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THE SIBERIA OF THE MIND

EGOISM IN THE WRITING OF WYNDHAM LEWIS

A room held in a great northern city; nine foot by six, a typical student squat, pipes half-smoked, bed never-made, books piled on chair and table. Two are in Finnish. The third, 'stalely open', Arghol takes up to shut. It is the *Einige und Sein Eigenkeit* [sic]. 'One of the seven arrows' in this 'martyr mind' – only this book, by renegade Hegelian Max Stirner, is named by Wyndham Lewis, and rejected. 'Poof! he flung it out of the window.'¹

The gesture is timely. According to Paul Edwards, in his account of the artist, 'Stirner probably had little lasting influence upon Lewis.'² Unlike other sources Edwards cites as being central to an understanding of this radical "play" entitled 'Enemy of the Stars', which appeared in the Vorticist journal *BLAST* in 1914, Stirner is not referred to again, does not survive the particularly rough handling he receives in this play. His book is condemned by Arghol as a 'parasite', with all the other books in the room, 'Poodles of the mind, Chows and King Charles', and is therefore torn up with the rest – left in 'a pile by the door ready to sweep out.'³

But in addition to marking the author's own break with Stirner, the incident curiously anticipates the general movement away from the philosophy of Egoism that would take place during the war. Having enjoyed a period of intense interest in the English-speaking world following the publication of Byington's translation in 1912, *The Ego and His Own* was to vanish just as suddenly into obscurity again, as writers such as Joyce, Lewis and Marsden began to confront problems posed by new materialist theories of the mind (originating in Schopenhauer, developed over the course of the nineteenth-century by James and Bergson, and finding their culmination in the Behaviourist theory of the C20th). The world imagined in the play is already permeated with a strong sense of the extent to which mind is riddled with the unconscious, an 'underworld of energy and rebellious muscle', inextricably involved in the mechanism of a material universe in which stars are 'machines of prey'.⁴

However, Stirner is not rejected for his inadequacy, in the face of this radical new empiricist paradigm, but for precisely the reasons underpinning the action

of renunciation in Stirner's own philosophy. 'Arghol's egoism is not the same as Stirner's,' remarks Edwards, 'but his acts of repudiation of whatever fixes his ego in a false and unalterable shape are paralleled by Stirner's strategy of preventing any 'ideal' or 'property' from determining his ego'.⁵ The joke is that in attempting to effect a catharsis, to purify ego of a philosophy which has been recognised as parasitic, Lewis's puppet is reiterating the very conditions that render such a renunciation necessary – and this is reflected in the way that Stirner's book *comes back* – to be rejected over and over again. A few minutes after hurling the book out into the street there is a knock at the door: the book is being returned by a shifting figure that assumes the guise of personalities that Arghol has tried to reject; the last being Stirner, as he imagines him: 'A middle aged man, red cropped head and dark eyes, self=possessed, loose, free, student-sailor, fingering the book.'⁶ A comedy of inept renunciation follows. Stirner is bribed to 'go', but believes he is being offered the money for the book. This provokes a stinging rejoinder from the Hegelian. He flings the book at his disciple's head – 'its cover slaps him sharply' – and a scuffle ensues, resulting in Stirner's eviction.⁷

The book's capacity for returning unexpectedly is just as resonant as the fact of its rejection; – for the reception history of *The Ego and His Own* has been a sort of haunting. Having returned, in the pre-war era, from an obscurity so complete that Marx and Engels, Stirner's contemporaries, did not even bother to publish the refutation they had produced (*The German Ideology*), the book has persisted ever since, a ghost-like presence, only acknowledged in the moment of refutation or disavowal. And I would like to suggest that the deeply inadequate exorcism performed by Arghol in *The Enemy of the Stars* in 1914, could serve as a symbol for Lewis's own relationship with this early influence in the four monumental books that author produced in the inter-war era: *The Art of Being Ruled* (1926), *Time and Western Man* (1927), *Childermass* (1928) and *The Apes of God* (1930). Long after Stirner is thought to have ceased to matter in Lewis's writing, visual imagery that, in the pre-war material, is quite clearly derived from *The Ego and His Own*, can be seen to persist, in relation to a recurring pattern of associated ideas. Edwards has speculated that Lewis's later interest in anthropology might be rooted in Stirner: 'It is possible', says Edwards, 'that Stirner's characterisation of philosophical idealism as a variety of "Mongolian" shamanism led Lewis to

