

## **INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE** (1.0.0)

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### **1**

Creation is a free area in which thought stands, relying on its own instinct to produce and assemble, on its own intelligence to critique and harden. Creation weaves instinct and intelligence together. Their dialogue is the process. Their combined answer is the one that constitutes the final form.

Instinct absorbs its surrounding world, of sense and the real interwoven, the internal and the external feeding its possibilities of connection. It is where new directions and areas are given in results that are often beyond expectation. We are in some way free to shape instinct, but our suggestion is only the beginning of an unseen process. For this process an idea is needed which is able to enter instinct with force and energy, which is capable of assuming an instinctive form. And so often the idea is given from instinct itself to thought, which in turn sends it back, the former going over it again before it surfaces once more, further developed and open to the next possibility of direction.

Intelligence examines the results. It asks questions of them. It forces thought to understand its own instinct, to express itself clearly to itself. It repairs difficulties, focusing on the progress made to determine areas of weakness. Intelligence is the force that drags an idea in the direction of its eventual completion. It is the sustained pressure we must consciously exert. It remains present, occupied with the space in which thought is visible. But when intelligence pushes, its movement often vanishes into instinct. As they unfold together, the two form opposing directions: intelligence as a movement from presence into absence, instinct from absence into presence.

Sometimes instinct guides itself; sometimes intelligence finds where it must descend. Intelligence may ask instinct a question, driving it into new areas, but instinct may also take it upon itself to solve something. The question may have been unseen and unknown to intelligence, but nonetheless instinct was at work on it, opening a pathway for intelligence to follow. Together they orient and reorient each other in a terrain they are both responsible for uncovering, the one guiding the other, and the other guiding the one.

Instinct subliminally explores, suggests, makes lines that may be followed. Instinct wanders, drifting among hidden areas, whereas intelligence penetrates. Instinct must justify itself to intelligence. It creates the spaces which intelligence must agree to apply itself to. Instinct prepares the ground for thought, exposing subterranean passages for the energy of intelligence to enter. We begin to think and thought immediately falls upon the new areas. New directions suggest themselves, pre-worked by instinct in its underwater absence. It is an inward depth rather than an outer one, an absence from what is seen when thought thinks. In this way the human subject is the surface of two depths: the depth of the world and the depth of thought.

The problems of instinct are vagueness and incomprehensibility, of intelligence errors and misunderstandings. Instinct leaves loose ends and irregularities, a foundation that lacks the final detail. Intelligence must apply itself to these open spaces; it must drive itself into the areas where improvements can be made. Yet intelligence is where disruptions may enter the work of instinct, where a mistake can be added to it, leaving unintended consequences in a work, blockages in the idea's original flow. On these occasions instinct must realise itself, recover its original intention, bringing itself back to the ground of the original idea in its initial form.

Instinct can be limited; we must break down what it is given to absorb into something manageable, a plan which it can reorganise rather than an entire text. It often supplies no more than fragments in return, which thought works over, compiling them into a whole most often formed through instinct itself. Occasionally instinct is unstoppable, insatiable until it works out a resolution. If it is on a trail of importance, it may grow impatient until it can rest. Yet most often it is intelligence that constitutes the greatest weight. It is in the limits of energy that we find the limits of intelligence. To apply its force is not effortless; thought must balance intelligence with rest, expenditure with conservation. Intelligence must pace itself. It is that which drains. Its application of force must be apportioned *intelligently*—it must pre-empt workloads, looking for ways in which efficiency can be gained. We can refrain from using our full mental force on anything that might be later rejected; we can sketch written ideas first, developing each area bit by bit, moving around until the whole is finally drawn to completion, incrementally inching the work towards its end.

Within thought in general, instinct and intelligence are forms of thinking in which operations occur. These operations are basically the same for both: both connect, fabricate, reduce and expand, join and separate. The depths of instinct are in some way the same as the heights of intelligence, but for instinct these operations are more intuitive, for intelligence more direct. The result of the one does not usually have the same quality as that of the other. It's as if the plane on which these operations operate is different for each: intelligence focuses on a

single entity, instinct on a wide-ranging field.

When instinct surveys a wider field, it does so without consciousness. The latter is only a hindrance to it; as consciousness asks for too much, for both the operations of thought and for our awareness of them, instinct moves out of sight. Writing philosophy is too difficult for the conscious human mind. We can only negotiate it instinctively as intelligence is unable to grasp it as a whole. This unseen operation is necessary by virtue of its form; the scale is too expansive to see every detail in the awareness of a single vision.

