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## XIV. THE POWER OF THE WILL

By D. MARSDEN

### I

(1) IN our last chapter we contended that a workman-like 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 volitional 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 unitary character of the initial feature of saliency must have been re-emphasized to an enormous extent by the characteristic power for "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 does not wholly 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 advent of this power depends upon a structural variation which makes its appearance in vital forms on the human level. Undoubtedly that same accession 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 that the strictly limited set of 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 annulled.

(11) 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 ebb and flow, while the favoured unit exists 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*.

(12) 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; or (2) to have so outclassed even such violent (but *non-concentrated-upon*) feelings that their felt 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" uninterruptedly, and inasmuch as they do, they use up part of the organism's stock of force. 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 finds support in the further fact that even to persons 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 presence. 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 well might, we look upon consciousness 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 forms 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 we here summarize. Tracing the genealogy 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, have formed 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 the special motor-members, the limbs, has unified into the spinal column. The 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 stride 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 out from the nerve arcs of each segment are brought 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 loops of the preceding stage, but chiefly by arcs 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 they separate and surround. It is the rapid further development of these association-areas in particular which especially distinguishes man and which accounts for the greater relative weight of his brain. Its psychological effect, as we read it, is to pool and make in the brain a common reservoir of the forces which seem to ply expectantly about the total area of the brain-regions. It thus renders them available for concentration into a single force of vastly heightened strength ready to reinforce any 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 a bound and reached a new stage towards its completion. In consequence the world of experience has been invaded by forms so unique that we certainly should not exaggerate if we decided to term them the products of a new sense. As the *products of consciousness* this sense has already had its name indicated; but if, on account of the ambiguity imported into the meaning of "conscious" by its use in connexion with subhuman forms, we desired to give it a name which was free from ambiguity and calculated to convey some indication of its peculiar quality, we might very well call it the *sense of saliency*: the sense by virtue of which experience stands out in striking and isolated units.

(20) As the sources of our specific sense-effects are limited in number, it is obvious that any light postulation respecting new ones must be regarded as frivolous. Let us therefore be explicit as to what we suggest in this particular. To begin with, what, for instance, do any of us mean by a special sense? Let us consider the case of one of them—say that of *sight*. The power to see is a highly specialized case of the fundamental sense of touch or contact. Its emergence is due to the development of a high complexity in certain strictly localized sensory and motor nerve-fibres. These are so arranged that by a system of skilful gearing rearward from the retina: a point of focus on the periphery: an extremely high concentration of vital energy is made available for the innervating of whatever impulses are initiated in this highly favoured peripheral zone. Thanks to the special elaboration of the implicated arcs, the track of the latter is fed by streams of force great beyond all comparison with those which attend upon the simply contactual sensory zones, such as those existing, for instance, in the surface of the skin covering the back. Hence, movements and tensions initiated from this point of high sensibility are enacted with such an

intensity and such complex expenditure of force that what would, apart from the special arrangement of fibres, be nothing more than the crude, undifferentiated sense of touch here *sublimates* into a unique form of contactual experience: that of *sight*.

(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 discharge and which they set in action. How very 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, transforming a 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 movements and tensions which react to the agitation of a sensory stimulus. The feeling thus represents the significance of the latter. Naturally, therefore, the vast elaboration upon simple sensory-motor arcs which the special senses represent must be expected to provide spectacular developments in the resulting muscular reaction. Such developments we actually find, and as these have progressively emphasized themselves in their several directions, ultimately they have reached and passed the crucial point in 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 unmistakable sublimation, and this in every existing mode of muscular adjustment.

(23) The task of going in search of the evidence which would justify such a claim tends to be less encouraging because we are not given countenance at the outset by the presence of any special sense-organs forming about an externally situated zone of higher sensibility. There is here no peripheral nucleus about which we can detect localized concentrations intimately connected with the achievement of special sense-effects. The only striking physical variations between the structure of man and that of the life-forms he surpasses we can seize upon are 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 energyplying fibres of the special senses grouped together in the brain.

(24) Borrowing, therefore, certain phraseology from mechanics—a procedure which the psychological "feel" of the situation approves as appropriate—we might say that the evolution of the human structure, veiled from us as it is in its details, but very convincingly asserted in the pronounced change in man's habitual posture, consists in the introduction of a *fresh order of lever* as between stimulus and motor-reaction. A fundamental change in the *point of application* of the force applied obtains, leading to an equally radical change in the position of the *fulcrum*. In subhuman forms of life, where commerce with the



external world rules exclusively the entire scheme of muscular reaction, the point of application resides in the peripheral sensory zones. The sensory stimulus 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 set in. A means of originating force within the brain and of applying it directly from thence has been found. The former fulcrum, 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-innervated muscular reactions which now constitute the inhabitants of a new "internal" world.

(26) And not only does it become 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 present a new sensory characteristic: that of a *high saliency*.

(27) The brain having, by its usurpation of 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 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, via the muscular mechanism, of the preferential self-determinations of the human brain. 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 across the sensory world, vein it, gird it, and 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) We might also suggest at this stage that 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 some transient movement) the whole body of an 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 special senses. But to call it the *muscular sense* is to overlook both the source and product of the innervating 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 out upon its victim, or who has ever seen, 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 feeling; (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 the human. Over 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 towards a specific kind of action on the part of the organism in the presence of an agency external to the organism, and (2) the effectual play of the influence of this external agency upon the organism. The action of the former upon the latter then resembles a species of hypnotism having as its effect the concentrated action of the organism in a given mode.

(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 may be certain highly agitated but none 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 simile and liken 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 dispersal: 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 makes all the difference between ability to effect a new form of sublimation and the absence of it. By this incomparably greater degree of control over the whole nervous and muscular apparatus he can determine any experience whatsoever as a sublimated unit. In place of being dependent upon and limited by a small number of external co-operations which at present he is wholly unable to create or conjure up at command, there is nothing to prevent him making concentrations either upon experiences which he focuses in the external world or those which in the internal 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 knowledge.

