

LITERATURE  
AND ANIMAL FAITH

BY

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*The Avery Hopwood and Jule Hopwood Prizes for the best creative work in the fields of dramatic writing, fiction, poetry, and the essay are established at the University of Michigan under the terms of the will of Avery Hopwood of the class of 1905. Each year the announcing of the awards is celebrated in a lecture delivered by one who has signalized himself in letters and literature. Of the series this is the first, delivered by Robert Morss Lovett on May 26, 1932.*

## LITERATURE AND ANIMAL FAITH



THE HOPWOOD FOUNDATION is the largest and most ambitious attempt to invigorate and sustain literature from without, through such aid, material and intellectual, as even a mechanized society can offer to its artists. Its establishment was a profession of faith in the importance of literature to the society from which this aid was derived. In associating the foundation with a university, the official guardian of inherited wisdom and of the aesthetic values which have arisen from the experience of mankind, the seat of scientific research and social criticism, the donor implied a belief that literature is not an esoteric and exotic product, an expression of the writer's emotion for his own release or healing, but a public enterprise, a part of the effort of humanity to live adequately, even richly and nobly, by employing all the resources of its environment; an effort which it is the object of the university to promote, and which is symbolized in its name. It is therefore not inappropriate on this occasion, when the fruits of Mr. Hopwood's beneficence are awarded, to devote some minutes to a reconsideration of literature as a contribution to society. This reconsideration has been suggested to me by reading the essays submitted in the contest, many of them sharing a certain distrust of material, a present tendency of litera-

ture to shrink away from reality into itself, which it is the purpose of my remarks to deplore. It is the more pertinent to press such an inquiry at the present time when it is beginning to be understood that humanity is in danger, when skepticism prevails concerning the structural strength of western civilization to support its own weight, when defeatism is ringing changes on the decline of the West.

Can art help a sorry world? The arts-and-craftsmen of the late nineteenth century had no doubt of the answer, and in the early twentieth we have had the affirmation of philosophers to whom I shall refer later. If the question be asked today, it is to literature that we turn most expectantly for answer. Of all the fine arts, literature is the most democratic, the least self-conscious, the least removed from popular understanding by an exacting technique, the best fitted to serve toward the appreciation of the other fine arts and as the introduction to them. Our culture is largely literary. Hence the question is asked more urgently of literature than of music or sculpture: Can it in a social sense help to save the world? But another question must be asked preliminary to this: Can such salvation become a source of aesthetic values? For unless this be answered in the affirmative, the literature of salvation will cease to be literature, and will become propaganda in the form of books, magazines, newspapers, moving pictures, or radio eloquence, which apparently it was not the purpose of Mr. Hopwood to subsidize.

Mr. Lewis Mumford remarked in a recent review of

Mr. Max Eastman's book, *The Literary Mind*, "Any sensible pronouncement on the function of literature must be based upon a first hand study of the way it acts and works, not upon the way other critics may imagine it acts and works." Taking this pragmatic principle as a starting point, we may begin with the commonplace that of all the fine arts literature is most definitely based upon content. Great periods of literature have depended upon a body of material which invited the imagination of poets and prose men, and with which they could freely and confidently deal. Such material naturally resulted from man's sense of knowing, of conduct, of beauty; it included values drawn from all three, and represented, sometimes naively, sometimes with conscious striving, a unity among them. It is necessary only to mention as examples the age of the Greek epic and of Greek tragedy, the Augustan age of Rome, the Middle Age, the Renaissance, the Age of Enlightenment. The existence of material endowed with a sort of prescriptive authority was clearly a boon to the writer. It determined the original intention whether of Homer or Aeschylus, of Virgil, or Dante or Shakespeare.