Instinct is also nocturnal. Thought explores itself during sleep, allowing new areas to be open for when consciousness reawakens. After the night-time, instinct's results enter awareness. We can move into these areas; their subject matter has been made accessible. New directions have formed and spaces have been reorganised. Different ideas have been developed out of sight, and once the visible movement of thought begins in their direction, the results of this development unfold. The invisible becomes visible as movements are repeated, given in their completed state after the night's exploration.

In itself instinct is unseen, but it appears as its own effects within conscious thought, providing us with glimpses of what lies beneath. It is seen in the thought that gives the result that was made undercover, in the moments when the work of instinct subtly announces itself, when we feel we are able to see the way through an idea. The necessary points have now fallen into place in a movement which was unseen but whose outcome is now becoming visible. The visibility of instinct is in the spontaneous result of progress, of development preformed as it appears in thought. Its visibility is there in thought itself. No speculation is required to grasp it. The fact that it appears as it is, as worked on, as preformed, is the only proof that it requires. But a certain otherness belongs to the quality of its appearance. Creation is something that the depth and the surface do together. The thought of instinct is in some way our own, in some way that of another. It may appear as the answer to our question, but the answer it gives is its own. Its answer requires interpretation. We are readers of our own instinct.

## 2

The distinction between instinct and intelligence is a structure that is seen within thought itself. We develop both sides as a conceptual duality in order to create new situations in thought; we differentiate in order to see clearly what happens of its own accord, but also to affect it, to focus it more strongly on our intended purposes. This duality guides creative thought towards finding itself within itself; it becomes incorporated, but only as far as it refrains from being a burden. We only define thought in terms of instinct and intelligence as far as we need to further understand creation. We conceptualise them in order to present a structure operative within our efforts to create, as far as thought may go beyond them into

the general happening of creation itself.

As a conceptual duality, instinct and intelligence consist of no more than thought, but within the remit we allow them to have in our thinking, they are effective nonetheless in the operations they engender. The reality of thought is seen in its operation. Like the sense of the real, there is a reality of sense in how it creates movement, the difference it makes to both thought and things. As this duality emerges from inward observations, it is a structure in which this reality occurs, allowing thought's understanding of itself to become operative within its own thinking. In referring to instinct and intelligence themselves, our use of these terms outlines the interlaced trajectory of both sides. We gauge the need for one or the other at different points. They are forms of thinking that move in accordance with their own qualities, and these qualities can be made use of within the praxis of creative thought itself.

Instinct and intelligence are two key forms of thought which are operative in creation. Both can be seen interwoven within thought itself, seamlessly passing from one to the other. Yet the two may visibly overlap; new ideas may arise from intelligence, just as criticism may arise from instinct. We may lose sight of them in thinking, the effects of the one blurring into those of the other. It is at their extremes, however, that their qualities are most distinct. The extreme of instinct is found in the early stages of a work, of intelligence towards the end.

In the beginning an initial idea is formed, appearing through a process most often unseen. It is mostly through instinct that the first direction for a new work is given. For this reason, whether or not these openings appear is out of our hands. The way to produce these ideas is in some way unteachable; didactic limits belong to instinct according to its unseen nature. But we can influence the unseen within ourselves. We can prepare and cultivate the ground of instinct. We can absorb the right things at the right level, at the right depth. When we move conscious thought this moves the unconscious; trajectories are formed which resonate under the surface. We must take care of these trajectories, guarding against overwhelming them with standard ideas, forcing them to move for themselves in order to find their own way. We must take care that there is enough space within the depths to be focused on difficult problems, being careful to determine what it is that instinct occupies.

In the beginning instinct is free to produce, to make the leaps required to make an idea possible. Intelligence lets this occur unhindered, only appearing explicitly as and when problems arise. A work forms from the accumulation of instinct's fragments, acting as a container for them. We arrange these fragments on the page, moving them, discarding some, improving others. We resist the temptation to focus too much on detail too early, to apply too much intelligence, as the basic meaning of these fragments can be lost when they are consumed in longer sections. If the idea of a work is not yet mastered, if it is underdeveloped,

these fragments only become heavy and unmanageable if they are pushed towards a larger whole too soon, losing their ability to be separated and rearranged at will, preventing the work from developing with the least possible resistance. As we progress further, slowly a distinct form emerges, a totality in which these fragments are finally able to stand. A balanced unity appears: instinct's intuitive connections between disparate things are approved and developed by intelligence's focus; gaps are found as intelligence moves among the work done so far, in order for instinct to fill them. We see the two of them finding problems for each other to solve. This is a process that we should affirm; these problems are doorways into an idea's detail. Their solution creates layers of intelligence built into the layers of instinct; the increase in both leads the work onwards.

