HAWTHORNE'S PHILOSOPHY OF ART

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HAWTHORNE'S PHILOSOPHY OF ART

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

One facet of Hawthorne's thinking, his ideas on art, has remained relatively unexplored by critical writers. Whereas the presentation of such concepts does not appear to have been Hawthorne's chief concern, his frequent comments upon the nature and elements of art, as well as his expressed views on specific art objects and the artists who produce them, may well lead the reader to believe that Hawthorne possessed much more than a casual interest in the subject and that, indeed, he arrived at his own conception of a "philosophy of art." It will be the purpose of this paper to explore the ideas which make up this philosophy.

Though Hawthorne was interested in various forms of art, his qualification as an art critic did not equal his interest. Many of his critical comments, expressed throughout his works, were not during his lifetime and are not now considered relevant. According to Leland Schubert in Hawthorne, the Artist, "... Hawthorne knew comparatively little about the ... arts other than writing. His taste was often feeble and his judgment not always sound."¹ Schubert comments

quite pointedly on Hawthorne's inability to judge painting and sculpture:

In spite of his interest and the hours spent looking at pictures, he apparently had little or no technical knowledge of painting. . . . He learned remarkably little about texture, pigments, brush-strokes, design, composition, and other technical factors. His interest in painting seems to have been intuitive, at least entirely natural.  

Neither does Schubert feel that Hawthorne's ideas on sculpture were very sophisticated:

He had very little theoretical knowledge of design as he had very little theoretical knowledge of structure in art. . . . His interest in the technical aspects of sculpture . . . was never very great. . . . [3] nowhere does Hawthorne's interest go beyond a naive concern with content.  

George Woodberry, in his biography of Hawthorne, comments similarly. Speaking of the author's tour of Italy, he submits that,

. . . he was sensibly attracted by the artistic works on every hand. He was not wholly uncultivated in art, though his aesthetic sense had been rather a hope than a reality all through his life. . . . In his Boston days he use[d] to visit such collections of pictures as were accessible to him, and he knew sculpture somewhat through casts. Such cultivation, however, was at best a very limited and incomplete preparation. . . .  

Woodberry further suggests that Hawthorne's lack of professional judgment may be attributed to the fact that he tried

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2Ibid., p. 95.
3Ibid., p. 40.
4George E. Woodberry, Nathaniel Hawthorne (New York, 1902), pp. 262-263.
to develop such skill too late in life. He is speaking of the author's ability as an art critic rather than as an artist when he says,

He did not respond to Italian painting very perfectly at the best, and his education hardly proceeded farther than an appreciation of the softer and brighter works of Guido and Raphael. . . . He did not become even an amateur in art. . . . he had begun too late to enter that world; and he contented himself with a moral sympathy, an appreciation of idea and feeling, rather than the seeing eye and understanding heart by which one takes possession of the artistic world as a free citizen there.?

Thus it is not for his accomplishment as a critic of art that Hawthorne is remembered today. His criticism was purely intuitive, for he adhered to no formal theory based on a knowledge of the technical and aesthetic qualities of art. He simply favored some works and disliked others instinctively, giving non-professional but candid reasons why they did or did not appeal to him.

It is remarkable, perhaps, that Hawthorne should have developed so strong an interest in art, for his Puritan heritage and the New England cultural environment in which he lived did little to foster such an interest. According to Henry James in his study of Hawthorne,

When we think of what the conditions of intellectual life, of taste, must have been in a small New England town . . . and when we think of a young man of beautiful genius, with a love of literature and romance, of the picturesque, of style and form and color, trying to make a career for himself in

5Ibid., p. 263.
the midst of them, compassion for the young man becomes our dominant sentiment, and we see the large, dry, village-picture in perhaps almost too hard a light.6

The "large, dry, village-picture" which James describes can be used to characterize generally the New England of that period, for the nation of which it was a part was too immature at the time of Hawthorne's young manhood to have developed a culture of its own; "... it had begun to 'be,' simply. ..."7

There had been little time for the development of "intellectual life and taste," and such concepts as "art" and "culture" were neglected. According to Henry C. Fairbanks in his article, "Hawthorne Amid the Alien Corn,"

... art was not crushed outright. It was merely dislodged from the important role which nature had assigned to it. It was for the ladies. It was for man's idle moments. But it had no serious part in the business of life.8

Art was not tolerated in New England unless it served some constructive purpose, and to satisfy the love of beauty was not considered sufficient reason for the creation and existence of art.

Hawthorne recognized what he termed "this grossness" in his countrymen and regretted it. In "The Custom House," his introduction to The Scarlet Letter, he speaks explicitly of

6Henry James, Hawthorne (New York, 1880), p. 28.
7Ibid., p. 29.
8Henry G. Fairbanks, "Hawthorne Amid the Alien Corn," College English, XVII (February, 1956), 263.
the narrowness of his ancestors who would condemn his idleness as a writer. On the surface, he appears to be expressing his light-hearted acceptance of their viewpoint, but he fails to conceal his resentment of their attitudes as he says,

No aim, that I have ever cherished, would they recognize as laudable; no success of mine—my life, beyond its domestic scope, had ever been brightened by success—would they deem otherwise than worthless, if not positively disgraceful. "What is he?" murmurs one gray shadow of my forefathers to the other. "A writer of story-books! What kind of business in life,—what mode of glorifying God, or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation,—may that be? Why, the degenerate fellow might as well have been a fiddler!"

It is with much the same kind of underlying bitterness that Hawthorne speaks of his poet in "The Canterbury Pilgrims" through Josiah, the young Shaker youth who is fleeing the Shaker village with his beloved Miriam. The poet expresses a desire to enter the village with his companions and live the remainder of his life isolated from the rest of the world, yet he confesses that he has only his gift for poetry to recommend himself. Josiah speaks doubtfully of his chances of being accepted:

"But, Miriam, . . . thee knowest that the elders admit nobody that has not a gift to be useful. Now, what under the sun can they do with this poor varse-maker?"

9Nathaniel Hawthorne, The Complete Writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne (New York, 1900), V, p. 25. (Hereafter referred to as Writings.)

10Ibid., III, p. 173.
Even though Hawthorne is speaking here of a localized religious body, such apparently was the opinion then generally held by New Englanders concerning artists and their works.

Hawthorne realized that the prevalent attitude held by his countrymen toward art was at best one of indifference. The conflict between art and utility serves as a major theme in his fiction about artists. In "The Artist of the Beautiful," it is explored through the opposing ideas held by Owen Warland, the artist, and Peter Hovenden, the retired watchmaker. From childhood, Owen had seemed atypical to the people in the small New England town in that he possessed a

... love of the beautiful, such as might have made him a poet, a painter, or a sculptor, and which was as completely refined from all utilitarian coarseness as it could have been in either of the fine arts. ... The boy's relatives saw nothing better to be done ... than to bind him apprentice to a watchmaker, hoping that his strange ingenuity might thus be regulated and put to utilitarian purposes.11

Owen, however, unlike the old watchmaker, was unimpressed by the importance of the strict measurement of time, even though forcing himself "to restrain his creative eccentricity within bounds,"12 during his apprenticeship. When his master retired and the shop became his own, however, Owen gave vent to his creative urge and began to fashion a tiny mechanism in the shape of a butterfly which he hoped to give life and spirit of its own. Visiting the shop one day, Peter Hovenden

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derided Owen for wasting his time, and advised, "... get rid altogether of your nonsensical trash about the beautiful, which I nor nobody else, nor yourself to boot, could ever understand,--only free yourself of that, and your success in life is as sure as daylight."13 Judging Owen's creation by utilitarian standards only, Hovenden felt that it could serve no useful purpose.

Hawthorne found little in his early environment and cultural heritage to encourage his interest in art, and, as has been shown, he never developed the technical skills of the accomplished art critic. Though one might justifiably question whether he should be called a critic, when one becomes aware of an obvious aspect of his personality, his artistic temperament, and considers that Hawthorne was himself an artist, one might just as rightly assert that he was well qualified to make valid, though almost completely intuitive, judgments of works of art.

In his fictional portrayal of the creative artist, Hawthorne's works contain several artist-characters who possess at least two personality traits in common with the author--the desire for seclusion and the love of beauty. Possibly Owen Warland in "The Artist of the Beautiful" is the best example of this type of character, because he is pictured as a man almost completely isolated from the rest of

13Ibid., p. 513.
society in his attempt to create a work of art which would not only be beautiful, but which would be imbued with life as well. Hubert Hoeltje in his study of Hawthorne points out that the author's tendency toward seclusion was evident early in his life when as a small boy he would take "long solitary walks" and spend hours reading or declaiming to an imaginary audience. Later, after three years in college, he began to realize

... that it was his genius to be a spectator of life, and, most of all, to watch those lights and shadows which flitted across his own inward sky. The role of the worldling was not for him. Rather it was for him to think his own thoughts, to feel his own emotions, and to possess his individuality unviolated.\(^4\)

Still later, after Hawthorne had been recognized as a writer, Hoeltje says of him, "... his impression of himself was that he was shy, and given to an independent life in his own mind."\(^5\)

In their love for beauty also, Hawthorne's artist-characters reflect his own personality. Owen Warland possesses an intuitive appreciation for beauty which Peter Hovenden lacks, as evidenced by the old watchmaker's reaction to the artist's creation. Speaking of the butterfly, Hawthorne says, "It is impossible to express ... the delicate gorgeousness which was softened into the beauty of this


\(^{15}\) \textit{Ibid.}, p. 477.
object," and Owen, realizing that he has succeeded in "creating the beautiful," describes his work with these phrases: "this spiritualized mechanism, this harmony of motion, this mystery of beauty." Yet, Peter Hovenden is insensible of the creation's beauty. He first sees it when only partially completed, and he threatens to destroy it thinking that he can put an end to Owen's "nonsensical trash about the beautiful." Later, at the end of the story when the child crushes the butterfly, "Old Peter Hovenden burst[s] into a cold and scornful laugh."

