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Short Notes

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Away with Green Aesthetics!

Mateusz Salwa

People tend to agree that green spaces are ecologically beneficial (even if some are not), but they do not see that finding them beneficial implies that they should cultivate, protect and restore them or the quality of human life risks to deteriorate. The reasons for this ecological indifference are multiple, but two of them are, in my opinion, of major importance.

First, ecological impact seems to be an abstract scientific fact that is measurable though not necessarily palpable; something discussed by experts and not felt by ordinary people on a daily basis. When a city tree is felled, hardly anyone considers the annual loss of cubic meters of oxygen. Yet on a sunny day, many inhabitants will definitely regret the disappearance of its refreshing shade. Second, appreciating green spaces for their ecological significance is risky because it amounts to considering solely their instrumental value, which may result in appreciating them in terms of efficiency. From this perspective, one might rationalize replacing a tree with some equally effective "ecological device." For now, nature stands protected but only because it is less expensive than its ersatz counterparts. Were costs to reverse, it could become extremely difficult to persuade technocratic societies to protect nature for its productive potential alone.

Paradoxically, creation, protection, and restoration of natural spaces insofar as their ecological impact is at stake must be promoted also for reasons other than efficiency and in other ways than referring to tables and graphs. One such strategy embraces their aesthetic qualities.

There is little doubt that we tend to care for what we like. Of course we like things for different reasons, practical, economic, symbolic, etc., but more often than not we like them for how they appear to us in the simplest sense, i.e. for their sensuous appeal. Unfortunately, many ecologically beneficial natural spaces do not meet aesthetic requirements on behalf of the general public (e.g. unmown lawns) and the aversion provoked by their appearance is stronger than the appreciation based on acknowledgment of their ecological beneficial effects. Consequently they are unwanted or tend to be beautified very often at the expense of their ecological values.

In order to persuade people to maintain natural spaces despite their supposed aesthetic unattractiveness and not to consider other solutions, people must be reminded that they may like them *hic et nunc* for how they look, smell, feel or sound. As people are very often driven by direct experience and not by indirect knowledge, it would be good to inspire people to like things that the "abstract" science proves to be worthy of their protection.

It is not, however, about beautifying nature or claiming that one should appreciate it in a disinterested way as something that has an inherent value. It is about encouraging an informed approach. Rendering people more knowledgeable amounts to making them understand how green spaces work and thus are useful to them as natural ecological "devices" as well as making them appreciate these spaces as natural.

Even if it is debatable whether "ecological literacy" (D. Orr's term) may effectively change one's taste or one's aesthetic experience (e.g. from disgust to pleasure), it may certainly modify one's approach in such a way that one can overcome an initial negative response. In light of this ecological knowledge, people might end up liking "ugly" things that previously provoked their disgust: they may even start to appreciate the messy appearance of an uncut lawn, in spite of their usual preference for neatly cultivated *parterres*.

One reason why people treat ecologically beneficial spaces as eyesores (in fact lots of them are not beautiful in an "ordinary" way) is that they associate the aesthetic appeal of nature with greenery, which, in turn, is seen through such paradigms as gardens or picturesque landscapes. What is more, the ecological is metaphorically represented by the color green in contemporary culture. People may then think that a space literally lacking greenery is not green in the metaphorical sense either, and consequently there is no reason why spaces which, in their opinion, are not spectacularly green should be welcome.

However, contrary to what we are accustomed to, green is not the color of ecology (or at best it is a color of a shallow ecology) – greenery is not the most ecologically productive part of nature.* Not without a reason, many ecologically efficient spaces do not look very green (and *vice versa*: many green spaces are unecological despite their overriding greenness).

Summing up, in order to start liking ecologically beneficial "green spaces," people ought to be informed and thus get rid of their aesthetic habits and commonplaces. Nature offers a cornucopia of colors, and green need not dominate!

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* Professor Maciej Luniak (Museum and Institute of Zoology, Polish Academy of Sciences) suggested this approach to me.

The Existential Aesthetics of Things

Peter Žiak

Summary of *The Existential Aesthetics of Things* by Petra Baďová.

Petra Baďová: *Existenciálna estetika vecí* (Nitra: Univerzita Konštantína Filozofa v Nitre, 2016). 132 pp.
ISBN 978-80-558-1082-9

As a discipline, the field of research of aesthetics is far from being confined to only works of art or natural entities. One of the most interesting areas of its research („most interesting“ because aesthetics situate their borders within this area, as well as unused potential) are things - original functional subjects- and situations in which we encounter them. The scientific monograph by Petra Baďová *The Existential aesthetics of things* presents a significant benefit for domestic aesthetics (especially for research aimed at non-artistic phenomena).

