13
Beauty

with Elaine Scarry

Michael Hauskeller: In one of his most influential essays, the transhumanist philosopher Nick Bostrom predicts that in the future, when we will all be radically enhanced and thoroughly posthumanised, we are going to enjoy music that is, due to our vastly refined senses and cognitive capacities, 'to Mozart what Mozart is to bad Muzak'.[1] While Bostrom apparently cannot wait to get to that stage, I, for one, find the prospect of Mozart sounding like bad muzak rather off-putting. Why would anyone wish that what now has tremendous value for us over time lose all its value? Why would we wish for the beautiful – Mozart – to be transformed into something ugly or at least indifferent – bad muzak? And how likely is that anyway? What would beauty have to *be* for such a transformation to be possible?

Naturally, this is not about Mozart and whether we find his music beautiful or not. 'Mozart', in Bostrom's analogy, clearly stands for anything we currently hold in high regard not because it is particularly useful, but largely if not solely because it is experienced as beautiful by many people. *Whatever* we regard as beautiful today, Bostrom suggests, strikes us as beautiful *only* because, for one thing, we have not come across anything significantly better yet, and for another, because our senses are not sufficiently developed to perceive its many flaws and imperfections. If we had better music, better paintings, better poems, or altogether better ways of expressing ourselves, if we had better sunsets and spring meadows, as well as a more discerning ear and eye, we would immediately realise how unworthy of our attention and love all the things that we now find beautiful really are. A posthuman poet would no longer feel, when looking at an ancient statue of a Greek god, that he needs to change his life,[2] and his heart would no longer be dancing with the daffodils that he once saw beside a lake,[3] because – being fully aware of their inferiority – he would

have paid no attention to them in the first place. He would have moved on from Greek statues and daffodils.

Yet for this whole scenario to be plausible, we would have to accept certain assumptions about the nature of beauty. Most importantly, we would have to correctly assume that beauty is, by its very nature, *comparative*, in the sense that a beautiful thing (whether it is a material object or something else, perhaps an action or a moment in time, a constellation of things or a situation) is always, unless it is the most beautiful thing that could possibly exist, *more or less* beautiful. This means that for anything that is beautiful, not only can we always find (or at least conceive of) other things that are less beautiful than it and things that are more beautiful, but the things that are less beautiful are also *ugly* (that is, aesthetically worthless) in comparison to it, as the beautiful thing itself is ugly in comparison to all the things that are more beautiful than it. The beauty of a particular thing or event is thus located on a scale that reaches from the ugliest, or least beautiful, to the most beautiful, or least ugly. In this respect, then, beauty would be very much like size. We know that things are not 'large' or 'small' in themselves, but only ever in relation to other things that are, respectively, smaller or larger, and perhaps beauty is just like that. Declaring that something is beautiful would then just be a convenient shorthand for saying that it is more beautiful than most things we know, just as we call things 'large' without qualification when they are larger than we are (say, an elephant) or larger than a thing of that particular kind normally is (a large elephant). But is beauty really like that?

It is no doubt true that we occasionally talk as if it is possible to compare things in terms of their beauty, especially people. Jane is beautiful, but Mary is even more beautiful. The evil queen is the fairest in the land, but Snow White is 'a thousand times more beautiful' than she. We may even feel inclined to compare our beloved to a summer's day and find her more lovely and more temperate.[4] But do such comparisons truly do justice to the phenomenon of beauty? It seems to me that as soon as we start comparing the beauty of one thing or person to that of another we have already lost sight of the beauty that is equally present in both of them. When we look at a beautiful object or listen to a beautiful melody, and become fully *aware* of their beauty, everything else disappears or fades into the background, all other beautiful things included. It is as if nothing else existed. The beauty of that one object fills the entire world, allowing for no comparison and ruling out any possibility of improvement. The beautiful thing is, in its beauty and while we are aware of it, perfect, which is why, just as there can be no grades of perfection (because the less perfect would not be perfect), there can be no

grades of beauty either. The beautiful thing, and that goes for *every* beautiful thing, is literally beyond compare. It is, in a Kantian sense, priceless because its value is absolute, not relative to the value of other things.[5] If that were not so, Mozart's music and other beautiful things would have a very uncertain future.

*

Elaine Scarry: Is it possible that the human species might bring about – or be the recipients of – a transformation in the direction of the good that would be as extreme as the negative transformations we can imagine (annihilation by nuclear weapons, loss of collective culture due to climate catastrophe, subjugation to an array of super-intelligent computers) are bad? Something like this question might have been what initially motivated Nick Bostrom's claims about beauty. If so, his starting point seems entirely right even though his conclusion seems almost entirely wrong. His starting point would be this: the greatest imaginable good that could come to us would have to have something to do with beauty. His conclusion is this: it would be a degree of beauty or a form of beauty that made Mozart by comparison sound grating and coarse. Let me respond to each in turn.

Is it correct to believe that an extreme transformation to humanity in the positive direction would necessarily involve beauty? There does not appear to be a better candidate. Although alternatives can be formulated, almost all of them lead back to beauty. For example, a good that is as good as the imaginably bad is bad might be for all human beings to have greater aliveness – either for all to have longer lives or to have, throughout their lives (regardless of duration), a more fully felt experience of their own aliveness, so much so that they 'live' the equivalent of many lifetimes. But 'greater aliveness' has for many centuries and in many geographies (by ordinary people as well as by theologians, philosophers and poets) been designated almost a synonym for the experience of coming into the presence of the beautiful.

This may be because the beautiful person or tree or mathematical theorem or sunrise brings about a higher level of attention that raises the bar for what counts as perceptual acuity, helping to establish in the perceiver a higher capacity for attention that can then in turn be given to other perceptual objects that previously seemed unremarkable. Or because the beautiful person or thing elicits the desire to protect and preserve it, engaging us in the work of prolonging its survival, whether because it is actually alive, as in the case of a child or a brook, or because,

though not technically alive, it has the quality and claim of 'aliveness', as when one wishes to pass on a poem to successive generations of students or when people all over the world suddenly become alarmed that a canvas stolen from a museum will suffer harm, as though its surface were woundable live tissue rather than inanimate pigment on linen. Or because it affirms not the survival of the beautiful thing but the perceiver's own survival: what exactly is the peculiarly intense pleasure, the sudden bright electric conviction one feels when experiencing beauty if not the heightened assurance that life is good and *must* continue, as in Augustine's description of music as a life-saving plank in the midst of the ocean?[6] In all three explanations, beauty acts as a life pact between the perceiver and the thing perceived.

