VII. THE CONSTITUTION AND ORIGIN OF THE "IMAGE" IN IMAGINATION

BY D. MARSDEN

(1) THE account which we purpose to give of the constitution of the image as it appears in imagination—an account which resolves itself indeed into nothing less than a theory of the Origin of Mind—demands some preliminary statement relative to the constitution of the universe of feeling as a whole. In view of such demand the issue raised in the closing section of our last chapter assumes an all-important bearing, and we permit ourselves to retraverse the main points involved in it here.

(2) We were concerned to make clear what science achieves when it finds itself in the position to declare that it can explain a fact. The question turns into a demand for a description of knowledge, and this, in turn, into a demand to be told what science means when it speaks of a fact's cause. We pointed out that when science asserts that it has found the cause of a fact, all that may justifiably be understood from that is that the scientist can name the conditions which have to be assembled in order to make the particular fact happen. He knows how to remake it.

(3) We pointed out also that the inference commonly drawn therefrom that science can say why particular conditions are productive of particular events rather than of others is not justifiable. The knowledge of science has in fact nothing whatever to do with making statements of causality. Whatever can be said of the cause of an effect are the invariable conditions of all forms of feeling whatsoever, by an exact and stringent translation of the meaning of cause in science, those movements must be held to stand in causal relation to those feelings. The feelings, that is, are constituted of the movements. To each feeling corresponds a particular form of bodily movement, and whenever such movements obtain the aspect they present is that which we describe under the title of the particular feeling. Thus the feeling is the composite aspect embodying the full effect presented by the detailed movement.

(5) Let us make this quite clear. We do not mean to say that feeling is a function of neural and muscular change, or that it is a secretion of it, or anything implying an intermediate agency of any kind. We mean that the bodily movements are the feelings: the stuff they are made of; and that feelings scanned analytically are describable in detailed terms of the movements. Just as, for instance, having regard to its construction H₂O is water and not a function of water; so feeling, having regard to its construction, is neural and muscular change. In both cases the constituent items, given their stipulated conditions, comprise all that there is in the effects they create: those effects being, in fact, just the all-round presentation of the constituent elements under the specific conditions. We might illustrate the position by reverting again to the significance of cause. It is, for instance, more misleading to say that a cause produces an effect than to say that all effects when fully
particularized as to their enactments are identical with their cause. So a feeling, particularized as to its enactment, is identical with the neural and muscular movements comprising it. Though taken in their totality they are nevertheless the items to which we refer when we speak in round terms of a feeling.

(5) It will perhaps help us in our task of defining the precise scope of the theory just outlined if we compare it with a very cautious, very limited, but fundamentally similar theory propounded by Prof. James in relation to a particular group of feelings. In the exposition of his theory of the emotions, Prof. James says:

"It now proceed to urge the vital point of my whole theory, which is this: If we fancy some strong emotion, and then try to abstract from our consciousness of it all the feelings of its bodily symptoms, we find we have nothing left behind, no "mind stuff" out of which the emotion can be substituted, and that a cold and neutral state of intellectual perception is all that remains. [Italics ours.] What kind of an emotion of fear would be left if the feeling neither of quickened heart-beats nor of shallow breathing, neither of trembling lips nor of weakened limbs, neither of goose-flesh nor of visceral stirrings, were present, it is quite impossible for me to think. Can one fancy the state of rage and picture no ebulition in the nostrils, no clenching of the teeth, no impulse to vigorous action, but in their stead limp muscles, calm breathing, and a placid face? The present writer, for one, certainly cannot. The rage is as completely evaporated as the sensation of its so-called manifestations.

What we have to note about this theory is that its author limits it to emotions solely. James makes no attempt to extend it to all forms of consciousness, and even from the limited class of feelings covered by emotions he excludes, for instance, the aesthetic emotions. In relation moreover to emotions other than the aesthetic, it is evident from the words which we have italicized that the nostrils, no clenching of the teeth, no impulse to vigorous action, but in their stead limp muscles, calm breathing, and a placid face? The present writer, for one, certainly cannot. The rage is as completely evaporated as the sensation of its so-called manifestations.

(6) The group of feelings which stands in strongest contrast to that of things is that of the organic sensations: this because in their enactment a far more emphatic energy is evident in the outgoing movements engendered at the positive pole than is usually observable in the correlated incoming movement of stimulation. The emotions are constructed of both imotions and emotions like any other class of feeling, but owing to their disproportionately violent enactment the latter tend to swamp the entire picture. The full tale of how this violence of discharge is conditioned can be told only when the finer branches of physiological inquiry—including what is called Experimental Psychology—have become possessed of a far greater quantity of detail than they command at present. Meanwhile our requirements are met if we can say that the phenomena of emotion are due to the facts, either that the nerve-centres which receive the stimulus are in a high state of explosiveness when acted upon, or that the various stimuli acting together named things; those named organic sensations; those named emotions; and those named imaginary images. (The feelings of relations, which cover so extensive an area of our universe of feeling are excluded, because relations being feelings compounded of imaginary images, together with one or more of the remaining groups, cannot be appropriately included among primary groups.) In our immediate study we shall be most concerned with the first and last of the four main groups, but a brief survey of the grounds of difference distinguishing each form from the rest can be made here.

(9) The paramount distinction operating among them has to do with the lie and length of the circuit joining the positive and negative poles over which the currents constituting the feeling have to pass. A further deeply dividing distinction, however, has to do with the relative state of explosiveness in which a given current finds the nerve-cell which constitutes its positive pole. It is to be noted (see previous Chapter) that with all feeling the positive poles reside within the organism; not only so, but every such pole forms connexion with every other as well as with its related negative pole. The negative poles, on the other hand, can be either entirely external to the organism. It is upon the negative pole's situation that a feeling depends for its location: a feature varying widely with the different feelings.

(10) Taking the first group of feelings: that constituting things, external objects, or still more comprehensively, matter: this group becomes possessed of the spatial character which distinguishes it by virtue of the fact that their negative poles are situated externally to the organism, and in order to pick up the movements passing inwards from them elaborately constructed receiving-stations in the shape of sense-organs are necessary. Such sense-organs extend over the whole outer surface of the organism, and it is the dilatation or contraction of their vibrations through them that we indicate when we say that a feeling is spatialized. While the movements which the sense-organs pick up are generated from without the organism, the responsive movements also which they release at the positive pole project themselves outward and beyond the organism. For this reason, the movements constituting these feelings can be described as characteristically wide-circuited.

(11) The group of feelings which stands in strongest contrast to that of things is that of the organic sensations: this because the feelings are constituted of movements which find both their negative and positive poles within the area of the organism. They are essentially as it were not physiological, but internal. The emotions are a class of feeling whose specific character is not determined by reference to the lie of the circuit of the movements constituting them. The emotions are excited indifferently by externally and internally originating movements, though we generally recognize the former manner of excitement more emphatically, because it is what is called because in their enactment a far more emphatic energy is evident in the outgoing movements engendered at the positive pole than is usually observable in the correlated incoming movement of stimulation. The emotions are constructed of both imotions and emotions like any other class of feeling, but owing to their disproportionately violent enactment the latter tend to swamp the entire picture. The full tale of how this violence of discharge is conditioned can be told only when the finer branches of physiological inquiry—including what is called Experimental Psychology—have become possessed of a far greater quantity of detail than they command at present. Meanwhile our requirements are met if we can say that the phenomena of emotion are due to the facts, either that the nerve-centres which receive the stimulus are in a high state of explosiveness when acted upon, or that the various stimuli acting together
upon different nerve-centres release therefrom forces which in conjunction form a highly explosive combination. In either case the characteristic result is the same: a stimulus originating organically or extraneously is responded to by an outgoing movement of such violence often that it involves the whole organism, and so contorts it that it is reduced to weakness or utter impotence.

(13) Let us now turn our attention to the constitution and organization of the imaginary image. The manner in which we construe its genesis makes it necessary to begin by reverting to the constitution of a thing. What a thing is we have already indicated; that is to say, a thing is brought into being which is not to be fled from, it would have become a thing for which one was willing to pay a price for the privilege of their motor enactment is stupendously vast, and as yet is being but barely approached. Fortunately for our present purpose, however, its precise details are not a necessity. It is enough for us to be able to note that the total movement composing the feeling of things is enacted in two distinct sections; that in things themselves the two sections present an indivisible and indissoluble unit; and—most important of all—that on the purely cognitive (i.e. instinctive) level the two movements are not merely indissolubly joined: on that level the means for discriminating between the meaning-half of the movement from its conjoined movement of stimulation does not exist.

