Philosophy: The Science of Signs

XVIII. The Egoistic Interpretation of Future Time

By D. Marsden

I.

This is the closing chapter in our long series of studies, and we shall use our remaining opportunity for exposition to harmonise our conception of the future and destiny of (human) life with our basic egoistic positions. We shall take the opportunity to outline the conception, since doing so will enable us to give a fair summary of our main arguments. The outline will be especially concerned with what constitutes the characteristically human endowment and with the manner in which this is manifested and exploited. It will be based on the view that the whole range of vital activity arises from the control of the body's movements.

2 Certain physical features form the accepted defining differentia of the human animal. These features are the external expression of a certain augmentation of vital force occurring in man. This increase of force is the actual differentia, but we indicate its character by detailing the features of its expression. The primary feature is an unprecedented power of grip or control over all the types of movement which constitute mental things, on the one hand, and the movements which represent substantial things, on the other hand.

These are, however, only the more salient outward features. The increase in control is working inwardly also, and through the entire system, with effects which we can call qualitative, upon every human movement whatsoever. The effects are those of intensification: concentration: limitation. By virtue of these, man finds it possible to withdraw all his available forces from the movements upon which they chance to be engaged, and to switch the full tide into the enactment of some given unit-scheme of movement. The motor-forces can be switched off and on, and with a completeness and abandonment which inaugurates a new type of experience: the experience of items wearing emphasised and temporarily all-exhaustive form which we call experiences attended to: taken note of. This power to concentrate on a unit-scheme of movement is the basis of our power to cut up the outer world into objects. It objectivises the outer world. It is the basis also of our power to attach a sign to such unitary objects. By its action in causing us to take our experiences one by one, it is the groundwork of our power to count. Our quantitative science is moulded, therefore, by this elemental intensification of exclusive movements. The most important effect arising out of this power to concentrate the body's energy in a unit-throw of expression is, however, the accumulation of energy thus achieved. Whenever any item of experience is attended to, this energy shows itself as an intenser organic heat. We must bear this feature especially in mind in anticipation of our theory of truth.

3 Two other preliminary labours and we shall have assembled all the necessary elements and can proceed to the nature of their interplay. The first is to revive our definition of things. These, whether they are substantial or mental, are formed by movements set going along the tissues of the vital body which is aware of them. The power to initiate the movements which represent substantial things is not under our control. The initiation of the movements which constitute mental things, on the other hand, is under our control. We merely set going certain activities of our bodies which we can enter upon voluntarily and the mental things are born according to order. Substantial things, therefore, are uncontrollable movements on the part of our bodies, while mental things are controllable ones. The instrument of such control is a sing, and the typical sign is that created from an alliance made between the new easily-produced sound-movements...
possible for the human throat and the power to create unit-objects. Both are exclusively human powers.

5 The final preliminary requiring mention is a feature pervading the whole body of vital movements from lowest rank to highest. It is the feature of economy in connection with the repetition of vital movement. The provoking agent controlling the re-creation of any given movement finds its action more readily operative and more facilely responded to with each successive application. The path becomes easier to travel. This fact creates the tendency on the one hand towards a swifter response to the initiatory movement, and on the other it admits of an increasing economy in the amount of movement required to call into being the recognisable characteristics at least of the responsive movement.

6 Now we can begin to mix our ingredients. The finished productions for which we have to issue recipes are:—Mind, knowledge, truth, reality, time, cause, destiny. Mind is a collective term intended to cover all activities in which conceptual action is involved. That form of action is called conceptual in which life’s reproductive economy is exploited in such a way that a voluntary form antecedently associated with a substantial form (naturally or artificially) serves by its re-enactment to call up the recognisable features of the substantial form itself. Conceptual action as we know it, has advanced a long way, and the exploiting forms are now highly artificial and exceedingly easy for the organism to create. The chief of them are, of course, words and numbers. These can be formed with great speed so that the resulting panorama of conceptual forms—i.e., exploitations of substantial forms, is a very elaborate and complex affair indeed. The organism has amassed a vast number of these artificial releasing forms or cues, and in proportion to their number and quality (the latter means the definiteness of their association with substantial objects) is the richness of the mind’s material.

7 Second, knowledge:—Knowledge is a collective term used to cover the whole body of known forms. (It is also loosely used as a synonym of truth. Why, will become obvious from our next definition). A known form is one which the organism has experienced in both forms of existence: (1) the substantial or uncontrolled; (2) the conceptual and controlled. The value of a known form is that its conceptual half can be re-created and intensively attended to in the safety and privacy bound up with conceptual action. For the fascinating effects arising out of these compound known elements we must turn to our next definition.

8 Truth:—Truth is a characteristic of known forms which the latter distil out by virtue of the facts(1) that they can be created in their conceptual form with such great rapidity that the condition amounts practically to that of co-existence; (2) owing to the facile nature of the conceptual instrument—i.e., words, a highly selective collection of conceptual forms can be made, and again a selection of these selected ones, and so on. This creating force can moreover react upon them again and again. So we get concentrations of concentrated units, and concentrations again and again of these, the whole being played on by the sum of the organism’s available energy. But even that basic constructive effort which permits of an experience being noted as an “object” at all, means, as we have pointed out, an unwonted accumulation of energy which displays itself as organic, mental heat. With every intensification of concentration there will therefore be an intensification of such heat; and, we hold, it is under the influence of this heat that conceptual forms begin to reveal the truth-feature which, that heat wanting, must have remained hidden from view. We thus come to our theory of the meaning of the truth-characteristic of things. We recall our definition of the nature of things substantial and mental. Both are made of the same stuff—i.e., organic movement. Their outstanding difference lies in the matter of control of production. The first are beyond control; the second are the very effects of our application of a system of control to the same body of movements; the application to them of an exploiting key-board. The exploitation doesn’t go the whole way, but it goes a good way, and its effects are priceless. Here however we are not concerned so much with the differences of mental and substantial things as with their likeness and identity. For instance, substantial forms evince, as we know, certain affinities for one another. That they do so, is the very essence of what we mean when we speak of their “nature.” And since they do, there is no reason why corresponding affinities should not exist between corresponding forms of the conceptual world, since they are so akin. Our theory of truth is that such attractions between specific conceptual forms do exist; not only so, but that under the play of mental heats it is among them that they first declare themselves. Truths come to being primarily “in the head.” Once afterwards, when they have defined Take a known form there, do we believe ourselves to seek for the existence of corresponding affinities in the substantial world. It is only at this juncture that the human hands find their distinctive rôle, when it becomes their business to imitate the arrangement of the forms which have automatically drawn themselves together in the mind, and see whether or no the suggested affinities will reveal themselves among substances. The whole meaning of experiment is based on an instinctive awareness of this truth. Experiment is not haphazard; it works according to a preformed mental pattern: according to an idea: a conceptual union: which has already come into being in mind. Experiment which is not so grounded we call idle, and idle experiment is not experiment in any genuine sense.

9 Not only however is the theory supported by the manner of men’s instinctive attitude towards experiment; it satisfies the needs of the truth-problem viewed theoretically also. For the master-problem of logic—the science of truth—is to explain how it is possible to cull from two premises of a syllogism a conclusion holding a wider measure of truth than was contained in either. The whole genius lies in the juxtaposition of the two particular premises. The dawning sense that relationship exists between two ideas: that there exists significant kinship between them; is the influence which finds its effect in the illumination of the conclusion. The syllogism is not barren, and men’s constant use of it shows that they know it is not. But philosophers, and these not the least observant of their own, have declared it must be barren since nothing appears in the conclusion which was not already known by the very statement of the premises. That which is significant however in the process is not the content of the premises. It is their coming together, and this, we hold, is due to the automatic play of conceptual affinities when conceptual quantities are kept under the influence of the high organic heats inseparable from high concentrations of thought.

10 We have paused rather long to make clear what truths are. We must now as speedily as possible go through the typical effect of truth. It is to arrange as far as our powers enable us all mental forms in a chain of antecedents and successors, so that each presents itself as an item in an order of succession. In the spatial order of things we see objects lying in haphazard juxtaposition, and it is the function of truth (born as we have described) to transpose spatial things (via their conceptual counterparts) from the simultaneous but haphazard spatial order to a successive order governed by inherent attractive kinships. Now we can find—and it is
imperative for an understanding that we should find—two synonyms for the term successive order. They are (1) the temporal order; (2) the causal order. These two terms mean one and the same thing. The state of things with which they are to be contrasted is the spatial order, and the whole function of truth is to be viewed as the substitution of the causal, temporal, successive order (just as we please to call it) for the basic, primary, simultaneous spatial one. Things, instead of appearing spread out simultaneously and horizontally in space, are made by the truth-sense to appear strung together successively and longitudinally; which is to say in a chain of causes and effects, in a time-chain. The temporal sense and the causal sense are identical. In the phrase we have used so often all the why's of things are when's. When we are seeking the causes of things we are seeking their times. Conversely, when we give the times of things we are giving the “how” of their happening; their causes; their explanations. This is the essential meaning of time. The new power of control which gave man the power to make and use a sign, so enabling him to create conceptual forms and thereby to form and thereby the form and arrangement of truth, and by the help of the hands, the world of reality, has created for him the sense we call time. It is from the nature of these two last that we begin to understand what inevitable destiny man has awaiting him.