Hawthorne's feeling for beauty, as reflected in the character of Owen Warland, was intuitive also, allowing him to find admirable qualities in works of art which were not widely acclaimed because of their lack of technical perfection. He felt, so Hoeltje believes, that

The success of art, therefore, did not . . . reside solely or even primarily in its technicalities or physical aspects. He found, indeed, an analogy between the nature of art and the nature of man. . . . The essence that makes them truly beautiful is our immortal part, which we shall take away with us.

Thus the work of art may suggest for the spectator more beauty than it actually depicts even though it is not technically perfect. Indeed, Hawthorne questions the

16Hawthorne, Writings, II, 529.
17Ibid.
18Ibid., p. 513.
19Ibid., p. 535.
20Hoeltje, p. 492.
validity of measuring art solely by its degree of technical perfection, for in art, there is a blending of the physical and the divine, and it is this mystical, divine quality which lends beauty to art. Hoeltje also proposes that

Beauty, in Hawthorne's view . . . may well be its own excuse for being, though it is not the last or highest expression of art. Art . . . serves best to gladden the world when it blends beauty with high and noble aim—at once refreshing and cheering man through his aesthetic sense, and consoling and lifting him by its appeal to his moral and religious nature.22

Art then in itself can be noble, but only if it possesses beauty within itself or suggests beauty to the spectator in its visible form or in its effect upon his intellectual processes.

Hawthorne reached some conclusions concerning the appreciation of art, one of which is that the spectator must view a work of art with innocence and with the confidence that if he is not too analytical, he will find meaning in it. On observing a group of paintings in San Pietro church in Italy he commented,

The most remarkable of these pictures is a face and bust of Hope, by Guido . . . ; it has a grace which artists are continually trying to get into their innumerable copies, but always without success; for, indeed, though nothing is more true than the existence of this charm in the picture, yet if you try to analyze it, or even look too intently at it, it vanishes, till you look again with more trusting simplicity.23

21Hawthorne, Writings, X, 305.

22Hoeltje, pp. 493-494. 23Hawthorne, Writings, X, 165.
Still, the spectator must be willing to penetrate the outer aspect which the work presents, though not in such a way as to detach himself emotionally and depend only upon his intellect to scrutinize and evaluate the technical aspects of structure, design, and color. On seeing the statue of The Dying Gladiator, he wrote,

Like all works of the highest excellence ... it makes great demands upon the spectator. He must make a generous gift of his sympathies to the sculptor, and help out his skill with all his heart, or else he will see little more than a skillfully wrought surface. It suggests far more than it shows.²⁴

Thus, one may arrive at the crux of Hawthorne's theory concerning the true appreciation of art; the observer must view works of art seriously, and he must be willing to formulate his own ideas without depending upon the opinions of others or surrendering to judgments based solely upon the technical worth of such works. Hawthorne felt that an individual's reaction to any work of art should always be a personal one. As summed up by Hoeltje,

Over and over again, moreover, he sought to grasp and state what he regarded to be the foundations and aims of art. Before he came to terms with himself on these matters, he found it necessary to clear the ground of miscellaneous problems of varying degrees of importance. First of all, he wished to be perfectly honest—fearful, as he said repeatedly, of bamboozling himself by accepting the judgments of tradition or of connoisseurs, instead of making his own.²⁵

²⁴Ibid., p. 98.
²⁵Hoeltje, p. 487.
Throughout his works, Hawthorne's expression of certain ideas concerning art is understandably general in nature, because of his lack of specific technical knowledge concerning any of the arts other than his own. Still, the frequency with which he expresses these ideas is an indication of the extent of his interest in art. Certainly a study of these concepts should be of great interest and significance to the Hawthorne scholar in view of the author's personal interest in the subject and in view of its originality; previous works have considered only particular facets of the author's "philosophy" of art.

It is the purpose of this paper to explore in detail three groups of Hawthorne's ideas, concerning (1) the creation of art, (2) the appreciation of art, and (3) the effect of time upon works of art. Of these groups, the first, on the appreciation of art, contains three subdivisions dealing specifically with Hawthorne's ideas concerning the artist: the necessity and the artist's preference of seclusion for creative purposes, the "Puritan" concept that the artist should be innocent and without sin, and the proposition that the artist possesses a gift of intuitive understanding which allows him to perceive "the true state of matters that lie beyond his actual vision." In relation to the appreciation of art, Hawthorne proposes that the spectator must not be blinded by preconceived ideas about art in general, that he

26Hawthorne, Writings, VI, 221.
must possess a certain naivete about art, and that he must be willing to penetrate the surface of an individual work to discover the artist's true intention. In the consideration of the effect of time upon art, there are two ideas which bear investigation—the natural deteriorating effect of time, and the truth-revealing effect which time has upon works of art, bringing out underlying truths which lie obscured until the surface is dimmed.

Of all Hawthorne's ideas concerning art, the most significant can be related to the three mentioned topics: the creation of art, the appreciation of art, and the effect of time upon art. Some of his ideas have been analyzed in part by the author's critics, but not in such a way as to arrive at a comprehensive statement of his "philosophy" of art. One of the most informative and specific analyses is that by Millicent Bell in *Hawthorne's View of the Artist*. A second study, *Hawthorne, the Artist*, by Leland Schubert, dealing specifically with the technical aspects of Hawthorne's writing, contains commentary which has been helpful in establishing Hawthorne's qualification as an art critic. In addition, two articles have contributed valuable information, "Hawthorne Amid the Alien Corn," by Henry G. Fairbanks, from *College English*, for its comments upon Hawthorne in relation to his Puritan heritage, and "Independence vs. Isolation: Hawthorne and James on the Problem of the Artist," by Annette K. Baxter, from *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, for its commentary
upon Hawthorne's ideas concerning the isolation of the artist.

For the most part, however, the present study relies upon Hawthorne's own works for the expression of his ideas pertaining to art. His last novel, *The Marble Faun*, contains the greatest store of commentary upon art of any of his works of fiction. To a lesser degree, one other novel, *The House of the Seven Gables*, contains comments upon the effect of time upon art, and the author's notebooks, particularly his *Italian Note-Books*, are invaluable for their recording of his frank comments upon various art works viewed during his travels abroad. Several short stories of Hawthorne's are also directly concerned with the subject of art and the artist: specifically, "The Artist of the Beautiful," "The Snow Image," "The Prophetic Pictures," and "Edward Randolph's Portrait."
CHAPTER II

CREATION OF ART

In his critical study of Hawthorne, Hyatt H. Waggoner proposes that, "Hawthorne, in short, was an artist, not a reporter and not a historian, despite his extensive use of the material of history. He conceived of himself as, and was, 'an artist of the beautiful.'"\(^1\) Being an artist, Hawthorne was well aware of the difficulty the artist has in establishing a suitable relationship between himself and the society in which he lives. One of the major reasons for this problem is that the artist's goals, of an idealistic nature, cannot be understood by a society which is materialistically oriented. Therefore, he often finds himself in conflict with those with whom he associates and is forced to create for himself a kind of seclusion in which to work undisturbed by the actions and ideas of those about him. Hawthorne felt such isolation to be a necessity, for, in his pursuit of the ideal, the creative one demands perfection of himself and therefore must either rise above the common imperfections of humanity or be impeded by them. Millicent Bell proposes that "Life gives no aid to the artist and cannot be affected by his discoveries."\(^2\)

\(^1\)Hyatt H. Waggoner, Hawthorne, A Critical Study (Massachusetts, 1955), p. 95.

\(^2\)Millicent Bell, Hawthorne's View of the Artist (New York, 1962), p. 95.
Because he is aware of society's indifference to his aspirations, the artist rejects the conventional values of human existence and pursues the ideal, a theme fully explored in "The Artist of the Beautiful." Owen Warland is isolated from the rest of the townspeople by the creative drive which motivates him; he does not tell them of his attempt to create a beautiful object with life of its own, realizing that they would not see the significance of his endeavor. He does make one unsuccessful effort, however, because of his love for Annie Hovenden, to unite within his lonely world the two objects of most importance to him, Annie, a part of the actual world, and the butterfly, a product of his pursuit of the ideal. During a visit to his shop, Annie astonishes Owen by saying that she understands he is trying to put "spirit into machinery." It is then that

. . . the thought stole into his mind that this young girl possessed the gift to comprehend him better than all the world besides. And what a help and strength would it be to him in his lonely toil if he could gain the sympathy of the only being whom he loved! . . . "Annie," cried he, growing pale as death at the thought, "how gladly would I tell you the secret of my pursuit! You, methinks, would estimate it rightly. You, I know would hear it with a reverence that I must not expect from the harsh, material world."3

Owen soon concludes, however, that Annie too is very much a part of the "harsh, material world," and he . . . succeeds in his search for the beautiful, but only because he realizes

3Hawthorne, Writings, II, 517.
4Ibid., pp. 517-518.
before it is too late that the actual and the ideal cannot be brought together without fatal consequences."