(14) Let us consider a concrete case. Let us consider the feeling of thinghood which primitive man might have in relation to a hostile organism—for instance, a bear. At that epoch bears were rather than relatively the stronger animals, for primitive man they must have been objects almost wholly identified with certain meaningful movements of fear, and of other feelings complementary to fear, e.g. those of flight, concealment, and at worst, movements preparatory to defence and attack. Loosely, we might put it that, in that image there would be far more of man than of bear. Putting it more precisely: there would be as little as possible of the stimulatory movements emanating from the external negative pole while there would be the maximum of such countering movements as the organism excited by the stimulus had at its command. Indeed, a reluctance to encounter such stimuli would form the most prominent feature in man's whole feeling of the thing. Its character for him might almost be summed up as "that which was to be avoided and fled from." Such an image would have but the smallest resemblance to that with which a later age of men has grown familiar, in which, under the artificially protected conditions obtaining let us say in a zoo, the stimulatory movements can be encouraged to enact themselves to the full while the responsive movements assume radically altered features. Not merely would these in the latter case be far less violent and far more detailed; their whole character would be reversed. In place of representing that which was to be fled from, it would have become a thing for which one was willing to pay a price for the privilege of closer acquaintance.

III

(15) This subject of the constitution of things in terms of their motor enactment is stupendously vast,
essence form kinship with genuine words. They are not truly language, because they are not truly of the kind which we go on to describe is the genuine instrument of language: a genuine word. The phenomenon which can create an image of the thing, while the means capable of summoning it is lodged within the organism. The predominant character which the image bears is its innerness: its independence of extra-organic forces. This characteristic receives emphasis from the fact that the predominant characteristic of the image which it so strongly resembles is outerness: externality. The other than the means requisite in their two worlds. He these do not form counterparts to outer images with which they constantly contrast as is the case with this new order of images. With the latter it is as though some mysterious inner power were producing, by its own instigation, on a deep hidden key-board, mysterious inner shadow-pictures of the outer world. Now though a sound may be a sign, it may become a word: a coin bearing the imprint of genuine language: a coin bearing the imprint of genuine language: a genuine word. The image created is strangely like—and yet as strangely unlike in the organism in total independence of the external stimulus which, when operative, commands the establishment of the new world of thought. The animal which thinks: intellection: is nothing less than the means of summoning into effect alongside of itself its inner relative springs into effect alongside itself. Precisely this superimposition of the external thing by its wraith-like indwelling double constitutes its abiding-place in words we shall have to consider in connexion with the barest and most limited elements of existence such as food, shelter, and procreation, with which a necessity-enforced familiarity had inspired some confidence, responding meaningful

(23) By the development thus begun in the meaning-half of the composition of things there follows a swift outpacing of the inimical powers in the stimulating half, and man finds himself able to build up for himself a general wall of protective fore-measures, from which position of vantage he grows possessed of an immunity and a leisure which leave his energies still takably alike that it can "own" and make common cause with the externally implicated counterpart, but one which notwithstanding the basic likeness is fuller, finer, more exact and more complete. So does the inner and isolated meaning become the instructress of its outer correlative, handicapped as the latter is by being involved in an inseparable connexion with the stimulus.

(24) To explain how the conceptual power acquired its abiding-place in words we shall have to consider the conditions existent when, with the advent of man, the modifying factor which made words possible made its appearance, and also that modifying factor itself. At that period the struggle to maintain the individual vital universe must have been fierce and hard. This fact of by-now essential means being expanded differently by saying that the character of the incoming currents must have been preponderatingly inimical to the maintenance of the organism. As a consequence, a premium would be put on any increased swiftness in making the counteracting response which cut short the enactment of the stimulus. The strength of an organism's tenure on life would be expressed to be proportionate to its readiness to react as to a fully enacted stimulus when the latter had in fact effected only its most incipient stages. The tendency making for survival would therefore be the abbreviating of the stimulus to that minimum at which it carries little more than a suggestion of its full enactment, while avoidance, a fleeing from stimulus, and conversion of an organism's animal activity into a determining principle of action. This is actually what we find to be the case when we compare the activity of primitive man or of the higher animals with those of man in his more developed stage. Save in connexion with the barest and most limited elements of existence such as food, shelter, and procreation, with which a necessity-enforced familiarity had inspired some confidence, responding meaningful as on those without. Such energy will be made introspective: an innovation. The organism will be able at its leisure to ponder over these inner pictures, to modify, enlarge, and refine them with ever exacter shades of difference. In introspection it will be able to develop the advantageous movements of meaning with a nicety and fullness not possible when such movements are urgent necessities whose lack of promptness will be rewarded with annihilation. As a result of this introspectively applied energy the innovating organism, Man, has slowly learned to contrive the advantageous movements before the event: before the advent of the external stimulus that is. In security, he makes himself beforehand and so reverses the order of enactment as between stimulus and adjustment. In the absence of the stimulus, he begins to shape more elaborated defences, and when he is actually acted upon by the stimulus he is prepared and is able in his involuntary activity when suddenly brought face to face with the foe. Their co-operative activities effected to their own better defence certainly show a gulf of difference, consisting of a world less and more, twofold. In introspection it will be able to modify, enlarge, and refine them with ever exacter shades of difference. In introspection it will be able to modify, enlarge, and refine them with ever exacter shades of difference. In introspection it will be able to modify, enlarge, and refine them with ever exacter shades of difference.
movements are indiscriminately those of flight or kindred movements. The net result of such a habit of action necessarily was to involve the movements of stimulation in almost total neglect. Hence we find among the instinctive organisms the absolute minimum of interference with their external world. Their world, limited and unchanging, is furnished with but few things which themselves have characters limited and unchanging. This abbreviation and neglect of stimuli consequent upon undeveloping mechanisms of response makes an impressive contrast with the activity of developed man, which not only introduces discrimination in an infinite degree among meanings, but also in place of shunning fresh stimuli actually seeks them out, tinkering and interfering with them in every form in which they have been made to appear to him.

(25) An evitable consequence of this attitude of caution as of the instinctive organism would be a preference to embark on action in response to stimuli conveyed in terms of a sense which can operate over wide distances. So conveyed, the adjustable activity would have a better chance of making itself effective. So we find that such organisms react habitually to stimuli yielded in terms of scent and hearing, rather than to other types of means which man has found necessary on the principle that only "sensations" are "believing"—favourites. Hence, as compared with the more certain but more dangerously intimate visual sense-intimations, those of scent and hearing easily establish a preferential position, while the organs of those senses become developed and "sensitive" in a high degree. Animals, we are told, possess auditory organs so developed that by comparison civilized man is almost deaf. Consequently the stimuli involved in sound would affect such organisms—among whom we must include primitive man—strongly and vividly. A sound would be a pre-eminently effective stimulus to action. Thus the sound of a hostile animal would immediately liberate a meaning as adequate and vivid as that of a sight or conceptual feel of the animal’s form. Quite probably, indeed, the sight-aspect would be fraught with danger so obvious and so imminent that almost all movement of meaning would be paralysed.

(26) These characteristics, which are the commonplace of the instinctive world, become nothing short of commonplace for the man who, within himself, has achieved an accomplishment which as nearly as can be judged is uniquely human. This distinctive modification, which has determined man’s supremacy and made him arbiter of life and death over every other form of creation, is not, as had been the case hitherto, connected with any further elaboration of the sense-organs. To account for his astounding leap forward in the scale of life, we look in vain in man for any new avenue for the admission of sense-impressions. Indeed, the sense-organs he possesses as compared with those possessed by subhuman forms show unmistakable degeneration. To account for his unmeasurably greater powers we have to look for the development of a means for elaborating the positive response to stimuli rather than of further avenues for the admission of sense impressions. Only then is it evident that, which will alter what man can do to stimuli rather than what external stimuli can do to man. It is this which has been effected by the establishment of a means within his own internal domain and domination whereby the movements of meaning in things can be isolated from those of stimulation; though as a matter of fact, indeed, by contriving such a means man has been enabled by a wide sweep round to return upon the organs and avenues of sense, and by his ingenious contrivance of instruments has been enabled to magnify the powers of the sense-organs to such a degree that they have achieved results which beggar the finest feats of the instinctive world, no matter what their sensory form.

