XIV. THE POWER OF THE WILL

By D. Marsden

(1) In our last chapter we contended that a workmanlike treatment of the subject of the will’s freedom would insist upon converting the problem from the outset into a straightforward query about the source and size of the will’s power. The problem for solution would thus be rendered purely quantitative, while those gratuitous difficulties which defective and vicious definition have imported into it would automatically be eliminated. Adopting, then, this position, our task is to explain how the human organism generates and applies forces of those high magnitudes which we see in regular attendance upon the operations popularly called those of the will.

(2) We have, however, already stated the grounds of our contention that the term will is merely a covering term for a special case of memory, while memory itself is the exploitation, by means of certain agencies called symbols, of a tendency towards economy whereby all vital forms tend to reproduce given effects in response to a diminishing outlay of stimulatory effort.

(3) We have in addition dealt with the character of these symbols as playing the rôle of easily recognizable and controlled releasing cues, liberating throughout a vast range effects varying from those of the smallest to those of the very greatest magnitude. Their constitution we have defined as that of an organically produced replica or imitation of some mere fractionary aspect of a given object or effect, while their function has been given as that of the creating medium of all conceptual phenomena, and therefore, as we have argued, of those of memory proper.

(4) Finally, we have made the explanation of the entire process of will dependent upon the action of these same symbols. It now becomes necessary to see whether these subtle agents will be able to support the claims we have made for them. To show they are able to do so, it will be necessary to embark upon an analysis of our own analysis so that in a refinement of the terms of our definition we may discover simpler logical elements whose presence will perhaps dispel the mysteriousness surrounding volitionary processes.

(5) Let us then re-examine the definition we have given of the symbol as an organic imitation of an aspect of some specific object or effect. (Whether naturally or artificially associated is not material here.) Is there here any term which seems to promise results in response to further dissection? As being sufficiently complex to invite it, we fix upon the term imitation itself.

(6) What, then, are the elements of any imitative activity? The power of logical division itself suffices to indicate two. These are (1) a re-creation by the apprehending organism of some part of a specific effect, and (2) the organism’s (logically) antecedent apprehension of the existence of that effect as a salient unit existing in contradistinction to a surrounding nebulous universe.

(7) The first of these elements has already received attention, but the second, being so much a condition of all human experience, has had its existence assumed rather than explained. Sooner or later, however, the necessities of a logical statement press forward its importance. Certainly in any ultimate explanation it serves us little to assert that the symbol is the organism’s re-creation of part of a specific effect unless we have admitted that this effect, partially re-created, must have been antecedently apprehended in the form of a unit with its edges sharply cut off, as one might say, from the rest of the universe.

(8) Already in the exposition we have given of the constitution of the symbol we have seen that it is of the very essence of the conceptual activity which the symbol engenders that the latter shall play the rôle of proxy for something else. This substitutive relationship towards “something else” is precisely what makes it conceptually effective and so drasti-
cally economical as a liberating cue. Therefore to this "something else": this strongly salient unit of experience: this that coexisting side by side with the symbolizing power which will earmark it as a that we have now to turn; and this notwithstanding the fact that the unit being addressed is the initial feature of saliency must have been蔑eaded off to an enormous extent by the characteristic power of "rubbing in" such effects which the symbol possesses. After all has been claimed which possibly can be claimed for the influence of conceptual activity upon conscious effects, logic insists that there is left over a residuum, a nucleus, for which the symbolizing activity must finally account.

(9) What is this residuum? It is the product of a new power to winnow down the universe of experience to a detached salient unit. Like the symbol to whose emergence is due the spiritual aspect of things, the advnt of this power depends upon a structural variation which makes its appearance in vital forms on the human level. Undoubtedly that same access of power in man which, strengthening his power of balance, changed his habitual posture, establishing by means of an augmented "leverage" an increased degree of control over all his muscles, particularly those of throat and head: this general augmentation of vitality must furnish the source of the new power whose effects we have now to examine.

(10) In the study of the activity of knowing it was pointed out how the normal stream of human life, i.e. strictly conscious life, was made up of single-concentrated units of feeling set end by end. The reduction of the universe to predetermined points or units into which can be poured the entire forces of the experiencing organism is a distinguishing characteristic of human life. What is to be understood by this is the limit set to muscular movements and tensions which constitute the felt unit is held with a force so great that all other sets of tensions and movements are automatically robbed of efficient vital force, and have in consequence the possibility of an existence as felt experiences at least temporarily annihilated.

The favoured muscular effort during a brief instant thus monopolizes the universe of feeling as sole occupant. The concentration which brings it into this favoured existence becomes on occasion so intense that even the most elemental activities are suspended. The heart will forget to beat and the breath to move, while what is known as the "suggestion for a brief instant upon the organism's last reserves of force. Commonly, however, concentration in much less intense measure is the rule, and is none the less adequate to reduce the world to a single item of felt experience, while allowing innumerable other vital activities to conduct themselves as unfelt experiences— as we might say, negatively.

(11) The suspending power of any given act of concentration appears to vary, indeed, directly according to the degree of strength in which it is enacted. Thus in the frenzy of a combat in which complete antagonism is aroused, serious and violent damage may be done to the organism apparently without anything whatever being added to the sum of feeling. In the present state of our physiological knowledge this situation will lend countenance to various explanations. Thus, concentration in one direction may, for instance, be considered (1) to have rendered the fibres incapable of reacting as they normally would in the case of so untoward an event, by stinting them of their necessary vital energy; (2) to have increased, so much as by a violent (but non-concentrated) shock, the probability of their feeling effect becomes negligible by comparison: precisely in the manner in which a very powerful light will make the effect of a dim one negligible; or (3) to have inoculated the blood from the waste products of the concentrating activity with toxins which, while permitting the fibres to act, nevertheless deprive them of their normal power to originate feeling. (13) Into the relative value of these hypotheses we cannot enter here. Whatever be the explanation, it is certainly beyond dispute that a vast number of these negative activities "carry on" in the organism, and inasmuch as they do, to do so at the expense of the organism's stock of peace. It is for this reason that a person suffering, for instance, from nervous exhaustion experiences such relief upon leaving a noisy centre for one of almost complete quiet. A thousand and one unfelt sights and noises appear to have been incessantly exacting a toll of energy from a store which has no reserves. That this is so is not a matter of fact that even in normal health there is a sense of relief, or at least a distinct sense of cessation and break, when a noise like that of the "unheard" ticking of a clock suddenly stops. The sudden alteration in the charge being made upon the vital stock makes so abrupt a demand for readjustment that concentration itself turns upon the modifying agency and forces the system into keen awareness of its present performance. It is then that it is felt unmistakably that the sound has been consuming energy what time it has been for the world of feeling wholly non-existent.

