehow look so ugly.
This query must have been

frequent in my youth, for
I remember it very distinctly.
The answer I should now
give was that admiration
was evoked by a symbol,
as a lion's frown may be
by a pocket handkerchief or
a pained person: by a
broken bit of bone. And then
persons ~~patently~~ evidently
incapable of appreciating
a picture at such (because
they have revealed themselves
incapable of optically or
mentally seeing it) tell me
of the deep aesthetic emotion
which has aroused in them, I
am writing to believe that
the emotion has been genuine
felt, being an emotion
experienced in other cases.

transported to this one. I believe
that people can enjoy the
fact of fine colouring in nature
when they are told it is
there, without seeing it. This
was certainly the case with
^{The Blind Poet} Philip Marston, who blind
hope he was told were
good looking. After -
not enjoying the mere words
"Beautiful" "Beautiful"
enquiries etc. and do
we not feel warm when we
are told "so & so is heroic,"
or "most charming minded?"
without knowing how? After
all do we not feel admiration
for hero, heroine, landscape ^{in a book},
merely because the writer
orders us to do so? There
would be a case of "abstract
emotion" with a vengeance!

Meanwhile, while I was
getting more & more into
the habit of feeling aesthetic
admiration second hand, had
I never had it first hand?

Undoubtedly I had. In a
less pure state in music. I mean
because in music I was
considerably swayed by other
people's ouglts. But music
most certainly gripped me at
an early age. I am not
speaking of admiration for
composition. I could not
formally follow (say Palestrina's)
or for singers whom, in
many cases, proved to be
someone else. I am speaking
of the genuine gripping by certain
melodies & harmonies. I

can make a distinction: I think
my caring for someone for
say the past several years
was largely because I had
had about it, for even now
I feel that its being or not
being beautiful depends
so very much on shade of
performance that per se it
is either 0 or X. But
even when very young I
enjoyed for instance Non Pui
Marta immensely; ~~she~~ I
enjoyed Marta ^{when I was 11} at Nice; ^{7 months}
I enjoyed the sound of her
pieces I heard when little;
I enjoyed hearing my mother
play & heard while I walked
in the garden below. My acquaint-
-ance with Mozart dates from
the time abt. 12. Of course
there also is a case of ought

for I had always heard my mother
speak of him as the Supreme
Musician, ~~as the~~ ^{the} Franciscan
Frau S. was very enthusiastic
& I remember being struck with
M. Karajan saying, during
the Concert at Nice, that
fine as that was, Mozart was
finer. No doubt the print
of Mozart at before M. ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the} Auditor
in an apartment at Westbury,
affected my preference. But
still I think that in my
half naïf nature I enjoyed the
2 symphonies immensely, &
that even then the organic
preference I have for Mozart
had begun, quite apart from
reading his letters etc. Also
later, ~~as~~ when I was 15 I think,
a lady in the apartment under
us in Rome played every
day; What I did not then
know (mainly ^{between} ~~between~~ I think)
& I have me very real pleasure

Of course my mother's pleasure in
it helped; but I am not sure
whether by this time it was not
already I who directed my
mother's musical performance,
tho' I certainly never directed
her interpretation, & which I
think must have been remarkably
good. My mother recommended
piano to please me, & read
a lot of ~~old~~ ^{Hayden} & ~~himself~~
Mozart's ^{Italian} vocal music
for me; it was a historical
critical, romantic reason
which determined my curiosity,
but certainly the pleasure
of ⁱⁿ having sonatas of Mozart's
ensemble was absolutely
genuine & artistic, & far
greater than any virtual or
library pleasure I had had. I
think that my musical pleasure
at 15 or 16 was just what
it is now, in quality & intensity,

nor have my preferences altered
however much they have
enlarged: The official of the Jauch/Witt
is still what it was.

For therefore we have, ~~at least~~
a source of real aesthetic
emotion. (For my musical emotion
was never dreamy or dramatic,
quite regularly the reverse: I
cared for the music, & ^{remark} not then
my preferences were formed
about things either without
words or of which the words
(in piano ^{arrangements} ~~ridiculous~~) were ~~unknown~~
to me. Aesthetic emotion

as strong, massive, intense
has permeated in my life as
any I have ever had from other
sources save one.

Here I return to the other
genuine aesthetic experience field,
to the one in which I really
think my preferences were not

only very strong, but very spontaneous.
I am speaking of the vague thing
called landscape. Undoubtedly
my mother drew my attention to
it. But I don't think we
agreed. I mean I think that
my mother's perceptions were
those of one of the least observant
of people, & wholly literary &
sentimental. She would
print out things for which
there were literary expressions:
thus the... (I forget the word)
of the lake of Thun; she
insisted on the dove colour
of some thing etc. But I don't
remember her drawing my
attention to any colouring
of the artistic sort, and I can
positively swear she never made
me remark the shape of a mountain.

or atree or above. My father
probably saw these things
vividly, judging by his sketches,
but he never mentioned them;
he drew my attention to the
sheep on leaves & trees as a
recognition of them, & perhaps
to his. My brother did nothing.
My teacher, von Hof ^{Schiff} ~~Schiff~~,
I think nothing. My Sargent
agreed with me when I was 12
at Rome; after which I possessed
a little vocabulary of Roman
"landscape". My mother ^{copied} ~~copied~~
on the "darkness" of the lake,
the "silveriness" of the river,
but I don't feel very sure
that I knew them apart. When
proven the preceding of my
"Landscape" feeling is that
21 they differed from those of my
mother. I did not like the

like of them much; certain
inland valleys appeared to me
far more, & I think I felt
the lie of this land. I think
abundantly before Rome, & certainly
after, I distinctly thought
the shape of some of the
mountain ranges hidden at
Gothagen, the Stockholm e.g.
the Burness Obelisk and
from them ~~that~~ I rather
disliked. I remember distinctly
the shape of many trees &
plants, thinking them "wretched".
Noone had told me - I disliked
the shape of our garden at
them, & the lie of the land.
The landscape of Rome gave me
vivid pictures: lie of land,
outline, colour. All this was
very genuine. I got a personal
passion for places, & certainly
the attachment to Rome, the

passion for Italy, which has been
^{else} it was mingled, was
largely a landscape & the
passion. I must have had,
~~it~~ ^{from} early, so familiar
has it always been, the sense
of pathetic clinging to certain
views & spots; & my memory
of places, very fresh always,
has always been tinged with
liking or repugnance. This
element of repugnance &
^{of dissatisfaction} ~~dissatisfaction~~, which, showing
preference, & persuades me
that this aesthetic side of me
was very prominently developed.

From *Prologue* *to the* *Brave* I must now return
to ^{these} ~~one~~ ^{two} incidents which
seem to shed some light
on my aesthetic development.
But first I ought to say that

Worthies
that interest
me

learning to draw, which I attempted
for two winters act. 15 & 16 with
a view to copying portraits of ^{historical} ~~historical~~
etc. seems to me to have had no
effect whatever on my habit of
seeing: I was made to copy drawn
every nose, then little watercolor,
to get to do it mechanically
but without the faintest talent;
I copied the method, not the result.
although I have drawn ever since
I can recollect, the copying, after
I see her always been immensely
difficult, nor have I attempted it
since then. My memory images
are evidently composed, not
not virtual: I never could draw
from memory with any pretension.
24 I had've had pointed out by my
brother or father; for instance I
am quite at a loss, now, to

Vimaine the ^{perspective} of a chair!
legs, or a table, though I most
clearly vimaine relation in
space, rooms, like etc.; but I
cannot translate into the flat.