(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 acknowledgment of its existence by the logic of our everyday experience. We must necessarily have the power to apprehend items of experience as clear-cut units since we find ourselves constantly engaged in enumerating them under that form. Enumeration—of which the meaning is the taking of experience unit by unit—veins all our activities. Our experience is made up of a *this*, plus *this*, plus *this* . . . to infinity.

(35) Moreover, in addition to this inference on account of specific enumeration, we find ourselves unreservedly abandoned to the habit of affixing in this manner, i.e. item by item, more general marks to our experiences. Let them be complex or simple, every experience, inasmuch as it is conceivable, has its distinctiveness testified to by its separating name. In this way the salient unitary characteristic of experience reappears again in the system which labels it.

(36) Moreover, the very fact that such labelling systems—either general or purely enumerative—can exist, postulates saliency. It is a logical necessity that before a mark can be laid upon an item to distinguish it as such, the item itself must have displayed *markableness*. It must have stood out saliently from all the rest of the world by just so much as that which is taken as constituting itself.

(37) This contention of a totally new phenomenon of saliency on the human level makes relevant the debated question "Do animals count?" Our contention would be that, while animals must have a general perception of mass, counting is an impossible activity because they lack not merely the symbolic system to count with, but the power to apprehend phenomena under those salient forms which have to be assumed as existing when we affirm the power to count. Subhuman experience is not-countable by its very form. The latter is destitute of *objectivity*. Owing to the operation of that dualistic hypnotism between the subhuman organism and its world, the former is too deeply implicated with the latter by its own compulsory reactions to be able to apprehend it as existing over against itself peopled with detached objects.

(38) We have already pointed out how the sensory world exists in a condition of flux, judging by our own rapidly changing reactions upon it. But on the subhuman sensory level, this sensory fluidity appears completely to implicate with it the organism itself. The experience of the latter cannot, therefore, hold anything comparable to the normal human type

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 existences of their own.

(39) 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 whatever of *seeing* what should be done. It simply continued its normal instinctive movements until 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 accompaniment and consequence of the ability to exercise it.

(41) In addition to these logical considerations which lead us to infer a unique saliency in human experience, there are others of almost equally convincing weight. We find, for instance, that whenever normal human powers go to extremes, either towards disintegration or towards a higher integration, it is this feature of saliency which is most readily affected. In cases of panic, where there is a lapse from the strictly human standards of conduct, the psychological conditions obtaining involve a breakdown of all values to an unrelieved confusion over which elemental impulses rule. Courses of action whose superiority normally would stand out unchallengeably, under such conditions simply do not exist. Even that primitive uncontrollable action which takes possession of the organism does so hypnotically without actually presenting itself as an objectivized end. Like conditions obtain in all cases of lost nerve-control. For instance, any one who has experienced examination fright knows the kind of preliminary "speckled uniformity" which the world wears and in which every conceivable subject, relevant and irrelevant, establishes 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.

(42) Also in cases of demoralization of another kind, e.g. that of being carried away bodily by a gust of uncontrollable passion: this condition seems to be the nearest approximation which the human being can make to the "blind" emotional condition of the subhuman. In an unguarded (i.e. mentally unoccupied) moment a touch upon the raw, anything, perhaps a tone to which we are unaccustomed, transports us back through countless ages, while retorting action speaks in the form which sufficed before language was. A cold rush to the head, a timeless instant of satisfaction and relief, and the episode is finished. The hypnotic activity is at an end, and we, human once more, stand back from it and regard it as some alien thing which has enacted itself quite apart from anything which could be called our knowledge. Though every fibre of the body has lent itself to the action's consummation, not once has it assumed objectivity: to which fact popular speech has borne witness by labelling the impulse—after the event—*blind*.

(43) When, on the other hand, we turn from disintegration to a higher order of integration, the tale



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 objectivize his experience is possessed in such an outstanding degree that there results a force and clarity in respect of it which is apparent to his fellow-men 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 immortality 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. "The light which never was on land and sea" exists, in fact, in both these places and anywhere else wherever one who owns and can project into the muscles the force out of which vision, or any other sensory form, of this degree of intensity can be constructed.

(44) While the essence of genius is, 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 unerringly, are supreme instances of a high power 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 powers creative of saliency are brought into conjunction 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 fixed upon a single item for anything but 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 particular fibres along 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 pendulum would perhaps serve.

(46) Directly related to this briefness of the sublimated instance is the mocking elusiveness of experiences of a certain kind: those which have not been secured with a name. 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 revived in related groups and thus concentrated upon will show not merely an intensified saliency, but 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 human experience which gives significance of the activity of *attention*. Trading upon this fact of growth, the attentive activity employs itself in packing the increasing complexities with appropriate marks. Attention is precisely an intensive application of marks. By this means attention arranges, not only for experience's preservation and future renewal, but puts in the foundations for a development of the experience's quality in future memories. The affixing of the mark is thus all-important in the garnering and development of experience. "E'er the parting kiss be dry, quick, thy tablets, memory."

The tablets Arnold here invokes are words—or their substitutes. It is they which, as the constitutive stuff of memory, take of an experience the indelible impress.

#### IV

(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 the argument, to find any opportunity 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 doing so, 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 essentially and all 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—no doubt wisely—saving his breath to support his resolution, but the only form of expression which the essential part of his declaration has received is a significant silence. 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



others shall be at a time either in the immediate or more distant future put in possession of the field of concentration." He is, in fact, sketching out in advance just what cues he will hold in waiting upon certain events of the future. He is mortgaging his future, indeed, in the interest of a specific set of symbols.