(14) It is this power to command concentration upon a unit of experience which we take to be the foundation of the phenomenon of consciousness; and if, as we may think, while we look upon it as a new sense, then this power of concentration constitutes the sense's basic underlying condition of which symbolization—its twin creating power in the process— plays the part of immediate exploiting instrument. Let us explain:

(15) We can say that proportionately as living forces are able to augment the stock and quality of their vitality they show a steady progress in one direction, i.e. towards an increased centralization of muscular control. Progressively, life tends in the direction of an ever-growing ability to concentrate the dispersed organic forces into a singly-working unit, to the end that the latter may apply itself to the reinforcing of the strength in which any one set of muscular tensions is held. Thus: annulment of the tendency towards dispersion of control and vital progress are interchangeable terms.

(16) Illustration of this fact as it has translated itself into physical form is provided by the accepted account of biological evolution among vertebrates which shows how the originally dispersed organic forces of the latter to their supposedly earliest recognizable ancestor, we have a wormlike organism made up of segments. While this organism shares in common with all its parts an alimentary canal, an artery, and various visceral organs, and is strung together with connecting strands of nerve-fibres, the segments remain nevertheless, as far as their muscular reactions are concerned, almost complete organisms in themselves. The sense-impressions affecting each segment report to, and are answered by, the muscles of the same segment.

(17) When, however, life-forms advance to a higher level—say that of the fish—the special senses, by an elaborate rearward gearing of fibres and the formation in the advance segments about the oral extremity, the rudiments of a brain. This has led to the expulsion of all the visceral organs except the termination of the alimentary canal from these segments, which now become the head. The originally regular segmental system, disarranged by this process and that of the emergence of head members, the limbs, has unified into the spinal column. This nerve-substance occupying the head has, moreover, become greatly augmented by a multiplication of fibres connecting the head with the rest of the body in order to ensure the better working together of the entire organism. In this way a vast strike forward has been made towards centralization of command over
the whole. None the less, how far the muscular system is from being thus completely centralized is
instanced by the fact that even the frog's structure is so far removed from such a condition that it will
allow of an efficient muscular stimulation of the hind limbs and other parts after most drastic removals
have been made from the regions of the brain.

(18) Coming to a later stage, of which the rabbit may be taken as the type, development shows itself in
further elaborations of the first system. Loops
growing cord with a nerve arbor of each a stage
hence together in a large ganglion which emerges
as an outgrowth from the ganglia of the special sense organs of the head, thus forming the rudiment of the cerebrum or great brain. In the next stage, which is represented by higher vertebrates such as the dog and ape, development shows itself in a very great increase in the size of the cerebrum. This is brought about partly by the elaborations of the stages of the preceding stage, but chiefly by areas which serve to combine the systems of the first and second stages. These latter form the association-areas as distinguished from the pre-established sensory areas of the brain, which latter separate and surround. It is the rapid further development of these association-areas in particular which especially distinguishes man and which makes him so highly favored peripheral zone. Thanks to the
innerving of whatever impulses are initiated in this
area of focus on the periphery: an extremely high concen­
ation of vital energy is made available for the
power to see is a highly specialized case in further elaborations of the first system. Loops
may be taken as the type, development shows itself in
a single motor-movement innervated from this part. What immediately follows is an elaboration of this
view.

II

(19) Judging by psychological effects alone, this process of centralization has gone forward on the
human level with such an
for instance, do any of us mean by a special sense?
Let us consider the case of one of them—say that of
the power to see. It is obvious that any light postu­
might say that the evolution of the human structure,
therefore, which have found their foci in the outer
vast elaboration upon simple sensory-motor arcs which
the special senses represent must be expected to
provide spectacular developments in the resulting
power to concentrate
unmistakable sublimation, and this in every existing
form of contactual experience: that of
the spiral of growth which we have called sublimation­
point. The question before us is whether in the
phenomenon of consciousness (otherwise that of a
highly assertive saliency) we have not just such an
manner of muscular adjustment.

(20) The fact of going through the evidence which would justify such a claim tends to be less
encouraging because we are not given countenance at the onset by the presence of any special sense-organisms forming about an externally situated zone of higher sensibility. There is here no peripheral nucleus about which we can detect localized concentratizations intimately connected with the achievement of special sensory effects, the feeling thus represents the
augmentation of the relative weight of his brain and an augmentation of his power of balance. This last
however, in itself is sufficient to argue an increased
power of leverage conferring an increased power of control over, and therefore power to concentrate
upon, every muscular response everywhere throughout
the organism. Unlike the existing special senses, therefore, which have found their foci in the outer
surface of the organism, the new sense establishes a
new, focus—a new centre of gravity, indeed, for the
entire nervous system—within the brain itself by a
vast system of associative intergearing of nerve-
tissues which pools into a common fund the energy-
plying fibres of the special senses grouped together in
the brain.

(21) Similarly, the special senses of smell and hearing are determined by a special gearing and
elaboration of nerve-tracks connecting on the one
hand with a point of focus on the periphery, and on
the other with the muscular mechanisms into which
they are transformed in action. One of the
most special is this elaboration of the special organs is testified to by the fact that the combined nerve-
material which composes it makes up the nucleus of the
brain. In each case the achievement of a high
concentration of the force quickening the implicated fibres brings about a sublimation of feeling to the
level of a new order. It is precisely this sublimation,
that of the special senses, that forms the low-grade sense into one of a higher, with effects totally new in felt experiences, which one
would be understood to imply in affirming the
emergence of a new sense.

(22) Now we assume that every so-called "sense-feeling" is the sum-total of all the muscular move-
ments and tensions which react to the agitation of a
sensory stimulus. The feeling thus represents the
representation of whatever impulses are initiated in
this area of focus on the periphery: an extremely high concentration of vital energy is made available for
the special sense of touch here
"feel" of the situation approves as appropriate—we
find, and as these have progressively emphasized
themselves in their several directions, ultimately
they have come to be the special focus or "feel" of the
spiral of growth which we have called sublimation-
point. The question before us is whether in the
phenomenon of consciousness (otherwise that of a
highly assertive saliency) we have not just such an
mistakable sublimation, and this in every existing
form of muscular adjustment.
external world rules exclusively the entire scheme of muscular reaction, the point of application resides in the peripheral sensory zones. The sensory stimuli represents the power, while the brain itself functions solely as fulcrum, that is, as an elaborating and facilitating medium between the stimulatory forces and the organism's muscular reaction upon them.

(25) On the human level, however, a remarkable innovation has been set in. A means of originating force within the brain rather than applying it directly from thence has been found. This fulcrum, the fulcrum of the brain, finds itself converted into a point of application. There is a radical alteration of the balance of the entire nervous mechanism. By whatever paths arriving, it appears that a sufficiency of force becomes available in the brain in a free yet controllable form which admits of its being discharged along the motor-fibres into the muscles. It is true that the old order of stimulation, via the sensory zones, still persists and continues to work side by side with the new, but its position of supremacy is aggressively challenged by the new order of self-determined and self-innerved muscular reactions which now constitute the inhabitants of a new "internal" world.