I had the habit, until I began to
write down till 14 or 15, of drawing my stories & day dreams
(I did not at 6 already) and the
picture was good & the
likeness often very good. But
there was no spatial sense,
all the people stood in a
line like a relief, usually in
profile; & I left one incident
to take up another on the same
page. I quite understood how
early fresco came to have
the arrangement they have. After
Rome there was a great
deal of classic research in
the fact. I could only draw the

figure dressed; - or perhaps I was
interested in dressed people. I am
sure I was taught the rudiments
of such drawings as I did
by my father & brother; then I used
to watch when Sargent, & G
Copey painted the roughs for
money as wanted i.e. I left
out all the shadows, perhaps
in fact all except the absolute
anatomical form & what
was needed for gesture.

With this is connected my first
^{important aesthetic}
fact: I remember, at least
when having to draw, being
to perceive a difference, a specific
difference between things in
pictures & things in reality.

My father often said all pictures
statues were unnatural, ~~but~~
~~did not explain~~, - I think he

He means in anatomy &
perspective. He said today
"the hand would 'nt stand"
"that arm could 'nt bend"
"no man was ever made
like that" - and then with
him condemned all art,
especially all classic painting
sculpture, etc. he denoted.
But my sense of difference
seems to have been of a ^{rather} ~~different~~
different sort: I could not
make out why people looked
different in pictures & statues
& in reality; & certainly I
perceived the pictures & statues.
There was I felt were a sense
of plane, of composition, of
mass, & of the treatment of reality
as mass, involved in this

I ~~now~~ often wondered i.e. I was
not over aware vaguely of
this thing, but never asked
myself or anyone else for an
explanation. Perhaps because
about this time the reading
of Blake, Lenny & French
began to make me take interest
in intricate definitions of
Le Beau, & I babbling
with myself for & against
expression, like etc, coming
very early (about 16 or 17) to the
conclusion that there was
a visible (not decidedly
mysterious) thing Beauty of
Form, which was the real important
one. I knew just at this (French
helping) time the analogy of
music, whose expressive power
(oddly enough) I understood,

Secondary, emotional, character
of say Mozart, affecting me
more now than formerly;
I also ~~have~~ ^{found myself} upon the artists
whose lack of expression I
^{formerly} overrated. 2. For years
I compared ~~beauty~~ beauty of
form with anatomical
beauty, I was much puzzled;
~~about~~ only about 20 I think
I recognized the difference in
painting (clearly understood
in ^{my} Portrait art) but it is
only I think in the last ~~10~~ ¹⁵ ~~20~~
years (archaeology of the ¹⁵ ~~20~~ years
sort perpetuating the confusion)
that I have understood the
difference in sculpture. Thus
my perception of "Beauty" as an
aesthetic creation, a sort of spiritual
relation in the work of art, began
with music, went on to painting &
~~then~~ later on to sculpture.

The incident I wanted to call attention
to here is this vague feeling of
indifference between pictures &
reality - I remember that it
struck me that people's faces
were not built like those
of the pictures I was made to copy.
Roman faces seemed somehow
vague & all of over the place.
This incident shows virtual
attention & perception, for I
never connected it with any
of my theorizing, & only have
only recently unearthed it in
my memory.

Another more earlier incident
of another sort. The first year
in Rome (act. 12) I had my
choice of buying aploctographs
of the ^{Belvedere} Apolos or the Perseus ^{of Canova}. I
liked the Perseus better; he

seemed to me more "beautiful"
in the same way that people
in fashion plates, illustrations
& chromos long puzzled
me by being more "beautiful"
(perhaps easier to decipher,
perhaps more like known
human beings, awaiting the
association ^{linking} ~~quicker~~). But I
~~decided~~ decided on the apolo
because he was Lord of Poets
& Music! Remark that
the choice was not between the
statue, but the photograph,
& ^{the photo} that of the apolo was black,
spotted & his figure twisted,
whereas the Perceus was the
needle's ultra of the memory
image: torso full, head profile
& he was white & clear. Even
31. now the blemishes in the Apollo's
legs, & stains in his chest worry
me, this are ugly.

At 14. ~~I had a great~~ took
very great pleasure - real
pleasure - in a profile on a
canon of my mother's, I
think called Night. Its features
struck me as "refined". But
I now think that my preference
for rather sharp features was
due to my seeing them earlier.
Remark that currently a
beautiful woman is one with
a straight profile. It is all we
have learned off the books!

About people. I fancy I
had Montaigne's aesthetic sense.
Not so much because I felt
attracted by "handsome" people
^{for I did not often} as because I ~~as~~ always felt
"unpleasant" as a barrier. Of
~~course in later life~~ I think
I was always very certain

Of my judgments. Oddly
though I can remember
not the face of some of
my nurses & teachers, but
so to speak the exact degree
to which I thought them
good looking or the reverse.
I ~~did~~ never felt for visual
beauty as much as landscape
or even music, probably
because it fluctuates so
much according to physical
conditions, altitude & position
of view; but I do not think
my preferences have changed.
The sort of good looks, like
the sort of music or landscape,
is the same; & or, ^{theoretically} ~~theoretically~~
it ought to be if a ~~man~~
preference be due to ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~intrinsic~~
- dual deep down organization,
& not to "suggestion" or
"imitation". I think that about
about 14 or 15 I began to be

Bothward by the ^{fluctuating} ~~journalist's~~ ^{day by day} ~~journalist's~~ ^{quality}
of good looks, & this partial
character. My father was
sometimes very handsome &
sometimes hideous, for instance.
And I have seen, except in
the case of people I have known
very little, made an average:
even with Mrs. Stikman, ~~his~~,
^{Princess V.} ~~for~~ ~~Deedwork~~ ~~et~~ I have been
fully aware that there were
days & views which displeased
me & days & views which
pleased. The greatest degree
of romantic, poetic, aesthetic
impression never hides from
the fact "so & so is not ugly
today - or in this light - or
in this position" - with a regret
to a time "I wish Mrs.
would be". In fact ^{I have} a habit of
seeing people as varying & separate
pictures, & accounts for my impulsive
memories for particular faces.