For time is responsible for its design and reality its making.

11 A preliminary note on time is however necessary on account of the confusion which the notion of rate has introduced into the subject. Owing to the notion of rate, the notion of time has become overlaid with associations having to do with pendulums, clocks, rotations and revolutions of the earth, movements of stars, in fact with any constantly and regularly recurring event which owing to the fact that it is such an event can be regarded as a standard-unit of comparison between two (or more) lines of causal chains. The association of rate with time means nothing more than the introduction of the yard-stick idea into time. Its main purpose is in connection with the hand’s labour of “realising” in the spatial order forms born in the temporal order. It has to do with the work of fitting substantial objects together in such a way as to make them assume the arrangements which their conceptual counterparts have already adopted in the mind. Such fitting must obviously base itself on the idea of synchronisation, and the notion of rate has been bent just to show what retardations and accelerations must be introduced into particular events to bring synchronisation about or to avoid it.

12 But time itself means something much more profound than the introduction of one of the dimensions of space into the succession of events. We may possibly call time a plagiarismisation of space, but it is a plagiarisation only possible if a superior force is elaborating the features of a situation. Time is a superior force, and thereby the form and function in this situation. Space is one of the three features which are the minimum number under which life can either be defined or described. Life is a unit-force whose existence means the polarised condition of this same force. Any polarised force must necessarily show three features, a positive and a negative pole plus a neutral connecting field. In the field of that particular polarised force which is life, the positive and negative poles are the organism and its outer world respectively, while the neutral field of force is space.

13 Now that accession of vital force which is responsible for the peculiar endowment of man is of such dimensions that it succeeds in imposing upon the elemental spatial scheme of polarisation just described a higher secondary scheme. In this secondary scheme, the conceptual form is the positive pole, the releasing initiating sign is the negative, while time is the neutral field in which events now appear to be strewn. The function of the truth-creating sense is to find for every item, feature, and event existing in space its corresponding position in time. Its function is to reveal the static and substantial co-existences of space as a moving stream of force flowing through time. Its labours are progressive. Its activities are a growing thing, inexorably encroaching upon the domain of the purely spatial. Apparently it intends to leave nothing out. It is going to cover, which is to say, going to explain the whole ground, not drawing back even from space itself or time itself, or the destiny and meaning of life itself. Man, because he has evolved time finds himself in the clutches of an explaining-instrument which lays him under the compulsion to explain everything whatsoever. All that is distinctively human in him is in a condition of unrest so long as any feature of life is able to escape the play of its action. To consume himself in ministering to his appetite for intellectual clearness is the expression of his peculiar activity. This appetite dominates his species and its full satisfaction will mean the overriding of his species in the production of a higher; a species which will “know” all things, because it will have completed the time nexus, the causal nexus, from start to finish, jointed origins with ends, and made death and life plain. With power, too, to control them. In short, a species of super-men whose life is as that of gods-immortal; a life whose shadow seems to fall already upon our labouring human life, but which is in truth existent only in so far as it is projected by our own life, whose labours find their sole meaning in making it conceivable and possible. We can already see from the nature of our daily tasks that the form of activity fostered by the time-sense is one which must inevitably cause the overriding of the time-order. A new order from which the hustle of time—which makes man the species existing in a hurry stamped by its own construction of a future—a new order from which this hustle is absent shall arise and shall supersede the time-order as surely as the time-order itself has superseded the spatial. The synthetic meaning of our science, our religion and our philosophy is that this order is here and now in the throes of making. To declare this to be so is not poetry. It is the expression of a sensitiveness to the fact that there exists a science of the sciences.

II.

Here we have a sketch: a conceptual forecast and picture: of a world whose existence will, we believe, come to be substantially. We have given it the features it possesses because the existing world when played upon by the mind’s faculties in our opinion shows itself swayed and moulded by forces which, developed, will result in these. The mind finds in the world a seed-like character whose potentialities are opening out even as it observes them. Now other persons may choose to assert that the forces—some revealed and some still immanent in the world-seed—are different from what we declare them, but what no man on earth articulates enough to speak on the question at all will be willing to call in question, is that the world is going to continue and to develop on some line or other. All men alike believe that there are forces operating in the world suggestive of development, and that these cannot fail to mature. We can take it as an axiom universally acceptable that men believe the world has a future. That is, they believe that events will develop for the world in a future time so prolonged that allowing the idea of rate to obtrude itself, it is a time far beyond the limits of the time-span we accord to the individual life itself. The working out for instance of such a “destiny” as that allocated to the human species would take up a period of time reckoned by the clock in comparison with which my own life-period is an infinitesimally small
speak. It is this fact which makes egoism for most men an intellectual folly. It is egoism's apparently invincible refutation. It is well to face this fact squarely. For instance, as our life wears to its close, we recognise that our body's forces are showing more and more signs of exhaustion. We are made to feel that its existence is a fleeting episode. Our whole mind becomes saturated with the impression that its powers are wearing rapidly towards dissolution.

Our outer world, on the contrary, does not emanate this impression of exhaustion. Even when it has lost its richer sensory aspects, it retains its optimistic promises of being to the last—thanks to the support afforded it by the word-scaffolding which is the necessary support of the conceptual part of our knowledge. It thus seems that the very product which the distinctively human force exhausts itself in creating, becomes an agency guaranteeing the outer world its unabated existence and vigour.

15 Before we inquire into the significance of this fact let us look again at the egoistic basis. The organic powers of which the body is the expression form an indivisible system with the outer world and with space (also, in man, with time since this is a transposition of space). None of these things are independent entities. Each is some aspect of the other. We explain this “basic unitary trinity” by saying that life is a unitary force—the ego—but a force whose very existence is constituted by its presentation of a condition of polarisation. That is to say, a presentation of three features: a positive pole, a negative one, and a neutral field of force connecting the two. The organic body is the first; the outer world is the second. Space is the third. Every point—or pole—in the outer world is connected with its related positive pole in the organism by a line which runs through space. And this even though the positive poles are all concentrated together in a diminutive world—the organic body—while the negative points of substance are dispersed through the whole length and breadth of space. Owing to this latter feature, the items of the external world appear more obviously to be placed, strewn and ordered “in” space.

16 Hence, if the three aspects of the ego are each necessary contributors to the existence of all, it is not conceivable that one may be abstracted while the others continue their existence unimpaired. Granting for the sake of argument the possibility of annihilation of any one of them, it follows that such annihilation involves that of the rest. Or using terms less questionable than annihilation: if we say that the bodily force dissolves, goes into liquidation, transmutes itself, dies, then we have to say that space and the world also, in and by the same act, are dissolved, liquidated, transmuted, dead. Spatial world and apprehending body are born together, die together, and if there is any awaking they awake together. The only possibility of the world's resurrection or continued existence lies in my own perceptual resurrection or in its continued existence.

17 If we summarise this situation we see we have three statements extremely difficult to reconcile. The first is the common instinct of all mankind holding that this outer world lives, will live and can know nothing of annihilation. The second is that to the common knowledge of all mankind all perceptual bodies die. Finally, we have egoism's assertion that a perceptual body and the world it perceives must suffer a common fate since they are but the reciprocal forms of an indivisible unit force: the first we all believe to be true. The second we know to be true, and the third we at least are convinced cannot be untrue. From what quarter then does the possibility of reconciliation come? We think from the second: the one upon which our knowledge is superficially the most assured. It turns on the mysterious nature of death. We believe the world will continue to live. Therefore the perceptual force or body will continue to live. But that body dies. Therefore death must be, not the negation of life, but some variation of it. Death must mean not annihilation but a transmutation into a new universe of existence. Death must be some sort of dawn of a new universe in which the egoistic force is the same but in which the conditions of existence have been renewed so that the perceiving body and the items of the outer world can be built up again from the very beginning, and space and time forged anew. So death would mean the closing of one cycle of polarisation in the dawning of a new one. The point of death viewed in relation to time would be what a geometrical point is in relation to space: a point which has position but no magnitude.