ethnological accounts such as Mary Czaplicka's, on Siberia (which he quotes in *The Art of Being Ruled*)'.⁸ In fact, the development of this trope – that of Siberian shamanism – in the later theoretical writing has been very helpful in facilitating the interpretation of much that had been left obscure in *The Enemy of the Stars*, particularly those passages relating to gender. The following essay suggests that the specifically Stirnerian take on shamanism in the pre-war work is likewise a potential aid to understanding the writing of the twenties, that Stirner might well provide the “key” that many commentators have felt to be ‘missing’ from *The Art of Being Ruled* and the rest. In the course of tracing what remains of the Egoist paradigm in Lewis's great period, this essay establishes that Stirner persisted a *revenant* to trouble the literature of modernism more generally in the inter-war era.

* * *

Begin with this summary: – what is known concerning the shamanism of Siberia in *The Enemy of the Stars*. The play is set in a wheelwright's yard, two hundred miles south of the Arctic circle.⁹ Here Arghol has come to work for his uncle, and is kicked to within an inch of his life by this ‘super’ once every twenty-four hours. Since arriving he has acquired a disciple called Hanp, who despises his hero for his weakness and envies him for his former social life in Berlin. The characters are of a physical type taken ‘from broad faces where Europe grows arctic, intense, human and universal’.¹⁰ Such references to the Asian steppes occur throughout. At one point, in what must be quite literally the most far-fetched metaphor in the play, Arghol and Hanp are even compared to a dancing-girl and her Mongolian overlord.

‘Harsh bayadere=shepherdess of Pamir, with her Chinese beauty: living on from month to month in utmost tent with wastrel, lean as mandrake root, red and precocious: with heavy black odour of vast Manchurian garden-deserts, and the disreputable muddy gold squandered by the unknown sun of the Amur’.¹¹

Marked for ‘fate of sovereign prostitution’, Arghol is the ‘bayadere=shepherdess of Pamir’; repeatedly likened to a woman, the character is said to project a ‘TYPE

OF FEMININE BEAUTY CALLED "MANISH".¹² The reasoning underlying these passages becomes clearer when one considers the text in relation to Lewis's later writing on shamanic magic in *The Art of Being Ruled*, where he explains that "Throughout the entire history of the subject, homosexuality and male transformation of sex have been more or less associated in men's minds with magic and witchcraft".¹³ Over the course of two chapters Lewis argues that the *Shaman* is the logical result of a common belief among primitive peoples in the superior magical power women possess over men. In such circumstances, says Lewis, it is natural men should have come to think that one of the first steps towards a career as a magician was to change their sex. 'It is the example of a far-sighted calculation or strategy: one of the maddest flights of primitive human cunning attempting to harness supernatural energy by a *feigning*, for the easily deceived powers of the natural world, of femininity.'¹⁴

For the Vorticist such an 'escape by artifice from the iron rules of physical laws', must necessarily merit some measure of praise.¹⁵ The achievement is, at the very least, on a par with that of the hairdresser blessed in Lewis's journal: 'He attacks Mother Nature for a small fee ... correcting the grotesque anachronisms of our physique'.¹⁶ In *The Caliph's Design* (1919), a manifesto for a new architecture published shortly after WWI, Lewis remarked the creative capabilities of certain beetles, their capacity for turning form and colour impulses into living flesh:

These beetles can convert their faces into hideously carved and detestable masks, can grow out of their bodies menacing spikes, and throw up on top of their heads sinister headdresses, overnight. Such changes in their personal appearance, conceived to work on the psychology of their adversaries, is possibly not a very profound or useful invention, but it is surely a considerable feat. Any art worth the name is, at the least, a feat of this description. The New Guinea barred and whitewashed masks are an obvious parallel. As to the wing mechanism that first lifted a creature off the ground, and set it spinning or floating through the air, you must call Shakespeare in to compete with it.¹⁷

The Shaman's achievement is of the same order. 'The actual appearance of a transformed *shaman* is not that of the "mongolian" imbecile of our clinics, but is a mask of fixed wild pathos', writes Lewis: 'Borgoraz describes it exactly when he

says it is a female mask of tragedy.¹⁸ Like the Oceanic masks that Picasso and Epstein imitated in their art, the transformative magic practiced by the Shaman upon his own body is hailed by Lewis as a prototype of modern art. In *Time and Western Man* (1927), Lewis states that 'creative art is a spell, a talisman, an incantation – that it is magic, in short', and notes that 'The poet or philosopher in the non-religious greek states occupied, we are told, much the same position as the priest or witch-doctor or magician in a more religious or superstitious community'.¹⁹ He concludes that, 'For me art is the civilised *substitute* for magic; as philosophy is what, on a higher or more complex plane, takes the place of religion'.²⁰