Proceeding in this aesthetic autobiography
I find I ~~can~~ have less to relate
as I go on: professional study
of works of art and aesthetic
questions, another growing ^{swampy}
habit of literary description ~~Sketches~~
my recollections & misleaving
my impressions of what
really happened in my self.
Let alone that all this professional
& highly conscious activity actually
withdrew my attention from
aesthetic factors. I will begin
with this second ^{form}. As the
description of a picture, & even
in a measure, of a statue, is
a description of what the visible
object represents, not of the
object itself, the more
I wrote about pictures, the
more I ~~was~~ became concerned
with this descriptive part; and

Strengthening ~~his~~ ^{his} instruction
search for the romantic, the
poetical, which every writer
has. I believe my early
notebooks ~~are~~ contain solely
what I should call descriptions
of what pictures represent, often
my bad pictures. (This tendency
was negatively strengthened by
a silly fear of being technically
incompetent, from my ignorance
of drawing, perspective &
anatomy; all non-literary
criticism being of this kind, I
imagined that the "intimistic"
"form-value" was ~~one~~ due
to largely due to such matters
in which I felt incompetent.)
I was afraid of ~~saying~~ saying not
perceiving that something was
out of drawing etc. Of course
my association with the ^{a person} ~~the~~ ~~the~~

who was thoroughly up in all
^{technicalities}
freed me from this preoccupation)

Consider also that literature
is the art founded not upon
aesthetic seeing, but upon the
act of speaking, recapitulating,
looking thru & associating,
~~disregarding~~ disregarding the
Non esthetic, which is so
contrary to aesthetic ^{seeing} vision.

I think all my descriptions
(probably everyone else's!)

will be found to transmute the
picture into reality. Even so
late as my paper on Tuscan Sculpture
this is obvious. This will

explain why, despite my
theories about Beauty being a

37 form quality, my preferences
in pictures were so largely

Subject preference. At least
in the latter sense. Let me
explain. I call it a subject
preference (tho' of course
only partially so in reality)

When you like or dislike
because say ~~Montagna~~ ^{Sigouli} represents

young men who would be
beautiful in real life, or
Botticelli's Virgins ^{because they} would be
sickly and peculiar if they
were real women. It is

certain that the recognition of the
handsome ephesus in var.

Sigouli's ~~Le~~ Paradis, made

me indifferent to the extreme

dullness of the composition &

~~blunted me~~ made me pass over

a quality which now distresses

me in him, his emphasis to

humanness, so different from M. Angelo.

Similarly, for years by ears the
singer of "pessimus" - "pessimus"
"morbidus" & "affectation" in
Botivaki's poem entirely prevents
my perceiving Botivaki's like
qualities. (~~the~~ I think the
process was this: Looking at
the Signouki I rapidly spotted
the handsome ephebes (even
more so in Sadoma's 12
Sebastian, a very mediocre
picture): this awakened, by the
essential literary ^{process} ~~essence~~, a
vague vision of antiquities; what
it certainly awakened was the
admiration emotion connected with
antiquities & with beautiful youths,
more I had never seen (Paris,
Achilles etc etc) quite as much
as Home I had. This is again a

Case of that "abstract"
aesthetic emotion of which I
have spoken before. ~~Like~~ Conveying
with the Bolshaki. I spotted ~~that~~
a sort of conventional "morbidness"
(he appears to have been an ascetic,
and his late frenzied movement
suggests he may have been a
neurotic subject) in his models,
and a deal of affectation in
this ~~die away~~ ^{die away}, tip toe etc &
wildly rape expressions
~~these~~ gesture; this, perhaps
can without looking like images,
looked all my ~~and~~ emotion
of aversion for "morbidness" &
"affectation", a specific aversion,
I mean the sense of its presence.

Nowadays I do not see half
as much "healthy frank" - in
Sigmund's or "morbid affectation"

this sort of what I call subject
interest must, of course, be distinguished
though the distinction is not a sharp
or generic one, from the subject
interest of people who care for a
picture because it represents a narrative,
or a battle or the disciples at Emmaus;
the distinction being not so much in
the fact (though it is, I think, a
fact) that we probably see ^{more} ~~less~~ of
the real picture when the subject
interest is of the subtle sort, as
in the quality of the affirmative ~~of~~ or
transported emotion, in the case of
the ~~best~~ nursery, battle or Emmaus
picture, the main emotion is
maternal, warlike or religious,
as it would be before the reality;
in the subtle case the absolute
aesthetic emotion comes &
distilled on other occasions. ~~the~~
sufferer is awakened. I was never

impressed in the face of Sebastian,
but I "admired" the picture more
because of the ~~face~~ aesthetic emotion
~~the~~ "this is a very well built
youth" "this is a very beautiful
face" - his is like an ancient
youth" - and also, certainly,
from the resemblance to the
gesture in singing, & perhaps the
very active looking larynx with
before, "this person is singing
something very pathetic". Certainly
there was a halo of music
round that St. Sebastian, & he
has the singing expression ~~in his~~
more than many singing
angels of Bellini: etc. Who
~~are~~ are mostly open mouthed (for
a person who has ^{the habit of singing} the tilt
of the head, slight strain of eye balls
& swelled out large larynx give
perhaps a faint mimetic, & certainly
an intellectual, image of singing)

Certainly in my feeling for Sebastian
was the same "this is the irresistible
flower-like youth who dies young"
all of which is a on the whole
an aesthetic feeling, at least very
much more so than what I have
before M. di Giovanni's massacre of
the innocents "This is the way in
which maniacal people killed
children in the Middle Ages."

The same question of literary
interest comes in with regard
to the landscape of old ~~people~~ paintings.

I liked the landscape in that St
Sebastian (tho' it is on whole
rather odious, both "aesthetic" &
in lie of hand & plane, & "subtly"
"negatively" by its acid, stunted look)
from a notion that it was
Sienese, and I liked 'Sienese' largely
because I liked Siena. Still more

So with the landscapes of Gorrizi
and Lippi (?) still feel the "Wald
in connection with his little nativity")

I spotted the describable
element, I went off with that.
I don't think I have particularly
looked at the Gorrizi background,
and what I remember is rather
that they are ugly & ~~deface~~
deface the rest; but in my thoughts
I metamorphosed all these in-
real pine woods, some hedges etc.,

A proof of this is that I often
(Euphorion) described pictures
not merely as such, but as
part of nature, in narration.

Yet in this case of landscape the
"aesthetic" emotion was probably

45 stronger, because my real pleasure
in landscape was largely an
aesthetic one, the lie of the land

Colour, tho' of course complicated
with the "pleasure of taking possession"
of landscape: But the transported
emotion was of the artistic
sort.

Of course there is to be
an almost inextricable
normal ~~act~~ interaction between
suggestion & perception in all
artistic matters save ^{"geometrical"} ~~"formal"~~
factors; the interchange of
"abstract" or "transported" emotion
with actual form pleasure or
displeasure is part of the
give & take of life; and we
must beware of thinking, in
his enquiry, and any other,
that the "normal" or "desirable"
is that which happens to be
easily distinguished, described &
reasoned about. In psychology

Our inquiries are forever cutting
into the living tissue, & therefore
marring the life. The reality
is what we and ^{also what} ~~every one of~~
our opponents almost have
denied - and it is a great
deal besides!

~~I mention this since the old dispute~~
What I described & what I said
(Therefore Thought) I liked or not,
I think ~~therefore~~ I can find to the
surface a few indications of
real performance & the reverse.