18 We shall allow ourselves to say then that the process of “dying,” consonant with our definition of life, can be considered a progression towards the total elimination of space from the vital scheme, a climax which, reached, would mean annihilation for the whole vital phenomenon: world, organism and space. Certainly under our eyes we see in full swing the progressive weakening of this propulsive, resistive, sustaining but neutral medium of space, and our belief in the inevitability of its culmination is broken in terms only when relations where this phenomenon is current. One of the most outstanding of the products of this sense is its “over-writing,” so to speak, of the feeling of those breaks, gaps, discontinuities in experience which are so characteristic of the spatial sense that quite commonly we call them spaces. Of the recurrent hiatus in the spatial pre-sentiment of things the time-sequence will have nothing. For time, all things and events flow unbrokenly, continuous chains of causes and effects, so that we have to frame the conception of experience as a whole made up of items capable of maintaining perpetual contact between their positive and negative poles. The increasing “breaking of circuit” which goes on in the moving and changing spatial panorama becomes mere “appearance.” All things come to be conceived as existing perpetually what though only as potentialities—passive forces—and in the thinned-out medium of conceptual being. The agency capable of making the potentialities actual—the keyboard of words—is always at hand, and conceptually can determine potentiality and actuality, turning them “off” and “on,” as easily as a slight pressure can control the play of an electric current. This is one of the differences of forces has eaten into the very frameworks of the mind's actions and faculties. Any springing from the antecedent fact that the working-principle of the time-sense is what it is, and persistence of experience in an orderly causal sequence is the stuff in detail of which the term “time” is the generalisation; on working downwards from time as persistence personified, we get the notion of persistence attaching itself to space and the world and making itself appear their first attribute. Consequently all men—that is, all organisms endowed with the time-sense—find themselves delivered over to the notion that the world and space must, like time itself, continue to persist. The notion is as deep-rooted as instinct, and no amount of argument weakens it. We all continue to plant trees whose fruit we do not expect to enjoy but fully believe in and by them. Of the sphere within which this characteristic time-product carries least weight is in that of the perceiving agent itself, for the obvious reason of course that the annihilation-process is in such patently close association there. Wherefore, the idea of permanence is accordingly watered down from the point of conviction to a mere hope: often, indeed, to far less than a hope.

19 However, when a more sustained energy is allowed to play about the nature and function of time, it reveals the latter as the explaining sense; and when this is turned upon the notion of space itself we get an “explanation” of the latter in its relationships to the substantial world and the perceiving agent which renders compulsory the permanence of the latter no less than that of the two former. The persistence-notion which time distils then stretches, like a net, its sustaining strength indiscriminately under all three. Hence, through dying—a process which begins at birth—is...
a progress towards the apparent elimination of space to the end that, at its climax, perceiver and perceived would come upon annihilation together, and though the process does actually go so far that the substantially last bit of the perceiving force is lost, the perceiving force intended to recover and establish its positive identity and character, yet (one concludes) full recovery for the scheme as a whole resides in an impulse of recoil which recreates a new space in that instant of contact by which the old space would have closed up its last link. The process goes far enough to effect a complete pooling of the forces in forming the shapes of things: all that I am, all that the world is, all that my thinking and my thoughts make thereupon belong to being, my desires and actions, their products, the outer world, fireballs and stars, people, my relationships with them, theirs with one another, theories, histories, time-sequences, all go in together when space eliminates itself and draws in its canvas to the penultimate stage.

Hence, when in the ultimate stage, the genius of life re-asserts its basic trait: that which knows nothing and will tolerate nothing of spacelessness: which utilises the very force released in the intoxication of the spatial canvas to galvanise anew the whole scheme by issuing a new space of greater potentiality and range, there is no element of the old life missing. Each is there down to the smallest, and in the heightened power of being which the new issue can command, must appear as the natural development and fulfilment of the feeble seed-forms which constitute the staff of our experiences and relationships in this present life. That is, it is the transcendence of death, its new and stronger ego, re-asserts its basic trait: that which knows nothing and will tolerate nothing of spacelessness: which utilises the very forces in forming the shapes of things: all that I am, all that they are sensitive to pressure operating over a distance, and in that of the eyes, ears, ears, hands, instruments of measure which, while being devised on the same principle, may be made more clear immediately if we give a different universe therefore awaits us, but a renewed and further developed one.

21 Apparent, the idea we need familiarising with far more thoroughly than at present we are it is the incidental and changing character of forms (the special reference being to vital forms) and with the idea’s inverse, the permanence of forces. The latter may of course be so bound up in forms apparently fixed that it is equally difficult either to perceive the existence of the force in liberation, or the form’s existence as negligible. We find this to be so even in departamental branches of experience. For instance, we have those long periods in experience during which the existence—and still less the significance—of the world’s electrical forces were unsuspected. Both were concealed by the seemingly fundamental substantial forms which happened to embody them. And if a mere aspect of things can hold for so long so much of itself in reserve, it would be surprising at the least if the whole scheme of life and experience had no resource account upon which it would rely in case of draw at its crisis.

22 Still, whether or not we derive any added conviction from an argument by analogy, it is satisfying to know that we do not depend upon it for anything in a fundamental sense. If all analogies pointed in a contrary way—and the fact that men’s instinctive attitude towards personal permanence rises to a fever—why should not the same thing be said—i.e., that it would still be necessary to correct our instinct by the light of our logic. Logic insists that our knowledge shall admit this element of the perceiving force’s permanence. The only price at which knowledge may refuse it admittance is its own negation. Either we know this fact or logic refuses to allow that we know anything of permanence at all. The idea of external nature’s continued existence must carry the handicap of ours along with it or write itself down as an illusion.

23 The main obstacle in the way of a clear understanding of time and space lies in their comprehensiveness. Their application is so all-inclusive that we are made to feel that nothing remains over with which we may compare and contrast them. To our mind, this difficulty is not insuperable. We believe, in fact, that we can arrive at an understanding of both if we proceed to compare and contrast each with the other.

Now the relationship of space to time, and the nature of both, may be made more clear immediately if we give an account of them as products of specific senses. We feel, for instance, no hesitation in accounting for sights, sounds, tastes, smells, and the like, because we can refer them as effects to their conditioning sense-organs. Sights are the various motor effects which can be produced on the mechanism of the eye. Sounds are the same in relation to the ear, and so on. No one asks “What is sight?” or “What is sound?” But philosophy and science do persistently ask “What is space?” “What is time?”—for the reason, presumably, that they do not know any sense-apparatus belonging to the perceiving body to which they may refer either spatial or temporal effects.

24 But we hold that such an apparatus exists for both space and time. The conditioning apparatus of spatial effects are the sense-organs sensitive to pressure situated over the whole exterior surface of the body. The undifferentiated organs of touch are the primary organs of space, and the varying grades of pressure are the elementary features of the spatial landscape. Obviously, at the outset, variety of feature joins to that which are sensitive to pressure operating over a large range. The line of development of the spatial sense would therefore be that of an increasing sensitiveness on the part of the body so that variations of pressure could be sensed at greater and greater distance. In this way a highly intensified sensitivity in favour spots on the body’s surface puts in an appearance and we get highly specialised and varied organs of touch having, however, this one feature in common that they are sensitive to pressure operating over a great distance. So we have to conceive the sensitiveness to pressure of eye, ear and nose as representing fine invisible feelers picking up, very often at a vast distance from the body’s centre, impressions of touch: of pressure: these themselves showing the finest degrees of differentiation and quality. With these delicate powers of sensitiveness we have to associate artificial sense-organs which are constructed to carry the sensitiveness still further. Especially this is so in relation to the eye, in smaller distance to the ear also; the organ of smell has not been given any large measure of artificial aid.

25 What we have to remember, however, when dazzled by the delicacy and differentiation thus introduced into the sense of touch by the growth of the special senses is that these effects still remain the products of the sense of touch. All the variety of our sensory world is made up of an ever more and more finely graded sensitiveness to the quality of pressure on the organism. The qualitative differences are just the vehicle which conveys the effects of which our mechanical science has anchored itself blindly but nevertheless securely, led on no doubt by the feature lying at the very threshold of the activity of knowing, i.e., the tendency of man’s highly strung mechanism to abandon itself wholly to a unit of feeling at a time, the unit thereby becoming not only an object but a “one”—an exclusive entity. The power of counting which grounds itself in this capacity has been transferred from one process to another. In this way a highly intensified sensitiveness in favour spots on the body’s surface puts in an appearance and we get highly specialised and varied organs of touch having, however, this one feature in common that they are sensitive to pressure operating over a great distance. So we have to conceive the sensitiveness to pressure of eye, ear and nose as representing fine invisible feelers picking up, very often at a vast distance from the body’s centre, impressions of touch: of pressure: these themselves showing the finest degrees of differentiation and quality. With these delicate powers of sensitiveness we have to associate artificial sense-organs which are constructed to carry the sensitiveness still further. Especially this is so in relation to the eye, in smaller distance to the ear also; the organ of smell has not been given any large measure of artificial aid.
to the great common quantitative denomination of simple pressure, and the processes describe them numerically in terms of the particular spatial displacements affected.