(27) Although, however, no new sense-organ is forthcoming to account for man’s progress, it is to some modification in man’s physical structure that we have to look for the basis of all this change. That modification is found to consist in a development of the organs implicated in the production of sounds: for instance, in the shortening and widening of the alveolar arch and the palatine area, together with a shortening and flattening of the tongue to fit the modified mouth. By such changes man finds himself equipped with an apparatus for the production of an almost infinite variety of sounds, and one of the earliest forms in which he expended his new-found competence was in the production from within himself of a masquerade of the sound-aspects of external things. With the exuberance of an increased vitality, finding expression through a developed instrument, man found himself able to produce not only such sounds as might be characteristic of himself; he found himself able to produce also the sounds characteristic of all the organisms and things about him. This power to imitate sounds is exceedingly remarkable when we contrast it with man’s inability to imitate external things in terms of the other senses. Although man can in a limited degree, very roughly and crudely, imitate the activity which makes for man's own consciousness, he can do nothing whatever in the way of producing from his own person the colour or the smell or the taste of things. In these last respects man is incapable of turning himself into a replica of external things. But as far as the sound of things goes he can; and inasmuch as he can, the effect is profoundly different from the one to which we have been accustomed to associate with the production of things by means of gestures, he can do nothing whatever in the way of producing from his own person the colour or the smell or the taste of things.

The late arrival of part of the matter for our March number delayed publication to a date at which it seemed preferable to issue it as for April instead of March. In so doing we express the hope that future issues will approximate more nearly to the first of the month than has been the case of late.
You must know that we hold Olympic games (in mud or in canteens). I know not for what hero of Hellas. What concerns me is that my entrance to the games (i.e. the "boxe") was a ludicrous and unforeseen catastrophe, for which I am now nursing a black eye and a headache! Fortunately and although I lost the contest, I dealt my adversary one or two blows that I trust are making his evening as uncomfortable as mine! So these will be one-eyed notes. You must not expect much in the way of calm reflection.

I have been reading from my little anthology the three ballads of Villon. They are the prayer of His Mother to the Virgin, les Dames de Jadis, and the Ballade des Pendus. What good are any of us beside His Mother to the Virgin, les Dames de Jadis, and the calm reflection.

night I repeated to myself as I lay awake,

of all this in comparison with contemporary crapulousness!

And this from André Delemer, returned Mercure.

I keep thinking of André Chénier, whose Idylle are naturally not included in my little anthology. He was a Greek, I remember, and was guillotined by the island Symonds loved!

I cannot send anything more as I have already plagued the patience of my unfortunate censor.

are

and told myself I should never, "not in all Time's changes," achieve a grace like that. As Pater would say, that is the chief use in studying the old masters; one realizes one's own littleness and the real value of all this in comparison with contemporary crapulousness!

I have not done any poems. I am having too good a time. Soon I will get miserable and write some more. I want to try to interpret the spirit of the countryside I am in, as, say, Rembrandt or Whistler would have etched it had they been in my place. It is a problem which I meditate continually to the vast detriment of my military "smartness." Though I ought to mention that I am out "on rest" where Alas, though the chaffinches twitter all day along the poplars and willows of this dyked, marshy, misty land, there will be no "lettered hyacinths," no "virgin-fleshed crocuses nor wild narcissus. I should like to look for them on Capri and watch the sun rise over the Golfo di Tyrrenien and set behind the tall tower on the Signoria. But one mustn't think of the "Alleymong" can't snipe at me. I don't know for how long.

Marcel Millet had a very beautiful poem in the last Mercure. And this from André Delemer, returned from the war "mutilé" (I translate):

"But tell me shall we have the courage to continue, can we take up the half-written page? Can we stifle our bitterness towards what can we yet our poor efforts? Shall we have the strength to murmur once more a fervent credo?"

What we owe to these young men! Some of them are still in the trenches. What we owe to France— not the bourgeois France of the surface and the majority, but these scattered, sensitive lads, whose spirit is so intense, so generous!

I received today L'Illusion héroïque de Titto Bassi,

but have only had time to read the preface. What a delight to roll these savoury sentences round one's tongue and to hear once more the music of authentic prose. I am also happy to find that it is an impression of Vicenza. It is like de Régnier with his wild love of Venice to take hold of Vicenza. I remember so clearly its semi-Venetian palaces and that Piazza with Palladio's palace on one side and that immense tall tower on the Signoria. But one mustn't think of Italy too affectionately these days.

I find the catalogue at the back of Titto Bassi excellent though distressing reading. So many books one would like to see—"the lyf so short, the craft so long to learn!" Under the Philosophy and Science heading, one would find interesting H. B. Brewster's L'Ame patricienne and the book by J. A. Dulaure looks magnificent—Les Lettres primitives and A. van Gennep's book on Homer. There is an immense amount of interesting and charming stuff published by the Mercure just now. One could spend three months easily with these books alone.

I cannot send anything more as I have already plagued the patience of my unfortunate censor.

DIALOGUES OF FONTENELLE

TRANSLATED BY EZRA POUND

I.

SENECA AND SCARRON

SENECA. You fill full my cup of joy, telling me that the stoics endure to this day and that in these latter ages you professedly held their doctrines.

Scarron. I was, without vanity, more of a stoic than you were, or than was Chrysippus, or Zeno, your founder. You were all in a position to philosophize at your ease. You yourself had immense possessions. The rest were either men of property or endowed with excellent health, or at least they had all their limbs. They came and went in the ordinary manner of men. But I was the shuttle of ill-fortune; misshapen, in a form scarcely human, immobile, bound in one spot like a tree, I suffered continually, and I showed that these evils are bounded by the body but can never reach the soul of a sage. Grief suffered always the shame of not being able to enter my house save by a limited number of doors.

SENECA. I am delighted to hear you speak thus. By your words alone I recognize you for a great stoic. Were you not your age's admiration?

Scarron. I was. I was not content to suffer my pangs with patience, I insulted them by my mockery. Steadiness would have honoured another, but I attained gaiety.

SENECA. Light and ridicule! You are, then, no chimeras, as is the common opinion! You are in truth among men, and here is a wise man whom you have made no less happy than Zeus. Come, sir, I must lead you to Zeno and the rest of our stoics; I want them to see the fruit of their admirable lessons to men.

Scarron. You will greatly oblige me by introducing me to such illustrious shades.

SENECA. By what name must they know you?

Scarron. Scarron is the name.

SENECA. Scarron? The name is known to me. Have I not heard several moderns, who are here, speak of you?

Scarron. Possibly.

SENECA. Did you not write a great mass of humorous and ridiculous verses?

Scarron. Yes. I even invented a sort of poetry
which they call the burlesque. It goes to the limit in merriment.

Seneca. But you were not then a philosopher?

Scarron. Why not?

Seneca. It is not a stoic's business to write ludicrous books and to try to be mirth-provoking.

Scarron. Oh! I see that you do not understand the perfections of humour. All wisdom is in it. One can draw ridicule out of anything; I could even get it out of your books, if I wished to, and without any trouble at all; yet all things will not give birth to the serious, and I defy you to put my works to any purpose save that for which they were made. Would not this tend to show that mirth rules over all things, and that the world's affairs are not made for serious treatment? I have turned your Virgil's sacred Iliad into burlesque, and there is no better way to show that the magnificent and the ludicrous are near neighbours, with hardly a fence between them. All things are like these tours de force of perspective where a number of separate faces make, for example, an emperor if viewed from a particular angle; change the view-point and the figure formed is a scoundrel's.

Seneca. I am sorry that people did not understand the profound verses we made to embrace such profound reflections. Men would have respected you more than they did had they known you for so great a philosopher; but it was impossible to guess this from the plays you gave to the public.

Scarron. If I had written fat books to prove that poverty and sickness should have no effect on the gaiety of the sage, they would have been perhaps worse than mine.

Seneca. Most assuredly.