47
In extreme difficulties of looking at
certain works of art when the
"spelling" ^{of the subject} was over; a sort of
aversion from the huddled, black
philandering of J. M. Novick; the
constant annoyance at the legs &
~~trunk~~ connected (the ^{plane} ~~plane~~ of "staring")

of St Sebastian; the great plume
in Andrea's Madonna del
Sacco & many other works in
wh. there is nothing to describe;
the repulsion for the "wide"
style of late Raphaels & late M. Angelo,
a physical aversion despite
my recognition that the bodies
represented were beautiful;
~~never great & so the constant~~
attractiveness of Perugino
despite the wizen bodies & "Morbid"
faces displeasing me even
more than Botticelli's, an
attractiveness most explicable
now by the optical qualities
of his landscape & the severe
cathedral front arrangement of
his groups; probably also a question
of "pace"; ~~The~~ ^{his} ~~smooth~~, grand
harmony always impressed me, tho'

I doubtless explained them
by a series of misstatements.
(I exaggerated his grace,
^{often} of the quite non-existent).

Similarly among artists
was, ~~perhaps~~ as ^{it} already
frankly attracted by the
Braccio Nuovo ^{Doryphorus} &
Amazon, or rather by a certain
view of them; why did I always
find the other ~~two~~ "replicas of
great originals" the ^{Braccio Nuovo} B. N.

Atena, & the Phidian Amazon,
ones? I early ~~did~~ felt that
I preferred one view of ^{correct} statues
to another (no' til 3 ^{or some} years ago
I have argued myself black in
the face to the contrary effect) & I
very liked walking round them -
this was surely "aesthetic" -
to sum up, I think

That writing about art long had
neither of diverting my attention
away from the visible object,
while giving me a sure sense
of unspurious familiarity.

But even here there was genuine
liking for facts of composition
& arrangement, for groupings
which remained in my
memory. (The rather success
of "line" I abundantly overlooked
tho I knew Brewster, but ^{you must} remember
I had never learned to draw
properly). The criticism

by artists i.e. ~~Hartman~~ ^{D.S.S.} & Sargent
usually drew my attention to
qualities of rendering of skin, surface,
etc. light, & misled me in my criticism.

50 Still I know that I took no "planned" only
"instinctive" - in all these matters. In a
writer's interest is planned, but

isn't aesthetic pleasure. How
are you to tell the difference?
By the ~~attr~~ ^{superior} ~~staring~~ staring power
of aesthetic pleasure. However
great your interest, once you
have verified the wrinkles in
a B. da Mairano bust, or
the "truth" in a Bastien-Lepage,
you don't want either to
have it ^{either} before you or to
recollect it. Scientific pleasure
moves on; aesthetic pleasure
clings. Other spot.

As regards genuine aesthetic pleasure,
I have verified 2 things: the

disappointment & gradual hatred
towards a cast or photo or picture
^{originals valued}
because it was a likeness or a

"fine work". or a "romantic work" (in
~~which met~~ ^{the} but, the ~~last~~ Ravenna had, &
Burmese (photo) and the wonderful
peaceful growing affection for good things - a
nice chain of pot, ~~containing~~ ^{Orpheus & Eurydice} ~~drawings~~ ^{Sargis}

pleased me ~~superior~~ on "superficial"
saying, i.e. on spotting, recognizing
it, and largely through the result
of ^{association} transported feelings,
and ^{literary exploitation} that familiarity, diminishing
the action of those associations,
led to the ~~perception~~ aesthetic
perception of the novelty or the
ugliness. It seems to me, from
my experience, that you cannot
go on perpetually ^{the spotting} ~~spotting~~ the
subject, recognizing the use or
the quality, or reviving the
associations, ~~thereby~~ & that the
moment therefore comes when
the intrinsic form quality is
left alone to please, displease
or ~~make~~ disappoint. Theoretically
53 this view seems correct: repetition
of the spotting, recognizing, association
processes would be sheer waste,

and its habit would argue
mania; indeed the tendency to
abolish recognition once it has
been accomplished, is proved
by the annoyance we experience
(at least) at every time that
the gesture of a statue or
picture catches me in suspension,
the annoyance so often expressed
with representations of monumental
actions; People do not remark
that many masterpieces are
suppressed ^{transparent} ^{monumental}
actions, the Apollo, the Dawn,
~~the~~ half of the figures of the
Sixtine ceiling, and yet cause us
no annoyance, because the
aesthetic, architectural quality
replaces our sense of the realistic
figures. But if M. Aurelius were
really riding, if M. Angelo's "Camillus"
had been anything more or less an speculation
or admiration in literary form,

we should have about him
the same feeling "there's that
^{confounded} damned horse with ^{foreleg} ~~foreleg~~
always rained" - equivalents
to the disagreeable sense which
I get from the walking, lowering,
rushing, slipping figures of
Proudhon, which can become
almost as annoying as the repetition
of the same remark by a fool.

In fact I am ~~of~~ inclined
to believe that while the fact
of writing about art tends
more & more to make me
more glaucomatous on the works &
then get absorbed in my
description, in fact withdraws
my attention absolutely from them
to the memory images which
as a writer, I was having;
and while my upper consciousness,

I mean the one which deals
with words and logical
sequences, was filled with
irrelevant matter, a sort
of inner consciousness (by which
I do not mean subconsciousness)
the consciousness of the
eye (or what we call the
eye, what gives visual
memory images) was
in reality doing its work
of selection, being pleased or
bored with works of art, &
storing up if not distinct
images, at least events emotional
reminiscences. I think that
examination of my writing
would show 1^o the literary
propensional habit of seeking
for something expressible in
word, ~~not~~ and ~~connected with~~

Can connectable with a ~~ever~~
else that can be expressed—
~~and~~ I do the personal habit
of liking beautiful form &
colour, of reviving images
of it, avoiding ~~in~~ images of
the contrary sort, in fact
selecting between beautiful &
ugly things, and ~~letting~~ reviving
also the aesthetic emotion as
such.

The word "beautiful" has always
had the power of making me
look round, has always aroused
my attention & prepared an
emotion of reception (by the
way ^{the} Ribot & Paulhan ought
to study this kind of emotion,
this attitude we strike before
the King or the Devil or the
hugger comes in). The word

new, funny, extraordinary,
scarcely at all; the word
describes more, but rather
painfully & with fear.

And in saying this I have
incidentally begun that part
of my self examination which
deals with ~~intensive~~ ^{the pleasure}
of "Intensive ^{Stimulations} Reize - "Pain"
and "novelty" as such.