Another outcome that would be as extreme a transformation in the positive direction as an existential catastrophe would be extreme in the negative direction would be the creation of just relations among all people of the world – a symmetry among family members, neighbours, citizens, nations. But here again we arrive at a vision long recognised as inseparable from beauty, so much so that isolated pockets of beauty in our own imperfect world are often taken to be tokens or promises of our ability to bring about a more just world than we inhabit at present, as when the rainbow is taken as a harbinger of peace,[7] or as when Bertrand Russell speaks of the heavens that lovers and poets have sometimes created as a rehearsal for, or promissory note that we might one day create, an international realm of equal beauty, despite the species' current record of nearly uninterrupted cruelty.[8] If such a state of symmetry and fairness among the world's people were not immediately perceptible as beautiful, or if such symmetry could only be achieved by destroying the natural beauty of earth (eliminating all trees, for example), it would hardly count as a good whose extremity matched the bad extremes presented by the possible nuclear, climate and technological catastrophes.

While it seems clear that any extreme prosperity that came to humanity would have to be bound up with beauty, that prosperity provides no reason why Mozart's music would cease to be regarded as beautiful. Our greater aliveness – and the more just relations we might then go on to achieve as a result of our heightened sensory powers and enlarged brains – would be likely to increase the pleasure of listening to Mozart since, back here in our untransformed world, his compositional genius already enlists us into the very Olympian feats of perception that we hope to achieve, in a more abiding way, in our future state. The fact that he seems to catapult us forward into those future capabilities is part of what we mean when we use the word 'genius' to describe him, just as we call

Shakespeare a genius because one experiences the temporary expansion of one's own intelligence in the very act of hearing his lines.

Although this transformed world will no doubt present us with new objects of beauty, present objects of beauty are unlikely to be eclipsed. Nick Bostrom speaks as though beauty is a drawer of finite dimensions that can only fit a limited number of items. But the hunger for beauty, as Kant says, is inexhaustible and can never be full. Sappho does not cease to be revered when, 25 centuries later, the odes of John Keats become audible or when, 26 centuries later, the compositions of jazz suddenly break across our ears. Even if one of Saturn's rings suddenly migrated to our own planet, it does not seem our bond with the moon, a bond many millennia long, would be severed, just as there are no reports suggesting that the dazzling photographs of other galaxies emerging in recent years have diminished people's ardour for this shady glade or that sun-drenched grove on earth. The destruction of beautiful objects will be the outcome not of positive transformations to humanity but instead of existential catastrophes: even the single most enduring and widely shared object of beauty – the sun – may cease to be regarded as beautiful if the earth reaches burning temperatures; and although climate change may bring many other catastrophes, the potential disappearance of the sun as an object of beauty accurately summarises the scale of the tragedy.

*

Michael Hauskeller: You may be giving too much credit to the transhumanist vision of the wonderful future that supposedly awaits us if only we are bold and determined enough to make some radical changes to our nature. What is valued in that vision is not so much beauty as pleasure, and beauty, if it is recognised at all, is of importance only to the extent that it provides us with pleasurable experiences. Here, beauty is a means, not an end. Yet while being in the presence of beauty can certainly give us great pleasure, there is surely much more to it than that. It is not the fact that it pleases us that *makes* it beautiful, just as it is not the pleasure and appreciation we feel when we witness (or read or hear about) someone doing something really kind for others that makes what they do good. Rather, as with the good, the beautiful provides us with a *reason* to feel pleasure. We feel pleasure *because* there is beauty, and our becoming *aware* of that beauty is what gives us pleasure.

But what exactly is it that we become aware of here? Is it, as you put it, that 'life is good and *must* continue'? (Is it really, and must it?) Does all beauty speak to us of the preciousness of life, or of 'aliveness'? And what

exactly does that mean – 'aliveness'? What we become aware of in beautiful things is certainly something of value, something we strongly feel is worth protecting and preserving. There is a moral imperative here that is an integral part of the experience of beauty. While there is no indication of this ethical dimension in the English word 'beautiful', which originally meant little more than being pleasing to the senses, its German equivalent, the adjective *schön*, initially also meant kind and considerate, and one of the words derived from it is the verb *schonen*, which means to not harm, or in other words to protect and preserve. Incidentally, it is also related to the English noun 'sheen' (radiance, shine), which has on occasion been used as an adjective, at a time when it meant beautiful.

Because experiencing something as beautiful means experiencing it as worthy of our protection, even demanding it, many of us feel a keen sense of loss when a beautiful thing is destroyed, and we are appalled and even morally outraged when this happens. The wanton destruction of beauty is intuitively understood to be an evil. There is thus indeed a perceived connection between the beautiful and the good. At the same time, however, we find it rather difficult to make rational sense of this connection. We tend to think of beauty as a surface phenomenon, as mere appearance. We think of it as something that does not necessarily reflect the reality of things – the true, largely invisible substance of the world. The beautiful can be a distraction; it can serve to conceal the bad, the ugliness beneath. We know that simply because something or someone *looks* good, it doesn't mean they *are* good. We are warned not to judge a book by its cover, not only because the book might actually be a lot better than its tattered and unsightly cover suggests, but also because it might be a lot worse than we are led to believe by its attractive outward appearance. A person can possess an exquisite face and yet have a cruel or treacherous heart, and the magnificent landscape we adore may, on closer inspection, reveal a nature that is red in tooth and claw. It would seem, then, that not everything that is beautiful is also good.[9]

And yet, if that is so, why is beauty so important to us? Because it clearly *is* important. In fact, it seems to me – and I'm sure many would agree – that a world entirely devoid of beauty would not, no matter what it was like in other respects, be a world worth living in. This is what you suggest too. But why is that so? Are we so superficial that we cannot see below the surface, so deluded that we attach more value to the mere appearance of things than to what they truly are? In what sense can beauty, as music was for Augustine, be said to be a 'life-saving plank in the midst of the ocean', when we all know that in any real ocean only real planks, made from something more solid than mere sounds, would

be able to save us? Famously, the band on the Titanic kept playing when the ship began to sink, and there is no doubt beauty in that, but all their playing obviously did not prevent the ship from sinking, nor did it save anyone from drowning. So what, we may wonder, is beauty actually *good* for?