Baďová's monograph is divided into three parts. The first part explores the medium of photography and uses an example of how two authors contemplate the meaning of photography and taking pictures, thereby creating a deeper angle than just the format of interpreted images. It balances side by side the works of Rineke Dijkstra's from the series *Beach Portraits* and the unearthed amateur photographs of an unknown artist depicting three figures on a beach during vacation. At first glance, the choice is surprising - on the one hand is a professional photographer while on the other is an amateur whose shots do not have any primary artistic ambitions. With regards to the phenomenon of which the author takes priority, it is not however, about incomparable works. The comparison is based on an exploration of immobility or immobilization as the most basic symptom of picture quality, and only then interprets the expressive quality of portraits and the formal aspects of images. Thus, it goes beyond a formal level of works and considers photography as a ritual, its parts perceiving the flow of time, and as an attempt to stop the materialization of memories.

The second part of the monograph is an interpretation of everyday things in life, such as buttons, old (forgotten) toys and worn-out shoes. Baďová is not interested in just the original function of the object (which can be lost through wear and tear), but mainly in the relationship that their owner creates for them. By way of connotative semiotics, she tries to grasp the meanings which things may acquire in the context of life (again with an emphasis on what is somehow existentially serious). Subsequently, on the platform of Heidegger's analysis of the materiality of things, she retreats further from the surface of consideration in practical-utilitarian intentions and reveals the basic and original connectedness of human's being-in-the-world and how they relate to things.

In the final chapter, the author reflects on the most abstract phenomenon, which is crossing the threshold of a door. She creates a theme that the threshold is not only a thing, but a crossover, that is, a situation over which it is intended to a significantly greater extent than how it usually is when crossing a threshold. In this section, Baďová does not leave much to be desired for those things which are daily, automated, disguised by veil of habit or re-usable.

What connects these phenomena of diverse interpretations? In what sense does it concern an aesthetic phenomenon? First and foremost it emphasizes the actual experience of perceiving things - at the forefront is the recipient and his "alignment" which enables him to see in something banal, something which is vitally essential. The interpretations contained in Baďová's monograph are therefore largely subjectively perceived particular things and her writing quite understandably (and with respect to the subject of interest, perhaps necessarily) approaches the form of an essay. Nevertheless, the work succinctly describes the essence of aesthetic experience, which assumingly is distant from a purely utilitarian attitude towards the perceived object. Baďová's interpretation moves precisely in this plane, allowing her to consider seemingly uninteresting subjects as aesthetically important phenomena. A part of this schedule is also finding a language of interpretation. The author lucidly and sensitively (often very poetically) grasps subtle and slight connections to the border of communicativeness. It is therefore understandable that in many places of the interpretation, inspiration is looked for in Roland Barthes - because she arrives at the other side of that *punctum* (semiotically elusive element) and writes about what it inherently interferes in, although it may not be intermediary. Reading the text by Petra Baďová requires a certain effort; it is necessary to adapt to her optics and follow her intricate trajectory of thinking. It is also, of

course, a way towards a new vision of reality.

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On the Oddly Satisfying

Evan Malone

What does it mean for something to be *oddly satisfying*? There is much about everyday aesthetic experiences that seems *obviously* satisfying, but what can we say about those subtle experiences which so often flutter past our conscious endorsement, and whose value seems ineffable and, frankly, odd? I am thinking, here, of the lid to the board game box which rests gently on the trapped air inside before softly and evenly settling on the box, and the perfectly sized book-jacket that sits taut on the resting hardback, never to get caught on a precarious corner and tear. For you, there might be something immensely satisfying about the makeup compact that snaps shut with a clean crisp click that communicates the finality of the act, or you might find your daily moment of transcendental bliss in streaming videos of folks pressure-washing their driveways. Is there something about these kinds of experiences that unifies them; that makes them all *oddly* aesthetic? Surely we don't engage with the everyday object with the expectation of aesthetic experience, but it presents itself in flashes of perfect fit. Isn't that what we really find at the bottom of these experiences? It is trivial to point out the role of fit in the case of the board game box and the book jacket, but where is the fit in the snap of the compact? I'd like to think that something about the sound *just fits* with the task of closing it.