I resume the note & begin
with novelty. Gassy speaking
I am I suppose what Crago
psychologists like Nordan
would call a misonicist,
although I am, I think, open
to new views more than most
persons, and singularly
~~not~~ pleased with practical improvement
(one of the keen pleasures of my
life is the ~~small~~ experiments of

improvement in small things;
I spend a good deal on such
small alterations, & have a
vivid sense of expectation &
satisfaction connected with
them - one of my "impulsions"
"lacks of self-restraint" is going
to look at any new arrangements
I have made or ordered. I rarely
~~order~~ ~~the~~ ~~re-read~~ ~~the~~ books,
but mainly from lack of time.
When young, especially as a child,
I had a sense of positive
painful shyness in returning
not only to people, but places &
things I was familiar with. It
was a distinctly painful, &
painful with a sense of inner
blushing. Could it have been
the shyness of original emotion?
Perhaps, for it culminated in
the almost horror of the demonstration

~~and questions~~ of my friends &
relations after absences. Now,
~~on the coast~~ there is a just a funny ^{little}
~~like~~ tang of this remaining, a
not quite pleasant feeling of "once
again" on seeing places & people
with whom I am very familiar,
a shyness, a little repulsion, which,
in the case of great friends
makes me feel inwardly withdrawing
myself to such an extent
that they sometimes notice &
are hurt. "You are 'at a
bid' glad to see us again" I am
in the general, but I am quite
the reverse in the particular. ~~No~~.
There is no longer shyness, but rather
the repulsion to talking, & or
reunion, a new habit. I have
This sense of the most depressing,
both with people & places. I
I am misanthropic also in

the sense of dreading parting
(places also) almost maniacally.
Once separated, I regret
very little, & the actual going
away is not bad; & the
anticipation, tho' I know
from experience that I shall be
nervous, which sometimes prevents
my planning, & in the case
of plans puts a pathetic
faintness into my love of
them. With no exception to
say that I suffer very much
from making up my mind to
go away from a place; & this
tearing away, limb by limb.
I have it only, with a few
people, simply because the
presence of most people, and
distracted from this ^{recurrent}
personality in my mind, leave
me indifferent. All this is,
I think, sufficient to show

that I have little seeking for
novelty as such. I might
even say that, when I like
anything, places, people, things
(I could rap & wrap like
Walter for a cut down tree, &
some of my most personal
snip's concerned with the
removal of species of birds,
frogs) ~~the 'new' have I~~
~~regret~~ I seem to arrange
all my faculties (I seem to feel
a physical arrangement)
round them, as a tree arranges
itself round stones. The
thought of parting is the real
uprooting; for when the mating
act comes, the thing has been
done, & is a loose cork which
falls out after much previous
hammering. I underline when
I like. For where I am indifferent

no one ever had such an
appalling power of forgetting:
servants, ~~also~~ former arrangements
of the furniture, of the tower,
unless I liked them, are utterly
& instantly forgotten. But if
I liked them the regret is
infinite. I shall always
regret certain beds & wash
& houses; more than I regret
most dead people: because
people being dead, unless it
disrupts a habit of contact,
does not prevent my taking
just the same pleasure I took
during this life: a funny
pleasure in my recollections
of them, in the thoughts of them
often actually arising in their presence
(that is why my letters are so
far more affectionate than I am)

Having thus wearisomely disposed
of any ~~suspicion~~ ^{the} possible
pleasure in novelty or such,
I may go on to the manner in
which novelty affects my aesthetic
feelings.

The question of ^{blunting} ~~blunting~~ of
pleasure is ⁱⁿ my experience a question
of removal of attention; ^{it diminishes} ~~it diminishes~~
~~not the pleasure~~ another pleasure
(or pain) with it. I can voluntarily
(at least resist it) put an end
to aesthetic or "moral" pain; but
I do so by withdrawing the attention
to other things. You will say that if
the pleasure lasted, the attention
would last; ~~that~~. Of course I know
that pleasure attracts, enables us
to continue. But I think that attention
cannot continue always doing the
same thing; indeed it probably does
the same thing, for in every
apparent repetition some minute

65

new factor probably comes in; flipping
probably takes place where the new
factor is diminished to zero. What
makes me think this, at least in
aesthetic matters, is the well
known revival of interest when
~~the~~ upon a small attraction:
a piece of music which has
got to pass, becomes new & when
someone else plays it, when one
alters something, when one plays it
on a different piano, or even
when one plays it, or talks
of it with different people. It becomes
new, because something new is
really being added. This something
new need not in the least be
something to be spoken outside.

66
This very often, most often, a quality,
i.e. a new relation with us, which
we had not the energy to establish
before. Nothing is more astonishing
than the way in which I discover

new qualities & new details in
works of visible art, it seems
endless; similarly in literature,
only my memory here is so
bad that I am really in possession
of passages I had forgotten. Practically
most pieces are almost
irrecoverable; they certainly
pass my powers of ^{appreciation} ~~perception~~.
If I distinguish with music, I
think because, in rarely hearing
it from others, I mechanically
repeat my own performance,
I am thus prevented from noticing
fresh things. I have never got
tired of ~~him~~ ^{Beethoven}; Mozart
concerts; how comes it, when I
cannot remember the harmonies,
& they are therefore superseded
aboard performance? I am sick of
my own performance of certain ways,
feeling its insufficiency, & sick of

most other people's, because
that reduces them still further.
(The unlikeliness of a Radical way or
surprise (or not!) all this,
which I have repeatedly ~~freely~~
reported in my preachings
about the ineffectiveness of
Marxism, the exhaustiveness
of your attention, shows that
my misperception may perhaps
come not from apathy, or from
a sort of intuitive or digging
in activity, but from the
fact that I am rarely (save
when I) bored when exposed
by the presence of others or their
books, I find myself suffering
company. I cannot conceive
people wanting much change; I
know most people cannot
conceive my not wanting it.
change! why all life is change,

a ~~and~~ drama of microscopic
emotions of wonder, disapprobation,
Compassion and very distinctly
pleased vague expectation. I am
very conscious of my pleasure:
hence perhaps why I have so
many of them. Everything is full of variety,
~~except people!~~

Novelty therefore acts in ~~my~~ me
mainly as a stimulant or
renovator of the attention.

There are however several
additional ~~activities~~ functions
of novelty, in my case.

69 I am aware of a distinct
pleasure in taking possession
or being taken possession of, by
a new piece of music, new
locality & or new person (music
like with pictures, statues & architecture)
here is the pleasure of creation
almost in the comprehension of

pleasure to possess of view, a
pleasure also, distinctly, of
acquisition: I feel ~~stronger~~ capable
trick (the same exactly with a
new thought which I follow; this
is not at all a specially aesthetic
feeling, it's the pleasure in successful
effort & acquiring advantage, I
often have it about a new word
in a foreign language, even before
I can use it).

But, as regards landscape, places
& people, I have noticed in
myself another important pleasure
connected with novelty. It's
a double pleasure; and due to the
fact that in both cases I am
myself making up a great
deal in the place or person. Say
a new locality: I ~~read it in the~~
read it, construct it, with
upstream, naturally, & other

localities; there is probably always
a degree of the pleasure of
comparing, the pleasure of
recognizing; ~~of the~~ a lot of the
pleasantness ^{of} the
the liked familiar. Moreover,
the act of selection among
many details, some of which
I accept into my ~~system~~ of thinking,
some of which I reject (cf
Paulhan) is, in my case at
least, presided over by vivid
preferences; I usually notice
only what I like (in bad
humour, or if the total impression
is repulsive or undesirable e.g.
London, or if some detail among
at once or to my expectations,
as at Protaccio, wh. I expound on the
top of a hill inside of the side), the
selection ^{is} of the of (repulsions)

Thus it comes about that the
present place as I see it
at first represents only those
elements which I like; those
I do not like remaining outside,
another, alas! by the force of
things, re-incorporated later,
sometimes (as Paulhan remarks
about persons) so not only
destroying their pleasant qualities,
but making a rival disfigurement
one of the excluded items. (I
deliberately guard against this
danger, but I have days of it
with nearly all my friends, rarely
with plans) - Moreover, in this
process of discovery of places &
people, I am aware of filling
up the gaps, establishing the
connecting links, according to
my wishes, & with some of the
nice things I have stored up: I
imagine the uneven streets &
part actions of a given society

and rest, and I warm it
all with associative emotions
from similar things. I did
not notice the new house on
Friday the first time; I
imagined more Gothic than
there was at Rouen; I preferred
Friedl more virtuously to mine
myself; I certainly felt towards
~~C.A.I.~~ ^{is a certain friend} a good deal as the
Museum of Milo, took for granted
the had the same neck, the shoulders
etc. This is the reason of
much of the pleasure of travel,
of human 'amorous' voyages;
also; the reason why "fidelity"
is often difficult, & "clozing"
invoked where "disappointed
expectation" - irritates or fails.