Hawthorne also explores this antithesis between the actual and the ideal in another of his stories, "The Snow Image," in which he suggests that the innocence and creative imagination of the children allow them to transcend the world of the actual and create a living playmate for themselves. There exists a relationship between the children's creation of the snow image and Owen's butterfly, because each is a product of the imagination and each "comes to life." A relationship is also implied between the creators; though Owen's creative imagination has matured beyond that of the small children, he has retained the idealistic attitude of childhood innocence. It is this idealistic attitude, in opposition to a materialistic one, which forms the basis for contrast between the children and their father and between Owen Warland and Peter Hovenden. Mr. Lindsey cannot accept his wife's story when she tells him that their children have "created" the little snow girl, and he insists that the child must be brought inside to warm herself. Unlike Warland, the perceptive artist, he is materialistically oriented and fails to realize that reconciliation between the actual and the ideal cannot be achieved without "fatal consequences." Therefore, he brings about the destruction of the "snow image."

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5Bell, p. 96.
Isolation, Hawthorne seems to feel, is not only a necessity for the artist but also his preference, because he realizes that he is different from other men. The greater his creative ability and devotion to his art, the greater is his desire to separate from the rest of the world. As Baxter proposes, the implication that ultimately the artist's achievement depends on the degree to which he is not 'a man all the same' lies at the heart of much that Hawthorne ... has to say about the problem of the artist. The true artist's personality prevents him from being like others, because he is completely absorbed in his work and cares about little else. The artist in "The Prophetic Pictures" is a good example of this type of character. Like Owen Warland, he gives himself completely to his work, yet he is forced to associate with other people because of his love of portrait painting. Still he remains aloof from his subjects, because the only interest he shares with them is the portraits themselves, which bring him in contact with them, and even this common interest springs from different motives. The vain subjects of the portraits are interested only in having their likenesses preserved on canvas; the artist's sole interest is the creation of works of art.

Finding themselves unable to establish satisfactory relationships with "the ordinary crowd," artists tend to associate with persons having similar interests. In *The Marble Faun*, Hawthorne says,

One of the chief causes that make Rome the favorite residence of artists . . . is, doubtless, that they there find themselves in force, and are numerous enough to create a congenial atmosphere. In every other clime they are isolated strangers; in this land of art, they are free citizens."

It is because of their desire to live among people engaged in similar work and in an atmosphere conducive to the creation of art, that Hawthorne's three artists in *The Marble Faun* are in Rome. Hilda, the copyist, and Kenyon, the sculptor, are both Americans and form close friendships with Miriam, the painter with the mysterious past. It is only their common interest in art which forms the basis for their friendship, however; Miriam and Hilda, who become friends despite their totally different backgrounds, have little else in common. Hilda is described as being a "pure" and almost fragile maiden, whereas Miriam "... comes ... of a long line of dark, attractive, strong, sexually mature and appealing, yet 'guilty' women in Hawthorne's works."9

The escape to Rome is not always an available solution to the problem of finding a "congenial atmosphere," however.

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7Hawthorne, *Writings*, VI, 185.
8Ibid., pp. 158-159.
9Waggoner, p. 203.
Artists such as Owen Warland and the painter in "The Prophetic Pictures" are almost completely alone, yet Hawthorne feels that the achievement of total isolation is impossible, because of the artist's inability to control his own destiny and his basic human desire to form relationships with others. On viewing some of the partially finished sculpture in Kenyon's studio, Miriam says in The Marble Faun, "... so does our individual fate exist in the limestone of time. We fancy that we carve it out; but its ultimate shape is prior to all our action." Thus the artist might prefer to remain in complete solitude and live a life uninterrupted by companionship with others, but, as Miriam realizes, he cannot always choose his own destiny.

The predilection toward companionship is, Hawthorne feels, a compulsive one, and one of his artists, Owen Warland, is seen struggling with the conflict arising from his desire to isolate himself and his inability to fully sublimate his need for companionship. Owen's love for Annie Hovenden brings him only anguish, for he desires to make her a part of his world, and consequently he "... is oblivious to the earthly, material Annie--he sees only the ideal which he worships in her image." Owen subsequently finds that he cannot maintain his complete devotion to his work and have Annie too, for she is not able to understand his idealistic endeavor and is not willing to accept a man so oblivious to reality.

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10 Hawthorne, Writings, VI, 141.  
11 Bell, p. 97.
Like Owen Warland, the artist must accept his alienation, yet Hawthorne apparently feels that such separation is "... unhealthy for his human development," which is contingent upon the communication he achieves with others through the art objects he creates whether or not they are fully understood and appreciated by society. It is possibly the desire to communicate through his creations which prompts Kenyon to invite Miriam's appraisal of his statue of Cleopatra. Miriam also seeks Donatello's approval when she shows him her portrait of the beautiful, dark lady in her studio; she "... watched Donatello's contemplation of the picture, and seeing his simple rapture, a smile of pleasure brightened on her face. ..." Later, when Kenyon begins sculpting a bust of Donatello, he attempts to reproduce not only his subject's outward appearance but also his "personal characteristics" as well; "these it was his difficult office to bring out from their depths, and interpret them to all men, showing them what they could not discern for themselves, yet must be compelled to recognize at a glance, on the surface of a block of marble." Continued withdrawal, however, without such communication, involves the risk of a further estrangement in which the artist creates "art for art's sake" and becomes oblivious to the need for communication with society.

According to Annette Baxter,

14Ibid., p. 312. 15Ibid.
To Hawthorne, for a long time more sensible of the physical separation in his own life, it seemed that the artist, even as he kept faith with himself, was in a special way threatened by the spector of isolation. Total absorption in the processes of creation meant a loosening of the ties binding him to the mass of humanity and a final alienation taking the form of Owen Warland's disastrous etherealization, the Prophetic Painter's inability to make human use of his superhuman gift . . . and of the caricatured romantic poet in "The Canterbury Pilgrims," the lonely aesthete's tragi-comic retreat before the world of fact.16

The artist's "total absorption" in his work allows him to develop, only as an artist; it makes impossible his development as an individual human being. His independency can cause him to become like the painter in "The Prophetic Pictures," "... as coldly unsympathetic with the frailties of humanity as he was subtly exact in the rendering of them."17

Hawthorne emphasizes the isolation of the artist, because he recognizes the tragedy of the artisan's situation. It differs from the isolation of Hawthorne's villains who alienate themselves during the process of attaining an end which "violates the sanctity of the human heart."18 He looks upon the estrangement of his villains as being evil. Speaking of two of these men Waggoner says,

Rappaccini is like Aylmer only in being a scientist with great confidence in his scientific powers: he acts from a very different kind of pride from

16Baxter, p. 226. 17Ibid.  
Aylmer's. Holding consciously to diabolic values, he is evil rather than deluded. Power is his end and science but his means to it.\(^9\)

Rappaccini is seen as the possessor of perverted wisdom using his own daughter as a subject for a scientific experiment; he has few redeeming qualities. However, Aylmer

... is portrayed not only as a scientist, but particularly, as a perfectionist, a misguided idealist who, inspired by pure motives, would accomplish good, not harm, if the world were different; ... the tale assumes man's inherent imperfection and develops the tragic folly of supposing that things may be otherwise.\(^{20}\)

Roger Chillingworth "... was at first a mild and unworldly scientist who had led a blameless life."\(^{21}\) His investigation to discover Hester's partner in sin begins as a bit of intellectual research for which he is well qualified as a scientist. Soon, however, he becomes obsessed with the desire not only to discover but also to punish his wife's lover, and as his obsession grows, he becomes thoroughly evil.

Unlike Hawthorne's villain, however, Owen Warland the artist is isolated for purely artistic purposes; the "tools of his search are mechanical rather than human."\(^{22}\) for he is not concerned as they are with using his fellow man for selfish or scientific purposes. His alienation is not a sin against another individual, and, consequently, Hawthorne allows him

\(^{19}\) Waggoner, p. 113.

\(^{20}\) Ibid.

\(^{21}\) Ibid., p. 40.

\(^{22}\) Moyer, p. 279.
to achieve his goal and avert the tragic end which the villains experience.\textsuperscript{23}

Though Hawthorne sympathizes with Warland, he regards complete seclusion for the sake of art as sin.\textsuperscript{24} He says in "The Prophetic Pictures,"

It is not good for man to cherish a solitary ambition. Unless there be those around him by whose example he may regulate himself, his thoughts, desires, and hopes will become extravagant, and he the semblance, perhaps the reality, of a madman.\textsuperscript{25}

Hawthorne is speaking here not of Chillingworth or Aylmer, but of the painter in "The Prophetic Pictures," and he is clearly criticizing him for isolating himself. Still, there is an absence of severity in Hawthorne's criticism, because he feels that though the artist's withdrawal is sinful, it is a necessity if he is to develop his talent. "This is the blind alley to which his artists are invariably led, and it is the paradox from which Hawthorne did not cease attempting to free himself," concludes Amnette Baxter.\textsuperscript{26}

Hawthorne proposes that only through unqualified dedication to his work can one become a true artist, yet he realizes that such exclusive dedication does not always bring fulfillment. Still, the desire to create is a compulsive one, and if the artist chooses to commit himself completely to his art, he must content himself with the reward which comes from

\textsuperscript{23}Ibid. \textsuperscript{24}Ibid.

\textsuperscript{25}Hawthorne, \textit{Writings}, I, 242-243.