I once heard a story about the design of a German luxury car. The designers felt that there was something about the experience of driving the car that was missing. After months of attempts to discern the nature of this luxurious *je-ne-sais-quoi*, one of the more intrepid designers sought refuge in the arts. It was at the movie theater that it dawned on them. When we open a car door, the interior lights come on, and they turn off when we start the engine. After several return trips to the movies, the designer realized that the interior lights should fade off, and it should take exactly three seconds (the time it takes for the theater lights to dim). This was the secret to the luxury experience. It gave a sense of the cinematic to the experience; your commute home from work is now a journey, and you are the star of the show. If you ever have the privilege of sitting in the driver's seat of such a car and, perhaps, never heard this story, you might yet find the dimming of the lights synchronized with the starting of the car to be an *oddly satisfying* experience. This 'cinematicity' is, in my view, why certain mundane experiences can (sometimes violently, sometimes subtly) assert themselves as objects of aesthetic engagement. The kind of fit that connects the compact closing and the sound of the compact closing is exactly the kind of fit that is the work of Hollywood sound designers (or, apparently, the designers of luxury cars). In the movies, Dad never struggles to close the board game box, and the femme fatale's gestures never lack for drama. This, as the case of the Dad with the board game box should indicate, often runs contrary to the aesthetic qualities of our everyday experience at large. I would argue that the resting level of clumsiness experienced by Dad is less 'anesthetic' (as might be argued by Dewey), and more merely aesthetically banal. As such, the cinematicity account of the *oddly satisfying* is consistent with the kinds of stories about everyday aesthetics which emphasize defamiliarization and the casting of auras. It seems that, given the resting banal aesthetic conditions of our everyday experience, we would be forgiven for failing to engage with the everyday as an aesthetic medium. Sometimes our experience of the everyday seems like the kind of film we would rather have on in the background while we work on other things than the kind we might dedicate two hours of our attention to. However, it is these small, subtle bursts of cinematicity and perfect fit that best provide us with the means to re-familiarize ourselves with the aesthetics of the everyday. In this way, we are drawn back into engagement with the cinemas of our lived experience.

Perhaps this account cannot be generalized to capture every *oddly satisfying* experience, but it does seem to, at least, unify many of those experiences which assert themselves in this way. These *oddly satisfying* experiences are the invasion of the cinematic into the everyday, and they remind us of what we love about art. At the same time, the cinematic may also be the distillation of all of these everyday moments

into an idealized vision of how life could be if we were more graceful (and, perhaps, secret agents), and everyday life was less banal. While many films and television shows struggle to establish a reality where the stars could be the everyman, the oddly satisfying does much to fool us into thinking that we could be the stars. Perhaps, then, the relationship between the cinematic and the everyday is yet another case of perfect fit.

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Deconstructing Walter Benjamin

Miklos Legrady



Miklos Legrady, cultural revolution, acrylic on canvas, 2005
18" x 24" - 45.72cm x 60.96cm

I'm going to hurt your feelings and it's going to upset you, but Walter Benjamin did not say what you think he said, nor what they said about him, nor what we learned in school. It is hard to believe we held illusions as articles of faith for decades, but then think of medieval monks in flea-ridden cassocks who counted angels dancing on the head of a pin. We're not that far ahead; we also hold political beliefs that look plausible at the moment but seriously need corrections on the basis of fact.

At the core of Benjamin's argument is *that which withers in the age of mechanical reproduction is the aura of the work of art*. He's wrong in that books are made by mechanical reproduction yet stories and authors retain their aura as much as any work of art. Munch's *The Scream* is known from reproduction yet remains haunting, as haunting as any Raven perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door. Without its aura, an image is illustration, not art. Benjamin's error comes from a materialism which says that the only meaning of art lies in an accurate rendition of reality, the essence of art is pictorial reproduction.

Some find Benjamin complex and difficult; there's reason for that but not what we'd expect. When we read something that contradicts our expectations, we generally skip that sentence; here we eventually find ourselves with shreds and hanging chads. The difficulty in reading Benjamin is not intellectual comprehension; it is in matching what we read to what he's supposed to have said: we must censor the text to meet our expectations. Many of us stop reading when unable to reconcile such contradictions between fact and fiction, and so we leave Benjamin behind as "difficult." It is near impossible to interpret Benjamin according to the mythology woven in his name.