Note though: this distinction is not perfectly clear in *The Caliph's Design* and *The Art of Being Ruled*. Lewis repeatedly attempts to conflate the 'Arctic Hysteria' of the Shaman with what he considered throughout his life to be the very highest form of literary art: the nineteenth-century Russian novel. 'The epileptic naïf and mystical element', speculates Lewis in *The Art of Being Ruled*, 'in nearly all nineteenth-century russian literature has no doubt some relation to this extreme inconstancy and collapsibility of the Siberian peoples'.²¹ In *BLAST 1*, Lewis even goes so far as to suggest that his reason for 'very genuine optimism' regarding the potential of radical art in England, consists primarily in the extent to which latter resembles Siberia: 'England is just as unkind and inimical to Art as the Arctic zone is to Life', Lewis explains. 'As the steppes and the rigours of the Russian winter, when the peasant has to lie for weeks in his hut, produces that extraordinary acuity of feeling and intelligence we associate with the Slav; so England is just now the most favourable country for the appearance of a great art'.²² In being described in terms that suggest he is a form of Shaman, is subject to this 'Arctic hysteria', Arghol might then be taken to be a symbol of the modern artist in that 'Siberia of the mind' that is England.²³

In what is the seminal reading of this extraordinarily difficult piece of writing, Edwards suggests that the Siberian imagery in Lewis derives from the schematic history provided by Stirner in *The Ego and His Own* – in which he identifies three phases. According to Stirner, we escape from our "Negroid" state of subservience to the material fact by entering a second, rather more subtle state of submission to things of the spirit or mind; these being gods and spirits at first, then concepts

such as the “State”, “love” and “Humanity”, for the sake of which people continue to practice self-renunciation. ‘The shaman and the speculative philosopher mark the bottom and top rounds’, according to Stirner, ‘on the ladder of the *inward* man, the – Mongol’.²⁴ The third phase is the “Caucasian”, and is to come about now that people begin to perceive that their own unique ego is the one absolute. Thus Arghol, ‘a gladiator who has come to fight a ghost, Humanity’, is a shaman or philosopher, in so far as he remains one of those who ‘fight with ghosts, demons, *spirits*, gods’.²⁵ But this ‘one in immense collapse’ is equally the final result of Stirner’s ‘chronic philosophy’.²⁶ In Edwards’ memorable phase, ‘Arghol is the last shaman, struggling to realise the last remnant of the transcendental world of spirits, the Ego itself’.²⁷

A note on ‘The New Egos’, published with ‘The Enemy of the Stars’ in BLAST 1, provides us with insights into how Lewis himself interpreted Stirner’s historical schema. ‘A civilised savage, in a desert=city,’ he begins, ‘surrounded by very simple objects and restricted number of beings, reduces his Great Art down to the simple black human bullet’. He characterises such sculpture as ‘African’ and states we have nothing to do with such sculpture. ‘The African we have referred to cannot allow his personality to venture forth or amplify itself, for it would dissolve in vagueness of space’, he writes. ‘It has to be swaddled in a bullet=like lump.’ In contrast, the ‘modern town=dweller of our civilisation sees everywhere fraternal moulds for his spirit, and interstices of a human world’. We supplant the natural with a second man-made reality; and though life is really no more secure, his egotism less acute, society is sufficiently organised for him to permit ‘his ego to walk abroad’, until something akin to the self-effacement the Egoist philosopher denounced – that which Lewis terms *impersonality* – becomes a sort of disease. ‘Promiscuity is normal; such separating things as love, hatred, friendship are superseded by a more realistic and logical passion’, Lewis claims. ‘We all to=day (possibly with a coldness reminiscent of the insect=world) are in each other’s vitals – overlap, intersect, and are Siamese to any extent’. According to Lewis, the result is that the old variety of egotism is ‘no longer fit for such conditions as now prevail’; though the ‘human form’ continues to run like a wave through the ‘texture or body of existence, and therefore of art’, the isolated human figure of most ancient art (the ‘African’?) is ‘an anachronism’ that should

now be superseded. The character of these 'New Egos', and the new art that must result, is not spelt out. But Lewis seems to provide further details on this third phase in *The Ideal Giant*, a play that appeared in *The Little Review* in 1917, when his spokesman John Porter Kemp states the New Egos belong to either the Crowd or to the Artist. Each is an Ideal Giant – at once singular and many – representing two different ways of reconciling naïve egotism and impersonal truth.²⁸