73
This is one reason of the
superiority of art over reality,
that representing a previous selection,
there is about it a minimum of
disturbance, a maximum of new pleasure.

I now come to the allied
question of "Intuitive ^{Stimulus} Reason."
Let me first dispose of such
among them as attract or are
supposed to attract, by their
very paucity. I have very
little experience of them ^{in the physical}
or aesthetic categories, and
not very much in the moral.

74
I ~~am~~ cannot recall even
enjoying bodily pain. Sensations
of pricking, and tickling, such
as sometimes occur in the skin,
are not disagreeable up to a
certain point; ~~but~~ any more
than being mass'd. The dragging
of a sore tooth or the rubbing of
a painful spot is with me
always the relief of an intolerable
tension, and the pain is therefore
accepted for the sake of that relief.
The cold of a cold bath is either
not disagreeable, or the immediate
pleasant bracing or desired that

My pain is non-existent
in time. The same as regards
the shock of a touch; tho' I
am extremely conscious of a
hope that the shock will cease
with one by dint of repetition.
The bodily panic sensation
(precordial anguish) in being
on bicycle and in walking or
riding in high place is a
thing I have known abt 10 years,
but I swear it has never
been an element of pleasure,
but extremely the reverse.

75 I suppose I am a physical
coward, although not often
lost that loose its head; I

shrink disgracefully under the
demonstrative oculist's touch, or
when my painful knee is
touched. But I can make up my
mind to some pain, as to that
of having my broken hand set.

The sum of effort is not
disagreeable when moderate,
+ compensates in some cases
for what is certainly pain:
i.e. the ~~breathless~~ ^{breathless} ~~loss of~~
breath in going up hill, walking
against the wind or in extreme
cold air; but I am conscious
that all these three have a
marvellous vitalizing effect, in
wh. the disagreeable sensation
is ~~entirely~~ blunted. I am
rather averse to very swift
movement; I have never had
the nerve to coast; but galloping
is pleasant, unless I fear ^{that}
my horse is giving me better
of me, or unless my breathing
grows painful. I am more
attracted by active bodily pleasures
than passive ones; the bracing
shudder of a cold bath is more
attractive than the comfort of a
warm one. When I am well

I like moving about
such, within the limits (I
mean or without) of rather
weak muscles. When well

I have a good deal of
sensed vitality: walk
quickly and as a shrewy fox,
even up hill & up stairs,
carry myself very erect,
have a light step and enjoy
such carrying actively. I

mention all this because I
think it may cast some light
on my ~~to~~ not requiring
pain stimulations. In the
artificial region I do not

77
understand what a
pain phantasm is: perhaps the
nearest approach I can make
is the faint liking for sounds
which have a little pain in
them: the violin, hautboy &

pari' voies. But I imagine
that in these cases there is
usually a greater richness
of harmonics, & consequent
additional pleasure, both "audible"
and of the attention. Dissonances
I often enjoy, but I never to
forget the resolution. Acid
dissonances, & acid Triads
combinations, arise the pleasure
of Triads & Triads,
very much present. This

78
question of resolution of dissonances
brings me, through the sense
of relief (which I know well,
& which is delicious, but not
works the previous pain, in
neuralgia, brachialgia etc)
to the pleasure - pain element
in the moral, or dramatic.
I do not like horrors, altho'
I am not morbidly afraid

Of them like some people. I
can read about them up to
a certain point (I don't think
I could witness a cutting operation
because the sight of blood
makes me feel profoundly
faint, even a few drops on
myself, or the bleeding ear of
a dog) but then I don't
waste time. I think I am
guarded, shielded against
them by an instinct of
sitting tight. Apart from
the feeling of sickness, I feel
no the faintest desire to see a
bull fight, the killing of a pig
or anything similar. I should
have no "horror" at killing an
animal cleanly, if I did not
think it unkind. The only
sensation of approaching
pain which I am aware of

liking is the "creep" of a
ghost story. I cannot explain
this in myself. But when
in my youth, I used to be
subject ~~to~~ to that creep
in dark rooms ^{etc} I certainly
did not enjoy it at all. I
think but in a good story the
creep is simply well this side
of pain, neutralized by a
magical sense of safety.
I like books of adventure
more than as I grow
older; but what I realize
is not (I avoid realizing this)
the hair brained emotion, but
the great heightening of energy,
much as in the emotion
of going up hill or the cold
bath. I do not like the
sense of risk ^{in nature} ~~there~~ I know

In measure of risk in playing
cards; this, by the way is
really the one case in which
the ^{void} sensation of pain is shared
in me with pleasure. I quite
recognize that had the world
been populated with persons like
me, a lot of more
useful things would have
been neglected. ~~And I fear~~

I lack the notion of other
speculation.

81
I can understand the attraction
of slight pain in moral things:
mental distress in myself is
by no means unaccompanied
by pleasure. But the pleasure
is either 1st of self observation,
self sympathy, or self admiration;
or of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~highest~~ increased
consciousness & activity, in

both of which cause I am
accustomed to feel it ~~as~~ just
as much without the pain.

In fact, I can understand
pain as a stimulant; but
I can get stimulation
otherwise. When I was

younger I used to quarrel etc
for the distinct pleasure of
disrespecting. But the pain
was very slight (I don't take
such things hard) at least to
me, and I was bound by
the duties of human relations.

82 Human relations are the only
ones which seem to explain
the need of Introspective Reize!

That is to say that they are wrong
to dull that the most grain
of the dramatic is welcome!

But I dislike more than a mere
touch (I am ashamed to say that the
pain is so much than the

mine most often, they seem to
take on so far more easily,
~~that~~ or else I am so steeled
(as with the horrors) against
it, that my pain is usually
very, very small. ~~Never~~
~~to the degree~~. I should have
hurting if I realized that I
hurt; in most cases words &
tears don't make me realize
it, probably because it is a
kind of pain I have never
^{experienced} ~~realized~~ I don't like
disappointing or keeping in
ignorance even an animal.
Of course in such matters there
is no truth, & need be no truth
more, an utterly illegitimate
pleasure in power. Remark

83
that I habitually suffer from a
lack of responsiveness in abstract
matters: people don't seem to
understand what I say; I have
no grip on their thoughts.