Then again, when we ask that question, we already take it for granted that there is a fundamental difference between the good and the beautiful. It strikes me, though, that you are quite right to suggest that any form of goodness that is lacking in beauty is also lacking in goodness, and vice versa – that any form of beauty that exists *solely* on the surface is deficient not in something else but in *beauty*. 'Beauty' without goodness is not beauty, and 'goodness' without beauty is not goodness.[10] Both are like broken promises, and neither can satisfy us because they fail to be what they claim or strive to be and what we need them to be. (This is what Schiller got right and Kant got wrong.[11]) I said earlier that the beautiful can serve to conceal the 'ugliness beneath'. This is not just a metaphor. There are beautiful and ugly thoughts, feelings and actions just as much as there are beautiful and ugly sounds, images and bodies. The kind act is beautiful, and it is beautiful in its kindness. In calling a deed beautiful we recognise that it goes beyond what we are supposedly morally required to do, perhaps also that it has a different source than a mere sense of duty. That does not make it any less good. If anything, it makes it *more* good, more *comprehensively* good.

But again, what is beauty, what does it *have* to be, if without it life would no longer be worth living and the good would be less good or perhaps not even good at all? The Ancient Greeks, especially the Pythagoreans, saw the world's beauty as a clear indication that it was a *kosmos*: not a random, chaotic conglomeration of things, but an ordered whole, governed by reason, united by harmony and symmetry.[12] Plotinus later claimed that the good radiates beauty, which envelops it like a veil, or an aura of light, indicating that beauty is not surface, that something good and precious shines (or sheens) through it, making itself visible in many different forms and ways.[13]

*

Elaine Scarry: The astonishing plentitude of beautiful things – the ever-increasing plentitude across any individual's lifetime – is indeed a feature not often enough acknowledged. In this it perhaps resembles colour vision. John Dewey says, accurately I believe, that it takes a child several years of actively dealing with the world to be able reliably to discern 'such

gross discriminations as black, white, red, green';[14] yet current neuroscientists tell us that the average adult can distinguish 26,000 colours (and millions if grey tones are included).[15] Over a long lifetime, assuming one is not in pain or surrounded by a damaged environment, more and more moments of the day are interrupted by small explosions of the beautiful.

Like colour, beauty is something we learn to see. Perhaps in childhood it takes work to recognise the first seven instances, but after many years the number may be closer to 26,000, and just as in the realm of colour a painter may, by endless practice, go way beyond the ordinary to become a virtuoso colourist, so those whose everyday practice requires their attention to beauty – say, gardeners, cloud watchers and those who draw – may acquire a virtuoso ability. What's important here are not the numbers (one can add to or subtract zeros from the number given above) but the recognition that beauty – far from demanding that we continually whittle down candidates until we can get to just one – hones our minds to enable us to see ever more instances.

The fact that many beautiful things are 'universally' – or at least 'widely' – shared misleads us into thinking that universality, whether in fact or theory, is a necessary feature. The realm of beautiful objects includes not only those that are widely and enduringly shared across centuries and geographies – such as sky – but things that are specific to small groups of people and to single observers. This plurality or variability in the objects of beauty is another of its benign features: it would be unfortunate if everyone chose the same mate; it would even be unfortunate if everyone chose exactly the same house design. Beauty plays a part in deciding the partner with whom and the room in which one lives. Both shared and unshared objects of beauty, both those that endure across millenia and those that are short lived (the position of a fallen leaf on the sidewalk), work together to affirm the life pact and to push us in the direction of a greater regard for just relations. They together carry out the foundational work of beauty.

Now, when I say beauty is a life pact I understand myself to be speaking literally, as is signalled (but not exhausted) by the three explanations I gave: that beauty provokes a greater acuity of perception, that it provokes in us the care to extend the life of the beautiful thing, and that it affirms our own wish to be alive (as you acknowledge when you say that without it life might not seem worth living). What helps to obscure this key feature is the fact that beauty is often misdescribed – or at least unhelpfully described – as having 'ugliness' as its opposite. Because the word 'ugly' does not for me have an easily graspable meaning in everyday life, it is not one I ordinarily use. A more accurate word for the state that is opposite to beauty seems to be 'injury'.

This opposition was visible a few moments ago when looking at the large frame of human possibility: the alternative for a future humanity between catastrophe (whether brought about by nuclear peril, climate change or runaway artificial intelligence) or instead a transformed realm of greater aliveness and more just relations is surely a stark choice between injury on the one hand and beauty on the other. This same opposition is equally discernible in everyday practice, whether we are contemplating a river, or a person, or a maths theorem, or a painting. It can seem harsh to conclude that any one of these locations is, if badly injured, somehow outside the realm of beauty, as in the case of a polluted river or a soldier whose face has been terribly defaced by an explosion or a painting that is torn. Along the way, the opposition often confronts us with painful consequences that we have to wrestle with and in any given instance may have to overcome. But overall, it is not too much to say the opposition is life-saving.

Part of the work of beauty is to make us unequivocally opposed to injury – to make us not just rationally but irrationally and intuitively opposed. If that were not the case – if we started to persuade ourselves that an injured face or injured tree limb or shattered stained glass window or error-ridden mathematical proof were as beautiful as a noninjured face, tree, window or proof – what would stop us from inflicting injuries on people, windows and trees, and lying about the solution to a maths problem? Community rules? But how did we arrive at those? Our first, visceral instinct when we see someone being injured is to stop it; our first, visceral instinct if we see an injury is to repair it. If a friend ceases to be able to walk, our first obligation is to see if his legs can be repaired, not to persuade him and oneself that his condition is acceptable and lovely. If repair to his body is not possible, we will repair the city by introducing ramps and lifts so that not being able to walk ceases to be an injury.

Beauty is not some ornamental or optional habit of mind: it keeps intact our deep aversion to injury (an aversion to inflicting it; a sense that where it exists, it must be eliminated) and again returns us to and affirms Augustine's beauty as a 'life-saving plank in the midst of the ocean'. You say that in the midst of a roiling ocean only a literal plank – or let's say a sturdy raft or small skiff or a compassionate dolphin – would be life-saving. But surely you don't doubt that the skiff or the dolphin or the sleek and simple plank would appear beautiful to anyone at that moment. I remember a distressful moment when a surgeon was preparing to close a wound on my face; as he hovered over me, studying it, he murmured to himself, 'I see just how to do this'. As I heard him speak I was, though not fully conscious, aware of perceiving his words as one of the most beautiful sentences I had ever heard.

This basic distinction might make someone say: oh, if injury is the opposite of beauty, then is someone one does not perceive as beautiful 'injured'? No. This would be like saying there is a north pole and a south pole, so if something is not at the north pole it must be at the south pole, when in reality it is simply in New York (or any one of thousands of other locations). There can be opposite poles without a gradual ascent and descent between them.