Walter Benjamin has been praised as an early Marshall McLuhan, a social scientist able to discern the cultural effects of media. Yet on reading the text we find a political message that strays from the truth and then ignores it.

Where we thought "The Work Of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction" was research similar to today's academic scholarship, it is in fact Marxist propaganda. History reminds us that Marxists saw truth and accuracy as useful when convenient; we cannot read Benjamin innocently when the work has political priorities.

Walter Benjamin's thesis insists that all we can ask of art is to reproduce reality. He writes that authorship, creativity, and aesthetics are outmoded Fascist concepts, and the only valid art is that made by the working class for political use. Benjamin is himself writing propaganda without concern for

accuracy. He shares flawed assumptions, fact and fiction twisted to fit political theory; the reductions, contradictions, and leaps of faith are obvious.

Benjamin rejected aesthetics whereas science shows that beauty and its complex differentiations are crucial for mental health. In the 1970s Abraham Moles and Frieder Nake analyzed links between beauty, information processing, and information theory. Physicist Paul Dirac said that if one works at getting beauty in one's equations, and if one has a really sound insight, one is on a sure line of progress. Denis Dutton was a philosophy professor and the editor of *Arts & Letters Daily*. In his book and Ted Talk called *The Art Instinct*, he suggested that humans are hard-wired to seek beauty. "There is evidence that perceptions of beauty are evolutionarily determined, that things, aspects of people and landscapes considered beautiful are typically found in situations likely to give enhanced survival of the perceiving human's genes."

One Communist writer who later left the party in disillusionment was Arthur Koestler. In *The God That Failed* and *The Invisible Writing* he described the logical contradictions and resulting *sacrificium intellectus* that Communist writers suffered. The resulting emotional damage may well explain Benjamin's catastrophic failure of morale and his subsequent suicide in a moment of crisis.

Arthur Koestler wrote of Benjamin's death in France during the 1940s in *The Invisible Writing*. "Just before we left, I ran into an old friend, the German writer Walter Benjamin. He was making preparations for his own escape to England. He has thirty tablets of a morphia-compound, which he intended to swallow if caught: he said they were enough to kill a horse, and gave me half the tablets, just in case. The day after the final refusal of my visa, I learned that Walter Benjamin, having managed to cross the Pyrenees, had been arrested on the Spanish side, and threatened with being sent back to France the next morning. The next morning the Spanish gendarmes had changed their mind, but by that time Benjamin had swallowed his remaining half of the pills and was dead."

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Thoughts on an Aesthetics of Mud

Tom Baugh

Because of my work as a wetlands ecologist, I am an intimate of mud. Mud is my 'familiar.' I have even had training in how to determine various types of mud. I have also developed a special vocabulary of pejoratives (not in the technical language) to apply to mud as it attempts to pull my boots from my feet or causes me to stumble and fall. My long-suffering wife has special looks for me as I return from one of my field-trips covered in mud.

As I take the road less traveled, into flooded forests, I'm most often sinking into a substance called (believe it or not) 'Muck.' Muck is technically described as a hydric soil. Among other things, hydric soils are...well what can I say 'specially wet mud.' I could wax prolific on the beauty of mud, after all beauty is what we are about here... the swirling patters inscribed on the mud by slow-moving water; the different tones that mud presents, and the rich, thick smell of life and yes, even the smell of death that is always present with mud. The visual sharps and flats of light reflecting from the mud projects a sometimes crystal reality intertwined with an often other dimensional and disturbing darkness.

But it is more the beauty of what mud allows or enables that appeals to the senses. For mud is an enabler...it might even be the original enabler, the primordial ooze in which the beauty of life evolved and from which it spread out across Earth. Here in the Southern Appalachian Mountains of Western North Carolina we have places that are referred to as 'bogs.' They are remnants of a habitat type that once covered extensive areas but have been drained and plowed-under by our species in it's rapacious journey across Earth. Bogs have mud and, as we've said, mud enables life and bogs have a lot of life. At almost any time of year life abounds in the bogs. Even in the cold winter months the stark black and gray trunks of leafless trees arise from the mounds and hummocks that sit only centimeters above the viscous mud that wanders throughout the tolerant and gnarled roots of the red maple, black gum, and ash among dozens of other species. But it is during the warmer months of spring and summer and even into early fall that we see the true abundance of these mud-enriched places. Green sedges and fountain grasses are joined by ferns so large and thick they are difficult to walk through. As the seasons progress, the multihued green is dotted by exclamation points of bright color from Swamp Pink and Canada lily, and later yet, the strange, blood

red flower of sweet shrub. Even on the muddy floor we find violets with flowers no bigger than a quarter coin and in the fall the red berries of Jack in the Pulpit stand-out among the strange shapes of pitcher plants and mats of mosses, all greens and browns painted on a canvas of mud.