Scarron. And I wrote heaven knows how many books which prove that in spite of poverty, in spite of infirmity, I was possessed of this gaiety; is not this better? Your treatises upon morals are but speculations on wisdom, my verses a continual practical demonstration.

Seneca. I am sure that your pretended wisdom was not a result of your reason, but merely of temperament.

Scarron. That is the best sort of wisdom in the world.

Seneca. They are droll witsacres indeed who are temperamentally wise. Is it the least to their credit that they are not stark raving mad! The happiness of being virtuous may come sometimes from nature, but the merit of being wise can never come but from reason.

Scarron. People scarcely pay any attention to what you call a merit, for if we see that some man has a virtue, and we can make out that it is not his by the rate it at next to nothing. It would seem, however, that being acquired by so much trouble, we should the more esteem it: no matter, it is a mere result of the reason and inspires no confidence.

Seneca. One should rely even less on the inequality of temperament in your wise men, who are wise only as their blood pleases. One must know how the interested parties are disposed one can gauge the reach of their virtue. Is it not incomparably finer to be led only by reason; to make oneself independent of nature, so that one need fear no surprises?

Scarron. That were better if it were possible; but, unfortunately, Nature keeps perpetual guard on her rights. Her rights are initial movements, and no one can wrest them from her. Men are often well under way ere reason is warned or awakened, and when she is ready to act she finds things in great disorder, and it is even then doubtful if she can do aught to help matters. No, I am by no means surprised to see so many folk resting but incomplete faith upon reason.
artificially in Paris a similar good atmosphere where the mind could healthily exist as was found by artists in brilliant complete and solid times. Paris was like a patent food.

"Elle dit le mot, Anastase, nè pour d'éternels parchemins." He could not, however, get interested. Was it the obstinate Eighteenth Century animal vision? When you plunge into these beings, must they be all quivering with unconsciousness, like life with a cat or a serpent? — But her sex would throw clouds over her eyes. She was a woman. It was no good. Again he must ask Anastasya could only offer him something too serious. She could never get with that. Sex-loyalty to his most habitual lips interfered.

He had the protective instinct that people with a sense of their own power have for those not equals with whom they have been associated. He would have given to Bertha the authority of his own spirit, to prime her with himself that she might meet on equal terms with all. In such an atmosphere he experienced a slight hostility to Anastasya like a part of Bertha left in himself protesting and jealous. It was chiefly vanity at the thought of this superior woman's contempt could she see his latest female effort.

"I suppose she knows all about Bertha," he thought. Kreisler-like, he looked towards the Lipmann women.

"Homme d'idées! Homme d'actes!" he thought.

She seemed rather shy with him.

"How do you like Paris?" he asked her.

"I don't know yet. Do you like it?" She had a flatness in speaking English because of her education in the United States.

"I don't like to be quite so near the centre of the world. I like more the machinery working. It makes you a natural sceptic. But here I am. I find it difficult to live in London."

"I should have thought everything was so perfected here that the machinery did not obstruct—"

"I don't feel that. I think that a place like this exists for the rest of the world. It works that the other countries may live and create. That is the rôle France has chosen. The French spirit seems to me rather sparse and impoverished at present."

"You regard it as a mother-drudge?"

"More of a drudge than a mother. We don't get much really from France, except tidiness."

"I expect you are ungrateful."

"It is ungrateful to think of France, when it is not necessarily contemporary ones or those of the country it happens in?"

"I suppose you could find a country or a time for almost anything. But I am sure that the best has in reality no Time and no Country. That is why it accepts without fuss any country or time for what they are worth; hence the seeming contradiction, that it is always actual. It is alive, and nationality is a portion of actuality." "But is the best work always actual and up to date?"

"It always has that appearance. It's manners are perfect."

"I am not so sure that manners cannot be overdone. A personal code is as good as the current code."

"The point seems to me to be, in that connexion, that manners are not very important. You use them as you use coins."

"The most effectual men have always been those whose notions were diametrically opposed to those of their time," she said carefully.

"I don't think that is so; except in so far as all effectual men are always the enemies of every time. With that fundamental divergence, they give a weight of impartiality to the supreme thesis and need of their age. Any opinion of their fellows that they adopt they support with the uncanny authority of a plea from a hostile camp. All activity applies to the best that we can cast off the narrower recognition of your kind. That is why it is always actual. It is alive, and nationality is a portion of actuality."

"Well, your hostility to a tidy rabble, and preference for a rough and uncultivated bed to build on brings to mind ' wild nature ' and the doctrine of the
natural man. You want a human landscape similar to Jean-Jacques' rocks and water falls."

I see what you mean. But I also notice that the temper of my theories is the exact opposite of Jean-Jacques'.—He raved over and poetized his wild nature and naturalness generally and put it forward as an ideal. My point of view is that it is a question of expediency only. I do not for a moment sentimentalize crudeness. I maintain that that crude and uniformed bed, or backing, is absolutely essential to maximum fineness; just as crudity in an individual's composition is necessary for him to be able to create. There is no more absolute value in stupidity and fearlessness than there is in dung. But they are just as necessary. The conditions of creation and of life disgust me. The birth of a work of art is as dirty as that of a baby. But I consider that my most irredeemable follies have come from fastidiousness; not the other thing. If you are going to work or reform, you must make up your mind to have dirty hands most part of the time. Similarly, you must pray, chase, and fight. It is put there for you. In cense is, I believe, camels' dung. When you praise, you do so with dung. When you see men fighting, robbing each other, behaving meanly or breaking out into violent vulgarities, you must conventionally clap your hands. If you have not the stomach to do that, you cannot be a creative artist. If people start behaving in that way, you could not be a creative artist.

"So you would discourage virtue, self-sacrifice, and graceful behaviour?"

"No, praise them very much. Also praise deceit, lechery, and panic. Whatever a man does, praise him. In that way you will be acting as the artist demands. If you are not an artist, you will not act in that way. An artist should be as impartial as God."

"Is God impartial?"

"We disintegrate. His dream is no doubt ignorant of our classifications."

"Rousseau again!"

"If you really want to saddle me with that Swiss, I will help you. My enthusiasm for art has made me fond of chaos. It is the artist's fate almost always to be exiled among the slaves. The artist who takes his job seriously gets his sensibility blunted. He is less squeamish than other people and less discriminating."

"He becomes in fact less of an artist?"

"An artist is a cold card, with a hide like a rhinoceros."

"You are poetizing him! But if that is so, wouldn't it be better to be something else?"

"No, I think it's about the best thing to be."

"With his women companions, sweetheart, he is also apt to be undiscriminating.""

"He is notorious for that!"

"I think that is a pity. Then that is because I am a woman, and am conscious of not being a slave."

"But then such women as you are condemned also to find themselves surrounded by slaves!"

"Your frequentation of the abject has not caused you to forget onebanal art!"

"You tempt me to abandon art. Art is the refuge of the shy."

"Are you shy?"

"Yes."

"You need not be."

Her revolving hips and thudding skirts carried her forward with the orchestral majesty of a simple ship. He suddenly became conscious of the monotonous racket.

At that moment the drums beat to close the gardens. They had dinner in a Bouillon near the Seine. They parted about ten o'clock.

(Fo be continued)
impressionistic, atmospheric manner, proceeding by indirect suggestion, is responsible for this illusion. It is poet’s prose; painter’s poetry:

This is the manner:

Ce vieux territorial a fait le Meuse, la retraite, Sensis, la Marne ; il était à Berry-au-Bac, au plateau de Nouvron ; il a gagné de haute lutte sa tranchee et ne s’est jamais plaint. Mais ce soir nous avons accompli une marche pénible. Comme tant d’autres, il ne se souvient plus du funeste projet.

—Ce soir, j’aide mon camarade J—, serrurier au Mans, à faire—je crois que je triche un peu—le compte des “bourgeois” qui sont dans la tranchee. Nous atteignons à un chiffre que je dis, veillent sous la pluie et les marmites, ça lui restitue comme il dit, veillent sous la pluie et les marmites, ça lui restitue le meilleur de son courage qui faiblissait.

To be recommended, too, the hints to a young recruit.

