CRITICAL THEORY SINCE PLATO

THIRD EDITION

Edited by
Hazard Adams
University of Washington

and
Leroy Searle
University of Washington

Australia • Canada • Mexico • Singapore • Spain
United Kingdom • United States

© 2004
Almost everyone declares that the symmetry of parts toward each other and toward a whole, with, besides, a certain charm of colour, constitutes the beauty recognized by the eye, that is visible things, as, indeed in all else, universally, the beautiful thing is essentially symmetrical, patterned. But what this means.

Only a compound can be beautiful, never anything devoid of parts; and only a whole, the several parts will have beauty, not in themselves, but only as working together to give a comely real. Yet beauty in an aggregate demands beauty in detail: it cannot be constructed out of ugliness; its law must run throughout.

All the loveliness of colour and even the light of the sun, being devoid of parts and so not beautiful by symmetry, must be ruled out of the realm of beauty. And how comes gold to be a beautiful thing? And lightning by night, and the stars, why are those fair?

In sounds also the simple must be proscribed, though often in a whole noble composition each several tone is de-licious in itself.

Again since the one face, constant in symmetry, appears sometimes fair and sometimes not, can we doubt that beauty is something more than symmetry, that symmetry itself owes its beauty to a remote principle?

Turn to what is attractive as methods of life or in the expression of thought; are we to call in symmetry here? What symmetry is to be found in noble conduct, or excellent laws, in any form of mental pursuit?

What symmetry can there be in points of abstract thought?

The symmetry of being accordant with each other? But there may be accordance or entire identity where there is nothing but ugliness: the proposition that honesty is merely a generous foolishness chimes in the most perfect harmony with the proposition that morality means weakness of will; the accordance is complete.

Then again, all the virtues are a beauty of the Soul, a beauty authentic beyond any of these others, but how does symmetry enter here? The Soul, it is true, is not a simple unity, but still its virtue cannot have the symmetry of size or of number: what standard of measurement could preside over the compromise or the coalescence of the Soul’s faculties or purposes?
Finally, how by this theory would there be beauty in the Intellectual-Principle, essentially the solitary?

2. Let us, then, go back to the source, and judge at once the Principle that bestows beauty on material things. Undoubtedly this Principle exists; it is something that is perceived at the first glance, something which the Soul names as from an ancient knowledge and, recognizing, welcomes, enters into union with it.

But let the Soul fall in with the Ugly and at once it shrinks within itself, desires the thing, turns away from it, not according, resenting it.

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

But, is there any such likeness between the loveliness of the world and the splendours in the Supreme? Such a likeness in the particulars would make the two orders alike: but what is there in common between beauty here and beauty There?

We hold that all the loveliness of this world comes by communion in the Ideal-Form.

All shapelessness whose kind admits of pattern and form, as long as it remains outside of Reason and Idea, is ugly by that very isolation from the Divine-Thought. And this is the Absolute Ugly: an ugly thing is something that has not been entirely mastered by pattern, that is by Reason, the Matter not yielding at all points and in all respects to the Ideal-Form. But where the Ideal-Form has entered, it has grouped and co-ordinated what from a diversity of parts was to become a unity; it has rallied confusion into co-operation: it has made the sum one harmonious coherence: for the Idea is a unity and what it models must come to unity as far as multiplicity may.

And on what has thus been compassed to unity, Beauty enthrones itself, giving itself to the parts as to the sum: when it lights on some natural entity, a thing of like parts, then it gives itself to that whole. Thus, for an illustration, there is the beauty, conferred by craftsmanship, of all a house with all its parts, and the beauty which some natural quality may give to a single stone.

This, then, is how the material thing becomes beautiful—by communicating in the thought (Reason, Logos) that flows from the Divine.

3. And the Soul includes a faculty peculiarly addressed to Beauty—one incomparably sure in the appreciation of its own, when Soul entire is enlisted to support its judgement.

Or perhaps the Soul itself acts immediately, affirming the Beautiful where it finds something accordant with the Ideal-Form within itself, using this Idea as a canon of accuracy in its decision.

But what accordance is there between the material and that which annades all Matter?

On what principle does the architect, when he finds the house standing before him correspondent with his inner ideal of a house, pronounce it beautiful? Is not it that the house before him, the stones apate, the inner idea stamped upon the mass of exterior matter, the indivisible exhibited in diversity?

So with the perceptive faculty: discerning in certain objects the Ideal-Form which has bound and controlled shapeless matter, opposed in nature to Idea, seeing further stamped upon the common shapes some shape excellent above the common, it gathers into unity what still remains fragmentary, catches it up and carries it within, no longer a thing of parts, and presents it to the Ideal-Principle as something concordant and congenial, a natural friend: the joy here is like that of a good man who discerns in a young the early signs of a virtue consonant with the achieved perfection within his own soul.

The beauty of colour is also the outcome of a unification: it derives from shape, from the conquest of the darkness inherent in Matter by the pouring-in of light, the embodiment, which is a Rational-Principle and an Ideal-Form. Hence it is that Fire itself is splendid beyond all material bodies, holding the rank of Ideal-Principle to the other elements, making ever upwards, the sublimest and most brilliant of all bodies, as very near to the unembodied; itself alone admitting no other, all the others penetrated by it: for they take warmth but this is never cold; it has colour primally; they receive the Form of colour from it; hence the splendour of its light, the splendour that belongs to the Idea. And all that has resisted and is but uncertainly held by its light remains outside of beauty, as not having absorbed the plenitude of the Form of colour.

And harmonies unheard in sound create the harmonies we hear and wake the Soul to the consciousness of beauty, showing it the one essence in another kind: for the measures of our sensible music are not arbitrary but are determined by the Principle whose labour is to dominate Matter and bring pattern into being.