26 The bearing of this on the nature of time and space is not far to seek. We have been asserting that the primary sense is the spatial one; that all the other senses are merely differentiated forms of this; that their finished products all carry the spatial characteristic as their basic feature; that the activity of our mechanical science is to reduce these secondary forms to their primary and exclusively spatial character, and is satisfied when it has "explained" them thus. In the sense-world, therefore, we cannot get away from the spatial attribute. All sensory things are "in" space—that is, there exists the possibility of free movement between them and the organic body, and between one another, their relative powers to frustrate such movement representing their "position" in space. Accordingly, we cannot look with any hope to any thing in space to tell us anything about space. Its features are omnipresent and are fundamental. There is, presumably, nothing with which we can compare them. Our ordinary senses help us none at all. They are all the senses of space and our scientific appliances are adaptations of them.

Notice to Readers

The attention of all readers is drawn to a change which is to be made in the mode of conducting the affairs of The Egoist during the year 1920. There will be no issue of The Egoist in journalistic form in 1920. In place of such issues the matter now running serially in the periodical will be published in book form. This temporary change has been decided upon mainly on account of its greater suitability at this particular stage to the matter itself. For instance, and in the first place, the Science of Signs series, which has been running through the paper for three and a half years, requires considerable remodelling to fit it for permanent statement in book form, and the author considers that the work entailed will be too exacting to permit of her contributing at the same time the new series which was announced some months ago. Editorial contributions to the journal would accordingly have been held up for a considerable time.

Moreover, we have had to contend against what has proved a very serious handicap to the adequate serial publication of Mr Joyce's novel Ulysses. By that condition of the English law which makes a printer liable alongside the author and the publisher of a work, we have in working practice in England a printer's censorship much more drastic than that of the official censorship itself. So it comes about that an intelligence abnormally patient, observant, an accomplished literary craftsman who sets down no phrase or line without its meaning for the creation as a whole, is faced with a situation in which the very possibility of existence for his work lies at the mercy and limitations of intelligence of—let us say—the printing-work's foreman! For our part, the difficulties in connection with Ulysses have been very great, and the portions for which we have secured print cannot be regarded as sufficiently substantial rewards. Therefore, as we have at last found a printer willing to make an unmutilated copy of the text, we have decided to abandon its further serial publication and to publish instead the entire work in book form as soon as it is itself completed. The high importance which Mr Joyce's work has already assumed for our generation, both as to literary matter and form, makes the prospect of a new and complete book by him an event which of itself would justify deviation from the convention of a regular issue.

At this moment when we propose concentrating our energies upon book production exclusively, we shall be pardoned for going at some little length into the motives which have been operating with us throughout our publishing activities. At the outset we undertook such activities solely in order to give existence in book form to Mr. Joyce's novel, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, and control the whole vital mechanism of life. The power to create and apply a sign which in turn creates knowledge will therefore eventually vindicate that deep wisdom which is attributed to the serpent when he led Eve on to eat of the tree of knowledge so that she and her kind should not die but should become even as the gods—immortal. Even now, the sign-born forms of intellect permit us to discount the discouraging appearances of space in relation to the body's death in the sense that we discount all changes whose principle is understood and which flows from a source which can be controlled. In these intimations of the mind we possess the truth-vision of events, and if these give us assurance that the disconcerting transmutations of space are underlain and informed by a permanent force it is to these alone we need to give heed.
only after it had been proved impossible to find for that book any other English publisher willing to risk prosecution by the censor. However, from the experience acquired in trying to avoid this particular undertaking, we came to realise how urgent was the need for a publishing concern animated neither on the one hand by desire for financial gain, nor on the other by propagandist aims of a limitedly partisan kind. We realised that in the main, monetary profit was the spirit which dominated publication, though there did exist concerns prepared to publish at financial loss works which supported some specialist propaganda or other. But nowhere was there any appearance of an enterprise prepared to lose money in fostering and satisfying disinterested curiosity in humanity and in the soul and mind of man as a whole. Numbers of people were—and are—willing to back particular hobbies provided it is their particular hobby, their religious view, their political tenet, their favoured brand of art, and what not. The spirit of wonder and curiosity of any comprehensively human scope is non-existent. Commercially, certainly it has no backers. Consideration as to why this should be, led us to conclude that the offenders primarily to be held responsible were the artists and philosophers themselves. The mass of humanity is dead to every general feature of the science of human life, because those who speak for the science speak in the manner they do. They speak in muffled tones out of which their hearers can make nothing. They use worn phrases from which the meaning has gone; confused phrases which never possessed any precise and workable meaning. The question is: Why do those whose business it is to illumine these matters traffic so persistently in the blurred phrase? In our opinion, explanation is to be found in the smallness of the number of persons who know what they mean when they speak of anything save the most obvious and concrete facts of their experience: and to this smallness the multitude of those who call themselves artists and philosophers makes no appreciable difference. In short, they do not explain because they cannot explain. So mumbling becomes a necessity; it is an arm of defence, and the meaningless phrase is an accomplice. Artists are inarticulate because they have nothing about which they can be articulate; and divested of their attitudes, their eccentricities, their assumed aloofness, their protective set phrases, they have very little left beyond that which they share in common with the wayfaring man. So, if art and philosophy, instead of being excrescences, are to give form to the life and ways of the mass of men, if they are to be recognised as the actual moulding forces which should be shaping the whole course of human affairs, there must be in the first place, a winnowing movement among the ranks of philosophers and artists themselves. A test must be applied which will separate the genuine from the make-believe. That test in our opinion is clarity. The insight born of genius is neither accidental nor mysterious. Genius is simply an increased measure of vital force which renders the creation of all forms of feeling intenser. Obvious things become more obvious, the subtle relationships connecting them become more patent, faint impressions appear strong, and fleeting hints become fixable. The whole meaning of the situation turns about the question of strength; for the strength of impressions begets definiteness of form, and this in turn begets definiteness of expression together with the forcefulness of expression which is style. Hence, by right of its own character, genius comes into simultaneous possession of matter, clarity and style, and anyone possessing these, can, we are convinced, always command a following once a hearing has been secured them. When genius descends to explain, that is, it can always establish its authority. The fashion, of course, has been not to explain. Explanations were a weakness. The truth seems rather to be that the very strength of the fashion was itself the measure of our intellectual feebleness. Explanations can be a weakness only when there is weakness to explain. Genius is garrulous; it isaways giving itself away. It is, in fact, in this wise that it grows. It has nothing to do with mumbo-jumbo or the mysteries, except, indeed, to explain them and explain them away.

Hence to establish intellectual curiosity in a front place in men’s interests, it is necessary in the first instance to get rid of the pseudo-intellectuals and the poseurs. This it seems possible to do by insisting that artists be competent to give a coherent statement of the significance of their work and of the innovations they support. They must be expected to be articulate as to the meaning of their work, and that in the common tongue. Thus, artists would become their own premier critics. Thus, creation, exposition and criticism would and should all spring first hand from the one source. Only, indeed, from craftsmen actually practising their craft would criticism carry its full weight. So artists would be compelled to become philosophic: that is to say, brains would become an absolute necessity in an artist, a positively revolutionary thought indeed. The “non-performing” critics would gradually disappear either into the ranks of artists themselves or into the ranks of the general assessing public which would slowly become more and more interested and intelligent, with art made intelligible. The pretentious art-patter would stop since it could rely neither on the foppery of the artist nor the total indifference of the public.

General considerations of this character were in our minds in allowing our small publishing enterprise to develop to dimensions larger than were ever contemplated at the beginning. It seemed to us that, in establishing on non-commercial lines an enterprise limiting itself to the production of works either of original matter having a general philosophic bearing or to works of exposition giving the philosophy of new departures in art-works, we should be making operative an influence capable of transforming our entire world of form-thought and action. Obviously, in view of its character, the concern’s output would be small, but its influence would in no wise be limited in like proportion. The experiment has already stood its trial, and we now know from definite effects that our analysis was not wrong or our optimism too great. It has been uphill work, but we are confident that before very long the note of genuineness and authenticity in the work made current must find its response in unprecedented interest in such matters among the general public.