* * * * *

The revival of old, and creation of new, reviews artistic and literary are stimulating, if somewhat baffling, symptoms of resurrection at a period in the war which seems more than ever obsessed. M. Louis Vauxcelles founds the Carnet des Artistes, the first issue of which contains an article by M. Théodore Duret on Van Gogh’s sojourn in Provence. A review of the international artistic movement claims to do for art what the Mercure does for letters. Les Guêpes, a witty little forerunner which had suspended publication, takes a new flight. And so of several others no less hardy and plucky, Le Feu, for instance, published in Provence and which strives after that decentralization which should be the salvation of France if realized.

* * * * *

The life of Paris has not obtained much attention in these columns of late. It finds sufficient analogy in that of London to be pictured in the reader’s mind. Every few weeks civilized life makes a retrograde step and soon all the discoveries of the nineteenth century which had become indispensable to us will be replaced by conditions such as were ideal for cons before. A war waged on modern principles is opposed to social conditions on modern principles. Such are the impositions subsequent to so contradictory a tyrant as war.

M. C.

THE ARISTODEMOCRAT

By HUNTLY CARTER

AMONG the various war-time activities, there cannot be mentioned one more important than the intention to form the individual anew after a highly refined model, which, as one might expect, wears the livery of liberty and the air of a newly begotten aristodemocrat. The intention, if it be practical, is certainly a prophecy of an unaccustomed dawn. The fundamental requisites exhibited by liberationists for the execution of this high intent are varied. They include sensibility, feeling, impulse, desire, reason, and function. The outcomes, effects, and operations are no less varied. They are best explained by their names, creativeness, livingness, good life, high industry, good work, quality, and the significs of the lawyer-made French Revolution, liberty, fraternity, equality, justice, and so on. Evidently there is a wide diversity of opinion on the means and measures to be taken in the forming anew of the worldly human. I need not, however, discuss it.

It would be of much interest to take each of the agencies in turn, treat it as a definite central idea of reconstruction, and bring out the refined human image contained within it. If only life were long enough for the purpose! I have, at this moment, just time to consider one. Perhaps the agency which promises to yield a creative form of human being comes first under consideration. This form may be regarded as that of the refined image with which Mr. Bertrand Russell is concerned in his very able book, *Principles of Social Reconstruction*. Mr. Russell calls his agency impulse, and thereby sets one wondering what impulse actually is as a principle of reform and what it can do in the service of social reconstruction. Perhaps one wonders most of all what it is doing first in the order of constructive agencies, and what has become of feeling, or its predecessor sensibility. What led Mr. Russell to there they all were. “All these things the institutions of preventing or removing hindrances to full creative growth and consequently of modifying all such circumstances that by diverting and enslaving the attention of the individual retard his creative development and hazard his liberty? In the book the answer to this question is not clear. Of course, few who know Mr. Russell will deny that it was natural in him to engage in reconstruction and to consider of it as primarily a psychological-political process. I do not think he has ever found modern mankind marvellous, lovely, or irresistible. Watching them open-eyed has made him aware that they are suffering very severely indeed from loss of vitality; and their ignorance of freedom and self-direction and disdain of any part of nature, whether in or out of drink. But this deflection from nature could not conceal from Mr. Russell that the old needs were there. “More freedom, more self-direction, more outlet for creativeness, more opportunity for the joy of life, more voluntary co-operation and less involuntary subervience to purposes not their own.” Mr. Russell opens the ground plan of his chief positions with such arguments as, the general depravity of human nature to-day is incontestible, the commonplace that human nature cannot be changed is untrue, “the root causes of change in average human nature are generally either material changes—for instance, of climate—or changes in the degree of man’s control over the material world.” The first may be ignored, the second must be entertained. How is increased control to be effected? By an attack of the roots through our real belief in and communicative of instinct. Beyond instinct and bound with it is impulse. So we see our author arrive at the seed of a plant which shall be vital and creative in place of one that is wayworn and weakly.

In a chapter on “The Principle of Growth,” Mr. Russell proceeds to build his plant into a central system of liberation of creativeness. He is fully in line with those who think human action can “afford a basis for political philosophy more capable of standing erect in a time of crisis than the philosophy of traditional Liberalism has shown itself to be.” And, to him, impulse (whatever it really is) in the service of social reconstruction, provides a central principle of growth. It operates
through an instinctive movement which, if left to itself, makes for light. It is a part of the system to invite one to place oneself as much and as often as one can in its complete power so as to fill in its complete creative design. Hence it expects one to pass under its spontaneous dominion from the volitional and conscious processes that centuries of wrong thinking have placed around us. To rid oneself of wrong desire, reason, will, certain purpose, discipline, and, above all, authority. "All our historic institutions" are based on authority. Authority is based on injustice, Injustice "hardens the wall of the ego, making it a prison instead of a window." And, of course, to avail oneself of all the positive helps and furtherances which the spontaneous processes afford. As the central principle operates, the inward and outward service it performs is a sort of diversity in unity. "It differentiates man from man and determines for each man the type of excellence for which he is capable." So that "institutions cannot force him to grow out of pattern, they can at most make him grow free and vigorous." Doubtless such institutions are an author's view, the latter of which unity is the spirit. As to political institutions, these can help or hinder the impulsive growth. They are the enigma of which diversity is the meaning. But it seems the full growth of the creative impulse "depends not only or chiefly upon the physical environment, but upon beliefs and affections, upon opportunities for action, and upon the whole life of the community." The more developed and civilized the type of man the more he has to identify himself with "the success or failure of the community." Here, then, we have it, the scheme of development to which the central principle commits itself is one that points communitywards, and the end it seeks to attain is the production of the perfect aristocrat, and his full blownness, the aristocratic State—a voluntary organization of voluntary organizations. In a high and rational being of this type, of course, the full sense and enjoyment of individual freedom is coeval with the perception of the fullest service to the community. A strict individualist meeting the claim for celebrity for the first time would hasten to embrace him, which he describes, with a certain pride, to be taken with the same grimace as a sugar-coated pill. He furnishes the up-to-date type, beside which the individualist conceived of by Herbert Spencer and similar enthusiasts of the middling-Victorian age, as climbing a beanstalk away from all other beanstalks into a world of his own, must appear comparatively flat and trivial—to any one who cannot see the reverse, who cannot see, indeed, that complexity and association as practical principles of liberty are impracticable. Simply, complexity, association, and liberty are contradictions in terms. They will not work together.

"When we are fed and clothed and housed," says Mr. Russell, "further material goods are needed only for ostentation." Quite so. With freedom assured every vital man could produce his own necessities, and gather time to enter into full communion with the spiritual world which alone is capable of transfiguring him from a possessive or accretive being to a creative one, in strict accordance with the desire of our author. "For when all is said this is the change he seeks. "I consider," he says, "the best life that which is most built on creative impulse, and the worst that which is most inspired by the love of possession." He considers, further, that a season of extreme individualism (or, as he would put it, a moment of self-reflection for all) must prepare the ground for the Age of Aristodemocracy. Thus a season of hope will precede a season of disappointment. Mr. Russell has written a necessary book. It should occupy the attention as a very bold attempt to democratize psychology. Were it written with the aid of a philosopher of language, it would indeed be perfect. As it is—? It should be read with Sir Charles Waldstein's Aristodemocracy (Murray) and Ramiro de Maeztu's Authority, Liberty, and Function (Allen and Unwin), two important books to which I hope to return in another issue of The Egoist.

TWO POEMS

By YONE NOGUCHI

ON "NOCTURNE, BLUE AND GOLD, OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE"

Might I ever become that voice?
The light precocious, of a moment and death, is it not that of our lives?
To face only the sky, even for a moment, and forget the land,
And become a rider of the winds;
What a joy in parting from life's confusion,
To find a greater song amid the clouds.

The voice of the rocket:
Then the flash—
Is it not that of my soul born to please the people below,
And to take pain of death in her own keeping alone?

TO TURNER: AT THE TATE GALLERY

What a lover of Nature's emphasis, what an astrang creator of beauty,
What a master in reshaping of world and life,
What rainbow-audacity of thy art, what a swing, what movement,
What ecstasy, what a magician, what a romantist!

Thy art is no challenge, but the march of the mind into life,
And into truth and open air;
Not feared to be too exposed and risky, thou refusest to surrender thine art;
Thou blowest the bugle, takest the kingdom of art by force,
Breakest faith to gain the new greater faith;
With thy blood thou drawest thy song of triumph.