Thus far the beauties of the realm of sense—images and shadow-pictures; fugitives that have entered into Matter—to adorn, and to ravish, where they are seen.

4. But there are earlier and loftier beauties than these. In the sense-bound life we are no longer granted to know them,
but the Soul, taking no help from the organs, sees and pro-
claims them. To the vision of these we must mount, leaving
sense to its own low place.

As it is not for those to speak of the graceful forms of
the material world who have never seen them or known their
grace—men born blind—let us suppose—in the same way
those must be silent upon the beauty of noble conduct and
of learning and all that order who have never cared for such
things, nor may those tell of the splendour of virtue who
have never known the face of Justice and of Moral Wisdom
beautiful beyond the beauty of Evening and of Dawn.

Such vision is for those only who see with the Soul's
sight—and at the vision, they will rejoice, and awe will fall
upon them and a trouble deeper than all the rest could ever
sin, for now they are moving in the realm of Truth.

This is the spirit that Beauty must ever induce, wonder
ment and a delicious trouble, longing and love and a trem-
bling that is all delight. For the unseen all this may be felt as
for the seen; and this the Souls feel for it, every Soul in
some degree, but those the more deeply that are the more
truly apt to this higher love—just as all take delight in the
beauty of the body, but all are not strong as sharply, and those
only that feel the lesser wound are known as Lovers.

5. These Lovers, then, lovers of the beauty outside of sense,
must be made to declare themselves.

What do you feel in presence of the grace you discern
in actions, in manners, in sound morality, in all the works
and fruits of virtue, in the beauty of Souls? When you see
that you yourselves are beautiful within, what do you feel?
What is this Doynessia? exaltation that thrills through your
being, this soaring upwards of all your soul, this longing
to break away from the body and live within the ver-
itable self?

These are no other than the emotions of Souls under
the spell of love.

But what is it that awakens all this passion? No shape,
no colour, no greater of mass: all is for a Soul, something
whose beauty rests upon no colour, for the moral wisdom
the Soul endures and all the other hueless splendour of the
visions. It is that you find in yourself, or adapt in another,
softness of spirit; righteousness of life; disciplined purity;
courage of the majestic face; gravity, sobriety that goes
feared and tranquil and passionate; and, shining down
upon all, the light of godlike Inseclusion.

9Phainetai melos here Socrates as sent to Plato's Phaedrus.
10The Greek gets known to Kephalê in Rhetoric, identified with fertility rites,
often orgiastic, and with the seats of the drums. See Nietzsche (below, page 86).

All these God's qualities are to be revered and
loved, no doubt, but what entitles them to be called
beautiful?

They exist: they manifest themselves to us, anyone that
sees them must admit that they have reality of Being; and is
not Real-Being really beautiful?

But we have not yet shown by what property in them
they have wrought the Soul to lovelessness: what is this grace,
this splendour as of Light, resting upon all the visions?

Let us take the contrary, the ugliness of the Soul, and
set that against its beauty: to understand, at once, what this
ugliness is and how it comes to appear in the Soul will cer-
tainly open our way before us.

Let us then suppose an ugly Soul, absolute, un-
righteous: teeming with all the lusts; born by internal dis-
cord, beset by the fear of its cowardice and the evils of its
pettiness; thinking, in the little thought it has, only of the
perishable and the base; perverse in all its impulses; the
friend of uncleanness, living the life of abandonment
to bodily sensation and delighting in its deformity.

What must we think but that all this shame is some-
thing that has gathered about the Soul, some foreign base
outgrowing it, soiling it, so that, encompassed with all manner
of turpitude, it has no longer a clean activity or a clean
sensation, but commands only a life sordidly daily un-
der the crust of evil, that, sunk in manifold death, it no
longer sees what a Soul should see, may no longer rest in its
own being, dragged ever as it is towards the other, the
lower, the dark?

An unequal thing, I dare to say: flickering hither and
thither at the call of objects of sense, deeply infected
with the taint of body, occupied always in Matter, and abhorring
Matter into itself, in its commerce with the Ignoble k has
trafficked away for an alien nature its own essential idea.

If a man has been immersed in filth or daubed with
mod, his native comeliness disappears and all that is seen is
that foul stuff besmirching him: his ugly condition is due to
alien matter that has encumbered him, and if he is to win back
his grace it must be his business to scour and purify himself
and make himself what he was.

So, we may justly say, a Soul becomes ugly—by some-
thing fouled upon it, by sinking itself into the alien, by a
fall, a descent into body, into Matter. The discolour of the
Soul is in its coming to be clean and pure. Gold is degraded
when it is mixed with earthy particles; if he be worked out,
the gold is left and is beautiful, isolated from all that is
foreign; gold with gold alone. And so the Soul, let it be but
deadened of the desires that come by its too inexact converse
with the body, emancipated from all the passions, purged of all
that embodiment has thrust upon it, withdrawn, a soli-

2-16
tary, to itself again—rt that moment the ugliness that came only from the alie is stripped away.

6. For, as the ancient teaching was, moral-discipline and courage and every virtue, not even excepting Wisdom itself, all is purification.

Hence the Mysteries2 with good reason accommodate the impression of the unfurled in light, even in the Nether-World, since the unclean loves flesh for its very filthiness, and swears soul of body find their joy in footnotes. What else is Sophistry, rightly so-called, but to take no part in the pleasures of the body, to break away from them as unclean and unworthy of the clean? So too, Courage is but being fearless of the death which is but the parting of the Soul from the body, an event which no one can dread whose heart is to be his unshodded self. And Magnanimity is but disregard for the lure of things here. And Wisdom is but the act of the Intellectual-Principle withdrawn from the lower places and leading the Soul to the Above. The Soul thus cleansed is in Idea and Reason, wholly free of body, intellectual, entirely of that divine order from which the wellspring of Beauty rises and all the race of Beauty.