To the publications announced in our last issue we have since added two more numbers of the Poet’s Translation Series,* and a book by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, The Caliph’s Design,* containing an explanation of the “vorticist” standpoint, a brilliant criticism of contemporary and recent art movements in Paris and elsewhere, and a forcible indictment of dilettantism in painting and of pretentiousness and insincerity in modern art and architecture. This book has already aroused great interest and discussion. We are also able now to promise for the early spring The Art of Poetry, by Mr. T. S. Eliot.

Subscribers will be provided from time to time with lists of our publications. In this way we shall hope to keep our readers in touch with our work until such time as we resume our normal publication of The Egoist.

Tradition and the Individual Talent

II

The upshot of this article and of the article which preceded it is this: that honest criticism and sensitive appreciation is directed not upon the poet but upon the poetry. If we attend to the confused cries of the newspaper critics and the susurrus of popular repetition that follows, we shall hear the names of poets in great number; if we seek not blue-book knowledge but the enjoyment of poetry, and ask for a poem, we shall seldom find it. In the last article I tried to point out the importance of the relation of the poem to other poems by other authors, and suggested the conception of poetry as a living whole of all the poetry that has ever been written. The other aspect of this Impersonal theory of poetry is the relation of the poem to its author. And I hinted, by an analogy, that the mind of the mature poet differs from that of the immature one not precisely in any valuation of "personality," not being necessarily more interesting, or having "more to say," but rather by being a more finely perfected medium in which special, or very varied, feelings are at liberty to enter into new combinations.

The analogy was that of the catalyst. When the two gases previously mentioned are mixed in the presence of a filament of platinum they form sulphurous acid. This combination takes place only if the platinum is present; nevertheless the newly formed acid contains no trace of platinum, and the platinum itself is apparently unaffected; has remained inert, passive and unchanged. The mind of the poet is the shred of platinum. It may partly or exclusively operate upon the experience of the man himself; but, the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates; the more perfectly will the mind digest and transmute the passions which are its material.

The experience, you will notice, the elements which enter the presence of the transforming catalyst, are of two kinds: emotions and feelings. The effect of a work of art upon the person who enjoys it is an experience different in kind from any experience not of art. It may be formed out of one emotion, or may be a combination of several; and various feelings, inhering for the writer in particular words or phrases or images, may be added to compose the final result. Or great poetry may be made without the direct use of any emotion whatever; composed out of feelings solely. Canto XV of the Inferno (Brunetto Latini) is a working up of the emotion evident in the situation; but the effect, though single as that of any work of art, is obtained by considerable complexity of detail. The last quatrain gives an image, a feeling attaching to an image, which "came," which did not develop simply out of what precedes, but which was probably in suspension in the poet's mind until the proper combination arrived for it to add itself to. The poet's mind is in fact a receptacle for seizing and storing up numberless feelings, phrases, images, which remain there until all the particles which can unite to form a new compound are present together.

If you compare several representative passages of the greatest poetry you see how great is the variety of types of combination, and also how completely any semi-ethical criterion of "sublimity" misses the mark. For it is not the "greatness," the intensity, of the emotions, the components, but the intensity of the artistic process, the pressure, so to speak, under which the fusion takes place, that counts. The episode of Paolo and Francesca employs a definite emotion, but the intensity of the poetry is something quite different from whatever intensity in the supposed experience it may give the impression of. It is no more intense, furthermore, than Canto XXVI, the voyage of Ulysses, which has not the direct dependence upon an emotion. Great variety is possible in the process of transmutation of emotion: the murder of Agamemnon, or the agony of Othello, gives an artistic effect apparently closer to a possible original than the scenes from Dante. In the Agamemnon, the artistic emotion approximates to the emotion of an actual spectator; "Othello," to the emotion of the protagonist himself. But the difference between art and the event is always absolute; the combination which is the murder of Agamemnon is probably as complex as that which is the voyage of Ulysses. In either case there has been a fusion of elements. The ode of Keats contains a number of feelings which have nothing particular to do with the nightingale, but which the nightingale, partly, perhaps, because of its attractive name, and partly because of its reputation, served to bring together.

The point of view which I am struggling to attack, is perhaps related to the metaphysical theory of the substantial unity of the soul: for my meaning is, that the poet has not a "personality" to express, but a particular medium, which is only a medium and not a personality, in which impressions and experiences combine in peculiar and unexpected ways. Impressions and experiences which are important for the man may take no place in the poetry, and those which become important in the poetry may play quite a negligible part in the man, the personality.

I will quote a passage which is unfamiliar enough to be regarded with fresh attention in the light—or darkness—of these observations:

And now methinks I could e'en chide myself
For doating on her beauty, though her death
Shall be revenged after no common action.
Does the silkworm expend her yellow labours
For thee? For thee does she undo herself?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladieships
For the poor benefit of a bewildering minute?
Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips,
To refine such a thing—keeps home and men
To beat their valours for her? . . .

In this passage (as is evident if it is taken in its context) there is a combination of positive and negative emotions: an intensely strong attraction toward beauty and an equally intense fascination by the ugliness which is contrasted with it and which destroys it. This balance of contrasted emotion is in the dramatic situation to which the speech is pertinent, but that situation alone is inadequate to it. This is, so to speak, the structural emotion, provided by the drama. But the whole effect, the dominant tone, is due to the fact that a number of floating feelings, having an affinity to this emotion by no means superficially evident, have combined with it to give us a new art emotion.

It is not in his personal emotions, the emotions provoked by particular events in his life, that the poet is in any way remarkable or interesting. His particular emotions may be simple, or crude, or flat. The emotion in his poetry will be a very complex thing, but not with the complexity of the emotions of people who have very complex, or unusual emotions in life. One error, in fact, of eccentricity in poetry is to seek for new human emotions to express: and in this search for novelty in the wrong place it discovers the perverse. The business of the poet is not to find new emotions, but to use the ordinary ones and in working them up into poetry, to express feelings which are not in actual...
emotions at all. And emotions which he has never experienced will serve his turn as well as those familiar to him. Consequently, we must believe that “emotion recollected in tranquillity,” is an inexact formula. For it is neither emotion, nor recollection, nor, without distortion of meaning, tranquillity. It is a concentration, and a new thing resulting from the concentration, of a very great number of experiences which to the practical and active person would not seem to be experiences at all; it is a concentration which does not happen consciously or of deliberation. These experiences are not “recollected,” and they finally unite in an atmosphere which is “tranquil” only in that it is a passive attending upon the event. Of course this is not quite the whole story. There is a great deal, in the writing of poetry, which must be conscious and deliberate. In fact, the bad poet is usually unconscious where he ought to be conscious, and conscious where he ought to be unconscious. Both errors tend to make him “personal.” Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things.

III.

This essay proposes to halt at the frontier of metaphysics or mysticism, and confine itself to such practical conclusions as can be applied by the responsible person interested in poetry. To divert interest from the poet to the poetry is a laudable aim: for it would conduce to a juster estimation of actual poetry, good and bad. There are many people who appreciate the expression of sincere emotion in verse, and there is a smaller number of people who can appreciate technical excellence. But very few know when there is expression of significant emotion, emotion which has its life in the poem and not in the history of the poet. The emotion of art is impersonal. And the poet cannot reach this impersonality without surrendering himself wholly to the work to be done. And he is not likely to know what is to be done unless he lives in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past, unless he is conscious, not of what is dead, but of what is already living.

T. S. Eliot

CHICAGO

If you will come away with me into another state we can be quiet together. But here the sun coming up out of the nothing beyond the lake is too low in the sky, there is too great a pushing against him, too much of sumac buds, pink in the head with the clear gum upon them, too many opening hearts of lilac leaves, too many, too many swollen, limp poplar tassels on the bare branches!
It is too strong in the air. I have no rest against this springtime!
The pounding of the hoofs on the raw sods stays with me half through the night. I awake smiling but tired.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS—1919
La Nouvelle Découverte de l'amérique, continues this collection of transplanted wit.

The discernment in the selection of authors is surer than is that of artists at L'Eventail which announces the publication of the poems of Guy-Charles Cros, the first to appear in book-form since Les Fêtes Quotidiennes.

M. Jacques-Emile Blanche is not debonair like most writers who go in for reminiscences. People are tempted to handle too gingerly those who furnish their past with interesting "memories." Our friends are such chiefly because our's. Catch and cage him and our worst enemy becomes, like the rat in M. Pierre Chaine's book, a pet. We are fond of including our friends in that generous tolerance in which we are so apt to wrap our precious selves.

But the true biographer and novelist does not succumb to this weakness, and M. Blanche's gift for objectivity does not fail him when he is recalling old friends (Propos de Peintre; Emile Paul). Be it, even, at the expense of a dryness which may verge on harshness, he describes people with truthfulness, and criticises their work with frankness, and without either affability or sting.