(50) This explains, no doubt, the slightly tragic note which has come to hang about a far-reaching "I will." The person uttering it presumably knows that by deciding in favour of one set he is automatically condemning a score of prospective future activities to nullity. When we utter our deep-throated "I will," meaning, let us say, "I will so use my intellectual apparatus that I will become Prime Minister," we wistfully apprehend that we are cutting ourselves adrift from all chance of becoming the Primate, or of following the life of thought, high knowledge, adventure, leisure, or any one of a host of charming pursuits besides. We apprehend that the path of one realized possibility is necessarily strewn thick with the corpses of possibilities thereby slaughtered. Does not even the "I will" uttered at the altar close down all that fascinating vista in the unknown, where perhaps dwells some exquisiteness hitherto untold in the way of golden girls? Self-determination, in short, is a decidedly limiting and cramping business, and in mortgaging our futures to it (as we do in the unuttered half of the sentence which begins with "I will") we feel, no doubt, most delicately sorry for all our many once-possible but now snuffed-out selves.

(51) Happily, however, our power to forget is more than equal normally to our power to remember, and forgetting is an essential feature of every "great life." To do anything supremely well it is demanded not only that we "scorn delights and live laborious days," but that we forget all our competing ambitions as well. There seem even to be types of "great lives" which are possible only when we forget our more delicate sensibilities. If, then, there is sometimes a tragic undertone in the ring of "I will," it has to do with considerations after the nature of these.

(52) Leaving the question of terms, a tabulation of the several uniquely human powers out of which the phenomenon of will is constructed will complete our study. These are:

- (1) The power of the human brain to determine and inaugurate units of experience.
- (2) The associated power of the brain to innervate these units with such a heightened degree of force that they result in items of experience showing a high saliency. These items essentially represent forces of high magnitude.
- (3) The power to create and apply simple compact marks or symbols corresponding to the foregoing items. These last prove to be partly index, partly cue, and partly store-house, in relation to the mental re-creation of the former.
- (4) The power arising out of a specific character of the symbol (i.e. its compactness) to determine which mark or symbol shall be sublimated into saliency; this in turn determining which mental version shall be favoured by making it the object of the first-named power's activity and which shall be debarred from so being.

(53) Obviously it is this last-named power to select and show preference between the various symbols which is the essential characteristic of willed action. We have seen how the automatic consequence of the exercised power to create salient units in one direction annuls all possibility of feeling in any other. Automatically, therefore, the instrument which can determine the point of application of this drastic power

"buys out the pitch": cuts the ground from under every other experience in favour of the item constituting that point. If kept in constant operation obviously such instrument becomes arbiter of what may and what may not enter into experience. It dictates the content of experience.

(54) However, though symbolization is just this power, we have seen that, essential instrument of choice as it is, it nevertheless develops an automatism of its own, in consequence of which its selective action may slide, and no deliberate selection whatever take place. In view of these opposed possibilities inhering in symbols, a man's attitude towards them is made capable of being respectively one of decision or one of drift. He possesses the instrument which can bring about a willed end, but its possession in itself brings no pressure to bear in order to make him so use it. Possessing the instrument of choice, he can even choose whether or no he will use it.

(55) We shall now be able to frame a definition of a willed phenomenon. It is an experience created by a *concentration of concentrated units*. Selection itself is nothing other than a concentration of items related to a given unit. A willed end, therefore, is just a form of *super-concentration*. This, then, is the meaning and explanation of the high forces which attend upon the "will": the contrivance of a higher sublimation from initially sublimated units. Willed items therefore represent forces of an order of superiority twice removed from those of mere impulse. The latter may get its chance when it is uninterfered with and the way is clear, but it stands no chance whatever when it plays in opposition to the forces created by a *concentration of concentrated units*. Not only an isolated impulse but even the entrenched habits of a lifetime will succumb before them. In cases of sudden "conversions" we have plain demonstration of this fact. These sublimated items, then, grouped with cumulative effect into a still higher order of sublimation, are precisely the forces men call *spirit*. Within the limits of the total strength of the organism the power of the spirit exercised to its full extent is invincible. And this is "what was to be proved."

## PASSING PARIS

A RECITAL of misery such as is *Le Feu* are the 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 the fighter's diary must not be exempt from much monotony," he wrote, and it was not in his temperament, as we discern it from this his posthumous work and the preface by a friend, to enlarge upon a subject with a view to popularity. That a book on the war should be somewhat forbidding is a recommendation; *Gaspard* is of the past: to-day it would be wonderfully exasperating; it has had its hour, a short and small one. Twenty years hence it will be ignored, whereas Paul Lintier's will hold a place in the rear of *Vie des Martyrs* and *Le Feu*, in which every non-combatant should daily read a chapter till the war comes to an end. Occasionally it would do him good to look over Lintier's book too.

The clean perfection of Lintier's style is incredibly beyond that of a youth of barely twenty-three years as his notes were incredibly made in 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 Victor-



Hugo's sketches from the front: eminently untheatrical, small and perfect. The last quality has been attained at least in the first half of the book. The second has less character.

Gunners seem to have tidy minds. I believe one of the best South African War books was by a gunner. Lintier's evocations possess the unflorid, clear outlines of imagism. No blurring here. Better than most, Lintier brings that incomprehensible thing "the front" before the mind's eye:

Un convoi automobile, qui nous précède, nous arrête un instant. Répété de chef de voiture en chef de voiture, le commandement "Halte," aux deux syllabes nettement détachées, court dans la nuit, s'éteignant peu à peu pour mourir très loin vers la queue de la colonne. . . .

La pièce s'échauffe. Elle est déjà ancienne et commence à se fatiguer. Le sourcil froncé, de temps en temps, le pointeur passe ses doigts sur le tube dont la peinture se craquelle et commence à fumer.

Il grogne :

"Elle a bien chaud !"

Cela m'inquiète peu.

A la longue, les servants n'entendent plus mes commandements. Il me faut hurler, courir de l'un à l'autre.

On a les yeux égarés, le masque farouche, sali de poudre.

La nuit est venue. Je commande la dernière salve de l'horaire.

"Et maintenant, halte au feu ! Repos !"