(26) There is not much to be done at once, to the plain that the human brain generates and applies efficient motor-forces according to a self-determined order of its own, but it becomes equally plain that it can do so in a strength which entails a qualitative difference of felt effects as compared with those produced in the mode in which the brain functions as a fulcrum. The result is that the muscular "felt" effects, produced in no matter what sensory medium, now possess a new sensory characteristic: that of a high saliency. (27) The brain having, by its usurpation of the seat of force, passed the "fulcrum-role" on to the muscular apparatus, the effect of the latter passes over into the sensory world, which, under the modified influence, undergoes a rapid transformation, both in character and appearance. It is precisely this transformation of the external world under the new influence which supplies the meaning of the term work. Work is psychologically a human invention. In its strict philosophic sense it constitutes the projection upon the unstable flux of the sensory world of phenomena perceived as a very definite transmutation, both in character and appearance. The form which the structure of our knowledge has assumed, the entire cast of scientific interpretation and the piecemeal application of mechanical control over sensory forms: these things are essentially the shadows of the moulds of the human mind which, falling of course from the movement of the whole body render its flux concrete. Essentially, the external world's scientific forms are the human brain's own chosen emphases. Very conceivably these latter might have been other; in which case the world and all the theory and practice of science would have been other. To this aspect we shall need to return again.

(28) In the foregoing theory of a new order of leverage in the matter of muscular innervation enables us to identify the substance, as we might say, of the widely but indecisively mooted question of a muscular sense or sense of effort. For this sense of self-innervation certainly leaves its impress in our felt experience, and this impression might appropriately enough be described as a sense of effort. That this sense is in evidence in all concentrated work is psychologically indisputable. No one who has engaged in mental activities requiring heavy and sustained concentration and who has watched through any considerable period the specific manner in which one expends one's forces, can doubt that we are constantly submitting (in favour of our concentrated movement) the whole body of intense muscular discipline by a self-generation and self-application of effort at a point within the brain. Our interpretation of these facts we have just given. The specific labelling of the sense itself is a subsidiary matter. If we describe the phenomenon as a sense of effort, while the term is rather undistinguished and diffuse, we nevertheless emphasize the seat of generation and application: which seems appropriate enough. When, on the other hand, we call it the sense of saliency we emphasize the phenomenon's product and effect in experience: a way of description already adopted in relation to the other senses. But to call it the control order is to overlook both the source and product of the innerving process in favour of the muscular machinery: which last, as far as we know, has remained unchanged. The muscular machinery is undoubtedly important enough, but the task of nomenclature is to take a right gauge of the incidence of a special emphasis, and the term muscular sense appears just to avoid doing that.

III

(29) We shall not hitherto have been mistaken as claiming that a high power of muscular concentration upon a unit of effort is a power uniquely human. No one who can call to mind the picture of a beast of prey springing from its seat of force, for instance, a cat keeping guard over a mouse-hole, or who has any acquaintance whatever with instinctive vital activities, could credit any such claim. What is claimed as unique is a tremendous increase in this power, as argued by the production of unique effects of experience of two kinds: (1) a new saliency capable of investing all forms of feeding; (2) a new power of control over the creation and succession of such forms. We have now to consider these two products more in detail, and of the two we shall take the latter first.

(30) Let it be granted that a species of highly unified concentration is observable in orders of life lower than our human. Let against this it has to be observed that this concentration is not within the control of the organism which effects it. In order that concentration on the instinctive levels be brought about, two agencies are required, and their simultaneous co-operation is a condition of such effects having place at all. These agencies are: (1) a predisposition or stimulation, acting upon the seat of force, passed the "fulcrum rôle" on to the muscular apparatus, the effect of the latter passes over into the sensory world, which, under the modified influence, undergoes a rapid change: a veritable transmutation: both in character and appearance. It is precisely this transmutation of the external world in favour of the muscular machinery: which last, in evidence in all concentrated work is psychologically a human invention. In its strict philosophic sense it constitutes the projection upon the unstable flux of the sensory world of phenomena perceived as a very definite transmutation, both in character and appearance. The form which the structure of our knowledge has assumed, the entire cast of scientific interpretation and the piecemeal application of mechanical control over sensory forms: these things are essentially the shadows of the moulds of the human mind which, falling of course from the movement of the whole body render its flux concrete. Essentially, the external world's scientific forms are the human brain's own chosen emphases. Very conceivably these latter might have been other; in which case the world and all the theory and practice of science would have been other. To this aspect we shall need to return again.

(31) When these external agencies, which for any given species are almost unchangingly uniform in kind and limited in number, are not forthcoming, the organism tends to disperse its energy: a fact of which the general tendency towards somnolence, when not engaged upon instinctive activities, is evidence. There must be something doubtless engaged that is the less aimless and desultory movements instigated by some internal organic dissatisfaction, but normally the regular alternation of conditions are externally determined concentrations and somnolence.

(32) We have just been likening vital force to the mechanical forces of a lever. If now we change our simple and like the control of organic forces to the potentialized powers of a wound-up spring we can say that it is only with the assistance of external agencies that the subhuman organism is able to bring about the wound-up condition and to rally its forces in face of their inherent tendency towards dispersion: but given such external assistance, concentration in its own particular degree becomes not merely possible but inevitable.

(33) With man, on the contrary, the consequences of his swift bound forward being an alteration in general balance and an increased leverage, he finds
himself able not merely to wind up the spring for himself as easily as he can blink an eye or swing an arm, but able also to give to it an extra turn which the greater the saliency and also the restraint. It seems, indeed, that the reverse side to the saliency of human experience is restraint, and these two are the characteristics which united together yield objectivity. This combination is, of course, a condition of affairs with which we are all familiar. Ability to restrain force is quite regularly the accomplishment and consequence of the ability to exercise it.

(34) When we turn to the other product of man's advance in the matter of centralized control: to the effect which we have called that of saliency: we are handicapped by a pervasiveness arising out of the fact that this characteristic conditions all human experience. Means of comparison are therefore very limited. We are, however, driven into an acknowledgments. It is the human organism which the external conceptual world are focused upon as mere symbols. This last power, taken in the light of the fact that its emergence coincides with the emergence of the symbolizing faculty itself, has revolutionizing effects, which reveal themselves in the creation of entirely new worlds of character, practical utility, and know ledge.

(35) Moreover, the very fact that such labelling systems—either general or purely enumerative—can exist, postulates saliency. It is a logical necessity that item be focused upon as mere symbols. This combination is, of course, a condition of affairs with which we are all familiar. Ability to restrain force is quite regularly the accomplishment and consequence of the ability to exercise it. In a sense, then, we find ourselves constantly engaged in enumerating items, inasmuch as perception is divided into clear-cut units by which we can make to the "blind" emotional condition of the subhuman. In an unguarded (i.e. mentally unoccupied) condition, this condition seems to be established a pull, each as big as its neighbour, until finally the mind succumbs to the condition of terrified and desolate blankness which has been kept temporarily at bay by the harbouring of any small conscious item.