M. Marcel Proust, who has lived much in the same social sets as M. Blanche, has prefaced these recollections which bridge an artistic period beginning with David and ending with Degas. As a rule it is the callers whom we would have brief who stay longest, and it is those whom we would fain keep whose discretion takes them from us to our regret. M. Proust is not as discreet as he is entertaining.

That detachedness manifest in Propos de Peintre finds fuller and more important expression in Cahiers d'un artiste. The part called Le Mariage de Claudie d'Aultrreville is in the highest tradition of narrative.

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

ULYSSES

By James Joyce

X.

THE superior, the very reverend John Conmee S.J., reset his smooth watch in his interior pocket as he came down the presbytery steps. Five to three. Just nice time to walk to Artane. What was that boy's name again? Dignam, yes. Vere dignum et iustum est. Brother Swan was the person to see. Mr Cuningham's letter. Yes. Oblige him, if possible. Good practical catholic: useful at mission time.

A onelegged sailor, swinging himself onward by lazy jerks of his crutches, growled some notes. He jerked short before the convent of the sister of charity and held out a peaked cap for alms towards the very reverend John Conmee S.J. Father Conmee blessed him in the sun for his purse held, he knew, one silver crown.

Father Conmee crossed to Mountjoy square. He thought, but not for long, of soldiers and sailors whose legs were shot off by cannonballs, of cardinal Wolsey's words:—If I had served my God as I have served my King He would not have abandoned me in my old days. He walked by the tresheard of sunnywinking leaves: and towards him came the wife of Mr David Sheehey M.P.

— Very well, indeed, father. And you, father?

Father Conmee was wonderfully well indeed. He would go to Buxton probably for the waters. And her boys, were they getting on well at Belvedere? Was that so? Father Conmee was very glad to see the wife of Mr David Sheehey M.P. A zealous man, however. Really he was. And really did great good in his way. Beyond a doubt. Of good family too would one think it? Welsh, were they not?

O, lest he forget. That letter to Father provincial.

Father Conmee stopped three little schoolboys at the corner of Mountjoy square. Yes: they were from Belvedere. The little house: Aha. And were they good boys at school? O. That was very good now. And what was his name? Jack Sohan. And his name? Ger. Gallaher. And the other little man? His name was Brunny Lynam. O, that was a very nice name to have.

Father Conmee gave a letter from his breast to master Brunny Lynam and pointed to the red pillar-box at the corner of Fitzgibbon street.

— But mind you don't post yourself into the box, little man, he said.

The boys sixeyed Father Conmee and laughed.

— O, Sir.

— Well, let me see if you can post a letter, Father Conmee said.

Master Brunny Lynam ran across the road and put Father Conmee's letter to Father provincial into the mouth of the bright red letter-box, Father Conmee smiled and nodded and smiled and walked along Mountjoy square east.

Was not that Mrs M'Guinness?

Mrs M'Guinness, stately, silverhaired, bowed...
to Father Connem from the further footpath along which she sailed. And Father Connemee smiled and saluted. How did she do?

A fine carriage she had. Like Mary, queen of Scots, something. And to think that she was a pawnbroker. Well, now! Such a . . . . such a queenly mien.

Father Connemee walked down Great Charles Street and glanced at the shut-up free church on his left. The reverend T. R. Greene B.A. The incumbent they called him. He felt it incumbent on him to say a few words. But one should be charitable. Invincible ignorance. They acted according to their rights.

Father Connemee turned the corner and walked along the North Circular road. It was a wonder that there was not a tramline in such an important thoroughfare. Surely, there ought to be.

A band of satchelled schoolboys crossed from Richmond Street. All raised untidy caps. Father Connemee greeted them more than once benignly. Christian brother boys.

Father Connemee smelled incense on his right hand as he walked. Saint Joseph's church, Portland row. For aged and virtuous females. Father Connemee raised his hat to the Blessed Sacrament. Virtuous: but occasionally they were also bad tempered.

Near Aldborough house Father Connemee thought of that spendthrift nobleman. And now it was an office or something.

Father Connemee began to walk along the North Strand road and was saluted by Mr William Gallagher who stood in the doorway of his shop. Father Connemee saluted Mr William Gallagher and perceived the odours that came from bacon-flitches and ample cоols of butter. He passed Grogan's the tobacconist against which newsboards leaned and told of a dreadful catastrophe in New York. In America these things were continually happening. Unfortunate people to die like that, unprepared. Still, an act of perfect contrition.

Father Connemee went by Daniel Bergin's public-house against the window of which two unlabouring men lounged. They saluted him and were saluted.

Father Connemee passed H. J. O'Neill's funeral establishment where Corny Kelleher toted figures on the day-book while he chewed a blade of hay. Father Connemee perceived her perfume in the tramcar, a blue ticket tucked with care in the eye of one plump kid glove, while four shillings, a sixpence and five pennies chuted from his other plump glove-palm into his purse.

It was a peaceful day. The gentleman with the glasses opposite Father Connemee had finished explaining and looked down. His wife, Father Connemee supposed. A tiny yawn opened the mouth of the wife of the gentleman with the glasses. She raised her small gloved fist, yawned ever so gently, tiptapping her small gloved fist on her opening mouth.

Father Connemee perceived her perfume in the car. He perceived also that the awkward man at the other side of her was sitting on the edge of the seat.

Father Connemee at the altar rails placed the host with difficulty in the mouth of the awkward old man who had the shaky head.

At Annesley bridge the tram halted and, when it was about to go, an old woman rose suddenly from her place to alight. The conductor pulled the bell-strap to stay the car for her. She passed out with her basket and a market net: and Father Connemee saw the conductor help her and net and basket down: and Father Connemee thought that she was one of those good souls who had always to be told twice bless you, my child, that they have been absolved, pray for me. But they had so many worries in life, so many cares, poor creatures.

From the hoardings Mr Eugene Stratton grinned with thick niggerlips at Father Connemee.

Father Connemee thought of the souls of black and brown and yellow men and of his sermon on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African mission and of the propagation of the faith and of the millions of black and brown and yellow souls that had not received the baptism of water. That book by the Belgian jesuit, *Le Nombre des Elus*, seemed to Father Connemee a reasonable plea. There were millions of human souls created by God in His Own likeness to whom the faith had not been brought. But they were God's souls created by God. It seemed to Father Connemee a pity that they should all be lost, a waste, if one might say.

At the Howth road stop Father Connemee alighted, was saluted by the conductor and saluted in his turn.

The Malahide road was quiet. It pleased Father Connemee, road and name. The joybells were ringing in gay Malahide. Those were old worldish days, loyal times, in joyous townlands, old times in the barony.

Father Connemee, walking, thought of his little
book Old Times in the Barony and of the book that might be written about Jesuit houses and of Ellen, first countess of Belvedere.

A listless lady, no more young, walked alone the shore of lough Owel, Ellen, first countess of Belvedere, listlessly walking in the evening, not startled when an otter plunged. Who could know the truth? Not the jealous lord Belvedere, and not her confessor if she had not committed adultery fully, *eiaculatio seminis intra vas mulieris*, with her husband's brother? She would half confess if she had not all sinned as women did. Only God knew and she and he, her husband's brother.

Father Conmee thought of that tyrannous incontinence, needed however for men's race on earth, and of the ways of God which were not our ways.

Don John Conmee walked and moved in times of yore. He was humane and honoured there. He bore in mind secrets confessed and he smiled at smiling noble faces in a beeswaxed drawing-room, ceiled with full fruit clusters. And the hands of a bride and of a bridegroom, noble to noble, were impalmed by Don John Conmee.

It was a charming day.

The lychgate of a field showed Father Conmee breadths of cabbages, curtseying to him with ample underleaves. The sky showed him a flock of small white clouds going slowly down the wind. *Moutonnet*, the French said. A homely and just word.

Father Conmee, reading his office, watched a flock of muttoning clouds over Rathcoffey. His thin-socked ankles were tickled by the stubble of their yellow slobbered mouths.

He swung himself forward in vigorous jerks, halted, lifted his head towards a window and flashed a coin over the area railings. It fell on the path. He swung himself forward in vigorous jerks, halted, lifted his head towards a window and dropped it into the minstrel's cap, saying:

— There, sir.

Corny Kelleher closed his long daybook and glanced with his dropping eye at a pine coffin lid sentried in a corner. He pulled himself erect, went to it and, spinning it on its axle, viewed its shape. Chewing his blade of hay he laid the coffin lid by and came to the doorway. There he tilted his hat-brim to give shade to his eyes and leaned against the doorcase, looking idly out. Father John Conmee stepped into the Dollymount tram on Newcomen bridge.