I feel I see thy face from the picture's back, beaming like that of God,
Who stretched His tired arm with the first week's work perfectly done;

Thou mightest say to me: "What wilt thou say, suppose I make the sun set there,
Or shall I make here the billows rise to swallow a ship?"

What a discoverer of Nature's eccentricity,
Oh, what an assault upon the Unknown!
Thou mightest say again: "Let us stand on Imagination's summit,
Once more think where to cast our fly of art!"

NAKANO, JAPAN.
EZRA POUND
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE

Pound's technique—for when all is said and done there are certain kinds of form, certain ways of putting words together, a certain typographical balance; certain things, perhaps indefinable when it comes to a question of generalizing, which remain permanent through the transformation of the poet's feelings—his technique is strongly influenced by three circumstances which are really causes: an extreme modernism, by which I mean the determination not to despise what is young, or even what is not yet born; the second cause is a very remarkable feeling for exotic poetry. In Lusters Pound gives us a translation of some admirable Chinese poems. Ah, what barbarians we are, and how afraid of dreaming about life, which is there? Philosophy is the poet saying in his heart sing. There are no philosophers in the West, are there? Philosophy is the poet saying in his heart the "River Song," or the "Poem by the Bridge at Ten Shin." Ah, Rihaku, we love those songs, which make us forget our age, our snobbish affection! As we come near it we put down the eyeglass and the ebony cane; we show a face to you as it is. Before you we have the look of a child that is old—of the man who cannot hide the fact that things can astonish him; our looks and our hearts are at one in admiration, without modesty, without fear of the mockery of those old men who have classified everything in old broken boxes, of which all the labels are false. Ah, Rihaku, we listen:

Over a thousand gates, over a thousand doors
Are the sounds of spring singing.

And elsewhere:

He returns by way of Tei rock, to hear the new nightingales,
For the gardens at Jo-um are full of new nightingales.

One thanks Pound for having published these poems. He himself was steeped in Chinese tone and harmony long before he translated Rihaku. Many of his verses already seemed to bear its stamp. This poetry, in which the cells of beauty interpenetrate so closely, in which all is poetical, in which the transitions take away nothing from the parts they link together—this poetry will enrich Pound’s work and inspire other artists; and we shall again praise the Chinese and these others.

The third cause is the bold line he takes after he has cleared everything away in revolt. Even if his manner or his way of thought be influenced, he is new, and his vision is his own. He takes, by instinct and often de parti pris, to new expressions in art, escaping with a few rare errors. Every real artist has been struck by the flamboyant beauty of the Russian ballet. Pound makes "the Millwins" look at it "with their large and anemic eyes." You find at the end of this poem, "The Millwins," one of the many flashes of a mockery which strikes the poet himself as the real colour of life. He advances, seems to take a great interest—carries you with him—then says, without emphasis, without lassitude: "Let us therefore mention the fact:" I quoted before the verse in which he asks, Why should one stop at all for what he thinks? In this way many of the poems turn back upon themselves; they seem to fold themselves up; they put us coldly back just where we were before reading them. I call that modesty, or a sort of proud reserve. Perhaps Pound, who wants to sing "shamelessly," will not admit it; he wants to renew the vision crudely, with more than superficial truth.

"Rejuvenate things," he says. But he does not stop there. His own songs grow old, and he soon leaves them to renew himself. After having spoken in "Commission" he stops, but while his words are still warm he wishes to retouch them. He gives his "Further Instructions":

You are very idle, my songs,
I fear you will come to a bad end.

They seem already not to belong to him any more. He wants to finish with them, addressing his old poems in some disgust:

You stand about in the streets,
You loiter at the corners and bus-stops,
You do next to nothing at all.

The latest songs only just find grace in his eyes and even that will not last:

But you, newest song of the lot,
You are not old enough to have done much mischief.

To-morrow he will have no more mercy on them. He seeks, he begins again, he looks about him ceaselessly. "Rejuvenate things." Do not expect much old frippery here: the old subjects wear the most modern of dresses. Without any vertigo of emotion, almost without sonorous rhythm, his poems are almost without archaic ornament. He shuns the picturesque, the vague, and the shadowy; he seems to aim, hardly more. It is this determination not to repeat himself, this naked form, which gives a strange perfection to many of the shorter of his poems. For, indeed, his intensity does sometimes reach perfection; and he can say to his verses, "Move among the lovers of perfection alone," or "Come, my songs, let us speak of perfection." I do not know if the poem I quote be the most perfect: certainly it is one of the clearest and most characteristic. It is a type of what he does best—this poet who is free almost to the point of rhapsody; native and unadorned in just expression; whose very insults are evidence of vitality. Life is not confined to the labourer or père de famille. It exists primarily in the frank and fearless artist.

THE RETURN

See, they return; ah, see the tentative Movements, and the slow feet,
The trouble in the pace, and the uncertain Wavering!

See, they return, one, and by one,
With fear, as half-awakened;
As if the snow should hesitate
And murmur in the wind,
Those were the "Wing’d-with-Awe,"
Inviolable.

Gods of the winged shoe!
With them the silver hounds,
Sniffing the trace of air!
Hais! Hais!
These were the swift to harry;
These were the souls of blood.

Slow on the leash,
Pallid the leash-men!
A WAR such as we are now enduring is a very valuable and instructive thing. In order to bear the suffering it has caused we have to effect what Nietzsche would have called a true valuation of values. We have to revalue life, and revalue art. War gives to the nation that endures it an opportunity for taking stock of its resources, physical and spiritual. It is for those who can carry out most fully this stocktaking, to guide and control the future.

In a very able article in the January Egoist, Mr. John Cournos pointed out that England and the Continent, just before the war, were deluged with all sorts of art nostrums, recipes for concocting books, music, pictures. Art was carried on by means of manifesto and advertisement. On every side of us there were the Academicists, the Futurists, the Vorticists, the Cubists, shouting: "Come and take my patent medicine. The only sure cure. And in life we had the Socialists, the Individualists, the Anarchists, the Democracy-ists, the Aristocracy-ists, shouting the same cry. Now we see clearly that just as there are no short cuts to victory, so there are no short cuts to life or art. We must solve our problem by learning it—or not at all.

We live in an age when the machine is triumphant. When we speak of destroying the German military machine and the German army we are compelled to ask ourselves if we can attain our desired end save by constructing greater and more powerful machines. There is the War Loan—a machine to empty our pockets. There is the National Service scheme—a machine to set us all to work. There is the "tank," a machine to destroy machine-gun emplacements. There is the extended line of everything else—a machine for spying out the nature of that obstacle. Everywhere mechanical power is pitted against mechanical power, and the end is not yet.

When the first machines—the cotton-gin, the weaving-frame, the steam-engine, and the steamboat—made their portentous appearance at the dawn of the nineteenth century, people everywhere supposed that machines would make life easier. A few poets knew better. Men went out at dead of night to the weaving-sheds of Lancashire and broke the frames. They were arrested. * Byron arose from his seat in the House of Lords and made the only speech he ever made—a speech in defence of these machine-destroyers. Shelley and Leigh Hunt supported, too, the frame-breakers. They were denounced as unpractical visionaries, and the revolt was crushed. When we look at the nineteenth century from the standpoint of this war—which has at last enabled us to see all that mass of cunning, energy, suffering, revolt, and aspiration in true perspective—we see that everywhere two forces were at death-grips for the master key to the world. The first was the purely spiritual one of the French Revolution—a universal aspiration for liberty, for brotherhood, for humanity. The second force was a purely material one—the force of mechanical competition, creating ever cheaper and more rapid means of production, which took men and made of them industrial slaves, crushing out so far as possible these aspirations. And now everywhere the second force has conquered the first. In England, Cobden and Bright conquered Ruskin. In America, the cause of skilled slave labour went down before the cause of unskilled imported labour. In Germany, the fateful year 1848 made the Germans finally and irrecoverably slaves; and the more fateful year 1870 merely ratified this slavery, and put it under the control of its true directors—the Prussians. It is only in unenlightened lands, such as Russia, and defeated lands, such as France, that the cause of liberty could struggle on. And it is to such lands that we look today for whatever gleams of hope may survive in our universal darkness.