Some of the mystery of these evocations, so neat that you would take them for imagination unencumbered 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 they 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 s'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 failli la perdre ! Quand les nerfs se sont calmés, quand le danger pour un moment s'est éloigné de nous et que, dans le calme du soir, les heures périlleuses du jour n'apparaissent plus que comme un tourbillon de cauchemars déjà lointain, quel bonheur il y a, dans l'absolu repos des membres, à s'absorber uniquement dans la douce sensation de vivre, de sentir son sang couler, de sentir sa poitrine palpir, 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:

A 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 turbulente, tiré cinquante coups encore sur Fossieux. Puis nous nous sommes recouchés tandis que l'un de nous s'en allait vers le bois, avant que le grand jour ne découvre à l'ennemie la campagne, passer l'inspection des collets et cueillir une salade de pissenlits. . . .

Une batterie allemande tire. . . . Représailles 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 after he had corrected the proofs of the first (*Ma Pièce: Plon*); it made an end of scorching, 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 lice, 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.

\* \* \* \*

The Goncourt prize for 1917 has not accrued to *Vie des Martyrs* but to *La Flamme au Poing* by Henry Malherbe. One does not wish it had not gone to so worthy a writer and brave a soldier, but one cannot help wishing Dr. Duhamel had been the elected candidate, and being surprised he was not. Whereas M. Malherbe's book will be given a "lift" by the award, Duhamel's can better make its way without, but this is not a consideration the Goncourts' executors are supposed to enter into. The prize-winner has not the firmness of Lintier, and a vague mysticism hovers about his work. There are passages of this kind:

Après le repos, j'ai accompagné F— jusqu'à son cantonnement. Nous avons longuement parlé. Et j'ai retrouvé l'amoureux des grandes idées, le passionné de vérités vraies.

Ne croit pas, me dit-il, que la guerre m'ait changé en brute. Même les gestes farouches auxquels nous sommes obligés me paraissent sans importance.

And there are pettinesses concerning the enemy which neither M. Barbusse, who seems to have influenced the author, nor Lintier have deigned to commit. "The Death of F—" is the best piece of writing in the book. Generally the style is somewhat soft and loose, but the work as a whole deserves regard.

\* \* \* \*

The death of Mme. Judith Gautier brings a vacancy in the Académie Goncourt which it is thought should again be filled by a woman. The nomination of Mme. Rachilde seems to be favoured. The deceased was the daughter of Théophile Gautier. She had written poems, novels, and plays, and was one of Wagner's earliest and warmest supporters in France, was enamoured of the East and erudite in the arts and literatures of China and Japan. She had, like Baudelaire, a passion for cats, and filled her house with them. Her chief works, the first of which appeared half a century ago, are *Les Poèmes de la Libellule*, *Les Mémoires d'un Eléphant blanc*, *La Marchande de Sourires*, and, pre-eminently, *Richard Wagner et son Œuvre poétique*.

\* \* \* \*

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 Canudo's latest poems—a signal step in modern expression, a fine contribution to the literature of the war, annunciation and realization of new conceptions.

M. C.

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## APATHY

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 discord ?  
 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 boats)  
 And yellow heads thrust up on fine green throats.  
 Two—three—a dozen—watch now—demoiselle 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  
 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.  
 Forgive me ; I'll not laugh so suddenly again.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

## ON THE INTELLECTUAL PLANE

By HORACE B. SAMUEL

IT was remarkable that as Henry Walthorpe stood in the corner of the marquee in the Botanical Gardens watching his wife enjoy her dance with the good-looking young doctor in his Restoration dress, his face should wear not the air of paternal benediction one might reasonably enough have expected, but a more and more positive scowl.

Of course, the Walthorpes were a bizarre pair. Their conjugal life was enacted in the prehistoric days before the war when one had still time to take as serious realities the fine shades of erotic theory. And as Henry was a problem novelist and Isabel a sociologist, it is not surprising that they plumed themselves on being experts in sexual logic.

That, indeed, was to some extent their *métier*. Besides, they were both Fabians. But the point about them which I wish to emphasize as indicative of distinction, was that instead of being mere anæmic doctrinaires, they were both full-blooded and essentially human young persons. Consequently the sexual problem, instead of representing to them, as it did to the great majority of their brother and sister Fabians, a kind of academic though of course highly topical algebra, a species, as it were, of abstract subject-matter which one mugged up like poor-law blue books or treatises on the land question, portended an extremely rich and present reality. And combining, as I have already hinted, considerable mental subtlety with prodigious physical exuberance, they determined thoroughly to make the best of a good job. Further, they were genuinely in love with each other. This, of course, tremendously simplified the problem, during the first year or so of their alliance. But as the months slipped on, their erotic relationship tended to degenerate. From being a magnificent crash of flesh and spirit it threatened to become simply a somewhat hackneyed phase of domestic routine. This of course is inevitable even in the most suitable marriages, with the exception, no doubt, of fantastic affairs between erotomaniacs. But the Walthorpes, being as they were crisp with the sport of life, were reluctant to feel the fiery temperature of their passion become tepid. Apart from that, the lower as well as the higher levels of sex had their due part in the carefully mapped out scheme of their energetic life.

They consequently devised a scheme of holidays once or twice a year, when Henry would rove about the Continent with all the spacious irresponsibility of piratic youth, and Isabel would fling herself adventurously among the country houses. The plan worked admirably and consolidated more and more the stability of their love. Jealousy ? What nonsense ! What emotional significance could possibly be attached to these infinitesimal flippancies ? They were just "rags," bright excursions, delightful larks, about which they would cheerfully compare notes with all the deep frankness of their own perfect freemasonry. One might as well be jealous of an ice, a cigar, a theatre, a Queen's Hall concert, a game of auction-bridge, or a French novel. And so, springing back to each other after these little interludes with a fresh gusto and an intensified affection, they pursued for a few years the unclouded happiness of the mental and physical congeniality of their comrade lives.