Without even necessarily being aware of it, the existence of beauty keeps intact our aversion to injury. You point out that a beautiful person or landscape might have hidden perils, but there is no claim here that any instance of the beautiful at that moment in time and space is directly linked to an ethical aversion to harm on a one-to-one scale; the workings are diffuse and take place over time and fortunately are assisted by the fact that the world is so full of beauty. It is as much the species as the individual person that is being given an increased chance of surviving (think of the way the beauty of a mate often inspires in the perceiver the desire to have children and so literally keep the species going).

*

Michael Hauskeller: If the opposite of beauty is injury, could we not also start at the other end and say that the opposite of ugliness is (something like) intactness or integrity? I don't quite understand why you think we should avoid talking about ugliness altogether. Isn't it precisely the *ugliness* of the environmental devastation and other forms of destruction you describe – of the polluted river, the torn painting, the injured face – that makes us realise, viscerally, without the need to think about it first, that something has gone badly wrong here? That we need to do something about it, or, better still, make sure things like this don't happen in the first place? If beauty does indeed provoke and keep alive, as you say, a 'deep aversion to injury', doesn't ugliness do this too?

The experience of beauty stimulates the desire to keep the beautiful thing alive and intact, while the experience of ugliness repels us and makes us wish for something different. And just like beauty, ugliness is a positive, absolute quality that we immediately experience as such. Being beautiful or ugly is not just a matter of degree. There may be many things that are neither beautiful nor ugly, but ugliness is not just a lesser degree of beauty, just as evil is not just a lesser degree of goodness. They are not on the same scale. This is what Bostrom gets wrong. Plato, incidentally, makes the same mistake in his *Greater Hippias* when he has his Socrates insist that there must be one single property, beauty, that all beautiful

things have in common, but which they possess in different degrees: the most beautiful pot is, he says, ugly in comparison with a beautiful girl, and the beautiful girl is ugly in comparison with a goddess.[16] What he fails to realise (in contrast to Socrates' seemingly naïve opponent Hippias, who seems incapable of making the mental leap from the concrete to the abstract, the particular to the universal, that Socrates demands) is that those things are very different in nature, which is why their beauty – that which makes them beautiful – is also very different in each case, and accordingly also what makes them ugly. There is not one scale for all.

This does not necessarily mean that we do not all have the same standards of beauty (although different ones for different kinds of things) or that beauty is, as they say, in the 'eye of the beholder', which is what you seem to be suggesting when you say that beauty is not universal in the sense that there are things that are beautiful only for a few or perhaps even for one person only. To use your examples, why is this person, or this house, beautiful to me, but not beautiful to you – why does is make me feel more alive, but not you – if their beauty is a quality that they truly possess rather than one that either of us may or may not attribute to an object, depending solely on our individual circumstances and predispositions? Of course, one of us may be wrong, and blind to the beauty that is actually there, while the other is open to it, so that beauty would be something that is *revealed* to the attentive observer rather than merely projected onto things.

I am not sure this is what you mean, though. You say that the plank in the ocean is likely to appear beautiful to anyone whose life depends on it, which would suggest that beauty is, at least in this instance, situational, perhaps even utilitarian. The plank appears beautiful to the drowning man not because of what it is, but because of what it can do for him. It is beautiful not because it is 'sleek and simple', but because it can save his life. (I suppose a plank that is *not* sleek and simple will be just as beautiful to him as long as it is up to the job of saving him.) So presumably if I were not in that kind of situation, if my life did not depend on it, then I might very well not find it beautiful at all. And the same goes for the skiff or the dolphin.

Yet if the beauty of an object does indeed depend on who encounters it and in what circumstances they do so, then is it not possible, for some, to find beauty precisely in injury? I am thinking of people like Lord John Talbot who in Shakespeare's *Henry VI* swears to revenge himself on the French, vowing to, as Nero is supposed to have done, 'play on the lute, beholding the towns burn',[17] or the Italian poet Filippo Marinetti who in his *Futurist Manifesto*, written in 1909, celebrates the beauty of

aggression, violence and destruction, glorifying war and 'the beautiful ideas which kill' and wishing for a 'strong healthy injustice' and more cruelty and hatred, and all of this apparently for the sake of achieving greater aliveness. It would seem, then, that some people's life pact is quite compatible with the injuring of others.

*

Elaine Scarry: The extreme of pluralism you assign to me – a kind of free-for-all without constraint – is far from my view. In saying that beauty is the opposite of injury – that it prohibits us from inflicting it and presses us to repair it – I place a constraint on what constitutes the beautiful. I can object to the Italian Futurist's will to injure (as can even the radical aesthetic pluralist) and I can equally object to his mis-recognition of beauty. During recent decades, when humanists – in literature, art history, architecture, painting – were cultivating the practice of indifference to beauty, they sometimes attributed their repudiation to the fact that Hitler was beauty-loving. This startling phenomenon may be the last vestige of Hitler's ability to get others to carry out his will: he describes himself as a beauty lover and 70 years later some sprinkling of people in the United States and on the European continent continue to accept his self-description. Imagine if a man were to break the legs of a thousand dancers while holding up a postcard of a Degas dancer and shouting out his commitment to ballet. Should we hold our heads and ponder the puzzle of how a ballet lover could inflict such cruelty, or should we instead recognise the simple emptiness of his claim to love ballet?

If beauty works to diminish injury, should we, you ask, say it is utilitarian? If by utilitarian you mean that a given phenomenon has a consequence, that the consequence entails increased happiness, and that the increased happiness can potentially be distributed across the earth, then yes, beauty is utilitarian. The term would then also apply to most historical accounts of beauty. If the beautiful causes wings to sprout from our shoulder blades and incites us to remember the immortality of the soul, as Socrates claims in *Phaedrus*,[18] that would be utilitarian; if the beautiful brings 'pleasure in the realm of hearing and seeing that is beneficial', as Socrates eventually concludes in *Greater Hippias*,[19] that would be utilitarian; if the integrity, proportion and *claritas* of the face of Jesus give Christian believers a greater access to God and the Holy Spirit, as Aquinas counsels in *Summa Theologica*,[20] that would be, for that community of believers, utilitarian; if beauty brings about an 'unselfing' as I – following Simone Weil and Iris Murdoch[21] – hold, that would be utilitarian.