Hence the Soul heightened to the Intellectual-Principle is beautiful in all its power. For Intellection and all that proceeds from Intellection are the Soul's beauty, a graciousness native to it and not foreign, for only with these is it truly Soul. And it is just to say that in the Soul's becoming a good and beautiful thing is its becoming like to God, for from the Divine comes all the Beauty and all the Good in it is beings. We may even say that Beauty is the Authentic-Exists and Ugliness is the Principle contrary to Exis- tence: and the Ugly is also the primal evil; therefore its contrary is of once good and beautiful, or is Good and Beauty; and hence the one method will discover to us the Beauty-Good and the Ugliness-Evil.

And Beauty, this Beauty which is also The Good, must be poised as The First: directly arriving from this First to the Intellectual-Principle which is pre-eminent the manifestation of Beauty, through the Intellectual-Principle Soul is beautiful. The beauty in things of a lower order—actions and pursuits for instance—comes by operation of the shaping Soul which is also the author of the beauty found in the world of sense. For the Soul, a divine thing, a fragment as it were of the Primal Beauty, makes beautiful to the fullness of their capacity all things whatsoever that it grasps and moulds.

7. Therefore we must ascend again towards the Good, the desired of every Soul. Anyone that has seen This, knows what I intend when I say that it is beautiful. Even the desire of it is to be desired as a Good. To attain it is for those that will take the upward-path, who will set all their forces to-wards it, who will diverge themselves of all that we have put on in our descent: so, to those that approach the Holy Cele- brations of the Mysteries, there are appointed purifications and the laying aside of the garments worn before, and the entry in nakedness—until passing, on the upward way, all that is other than the God, each is the solitude of himself shall behold that solitary-dwelling Existence, the Apart, the Unimagined, the Pure, that from Which all things depend. For Which all seek and live and act and know, the Source of Life and of Intellection and of Being.

And one that shall know this vision—with what passion of love shall he not be seized, with what part of devout, what longing to be molten into one with This, what wonder- ing delight? If he that has never seen this Being misses longer for it as for all his welfare, he that has known must love and reverence it as for Beauty; he will be flooded with awe and gladness, stricken by a salutary terror; he loves with a veritable love, with sharp desire; all other loves than this he must despise, and disdain all that once seemed fair.

This, indeed, is the good even of those who, having witnessed the manifestation of Gods or Supernals, can never again feel the old delight in the formlessness of material forms: what then are we to think of one that contemplates Absolute Beauty in its essential integrity, an accumulation of teeth and matter, no dweller on earth or in the heavens— so perfect its purity—are above all soul things in that they are non-essential, composite, not primed but descending from This?

Beholding this Being—the Chorus of all Existence, the Self-intent that ever gives forth and never takes—resting, set, in the vision and possession of an lofty love- likeness, growing to its likeness, what Beauty can the Soul yet lack? For This, the Beauty sublime, the absolute, and the primal, fashion its loves to Beauty and makes them also worthy of love.

And for This, the sweetest and the uttermost combat is set before the Souls; all our labour is for This, lest we be left without part in this sublime vision, which to attain it is to be blessed in the lawful sight, which to fail of is to fail utterly.

For no one that has failed of the joy that is in colour or in visible forms, not he that has failed of power or of hon- ours or of kingdom has failed, but only he that has failed of

---

2 Greek religious myths often associated with Deities.
only This, for Whose winning he should renounce kingdoms and command over earth and ocean and sky, if only, spurn-
ing the world of sense from beneath his feet, and straining to This, he may see.

8. But what must we do? How lies the path? how come to vision of the inaccessible Beauty, dwelling as if in conse-
crated precincts, apart from the common ways where all may see, even the profane?

He that has the strength, let him arise and withdraw into himself, foregoing all that is known by the eyes, turn-
ing away for ever from the material beauty that once made his joy. When he perceives these shapes of grace that show in body, let eyes not pursue: he must know them by the ears, turn-
gest, shadows, and bathe away towards That they tell of. For it anyone follow what is like a beautiful shape play-
ing over water—or there not a myth telling in symbol of such a dove, how she sinks into the depths of the current and was swept away to nothingness? So too, one that is held by material beauty and will not break free shall be precipitated, not in body but in Soul, down to the dark depths laden of the Ineffective-Being, where, blind even in the Lower-
World, he shall have commerce only with shadows, there as here.

"Let us flee then to the beloved Fatherland: this is the soundest counsel. But what is this flight? How are we to gain the open sea? For Odyssey is surely a parable to us when he commands the flight from the sorceries of Circe or Calypso—not content to linger for all the pleasure offered to him, and all the rest of grace filling his days."

The Fatherland to us is There whence we have come, and There is The Father.

What then is our course, what the manner of our flight?

This is not a journey for the feet, the feet bring us only from land to land, not need you think of coach or ship to carry you away: all this order of things you must set aside and refuse to see: you must close the eyes and call instead upon another vision which is to be walked within you, a vision, the birthright of all, which few turn to see.

9. And this inner vision, what is its operation?

Newly awakened it is all too feeble to bear the ultimate splendour. Therefore the Soul must be trained—in the habit of remarking, first, all noble pursuits, then the works of beauty produced not by the labour of the arts but by the virtue of men known for their goodness: lastly, you must search the souls of those that have shaped these beautiful forms.

But how are you to see into a之中os Soul and know its loveliness?