Nevertheless, on this particular evening, Walthorpe scowled. I have, of course, already made it quite clear that he was very far from being one of those morbid maniacs of monopoly who experience distressing paroxysms whenever they see the object of their proprietary love dancing with any male other than themselves. Besides, this was a good orthodox Bohemian fancy dress dance. That is to say, it had been organized by an enterprising woman, officially

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for artistic and literary circles, but in fact for the edification of that increasingly numerous section of the bourgeoisie who prowled voraciously round the skirts and trousers of Bohemia. At these functions it was the custom of Walthorpe and his wife only to have four dances together. For the rest they would 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 half-past one. The aphrodisiacal élan of the interval was already beginning to produce manifestations and the maidens of Chelsea were abandoning themselves to the dance with a swing worthy of the Mænads of Cithæron. With the exception of himself, every one was infernally happy. The tune being played was that piece of subtle crassness and quasi-convenable obscenity entitled "Get Out and Get Under." But the point which made Walthorpe's scowl all the more remarkable was that Isabel was dancing, not of course frigidly, but with what, for her, was comparative reserve, with, in fact, no greater measure of *rapprochement* than she would vouchsafe as a sheer matter of normal freemasonry to any efficient comrade of the evening. It was the expression of her face which was the thing. Her whole visage was a shining mirror of supreme bliss realized. The mouth was one ripple of delight and the cheeks were pink with joy. But the mouth and the cheeks were nothing to the eyes, which were transfigured with ecstasy, an ecstasy albeit that had in it quite a touch of the ethereal, a pretty compound of the glow of a Christian martyr and the passion of a modern woman. And he knew that at this precise moment his wife was as happy, if not indeed happier than she had ever been in her life, or for that matter ever would be in her life. The spectacle was in its way pathetic. The spectacle was in its way sublime. Wistfulness was multiplied by triumph to the *n*th degree of human happiness. He remembered having observed a somewhat similar expression in the early days of his own marriage. But what he saw to-night transcended it vastly and palpably. All through the dance his eyes pursued his wife and her partner until after performing several cores the band had with amiable inexorability hoisted the next number. He then watched his wife slide off into the grounds clinging gently to the man's arm. He ran after her.

"I'm fed up and clearing out. You'll be able to get somebody to see you home."

"Righto."

The tone was casual enough, but their eyes met in an interrogative clash.

He walked quickly down the long avenue while the fairy lamps glimmered at his feet and the couples gambolled gaily in the gloom in various attitudes of artistic Bohemianism.

There had been nothing unusual in his taking leave of his wife in this way. They were too old friends to stand on compliments in these matters, and on their mutual basis of practical *camaraderie*, either was at liberty to leave the dance whenever the mood came.

Walthorpe lit a cigar, swung into a taxi and drove home to their flat in Westminster. He thought hard but lucidly in the crisp air. Having come to a decision, he flung away the cigar with ferocious gusto.

Arrived home, he had a bath, put on a lounge suit, packed a couple of trunks and a gladstone, and sat down to study his pass-book. At half-past five he heard a taxi drive up in the delicate sunlight of the early morning. Part of the travesty of his wife's Scheherazade dress was visible under her cloak and looked grotesquely bizarre as she came into the flat. She was obviously in high spirits.

"You are an energetic thing. Not gone to bed yet? What in the world are you up to?"

Their eyes encountered. Almost before she perceived the packed boxes, she had understood the full significance of his fixed gaze.

"My dear boy, what's the trouble?"

"Only you!"

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—why—Henry dear?"

"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 paternally 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 novel road.

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

IN seeking a 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 pre-conception of the nature of de Séverac's music. From various causes, which it would be superfluous to discuss here, a superstructure of conventional asso-

\* The previous article of this series, sent by the writer from Ruhlleben, 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.



ciations 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 naïve 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 postures of Marie Antoinette and the eighteenth-century court of Versailles it has nothing in common: Phyllis, Corydon, Silvius, Rosalynde, Phœbe, 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 perverse courtesans of the *Fêtes galantes*; all these theatrical artificialities have equally no part in it. The music of de Séverac is a deep-springing thing, directly connected with the fundamentals of human sensibility and impulse. Vital and sincere with the candour and absorption of a child, it has no need of artificial stimulus. And, despite its simplicity of nature, it is a voice of our own time, a product, though this may not be so palpably evident, of our own contemporary environment. It represents no attempt, such as the English Cecil-Sharpian movement, to set back the clock-finger of time, notwithstanding its pastoral nature. 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 derives 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 sentiment. He has a keen physical appetite, as evinced in his work, and a strong, absorbent temperament, hence he shows no signs of a jaded emotional palate, such as requires to be fed with the sugary confectionery of cults such as the English and French pastoral folk-tradition movements. Susceptible to the wonder of actual natural beauties, he has a sufficiently developed sensibility to appreciate them individually, and to express them in the only terms, compatible with real honesty, possible to him, his own, without borrowing the bucolic warblings of some Giles, Pierre, or Jean as the vehicle for his feelings, those of a sensitive Frenchman of the nineteenth-hundreds. He does not attempt to bridge the centuries of industrial activity, accompanied by a multiple development of mechanical invention, which have made their mark upon the physique and psychology of successive generations, and produced new types of beings and intelligences: he does not divorce himself from actuality by turning his eyes backward, or striving to create about himself an artificial atmosphere of naïveté, a reconstruction of conditions which, having had their place and fulfilled their historical function, by the normal course of evolution have become outworn, obsolete. His acute sense of proportions prevents him from making a sentimental image of dairies, of agricultural labour, life and types. He apprehends nature with a tenderness, a love, sympathy, and penetration impossible to those for whom it is primarily a means of sustenance. Hence, approaching life and his chosen environment directly through the medium of his own sensibility, not through a filter of sentiment, or prefixed ideas, he states his experience correspondingly, and leaves it for others to comprehend in a similar way, without any mystic rites of preparation or initiation. Personal