The work of beauty to diminish injury, to diminish the near synonym injustice, is a cause–effect dyad that drifts across populations and centuries rather than something like a light-switch that one can without fail point to in any solitary perceiver. At the same time, there are countless moments when the straightforward light-switch is apprehensible, as one may feel on one's own pulse. An experiment that took place in Sweden in 1984 showed that hospital patients whose rooms looked out onto a grove of trees recovered from their operations more quickly and required less pain medication than those whose windows faced a brick wall;[22] in 2012, one journal reported that 1,200 subsequent medical studies had confirmed this outcome.[23] This consequence has in turn had another major consequence: a greatly intensified focus on architectural beauty in the design of new hospitals. Both architectural and medical magazines now often feature articles with titles such as 'Ten most beautiful hospitals in the country'.

The healing in all these studies was physical, but a kindred possibility of repair may take place in the realm of the psyche. Architectural designs for some new European prisons now stress ample window light and gardens. Recently, a researcher at Berkeley observed what happened when he dropped a box of pens on the sidewalk after asking one group of students to look up into the high canopy of eucalyptus trees and another group of students to look at the wall of a building; those in the first group more often sprang to his assistance in collecting the spilled pens.[24]

You question my resistance to the word 'ugly'. You used the word a moment ago – providing contexts in which it was almost a synonym for injury – and to this I have no objection. But often the word is used in everyday conversation in a way that is misleading – literally: it leads the speaker down a path where he may falsify himself and the object he a moment ago was looking at. When he describes someone or something as 'ugly', he distances himself from what he is describing by pronouncing himself superior to it; whereas when he describes someone or something as 'injured', he distances himself from the wound but not from the site of the wound, whether it is a person or a tree. Whenever Socrates in *Greater Hippias* pronounces a maiden or a horse or a pot 'ugly', my classicist colleague Greg Nagy gives the alternative translation 'repulsive'. That visceral word is implicit in the word 'ugly'.[25] What is beautiful attracts – we wish to prolong our stay with it; what is ugly repels – it makes us want to get away as quickly as possible. Both 'injury' and 'ugliness' elicit in us the feeling of aversion, but only in the second case do we run away (and adopt the posture of disdain while running). If instead of a maiden or a horse or a pot we are speaking about a moral action – an act of cruelty,

for example – then I am more likely to agree to use the word 'ugly' in describing it; now flight and self-preservation seem appropriate (though even here, I may be succumbing to the self-congratulatory pleasure of judgemental disdain).

In resisting the word 'ugly', I do not suppose that it will fall out of use, since it is a time-honoured word for designating whatever is far from the realm of beauty. When in our conversation I first rejected the word, I only wished to note that it seldom has meaning for me. When Socrates says the beautiful pot once placed in the company of a beautiful maiden will now appear ugly, what does this mean? I remember a large, two-handled Attic wine cup in the Berlin State Museum; on it, a satyr pushes a maiden on a swing, and there is an inscription: 'Oh, Beautiful'.[26] Now I bring to mind a particular living woman who, whenever I see her, without fail strikes me as extraordinary in her beauty. I now place the wine cup in her presence; even if my attention is more caught up in the countenance of the living woman, I don't know what it means to say that the cup now appears ugly, just as when I imagine the woman standing by the side of Thetis, the flashing light of the goddess may rivet my attention, but the woman's appearance hasn't altered in a way that the word 'ugly' assists me in grasping.

Perhaps *Greater Hippias* provides too easy an example of the vacancy of the word (and we do not know for certain that Plato is the author). However, there are many other works where sentences containing the word 'ugly' make little concrete sense until, as one presses on, one comes to see that injury or diminished aliveness is entailed, as when Plato allies the word with other adjectives – 'ugly, sick, and weak' – or when Plotinus speaks of ugliness as 'torn', 'encrusted', 'perishable'.[27] If Plato in *Greater Hippias* had said the pot that seemed so alive now next to the maiden looks unalive, as the maiden next to the flashing goddess looks unalive, we could begin to follow what might be at stake. As Diotima counsels, that which is beautiful quickens; that which is at a far remove from beauty does not.[28]

*

Michael Hauskeller: Yes, no doubt the experience of beauty can have that effect on people. It can indeed be health- and sanity-restoring. In his book *At the Will of the Body*, Arthur Frank, reflecting on his battle with cancer and with the pain that came with it, remembers how, in a moment of utter despair, beauty came to the rescue: 'Making my way upstairs,' he writes, 'I was stopped on the landing by the sight – the vision really – of a

window. Outside the window I saw a tree, and the streetlight just beyond was casting the tree's reflection on the frosted glass. Here suddenly was beauty, found in the middle of a night that seemed to be only darkness and pain. Where we see the face of beauty, we are in our proper place, and all becomes coherent.'[29] While the pain he was in threatened to undermine the coherence of his life, that sudden, unexpected encounter with beauty restored, at least for a while, that coherence, and not, as he writes, 'because I dissociated myself from my body, but rather because I associated myself beyond my body'.[30] His pain was still there, but it mattered less because his encounter with beauty made him care again for things and people other than himself. Beauty, then, became indeed, as Iris Murdoch would have said,[31] an occasion for unselfing that, paradoxically, gives the one who experiences it a reason to want to go on living.

I want to believe that this is what beauty is and does. And yet, it seems that some people (perhaps a lot more than we would like) are 'quickened' and made to feel more alive by violence and destruction. Why else would they seek it out? Why would so many of us delight in watching it or reading about it, and fewer but still too many delight in causing it? This is why earlier on I cited Marinetti's glorification of war and mechanisation, which you attribute to a mis-recognition of beauty, meaning that when he and others talk about the beauty of violence, destruction and dehumanisation, we should not take them at their word because these things are *in fact* not beautiful at all. But why can they not be? Should we deny that they can make anyone feel more alive? That is precisely what they seem to do. You are right, of course, that the actions of someone who claims to love something but destroys it anyway (as in your example of the man who claims to 'love' ballet and yet breaks the legs of ballet dancers) is putting the lie to his words. What he does seems to blatantly contradict what he says. But Marinetti does not claim to love the things he wants to see violated and destroyed. Rather, he claims to love violence and destruction itself. And *that* is also what he thinks and feels is beautiful. So if there is a contradiction here, it is not the contradiction of the hypocrite. What is it, then?