(38) We have already pointed out how the sensory world exists in a condition of flux, judging by the fact that the greater the saliency and also the restraint. It seems, indeed, that the reverse side to the saliency of human experience is restraint, and these two are the characteristics which united together yield objectivity. This combination is, of course, a condition of affairs with which we are all familiar. Ability to restrain force is quite regularly the accomplishment and consequence of the ability to exercise it.

(39) On these grounds that the observed idiosyncrasies of animal conduct can be explained. The case which was cited in an earlier study, of the cat placed in a box within sight of fish to which it could get if it would lift a simple latch, will serve as an instance. In spite of the animal's great desire to secure the fish, and of repeated demonstrations as to the required action, the animal showed no sign of the power of self-control that should be stated. It simply continued its normal instinctive movements as a series of happy chance-movements "rubbed in" the right action and finally rendered it instinctive.

(40) Objectivity, therefore, must be inferred to be essentially human. It is bound up with the degree of force with which the sensory effect is projected over the muscular apparatus. The greater the degree, the greater the saliency and also the restraint. It seems, indeed, that the reverse side to the saliency of human experience is restraint, and these two are the characteristics which united together yield objectivity. This combination is, of course, a condition of affairs with which we are all familiar. Ability to restrain force is quite regularly the accomplishment and consequence of the ability to exercise it. In a sense, then, we find ourselves constantly engaged in enumerating items, inasmuch as perception is divided into clear-cut units by which we can make to the "blind" emotional condition of the subhuman. In an unguarded (i.e. mentally unoccupied) condition, this condition seems to be established a pull, each as big as its neighbour, until finally the mind succumbs to the condition of terrified and desolate blankness which has been kept temporarily at bay by the harbouring of any small conscious item.

(43) When, on the other hand, we turn from disintegration to a higher order of integration, the tale of experience in which the organism draws back, as it were, and holds itself in leash while successive experiences are apprehended as so many objects having opposed existence of their own. It is on these grounds that the observed idiosyncrasies of animal conduct can be explained. The case which was cited in an earlier study, of the cat placed in a box within sight of fish to which it could get if it would lift a simple latch, will serve as an instance. In spite of the animal's great desire to secure the fish, and of repeated demonstrations as to the required action, the animal showed no sign of the power of self-control that should be stated. It simply continued its normal instinctive movements as a series of happy chance-movements "rubbed in" the right action and finally rendered it instinctive.
of conditions is simply reversed. The man of genius, biologically the highest human grade, is what he is precisely in virtue of an intense power of "taking hold" of phenomena: of holding an item of feeling with a force which is beyond anything that can be attempted by the general run of men. The power to objectize his exponents is possessed in such an outstanding degree that there results a force and clarity in respect of it which is apparent to his fellows whenever he chooses to reproduce his experience in symbols. It is, in fact, extraordinary how submissively and readily the world acknowledges the authentic "master touch" from whatever source this appears, and in no matter how limited a range. A lyric, a harmony, a single image in a broken line, can always command the attention in men's memory if only it bears upon it just this mark of its author's having "been there" with his strong inner vision.

(44) While the essence of genius, as we have said, extraordinarily heightened control over muscular concentration with resulting intensified saliency of experience, the range of genius, which alone gives that sense of a vast power sweeping the universe in broad free play, is determined by a power distinct from the power to effect saliency and the power to determine concentration at a given point. The sweep of genius is due to the quality of the selective instrument (i.e. the system of symbols) which determine the points about which the concentrated forces may act. The range and sweep of genius is therefore intellectual in origin. A Shakespeare and a Keats whose genius fructifies into salient imagery at the slightest touch and yet makes the widest philosophical sweeps unnerving, are supreme instances of a power high to create saliency being mated with an adequate power of intellect.

(45) There are two characteristics of the salient unit to which reference must be made before we proceed to show the effects produced when the power is thus concentrated. These are in juxtaposition with those of the symbol. The first of these is the momentariness of the primary sublimating process. All observation of our normal conscious experience makes it clear that sublimation holds only for a brief instant. It is not possible, for instance, for us to keep attention riveted on any single point during the briefest period of time. Attempt to hold it longer and immediately it jibs. Apparently the efficient working of our "vital spring" involves incessant winding and unwinding, and even when so wound, the spring's energy does not appear able to fix itself upon identical items in immediate succession. The explanation of the latter may be that the part of the pulsating, on which concentration focuses are temporarily exhausted under the strong onset; but, whatever the cause, it is patent that there must be incessant acts of concentration, and in addition constant change of the item upon which concentration fixes. For explanation of the sweeping flow and almost immeasurable swiftness of succession of sublimated units with so little awareness on our part of the pulsating, not to say creaking, of the machinery, the smooth forthright action created by the to-and-fro movements of a treadle or a penninsula would perhaps serve.

(46) Directly related to this briefness of the sublimated unit is the mocking elusiveness of experiences of a certain kind which is the necessary consequence of the preceding analysis. Lost chords and experiences in every sensory medium take form within us, stand out an instant and are gone, and if they are of an innovating kind, unless during their stay we have taken the precaution to harness them to a "mark," their future revival is left entirely to the favours of chance. Either they are lost to us permanently in their entirety or they may continue to pique our minds in connexion with associative memories like so many invisible, unseizable cobwebs. This fact alone is sufficient to indicate the importance of the symbol.

(47) When, however, we consider the second aspect of the salient unit, i.e. the characteristic that while enactment is momentary, there are producible upon repetition strongly cumulative effects, it is clear that skilful application of the symbol can bring into being most extraordinary enlargements of effects: partly quantitative and partly qualitative. Salient items of experience revived in related groups and thus concentrated will show how in the unceasingly à la carte saliency, also a vast multiplication of markable items. Any subject so treated, whether it belong to the external or internal world, grows visibly and rapidly in complexity and meaning, and will continue to yield fresh "markable" features as long as ever the symbolizing activity chooses to keep pace with them. It is this idiosyncrasy appertaining to higher and more advanced notions which gives significance and interest to the attention.

(48) The purpose of this study is to elucidate the phenomenon of will; a fact of which we have been wholly mindful although we have been unable, up to this stage of it, to develop a method of introducing the term itself. We have, of course, been indicating the forces which we hold to be responsible for the creation of this complex process of will. These forces are now assembled, and the only task that remains is to put them together like the parts of a mosaic. Before we proceed however, we prefix a note about the term will itself.