\textsuperscript{26}Baxter, p. 227.
artistic development, leaving dormant his emotional development. His only other choice, as Kenyon and Warland come to understand, is to allow his emotional needs to be fulfilled and to suppress his creative urge, for the two are mutually exclusive.27

Two of Hawthorne's artists, Owen Warland and the painter in "The Prophetic Pictures," are men who choose to devote themselves completely to their artistic goals. In "The Artist of the Beautiful," Warland realizes that his love for Annie can only stifle his artistic development. Early in the story, the disquieting effect which his love for her has on Owen's creative abilities becomes apparent. After having seen her pass by his shop window, he says

I shall scarcely be able to work again on this exquisite mechanism to-night. Annie! dearest Annie! thou shouldst give firmness to my heart and hand, and not shake them thus; for if I strive to put the very spirit of beauty into form and give it motion, it is for thy sake alone. 0 throbbing heart, be quiet! If my labor be thus thwarted, there will come vague and unsatisfied dreams which will leave me spiritless to-morrow.28

Later, during Annie's visit to his shop, Owen attempts to impress upon her the importance of his labor when she espies the tiny butterfly, hoping that she will understand its significance, but he realizes that the two objects of his love are incompatible as he witnesses Annie's flippant reaction to the mechanism. "'Come,' she says 'explain to me quickly

27Bell, p. 166. 28Hawthorne, Writings, II, 509.
what is the meaning of this little whirligig, so delicately 
wrought that it might be a plaything for Queen Mab. See!
I will put it in motion."" Her touch is ever so slight,
yet it is sufficient to destroy both the mechanical toy and
Owen's illusion that she might be capable of an understanding
beyond that of others. He tells her dejectedly,

I have deceived myself, and must suffer for it.
I yearned for sympathy, and thought, and fancied,
and dreamed that you might give it me; but you
lack the talisman, Annie, that should admit you
to my secrets. That touch has undone the toil
of months and the thought of a lifetime!30

Hawthorne's prophetic painter too has made his choice
and appears to be incapable of any feeling other than that
which his work evokes. He is described as having

... no aim--no pleasure--no sympathies--but
what were ultimately connected with his art.
Though gentle in manner and upright in intent
and action, he did not possess kindly feelings;
his heart was cold; no living creature could be
brought near enough to keep him warm.31

The reader feels little compassion for this character in his
isolation because it is clear that his work is his only
interest and that he needs nothing else to fill his life.
Unlike Warland, whose pathetic longing for sympathy goes
unrequited, the painter lacks the capacity for love and can
thus work without feeling the necessity to have his art
understood and appreciated by others. Hawthorne concludes
that the artist must choose between the "warmth of life and

29 Ibid., p. 518.  30 Ibid., pp. 518-519.
31 Ibid., I, p. 241.
the ideal service of art." If his personality is such, as is the prophetic painter's, that he can live in a state of isolation and be content, then the choice is relatively simple, but if, like Owen Warland, he feels the need to establish a close and enduring relationship with someone else, the choice must of necessity be a frustrating one.

Another of Hawthorne's artists, Kenyon, in The Marble Faun, is faced with a decision much like Owen's when he falls in love with Hilda, but he makes the opposite choice and returns to America with Hilda, leaving Rome, which has been for him a source of artistic inspiration. One might think that Kenyon would not be forced to choose between his love for sculpture and his love for Hilda, that, indeed, the two might be perfectly compatible since Hilda too is an artist, but it must be remembered that her work differs from that of her companions in one very crucial way; she is a copyist with great talent, but she lacks the originality to be a truly creative artist. She possesses the emotional qualities which Kenyon finds lacking in himself, and it is because of this that he is drawn to her. For Kenyon, "... the desires of the heart prove stronger than even the wonder-working power of art." As he says when shown the beautiful statue of Venus which Donatello has discovered, "The time has been when the sight of this statue would have been enough to make

32Bell, p. 165. 33Ibid., p. 169.
the day memorable," but now, "... imagination and the love of art have both died out of me." 34

Hawthorne feels that Kenyon makes a wiser choice than Warland, for, "Owen's 'triumph'... seems but half-comfort for his surrender of human happiness." 35 Hawthorne proposes that

Owen Warland's story would have been no tolerable representation of the troubled life of those who strive to create the beautiful, if, amid all other thwarting influences, love had not interposed to steal the cunning from his hand... had he found Annie what he fancied, his lot would have been so rich in beauty that out of its mere redundancy he might have wrought the beautiful into many a worthier type than he had toiled for... 36

As an artist, Owen is destined to lead a "troubled life," but his trouble is further compounded by the fact that he has the capacity for love. If Annie had measured up to the image he had created of her, his life would have been far more rewarding, for "... one suspects that the 'worthier type' of the Beautiful was to be wrought not in the medium of art, but of life." 37 The idealized state of happiness in which Hawthorne leaves Kenyon and Hilda in The Marble Faun sharply contrasts with the last scene in "The Artist of the Beautiful" in which Owen visits Annie and Danforth to show them the results of his work. In a sense, Warland's work

34 Hawthorne, Writings, VI, 483.
35 Bell, p. 102.
36 Hawthorne, Writings, II, 522-523.
37 Bell, p. 109.
has not gone unrewarded as evidenced by the magnificent butterfly, but his triumph is incomplete. Contrasted with the happiness of Annie and Danforth, Owen's lot appears rather pathetic. As is stated by Millicent Bell,

One feels the results of considerable humor working behind the exalted tone of the ideas presented, which inclines one to suspect that Hawthorne felt, like Annie "a secret scorn--too secret, perhaps, for her own consciousness," for the artist. It cannot be denied, certainly, that the artist's destiny, as represented by the figure of Owen Warland, appears not so much tragic and important as merely pathetic.38

Hawthorne proposes that the nature of the artist's work demands that he be free of sin, an idea which is emphasized in The Marble Faun. The crime which Donatello commits in murdering Miriam's model has an effect upon all four of the characters. For Donatello, himself, it brings an end to the faun-like innocence and gaiety which have previously characterized him and the beginning of a consciousness of good and evil. For Miriam, Kenyon, and Hilda, it brings an end to their careers as artists. Miriam begins the life of a penitent waiting for Donatello's release. Kenyon and Hilda return to their work, but they find that it holds no interest for them, because even though they are only spectators, their exposure to sin has broken the charm which Rome once held for them as artists, and they no longer find inspiration there.

38Ibid., p. 105.
Another aspect which differentiates the artist from the "ordinary crowd" is his keen perceptive intuition. He is capable of discovering his associates' inmost secrets as do Coverdale, the poet in The Blithedale Romance, and Kenyon, the sculptor in The Marble Faun. Though these men possess quite different personalities, each assumes the role of the "artist-observer," and each possesses the gift of intuitive understanding. Coverdale's curiosity takes the form of detached observation. He observes his companions, his fellow Blithedalers, and attempts to discover their thoughts. Millicent Bell proposes that it is Zenobia who first becomes aware of his observation.39 One day, feeling that he is watching her too intently, she says,

"Mr. Coverdale . . . I have been exposed to a great deal of eyeshot in the few years of my mixing in the world, but never, I think, to precisely such glances as you are in the habit of favoring me with. I seem to interest you very much; and yet—or else a woman's instinct is for once deceived—I cannot reckon you as an admirer. What are you seeking to discover in me?"40

Coverdale is attempting to "discover" in Zenobia as well as in Hollingsworth and Priscilla the force which motivates his unique friends and to foresee the effect that each will have upon the others. He concludes that Hollingsworth, for all his philanthropic schemes, is too interested in himself to be seriously concerned with others, that Priscilla is

39Ibid., p. 154.
40Hawthorne, Writings, V, 373-374.
simply seeking acceptance and security, and that Zenobia is insincere in her supposed desire to befriend Priscilla.

Once while visiting his hermitage, "a kind of leafy cave, high upward into the air, among the midmost branches of a white-pine tree,"\(^1\) giving him the advantage of observing the inhabitants of Blithedale without being seen himself, Coverdale sees Priscilla sitting in a window of the farmhouse and requests a passing bird to carry a message telling her,

> . . . that her fragile thread of life has inextricably knotted itself with other and tougher threads, and most likely it will be broken. Tell her that Zenobia will not be long her friend. Say that Hollingsworth's heart is on fire with his own purpose, but icy for all human affection; and that, if she has given him her love, it is like casting a flower into a sepulchre."\(^2\)

Coverdale realizes that Priscilla is too naive to understand that Zenobia and Hollingsworth are not really sincere in their regard for her, and the poet desires to protect her by disclosing the knowledge which his gift for understanding has given him.

Kenyon is also an "artist-observer" with keen perceptive ability. After Donatello murders the Capuchin Monk, the sculptor penetrates the mystery of his friend's altered disposition and discerns for himself the story of the crime. On seeing the terror in the faces of Miriam and Donatello

\(^1\)Ibid., p. 431.
\(^2\)Ibid., pp. 433-44.
as they view the body of the monk in the Capuchin chapel,

He cast a horror-stricken and bewildered glance at Miriam, but withdrew it immediately.

Kenyon, as befitted the professor of an imaginative art, was endowed with an exceedingly quick sensibility, which was apt to give him intimations of the true state of matters that lay beyond his actual vision. There was a whisper in his ear; it said, "Hush!" Without asking himself wherefore, he resolved to be silent as regarded the mysterious discovery which he had made, and to leave any remark or exclamation to be voluntarily offered by Miriam.\(^{43}\)

One less penetrating might have attributed the curious reactions of Donatello and Miriam to a natural abhorrence of death or a feeling of repugnance at being brought face to face with the corpse which "... had a purplish hue upon it, unlike the paleness of an ordinary corpse, but as little resembling the flush of natural life," and eyelids which "... were but partially drawn down, and showed the eyeballs beneath; as if the deceased friar were stealing a glimpse at the by-standers ...\(^{44}\) Kenyon's insight, however, allows him to discover the actual cause of their alarm.