Withdraw into yourself and look. And if you do not find yourself beautiful yet, act as does the creator of a statue that is to be made beautiful: he cuts away here, he smooths there, he makes this line lighter, this other purer, until a lovely face has grown upon his work. So do you also: cut away all that is excessive, straighten all that is crooked, bring light to all that is overcast, labour to make all one glow of beauty and never cease chiselling your name, until these shall shine out on you from it the godlike splendour of virtue, until you shall see the perfect goodness surely estab-
lished in the stainless shrine.

When you know that you have become this perfect work, when you are self-gathered in the purity of your be-
ing, nothing now remaining that can shatter that inner unity, nothing from without clinging to the authentic man, when you find yourself wholly true to your essential nature, wholly that only veritable Light which is not measured by space, not narrowed to any circumscribed form nor again diffused as a thing void of term, but ever unchangeable as something greater than all measure and more than all quan-
tity—when you perceive that you have grown to this, you are now become very vision: now call up all your confi-
dence, strike forward yet a step—you need a guide no longer—pray, and see.

This is the only eye that sees the mighty Beauty. If the eye that adventures for vision be dimmed by vice, impure, or weak, and unable it its cowardly bleaching to see the un-
tempest brightness, then it sees nothing even though another point to what lies plain to sight before it. To any vision must be brought an eye adapted to what is to be seen, and having some likeness to it. Never did eye see the sun unless it had first become sunlike, and never can the Soul have vision of the Fug Beauty unless itself be beautiful.

Therefore, first let each become godlike and each beau-
tiful who cares to see God and Beauty. So, mounting, the Soul will come first to the Intellectual-Principle and survey all the beautiful Ideas in the Supreme and will know that this is Beauty, that the Ideas are Beauty. For by their efficacy comes all Beauty else, by the offspring and essence of the Intellectual-Being. What is beyond the Intellectual-Principle we affirm to be the nature of Good radiating Beauty before it. So that, treating the Intellectual-Cosmos as one, the first is the Beautiful: if we make distinction there, the Realm of Ideas constitutes the Beauty of the Intellectual Sphere: and The Good, which lies beyond, is the Fountain at once and
Principle of Beauty: the Primal Good and the Primal Beauty have the one dwelling-place and, thus, always, Beauty's seat is There.

On the Intellectual Beauty

1. It is a principle with us that one who has attained to the vision of the Intellectual Cosmic and grasped the beauty of the Authentic Intellect will be able also to come to understand the Father and Transcendent of that Divine Being. It concerns us, then, to try to see and say, for ourselves and as far as such matters may be told, how the Beauty of the Divine Intellect and of the Intellectual Cosmic may be revealed to contemplation.

Let us go to the realm of magnitudes—suppose two blocks of stone lying side by side: one is unpatinated, quite untouched by art; the other has been minutely wrought by the craftsman's hands into some statue of god or man, a Grace or a Muse, or of a human being, not a portrait but a creation in which the sculptor's art has concentrated all loveliness.

Now it must be seen that the stone thus brought under the artist's hand to the beauty of form is beautiful not as stone—for no pile crude block would be as pleasant—but in virtue of the Form or Idea introduced by the art. This form is not in the material; it is in the designer before ever it enters the stone, and the artist holds it not by his equipment of eyes and hands but by his participation in his art. The beauty, therefore, exists in a far higher state in the art; for it does not come over integrally into the work; that original beauty is not transferred; what comes over is a derivative and a minor: and even that shows itself upon the statue not integrally and with entire realization of intention but only in so far as it has subdued the resistance of the material.

Art, then, creating in the image of its own nature and content, and working by the Idea or Reason-Principle of the beautiful object it is to produce, must itself be beautiful in a far higher and purer degree since it is the seat and source of that beauty, indwelling in the art, which must naturally be more complete than any connotativeness of the external. In the degree in which the beauty is diffused by entering into matter, it is so much the weaker than that concentrated in unity; everything that reaches outwards is the less for it, strength less strong, heat less hot, every power less potent, and so beauty less beautiful.

Then again every prime cause must be, with itself, more powerful than its effect can be: the musical does not derive from an unmusical source but from music; and to the art exhibited in the material work derives from an art yet higher.\(^1\)

Still the arts are not to be slighted on the ground that they create by imitation of natural objects; for, to begin with, these natural objects are themselves imitations; then, we must recognize that they give no bare reproduction of the thing seen but go back to the Reason-Principles from which Nature itself derives, and furthermore, that much of their work is all their own; they are holders of beauty and add where nature is lacking.\(^2\) Thus Phidias wrought the Zeus upon no model among things of sense but by apprehending what form Zeus must take if he choose to become manifest to sight.\(^3\)

2. But let us leave the arts and consider those works produced by Nature and admitted to be naturally beautiful which the creations of art are charged with imitating; all waking life and innumerable things alike, but especially the consummate among them, where the moulder and maker has subdued the material and given the form he desired. Now what is the beauty here? It has nothing to do with the blood or the menstrual process: either there is also a colour and form apart from this or there is nothing unless there is a sense, or (at least) a bare recipient, as it were the mere Matter of beauty.

Whence above forth the beauty of Helen, battle-sought, or of all those women like in loveliness to Aphrodite, or of Aphrodite herself, or of any human being that has been perfect in beauty, or of any of those gods manifest to sight, or unseen but carrying what would be beauty if we saw? In all these is not the Idea, something of that realm but communicated to the produced from within the producer, just as in its works, we held, it is communicated from the arts to their creations? Now we can surely not believe that, while the made thing and the Idea thus impressed upon Matter are beautiful, yet the Idea not so alloyed but resting still with the creator—the Idea prior, immaterial, firmly a unity—is not Beauty.