The less illustrious nineteenth century differs markedly from these periods in possessing no material of authoritative prescription. It is true, it owed to Romanticism the discovery of one great source of original material in nature; but with this exception we find a growing uncertainty as to subject matter—a novel form of self-consciousness in literature. Matthew Arnold expressed it most definitely in the preface to his *Poems* of 1852, con-

cluding that the poet must seek his subject in excellent actions "which most powerfully appeal to the great primary human affections," such material to be found chiefly in the heroic past. Other poets also felt the search for themes a hampering necessity before which inspiration wavered, and which Browning and Whitman alone seem to have escaped entirely. The past offered the common refuge. History was the chief subject of intellectual inquiry for the early Victorian Age, providing themes for works of first magnitude to Carlyle, Macaulay, Grote, and Buckle. Novelists wrote or conceived their masterpieces against the historical background, and the revival of the literary drama was based on historical characters. But equally characteristic of the age was a growing preoccupation with the present as the problems of man's life in society became more pressing and more menacing. The Victorian Age is a long descent from Parnassus. Almost every one of its great figures in literature emerged, under the compulsion of social necessity, from the romantic isolation of an art founded on the past. Carlyle, beginning his career as a critic of literature, became a master of applied history. Tennyson deserted the "Palace of Art" and converted the epic of the Round Table into a social allegory. Mrs. Browning passed through a series of transmigrations to confess at last—

I dis distrust the poet who discerns  
No character or glory in his times  
And trundles back his soul five hundred years  
Past moat and drawbridge, into a castle court.

Matthew Arnold turned from poetry to criticism and from criticism of poetry to criticism of life. Morris exchanged *The Earthly Paradise* for *News from Nowhere*.

It is a commonplace to assert that one reason for the uncertainty of the nineteenth century about the content of literature was the triumphant advance of science. The upholders of traditional culture found themselves like the defenders of the Roman Empire, threatened by barbarian hordes pressing upon the frontiers. And, as in that historical parallel, they were afflicted by divided counsels. On the one hand they saw the values of authority, of "the best that had been thought and said in the world on matters that most concern us" reduced to mythology and allegory by a new body of factual truth. On the other hand, in recognizing the advent of new and vital knowledge which, according to precedent, should have furnished the inspiration and content of a new art, they were disconcerted by its recalcitrance to absorption in literature. It is rather cruel to recall today the cordial words with which Wordsworth in his Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* welcomed the science which was to destroy his God.

"If the labors of men of science," he wrote, "should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the object of the science itself. The remotest discoveries

of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man."

The reasons for the failure of science and poetry to lie down together are two. In the first place, the "discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist," while they have created a "material revolution in our condition," have never in the sense Wordsworth envisaged—that is, a complete, satisfying, and fruitful reorientation—become "manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings." On the contrary, the relations under which the discoveries of science are contemplated reveal a cosmos indifferent and even hostile to man in his higher life of sensibility and aspiration. In the second place, these discoveries are tentative, depending on hypothesis, and liable to repudiation. Science refuses to speak with the assurance of revelation; it refuses to give the artist the certainties upon which his imagination has heretofore been able to build. The attitude of the

scientist is indeed the opposite to that of the artist, or poet. According to Huxley, "The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority as such. For him, skepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith, the one unpardonable sin."

While science did not directly supply content to art, however, it provided an intellectual background and suggested a method. Realism or naturalism in art is the concomitant of science in nature. As science undertakes to give a complete account of the universe in terms of mathematical-mechanical relationships, so realism in its confident youth undertook to describe completely the phenomena which fall under our observation. Both scientist and realist, relying on the evidence of the senses, accept the objective world in the spirit of animal faith. Indeed no scientist could make a more robust confession of this faith than Chekov when he declared that "outside matter there is neither knowledge nor experience, and consequently there is no truth." With Zola we find the novelist boldly taking his place beside the physicist and physiologist, and in his well-known manifesto announcing his graduation from the preparatory school of art into the university of science, indeed claiming the highest rank in that institution.

"The novelist . . . gives facts or observes them and, through experiments, shows that their succession will be such as determinism exacts . . . We continue by our observations and our experiments the work of the physiologist, who continues that of the physicist and chemist."

The sublime and arrogant audacity of that pronouncement testifies to the confidence which for a brief period the example of science gave to literature, and which accounts for the speed and scope of the conquest which realism achieved in Europe at the close of the nineteenth century, approximating the domination of the romantic mood at its beginning.