(49) This term is one of a small class, interesting not on account of what they assert, but of what they leave unsaid. Like the term "being," for instance, whose mysteriousness we set ourselves to unravel in an earlier study, it depends for its inscrutability very largely upon an ellipsis in regard to meaning which it embodies. The term will is such an instance. It takes the time merely a verbal particle serving to indicate a specific form of tense. Beyond this particular significance which a grammarian would allow to it, it possesses none. In its use in connexion with the volitional processes, however, it has seemed to assume some other deeply significant and even mystical meaning. This it has been enabled to do simply because the significant and completing part of the sentence in which it is used has come to be habitually suppressed. When a person resolutely faces the world and circumstance with a grim "I will" and then sets his teeth, he is—as no doubt wisely—saving his breath to support his resolution, but the only form of the volitional part of his declaration has received is a significant and meaningful ellipsis. Written out long, that essential part would run: "I will bear in mind so-and-so"; "I will... remember so-and-so"; "I will... make the associating links such, here and now, that certain symbols rather than
A RECITAL of misery such as is Le Feu are notes made by Paul Lintier up to the very day of his death on the Verdun front on March 15, 1916, and presented under a heading (Avec une Batterie de 75; Le Tube 1233; Souvenirs d'un Chef de Pièce. 1915-1916. Plon-Nourrit, Paris. 4 fr.) which, if little engaging, is exactly what its author would have desired for it. "To be honest with a view to popularity. That a book on the war is of the past: to-day it would be wonder­ful to take a glance at the circumstances related, physical suffering "such as no man has endured before this war since the world was a world." But he does not, like M. Barbusse, dramatize these sufferings. They are incidents in a series of little pictures, descriptive and dialogued, which remind me of M. George Victo­
Au long de la nuit, les serviteurs n'entendent plus mes cris. J'ai peur de la longue nuit, j'ai peur de l'aube, tandis que devant nous, un triste horizon rouge, la lune se lève au creux du vallon entre les deux sommets. Nous avons pu entendre les rafales de la batterie allemande tirer. Ce fut la dernière salve de l'heure d'attaque. Cela m'inquiète peu. Ce matin, je me suis réveillé dans un silence presque étrange, et le soleil se lève au creux du vallon entre les deux sommets. Nous avons pu entendre les rafales de la batterie allemande tirer. Ce fut la dernière salve de l'heure d'attaque. Cela m'inquiète peu.

Il grogne : "Elle a bien chaud !"

Cela m'inquiète peu. Il m'a fait hurler, courir de l'un à l'autre. On a eu les yeux égarés, le masque furieux, soli de poudre. La nuit est venue, je commande la dernière salve de l'horloge. "Et maintenant, halte au feu ! Repos !"

Some of the mystery of these evocations, so neat that you would take them for imagination unconnected by the tangles of retrospection, is explained by M. Béraud, author of the preface. Lintier was gifted with an extraordinary memory. But it does not explain how he managed the material act of making these daily unrevised notes, not to speak of the mental effort of their composition, for composed of them are to the point of being, in some cases, short stories.

A single interruption (which is more than in Le Feu), at most two, in this long litany of trials recorded without complaint:

Souvent, dans notre présente misère, on trouve ici, lorsque la nuit est close et que sur la montagne et dans la plaine le silence s'est fait, des heures de vraie douceur. Ah ! comme on aime la vie lorsqu'on a laissé la perdre ! Quand les nefs se sont culminées, quand le danger pour un moment s'est éloigné de nous et que, dans le calme du soir, les heures pénibles du jour n'apparaissent plus comme un tourbillon de cauchemars déjà lointain, quel bonheur il y a, dans l'absolu repos des membres, de sentir son sang couler, de sentir sa poitrine palpiter, de se sentir un corps tiède sous les couvertures dans l'atmosphère froide de la nuit.

Danger and sufferings reached their maximum. Then followed a short, the first, respite. Life became tolerable; the first day of spring made itself felt:

À l'aube, tandis que devant nous, sur un triste horizon rouge, le soleil se lève au creux du vallon entre nos décors, nous avons, pour calmer l'artillerie allemande qui, cette nuit, s'est montrée plus farouche que de coutume, nous avons fait un feu de santé, tiré cinquante coups encore sur Fossieux. Puis nous nous sommes recroquevillés tandis que l'aube nous a mis au lisière des bois, avant que le grand jour ne découvre à l'enemie la campagne, passée l'inspection des collines et cueillir une salade de pissenlits.

Une batterie allemande tire... Reprécisions sur Fossieux. Vingt-cinq coups par pièce... One of these shells killed him in the afternoon, by the side of his gun, laying him down in that dramatic and symbolic position assumed in the death, described by him, of Capitaine de Faine. It made an end of this, his second, account of the war's agonies, just as he had corrected the proofs of the first (Ma Pièce : Plon); it marked the end of searching for swollen feet that can't be made to fit into damp and shrivelled boots which must be put on in the cold and pitiless dawn; it made an end of sleepless nights in wet clothes and aching bones, under dribbling tents; it made an end of lie, and hunger, and solitude, and bombs and the sufferings of others; it laid a young thing, eager to live, talented, handsome, good, in "the land of crosses."

His precious manuscript was found in his pockets by his fellow-gunners, whom he had genially sketched in its pathetic pages. He wrote:

After an interruption of three years, the two spring Salons are about to reopen, united and reduced. They will, it is thought, be housed in the Petit Palais. The Academy, too, has gone back upon its decision to make no elections and hold no receptions till after the war.

At the second "Festival Montjoie" the greatest artist among actors, M. De Max, recited some of Captain Canada's latest poems—a signal step in modern expression, a fine contribution to the literature of the war, announcement and realization of new conceptions.

M. C.
COME down the road and do not speak.
You cannot know how strange it is
To walk upon a grey firm road again,
To feel the noiseless waves of air break on one’s flesh.

You do not speak, you do not look at me;
Just walk in silence on the grey firm road
Guessing my mood by instinct, not by thought—
For there is no weapon of tongue or glance
So keen that it can stir my apathy,
Can stab that bitterness to hope,
Can pierce that humour to despair.

Silence fits the mood then—silence and you.

The trees beside the road—can you interpret
These fragments of leaf-music,
Here a phrase, and here a sort of melody
That dies to silence or is broken
By a full rustling that is disclosed?
Can you interpret such a simple thing?

Can I interpret this blank apathy,
This humorous bitterness?

Lean on the bridge now—do not speak—
And watch the coloured water slipping past,
While I struggle with myself,
Confront half-impulses, half-desires,
Grapple with lustreless definitions,
Grin at my inarticulate impotence
And so fall back on—apathy!

The bridge has three curved spans,
Is made of weathered stones,
And rests upon two diamond-pointed piers—
Is picturesque.
(I have not lost all touch and taste for life,
See beauty just as keenly, relish things.)
The water here is black and specked with white;
Under that tree the shallows grow to brown,
Light amber where the sunlight straggles through—
But yet, what colour is it if you watch the reeds
Or if you only see the trees’ reflection?