If material external were in itself the ground of beauty, then the creating principle, being without extension, could not be beautiful: but beauty cannot be made to depend upon magnitude since, whether in a large object or a small, the one Idea equally moves and forms the mind by its inherent power. A further indication is that as long as the object

\(^1\) As beauty does, soared and descended from the One through the artist to the materials he shaped, it becomes weaker.

\(^2\) Plato: republic 514a; I have elsewhere shown how.

\(^3\) The name meant Olympian Zeus, known only from descriptions by ancient writers, not among the most famous works of Phidias (c. 500-482 B.C.).
remains outside us we know nothing of it; it affects us by entry; but only as an Idea can it enter through the eyes which are not of scope to take an extended mass: we sit, no doubt, simultaneously possessed of the magnitude which, however, we take in not as mass but by an elaboration upon the presented form.4

Then again the principle producing the beauty must be, itself, ugly, neutral, or beautiful. ugly, it could not produce the opposite; neutral, why should its product be the other? The Nature, then, which creates things so lovely must be itself of a far earlier beauty; we, undisciplined in discernment of the inward, knowing nothing of it, ran after the outer, never understanding that it is the inner—within us, we are in the case of one who sees his own reflection but not realizing whence it comes goes in pursuit of it.

But the thing we are pursuing is something different and that the beauty is not in the concrete object is manifest from the beauty there is in matters of study, in conduct and custom, briefly, in soul or mind. And it is precisely here that the greater beauty lies, perceived whenever you look to the wisdom in a man and delight in it, not wanting attention on the face, which may be hideous, but passing all appearance and by catching only at the inner comeliness, the truly personal; if you are still unmoved and cannot acknowledge beauty under such conditions, then looking to your own inner being you will find no beauty to delight you and it will be futile in that state to seek the greater vision, for you will be quelling it through the ugly and impure.

Tais is why such matters are not spoken of to everyone, you if you are conscious of beauty within, remember.

3. Thus then is in the Nature-Principle itself an Ideal archetype of the beauty that is found in material forms and, of that archetype again, the still more beautiful archetype in Soul, source of all in Nature. In the proficient soul this is brightest and of more advanced loveliness: adorning the soul and bringing to it a light from that greater light which is Beauty primarily, its immediate presence sets the soul reflecting upon the quality of this trio, the archetype which has no such entities, and is present nowhere but remains in itself alone, and thus is not even to be called a Reason-Principle

---

4. To 'live at ease' is there; and to these divine beings very is mother and nurse, existence and sustenance, all that is not of process but of authentic being they see, and themselves in all for all is transparent, nothing dark, nothing re-
sistent; every being is lucid to every other, in breadth and depth, light runs through light. And each of them contains all within itself, and at the same time sees all in every other, so that everywhere there is all, and all is all and each all, and infinite the glory. Each of them is great; the small is great; the sun, There, is all the stars, and every star, again, is all the stars and sun. While some one manner of being is dominant in each, all are mirrored in every other.

Movement There is pure (as self-caused), for the mov-
ing principle is not a separate thing to complicate it as it spends.

So, too. Repose is not troubled, for there is no admix-
ture of the unwise; and the Beauty is all beauty since it is not residuated in what is not beautiful. Each There walks upon no alien soil; its place is its essential self, and, as each moves, so to speak, towards what is Above, it is attended by the very ground from which it starts; there is no distinguish-
ing between the Being and the Place; all is Intellect, the Principle and the ground on which it stands, alike. Thus we might think that our visible sky (the ground or place of the stars), lit as it is, produces the light which reaches us from it, though of course this is really produced by the stars (as it were, by the Principles of light alone, not also by the ground as the analogy would require).

In our realm all is part rising from part and nothing can be more than partial; but There each being is an eternal product of a whole and is as once a whole and an individual manifesting as part but, to the keen vision There, known for the whole it is.

The myth of Lyneus seeing into the very deeps of the earth tells us of these eyes in the divine. No weariness over-
takes this vision which yet brings no such satiety as would call for its ending; for there never was a void to be filled so that, with the fullness and the attainment of purpose, the sense of sufficiency be induced: nor is there any such in-
congruity within the divine that one Being There could be repulsive to another: and of course all There are unchange-
able. This absence of satisfaction means only a satisfaction leading to no distance for that which produces it; to see is to look the more, since for them to continue in the contempla-
tion of an infinite self and of infinite objects is but to acqui-
sce in the hiding of their nature.

Life, pure, is never a burden; how then could there be weariness There where the living is most noble? That very life is wisdom, not a wisdom built up by reasonings but complete from the beginning, suffering no lack which could set it inquiring, a wisdom primal, unburned, not some-
thing added to the Being, but its very essence. No wisdom, thus, is greater; this is the authentic knowing, assurance to the divine Intellect as projected into manifestation simultane-
ously with it; thus, in the symbolic saying, Justice is anes-
tor to Zeus.

(Perfect wisdom) for all the Principles of this order, dwelling There, are as it were visible images projected from themselves, so that all becomes an object of contemplation to contemplators immeasurably blessed. The greatness and power of the wisdom There we may know from this, that it embraces all the real Beings, and has made all and all follow it, and yet that it is itself those beings, which sprung into be-
ing with it, so that all is one and the essence There is wis-
dom. If we have failed to understand, it is that we have thought of knowledge as a mass of theorems and an accu-
mulation of propositions, though that is false even for our sciences of the sense-realm. But in case this should be ques-
tioned, we may leave our own sciences for the present, and deal with the knowing in the Supreme at which Plato glances where he speaks of "that knowledge which is not a stranger in something strange to it"—though in what sense, he leaves us to examine and declare, if we boast ourselves worthy of the discussion. This is probably our best starting-point.