You suggest that calling a mass murderer like Hitler a lover of beauty is somehow conceptually incoherent – that someone who was able to instigate and condone so much horror and human misery cannot *possibly* have loved beauty, and perhaps you are right. But what does that mean exactly? We can easily imagine Hitler or someone like him greatly enjoying and admiring the sight of the Alps or the music of, say, Wagner or Beethoven, or other things that many people would agree really *are* beautiful.[32] Surely, this is not out of the question. And again, if there is

a contradiction here, it is not the contradiction of someone who claims to love what they destroy. Perhaps Hitler only destroyed the things and people he didn't love and didn't find beautiful. It seems to me that if we want to insist that despite appearing to love some beautiful things he did not *really* love beauty, we need to assume, contrary to what I suggested in my previous response, that all beauty is connected and shares a common essence, so that our sense of it cannot be limited to particular incarnations of it. Accordingly, if someone has what it takes to appreciate beauty, they will appreciate it *wherever and in whatever form* it appears, and if they don't, we can be sure that whatever they experience is not the experience of beauty.

If for instance you see beauty in an art form such as ballet and love it because it is beautiful, it would not only make no sense for you to disable the dancers, because you cannot have the one without the other; doing so would also demonstrate your failure to understand that the beauty of the dance *is*, at least in part, the beauty of the dancers, so you cannot value the one without also valuing the other. And if you value it, you cannot possibly want to destroy or damage it. Similarly, if the experience of beauty makes us discover and affirm the value of life and aliveness, then we should expect that our appreciation extends to *all* life and would not be consistent with its selective destruction.

Perhaps this is why when Marinetti praises the beauty of destruction, we suspect a linguistic perversion: the destruction that he praises and professes to love is ultimately the destruction of beauty or of beautiful things. What he voices in his *Futurist Manifesto*, then, is not his love of beauty at all, but on the contrary his hatred of it, which of course would suggest that we can experience beauty without necessarily loving it. We are odd creatures, quite capable of hating and wishing to destroy what we know we ought to love, cherish and protect. 'Oft, in a garden seeking rest/', writes Baudelaire in his *Les Fleurs du Mal*:

> I dragged my sluggish atony,
> And felt the bitter irony
> Of Sunlight tearing at my breast;
>
> And springtime's green magnificence
> Cast such despair upon my heart
> That on a flower I, did impart
> Revenge for Nature's insolence.[33]

*

Elaine Scarry: Baudelaire's poem 'To one who is too gay' illuminates the pathology you seek to diagnose. The speaker in the poem candidly tells us he is a 'coward'. He 'creeps' through the world, 'dragging' his slack body. He kills the beautiful flower not only because it is itself so alive – 'verdant' and full of 'springtime' – but because it threatens to awaken him. So, too, he wishes to whip, rape and 'infuse with venom' the woman whose limbs glow and whose dress flows with colour because the sight of her aliveness threatens to 'dazzle' him into new life. Given the essential grounding of beauty in the life pact, it is not clear to me how we can increase our comprehension of its nature by focusing – as you ask us to do – on those who choose to bring about death or who keep themselves in a near-death state by eliminating from the face of the earth the very things that call out on behalf of life, such as lovely flowers and persons, and all the things Marinetti enumerates in the Tenth Article of his *Futurist Manifesto*: 'We want to demolish museums and libraries, fight morality and feminism.'

Can we comprehend X (beauty) by tracking those who flaunt their indifference to X or who parade their commitment to not-X? We can surely learn something from them. But what? Perhaps the extremes to which human beings will go to prove that they are free of both cultural and natural constraints: to violate a rule or a custom, there may be only modest freedom in that; to flaunt one's disregard for the call of beauty and aliveness – surely to accomplish that, they may reason, would be the triumph of the will!

I do not contest the importance of thinking about Hitler and Marinetti, only the importance of thinking about them as a path toward understanding beauty. My book *The Body in Pain* dedicates many pages to trying to understand how one person can stand in the presence of another person in pain and not know it, not know it so completely that the person himself inflicts the pain and then luxuriates in that infliction. The incontestable reality of the injured human body can be lifted away from the hurt person and – in part because it shuts down an onlooker's capacity to think – can be attached to a regime or idea or claim at that moment so feeble it lacks any form of legitimate substantiation. One may hold up a placard that says 'here is beauty' and the vivid spectacle of gore may seem to confirm the very thing it clearly contradicts, just as to the eyes of the torturer the terribly hurt body of the prisoner certifies how important the regime and its questions are, even when it is precisely because the regime has so little support that it has resorted to torture. So, too, the postcard of Degas waved over the fallen dancers may seem to confirm what a clear-thinking person can see it contradicts, just as a kite inscribed with the words 'we love Beethoven' and flown over a concentration camp may

lead the aghast onlooker to mistake the undeniable reality of the injury for the undeniable truth of the paper-thin proclamation. Even fairytales counsel us that the overpowering reality of a naked body (not now a wounded body but merely one unclothed) can be used to confer the spectre of validation on a false claim: thus the crowd applauds the emperor's finely spun clothes at the very moment he appears before them wearing nothing.[34] This phenomenon of analogical verification deserves a conversation but not our conversation about beauty.

Beauty has an essential structure. It recruits the perceiver into a life pact, and stands with the perceiver in opposition to injury. It is this structure that is universal across geographies and centuries, not the objects of beauty. These in contrast are variable, plastic, often changing even in the field of vision of a single individual. The plurality of beautiful things is one I believe we agreed to (though a moment ago you seemed briefly to countenance the idea that universal agreement may be required). The fact that some beautiful things *are* universally shared – as I argued earlier – misleads us into thinking that such universality is a requirement.

The more something is tied up with the literal fact of survival the more likely it is to be a universally esteemed object of beauty. Is there anyone in any century who has failed to be astonished by the beauty of water, whether in a brook or a waterfall, a mist lying in a mountain valley or lifted into high white clouds, a snowflake on one's sleeve, beads of rain on the leaves of Lady's Mantle? Is there anyone who has not remarked on the beauty of air as it becomes visible in the lift of someone's hair or scarf, or moves through meadow grass or tree canopy, or becomes audible in a flute or a baby's breathing or the downward double-noted spiral of a veery's song? Every person on earth at some point stands spellbound to watch the sun rise or set on the horizon. People salute its beauty even in their final moments of life, as my mother did, suddenly pointing to sun-cast shadows of leaves on her bedroom wall and faintly exclaiming 'Look! Look!' – just as centuries ago a dying Oedipus said, 'O sunlight . . . This is the last my flesh will feel of you'[35] and the young girl Polyxena described the path to her execution as her small remaining corridor of sunlight.[36]

Does something have to be allied with survival to be universally saluted for its beauty? Can a human-made object elicit or deserve universal acknowledgment? Shakespeare is far from universally revered but at least his work provides the idea of plausible universality. Perhaps the widespread adulation he elicits means we can elevate to the status of a life principle something that strictly speaking is not needed to survive, or perhaps it means that it *is* needed to survive: that we need to find among the plural objects those we can work to agree to, and that, in the end,

our survival will depend on heightening our ability to agree. Perhaps Shakespeare and other widely revered artworks give us practice at entering into collective agreements – not in the end a signed covenant to love *A Midsummer Night's Dream* but to dismantle the world's nuclear architecture and the practices that are causing the earth to warm. Without such universal accords, we almost certainly will not survive.