Flat on the surface rest the lily leaves
Some curled up inwards, though, like boat.
And yellow heads thrust up on fine green throats.
Two—three—a dozen—watch now—demonselle flies
Flicker and flutter and dip and rest
Their beryl-green or blue, dark Prussian blue, frail
Wings
On spits and threads of water-plant.
Notice all carefully, be precise, welcome the world.
Do I miss these things? Overlook beauty?
Not even the shadow of a bird
Do I miss these things? Overlook beauty?
Passing across that white reflected cloud.

And yet there’s always something else—
The way one corpse held its stiff yellow fingers
And pointed, pointed to the huge dark hole
Gouged between ear and jaw right to the skull...

Did I startle you? What was the matter?
Just a joke they told me yesterday,
Really, really, not for ladies’ ears.
Did I startle you? What was the matter?

And pointed, pointed to the huge dark hole
Gouged between ear and jaw right to the skull....

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APATHY

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NOW READY
DIALOGUES OF FONTENELLE
TRANSLATED BY EZRA POUND

THE EGOIST, Ltd. Price 1s. 3d. net; postage 1d.
for artistic and literary circles, but in fact for the edification of that increasingly numerous section of the bourgeoisie who prowl voraciously round the skirts and trouser coils of Bohemia. At these functions it was the custom of Walthorpe and his wife only to run loose, finding partners among the numerous people whom they knew or surrendering themselves unreservedly to the promiscuous chances of terpsichorean caprice.

Walthorpe noticed that his wife and her partner were far and away the best combination as, looking round the room, he scrutinized sharply the rolling pairs. It was the custom of Walthorpe and his wife only to run loose, finding partners among the numerous people whom they knew or surrendering themselves unreservedly to the promiscuous chances of terpsichorean caprice.

She came up and tried to put her arm round his neck. He removed it.

"My dear girl, your caresses don't interest me any more."

She began to cry, more, however, out of sheer intensity of emotion than any actual sorrow.

"But why?"

"My dear girl, why not be frank—what on earth's the good of these conventional evasions? It's perfectly clear from your expression when you were dancing with that fellow that if he were to whistle you would follow him to the other end of the world. That being so, it seems as logical to break off our marriage as it would be to break off a liaison if we happened to be running one."

"Well, I suppose you're right, but you needn't be so beastly logical about it."

"My dear child—I feel somewhat emotionné as a matter of fact; anyway while it lasted our life together was a distinct success—quite a sound thing. I should even like to kiss you good-bye."

She stood still while he kissed her patronally on the forehead.

They discussed financial details over whisky and soda and some biscuits. He then telephoned for a taxi.

When the boxes had been placed, she accompanied him to the door of the flat. They shook hands with genuine affection.

"I say, Henry, would it be of any interest to you to know that I am not that man's mistress?"

He frowned impatiently.

"My dear girl, what the devil does that matter? We're not babies—to go by mere technicalities—we both of us no doubt have amused ourselves on several occasions—but our egos were always each other's—but now your ego is his—lock, stock and barrel—and there's an end of the whole damned thing. Good-bye."

And Walthorpe jumped briskly into the taxi with the grim satisfaction which he always felt at leaving behind him a definite stage of his life, however fine it might have been, and starting afresh along a new path.

His wife, however, watched the taxi with some wistfulness till it was round the corner, and then rushed impatiently to the telephone.

LIBERATIONS

Studies of Individuality in Contemporary Music

XII. DÉODAT DE SÉVERAC, A MODERN PASTORAL POET IN MUSIC

Inter sectioning the term by which to define the general character of the work of the French composer, Déodat de Séverac, one can discover nothing more exact than the word "pastoral." Yet such a term, without further indication of the sense in which it is employed here, is liable to convey a false preconception of the nature of de Séverac's music. From various causes, which it would be superfluous to discuss here, a superstructure of conventional association.

* The previous article of this series, sent by the writer from Ruhleben, where he is still a prisoner of war, appeared in The Egoist of September and October 1916. Some MSS. (including a copy of the present article) sent after that date were lost in transit, but Mr. Henry believes that new postal regulations will permit of the dispatch of further articles of the series with good hope of arrival.—EDITOR.
cations has become attached to this word, so that to-day the generally accepted purport which it carries renders it almost exclusively applicable to things artificial and sentimental in matter and content, things which, de facto, are entirely foreign both to the fundamental native significance of the word, and equally so to the meaning intended in its use on the present occasion. For the work of de Séverac, above all else, is distinguished by its spontaneity of impulse and expression. With the hyperbolical extravagance of the English Elizabethan pastoral poets, or the delicate, studied posture of Marie Antoinette and the eighteenth-century court of Versailles, one finds the inspiration of Phyllis, Corydon, Silvia, Rosalynde, Phoebe, and the other sentimental stock-figures of the masques; the products of the Dresden porcelain-manufacturer; the moon-obsessed, languishing dames and gallants of Watteau, or the pensive courtresses of the Fêtes galantes; all these theatrical artificialities have equally no part in it.

The music of de Séverac is in no way a retrograde: he is too sensitive, too acutely aware of his physique and his sense-faculties, to drift into romanticism, or abstract idealism; his own consciousness is so full and developed that he can see from it an experience broad and varied enough in its individual dimensions for him to be enabled to dispense with any artificial interests or stimuli borrowed from the past. He has the sanity of the modern objective brain—also he is a Frenchman, with the clarity and critical finesse of the Latin intelligence—and these qualities save him from the hallucinations born of the experience and expression. Finding his own life full-of his own individuality. And this development is not that of learning, doctrine, or creed, but of ex-
tempora
to the "pastoral" when analysing the poetic content of his music. Both words may be equally accurate or inaccurate: I select the one because, if one considers its fundamental significance, one finds that it possesses less intellectual bias in meaning than the other. The term "Georgie" may be said to imply definitely a par-
ticu-
tional style of poetic or artistic expression; the term "pastoral" a type or kind of feeling prevailing in the Jardin des Tuileries. In fact the music of de Séverac is scarcely likely to be popular at all in the ordinary sense, since, while not possessing the preciousness and quaintness which evokes the ecstatic gurgles of suburban ladies, it yet can only appeal to those who, like himself, have a sensibility reactive to the beauties of expression, and an interest in the green-shimmering foliage, and all the diversity of colour and form pertaining to natural life, a feeling for images and places, for the genius loci akin to that which has imprinted itself on the poems of Francis Jammes, of Paul Fort, of Guy-Charles Cros, and the Verlaine of La Bonne Chanson. From the foregoing it will also be gathered that the work of de Séverac betrays no classical pretensions, in the traditionaliste sense; although classic in the modern French sense, that of purity of expression, and the elimination of emotional effusion and sentiment, de Séverac cer-
tainly is. Hence, while M. D. Calvocoressi designates de Séverac a modern writer of musical Georgies, and while the composer himself has collectively sub-titled one of his works "Poèmes géorgiques pour piano," I prefer to use the term "pastoral" when analysing
accepts the facts of his existence at their intrinsic values, without attempt to distort them, and seeks, but to co-ordinate them with some prefixed concept, but to discern the actual, concrete relationships of such components, both to one another and to himself, and vice-versa. Hence the candour and spontaneity, the almost naïve sincerity and the direct simplicity, both in his choice of subject-matter and in its treatment, which is one of the marked traits of his music. He takes no "stock-types," to use Whitman's phrase, whereon to mould himself: he inhales life, and lives himself into actuality, he "lives up to" nothing. Probably, after the passage of years, he will be utilized by that academic type of mind which lacks the sensibility to discern anything save in generalized terms as such a stock-type. De Séverac, so far as he is likely to find himself classified superficially, in accordance with the prevalent democratic mania for standardization, and the general servile unthinking reverence for tradition, and will thereby discover himself labelled as "the musical Theocritus" or something equally absurd. He will survive this, since he is self-standing, to use an adaptation of a phrase from a language likely to be in some disrepute himself labelled as "the musical Theocritus" or something equally absurd. He will survive this, since he is self-standing, to use an adaptation of a...