5. All that comes to be, work of nature or of craft, some wisdom has made: everywhere a wisdom presides at a making.

No doubt the wisdom of the artist may be the guide of the work; it is sufficient explanation of the wisdom exhib-
ted in the arts; but the artist himself goes back, after all, to that wisdom in Nature which is embodied in himself, and this is not a wisdom built up of theorems but one totality, not a wisdom consisting of manifold detail co-ordinated into a unity but rather a unity working out into detail.11

Now, if we could think of this as the primal wisdom, we need look no further, since, at that, we have discovered a principle which is neither a derivative nor a "stranger in something strange to it". But if we are told that, while this Reason-Principle is in Nature, yet Nature itself is its source, we ask how Nature came to possess it; and, if Nature de-
vised it from some other source, we ask what that other source may be; if, on the contrary, the principle is self-
sprung, we need look no further: but if (as we assume) we are referred to the Intellectual-Principle we must make clear whether the Intellectual-Principle engendered the wisdom: if we learn that it did, we ask whence: if from itself, then inevitably it is itself Wisdom.

11Plato's view of Plato's one and many.
The true Wisdom, then (found to be identical with the Intellectual Principle), is Real Being; and Real Being is Wisdom; it is wisdom that gives value to Real Being; and Being is Real in virtue of its origin in wisdom. It follows that all forms of existence not possessing wisdom are, indeed, Beings in right of the wisdom which went to their forming, but, as not in themselves possessing it, are not Real Beings. 
We cannot, therefore, think that the divine Beings of that sphere, or the other supremely blessed there, need look to our apparatus of science; all of that realm (the very Beings themselves), all is noble image, such image as we may conceive to lie within the soul of the wise—but Three not an inscription but as authentic existence. The ancients had this in mind when they declared the Ideas (Forms) to be Beings, Essentials.

6. Similarly, as it seems to me, the wise of Egypt—whether in precise knowledge or by a prompting of nature—indicated the truth where, in their effort towards philosophical statements, they left aside the writing forms that take in the dwell of words and sentences—those characters that represent sounds and convey the propositions of reasoning—and drew pictures instead, engraving in the temple-inscriptions a separate image for every separate item, thus they exhibited the absence of dispersiveness in the intellectual Realm.

For each manifestation of knowledge and wisdom is a distinct image, an object in itself, an immediate unity, not an aggregate of discursive reasoning and detailed willing. Last from this wisdom in unity these appears, in another form of being, an image, already less compact, which announces the original in terms of discourse and unravels the causes by which things are such that the wonder rises how a generated world can be so excellent.

For, one who knows must declare his wonder that this wisdom, while not itself containing the causes by which Being exists and takes such excellence, yet imparts them to the entities produced according to its causes. This excellence, wherever necessity is scarcely or not at all manifest to search, exists, if we could but find it out, before all searching and reasoning.

What I say may be considered in one chief thing, and thence applied to all the particular entities.

7. Consider the universe: we are agreed that its existence and its nature come to us from beyond itself; are we, now, to imagine that its maker first thought it out in detail—the earth, and its necessary situation in the middle; water and, again, its position as lying upon the earth, all the other elements and objects up to the sky in due place and order, living beings with their appropriate forms as we know them, their inner organs and their outer limbs—and that having thus appointed every item beforehand, he then set about the execution?

Such designing was not even possible; how could the plan for a universe come to one that had never looked outward? Nor could he work on material gathered from elsewhere as our craftsmen do, using hammers and tools; feet and hands are of the later order.

One way, only, remains: all things must exist in something else, of that prior—since there is no obstacle, all being continuous within, the realm of reality—there has suddenly appeared a sign, an image, whether given forth directly or through the ministry of soul or of some phase of soul matters nothing for the moment: thus the entire aggregate of existence springs from the divine world, in greater beauty; these because there unmingled but mingled here. From the beginning to end all is grouped by the Forms of the intellectual Realm: Matter itself is held by the Ideas of the elements and to these Ideas not added other Ideas and others again, so that it is hard to work down to crude Matter beneath all this sheathing of Ideas. Indeed Matter itself is, in its degree, an Idea: the lowest—all this universe is Idea and there is nothing that is not Idea as he archetype was. And all is made silently, since nothing has part in the making but Being and Idea—a further reason why creation went without stuff. The Exemplar was the Idea of an All and to an All must come into being.

Thus nothing stood in the way of the Idea, and even now it dominates, despite all the clash of things: the creation is not hindered on its way even now; it stands firm in virtue of being All. To me, moreover, it seems that it is only in the world that we can achieve the real image of himself: become man, he has ceased to be the All, ceasing to be man—we read, "he01 was allot and administers the Cosmos extant", restored to the All he is maker of the All.

But—to our immediate purpose—it is possible to give a reason why the earth is set in the midst and why it is round and why the ecliptic runs precisely as it does. But, looking to the creating principle, we cannot say that because this was the way therefore things were so placed: we can say only that because the Exemplar is what it is, therefore the things of this world are good, the existing principle, we might put it, reached the conclusion before all formal reasoning and set from any premises, not by sequence or plan
but before either, once all of that order's later, all reason, demonstration, persuasion.

Since there is a Source, all the created must spring from it and in accordance with it; and we are rightly not to go seeking the cause of impelling a Source to produce, especially when this is the perfectly sufficient Source and identical with the Term: a Source which is Source and Term must be the All-Unity, complete in itself.