As for the plural objects of beauty – let us call them the Myriad Variables after the Cepheid Variables that enabled astronomers to measure the distance from earth to stars – two questions remain unanswered. First, the one you have twice raised: what if a person's or landscape's outer beauty is unmatched by its inner beauty? Does that mean that the outer beauty is itself false, deceptive, cruel? I think the answer is certainly no. A young man's physical beauty may alert a person to her demand for inner beauty – that is a gift even if the young man himself cannot satisfy that demand. She may not even have realised she was looking for a just person until she saw his physical beauty, and then felt disappointed not to discover moral beauty at the same location. Perhaps she will eventually find someone with both outer and inner beauty, or perhaps she will find someone with inner beauty and an unremarkable exterior that might have led her to overlook the person, had the physically beautiful scoundrel not awakened her to her hunger for inner beauty. So, too, with the earth. If a field of wildflowers or a city avenue of sycamore trees hides landmines, its countenance is not at fault for the landmines and, along with all the other beautiful places on earth, it helps us to recognise the deep horror of such objects as well as all other genres of cruelty.

The second question about the plurality of beautiful objects concerns their strange conflation of self and selflessness. The sudden rush of pleasure one feels when confronted with someone or something beautiful – which is the way the daily re-signing of the life pact is felt on one's pulse – can be highly individualised. We saw this with the fact that we each choose a different mate or house, but even the leaf on the sidewalk need not, either in practice or theory, arrest the attention of every passerby because the intricate network of experiences of plants and trees, shapes and colours, things above one's head and beneath one's feet have made this particular person eligible to hear this one leaf ring the bell; their coming together may be as finely honed as a lock and key, or a space capsule docking at a space station. But now if a Myriad Variable can be so specific to a single person's psyche (or to the people of a single region), is it strange that it simultaneously brings about an unselfing? Does it unweave the very self it so carefully and intricately matched? Perhaps it (at least for a moment) disperses just the cluttered and irrelevant part of

the self and addresses the part that is on course to stay alive, or perhaps it (again, at least for a moment) unweaves even this essential self, so the possibility of being open, renewed and differently woven is a possibility.

It may be that the universal objects of beauty should also be given a name, such as the M Constants, as a way of acknowledging that – though unvarying and unexceptional – they still, like the Myriad Variables, arrive in a way that seems marvellous or miraculous, accompanied by the never-before-in-the-history-of-the-world feeling we acknowledged at the outset.

Notes

1. Bostrom, 'Why I want to be posthuman when I grow up', 112.
2. Rilke's 'Archaic torso of Apollo' (*Selected Poems*, 92–3) ends, famously, with the line: 'You must change your life.'
3. This is how Wordsworth (*Poems*, 49–50) ends his poem 'I wandered lonely as a cloud': 'And then my heart with pleasure fills,/ And dances with the daffodils.'
4. William Shakespeare, Sonnet 18: 'Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?/ Thou art more lovely and more temperate.'
5. According to Kant (*Foundations*, 60), human beings have dignity, which he defined as an absolute, non-comparative value, in contrast to all other things (and other living beings), which only have a relative value, that is to say, a price: 'Whatever has a price can be replaced by seomthing else as its equivalent.'
6. *De Musica* xiv, 46. For an English translation see Augustine, *Selections from 'De Musica'*, 196. For the Latin see Augustinus, *De Musica*, 226. A more recent philosopher allying beauty and aliveness is Kant. Rudolf A. Makkreel shows Kant's under-recognised stress on the association in *Imagination and Interpretation in Kant,* 11–12n7, 87, 89, 92, 100, 101–4.
7. Genesis 9:13–15.
8. Russell, *Has Man a Future?*, 14.
9. For a discusson of the conjunction of beauty and evil in art see, for instance, Devereaux, 'Beauty and evil'.
10. For an interesting attempt to connect beauty and goodness, featuring a 'moral theory of beauty' and a corresponding 'aesthetic theory of virtue', see McGinn, *Ethics, Evil, and Fiction*.
11. See Tauber, 'Aesthetic education for morality'.
12. See Horky, *Cosmos in the Ancient World*.
13. Plotinus, *Enneads*, 1.6.
14. Dewey, *Human Nature and Conduct*, 31. On the child's early difficulty in grasping colours see also Dewey, *How We Think*, 275–6.
15. Linhares et al., 'The number of discernible colors in natural scenes'.
16. Plato, *Greater Hippias*, 289b.
17. William Shakespeare, *Henry VI*, Act 1, Scene 4.
18. Plato, *Phaedrus*, 251bcd, 58.
19. Plato, *Greater Hippias*, 295, 298a, 302e, 303e, 1548–58.
20. Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I.Q39.8, 201, 202.
21. See Weil, 'Love of the order of the world', 180, and Murdoch, *The Sovereignty of Good*, 2.
22. Ulrich, 'View through a window'.
23. Stall, 'Private rooms'.
24. See Study 5 in Piff et al., 'Awe, the small self, and prosocial behavior'.
25. Nagy, translation of selected passages from *Greater Hippias*.
26. Written on the rim of the drinking cup (F 2589 in the Collection of Antiquities at the Berlin State Museum) is '*eia o eia kale*'. The location of the inscription on the vessel's rim means that the words may touch the person's lips as he drinks, as though the cry is taken into his own mouth; or if his lips are on the edge opposite to the inscription, it will be seen by him as he drinks.