I could go on and often have about these muddy, fecund places that play such a role in my life as an ecologist. Bogs, however, have become adopted by many of us who enjoy the beauty of gardens and bog plants are often a specialized sale item in nurseries and garden shops. In an attempt to bring the beauty of mud and all it enables into our daily lives, we try to recreate mucky bogs in our gardens. I am aware that beauty is indeed, often in the eye of the beholder and that there are those who might not find mud and muddy places that beautiful. I am sorry for them. As late winter gives way to early spring put your boots on and take a walk on the muddy wild side and explore natural beauty from my perspective...from the mud up.

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Mud, a Comment

Mary Bittner Wiseman

This short note raises invites two observations of interest to philosophers: one is about focused attention and the other about the role of judgment in the ascription of aesthetic properties. We pay attention to artworks because that is what they are there for, for us to focus on, to engage on sensory, emotional, or cognitive levels, and to appreciate. We tend not to pay much attention to things in our daily lives, unless they demand our attention as exquisite gardens, stunning sunset skies, or raging storms do. Part of the brief of those who work in everyday aesthetics is precisely to encourage us to pay attention to what we encounter day by day, an attention that focuses on what it offers to the senses, touch, and kinesthesia among them.

When we do, we are apt to find the tea we are drinking, for example, to be not merely warm but smoky, where we find it warm and judge it to be smoky. This comports with Frank Sibley's characterization of aesthetic properties as those for which there are no readily available criteria. It turns out that the criteria for most of the sense properties that have criteria are measurable. We measure temperature, identify color by the length of the light waves we see (the visible colors from shortest to longest wavelength are violet, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red), sound by the decibels of pressure of the sound waves, and so on. What we sense is also a function of the soundness of our sense organs, but the point is that there are criteria for calling something small or warm, but not for calling it delicate or smoky. It is on the basis of the delight that beauty affords that, according to Kant, we call something beautiful. In the same vein, I ascribe smokiness to the tea, beauty to the curve of a basketball player's body as he jumps and turns, delicacy to a flower on the strength of how it strikes and delights me.

As a bonus, the author invites us to pay attention, and close attention it has to be, not only to mud itself but also to what the mud enables, like "violets with flowers no bigger than a quarter coin" and "the strange, blood-red flower of the sweet shrub."

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Mud and Metaphor

David Goldblatt

I should like to offer a few brief comments on the Short Note, "Thoughts on an Aesthetics of Mud," that may help display its relevance to the philosophy of the arts and to suggest possible room for further work.

A relatively recent theme in the field of aesthetics has been writing on everyday aesthetics. Among those who have brought this area to the light of aesthetic inquiry is the associate editor of *Contemporary Aesthetics*, Yuriko Saito, and a member of this journal's editorial board, Thomas Leddy. Philosophical attention brought to bear on the vernacular raises issues as to what might count as objects of philosophical attention, just as essays about junkyards, street art, and anonymous architecture have proven to be generators of a host of questions, some of which remain problematic. Mud, being more or less a found object, can launch a discussion of whether and how everyday aesthetics can enter the realm of environmental aesthetics.

In the attention paid to mud in the Short Note, questions of context and the ideal observer go hand in hand. Mud has devastated entire villages when storms along stripped hillsides create slides. Mud seems to be the core of swamps and quicksand, where mosquitoes breed with sometimes deadly results. Beauty, among other qualities in these contexts, drops out. The note, "Thoughts on an Aesthetics of Mud," has emphasized a context where aesthetic sensitivity, even to an overlooked substance like mud, is a location for the beautiful without yet entering the area of philosophy of the arts. What remains is how the move from sensitive attention to detail and the admiration of an otherwise ignored substance can be transposed into an artwork, as an aesthetic response and our response to artworks may overlap but are logically independent.