in his interests to an extraordinary degree, as evinced in the matter of his work, he has none of the contemporarily evident communal pretensions: his contribution to the "mass-life" is the development of his own individuality. And this development is not that of learning, doctrine, or creed, but of experience and expression. Finding his own life full-blooded and irradiative, he has no need to encroach on that of others: he uses all modern facilities to increase the scope of his knowledge, the exactitude and lucidity of his creative expression, but he has no propaganda, no motive of proselytism. Hence his work holds no terrors for healthy normal people, nor need 'Arry and 'Arriet eye it askance for fear it be utilized to force them to disport themselves grotesquely about a Maypole on 'Ampstead 'Eath, nor Bonhomme shrink from it lest it be an insidious means of luring him from his simple pleasures at Meudon or St. Cloud, to perspire uncomfortably in Norman sabots or Breton festival costume, dancing Basque or Gascon, or some other type of French provincial folk-dance 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 landscapes, undulating green vistas, 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 traditionalistic sense; although classic in the modern French sense, that of purity of expression, and the elimination of emotional effusion and sentiment, de Séverac certainly is. Hence, while M. D. Calvocoressi designates de Séverac a modern writer of musical Georgics, and while the composer himself has collectively sub-titled one of his works "*Poèmes georgiques pour piano*," I prefer to use the term "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 "Georgic" turns the mind almost inevitably to a definite type of classical expression, and thus tends to delimit and confuse by associative preconceptions and subsidiary considerations the features presented for critical analysis in de Séverac's music. To my mind the word "Georgic" may be said to imply definitely a particular style of poetic or artistic expression; the term "pastoral" a type or kind of feeling emanating from rural interests and atmospheres. I may seem to make too much of a small point, yet it seems to me that this differentiation goes really rather deep into the matter. For de Séverac, far from being any patently deliberate perpetuator, or developer, of a given art-form, seems, on the contrary, to be entirely without any preconceived mental bias, or, indeed, of any "purpose" save experience, and the statement of the same. Hence the directness and unity of his work. Unobsessed and undelimited by any conscious mental attitude, his music evinces no conflict of intellect and feeling; it is free from all self-consciousness in the popular sense, i.e. consciousness of the opinions of others; nor can one discern in it any of the sophistry and hypocrisy, the tendency to compromise which characterizes those who have adopted a deliberate mental posture, and by which they seek to obscure, overcome, or eliminate all uncomfortable facts which do not fit in with their theories. De Séverac takes life as it is, or, more accurately, as his experience has enabled him to apprehend it: he



accepts the facts of his existence at their intrinsic values, without attempt to distort them, and seeks, not 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 distinguish anything save in generalized terms as such a stock-type: pending that time 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 with some who read this: he does not "voice the thought" of those lacking the virility to do so for themselves; he has a point of view, and therefore counts by himself. That common elements, suggesting such comparison as that touched upon above, will be found on casual observation, I do not attempt to deny: all temperaments so constituted as to be responsive to certain given influences will necessarily have their points of resemblance—as all human beings have, one to another. But the differences of time and environment, with all the dissimilarity of circumstances and influences consequent thereon, and above all, the fundamental gulf between the emphatically physiological nature of de Séverac's inspiration, and the inherently ethical and ideal attitude of the Greek and Greco-Roman minds, render such comparison only possible in the most general way, and tending, by such use, to looseness and critical confusion. For de Séverac, judging by the warmth of his work, the sights, sounds, and other manifold sensations and impressions of his experience are too acutely and intensely apprehended, too immediate in force, for him to need to supplement their importance, their operation on his psychic nature, by any symbolism or subsidiary idea. His consciousness is too personal, too intimately and immediately connected with actual life, his intelligence too clear, direct, and positive, for him to need to revert to any pantheistic fantasy or animism, to the abstract images of fauns, dryads, satyrs, and nymphs, to render his conceptions convincing and comprehensible. Imagery he has, but it is that of the tangible rural life with which he deals, of the natural features forming the environment of that life, which, operating on his senses and intelligence, evokes his art-conceptions. For, in every real sense of the term, de Séverac is a modern, one possessing all the rational mentality which is so powerful a factor in all true modernity, one in whom the multiplication of activity and forces resultant on generations of research and invention has bred a correspondingly multiple consciousness. All his work demonstrates his highly evolved clarity of perception, spontaneity of personal expression, or personal mental initiative, lucidity of analysis and statement, —in short, the acuteness of sensibility, the sane vision of actuality, and the intelligent power of psychological insight which stamp him as a contemporary. Hence when I speak of him as a pastoral poet it will be understood that I mean to imply that he is one who deals with that contemporary development of pastoral life and its influences which some may prefer to call modern rural existence. Furthermore, notwithstanding the introspective element which I have indicated as existing in de Séverac's music, I do not

wish to imply by so doing that he in any way inherits that "legacy of wild philosophy" of which Tylor speaks. De Séverac has developed his critical and selective faculties in such way that his clear sense of proportions and relativity is never obscured: his refined taste enables him to eliminate everything superfluous to the pure statement of his individual impressions and conceptions. Thus, although his love of nature (to use a somewhat loose expression which, however, I think will convey my meaning)—the attraction exercised over his nature by open air and country, wide vistas, rural images and incidents, and all the wonders of immediate contact with the varied phenomena of changing days, nights, and seasons—is continuously and insistently evident in his music, his work bears no trace of pantheism or mysticism: he has no need to fill out the gaps in his own being by inflating it with "cosmic" speculations, or by reflections on the importance of its relationship to, and bearing on, some abstract image of a "world-soul." His own sensations, his own consequent reactions of mood and thought, with their conceptual products—in short, his own experience, the sole demonstrable basis for all personal cognizance, all personal truth—this is the material from which he creates his art. By reason of this personalism of interest he has avoided one of the most insidious of contemporary dangers, that of dissipating his energies by indiscriminate, impulsive sequences of absorption in conflicting external currents. His refinement shields him from the vulgarity of the topical. He has preserved his sanity and his control, developing his inherent capacities in a concrete direction, and in accordance with the necessities which his experience has made apparent to him. Hence his music reveals a real individual, not a unit educated or cultured in the commonly accepted sense, i.e. not composed of a passively accepted super-strata of inculcated ideas, but a truly evolved consciousness expanded and cultivated along the lines of personal impulse and necessity by a selective process based, not on the theories of any stereotyped course of learning, but on knowledge, i.e. the actual facts made apparent by the experience of a personal ego, and their relationship, one to another, and to that particular ego in its own particular existence. From this experienced development of the remarkably sentient nature manifest in his music the psychological interest of de Séverac's work derives. It affords illuminating testimony to the value of the type of correlative psychological investigation, of which the initial standpoint is so excellently summarized in Mach's affirmation, "The dualism of the physical and the psychical (in psychological research) is both artificial and unnecessary."