Kenyon's intuition serves him in his creative efforts as well, even though the process is an unconscious one. In sculpting the bust of Donatello, he seeks to portray

\[...\] his host's personal characteristics. These it was his difficult office to bring out from their depths, and interpret them to all men, showing them what they could not discern for themselves, yet must be compelled to recognize at a glance, on the surface of a block of marble.\(^{45}\)

\(^{43}\)Ibid., VI, pp. 220-221.  \(^{44}\)Ibid., p. 219.

\(^{45}\)Ibid., p. 312.
The sculptor's frenzied attempts to catch just the right expression for the face are unsuccessful, and he concludes that he must give up "... all preconceptions about the character of his subject, and let his hands work uncontrolled with the clay, somewhat as a spiritual medium, which holding a pen, yields it to an unseen guidance other than that of his own will." When this too proves unsuccessful, he falls "... into a passion with the stubborn image ... " working the clay with uncontrolled hands until finally Donatello cries, "Stop! ... Let it remain so," for,

By some accidental handling of the clay, entirely independent of his own will, Kenyon had given the countenance a distorted and violent look, combining animal fierceness with intelligent hatred. Had Hilda, or had Miriam, seen the bust, with the expression which it had now assumed, they might have recognized Donatello's face as they beheld it at that terrible moment when he held his victim over the edge of the precipice.

"What have I done?" said the sculptor, shocked at his own casual production. "It were a sin to let the clay which bears your features harden into a look like that. Cain never wore an uglier one."

"For that very reason, let it remain!" answered the Count, who had grown pale as ashes at the aspect of his crime, thus strangely presented to him in another of the many guises under which guilt stares the criminal in the face. "Do not alter it! Chisel it, rather, in eternal marble!"

Donatello is aware that Kenyon has, indeed, brought his inmost

46 Ibid., p. 313.
48 Ibid.
49 Ibid.
secret to the surface and portrayed visibly on the face of
the bust the anguish which he has endured since murdering
the Capuchin monk. The sculptor's success, however, is
completely the result of unconscious intuition, because he
has not consciously tried to produce such a visage.

At times, the artist's perception becomes so acute that
he can foresee the future of his associates. For Kenyon,
this too is an unconscious process. He becomes frustrated
by his seeming inability to produce an accurate portrayal
of Donatello and unintentionally gives the face a "violent
look." Ignoring Donatello's insistence that he has achieved
a very revealing likeness, he again resumes his work, but
without passion. Finally he leaves it, "... without ob-
erving that his last accidental touches, with which he
hurriedly effaced the look of deadly rage, had given the bust
a higher and sweeter expression than it had hitherto worn."\textsuperscript{50}
This expression is indicative of the Donatello who has not
yet developed, for it suggests the serenity and composure of
one who has been ennobled by personal tragedy.

The prophetic painter also possesses the ability to fore-
see his subjects' future, but unlike Kenyon, he is well aware
of his awesome power. The portraits which he paints of the
young couple demonstrate that he has made use of his gift,
which is as he explains, "... to see the inmost soul, and

\textsuperscript{50}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 315.
... to make it glow or darken upon the canvas, in glances that express the thought and sentiment of years." When he returns to the home of Walter and Eliza Ludlow some years after painting the pictures, he finds that his prophecies have come true. Observing the couple unnoticed as they contemplate the portraits, he sees their faces gradually assume the exact looks which he has portrayed on canvas. In a climactic moment, Walter turns upon his wife with a drawn knife, and the artist rushes from the door to put himself "... between the wretched beings, with the same sense of power to regulate their destiny as to alter a scene upon the canvas. He stood like a magician, controlling the phantoms which he had evoked." 52

51 Ibid., I, p. 236.
52 Ibid., p. 245.
CHAPTER III

APPRECIATION OF ART

It is the opinion of Hawthorne that true appreciation of a work of art is contingent upon the degree of simplicity with which the spectator approaches the work. Indeed, he contends that a knowledge of the technical aspects of art is unnecessary for true appreciation. In relation to this concept, Millicent Bell states,

The idealist concept of art leads to a contempt for the materials of art since they are material, and to an emphasis on subject rather than on technique, on the artist's vision and intention rather than on the exact appearance of the embodied idea. \(^1\)

True, technical knowledge may afford the critic a basis for determining the degree of craftsmanship which an artist has attained, but for Hawthorne, the artistic value of a work lies in the "embodied idea of the artist's vision" rather than in the "exact appearance" of the work. Hawthorne does not underestimate the importance of technical knowledge, however, for throughout his Italian Note-Books he expresses a sense of regret that he never had opportunity to develop such knowledge, but he does maintain that the spectator's ability to appreciate art can exist despite this deficiency.

\(^1\) Bell, p. 38.
On visiting the Pitti Palace, an art gallery in Italy, he comments,

In a year's time, with the advantage of access to this magnificent gallery, I think I might come to have some little knowledge of pictures. At present I still know nothing; but am glad to find myself capable, at least, of loving one picture better than another.²

Later, visiting the Uffizi gallery, Hawthorne viewed a sculpture of the Venus di Medici and concluded

... that the Venus is one of the things the charm of which does not diminish on better acquaintance. ... I wonder how any sculptor has had the impertinence to aim at any other presentation of female beauty. ... She is a miracle. The sculptor must have wrought religiously, and have felt that something far beyond his own skill was working through his hands. I mean to leave off speaking of the Venus hereafter, in utter despair of saying what I wish ...³

Speaking of his ecstatic reaction to the statue with an American sculptor named Powers for whom he had great respect, Hawthorne was shocked to learn that his friend held the work in low esteem. The author recounts Powers' technical attack on the work and says that the sculptor

... showed ... that the eye was not like any eye that Nature ever made; and, indeed, being examined closely, and abstracted from the rest of the face, it has a very queer look--less like a human eye than a half-worn buttonhole! Then he attacked the ear, which, he affirmed and demonstrated, was placed a good deal too low on the head, thereby giving an artificial and monstrous height to the portion of the head above it. The

³Ibid., pp. 302-303.
forehead met with no better treatment in his
hands, and as to the mouth, it was altogether
wrong, as well in its general make as in such
niceties as the junction of the skin of the lips
to the common skin around them. In a word, the
poor face was battered all to pieces and utterly
demolished. . . .

Clearly Hawthorne's delight with the statue is not lessened
as he says,

All that could be urged in its defence . . .
being that this very face had affected me, only
the day before, with a sense of higher beauty
and intelligence than I had ever then received
from sculpture, and that its expression seemed
to accord with that of the whole figure, as if it
were the sweetest note of the same music. There
must be something in this; the sculptor disre-
garded technicalities, and the imitation of
actual nature, the better to produce the effect
which he really does produce, in somewhat the
same way as a painter works his magical illusions
by touches that have no relation to the truth if
looked at from the wrong point of view.

The implication is that Powers has employed the "wrong point
of view," and that the work contains a beauty which transcends
its technical imperfection. Viewing the statue later, Haw-
thorne confirms his opinion;

I cannot help thinking that the sculptor in-
tentionally made every feature what it is, and
calculated them all with a view to the desired
effect. Whatever rules may be transgressed, it
is a noble and beautiful face,--more so, perhaps,
than if all rules had been obeyed.

The degree to which an artist "obeys the rules" should not
be the primary criterion by which a spectator judges a work

4 Ibid., pp. 304-305.
5 Ibid., p. 305.
6 Ibid., pp. 311-312.
of art, for if he allows it to be so, he may remain unaware of the true beauty of the work.

This theme is further explored in one of Hawthorne's short stories, "Drowne's Wooden Image." The young wood-carver, Drowne, was well known for his ability to carve human figures out of wood, but never had he been inspired to imbue his creations with warmth and sensitivity so as to make them seem alive until he was commissioned to carve a figure-head for a new ship, the Cynosure. Because of his love for the model of the figure, Drowne was able to apply the life-giving touch of the true artist, causing the image to become a work of art rather than simply a skillfully produced figure-head. When asked by Copley, a celebrated painter, if he intended to desecrate the figure by painting it, Drowne replied,

"Mr. Copley, ... I know nothing of marble statuary, and nothing of the sculptor's rules of art; but of this wooden image, this work of my hands, this creature of my heart, ... of this—of her—I may say that I know something. A well-spring of inward wisdom gushed within me as I wrought upon the oak with my whole strength, and soul, and faith. Let others do what they may with marble, and adopt what rules they choose. If I can produce my desired effect by painted wood, those rules are not for me, and I have a right to disregard them."

"The very spirit of genius," muttered Copley to himself, "How otherwise should this carver feel himself entitled to transcend all rules, and make me ashamed of quoting them?"7

7Hawthorne, Writings, II, 355.
The spectator must be careful to view a work of art with honest simplicity so that he is not swayed by his own preconceived ideas or the opinions of others. Hawthorne proposes that few works, whatever may be their merit, can fulfill a preconceived image which a spectator has formed of them, because "... being dreamed about so much, they have taken the aerial tints which belong only to a dream."\(^8\)

Speaking of his anticipation on first going to the gallery where the Venus di Medici is exhibited, he says

The mystery and wonder of the gallery, however, the Venus di Medici, I could nowhere see, and indeed was almost afraid to see it; for I somewhat apprehended the extinction of another of those lights that shine along a man's pathway, and go out in a snuff the instant he comes within eyeshot of the fulfilment of his hopes.\(^9\)

Happily, Hawthorne was not disappointed in his conception of the beauty and grace of the statue, but such is not the case for Hilda, the copyist in The Marble Faun. When she views St. Peter's in Rome, she finds that

... a shadowy edifice in her imagination had been dazzled out of sight by the reality. Her preconception of St. Peter's was a structure of no definite outline, misty in its architecture, dim and gray and huge, stretching into an interminable perspective, and over-arched by a dome like the cloudy firmament. ... So, in her earlier visits, when the compassed splendor of the actual interior glowed before her eyes, she had profanely called it a great prettiness; a gay

\(^8\)Ibid., VI, p. 124.