9. This then is Beauty primarily: it is entire and omnipresent as an entirety, and therefore in state of its parts or members lacking in beauty; beautiful thus beyond detail. Certainly it cannot be anything (be, for example, Beauty) without being wholly that thing: it can be nothing which it is not possible partially or in which it utterly fails (and therefore must entirely be Beauty entire).

If this principle were not beautiful, what other could it be? Its proof does not design to be beautiful; that which is the first to manifest itself—Form and object of vision to the intellect—cannot but be lovely so etc. It is to indicate this that Plato, drawing on something well within our observation, represents the Creator as approving the work he has achieved: the intention is to make us feel the invisible beauty of the archetype and of the Divine Idea, for to admire a representation is to admire the original upon which it was made.

It is not surprising if we fail to recognize what is passing within the lovers, and those in general that admire beauty here, do not stay to reflect that it is to be traced, as of course it must be, to the Beauty Thrice. That the admiration of the Demiurge is to be referred to the Ideal Exemplar is deliberately made evident by the rest of the passage: 'He admired, and determined to bring the work into still closer likeness with the Exemplar': he makes us feel the magnific- ent beauty of the Exemplar by telling us that the Beauty sprung from this world is, itself, a copy from that:

And indeed if the divine did not exist, the transcen- dently beautiful, in a beauty beyond all thought, what could be lovelier than the things we see? Certainly no reproach can lightly be brought against this world save only that it is not That.

Let us, then, make a mental picture of our universe: each member shall remain what it is, distinctly apart; yet all is to form, as far as possible, a complete unity so whatever comes into view, say the outer orb of the heavens, shall bring immediately with it the visible, on the one place, of the run and of all the stars with earth and sea and all living things as if exhibited upon a transparent globe.

Bring this vision actually before your eyes, so that then shall be in your mind the glowing representation of a sphere, a picture holding all the things of the universe mov- ing or in repose or (as in reality) some at rest, some in mo- tion. Keep this sphere before you, and from it imagine another: a sphere stripped of magnitude and of spatial differ- ence; cast out your inward sense of Matter, taking care not merely to attenuate it: call on God, maker of the sphere whose image you now hold, and pray Him to enter. And surely He come bringing His own Universe with all the gods that dwell in it—He who is the one God and all the gods, where each is all, blending into a unity, distinct in parts but all one gud in view of that one divine power of unity facets. More truly, this is the one God who is all the gods; for, in the coming to be of all those, this, the one, has suffered no diminishing. He and all have one existence, while each again is distinct. It is distinction by state without interval: there is no outward form to set one here and another there and to prevent any from being an entire identity; yet there is no sharing of parts from one to another. Nor is each of those divine wholes a power in fragments, a power consisting to the sum of the measurable segments: the divine is one all- power, reaching out to infinity, powerful to infinity; and so great is that his very members are infinite. What place can be said to which He does not reach?

Great, too, is this furnishing of ours and all the powers controllable within it, but it would be greater still, unques- tionably, but that there is in it something of the petty- power of body: no doubt some powers of life and other bodily substances might themselves be thought very great; but in fact, it is through their failure in the true power that we see them burning, decaying, wearing things away, and slaving towards the production of life: they destroy because they are themselves in process of destruction, and they produce because they belong to the realm of the produced.

The power in that other world has merely Being and Beauty of Being. Beauty without Being could not be, nor Being voided of Beauty: abandoned of Beauty. Being loses something of its essence. Being is desirable because it is identical with Beauty and Beauty is loved because it is Be- ing. How then can we debate which is the cause of the other, where the nature is one? The very figments of Being needs some imposed image of Beauty to make it possible, and even to ensure its existence; it exists to the degree in which it has taken some share in the beauty of Idea, and the more
deeply it has drawn on this, the less imperfect it is. It is precisely because the nature which is essentially the beautiful has entered into it the more distinctly.

10. This is why Zenos, although the oldest of the gods and their sovereign, advances first (in the Phaedrus myth) towards that vision, followed by gods and demigods and such souls as are of strength to see. That Being appears before them from some unseen place and rising lofty over them pours its light upon all things, so that all gleams in its radiance; it upwards some beings, and they see, the lower are dazzled and run away, until to gaze upon that sun, the trouble falling the more heavily on those most remote.

Of those looking upon that Being and its context, and able to see, all take something but not all the same vision always: intently gazing, one sees the form and principle of Justice, another is filled with the sight of Moral Wisdom, the original of that quality as form. Sometimes at least, among men, copied by them in their degree from the divine virtue which, covering all the expanse, is to speak, of the Intellec-
tual Realm is seen, last manifestations of all, by those who have known already many splendid visions.

The gods see, each singly and all as one. So, too, the souls; they see all. There is right of being sprung, them-
sef, of that universe and therefore including all from be-
ginning to end and having their existence There if only by that phase which belongs inherently to the Divine, though often too they are There entire, those of them that have not incurred separation.

This vision Zeus takes and it is for such of us, also, as share his love and appropriate our part in the Beauty There, the final object of all seeing, the entire beauty upon all things, for all There sheds radiance, and floods those that have found their way thither so that they too become beauti-
ful, thus it will often happen that men climbing heights where the soil has taken a yellow glow will themselves ap-
pear so, borrowing colour from the place on which they stand. The colour varying in that other height we speak of is Beauty; or rather all There is light and beauty, through and through, for the beauty is no mere bloom upon the surface.

To those that do not see entirely, the immediate impres-
sion is alone taken into account; but those drunkens with this wine, filled with the nectar, all their soul generated by this beauty, cannot remain mere gazers: no longer is there a spectator outside gazing on an outside specie; the clear-
eyed hold the vision within themselves, though, for the most part, they have no idea that it is within but look towards it as to something beyond them and see it as an object of vision caught by a direction of the will.