#### *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 sensory 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, a different capacity for psychological reaction, a new variation of the more complex susceptibility 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 no mere chronicler, no laborious collector of dry 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, poise, and arrangement of proportions, 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 sensible than he of the exquisite imagery, 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 transcriber of photographic effects, nor does he attempt to convey the psychological significance of rural scenes and surroundings by the crude, imitative, "realistic" devices employed 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 musical presentation has the acute, synthetic vision of Cézanne's broad colour-planes, and, like the painter, he has a faculty for eliminating all save essentials. Reminiscent also of Cézanne is the sense of a personal intelligence eagerly absorbing such scenic influences which his music invariably creates. Keenly objective in his vision of actuality, as in his use of harmonic and rhythmic material, de Séverac is yet ever conscious of the reactive effect on his own being of the scenes among which he moves. But no matter how intimate and personal the mood which may grow up during the statement of his impressions, the presence of the actual physical factors producing the impression is never lost, never obscured, is always palpably evident in the warm, vibrant tonal colour, the delicate, 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 infuses his delight into all his work. Particularly is he a creature of the sunlight. The greater part of his work is immersed in radiance, sometimes apprehended passively, as a healthy animal basks in the sun, but more usually actively, with an eager intensity which rarefies and spiritualizes the music, giving it a texture so ethereal that, to use Albert Mockel's description of van Lérberghe's poems, it hovers about one's sensibility "comme une poussière 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, æsthetic 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, evinces characteristics, the natural outcome of his temperament, which partake of the nature of those generally associated with the group known as the French musical impressionists, by reason of the fluid, malleable conception of form which is their conceptual basis. Yet de Séverac is no mere follower of a movement; he has remained as unsubordinated to the influence of so alluring a personality as that of Claude Debussy, the centre and animating force of the impressionist movement, as to the doctrines of d'Indy. Investigation of his music convinces one that the medium which he has selected, 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 takes precedence of matter. The very subtlety and elusiveness of the atmospheric conditions playing so great a part in the conception of de Séverac's work, the variability and interactive operation of the rural factors producing his impressions, naturally calls for a free treatment of tonal colour, for the successive juxtaposition of unresolved dissonances, and the restless shifting of tonalities which one finds in the music of de Séverac, and which give his works a certain resemblance to that of the impressionist group. But an important point of difference between the two styles 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 they reiterate and revolve monocentrically about a single musical phrase, or motive, until it is charged with subjective feeling, sometimes to the verge of sentimentality, de Séverac treats his material more objectively, finding the exact sum-total equivalent in sound for his original impression, and arranging his tonal effects, not monodically, but kaleidoscopically, so that each component operates both independently and interactively, rather than being dominated by a pervading phrase-device. In brief, de Séverac, though not so radical or consistent as Stravinsky, evinces an impulse in the same direction as that so brilliantly and sanely taken by the Russian, namely, towards a freedom from any prefixed system of writing, and to the development of a personal expressive style. Otherwise the two have but little in common, conceptually or technically. Viewed rhythmically, however, the contemporary relationship between de Séverac and the French impressionists and the younger Russian and Hungarian composers is more apparent. Yet even here one feels less the effect of external influences than the rational expression of a personal trend. For with de Séverac the rhythmic scheme is always consequential to the main poetic conception, forming an intrinsic part which yet contributes to the general impression, never disturbing it, and which is manipulated in a manner corresponding to, and informing, the kaleidoscopic harmonic colouring. Thoroughly equipped with the most highly evolved technical resources, as a survey of de Séverac's music shows him to be, the exactitude with which such factors are employed, the notable novelties of their utilization, and the manner in which they are kept consistently subordinate to their expressive function, all go to prove that the composer is no mere creature of modes or fashions, but an artist for whom modern conditions and facilities serve only as the means for the



statement of a personal conception entirely individual and original.

RUHLEBEN, GERMANY  
August 1916

LEIGH HENRY

(To be continued)

## EXTRACT FROM "IL MARZOCCO"

FLORENCE, AUGUST 12, 1917

**M**R. 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 traditionalist of all European literatures, he has found a way to break free from the tradition 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 fellowcountrymen but, carried out, as it is here, with a fine and youthful boldness, it has won the day. His book is not alone an admirable work of art and thought; it is also a cry of revolt: it is the desire of a new artist to look upon the world with other eyes, to bring to the front his individual theories and to compel a listless public to reflect that there are another literature and another esthetic apprehension beyond those foisted upon us, with a bountifulness at times nauseating, by the general purveying of pseudo-romantic prose and by fashionable publishers, with their seriocomic booklists, 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 in itself the promise of a fortunate renaissance.

For, to tell the truth, English fiction seemed lately to have gone astray amid the sentimental niceties of Miss Beatrice Harraden, the police-aided plottiness 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 sedulously all conflict with the esthetic, moral and political susceptibilities of the majority. For this 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 what was going on around them. Literature, however, like all the other arts underwent a gradual transformation and Mr. Joyce's book marks its definite date in the chronology of English literature. I think it well to put so much on record here not only for that which it signifies actually but also for that which in time it may bring forth.