There is but one thing which the machine has not yet wholly mastered and crushed, and that is the brain of man. It has, however, done its best to stultify and muddle that organ, which it finds so essential to its purposes. Witness the system of State education, which reached its apotheosis in Germany before the war, where a naturally docile set of brains were carefully trained to think in terms of machinery—to accept a machine-god, a machine-art, a machine-man, as representing the highest ideals attainable by culture and civilization. Yet even this vast collection of human cog-wheels, assimilated and co-ordinated for a common purpose, failed in its initial attempt at the Marne, where the need for speed was a little too open for the naked will of certain outnumbered Frenchmen and Englishmen. And we who remember the Europe and the England that were before the war, and who have seen something of the changes since, can testify that the people are now thinking harder than ever before. People are not reading novels as they did. They are reading biography, history, criticism, poetry. There is actually a reading public for poetry now, a fact unheard of before. People are actually going to concerts and operas, actually crowding the theatres. It matters little if what they get from these sources is nine-tenths rubbish. The fact remains that they want to get something.

Unless we are overtaken by universal slaughter and starvation—unless the machines conquer in the only way in which they can conquer, by destroying man-kind—there will come after this war such a rebirth of art as the world has seldom seen. Art is created by the demand for art—for something which is disengaged from the mere mechanics of living, and which, therefore, as Mr. Cournos says, is an image or expression of our own personal emotions, and not of some sort of art nostrums, recipes for confectioning books, music, pictures. It matters little if what they get from these sources is nine-tenths rubbish. The fact remains that they want to get something.

Unless we are overtaken by universal slaughter and starvation—unless the machines conquer in the only way in which they can conquer, by destroying man-kind—there will come after this war such a rebirth of art as the world has seldom seen. Art is created by the demand for art—for something which is disengaged from the mere mechanics of living, and which, therefore, as Mr. Cournos says, is an image or expression of our own personal emotions, and not of some sort of art nostrums, recipes for confectioning books, music, pictures. Art was carried on by means of manifesto and advertisement. On every side of us there were the Academicists, the Futurists, the Vorticists, the Cubists, shouting: "Come and take my patent medicine. The only sure cure. And in life we had the Socialists, the Individualists, the Anarchists, the Democracy-ists, the Aristocracy-ists, shouting the same cry. Now we see clearly that just as there are no short cuts to victory, so there are no short cuts to life or art. We must solve our problem by learning it—or not at all.

We live in an age when the machine is triumphant. When we speak of destroying the German military machine and the German army we are compelled to ask ourselves if we can attain our desired end save by constructing greater and more powerful machines. There is the War Loan—a machine to empty our pockets. There is the National Service scheme—a machine to set us all to work. There is the "tank," a machine to destroy machine-gun emplacements. There is the extended line of everything else—a machine for spying out the nature of that obstacle. Everywhere mechanical power is pitted against mechanical power, and the end is not yet.

When the first machines—the cotton-gin, the weaving-frame, the steam-engine, and the steamboat—made their portentous appearance at the dawn of the nineteenth century, people everywhere supposed that machines would make life easier. A few poets knew better. Men went out at dead of night to the weaving-sheds of Lancashire and broke the frames. They were arrested. * Byron arose from his seat in the House of Lords and made the only speech he ever made—a speech in defence of these machine-destroyers. Shelley and Leigh Hunt supported, too, the frame-breakers. They were denounced as unpractical visionaries, and the revolt was crushed. When we look at the nineteenth century from the standpoint of this war—which has at last enabled us to see all that mass of cunning, energy, suffering, revolt, and aspiration in true perspective—we see that everywhere two forces were at death-grips for the master key to the world. The first was the purely spiritual one of the French Revolution—a universal aspiration for liberty, for brotherhood, for humanity. The second force was a purely material one—the force of mechanical competition, creating ever cheaper and more rapid means of production, which took men and made of them industrial slaves, crushing out so far as possible these aspirations. And now everywhere the second force has conquered the first. In England, Cobden and Bright conquered Ruskin. In America, the cause of skilled slave labour went down before the cause of unskilled imported labour. In Germany, the fateful year 1848 made the Germans finally and irrecoverably slaves; and the more fateful year 1870 merely ratified this slavery, and put it under the control of its true directors—the Prussians. It is only in unenlightened lands, such as Russia, and defeated
means of man's developed vocal organs—of the phenomenon of sound. By virtue of it two totally differing sets of circumstances become competent to set in motion an identical effect.

(29) How these anomalo-poetic sounds become names, and how they gradually lost their initiative character, while other sounds whose connexion with things was maintained by means more artificial and conventional than that of similarity of sound established themselves, forms a subject which philology has already adequately dealt with. Our sole task in this connexion is to make clear that the unique experience: the introspective image isolating and embodying a thing's meaning, it created the imaginative image, and at a single stroke laid the foundations of the worlds of thought and imagination. In the stead of an objective thing which was merely conscious, it created an organism which was self-conscious. The quintessential virtue of words was, in fine, the creation of mind. That they proved to be also an incomparable vehicle of communication was, at the moment of their initiation, only an attendant grace by comparison. In the development of words and of mind, of course, their communicative value plays a premier part: this because the number and precision of words constitute the range and quality of a mind, and in the increase of these intercommunication is all-valuable.

(30) One further word closes this section. If the imaginative image and the concept are identical, and if their origin is as we have now described it, are we not provided with an explanation of that baffling riddle of metaphysics which asks why the frameworks of the mind, the concepts that is, should fit the thing precisely because it is nothing other than a replica of part of the thing. And if that is so the mysteriousness of metaphysics is grasped by the root.

(To be continued)

CORRESPONDENCE

THE GREAT SEX SPIRAL

A Criticism of Miss Marsden's "Linguat Psychology," Chapter I

To the Editor, The Egoist

Madam,—Here is a thesis which, strangely enough, gains distinction through a manifest confusion of thought: a magnificent, if perhaps unconscious, piece of irony.

In setting up a new conception of philosophy, Miss Marsden seeks to establish its freedom from agnosticism at the start. But though she succeeds brilliantly in abolishing an historical philosophy that is agnostic, the basic agnosticism of her own reasoning remains no more than hidden. To this extent the entire argument of her thesis is futile.

Yet from the start there is evidence of an exuberant and arrogant power that touches the various historic philosophies in a peculiar way and one quite foreign to the philosophies mentioned, i.e. as if two discrete objects were opposed. But the very arrogance of this new force, while it gives spur to the attack, leads the argument astray. Nevertheless it constitutes an indeciscibly playful embellishment to the solid worth of the attack that underlies it: an attack full of spirit and distinction upon what amounts to a male psychology entrenched in agnosticism, which last is facing for the first time a definite enemy.

For the first time, here is philosophy from the female stand-point: militant female psychology.

With this magnificent achievement to her credit, i.e. the setting up of female psychology in the philosophic field, Miss Marsden, having defined philosophy as psychology, pure and simple, proceeds, strangely enough, to lose sight of the following fact: that based on divergent sexual experiences, psychology, the general term, is capable of two very different interpretations: male psychology and female psychology, its basic subdivisions.

Through a too intense concentration upon the newly established object, i.e. female psychology, this last comes to fill the complete field of vision, with a consequent neglect of male psychology even to the point of an attempt being made to obliterate it completely.

Thus with magnificent arrogance, which, as I have said, is an embellishment to all her purposes, Miss Marsden has been led to fall into the mistake of essaying the destruction of male psychology by a pursuit of that most ancient will-o'-the-wisp: agnosticism.

In attempting the destruction of male psychology Miss Marsden has turned aside from the very field of inquiry of which it is her purpose to treat, but even in so doing she has sounded a most penetrant, almost a romantic, sex-note.

It is this by-product of her investigation that is the hidden and true purpose of her essay, the real profit of her labour, i.e. the establishment of female psychology in the field chosen. And it is this that gives the thesis under consideration its baffling and ironic merit.

Not the apparent promise of an abolition of agnosticism from the realm of philosophical inquiry but the establishment of a truly pregnant female psychology therein gives Miss Marsden's thesis its basis of fact.

In the speed of attack and defence, however, it must not be forgotten that, though male psychology has completely filled the philosophic field heretofore and though it is now past its use and is about to be supplanted by a vigorous and fruitful female psychology, it can only be so supplanted in the realm of practical affairs and not in that of pure knowledge. By overthrowing male psychology as she does Miss Marsden neither accomplishes its destruction nor that of agnosticism, which is inherent in it. She merely glosses over a thing which to her has no reality.