84
The pleasure or attraction of the
forbidden is a thing I have never
experienced; even as a child
books ~~for~~ off which I had been
warned, or the band's cupboard
of all kinds made me feel
uncomfortable, but rather in the
manner of fear of them. I can under-
stand neither "Pleur-de-mal"
nor satanic nor libermanian
feelings. The wickedness of the
Renaissance fascinated me as
a terrible historical fact I wished
to be rid of. The Decadent
is not even an object of abhorrence
he seems to me rather absurd than
dangerous, & I have difficulty in
believing him otherwise than a fool,
though instinctively I am conscious
he is often the reverse.
Any morbidity in myself ~~has~~
must have seemed natural for it
to be induced; but I am not

Morbid, although liable to
frequent depression, almost
melancholia. Even when very
young (at 14 already) I was a
classicalist. I used to argue
fiercely against romanticism
and morbidness. I can scarcely
tell how I got the thing so
theoretical. I condemned
for e.g. much of Shelley as
"morbid" - without clearly knowing
why or wherefore. Perhaps my
mother used the word? I cannot
tell. Perhaps Miss Schuyler?
Flaubert with his prettiness
in words ~~never~~ found
me already of this way of
thinking. I think it began with
Mauric; my preference for
Mozart, Gluck, as usual.
All I have written in "Lett
& Society" and elsewhere makes

it unneceary to enlarge on
this point. All I will add
is that theoretically & practically
I have always been afraid
not merely of "excess" but of
"Rapture". I may have
inherited emotion, from literary
writing, & also from the
extreme littleness of a long
long simmering illness; but
I never wanted strong
emotion. I have never cared
much for the stage; & the very
pathetic scenes have always
made me feel horribly uncomfortable
(Ophelia's death). I am still
even when very young I
was to dread almost physically
the pathetic parts of Dickens
etc when read out loud.
Such things as Othello make
me feel ashamed. It is curious

that being often quite unrole
tonal in emotion on the stage
I shd have this horror of
doing so, that it is so abominable;
perhaps I have a habit of
non-realisation almost as
a defence; I don't know.

87
How often can like be made
boring or full of ^{intentional} ~~choking~~
tune. The 'pathetic' quality
to me is quite different: it is a
poignancy, a sense of regret
blurring, a marriage between
+ many ways awed
feeling. e.g. in the Francesca
episode. I can't understand
enough Lyotino, the pathos
and is worse to me, more
avoidable (I never read that
episode) than the starvation
business. The "pathos" of

a Purging Crucifixion add
to the attraction; I cannot
conceive anyone hating it.
But I am also attracted by
hopeless great sorrow if
they restrain it successfully
& horribly repulsed by those
who give way. There is
born a very aesthetic quality
in restrained grief: I seem
to feel the eternities, ^{wherever}
& the deep beauty of the
human soul. The Lackington
screen "somehow approximates
itself in my mind with the
"sub specie aeternitatis" - I
fear this shows a great lack
of human feeling!

88
All my aesthetic preferences are
bound up with ideas of normality,
of selection, of law & order, & above all,
of decorum.

I am, apparently completely
not at all Dionysiac,
although apothine; and
Dionysiac art is almost a
trial to me. I have
a sum of fear of ~~loss~~
solution & even more fear
of enervation connected with
it. & "Beauty" is to me
always inferior to
harmonising; & the fear of
loss of vitality or tone, is
in me like the fear of pain
or dishonour. Yet I have
little self ^{restraint} ~~control~~ & have often
been subject to almost
hysterical depressions &
raps. Perhaps again this
desire for restraint & decorum
is the result of such hysterical
tendencies? And yet, when in normal
states, I am naturally restrained.

90
This I am usually bored by
treatises on the sublime. I think
I have little experience of what
it means by it. I can quite
differentiate the pleasure of being
as of the sublime from the
pleasure of beauty of the tender sort,
but it is a secondary quality
always. I don't know when
I was an emotion of the sublime
when I saw the side of a
mountain suddenly revealed
out of the mist, & felt the depth
of the precipice in consequence of
the height of the mountain. It
made my heart stop, & at the
next minute I loved it, & seemed
to feel regeneration in some way
in myself. Gothic cathedrals
don't give me the sense of sublimity.
The human face seen marvellously
clear, ~~tragic~~ exciting, Champagner
like, & to increase my ~~is~~ intelligence;
the German (at least Shakespeare)

have the under quality, the
beehiving, of romance, the
possibility of everything being
somewhere else.

By the way my imagination is,
I fancy, romantic. This more
believed, this transformation, would
quality, the quality of the night
is one of those, besides the
abstract aesthetic quality, which
I love most. There is in the
fantastic something of the delightfulness
of shot colours or sound
rich in harmonies (phantasy,
villie) which stimulates delight.

91
In considering the subjects of
pictures, I am instantly
attracted by any scrap of romance,
or of what I can turn into romance.
I have, I believe, ~~more than~~
considerable sense of humour.
The small funny things are
very comical to me, I take pleasure

keenly allied to tenderness in
thinking over & enumerating
odd contradictions & innocents
forth in the people & like; - I
could not like people much
without some of this element.
But that to be corrected by
aesthetic sensitivities or its equivalent
in the moral order: I must
feel admiration, love, tenderness,
respect, or else the "humorless"
I see in people is merely repulsive.
It seems to be very much the
same as with the pathetic
element; and here again the
pleasure in admiration & "love"
(of the aesthetic, not the practical sort)
in the particular admiration tinged
with veneration, seems my
chief evidence.

92
I take great pleasure in marking
respect, in feeling it. I should
like to make altars & burn
incense, although I should not

at all like to feel small or
trivial. I have a great pleasure
in the idea of consecration,
the sanctuary swept & garnished,
but no pleasure in the cave, the
cell of the mystic etc. I could
almost understand a priesthood
without a god; a mere sanctification
of things at large, an extracting
of the north, dignified & eternal
rhythms of life, & worshipful ^{things}.
I found that the temple of
Esculapion part of Marius,
~~the~~ & numa of Pan; Plato, also
a good deal of Plato himself,
seemed to express my own
very ~~long~~ long established &
organic tendencies.

93
One of the ~~seeds~~ ^{exposures} most potent
to my imagination is "a good climate -
I apocryphal sleep cold, sunning,
basking, a brand sunn alacritas,
cheerfulness & delicate moderation of colour
& depression of further. I do not

like the idea of the lush, the
luxuriant, the luscious, the
~~soft~~ gorgeous; the very
words are odious to me. I

do like adjectives suggestive
of sweet, soft, caressing qualities,
or those suggestive of touching,
particularly touching yielding
or satiny features. I like

in visible things the evidence
of resistance, even a little roughness
to the touch, of resilience & the
power of breaking clean. I do
not like works of art suggestive

96 of real flesh, particularly of soft or
moist or warm. The sense of

warmth in a Titian breast ~~is~~
is somehow like the warmth of
the circulation, rather a sense of
vitality than of temperature.

Like the words "delicate (more than dainty)
fine, keen, reserved, radiant, resplendent,
unsubstantial". On the

Whole "form" - i.e. visible
proportion & dominance all
my aesthetic cognate likings,
but of course not "form" in
military sense.

Think that an interesting enquiry
might be made on the words
which people keep, innumerable
of conscious ^{literary} appreciation &
of sound.

I think I have said pretty
well all, & even a good
deal too much!