And, to go further, there are metaphors here suitable for explication from continental philosophers such as Nietzsche, Foucault, Deleuze and Derrida, the latter tracing metaphor throughout the history of philosophy. Sometimes their work is clear as mud. For a writer of a certain imagination, such as the author of "Thoughts on an Aesthetics of Mud," he might do well to turn his attention to the history of the many metaphors associated with mud, some of them having become stale or frozen, and so more or less literal, thus riding the line between the conceptual and the poetic. In any case, metaphor is not simply a poetic device but an idea in and of itself. Mud, for example, had been the name of opium before it was prepared for smoking. Mud shows or mud operas were the names of travelling circuses, and we know that mud in your eye is about coffee and slinging mud refers to dirty politics. As a mere suggestion, any one of these metaphorical mud-associations contains the seeds of attitudes and analogies that may bear fruit for a certain style of aesthetics and even for writing on mud, itself.

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The Aesthetics of Mud and the Muddiness of Aesthetics

Arnold Berleant

Tom Baugh's note on the aesthetics of mud is both evocative and illuminating in its vivid recollection of the viscous slip and slime of mud. Wetlands are his professional territory and Baugh understands them well. Interestingly, he also appreciates this distinctive ecosystem aesthetically, not only with a trained eye but also for its feel, its smells, its sucking pull on the boot, as well as the improbable beauty of the Canada lily and the other flora of the bog. His appreciation is for the many beauties that such places offer. What some find in a garden, he finds in a bog: he calls this the aesthetics of mud.

This may be puzzling to the philosopher for whom aesthetics is a discipline concerned with deciphering the experiences and meanings of the appreciation of beauty in the arts and in nature: what constitutes beauty, its appreciation, art, and aesthetic judgment more generally. Both philosopher and ecologist recognize the aesthetic value found on such occasions and circumstances, but the concerns of each are different and so their understanding of aesthetics is different. Rather than debating at cross-purposes about whose understanding is the correct one, it would be well to recognize that the concept of aesthetics has different meanings. For the wetlands ecologist, aesthetics means the appreciation of the range of sensible beauties in the rich environment of the bog. The philosopher, on the other hand, puzzles over what constitutes aesthetic appreciation proper, such as the appropriate attitude, the proper object of appreciation, the senses suitable for

aesthetic enjoyment, the meanings embodied in such experiences, and the relation of aesthetic pleasure to other concerns such as function and utility.

Yet these meanings of aesthetics are not independent of each other. Indeed, acknowledging the beauties in a bog challenges many of the tenets of traditional aesthetics. For example, appreciation of a wetland, as of every environment, is not directed at an object, as such, but involves the sensory qualities of an environment that encompasses the appreciator. Here one's encounter with beauty is an experience that requires physical, bodily involvement. It is an effort that is part of appreciative experience in ways comparable to the aesthetics of sport. Here the traditional aesthetic senses of sight and hearing are amplified and surrounded by the insistence of tactile engagement with the mud, the smell and the taste of the air, indeed the full somatic participation of aesthetic experience. What does this tell us about the traditional paradigm of aesthetic appreciation? It would be helpful for the ecologist to temper his sensory delights by considering the meanings and implications of those pleasures, just as it is incumbent on the philosopher to recognize the false constraints that traditional aesthetics imposes on appreciation. These involve dismissing the need for distance and disinterestedness, engaging the tactile, olfactory, and kinesthetic sensory modalities, and recognizing the aesthetic appeal of function and practice.

Recent developments in philosophical aesthetics have powerful implications for traditional theory. The short note on mud exemplifies the increasing attention to environmental aesthetics, an interest that undermines the conventional focus of aesthetics on an art object. For in environment there is no object, as such, but rather a diffuse scene or landscape that involves the appreciative participant. And, more recently, everyday aesthetics has gained the attention of aestheticians despite the fact that it ignores the Kantian convention that dismisses function and relegates practical interest and use to a lower level. Everyday aesthetics, on the contrary, does not countenance *a priori* constraints but legitimizes purpose and function on occasion as aesthetic features.

These two concerns with aesthetic value, then, the occasions in which we have aesthetic satisfaction and their theoretical understanding, are related but different. One requires perceptual openness and sensitivity together with a cultivated sensibility informed by the knowledge and background that conduce to them. For the other, to be valid, we need a cognitive activity that tries to account for those experiences on their own terms without dictating in advance what is acceptable and what is not. And each must recognize the legitimacy of the other. Appreciation as perceptual engagement is not a cognitive exercise, and the theory that accounts for the values in a bog is not aesthetic appreciation. To confound the two is to impede both: muddiness can be found in more places than a bog.

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