The collapse of naturalism at the end of the nineteenth century resulted in part from those reasons to which I have ascribed the failure of scientific knowledge to impart substance and vitality to art. More and more it became evident that the cosmos of mathematical-mechanical relationships did not supply a sanction for the things in which alone consciousness has found significance. Hence the decline of literary values—not only those of sin, repentance, renunciation, but also of tragedy and romantic love, the passing of which Mr. Krutch chronicles poignantly in *The Modern Temper*. Science, after stimulating realism to emulation of its methods, revealed a *reductio ad absurdum*: if man is essentially meaningless in any terms with which his mind can deal, a negligible accident in the cosmos, what justification has the realist for conscientiously recording the phenomena of his existence? In addition to this revelation of an unfathomable crevasse between the essential purposes of art and science, there has been the circumstance that science itself has as it were lost its way. Not only is man without meaning, but nature also. An article by Professor P. W. Bridgman a year or two ago included a statement of the so-called

bankruptcy of science which contrasts sharply with Zola's optimistic declaration:

"The physicist thus finds himself in a world from which the bottom has dropped clean out . . . he must give up his most cherished convictions and faith. The world is not a world of reason, understandable by the intellect of man, but as we penetrate ever deeper the very law of cause and effect, which we had thought to be a formula to which we could force God Himself to subscribe, ceases to have meaning."

This pessimism, based on complete loss of orientation, is first of all an affair between the scientist and his god; but it challenges also the poet, and indeed every thinking inhabitant of the world which science describes. Long before it emerged, however, to convict realism in addition to all else, of being unscientific, the psychological inadequacy of realism had become evident. Almost spontaneously, symbolism came to supplement and modify the method of the realist. For the human mind, in addition to demanding an inner reality behind the visible, has the quality of endowing realistic detail with extra-realistic significance; so that automatically, the higher examples of realism took on a symbolical aspect. Ibsen, in his later prose dramas, turned naturally to symbolism; he was succeeded as the all-European dramatist by Maeterlinck, who stated as the third requirement of high poetry: "the idea which the poet has of the unknown, in which float the beings and things he evokes, of the mystery which dominates them and judges them and presides at their destinies."

Symbolism is necessarily dependent on the intuition of a single mind; it lacks the authority of knowledge controlled by experience of external facts. Fascinating as guesswork, it is without any check upon the validity of the guess. Moreover symbolism led to a technique in which substance and meaning suffered further attenuation in the interest of the artist's mood. As realism, in despair before its task of recording all the visible and all the audible, found relief in impressionism, the limitation of approach to a single point of view and concentration upon salient detail, so symbolism found its correlative method in expressionism, which deals with the external world, not directly, but through the state of emotion which it arouses in the consciousness of the artist. Again, the fascination of experimental technique led to increasing concern with the methods of art and emphasized the slogan of the nineties, "art for art's sake."

Even for writers who continued to deal with the problems of man in his world, the emphasis shifted under the influence of Ibsen and Butler to an individualistic point of view. The novel became iconoclastic in its attack on social institutions, marriage, the family, the church, the state. But the individual himself under intense scrutiny revealed contradictions hitherto unsuspected. Human character was increasingly pictured as a chaos of incongruities, the normal man evolving into a mass of pathological potentialities. Among the literary values more and more subject to depreciation was the self. "Be yourself," was Ibsen's message. "Well," replies Mr. Aldous Huxley,

"I try to be sincerely myself, that is to say, I try to be sincerely all the numerous people who live inside my skin and take their turn in being master of my fate."

This development was immensely forwarded by psychological research, emphasizing in human character the place of the unconscious, defined by Lawrence as "that essential unique nature of every individual creature which is by its very nature unanalyzable, indefinable, inconceivable. It cannot be conceived; it can only be experienced in every single instance." The effort of fiction to deal with experience in a detail which eludes classification is indicated by Mr. H. S. Peterson in his account of Mr. Conrad Aiken's novel *Blue Voyage* as "not so much a unitary work of art as a melancholy *cauchemar* of ghosts and voices, a phantasmagoric world of disordered sounds and colors, a world without design or purpose, and perceptible only in terms of the prolix and the fragmentary."

These are, of course, merely instances of a tendency which is obvious. Fiction has become increasingly introvert and disconnected from the flow of general life. The natural sciences in so far as they have conditioned contemporary writing have reënforced this separation. The author, returning to the ivory tower, shares the tendency of his material, which more and more has become autobiographical, developing methods dependent upon private association and eccentric reaction. The result is evident in techniques which impose upon the reader an effort unprecedented in fiction—the work of James Joyce in Eng-

land and William Faulkner in America are examples of the necessity laid upon the reader to grapple first with the author's medium before coming to grips with his import.