Corny Kelleher locked his large-footed boots and gazed, his hat downtilted, chewing his blade of hay.

Constable 57 C, on his beat, stood to pass the time of day.

— That's a fine day Mr Kelleher.

— Ay, Corny Kelleher said.

— It's very close, the constable said.

Corny Kelleher sped a silent jet of hayjuice arching from his mouth, while a generous white arm from a window in Eccles street flung forth a coin.

— What's the best news, he asked.

— I seen that particular party last evening, the constable said with bated breath.

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A one-legged sailor crutchted himself round MacConnell's corner, skirting Rabaioth's ice-cream car, and jerked himself up Eccles street. Towards Larry O'Rourke, in shirtsleeves in his doorway, he growled unamiably.

— For England,

He swung himself violently forward past Katey and Boody Dedalus, halted and growled:

— home and beauty.

J. J. O'Molloy's white careworn face was told that Mr Lambert was in the warehouse with a visitor.

A stout lady stopped, took a copper coin from her purse and dropped it into the cap held out to her. He grumbled thanks and glanced sourly at the unheeding windows, sank his head and swung himself forward four strides.

He halted and growled angrily:

— For England,

Two barefoot urchins, sucking long liquorice laces, halted near him, gaping at his stump with their yellow slobbered mouths.

He swung himself forward in vigorous jerks, halted, lifted his head towards a window and bayed deeply.

— home and beauty.

The gay sweet whistling within went on a bar or two, ceased. The blind of the window was drawn aside. A plump bare generous arm shone, was seen, held forth from a white petticoat bodice and taut shiftstraps. A woman's hand flung forth a coin over the area railings. It fell on the path.

One of the urchins ran to it, picked it up and dropped it in the minstrel's cap, saying:

— There, sir.

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Katey and Boody Dedalus shoved in the door of the close steaming kitchen.

— Did you put in the books? Boody asked.

Maggie at the range rammed down a greyish mass beneath bubbling suds twice with her potstick and wiped her brow.
— They wouldn't give anything on them, she said.

Father Conmee walked through Clongowes fields, his thin-socked ankles tickled by stubble.
— Where did you try? Boody asked.
— M'Guinness's.

Boody stamped her foot and threw her satchel on the table.
— Bad cess to her big face! she cried.

Katey went to the range and peered with squinting eyes.
— What's in the pot? she asked.
— Shirts, Maggie said.

Boody cried angrily:
— Crickey, is there nothing for us to eat?

Katey, lifting the kettlelid in a pad of her stained skirt, asked:
— And what's in this?

A heavy fume gushed in answer.
— Peasoup, Maggie said.

The lacquey rang his bell.
— Barang!

Boody sat down at the table and said hungrily:
— Give us it here!

Maggie poured yellow thick soup from the kettle into a bowl. Katey, sitting opposite Boody, said quietly:
— A good job we have that much. Where's Dilly?

— Gone to meet father, Maggie said.

Boody, breaking big chunks of bread into the yellow soup, added:
— Our father, who art not in heaven.

Maggie, pouring yellow soup in Katey's bowl, exclaimed:
— Boody! For shame!

A darkbacked figure under Merchant's arch scanned books on the hawker's car.
— Certainly, sir. Is it in the city?
— O, yes, Blazes Boylan said. Ten minutes.

Blazes Boylan handed him a docket and pencil.
— Will you write the address, sir?

Blazes Boylan at the counter wrote and pushed the docket to her.
— Send it at once, will you? he said. It's for an invalid.
— Yes, sir. I will, sir.

Blazes Boylan rattled merry money in his trousers' pocket.
— What's the damage? he asked.

The blond girl's slim fingers reckoned the fruits.

Blazes Boylan looked into the cut of her blouse.
A young pullet. He took a red carnation from the tall stemglass.
— This for me? he asked gallantly.

The blond girl glanced sideways up, blushing.
— Yes, sir, she said.

Blazes Boylan walked here and there in new tan shoes about the fruitsmelling shop, lifting fruits, sniffing smells.
H. E. L. Y. S. filed before him, tallwhite-hatted, past Tangier lane, plodding towards their goal.

He turned suddenly from a chip of strawberries, drew a gold watch from his fob and held it at its chain's length.
— Can you send them by tram? Now?

— Anch'io ho avuto di queste idee, Almidano Artifoni said, quand'ero giovine come Lei. Eppoi mi sono convinto che il mondo è una bestia. E peccato. Perché la sua voce... sarebbe un cespite di rendita, via. Invece, Lei si sacrifica.
— Sacrificio incruento, Stephen said smiling.
— Speriamo, the round mustachioed face said pleasantly. Ma... ma retta a me. Ci riflettero.

By the stern stone hand of Grattan, bidding halt, an Inchicore tram unloaded straggling Highland soldiers of a band.
— Ci riflettero, Stephen said, glancing down the solid trouserleg.
— Ma, sul serio, eh?

Almidano Artifoni said.

His heavy hand took Stephen's firmly. Human eyes. They gazed curiously an instant and turned quickly towards a Dalkey tram.

— Ma, sul serio, eh? Almidano Artifoni said.

His heavy hand took Stephen's firmly. Human eyes. They gazed curiously an instant and turned quickly towards a Dalkey tram.

— Scusì, eh? Almidano Artifoni said.

Blazes Boylan, holding up a baton of rolled music as a signal, trotted on stout trousers after the Dalkey tram. In vain he trotted, signalling in vain.
among the rout of barekneed gillies smuggling implements of music through Trinity gates.

Miss Dunne hid the Capel street library copy of *The Woman in White* far back in her drawer and rolled a sheet of gaudy notepaper into her typewriter.

Too much mystery business in it? Is he in love with that one, Marion? Change it and get another by Mary Cecil Haye.

The disk shot down the groove, wobbled a while, ceased and ogled them: six.

Miss Dunne clicked on the keyboard:—

— 16 June 1904.

Five tallwhitehatted sandwichmen between Moneypeny's corner and the slab where Wolfe Tone's statue was not, eedle themselves turning H. E. L. Y. S. and plodded back as they had come.

Then she stared at the large poster of Marie Kendall, charming sobrette. Mustard hair and dauby cheeks. She's not nice looking, is she? The way she is holding up her bit of a skirt. Wonder will that fellow be at the band tonight. If I could, get that dressmaker to make a concertina skirt like Susy Nagle's. They kick out grand. Shannon and all the boatclub swells never took his eyes off her. Hope to goodness he won't keep me here till seven.

The telephone rang rudely by her ear.

— Hallo. Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, sir. I'll ring them up after five. Only those two, sir, for Belfast and Liverpool. All right, sir. Then I can go after six if you're not back. A quarter after. Yes, sir. Twentyseven and six. I'll tell him. Ye: one, seven, six.

She scribbled three figures on an envelope.

— Mr Boylan! Hello! That gentleman from *Sport* was in looking for you. Mr Lenehan, yes. He said he'll be in the Ormond. No, sir. Yes, sir. I'll ring them up after five.

*A Tardy Obeisance*

It is a labour of love and of the vanity of love to extol a book which later disciples of its method seem not to appreciate, to have forgotten, or to be unequainted with altogether. *The House with the Green Shutters*, written, I think, some fifteen years ago by the Scotchman, George Douglas, is one of the greatest examples of realistic fiction.

Its author, of whom I know little, I am informed died of tuberculosis soon after the publication of this, his first book. If my information is reliable surely this is one of the finest imaginative works in the world! Here is a Zola who has learned the secret of good taste; a Flaubert whose personal passion has given the Flaubert formula a terrible hardness and light; a George Moore—*No.* I will not say a George Moore. The temperaments of the men are too utterly different to breed any profound similarity in their work. Yet Flaubert, Moore, and Douglas have all the same power of intense visualisation which gives the depicted moment the value of an eternity. The artist's senses are the plate and an inexplicable personal quality the fluid which makes impressions ineradicable. Flaubert visualises with an exquisite impersonality. The author scarcely exists. He seems a perfect but quiescent medium. George Moore has an even greater delicacy of impersonability. With equal detachment he gives us life dilated with his own temperament. The picture is subjectively blurred. It has a spiritual vagueness like visions seen through tear-rimmed eyes. For this very difference Moore rather than Flaubert is the poet for in such measure as the author's work is tingled with his emotions and with himself is his capacity for prophecy and revelation.