For me, however, the edge of all Miss Marsden says lies in a covert attack on the "creative artist." For this reason, and being profoundly impressed with the great practical importance of her work, I will take delight in striking back.

William Carlos Williams

Rutherford, New Jersey, U.S.A.

[Mr. Williams's "criticism" will be more helpful when he makes clearer what the distinction is which he draws between male and female psychology. Is it anything beyond the fact that the one is written by a man, the other by a woman? If not, most of us will feel we have not been helped very far.—Editor.]

Peasant Pottery Shop

41 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.

(Close to Southampton Row)

Interesting British and Continental

: Peasant Pottery on sale :

Brightly coloured plaited felt Rugs

April 1917
If you are a reader of poetry, this is the one magazine you cannot afford to miss. Every issue contains twenty to thirty pages of new poetry; important reviews of new books of verse; selections—in the Counsellors' Tavern—from the poetic opinion of all time; selections from new volumes; lists of all new books and magazine articles on poetry; and poems of distinction in the current magazines selected for The Poetry Journal by William Stanley Braithwaite. In making a selection of poetry to print, the Editors are not restricted by considerations of subject, school, or length. Complete plays, long narrative poems, odes, and shorter pieces of all kinds and of all schools are published.

The Poetry Journal represents an anthology of the best verse produced by modern poets, and is a complete record of the poetic renaissance.

Monthly. Fifteen cents a copy. $1.50 per year

Published by THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY
67 Cornhill, Boston, U.S.A.

For Sale at the Poetry Bookshop, London.
A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

By JAMES JOYCE

THE first edition of this masterpiece among works of modern fiction (for which not only was no British publisher to be found willing to publish, but no British printer willing to print) is now nearly exhausted. Copies of the first edition, "Printed in America," will be very valued possessions when The Portrait becomes more widely recognized—as it certainly will—as an outstanding feature in the permanent literature of the present period. Readers of The Egoist who have not already secured a copy should order at once.

EXTRACTS FROM FIRST PRESS NOTICES

Mr. H. C. WELLS in The Nation: Its claim to be literature is as good as the claim of the last book of Gulliver's Travels. The technique is starting but upon the whole it succeeds . . . . One conversation in the book is a superb success. I write with all due deliberation that Sterne himself could not have done it better . . . . Like some of the best novels in the world it is the story of an upbringing: it is by far the most living and convincing picture that exists of an Irish-Catholic upbringing . . . . The interest of the book depends entirely upon its quintessential and unfailing reality. One believes in Stephen Dedalus as one believes in few characters in fiction . . . . A second thing of immense importance to the English reader is the fact that every one in this story accepts as a matter of course, as a thing like nature or the sea, that the English are to be hated . . . . That is the political atmosphere in which Stephen Dedalus grows up . . . . I am afraid it is only too true an account of the atmosphere in which a number of brilliant young Irishmen have grown up . . . . No single book has ever shown how different they [the English and Irish] are as completely as this most memorable novel.

The Times Literary Supplement: We should like the book to have as many readers as possible . . . . As one reads one remembers oneself in it . . . . Like all good fiction, it is as particular as it is universal . . . . Mr. Joyce can present the external world excellently . . . . No living writer is better at conversations . . . . The talk is more real than real talk . . . . His hero is one of the many Irishmen who cannot reconcile themselves to things: above all he cannot reconcile himself to himself . . . . His mind is a mirror in which beauty and ugliness are intensified . . . . His experience is so intense, such a conflict of beauty and disgust, that for a time it drives him into an immoral life, in which also there is beauty and disgust . . . . But for all that he is not futile, because of the drifting passion and the flushing and fading beauty of his mind . . . . It is wild youth, as wild as Hamlet's, and full of music.

Manchester Guardian: When one reads the pages of this book one has perhaps become less realistic alone. Genius is so rare that humility must needs mingle with the gratitude it inspires . . . . There are many pages, and not a few whole scenes, in Mr. Joyce's book which are undoubtedly the work of a man of genius . . . . A subtle sense of art has worked amidst the chaos, making this hither-and-thither record of a young mind and soul . . . . A complete and ordered thing . . . . Among the new-fangled heroes of the newest fiction are undoubtedly the work of a man of genius . . . . A remarkable book, as original in style as it is abrupt . . . . A book which flashes its truth upon one like a searchlight and a moment later leaves the dazzled reader in darkness. The family quarrel over Parnell is the vividest piece of writing in the whole book . . . . It is as original in style as it is abrupt . . . . It has the intimate veracity, or appear­

Glasgow Herald: James Joyce is a remarkable writer. As a pure stylist he is equalled by few and surpassed by none . . . . His thought is crystallized out in clear sentences with many faces, transparent, full of meaning, free from essentials . . . . His economy of words is wonderful . . . . a ruthless excision of all that is irrelevant to the theme in hand . . . . The reader instead of moving across a laboriously bridged gulf . . . . leaps confidently from one peak to another in the clear radiance emanating from the summits themselves . . . . We have acknowledged fully his greatness as an artist in form, and as fully acknowledge his sincerity of purpose, but we quarrel with him on aesthetic values.

Birmingham Post: Dubliners showed the author to be a relentless realist whose craftsmanship was undeniable. The qualities which won praise for that volume are emphasized in this novel, but its realism will displease many.

Liverpool Daily Post: A remarkable book, as original in style as it is abrupt . . . . A book which flashes its truth upon one like a searchlight and a moment later leaves the dazzled reader in darkness. The family quarrel over Parnell is the vividest piece of writing of modern times. The Roman Catholic school, the fear of hell, the wild sinning and the melodramatic repentance pass in swift succession through a boy's imaginative brain . . . . dizzy in a body thrilling with life.

Eastern Morning News: There is power in "A Portrait" and an originality that is almost overwhelming . . . . The book is immensely clever; whether it is pleasant or not we leave our readers to decide for themselves. Of its literary value there can be no doubt.

Mr. Ernest A. Boyd in New Ireland: With a frankness and veracity as appalling as they are impressive, Mr. Joyce sets forth the relentless chronicle of a soul stilled by material and intellectual apathy . . . . The pages of the book are redolent of the one of our shabbily respectable, with its intolerable tolerance of most shameful barbarism . . . . A truly amazing piece of personal and social dissection.

Southport Guardian: A ruthless, relentless essay in realism: a conscious, candid effort at perfection in portraiture, with no reticences and no reserves—almost brutally frank.

Cambridge Review: His vivid chapters on life in a Catholic school place him at once amongst the few great masters of analytic reminiscence.

Literary World: Rather a study of a temperament than a story in the ordinary way . . . . It has the intimate veracity, or appear­

Manchester Guardian: . . . A remarkable book, as original in style as it is abrupt . . . . A book which flashes its truth upon one like a searchlight and a moment later leaves the dazzled reader in darkness. The family quarrel over Parnell is the vividest piece of writing of modern times. The Roman Catholic school, the fear of hell, the wild sinning and the melodramatic repentance pass in swift succession through a boy's imaginative brain . . . . dizzy in a body thrilling with life.

Eastern Morning News: There is power in "A Portrait" and an originality that is almost overwhelming . . . . The book is immensely clever; whether it is pleasant or not we leave our readers to decide for themselves. Of its literary value there can be no doubt.

Mr. Ernest A. Boyd in New Ireland: With a frankness and veracity as appalling as they are impressive, Mr. Joyce sets forth the relentless chronicle of a soul stilled by material and intellectual apathy . . . . The pages of the book are redolent of the one of our shabbily respectable, with its intolerable tolerance of most shameful barbarism . . . . A truly amazing piece of personal and social dissection.

Southport Guardian: A ruthless, relentless essay in realism: a conscious, candid effort at perfection in portraiture, with no reticences and no reserves—almost brutally frank.

Cambridge Review: His vivid chapters on life in a Catholic school place him at once amongst the few great masters of analytic reminiscence.

Literary World: Rather a study of a temperament than a story in the ordinary way . . . . It has the intimate veracity, or appear­

THE EGOIST LIMITED

OAKLEY HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Published Price 6s. (5s. net, postage 4d.)