The willingness to be incomprehensible has been even more clearly manifest in poetry than in prose. Mr. Max Eastman in his book, *The Literary Mind*, scathingly likens exponents of what he calls "The Cult of Unintelligibility" to children soliloquizing in public, in a jargon no one else can understand. M. Lanson less violently observes:

"The laws which preside over the relation of words have had as their end, up to now, the intelligible; the new schools have wished that they should have as their end the emotional. To group words not according to logic, to realize a sense perceptible to all, but according to sensation, to manifest an impression perceived for the poet alone, has been the end more or less consciously pursued."

So far as the mere facts are concerned, such criticism is valid. Even discounting the accelerating response of the public to new techniques, which makes the incomprehensible of one generation easily understood by the next, there is no doubt that communication between reader and writer is at low ebb in the writing labeled "modernist." The tendency is but a natural symptom of a psychological state induced by acute consciousness of frustration and bewilderment in a world where man is no longer at home.

This attitude of literature, its repudiation of material which connects the individual with the outside world, its attenuation of meaning, its indifference to communication, above all its preoccupation with itself, is a phenomenon

parallel to that skepticism in philosophy which since the Renaissance has not ceased its disintegrating criticism of knowledge. Both are expressions of the same discouragement, rendered acute by disappointment with the results of science, the inadequacy of instruments to conquer the unknown, the lack of any positive relation between man's consciousness and the cosmic process which includes it. Obviously one reaction to the unknowable is to ignore its existence; one reaction to an unmeaning universe is to mean as little as possible in dealing with it. Much modern poetry has direct affinity with the solipsism of the romantic philosopher cherishing his solitary dream of the world. But in any situation there are three ways of meeting the issue: to evade, to stand pat, or to attack. Already philosophy, schooled by the physical sciences, is preparing to enter the field: it is abandoning infinite assumptions, discarding absolute goals and extending the experimental method to all human interests. "The function of perception and natural science," says Dr. Santayana in *Scepticism and Animal Faith*, from which I have borrowed my title this afternoon, "is not to flatter the sense of omniscience in an absolute mind, but to dignify animal life by harmonizing it in action and thought with its conditions. . . . What matters is that science should be integrated with art, and that the arts should substitute the dominion of man over circumstances. . . . for the dominion of chance."

Such contemporary writers as Mr. Aldous Huxley and Mr. T. S. Eliot can by no means be convicted of failing to integrate science with art, though not to the end indi-

cated by Dr. Santayana. Their integration of the two has only tended to confirm the tendency to helpless withdrawal. Mr. Eastman's reiterated complaint that the modern writer ignores science must be amended; he has heeded scientific data and been overwhelmed by them. Even for purposes of art the defeatism represented by the typical science-conscious writers of today offers resources that must soon be exhausted. In the realm of actual experience their point of view is yet more sterile. What is needed is not further study of scientific fact, but an emulation of the intrepidity with which the scientist meets the crumbling of the foundations on which the structure of his belief has been reared. The pendulum seems to have swung as far as possible toward the inaction of despair; the only direction left would appear to be a return toward something more constructive, whether the pragmatic acceptance urged by Professor John Dewey, or such a mellow stoicism as seems to be foreshadowed in the poetry of Mr. George Dillon. Either course indicates that it will be possible for man to accept the implications of science without renouncing the demands of his own nature for affirmation and action.

This is the consummation toward which Dr. Santayana looks in the passage quoted. The basis upon which it is to be achieved is the quality which he distinguishes from philosophic skepticism by the term "animal faith," which he defines as "the faith I live by day by day." This faith is part of human nature, depending on the fact that "man is an animal in a material and social world." He con-

tinues to expound this faith. "In regard to the original articles of the animal creed—that there is a world, that there is a future, that things sought can be found, and things seen can be eaten—no guarantee can possibly be offered. . . . But while life lasts, in one form or another this faith must endure." "All the animals trust their senses and live: philosophy would persuade man alone not to trust them, and if he was consistent, to stop living."