The phenomenon is all the more important in that Mr. Joyce's *Portrait* contains two separate elements, each of which is significant and worthy of analysis: its ethical content and the form wherewith this content is clothed. When one has read the book to the end one understands why most English and American critics have raised an outcry against both form and content, understanding, for the most part, neither one nor the other. Accustomed as they are to the usual novels, enclosed in a set framework, they found themselves in this case out of their depth and hence their talk of immorality, impiety, naturalism and exaggeration. They have not grasped the subtlety of the psychological analysis nor the synthetic value of certain details and certain sudden arrests of

movement. Possibly their own protestant upbringing renders the moral development of the central character incomprehensible to them. For Mr. Joyce is a catholic and, more than that, a catholic brought up in a jesuit college. One must have passed many years of one's own life in a seminary of the society of Jesus, one must have passed through the same experiences and undergone the same crises to understand the profound analysis, the keenness of observation shown in the character of Stephen Dedalus. No writer, so far as I know, has penetrated deeper in the examination of the influence, sensual rather than spiritual, of the society's exercises.

For this analysis so purely modern, so cruelly and boldly 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 sensations of the onlooker. It is not so much the narrative of a life as its reminiscence but it is a reminiscence whole, complete and absolute, with all those incidents and details which tend to fix indelibly each feature 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. In this evocation of reality Mr. Joyce is truly a master. The majority of English critics remark, with easy superficiality, that he thinks himself a naturalist simply because he does not shrink from painting certain brutal episodes in words more brutal still. This is not so: his naturalism goes much deeper. Certainly there is a difference, formal no less than substantial, between his book and, let us say, *La Terre* of Emile Zola. Zola's naturalism is romantic whereas the naturalism of Mr. Joyce is impressionist, the profound synthetic naturalism of some pictures of Cézanne or Maquet, the naturalism of the late impressionists who single out the characteristic elements of a landscape or a scene or a human face. And all this he expresses in a rapid and concise style, free from every picturesque effect, every rhetorical redundancy, every needless image or epithet. Mr. Joyce tells us what he must tell in the least number of words; his palette is limited to a few colours. But he knows what to choose for his end and therefore half a page of his dry precise angular prose expresses much more (and with much more telling effect) than all that wearisome research of images and colour of which we have lately heard and read so much.

And 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 of his own 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 yet 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 CARTER

**N**OWADAYS 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 philosophy ought to be. Fanatical belief in the belly has dismissed reasonable belief in the soul. If proof were needed that economic factors have this immense pre-eminence it could be found in the many and varied attempts to explain their importance. According to these strong and feeble activities the economic factors certainly comprise the laws and institutions. No wonder that practitioners and theorists of the Socialist variety are persuaded that the well-being of the working classes depends on economic conditions. To change those that enslave them for those that liberate them is really to secure the straight path to social salvation. Of course, this is easily done. To effect a judicious and justifiable social change it is necessary only to treat society as a strictly economic conception. Secure it sound food, clothes, housing, pay its debts, drive it about in a carriage, and make yourself generally useful to its body—and there you are. So the economic side of Socialism lends itself to ready analysis. In an instant, as one might say, we find ourselves in the presence of a multitude of easily definable terms and clearly defined problems. What are wealth, energy, capital, labour, property, production, ability? How is wealth produced and distributed? What are the vital economic elements to-day, and what sort of a social institution are they capable of forming? Such questions are as easy to answer as cultivating potato brains, as the fashion now is. So the production of a book of economic symbols is the merest child's-play. Isolate terms from their origin, deliver them to present requirements as building materials without cohesion or lasting ties and the thing is done. If it is skilfully done it provides a clue to the new economic structure, as well as a pretty confession of faith of the author.

Such a work Mr. A. R. Orage has skilfully accomplished in *An Alphabet of Economics* (T. Fisher Unwin). He has made it a confession of faith in "National Guilds," and he has isolated certain terms which he believes are strong enough to support the new structure. In so doing he has offered the theory that terms may be separated from the philosophical necessity under which they uttered their first cry, and reborn of the particular necessity of the moment. Does this theory of verbal reincarnation follow common sense? I doubt it. Even though it be most skilfully applied it will bear results likely to delude and obscure judgment. Take this brief extract from Mr. Orage's dictionary: "Exploitation—There are two forms of exploitation: the exploitation of Nature by Man; and the exploitation of Man by Man. The former is wholly good; and is the work, in the largest sense, of science. The latter is wholly bad, and is the work of capitalists. Natural exploitation consists in the extraction by art from Nature of things useful to men as men," etc. This, when studied, will enable the fault of the whole system of definition to be seen. What, we might inquire, is "exploitation"? What is the spirit that entered the womb of the term? If it is good, then by no trick of reasoning can it be bad. If it masquerades in wolf's clothing, that clothing is not "exploitation." The truth is, the definition is a wade through the shallows requiring that each significant term, Nature, Man, Science, art (with a small a), shall receive contemporary economic definition in order to make the whole passage clear. To THE EGOIST the philosophic method is the only proper method of setting about the present urgent task of definition. No doubt Mr. Orage has noticed this, and

some day will follow more closely THE EGOIST's lead. Meanwhile there is no harm in his book going into society where its seductive atmosphere of simplicity, its decorative charm, and its clue to our present industrial whereabouts will appeal to all who are gazing National Guildwards.

## 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 petals to play with.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

## 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 feet as to scientific theory with regard to future mind possibilities through voice.

The voice is the only living tone-producing instrument. All mechanically constructed tone-producing instruments are destined eventually to the "junk-heap," seeing that electricity is already not only producing (*not reproducing*) all of the timbres of such instruments as exist, but is proving itself capable of producing all *possible* timbres of mechanical construction. The timbre of the vocal instrument, however, it cannot even reproduce, much less produce.

That the tones of the voice, musically considered, will develop wonderful emotional meanings in mind in the near future, without the need of words, is already a foregone conclusion with intellectual musicians of vision. Electrical reproduction of these tones will carry their emotional meanings by suggestion, to 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 GROFF

## 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.



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