27. See Plotinus, *Enneads*, I.6.5, and Plato's *Laws*, Book I, 646b, containing a phrase which Malcolm Schofield translates as 'emaciation, ugliness, debility', Benjamin Jowett translates as 'leanness, ugliness, decrepitude', and G. B. Bury translates as 'leanness or ugliness or impotence'. It should be noted that in addition to being bound up with diminished aliveness, the ugly, for both philosophers, is of course elaborately bound up with the vocabulary of the immoral and the unjust.
28. Plato, *The Symposium*, 206b, 86–87.
29. Frank, *At the Will of the Body*, 33.
30. Frank, *At the Will of the Body*, 35.
31. E.g. Murdoch, *Existentialists and Mystics*, 353, 369.
32. Hitler clearly saw himself as a lover and promoter of beauty: 'Mankind', he proclaimed, 'has a natural drive to discover beauty. How rich the world will be for him who uses his senses. Futhermore, nature has instilled in everyone the desire to share with others everything beautiful that one encounters. The beautiful should reign over humans; the beautiful itself wants to retain its power.' Quoted in Spotts, *Hitler and the Power of Aesthetics*, 119.
33. Baudelaire, *The Flowers of Evil*, 77. The lines are from poem called 'À Celle qui est trop gaie' (To one who is too gay). In its original French, the lines I cited read: 'Quelquefois dans un beau jardin/ Où je traînais mon atonie,/ J'ai senti, comme une ironie,/ Le soleil décherir mon sein,/ Et le printemps et la verdure/ Ont tant humilié mon coeur,/ Que j'ai puni sur une fleur/ L'insolence de la Nature.'
34. Here I adapt Hans Christian Andersen's *The Emperor's New Clothes* (1837) by providing an alternative to his own explanation of why all who see the king – the crowd, the king's retinue, the king himself – 'bear witness' to what they are told to see.
35. Sophocles, *Oedipus at Colonus*, 86.
36. Polyxena says, 'O light! I still can say that word; but all the light/ That now belongs to me is what remains between/ This moment and the sword beside Achilles' tomb.' Euripides, *Hecabe*, ll. 435–7, 76.

Bibliography

Aquinas, Thomas. *Summa Theologica*, volume 1, translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. New York: Benziger Brothers, Inc., 1947.

Augustine. *Selections from 'De Musica'*, translated by W. F. Jackson Knight. In *Philosophies of Art and Beauty: Selected readings in aesthetics from Plato to Heidegger*, edited by Albert Hofstadter and Richard Kuhns, 185–202. Chicago, IL: Chicago University Press, 1964.

Augustinus. *De Musica*, edited by Martin Jacobson. Berlin: Walter de Gruyter, 2017.

Baudelaire, Charles. *The Flowers of Evil*, translated by John E. Tidball. Bishopston Editions, 2018. *The Flowers of Evil, Les Fleur du Mal*, translated by William Aggeler. Stilwell, 2015.

Bostrom, Nick. 'Why I want to be posthuman when I grow up'. In *Moral Enhancement and Posthumanity*, edited by Bert Gordijn and Ruth Chadwick, 107–37. New York: Springer, 2008.

Devereaux, Mary. 'Beauty and evil: the case of Leni Riefenstahl's "Triumph of the Will"'. In *Aesthetics and Ethics: Essays at the intersection*, edited by Jerrold Levinson, 227–56. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998.

Dewey, John. *Human Nature and Conduct: An introduction to social psychology*. New York: Henry Holt, 1922.

Dewey, John. *How We Think*. In *The Middle Works of John Dewey 1899–1924*, volume 6, edited by Jo Ann Boydston, 177–356. Carbondale, IL: Southern Illinois Press, 1985.

Euripides, *Hecabe*. In *Medea and Other Plays*, translated by Philip Vellacott. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1963.

Frank, Arthur. *At the Will of the Body: Reflections on illness*. New York: Mariner Books, 2002.

Horky, Phillip Sidney (ed.). *Cosmos in the Ancient World*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2019.

Kant, Immanuel. *Foundations of the Metaphysics of Morals with Critical Essays*, translated by Lewis White Beck and edited by Robert Paul Wolff. Indianapolis, IN: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1969.

Linhares, João Manuel Maciel, Paul Daniel Pinto and Sergio Nascimento. 'The number of discernible colors in natural scenes', *Journal of the Optical Society of America* 25/12 (2008): 2918–24.

McGinn, Colin. *Ethics, Evil, and Fiction*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1997.
Makkreel, Rudolf A. *Imagination and Interpretation in Kant: The hermeneutical import of the Critique of Judgment*. Chicago, IL: University of Chicago Press, 1990.
Marinetti, Filippo Tommaso. *The Futurist Manifesto*. https://www.societyforasianart.org/sites/default/files/manifesto_futurista.pdf (accessed 1 December 2021).
Murdoch, Iris. *The Sovereignty of Good over Other Concepts: The Leslie Stephen Lecture.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1967.
Murdoch, Iris. *Existentialists and Mystics: Writings on philosophy and literature*. New York: Penguin, 1999.
Nagy, Greg. *Greater Hippias*, translation of selected passages (unpublished manuscript).
Piff, Paul, Pia Dietze, Matthew Feinberg, Daniel M. Stancato and Dacher Keltner. 'Awe, the small self, and prosocial behavior', *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* 108/6 (2015): 883–99.
Plato. *Plato in Twelve Volumes*, volume 9, translated by W. R. M. Lamb. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1925.
Plato. *The Symposium*, translated by Walter Hamilton. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1951.
Plato. *Greater Hippias*, translated by Benjamin Jowett. In *Collected Dialogues of Plato including the Letters,* edited by Edith Hamilton and Huntington Cairns. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press (Bollingen Series LXXI), 1961.
Plato, *Phaedrus, and the Seventh and Eighth Letters*, translated by Walter Hamilton. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1973.
Plotinus. *Enneads*, edited by Lloyd P. Gerson. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2019.
Rilke, Rainer Maria. *Selected Poems*, translated by C. F. MacIntyre, Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1957.
Russell, Bertrand. *Has Man a Future?* New York: Simon and Schuster, 1962.
Scarry, Elaine. *The Body in Pain: The making and unmaking of the world*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1985.
Sophocles. *Oedipus at Colonus*, translated by Robert Fitzgerald. London: Faber & Faber, 1957.
Spotts, Frederic. *Hitler and the Power of Aesthetics*. New York: Overlook, 2003.
Stall, Nathan. 'Private rooms: evidence-based design in hospitals', *Canadian Medical Association Journal* 184/2 (7 February 2012): 162–3.
Tauber, Zvi. 'Aesthetic education for morality: Schiller and Kant', *The Journal of Aesthetic Education* 40/3 (2006): 22–47.
Ulrich, R. S. 'View through a window may influence recovery from surgery', *Science* 224/4647 (27 April 1984): 420–1.
Weil, Simone. 'Love of the order of the world' in *Waiting for God*, translated by Emma Craufurd. New York: Harper and Row, 1951.
Wordsworth, William. *Poems in Two Volumes*. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Browne, 1807.