The Content of de Séverac's Music

The obvious manifestation of an impulse to break from the cul-de-sac of ideas into which human consciousness has been side-tracked during past periods, and to enter into the broad stretches of sensatory life and actual existence which any work of de Séverac, no matter how randomly selected, evinces, demonstrates immediately his conceptual kinship to the most highly evolved and vital art-tendencies of to-day. The closeness of this relationship becomes more and more markedly apparent in the subtle features of colour and form, and the consistent mental direction which a more particularized survey of his music reveals. For although de Séverac covers ground traversed by many others, both poets and musicians, he enters into it with a different sensibility, in that he is one of those psychological reaction, a new variation of the more complex and subtile psychology created by the complex forces of contemporary existence. Hence, for him, in consequence of this capacity and the particularized differences of experience which it has occasioned, even the most familiar facts and
features present a personal aspect in his work which, in many cases, gives them a fresh significance. Yet he is not so much an innovator, nor a laborious collector of new data. The undebilitated, exercised physical consciousness by which his experience has been rendered possible, together with the unperturbed, direct reasoning of his brain, the refinement of his intelligence, by which his personal sensations and observations are arranged, compared, and correlated, gives to his music, not only the glamour of emotional stimulus, but also that unity of content, that delicate balance, poetic and imitative, that recreative position of facts which underlies all that is commonly termed originality in art-creation. The accuracy of his expressive technique is remarkable.

No other composer I am cognizant of, excepting Igor Stravinsky, is more informed of the subtleties and emotional values of light, and of rare and rich atmospheres; none are more musical than he. The delicate, exquisitely imaginative, the infinite suggestive influence of the varied colours and forms of landscapes; none have translated such quantities with such penetrating exactitude into their tonal correspondences. Yet de Séverac is no mere transcripter of photographic effects, nor does he attempt to convey the psychological significance of rural scenes and surroundings by an impressionistic, post-impressionistic, or symbolistic mannerism, as in works such as Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, or that later chronicle of pretentious sentimentality, the Alpine Symphony of Dr. Richard Strauss. He has more than the vulgar curiosity of the tourist: his interest goes beyond petty features and romantic landmarks. In the rich, multiple, and subtly graded and contrasted tonal colour of his musical scene-impressions one discerns the operation of a sensibility keenly alive to all the delicately interoperative, infinitesimal factors producing such impressions, yet his clear sense of proportion consistently saves him from overemphasis or exaggeration. Nothing disturbs the fine balance of his tonal design: his mysterious, and apparently abstract, but always full, musical texture, is ever subject to the sombre, noble poise of his tonal effects, not monodically, but kaleidoscopically shifting tissues of theme and harmony, and the subtle rhythmic nuances of the music. Above all, there is never any trace of sentimentality—no nostalgie des paysages. His exuberant temperament renders all his music in the truest sense joyous: he moves happily like a child in the wonderland of his sensations and impressions, and frankly allows his delight into all his work. Particularly is his music illuminated in radiance, sometimes apprehended passively, as a healthy animal basking in the sun, but more usually actively, with an eager intensity which reawakens and spiritualizes the music, giving it a texture so ethereal that to use Albert Mockel's description of van Leebreght's poems, it hovers about one's sensibility 'comme un poussiére d'or suspendue.'

The Characteristics of de Séverac's Musical Style

Although educated in the midst of French musical classicism, being a pupil of Vincent d'Indy, principal of the Scuola Cantorum, the citadel of philosophical, systematized musical formalism in France, de Séverac has survived and transcended his tutelage. This in itself affords no small testimony to his individualism, since the personal force and intellectual power of d'Indy, as well as his convinced and insistent dogmatism, are patent to all who are conversant with his compositions, aesthetic writings, or personality. The musical tendencies of de Séverac are in a direction ultimately the antithesis of that taken by his master. For while d'Indy is, before all else, a consistent formalist, de Séverac, in all save two of his works, and even his formalism, the characteristics of his formalism, the characteristic impressionism, as the doctrines of d'Indy. Investigation of his music convinces one that the medium which can be, notwithstanding its close affinity to that of the impressionists, is the result of a real choice, not of external influence, a choice inevitable to one for whom content is the first point of difference between the two style is discernible in the method in which such quantities are utilized in each. For while Debussy and the Debussyists have elaborated certain features, such as the whole-tone scale, to an extent amounting to a mannerism, and while the same works a certain resemblance to that of the impressionist group, but an important point of difference between the two styles is discernible in the in each method in which such quantities are utilized in each. For while Debussy and the Debussyists have elaborated certain features, such as the whole-tone scale, to an extent amounting to a mannerism, and while the same works a certain resemblance to that of the impressionist group, but an important point of difference between the two styles is discernible in the

February 1918 THE EGOIST 29
statement of a personal conception entirely individual
and original.

Leigh Henry
Rutheben, Germany
August 1916

(To be continued)

EXTRACT FROM "IL MARZOCCO"
Florence, August 12, 1917

Mr. James Joyce is a young Irish novelist whose last book, A Portrait of the Artist as
a Young Man, has raised a great tumult of discussion among English-speaking critics. It is easy
to see why. An Irishman, he has found in himself the strength to proclaim himself a citizen of a wider
world; a catholic, he has had the courage to cast his religion from him and to proclaim himself an
atheist; and a writer, inheriting the most traditional of all European literatures, he has found a
way to break down the tenets of the old English novel and to adopt a new style consonant with a new
conception. In a word such an effort was bound to tilt against all the feelings and cherished beliefs of
his fellow-countrymen but, carried out, as it is here,
its ethical content and the form wherewith this

For this analysis so purely modern, so cruelly and
blandly true, the writer needed a style which would
break down the tradition of the six shilling novel
and this style Mr. Joyce has fashioned for himself.
The brushwork of the novel reminds one of certain
modern paintings in which the planes interpenetrate
and the external vision seems to partake of the sen-
sations of the onlooker. It is not so much the
narrative of a life as its reminiscence but it is a
reminiscence wise, complete and absolute, with all
those incidents and details which tend to make only
a single fact of the whole. He does not lose time:
explaining the wherefore of these sensations of his
nor even tell us their reason or origin: they leap up
in his pages as do the memories of a life we ourselves
have lived without apparent cause, without logical
sequence. But it is exactly such a succession of past
visions and memories which makes up the sum of
every life, so that in this even the great

The phenomenon is all the more important in that
the English novel of modern times nauseating, by the general purveying of pseudo-
romantic prose and by fashionable publishers, with their serial sensationalist, and by the weekly and
monthly magazines. And let us admit that such a
cry of revolt has been uttered at the right moment
and that it is itself the promise of a fortunate
renascence.