\(^9\)Hawthorne, French and Italian Note-Books, p. 289.
piece of cabinet-work, on a Titanic scale; a jewel-
casket, marvellously magnified. . . . Until after
many visits, Hilda continued to mourn for that
dim, illimitable interior, which with her eyes
shut she had seen from childhood, but which vanished
at her first glimpse through the actual door. Her
childish vision seemed preferable to the cathedral
. . . because, of the dream edifice, she had said,
"How vast it is!" while of the real St. Peter's
she could only say, "After all, it is not so
immense!" 10

The spectator must also beware of the tendency to accept
the supposed beauty of a work of art simply because it is
considered "good" by society or by other critics. Hawthorne
speaks of finding great beauty in the works of the Dutch
masters who had been criticized for their insistence that
paintings should be very lifelike.

These pretty miracles have their use in assuring
us that painters really can do something that takes
hold of us in our most matter-of-fact moods;
whereas, the merits of the grander style of art
may be beyond our ordinary appreciation, and leave
us in doubt whether we have not befooled ourselves
with a false admiration. 11

Hawthorne does not feel that he is "befooling" himself with
"false admiration" of the works of the Dutch painters, be-
cause he is solely responsible for the merit which he finds
in them; he accepts them upon no one's recommendation. He
further comments upon the cultivation of artificial tastes:

A genuine love of painting and sculpture . . .
seems often to have distinguished men capable of
every social crime, and to have formed a fine
and hard enamel over their characters. Perhaps

10 Hawthorne, Writings, VI, 397-398.
11 Hawthorne, French and Italian Note-Books, p. 313.
It is not certainly the cultivation of "a genuine love of painting and sculpture" to which Hawthorne objects. He questions, rather, the implication that a "great remove from natural simplicity" in judging art is desirable.

The idea of the "natural simplicity" of the spectator of art is found in the fiction of Hawthorne as well as in his note-books. The painter in "The Prophetic Pictures" was known for his ability to paint "not merely a man's features, but his mind and heart" as well. It was said that "he catches the secret sentiments and passions, and throws them upon the canvas." Yet, not everyone who viewed his portraits could discern this mysterious quality which distinguished them from the work of other portrait painters. After the portraits of Walter and Elinore Ludlow were completed, they were hung in the home of the newly married couple and became objects of interest for all who saw them.

Travelled gentlemen, who professed a knowledge of such subjects, reckoned these among the most admirable specimens of modern portraiture; while common observers compared them with the originals, feature by feature, and were rapturous in praise of the likeness. But it was on a third class—neither travelled connoisseurs nor common observers, but people of natural sensibility—that the pictures wrought their strongest effect. Such persons might gaze carelessly at first, but


becoming interested, would return day after day, and study these painted faces like the pages of a mystic volume.\textsuperscript{14}

The "travelled gentlemen," who perhaps possessed a sophisticated knowledge of the technical aspects of art, were unable to discern the unique, "mystic" quality of the portraits which caught the attention of those observers possessing "natural sensibility" to works of art.

Hilda, the copyist in \textit{The Marble Faun}, would certainly have been among those in Hawthorne's "third class" of observers in "The Prophetic Pictures," for she too possessed the gift of intuitive appreciation of art. Hawthorne proposes that

\textit{... the adequate perception of a great work of art demands a gifted simplicity of vision. In this, and in her self-surrender, and the depth and tenderness of her sympathy, had lain Hilda's remarkable power as a copyist of the old masters.}\textsuperscript{15}

Hilda had come to Rome with the hope, not unfounded through lack of talent, of becoming an original artist of merit, but as she grew familiar with the vast store of Italian art, she concluded instead that she should become a copyist and "diffuse those self-same beauties more widely among mankind."\textsuperscript{16} Hawthorne feels that she made a wise decision, for

She was endowed with a deep and sensitive faculty of appreciation; she had the gift of discerning and worshipping excellence in a most unusual measure. No other person, it is probable,

\textsuperscript{14}\textit{Ibid.}, pp. 237-238.

\textsuperscript{15}\textit{Ibid.}, VI, pp. 382, 383.

\textsuperscript{16}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 75.
recognized so adequately, and enjoyed with such deep delight, the pictorial wonders that were here displayed. She saw—no, not saw, but felt—through and through a picture; ... not by any intellectual effort, but by this strength of heart, and this guiding light of sympathy, she went straight to the central point, in which the master had conceived his work. Thus, she viewed it, as it were, with his own eyes, and hence her comprehension of any picture that interested her was perfect. 17

The theme of "natural sensibility" is also explored in "The Snow Image," in which Hawthorne contrasts the young, innocent children, who create the little snowgirl, with their father, who cannot appreciate their creation because he is unable to look upon it as a living work of art. He cannot accept the fact that the children have transcended actuality and succeeded in giving life to an inanimate object. The children, on the other hand, are able to believe in and accept the existence of their playmate without question. Indeed, Hawthorne suggests that it is because of their youth and innocence that they can look upon the little girl's first movements with so little astonishment. When they perceive that she has actually come alive, they both cry out to their mother.

... with one voice. The tone was not a tone of surprise, although they were evidently a good deal excited; it appeared rather as if they were very much rejoiced at some event that had now happened, but which they had been looking for, and had reckoned upon all along. 18

17Ibid., p. 74.

18Ibid., III, p. 12.
Mrs. Lindsey is almost tempted to accept the reality of the little girl,

... for all through life she had kept her heart full of childlike simplicity and faith, which was as pure and clear as crystal; and, looking at all matters through this transparent medium, she sometimes saw truths so profound that other people laughed at them as nonsense and absurdity.

The mother's indecision, however, is soon resolved, "... for her own view of the matter ... had given way, as it always did, to the stubborn materialism of her husband." Mr. Lindsey's self-complacency is not in the least disconcerted as he hears the story of the creation of the little girl, and he replies, "'Poh, nonsense, children! ... Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow.'" He had "an exceedingly common-sensible way of looking at matters."

Hawthorne was convinced that a work of art cannot be viewed superficially if the spectator is to appreciate whatever beauty it has to offer. On touring the several galleries of the Vatican in Rome, he was impressed by the fact that one short visit is insufficient for the spectator to become familiar with so many works of art. It is with a feeling of regret that he says,

I wonder whether other people are more fortunate than myself, and can invariably find their way to the inner soul of a work of art. I doubt it; they look at these things for just a minute, and

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19 Ibid., p. 20.
20 Ibid., p. 25.
21 Ibid., pp. 18-19.
pass on, without any pang of remorse, such as I feel, for quitting them so soon and so willingly. 22

The author is aware that the spectator cannot "invariably" find his way to the "inner soul" of a work of art, and he realizes that simply to "look for just a minute" at a painting or a piece of sculpture will not allow the observer to perceive the artist's true intent. Hawthorne speaks of his son's immature judgment of art after his first visit to the Uffizi gallery, and concludes that he also makes the mistake of taking the works of art too lightly.

It was his first visit there, and he passed a sweeping condemnation upon everything he saw... The Venus di Medici met with no sort of favor. His feeling of utter distaste reacted upon me, and I was sensible of the same weary lack of appreciation that used to chill me through, in my earlier visits to picture-galleries... 23

Hawthorne is cognizant of the fact that his own appreciation of art is becoming more pronounced. He also notes:

I am sensible... that a process is going on, and has been over since I came to Italy, that puts me in a state to see pictures with less toil, and more pleasure, and makes me more fastidious, yet more sensible of beauty where I saw none before. 24

What then is the difference between the mere spectator of art and one who truly appreciates art? Hawthorne proposes that the difference lies in the degree to which one penetrates each work which he observes so as to discern the

22Hawthorne, French and Italian Note-Books, p. 159.
23Ibid., p. 343.
24Ibid., p. 312.
beauty that lies therein and to become aware of the "embodied idea of the artist's vision," for without such awareness, a work of art can hold no interest for the spectator:

... unless ... one feels the ideal charm of a statue, it becomes one of the most tedious things in the world. Either it must be a celestial thing, or an old lump of stone, dusty and time-soiled, and tiring out your patience with eternally looking just the same.

Later, the author comments:

When the material embodiment presents itself outermost, and we perceive them only by the grosser sense, missing their ethereal spirit, there is nothing so heavily burdensome as masterpieces of painting and sculpture.

Thus, for Hawthorne, the true "beauty" of a work of art lies not in the "material embodiment" or the outer aspect which it presents, but rather in its embodiment of a deeper sense of beauty. The realization by the observer of the artist's "true intent" is a process which Hawthorne terms a "miracle" in speaking of his own experience on observing a statue by Michel Angelo.

... It seems a simple thing enough to think of or to execute; merely a sitting figure, the face partly overshadowed by a helmet, one hand supporting the chin, the other resting on the thigh. But after looking at it a little while, the spectator ceases to think of it as a marble statue; it comes to life, and you see that the princely figure is brooding over some great design, which

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25 Bell, p. 38.