In an immediate sense man knows nothing but himself and the only life he can hand on is the experience of his own being. Douglas has caught his Scotch environment, the part of it so appropriated, in a bubble of glass as indestructible as iron. I never read a book so particular in expression. He has missed nothing at all of the peculiar acrid essence of his locale. His use of the colloquial term in his own speeches is something unusual, for most authors esteem a conventionalised vocabulary when the remark is not on one of their creature's lips. But Douglas has accepted the most infinitesimal significance of his background. So strongly has he hated that he has bared his breast and allowed the hideousness of these people to be branded there, disfiguring himself that the world may read it. He takes a disease and he gives it back.

Strangely, and against his will, it seems, through the sombre texture of the pages run a pained and resentful appreciation of beauty—not a beauty of the spirit of mankind, but of the obivious perfection of the natural objective world. In Thomas Hardy we find the same reserved worship, but with Hardy the vanity of human things has been accepted long ago and only the dregs of rebellion remain to him, impeccable Nature serving but as an ironic background for the futile drama of humanity. Douglas, on the contrary, has not yet intellectualised his attitude. One conceives of him as a man who, having forsworn life, continues to be drawn by it. He is paralysed by his disillussionment; yet the sun cajoles him. The scent of flowers awakens in him a torturing response. He would yield to these lingering appeals, but the will to self-surrender has been lost in the agonies of uncertainty. He almost hates the "large evening star tremulous above the woods, or the dreaming sprays against the yellow west." "You would," he seems to say, "betray me into thinking your beauty has a human significance—me in a world of man against man and man against beast! Deacon Allardlyce with his lispéd serpent string, Sandy Toddle, and the like—these are my reality."

The impression of the book as a whole is of a face ravaged by spiritual illness. George Douglas must, indeed, have found life intolerable. To possess one's self one must refuse those impressions which it is impossible to appropriate advantageously. Douglas, by his involuntary receptivity became a thing of life—that actor, but the acted upon. His attitude has in it all the meekness of defeat. The fear of life that inspires so much religious and didactic literature is a very justifiable fear. The mood of average sensibilities is warned enough to speak of the value of moderation in matters of sex, for instance, where even the least temperamental are subject to the domination of sense. In more intense natures where the terror becomes acute the natural product of the fear is asceticism. Here once more the rebellion is generally against the most obvious slavery of the two appetites. It is only occasionally that a soul is born so balanced in responsiveness that the peril of ascendance is as great from one sense as it is from another. Such a nature has Douglas depicted in Gourlay's son, whose emotional complexities are, inversely speaking, as profound as the superficialities of his intelligence. Young John had just such a sense-equipment, we imagine, as his author,
without the brains of the latter. But a fine and subtle mind did not keep the destructive encroachment of the outer world from Douglas' personality; and I do not think there is a vivid temperament that has not had some struggle to preserve the balance between immediate experience and intellectual detachment which is necessary to the keenest awareness of self. The Christian zealot has chosen the negative victory. The old Stoic or Platonist preferred the defeat of compromise. The problem has never altered. How to make the meat of life our flesh and not be changed by it? The awful creator of Genesis, making man in his own image, poetically projected himself, his outer world, into the sensitised flesh, marked it with himself, dominated and enslaved it.

The artist has always been aware of this devilishly casual God, moulding man to himself. Chronos consuming his children. The deity, for poetical purposes, should be a woman. In the elucidation of young Gourlay's mental state we feel this puny female soul large with life, as it were, and in torture, as a woman who must bear a god. What would it have been if the boy of the book had had what his originator possessed, imaginative intelligence as well as a purely sensory imagination? It would not have made the drama of his existence less a tragedy.

This romantic perfection of effect lends the book the quality of an epic. The predominance of the author's single emotion produces, with the most realistic use of occasional means, a unified effect, and it is this perfection of hate, embracing a race, that gives the narrative its romantic overtone. Realistic writers who work with the inspiration of a personal bias constantly incline to a romantic effect. And why should not the emotional and realistic attitudes be combined for the sake of the illuminating qualities of each? That class of writers dubbed romantic begin with a hypothetical and perfect reality, and because they disdain the accidental and answer their problem even as they state it, their results are generally as trivial as their methods are pretentious. Romanticism, however, has its place in both life and art, for the romantic is both the essence of the personal attitude and of the artistic effect—the perfect blue that we deduce from the blue of the sky to-day and the sea to-night. It is logic applied to the emotions and must be so applied if the artist is to have any point of view at all toward life and his own work. As life comes before a critic, and the immediate the artist is able to unite with his critical consciousness, the more vital the result, at once universal and intense. An idea behind a book, especially an idea which is an intellectualised emotion, gives the whole a classic harmony and satisfies our esthetic or religious hunger. But in writing the book the idea must never enter perceptibly into the author's means. It may inspire but the inspiration must be general and not particular or we shall see the deathlike rigidity of mind petrifying with logical finality the limitless emotional suggestion of the world without.

James Joyce is a fine example of reaction against the stale convention of perfection. He comes as near, I think, as the sophisticated mind may to banishing the preconceptions of its environment. The outcome is startling, beautiful, and full of emotional revelation. Withal he preserves a sensitive penetration and a wit that with the kaleidoscopic shifting of relations infers a vast, dimly coloured, and unrelaxed reality.

James Joyce has perhaps reached the high-water mark of the modern method, for if we keep on giving ourselves to life we shall soon be a set of artistic young Gourlays. Possessed by life in the raw, we shall be incapable of intellectualising it and so grow large and spiritually formless, unable to handle the bulk of our untranslatable experience.

The romantic and the practical are closely allied as pragmatic verities. Witness the northern races, so stubbornly idealistic in both commerce and art, with their capacity for sound yet grandiose commercial accomplishment, for heroism, and for cruelty.

George Douglas does not begin his exposition of life so close to the source of revelation as do some later writers. The subjective operation complete stands between the reader and the first sensitive impression. It is the preoccupation of an already projected emotion which eliminates sex from the picture. Young Gourlay and his portrait are alike so possessed by the originality of sights, sounds, and smells, that their jaded senses fail to respond to sex as a superior emphasis. Douglas must have found love a weak experience after so much hate, and young Gourlay, with an imagination debouched by the fear of everyday things, was too emotionally exhausted to give more than a negative reaction to the stimulus of sexual awakening. Indeed love were out of key with the book. Love inspires some faith in life and Douglas has it not. His defiant pessimism refuses to be inveigled into this dalliance with hope. He can depict pathos, it is true, but even such pictures as old Peter's departure with the glory of his masters, old Peter "tattie-walin," bald of head and yellow of tooth, while pathetic, are devoid of tenderness. The author appears to indulge in pathos in order to test his pessimism against its seduction. Yet his imaginative sympathy betrays him. Life is as a woman and he is subconsciously seduced even as he anaesthetises it. To his readers he never seems quite true to his rigid creed, but for the sincerity of his self-deception we have both pity and respect.

Even at last where the house with the green shutters sits "dark there and terrible beneath the radiant arch of the dawn," we cannot accept the gospel of which it seems the text. Through the horror of one of the most grimly conceived and convincingly executed climaxes of fiction we perceive a shining incongruity. Man, capable of so much superfluous suffering, condescends to the obviousness of God, and death is sweet.

Bahia, Brazil

Dream Realities

(Phases of France)

Les matins sont partis vers les temps révolus
Et les soirs sont partis vers le soir éternel,
Les âges rentreront dans un âge absolu.

Et les jours entreront dans un jour solennel,
Les soirs rentreront dans un âge absolu.

Les Quatre Prières dans la Cathédrale de Chartres.

To hear the bells ring them in and ring them out.

Ah, holy day of holy days!

The warm air has a taste; the sun, squeezing itself through the shutters, a sound. The silence swings on eternity. We have always been here; we shall always be here, steeped in this bésédé corpus. Years, what are they? They have sunk, deep, deep. Everything is in suspense, hanging in mid-air, swooping over time. My delight, my manifold delight, embodied in this sleep, bringing back the past, correcting the perfection of man's paradise, heaping into this eternal moment many seekings, dreams.

A voice across the Sunday inn-yard coming from nowhere, going nowhere. Glowing silence, speaking, singing my delight.

This room, this four-walled enclosure has held my delight. The vision, the music realised of many years' dreams. The union, the oneness, the wholeness of this provincial Sunday stillness, echo, mute echo of my delight.
Delicious France of the provinces! She enters through the half-closed shutters, she fills the room and she envelops me in her soft embrace.

II.

Ah! here she is! See her raise her glorious arms skywards. See her beckon to the crouching town — city exquisite, we are in your folds.

Night: in the inn-yard (Ici on loge à pied et à cheval) the limousine is the diligence which leaves to-morrow at six.

III.


My dear, was willst du mehr?

IV.

And our Cathedral plays her part complete. The traditional, the indispensable crow-colony caws and heaves about her steeples. M. C.

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