For, to tell the truth, English fiction seemed lately
to have gone astray amid the sentimental niceties of
May for the police-aided ploys of Sir Conan Doyle, the stupidities of Miss Corelli or,
at best, the philosophical and sociological disquisitions
of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The intention seemed to
be to satisfy the largest circle of readers and all that
remain within the pale of tradition by trying to put
again on the market old dusty ideas and by avoiding
such as are likely to offend the susceptibilities of the
majority. This for the reason in the midst of the great revolution of the
European novel English writers continued to remain in their "splendid isolation" and could not or
would not open their eyes to the things that were going on around them.

The brushwork of the novel reminds one of certain
pictures of Cézanne or Maquet, the naturalism
of Emile Zola. Zola's naturalism

went years of one's own life in a seminary of the society's exercises.

The portrait of the artist as a young man with a new form and new aims, he
accepts and uses in his work. He does not lose time:
explaining the wherefore of these sensations of his
nor even tell us their reason or origin: they leap up
in his pages as do the memories of a life we ourselves
have lived without apparent cause, without logical
sequence. But it is exactly such a succession of past
visions and memories which makes up the sum of
every life, so that in this even the great

That is why Mr. Joyce's book has raised such
a great clamour of discussion. He is a new writer in the
glorious company of English literature, a new writer with a new form and new aims, and he
comes at a moment when the world is making
a new constitution and a new social ordinance. We
must welcome him with joy. He is one of those rude
craftsmen who open up paths whereon many will
follow. It is the first streak of the dawn of a new
art visible on the horizon. Let us hail it therefore
as the herald of a new day.

Diego Angeli

IMPORTANT NOTICE
The Editorial and Publishing Office of The Egoist
has moved to 23 Adelphi Terrace House, Robert
Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2
“AN ALPHABET OF ECONOMICS”  
BY HUNTLY CATER

NOWADAYS we are repeatedly reminded that fifty years or so of wrong-headed industrialism has reversed the normal conditions of society. It has exalted economics where alone definition. No doubt Mr. Orage has noticed this, and method of setting about the present urgent task of THE EGOIST the philosophic method is the only proper were needed that economic factors have this immense tion in order to make the whole passage clear. To change those that enslave them for those that liberate them is really to secure the straight path to the working classes depends on economic conditions. No wonder that practitioners and theorists of the Socialist variety are persuaded that the well-being of factors certainly comprise the laws and institutions. In so doing he has offered the theory that exploitation consists in the extraction by art from such instruments as exist, but is proving itself capable of producing, much less produce. That the tones of the voice, musically considered, will develop of these tones will carry their emotional meanings by suggestion, of such instruments as exist, but is proving itself capable of destined eventually to the “junk-heap,” seeing that electricity is already not only producing (not reproducing) all of the timbres of mechanical construction. The timbre of the vocal instrument, however, it cannot even re­produce, much less produce.

CORRESPONDENCE

VOICE AND MIND  
To the Editor of the EGOIST

MADAM,—Miss Marsden, in her exegesis of the creation of mind through voice, is making a most vital contribution, not only to modern philosophy, but to modern scientific psychology, as to the next step in the evolution of mind.

Voice specialists, from the scientific laboratory phonetist to the most highly artistic trainer of voice execution in both singing and speech, must find in this exegesis solid ground for their voice execution in both sing­ing and speech, must find in this exegesis solid ground for their instrumentalization by electricity, until we reach the possi­bility of the further and further elaboration of mind in meanings, through the wonderful and beautiful qualities of musical tone reaching out into infinity.

ALICE BODENHEIM

CHANGE

I CAME upon a maiden  
Blowing rose-petals in the air

And catching them as they fell

Upon quick finger-tips.

Her laugh fell lighter than the petals,
And slipped through rents in the air,

with chuckling whispers.

I gave her sadness and she blew it

As she had blown the rose-petals,

And it almost seemed joy, as her fingers caught it.

But I was only a wanderer, plaited

with dust,

Who gave her new petal to play with.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

ANNOUNCEMENTS

A new novel by Mr. James Joyce, Ulysses, will start in the March issue of THE EGOIST.

In March Mr. Wyndham Lewis’s novel, Tarr, which ran serially in THE EGOIST from April 1916 to November 1917, will be published in book form by THE EGOIST. Chapters which were omitted to shorten the serial will appear in full in the book.

The second edition of Mr. James Joyce’s novel, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, has been delayed but will be ready this month.
PRUFROCK

By T. S. ELIOT

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE:
A poet who finds even poetry laughable, who views life with a dry, cool derision and comments on it with the true disengagement of wit. He is not like any other poet, not even the Imagists whom he seems at first sight to follow... He writes in an apparent vers libre which has a decidedly rhythmical effect; his handling of language is pointed and often brilliant.

NEW STATESMAN:
Mr. Eliot may possibly give us the quintessence of twenty-first century poetry. Much of what he writes is unrecognizable as poetry at present, but it is all decidedly amusing... He has a keen eye as well as a sharp pen and draws wittily whatever his capricious glance descends upon.

DAILY NEWS:
A witty and dissatisfying book of verse... which flourishes many images that are quite startling in their originality.

SOUTHPORT GUARDIAN:
One of the moderns; an imagist; an impressionist... Inevitably as impressions these poems are very unequal. Some are strangely vivid.

LITERARY WORLD:
The subjects of the poems, the imagery, the rhythms, have the wilful outlandishness of the young revolutionary idea... With him it seems to be a case of missing the effort by too much cleverness... the strangeness overbalances the beauty.

The following Authors have contributed or will contribute to the current volume (begun May 1917):

W. B. YEATS (14 poems)
LADY GREGORY (complete play)
FORD MADOX HUEFFER (prose series)
ARTHUR SYMONS (complete play)
WYNDHAM LEWIS (regularly)
T. S. ELIOT
EZRA POUND (London Editor)
ARTHUR WALEY (translations from the Chinese)

MARGARET ANDERSON, Editor

GEOFFREY GOSSE, Editor