26 Hawthorne, French and Italian Note-Books, p. 399.

27 Ibid., p. 125.
when he has arranged in his own mind, the world will be fain to execute for him. . . . It is all a miracle. . . .

The secret of the spectator's insight into a work of art lies in the simple phrase, "after looking at it a little while," for a superficial observation can only give one an appreciation of form or color, in short, of the technical skill of the artisan. Seemingly, Hawthorne regards the artist's technical proficiency as a means to reveal to the spectator an "immortal beauty" which he can remember even after he has ceased to view the actual art object.

Hawthorne was also aware of the artist's embodiment of eternal beauty when he viewed the statue of the Venus di Medici in the Uffizi gallery in Florence. The work seems to have become for him a symbol of perfect beauty for all woman-kind.

The world has not grown weary of her in all these ages; and mortal man may look on her with new delight from infancy to old age, and keep the memory of her, I should imagine, as one of the treasures of spiritual existence hereafter. Surely, it makes me more ready to believe in the high destinies of the human race, to think that this beautiful form is but nature's plan for all woman-kind, and that the nearer the actual woman approaches it, the more natural she is. I do not, and cannot, think of her as a senseless image, but as a being that lives to gladden the world, incapable of decay and death . . .

I think the world would be all the richer if their Venuses, their Greek Slaves, their Eves, were burnt into quicklime, leaving us only this statue as our image of the beautiful.

28Ibid., pp. 323-324.
29Ibid., p. 303.
30Ibid., p. 302.
Here again, the author speaks of the immortal beauty which "mortal man" may perceive in a work of art; although he gives credit to the artist for having created a "beautiful form," it is clearly the embodied idea which the image suggests that Hawthorne truly appreciates.

The author's premise concerning the appreciation of the "inner" beauty of a work of art is illustrated in The Marble Faun. In the first chapter, the three artists become aware of the likeness between Donatello and the statue of the Faun of Praxiteles, but after further observation of the statue, they are sensible of the immortal beauty which it possesses. Hawthorne says, "It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies." Later, Miriam has a similar experience when she views Kenyon's sculpture of Cleopatra. Before he lifts the veil, Miriam implores the sculptor to tell her the subject and intent of his work, fearing that she will be unable to discover them through observation. Kenyon tells her that the work is a statue of Cleopatra, but that she must determine for herself his intention. Miriam has little trouble in doing so, for she finds that the statue comes to life for her in an experience much like the one which Hawthorne recounts after seeing the Venus di Medici.

31 Hawthorne, Writings, VI, 23-24.
Miriam felt that Cleopatra had sunk down out of the fever and turmoil of her life, and for one instant . . . had relinquished all activity, and was resting throughout every vein and muscle. It was the repose of despair, indeed; for Octavius had seen her, and remained insensible to her enchantments. But still there was a great smouldering furnace deep down in the woman's heart. The repose, no doubt, was as complete as if she were never to stir hand or foot again; and yet, such was the creature's latent energy and fierceness, she might spring upon you like a tigress, and stop the very breath that you were now drawing midway in your throat. . . . In a word, all Cleopatra--fierce, voluptuous, passionate, tender, wicked, terrible, and full of poisonous and rapturous enchantment--was kneaded into what, only a week or two before, had been a lump of wet clay from the Tiber. Soon, apotheosized in an indestructible material, she would be one of the images that men keep forever, finding a heat in them which does not cool down, throughout the centuries.32

In "The Artist of the Beautiful," Hawthorne illustrates the idea that a lack of sympathetic insight in viewing a work of art precludes complete appreciation. In the last scene of the story, Warland goes to the home of Robert and Annie Danforth to offer his butterfly to them as a wedding gift. Their reaction to it along with that of their child and Peter Hovenden reveals the superficiality with which they view Owen's butterfly. Danforth and Peter Hovenden are unable to see anything other than a mechanical toy. The blacksmith, after having been assured by Owen that it is in effect alive and that Warland has actually created it, concludes simply, "Well, that does beat all nature! . . . That goes beyond me, I confess."33 Peter Hovenden reaches for the butterfly

32 Ibid., pp. 152-153. 33 Ibid., II, p. 532.
"... with a sneer upon his face that always made people doubt, as he himself did, in everything but a material existence," saying, "I shall understand it better when once I have touched it." 34 He does not understand better at all, however, and the butterfly seems to lose its beauty when exposed to his cynicism. Annie is at first enchanted with the beauty of the creation, but it is only the beauty which Owen's technical skill has wrought that she appreciates while failing to realize that Owen has succeeded in "symbolizing a lofty moral by a material trifle." 35 The child of Annie and Danforth appears to have more appreciation than do his parents and grandfather, for his childish delight with the butterfly seems to go beyond his mother's simple pleasure in its beauty. Despite his enchantment, however, in his clumsy attempt to possess the beautiful object, he destroys it, using the brute strength which characterizes his father, "with his grandsire's sharp and shrewd expression in his face." 36

34 Ibid., p. 533.
36 Ibid., p. 535.
CHAPTER IV

EFFECT OF TIME ON WORKS OF ART

Hawthorne viewed the ancient works of art in the Italian galleries with great respect, but he found it difficult to fully appreciate their beauty because of the deteriorating effect of time upon them. On observing the works contained in the Academy of Fine Arts in Rome and one in particular of the Adoration of the Magi by Fabriana Gentile, he comments,

The effect, when these pictures, some of them very large, were new and freshly gilded, must have been exceedingly brilliant. ... Certainly, the people of the Middle Ages knew better than ourselves what is magnificence, and how to produce it; and what a glorious work must that have been, both in its mere sheen of burnished gold, and in its illuminating art, which shines thus through the gloom of perhaps four centuries.  

Hawthorne is complimentary in speaking of these works and of their creators, but he speaks of their beauty in the past tense, indicating that their brilliance has been dimmed with the passage of time. Comparing the Italian with the English galleries which he has previously seen, Hawthorne concludes that

Italian galleries are at a disadvantage as compared with English ones, inasmuch as the pictures are not nearly such splendid articles of upholstery. ... I miss the mellow glow, the rich and mild external lustre, and even the brilliant frames of

1Hawthorne, French and Italian Note-Books, p. 319.
the pictures I have seen in England. . . . But these pictures in Italian galleries look rusty and lustreless, as far as the exterior is concerned; and really, the splendor of the painting, as a production of intellect and feeling, has a good deal of difficulty in shining through such clouds.2

Again, speaking of the Stanze of Raphael, four rooms in the Vatican painted with frescos, Hawthorne says,

I shall not pretend . . . to have been sensible of any particular rapture at the sight of these frescos; so faded as they are, so battered by the mischances of years . . .3

Finally, Hawthorne speculates concerning the builder’s disappointment could he see the state of ruin in which the author found the Pamfili Doria Palace. Hawthorne says that the chill rooms and the crumbling walls would do little to relieve his disappointment and that

Neither would it assuage his torment in the least to be compelled to gaze up at the dark old pictures,—the ugly ghosts of what may once have been beautiful. I am not going to try any more to receive pleasure from a faded, tarnished, lustreless picture.4

Hawthorne feels that there is a barrier which prevents the modern spectator from penetrating the ancient works so as to truly appreciate them. He speaks of his own unsuccessful attempt to transcend this barrier with regret:

It depresses the spirits to go from picture to picture, leaving a portion of your vital sympathy at every one, so that you come, with a sort of

2Ibid., p. 110.
3Ibid., p. 157.
4Ibid., p. 123.
half-torpid desperation, to the end. . . . It
seems . . . that old sculpture affects the
spirits even more dolefully than old painting;
it strikes colder to the heart, and lies heavier
upon it, being marble, than . . . canvas. 5

The author feels that works of art should not be venerated
just because they are old or because they were in some past
age held in high esteem. It is his opinion

. . . that good pictures are quite as rare as
good poets. . . . One in a thousand, perhaps,
cught to live in the applause of men . . . till
its colors fade or blacken out of sight, and its
canvas rots away; the rest should be . . . painted
over by newer artists, just as tolerable poets
are shelved when their day is over.6

It is not always lack of merit which prevents a work of art
from being appreciated by men generations after its creation.

According to Hawthorne,

In painting, as in literature . . . there is some-
thing in the productions of the day that takes
the fancy more than the works of any past age,—
not greater merit . . . but better suited to
this very present time.7

Hawthorne, himself, was very strongly attracted to the works
of several of his contemporaries. Contrasting his reaction
to them with his reaction to the works of the old masters,
he says,

I seemed to receive more pleasure from Mr. Brown's
pictures than from any of the landscapes of the
old masters; and the fact serves to strengthen
me in the belief that the most delicate if not
the highest charm of a picture is evanescent,
and that we continue to admire pictures

5Ibid., p. 111. 6Ibid., p. 122.
7Ibid., pp. 123-124.
prescriptively and by tradition, after the qualities that first won them their fame have vanished.°

In addition to the natural deterioration of art objects and the changes in the viewer's tastes and preferences in art, Hawthorne suggests one other reason for the existence of the barrier which prevents modern man from fully appreciating ancient art. He feels that the observer does not fully comprehend the amount of time which has lapsed between the Roman civilization and the beginning of his own. While the Roman civilization is considered quite advanced for its time, it bears little resemblance to that of Hawthorne's day, and the author feels that his society, "... being morally unlike and disconnected with them [the Romans], and not belonging to the same train of thought ...,"9 has come to view life and art, as one facet of human existence, differently. Looking at such ruins as the Roman Forum and Capitol with the surrounding statuary and architectural adornments, Hawthorne found that

... these remains do not make that impression of antiquity upon me, which Gothic ruins do. Perhaps it is so because they belong to quite another system of society and epoch of time, and in view of them, we forget all that has intervened betwixt them and us ... so that we look across a gulf to the Roman ages, and do not realize how wide the gulf is.10

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8Ibid., p. 170.
9Ibid., p. 160.
10Ibid.
In addition, Hawthorne says that

It is strange how our ideas of what antiquity is become altered here in Rome; the sixteenth century, in which many of the churches and fountains seem to have been built or re-edified, seems close at hand, even like our own days; a thousand years, or the days of the latter empire, is but a modern date, and scarcely interests us; and nothing is really venerable of a more recent epoch than the reign of Constantine. 11

While Hawthorne's ideas concerning the natural effect of time upon works of art must be obtained from the personal comments made during his European travels, his works contain the theory that time can also have an enhancing effect upon artistic creations. Indeed, he suggests in "Edward Randolph's Portrait" and The House of the Seven Gables that, in addition to its veiling effect, "time" may so ripen and perfect a portrait that it brings out the eternal "truth" of the painting, while causing its temporal aspects to fade.