I trust that the application which I have in mind of this doctrine to the arts, and especially literature, will be clear without long exposition. It is, in brief, that there is a definite body of material prescribed to literature today. That material is the experience of man in the world. It is true that human experience has been the subject matter of literature in the past, but usually of minor forms and subsidiary to so-called higher interests. Today this subject matter, properly recognized as knowledge, is invested with a new and compelling importance. If theology and science alike have failed to sustain man in his sense of unique significance in the scheme of things, he has only his own experience as a body of material upon which his consciousness can work to elicit values of living. This pursuit of significance had taken place in the past in a world outside of experience, a world which no longer exists. Within experience itself must in future take place those activities which will give to man's career on earth the enrichment and dignity that justify it to finite ends. "By experience," says Dr. Santayana, "I understand a fund of wisdom gathered by living. . . . I think it mere mockery

to use the word experience for what is not learning or gathering knowledge of facts. . . . Experience presupposes intent and intelligence, and it also implies. . . . a natural world in which it is possible to learn to live better by practising the arts."

In this falling back of humanity upon animal faith, upon experience and its lessons, it is clear that literature has a function which cannot be fulfilled by abolishing substance, by repudiating meaning and avoiding communication, by dealing with experience at one remove or treating the individual as if he alone experienced in an isolated world. The contemplation of art in its relation to life leads directly to a contemplation of life in the living. If experience is to be the substance of art, then experience itself must be enriched; if experience is trusted to furnish meanings, then primary experience itself must be improved; and if the most imperative extension of experience, in the event that civilization shall be saved, is social integration, then experience must be communicated.

Enrichment of man's experience is a function of the fine arts. There is no doubt that the resources of mankind in this direction are, if not infinite, at least immeasurable. As I have said, our common culture is largely literary. The very obvious growth of appreciation of music, painting, sculpture, indicates that these other arts will share to a far greater extent in the culture of the future than in that of the past. Literature is peculiarly fitted to act as mediator between the other arts and man's apprehension of them, to introduce them more widely into

his experience.' For literature remains the art most immediate to his rational faculty: man is a thinking animal and it is part of human nature to demand meaning. It is not the mission of literature to impose its special form of intellectual imagination on the other fine arts—we have had too much literary painting, sculpture, and music. The literary imagination differs essentially from the pictorial, the sculptural, the musical imagination. To these latter, material is valuable in proportion as it lends itself to translation into the language peculiar to each. While it is certain that literature will constantly gain aesthetic values through its penetration by the other fine arts, examples of which come to mind in recent poetry and fiction, this is far from saying that literature, in subordinating its material to a technique borrowed from another art, can find justification in limiting itself to plastic values, or sound, or color—in seeking to become music or painting.

Enrichment of experience by art may take place in a declining civilization, in a dying world. The colors of autumn are more brilliant than those of spring; there is a fascination in decay. But such enrichment is temporary and individual, for it is in contradiction to one of the most masterful impulses of animal faith, that of survival. Experience for most men can never be satisfying except as it moves toward the realm of further experience, through more harmonious relations with environment. This again is the function of art, the organization of experience toward the improvement of man's lot on earth. Throughout the quotations which I have drawn so copiously from Dr.

Santayana, you may have noticed the undercurrent of belief in improvement. He speaks of "the waxing faith of an animal living in a world which he can observe and *sometimes remodel*." Particularly does he speak of living better by practicing the arts, and of using the arts "to substitute the dominion of man over circumstances for the dominion of chance." This is strikingly similar doctrine to that of certain philosophers with whom Dr. Santayana finds himself frequently in disagreement—the Pragmatists. "All art," says Professor Dewey, "is a process of making the world a different place in which to live." "The history of human experience is a history of the development of the arts." And again, "Art is the sole alternative to luck."

Mr. Havelock Ellis is more specific in attributing social force to the aesthetic impulse. Not only is art in his conception "the sum of the active energies of mankind," "the moulding force of every culture that man has produced"; more than this, art sharpens experience by bringing us into contact with "the reality of things behind the veil of convention which is the result of simplification and classification for intellectual purposes." And what is greatly to the purpose of the world today, it trains the aesthetic instinct to counteract the possessive, for the aesthetic instinct gives us "the power of enjoying things without being reduced to the need of possessing them."

In promoting this social function of art, literature again has a primary responsibility. Indeed Ruskin when he began to teach art at Oxford found it his first work to set about the creation of a society in which a worthy art was

possible, and his tool was literature. Nor can it be doubted that literature will profit by contribution to the value of life through social integration. If experience is the proper subject of literature, the enrichment and improvement of experience will be of direct benefit to literature, which will move to its own fulfillment as activity by bringing along with itself a release of further activities.