95
I ought to add the the viscom,
the Blake colour, & the sort of
Perniculous line of Beardsley
& of the drawings of mad people
an almost bodily nausea,
come. The facial peculiarity I
locate most in malformation of the
nostrils.

I find one or two additional points.

~~Now~~ I have little or no pleasure in anticipation. The future, save as containing dangerous difficulties to guard against, does not in the least take up my attention. Yet, up to the age of about 23 or 24, the reverse was the case. The pleasure, indeed the excitement, of expectation very much surpassed that of any realisation. Moreover, in my earlier youth, which (as regards friendships, journeys, human experience, indeed everything except books, was rather cramped & cabined, I indulged in a great deal of daydreaming. The latent indulgence of this kind I can find is concerned with re-arrangement (rather platonic) of rooms & furniture. It

has entirely ceased in the last
seven or eight years, and a
remarkable inertness of the
~~imagination~~ ^{for part of the}
imagination. Feelings come
on: I never speculate as to
what I would do if, although
I often feel actually the
limitation of my possibilities.

97
During my youth there was a
very marked pleasure in
memory. During my long
nervous illness, for some
time after, I may say that
I had little or no pleasure
save in the memory. Indeed
I put myself in the way of
collecting pleasing memory
images of all kinds with the
conscious intention of enjoying
them later. I had got almost
to believe that I had no pleasure
in the present. But I was although
during this period (from the

age of three to thirty eight)
I very rarely had vivid pleasure
at the time of seeing or hearing
beautiful things (the Orpheus
in Rome episode standing
out as an extraordinary
exception, & two or three walks
which I nearly always remember)

I was able to carry off extremely
vivid mental images; &
while I saw, not felt (as
Colridge says) how beautiful
things were, the act of seeing
was extraordinary, durable;
thus, while I really had some
one second of pleasure while
either at Tangier or at Venice
(at various times) the images
in both cases were stored
up with a perfection of aesthetic
values of which I believe I
am now incapable. But during

99
This period I was able to,
so to speak, chew the end
of my aesthetic impression
with very deep, if not very
vivid, pleasure. The fact
is that I was permanently
in a state of such organic
depression (dyspepsia), that
the act of seeing usually
coincided with a moment
of in pleasure - emptiness,
and the very effort (conscious)
of gathering the impression
or of clearing my consciousness
for it, was almost painful.
Even the moments of after
enjoyment were moments
of accidental "lifting" - and
there was always something a
little nostalgic in my pleasure.
~~Incidentally that~~ It is curious since
my recovery, on the contrary,
the enjoyment of the present

100
moment tends to be more intense
or more magnificent than that
of the past. Now I am
aware of a certain difficulty
in reviving sufficiently the
emotional tone of pleasant
moments, so that, on the
whole I do not give enough
value (while I formerly gave
too much) to the past, i. e.
I do not remember it as
having been as delightful as I
know (by a process of noting)
it to have been. I explain
this difference by the fact that
formerly the habitual emotional
tone was painful, or black,
and that the present therefore
did not wipe out the past;
whereas now the habitual
tone is pleasant, so that the
present always has a

Certain advantage over the
past, a warmth within
it cannot compete. (have I
made it clear that formerly
the warmth was due to the
memory image being worked
in the happier, ~~transiently~~
moments of consciousness, but
that these moments were
not such as accompanied
the slight strain of actual
experience?).

101
I find nowadays, when in
normally good health, that
there is a pleasant undercurrent
of feeling - of more living
as such which easily
receives any pleasant
impression, & makes life
interesting & sufficient.
There are ~~moments~~ ^{periods} -
usually in bracing weather.

(early winter) when this
state of organic wellbeing
amounts almost to a
slight excitement, a pleasant
expectation of whatever
comes next: faint exhilaration
in getting up, going out,
coming in, changing occupation
+ even in getting sleepy
going to sleep! I suppose
all this represents my real
organisation, and that
the previous + different experience
is explicable by my
life, including my childhood,
having been always a little
difficult: bad health, too work
conscious monotony, the ~~strain~~
of anxiety of sick people, the
strain of pursuing work
despite the claims + restrictions
of other folk's very peculiar
lives, and also a certain
amount of "struggle for life."

and the "sorrowers" arising
from altogether inefficient
elbow room & isolation
in a nature which requires
~~a~~ an unusual amount
of both. On the other hand
and as a contribution to
Ritzi & Paulkac's studies,
I want to say that I am
certain that my memory
is exceptionally selective
of agreeable impressions.
Very few "pamper ones"
remain ~~at~~ at all, and those
now, scarcely, remain with
their pamper colour. There
are very few plans that have
been "spoilt" to me by
association. The only plans
I do not care to face are
those where the disagreeable
memory is reinforced by a

disagreeable present impressions;
thus certain rooms London
almost as a whole etc; The
visualisation even impressing
topos me off. But then I
am bound to say that an
aesthetically anti-pathetic or being
surrounding impression with
"happiness" derived from the
scenery, and effectually prevents
my remembering the "happiness".
Thus the visual image of
certain places with specific
details makes it almost
difficult to realise how
happy I was there. But
then again I have had,
during recent years I could
consciously self-observation,
depression that very
great bodily weakness &
mind, & moral suffering
has not at all spoilt my
pleasure in certain

location. And in the one
recent case where extreme
worry, sorrow & ill health
has made the idea of a very
beautiful place odious to me,
I believe that the feeling would
at once give way to ²
~~be~~ disappear if I saw
that beautiful place under
normal circumstances. Remember
that while there I was too ill
bodily to feel how beautiful
it was. I notice that
the repeated expression of
always feeling ill & worried
at Venice, & counting the
days till I left it, has
now spoiled my feeling
for Venice, or diminished
my longing to go there.
To sum up: I have, when
circumstances favour me,

me (i.e. when I suffer
neither from dyspepsia,
fatigue, bodily worry or
a mode of life occasioning
torments wear & tear)

2nd I enjoy a pleasurable
undercurrent in life, and,
whatever my circumstances,
my memory is of the
happy ones, rejecting disagreeable
images & emotions, or
weakening them to zero.

With this greater even in
bad health, I suffer little
either from bad dreams
or painful anticipations.

166

I am often surprised at
the lack of cheerful tone
in my friends, their non-
recognition of the pleasantness
of living as such (the notion
of pleasure always arising out

107
of pain translating into
it of Schopenhauer etc, &
the notion that "infinite
stimulation" is requisite
to the pituitary. And
still more astonishing is
their reticence of word,
pains or disagreeable
impressions, ~~that~~ their
readers to a "kai thin" or
belittle that. I seem to find
in some an ~~the~~ unusual
capacity for momentary
impression quite spoiled by
the predominance of a
memory which registers
exclusively painful impressions.

On a quite different plane,
I am very sensitive to
symmetry (including the

Slight deviation. Therefore
nursing for aesthetic pleasure
and returning worried
by the lack of it. A crooked
picture, chair at wrong
angle, etc ~~to~~ leave me
upset. A desire for
order, a vision towards
& like in the moral
order, seems in a way
connected with this. My
mother had orderly arrangements
had a thorough abhorrence
of symmetry. My father on
mother's hand was a slave
to it, though I should
suppose I think falsely to
be unartistic, because
always without imagination
or literary sense.