Hawthorne distinguishes between the natural and supernatural effects of time on painting. In the Italian Note-Books, he speaks of works viewed, some of which were created during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as being "faded," "tarnished" and "lustreless." 12 The author confesses that this deterioration has dimmed the surfaces of many of the masterpieces, yet the works remain essentially the same despite their vague lines and fading colors. Contrarily, when Hawthorne introduces the portrait which serves as the central

11 Ibid., p. 60. 12 Ibid., p. 123.
image in "Edward Randolph's Portrait," he says that it is "... so dark ... that not a touch of the painter's art could be discerned."\(^ {13}\) Its obscurity is not simply the result of natural deterioration, however, because "time had thrown an impenetrable veil over it, and left to tradition and fable and conjecture to say what had once been there portrayed."\(^ {14}\) Thus Hawthorne suggests that "time" is the artist who has completely veiled the portrait "hidden ... behind a century's obscurity."\(^ {15}\) Such obscurity could not be attributed to the natural ravages of time, when one remembers Hawthorne's comments concerning the older Italian paintings which have only been dimmed by its effects.

It is soon learned that the portrait is of Edward Randolph, who, because he was considered a traitor to New England, was made to live under a curse for the latter part of his life. It was said

... that the inward misery of that curse worked itself outward, and was visible on the wretched man's countenance, making it too horrible to be looked upon. If so, and if the picture truly represented his aspect, it was in mercy that the cloud of blackness has gathered over it.\(^ {16}\)

The story of Edward Randolph is used to convey a sense of prophecy, for the present governor, Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, is in danger of incurring a similar curse upon

\(^{13}\)Hawthorne, \textit{Writings}, II, 29.

\(^{14}\)\textit{Ibid.}

\(^{15}\)\textit{Ibid.}, p. 44.

\(^{16}\)\textit{Ibid.}, p. 34.
himself by giving official permission for British troops to enter town for the purpose of forcibly restoring its citizens' allegiance to the British king. The climactic scene comes when the Lieutenant-Governor is about to sign an official document allowing the entrance of the troops. He is stopped by his nephew, who calls attention to the fact that the portrait has been mysteriously covered with a black silk curtain. Feeling that his niece is responsible for hanging the drapery, the Lieutenant-Governor calls for her. Immediately Alice Yane steps forward and rips the curtain away, leaving the portrait exposed. The spectators are awe-stricken at what they see, for

Within the antique frame, which so recently had enclosed a sable waste of canvas, now appeared a visible picture, still dark, indeed, in its hues and shadings, but thrown forward in strong relief. . . . The expression of the face, if any words can convey an idea of it, was that of a wretch detected in some hideous guilt, and exposed to the bitter hatred and laughter and withering scorn of a vast surrounding multitude. There was the struggle of defiance, beaten down and overwhelmed by the crushing weight of ignominy. The torture of the soul had come forth upon the countenance. It seemed as if the picture, while hidden behind the cloud of immemorial years, had been all the time acquiring an intenser depth and darkness of expression, till now it gloomed forth again, and threw its evil omen over the present hour.¹⁷

The artist, "time," has done more than simply obscure the portrait, for the "intenser depth" and "darkness of expression" are not attributable simply to deterioration.

¹⁷Ibid., pp. 41-42.
The House of the Seven Gables also contains a portrait which is changed supernaturally by "time." As is true of the painting in "Edward Randolph's Portrait," the portrait of Colonel Pyncheon is a recurrent image throughout the novel from the moment it is mentioned hanging above the body of its subject in the newly completed Pyncheon mansion until the time when it is released from its rusty hinges to fall to the floor, bringing an end to Maule's curse. The portrait is described early in the story as Hepzibah Pyncheon descends the stairs from her bedroom and enters the parlor:

The other adornment was the portrait of old Colonel Pyncheon, at two-thirds length, representing the stern features of a Puritanic-looking personage, in a skull-cap, with a laced band and a grizzly beard; holding a Bible with one hand and in the other uplifting an iron sword-hilt. The latter object, being more successfully depicted by the artist, stood out in far greater prominence than the sacred volume.18

It is not through coincidence that the uplifted iron sword-hilt is more prominent than the "sacred volume" in the painting, for Hawthorne is describing a cold and relentless man who ruled his family and maintained his position in society with iron-like force and determination. The stern features of the portrait quite accurately characterize its subject, but when Hepzibah later stops before the painting to study it closely, she discovers that it has changed during the years since it was first placed in the parlor:

18Ibid., VII, 44.
At length, one passed before the portrait of the stern old Puritan, her ancestor and the founder of the house. In the sense, this picture had almost faded into the canvas, and hid itself behind the duskiness of age; another, she could not but fancy that it had been growing more prominent, and strikingly expressive, ever since her earliest familiarity with it as a child. For, while the physical outline and substance were darkening away from the beholder's eye, the bold, hard, and, at the same time, indirect character of the man seemed to be brought out in a kind of spiritual relief. Such an effect may occasionally be observed in pictures of antique date. They acquire a look which an artist . . . would never dream of presenting to a patron as his own characteristic expression, but which, nevertheless, he at once recognize as reflecting the unlovely truth of a human soul. In such cases, the painter's deep conception of his subject's inward traits has wrought itself into the essence of the picture, and is seen after the superficial coloring has been rubbed off by time.19

Not only has the surface of the picture been dulled by the passage of time, but "time" has revealed a deeper conception of the subject than did the stern features originally painted by the artist, so that the "inward traits" of Colonel Pyncheon become visible to the spectator.

19Ibid., pp. 81-82.
CHAPTER V

CONCLUSION

As the preceding chapters have shown, Hawthorne was interested in art in various forms, yet he cannot correctly be called an "art critic," because he lacked knowledge of the technical aspects of art. That he possessed the artistic temperament and inclination is evidenced by his love of beauty and his desire for seclusion. Though his judgments were almost completely intuitive, they may be considered valid, however, for Hawthorne was himself an artist, producing works of art through his writing. Hawthorne's works contain many perceptive comments upon the subject of art, the most significant of which fall into three general groups concerning (1) the creation of art, (2) the appreciation of art, and (3) the effect of time upon works of art. In relation to the first of these groups, the creation of art, the author concludes that seclusion for creative purposes is not only a necessity for but also the preference of the artist. His pursuits, of an idealistic nature, cannot be comprehended by a materialistic society. Hawthorne believes also that the artist possesses intuitive perception, a gift which allows him to understand that which is beyond the realm of the material. Finally, Hawthorne adheres to the concept that the artist, because of
the nature of his work, must be free of sin; to continue his lofty pursuit, he must remain uncontaminated by the world.

Concerning the appreciation of art, Hawthorne concludes that true understanding of a work is contingent upon the degree of simplicity with which the spectator approaches it. He contends that a technical knowledge of art is not necessary for appreciation, because the manner in which an artist "obeys the rules" should not be the primary criterion by which the spectator judges art. If he allows it to be so, he may remain unaware of its true beauty. The author also warns the observer against merely accepting the opinions of other critics or assuming the merit of a work of art simply because it has been revered by successive generations. The spectator must depend upon his "natural sensibility" to discover whatever beauty it may express; he must penetrate the outer aspect of the creation to discern the artist's embodiment of the idea which originally inspired it.

During his European travels, in which he viewed many collections of ancient art, Hawthorne perceived that time has a very definite transforming effect upon works of art. Natural deterioration resulting from the passage of time diminishes the original beauty of a work by blurring its surface. The author feels that such changes may create a barrier which prevents the modern spectator from truly appreciating ancient art, for man's conception of what constitutes beauty in art also changes as time passes. Hawthorne does
not question the merit of ancient art; he feels simply that contemporary art of any era is more easily understood and appreciated by people of that period. However, so the author believes, time may also have an enhancing effect upon works of art, bringing out eternal "truth" contained within them while causing temporal appearances to fade.

In the light of the evidence considered, it seems apparent that in his fiction about artists Hawthorne does articulate enough clearly defined views on the creation, appreciation, and nature of art to form a "philosophy of art." Though probably never consciously thought out and formulated, the presence of such a "philosophy of art" lends an added dimension of meaning to his works as well as a significant insight into his character. An awareness of Hawthorne's views on art is therefore of interest and value to any student or reader who wishes to approach a fuller understanding of the author and his writings.
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