I am not speaking especially of the literature directed primarily to social criticism, though I am far from admitting such direction as a shortcoming and a reproach. In the late nineteenth century that impulse was one of the strongest motives behind the literature characteristic of the period represented by Carlyle and Mill, by Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, by Disraeli, Dickens, Kingsley, and Mrs. Gaskell among the novelists; by Mrs. Browning, Swinburne, and Morris among the poets. It is the notable distinction of the Edwardians, of Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Shaw, to have revived that tradition. I do not feel that literature has in the long run lost literary values by the effort, consciously put forward, to spread a sense of these values and of other values of living more widely among men. I believe on the contrary that it has gained in robustness and energy by the possession of purpose. I think it a hopeful sign for literature and for society on which literature depends that the younger literary people in the United States are becoming a social force. As the line is drawn more sharply between the writers who have a social point of view and those who aspire to a purity of aesthetic which excludes not only purpose but

meaning, I am forced to ask myself whether, in event of the social changes which it is granted on all sides are imminent and necessary, the future historian of literature will not consider the former group of more importance than the latter. I am speaking, however, not specifically of novels of purpose or poems of social protest, but of literature in general, which accepts the reality of the world of human beings and experience and knowledge. To literature in this sense the primary function will be communication. And "communication" as Professor Dewey reminds us, "is an immediate enhancement of life enjoyed for its own sake"; and again, "shared experience is the greatest of human goods."

That communication is fundamental in the enjoyment and improvement of our lot in this world, which we perceive and live in by virtue of our common animal faith, who will deny?

At present for most of us the faculty of communication does not extend even to our fellowmen beyond the bounds of our race, our nationality, especially our class. Disraeli, in his famous and terrible arraignment of class division, points out that the two nations over which Queen Victoria ruled, the rich and the poor, are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings as if they were inhabitants of different planets; that there is no intercourse between them, and hence, no sympathy or understanding. Class separation is the wound in the side of civilization from which the lifeblood of humanity is ebbing. Readers of Tolstoy's *What to Do?* will recall his statement of the

difficulty he found in meeting men of another class than his own, how "on looking at our lives, or at the lives of rich people, from without, I saw that all that is considered as the *summum bonum* of these lives consists in being separated as much as possible from the poor, or is in some way or other connected with this desired separation."

That art may be one of the forces which keep classes apart is unhappily true. As Morris declares in one of his lectures: "Until something or other is done to give all men some pleasure for the eyes and rest for the mind in the aspect of their own and their neighbors' houses, until the contrast is less disgraceful between the fields where beasts live and the streets where men live, I suppose that the practice of the arts must be mainly kept in the hands of a few highly cultivated men, who can go often to beautiful places, whose education enables them, in the contemplation of the past glories of the world, to shut out from their view the everyday squalors that the most of men move in." But that art may be the means of bridging the gap between classes, nations, and even races, is the revelation of the period after the World War. In Russia, Germany, Austria, Great Britain, there is today a proletarian art which shows its potency in the breaking down of class barriers, in bringing people of different backgrounds to speak the same language, to share experience on a common basis. One of the most notable examples of a shared experience and a common understanding among nations is seen in the literature of the war. From every country there comes the same cry of disgust and horror, from

Barbusse, Rolland, Latzko, Remarque, Arnold Zweig, Markowitz, Montague, Mary Lee, and many more. The Honorable Frank Kellogg has not outlawed war; it may be that literature has done it. Again, in such progress as we have made toward bringing together two races in this country, it is not the material advance of the colored that has counted most, but their art. I am not prepared to defend Tolstoy's definition of art, with all its rigorous exclusions; but I submit that in the present crisis of humanity his emphasis is right when he says: "Art is not, as the metaphysicians say, the manifestation of some mysterious Idea of beauty, or God; it is not, as the aesthetical physiologists say, a game in which man lets off his excess of stored-up energy; it is not the expression of man's emotions by external signs; it is not the production of pleasing objects; and above all, it is not pleasure; but it is a means of union among men, joining them together in the same feelings, and indispensable for the life and progress toward well-being of individuals and of humanity."

The material of literature is derived from humanity and human experience. It returns, revitalized and reinterpreted, to be received again by human beings and to become once more a part of their experience. In this process the artist is mediator and agent. Surely neither artist nor art can profit by being divorced from the great community which is for both, and in a double sense, the source of life.