All that one sees as a spectacle is still external; one must bring the vision within and see no longer in that mode of separation but as we know ourselves; thus a man filled with a god—possessed by Apollo or by one of the Muses—need no longer look outside for his vision of the divine being; it is but finding the strength to see divinity within.

11. Similarly any one, unable to see himself, but possessed by the God, has but to bring that divinity within before his consciousness and at once he sees an image of himself, him-
self lifted to a better beauty: now let him ignore that image, lovely though it is, and sink into a perfect self-similarity, no such separation remaining; at once he forms a multiple unity with the God actually present, in the degree of his power and will, the two become one; should he turn back to the former duality, still he is pure and remains very near to the God, he has but to look again and the same presence is there.

This conversion brings gain: at this first stage, that of separation, a man is aware of self; but recreating towards, he becomes possessor of all; he puts all away behind him in dread of the separated life and becomes one in the Divine, if he plans to see in separation, he sets himself outside.

The novice must hold himself constantly under some image of the Divine Being and seek in the light of a clear conception, knowing thus, in a deep conviction, whither he is going—into what a sublimity he penetrates—he must give himself forthwith to the inner and, radiant with the Di-
vine Intelligences (with which he is now one), he no longer the seer, but, as that place has made him, the seen.

Still, we will be told, one cannot be in beauty and yet fail to see it. The very contrary: to see the divine as some-
ting essential is to be outside of it; to become it is to be most truly in beauty; since sight deals with the external, there can be no vision unless in the sense of identifica-
tion with the object.

And this identification amounts to a self-knowing, a self-consciousness, guarded by the fear of losing the self in the desire of a too wide awareness.

It must be remembered that sensations of the ugly and evil impress us more violently than those of what is agree-
able and yet leave less knowledge as the residue of the shock: sickness makes the rougher mark, but health, tran-
quility present, explains itself better; it takes the first place, it is the natural thing, it belongs to our being; illness is alien, unnatural, and thus makes itself felt by us very incongruously, while the other conditions are native and we take no notice. Such being our nature, we are most completely aware of ourselves when we are most completely identified with the object of our knowledge.
This is why in that other speech, when we are deepest in that knowledge by intellect, we are aware of none; we are expecting some impression on sense, which has nothing to report since it has seen nothing and never could in that order see anything. The unbelieving element is sense; it is the other, the Intellectual-Principle, that sees; and if this too doubted, it could not even credit its own existence, for it can never stand away and with bodily eyes apprehend itself as a visible object.

12. We have told how this vision is to be procured, whether by the mode of separation or in identity: now, seen in either way, what does it give to report?

The vision has been of God in travail of a beautiful offspring, God engendering a universe within himself in a painless labour and—rejoiced in what he has brought into being, proud of his children—keeping all closely by him, for the pleasure he has in his radiance and in their.

Of this offspring—all beautiful, but most beautiful those that have remained within—only one has become manifest without, from him (Zeus, soverain over the visible universe), the youngest born, we may gather, as from some image, the greatness of the Father and of the Brothers that remain within the Father's house.

Still the manifested God cannot think that he has come forth in vain from the father; for through him another universe has arisen, beautiful as the image of beauty, and it could not be lawful that beauty and Being should fail of a beautiful image.

This second Cosmos at every point copies the archetype: it has life and being in copy, and has beauty as springing from that diviner world. In its character of image it holds, too, that divine perenity without which it would only at times be truly representative and sometimes fail like a construction of art; for every image whose existence lies in the nature of things must stand during the entire existence of the archetype.

Hence it is false to put an end to the visible sphere as long as the Intellectual endures, or to find it upon a decision taken by its maker at some given moment.

That teaching shirks the penetration of such a making as is here involved: it fails to see that as long as the Supreme is radiant there can be no failing of its sequel but, that existing, all exists. And—since the necessity of conveying our meaning compels such terms—the Supreme has existed for ever and for ever will exist.

13. The God fettled (as in the Kronos14 Myth) to an unchanging identity leaves the ordering of this universe to his son (in Zeus), for it could not be in his character to neglect his rule within the divine sphere, and, as though saved with the Authentic-Beauty, seek a lordship too recent and too poor for his might. Ignoring this lower world, Kronos (In-

The Intellectual-Principle) claims for himself his own father (Ouranos,15 the Absolute), or One with all the upward-tending between them and he counts all that tends to the inferior, beginning from his son (Zeus, the All-Soul), in ranking beneath him. Thus he holds a mid-position determined on the one side by the differentiation implied in the severance from the very highest and, on the other, by that which keeps him apart from the link between himself and the lower: he stands between a greater father and an inferior son. But since that father is too lofty to be thought of under the name of Beauty, the second God remains the primally beautiful.

Soul also has beauty, but 'tis less beautiful than Intellect as being its image and therefore, though beautiful in nature, taking increase of beauty by looking to that original. Since then the All-Soul—to use the more familiar term—since Aphrodite16 herself is so beautiful, what name can we give to that other? If Soul is so lovely in its own right, of what quality must that prior be? And since its being is derived, what must that power be from which the Soul takes the double beauty, the borrowed and the inherent?  

We ourselves possess beauty when we are true to our own being; our ugliness is in going over to another order; our self-knowledge, that is to say, is our beauty: in self-ignorance we are ugly.

Thus beauty is of the Divine and comes Thence only.

Do these considerations suffice to a clear understanding of the Intellectual Sphere or must we make yet another attempt by another road?

14Kronos, the Titan who ruled before being consumed by Zeus.
15Ouranos, who ruled before being devoured by Kronos.
16Aphrodite. Greek goddess of love and beauty.