As the work progresses towards its later stages, intelligence becomes more and more the defining form. Intelligence begins to apply higher and higher forces to smaller and smaller areas. It is applied progressively in a more and more critical standard across the work as a whole, testing it for resistance, directing it towards the next level and then the level beyond that. We slowly increase the focus until each sentence has received the required force. In these final stages of writing, we must embrace the difficulty. We must become a specialist in this difficulty; it must become our place of habitation, our craft and trade. We embrace difficulties because this is how a work is hardened, solidified, rather than remaining only loose and openly flawed. We apply this force of intelligence to our work so that the reader's own force cannot easily overwhelm it. If we do not find our own errors, they can be found by someone else. Yet these should only be *our* errors; we should only deal with the problems that we ourselves accept as problems. We read it in our own way, focused on the approach that constitutes our vision of the work itself. In the end it must be the idea's progress towards its own solidified state that forms the guiding principle.

The final aim is a standard that we create and aspire to. The level of force is dependent on the level of this standard. But the standard must be attainable, either now or as something within the remit of possible development; it must be one that can be grasped or worked towards within the current situation. The point is that if a future ideal or standard is completely unknown, it is entirely un-realizable. We cannot work towards a chimera. Such a standard can only disrupt rather than foster our direction, haunting us with a different version of what we're trying to write, a better, more complex version, but one that constantly remains out of reach.

An understanding of the levels we are able to operate at is needed during the final stages. We might say that the standard is reached once a work can withstand the closest possible readings that intelligence is able to deliver. But left to itself, there is a tendency for intelligence to go too far, a tendency to pursue a

level, a closeness of reading that no work could withstand. It is the creative process that brings this possibility into view; because writing gives us an open-ended pursuit of a partially indistinct finality, these extreme limits appear. As a work moves towards completion, intelligence would never stop, would never be satisfied, would always set off again in superfluous directions, if instinct did not recognise the appearance of the finished whole. As the limits of philosophical thought begin to be felt as a barrier, it is the reappearance of instinct that allows the final closure, an intuition that suggests we have gone as far as we can. The final level of intelligent force must be balanced. It is only the purest logic that withstands all and any force whatsoever. Within its basic fundamentals, pure logic cannot be reshaped by instinct; it remains cold. It remains in some way outside of creation as far as it concerns no more than clear and indubitable facts of sense. In philosophy there is no absolute perfection. An idea can manifest itself in many forms; the process towards completion depends upon chance as well as the combined work of instinct and intelligence.

We enter the end of the writing process when we start to hit bedrock: additional ideas bounce back as unnecessary or are already adequately contained in what's there. There comes a point when the work itself is able to withstand any new thought that we might have of it. We start to think of problems but find that it already answers them. We start to make changes to how we understand concepts but find that what's there accounts for them already. We might say that our instinct had pre-empted these further developments; the idea in its finished form manifests both itself and its implicit future.

Instinct and intelligence are the primary forms in which creative thought is built, but they are not always pure in themselves. Their movement can be altered by influences that lie outside the work itself. Purity in creation is to allow them both to move as they are in themselves for the purpose of creation. It is for their combined work to be focused on the possibilities of the final outcome.

This combined work belongs to all creativity in general. Instinct is the source of creative thought itself; in the case of intelligence, in even the most free-form works, there can be at least a glance at the result to question whether the desired effect has been achieved. But even without this, even in works created in the purely improvised moment, intelligence precedes the instinctive stream of thought that constitutes them, silently engrained within this moment through the discernment needed to learn the craft. In philosophy, however, the fundamental process requires a balance. If the weight shifts too far in the direction of instinct, there may result a certain obscurity without substance; if it is too far in the direction of intelligence, there may be a certain lifelessness directed by a dominating conformity to precision. In the former, the work remains fluid but dark; in the latter, it remains sharp and bright but only at certain points, lacking a subtlety that runs through the work as a whole.

For us the light of intelligence should be blended with the dark, cast not just on single points but diffused by instinct across the entire area. Our definition of creation includes both production and critique. The two are bound together. Both are essential, but there is perhaps always a priority of instinct. For the inner flow of development, it is purity at this level that is fundamental. It should only be the work itself that guides; other guiding ideas—of profit and prestige—should be kept from disrupting the pure movement of instinctive thought. If these things are not operative purposes, they will not move instinct according to themselves. The work itself as a purpose is pursued by following the idea and nothing else. The idea itself defines where we must go to follow it. It is only its movement that creates a purity of movement within instinct, a movement in which creation is free to concern itself only with itself.