In Edwards' reading Arghol emerges as a problematic figure. On the one hand, he is making the right noises, echoing Stirner's complaint that every ego is from birth a criminal to begin with against the people, the State or Mankind in general, in saying that:

Self, sacred act of violence, is like murder on my face and hands. The stain won't come out. It is the one piece of property all communities have agreed it is illegal to possess. The sweetest=tempered person, once he discovers you are that sort of criminal, changes any opinion of you, and is on his guard.²⁹

But the plan of action pursued by Arghol seems calculated to baffle and infuriate the philosopher he rejected. Having observed he loses something of his authentic Self in the course of everyday social interaction, Arghol has resolved to shrink in 'frosty climates' the 'immense snuffling or taciturn parasite' that battens upon him: the 'loathsome deformity' of a second or social Self.³⁰ Like Stirner, Arghol perceives that to 'walk abroad' is to risk an 'affliction got through indiscriminate rubbing against [his fellows]', the 'Famous men are those who have exchanged themselves against a thousand idiots' until the 'bastard form' infects the 'original solitude of the soul'.³¹ But the steps he takes in order to preserve his ego from the impersonality of the modern town-dweller's insect-world mark a significant break with the path toward the realisation of the Ideal Giant. Arghol has resolved to 'Accumulate in myself, day after day, dense concentration of pig-life'. With 'Nothing spent, stored rather in strong stagnation', he hopes to be 'rid at last of evaporation and lightness characteristic of men', and 'So burst Death's membrane through, slog beyond, not float in appalling distances'.³² In short, Arghol pursues a rearguard rather than a vanguard action – pushing back toward the phase of the civilised savage who 'cannot allow his personality to venture forth or amplify

itself, for it would dissolve in vagueness of space' – has resolved to swaddle 'himself in a bullet-like lump'.³³

In Edwards' persuasive explanation of 'The Enemy of the Stars' (developed further by Andrej Gasiorek), the first and secondary phases in Stirner's historical template are conflated with the dualistic opposition of matter and spirit set out in Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea* – and which is ultimately derived from sources either Hindu or Gnostic. Arghol is 'something distant, terrible and eccentric' – i.e. the spirit or the divine spark that must be 'struck and banished from matter'.³⁴ But this Sophia is – perversely, Schopenhauer would say – trying to maintain her hold on the enemy territory of the stars or *archons*: the material universe. Arghol can only hope to maintain his precious individuality by holding the middle-ground between two mighty opposites: the ghosts of Future Mankind being at one with the red walls of the universe that close in upon this condemned protagonist.³⁵ The significance of this defeat is open to question. Edwards notes that the text will not permit us to affirm 'either that Arghol is a critique of Stirner's egoism [...] or that Arghol is revealed as a deluded character by Stirner's denunciation of his spiritual and ascetic ideals'.³⁶ But the inevitability of this failure is never in question. BLAST is a 'magazine programmatically contradictory and hence dualist'.³⁷ The outcome of the play is precisely 'what one would expect from an artist like Lewis who was sceptical about fantasies of the transcendence of dualism'.³⁸ In his hugely influential appraisal of the play, Edwards notes that Vorticism 'was not a movement that sought to transcend dualities, but to exploit them'.³⁹

In relation to the play this interpretation may be regarded as perfectly correct. The universe Arghol inhabits is truly the creation of a demiurge – a minor and malicious god – that is to say, Lewis himself. In a sketch to accompany the text, Lewis depicts Arghol as a sculpture of the sort his friend Henri Gaudier-Brzeska might have created, a cross between a totem and a Swiss-army knife. In the text too, Arghol is described in terms that recall Epstein's Venus-figures: a 'barren muscular girl idol'. His head is that of a 'black, eagerly carved, herculean Venus', the fetish of an 'iron tribe, hyper barbarous.' 'Head heavy and bird-like, weighted to strike'.⁴⁰ Arghol is a puppet that cannot progress beyond the booth or arena that defines the action, but must remain inescapably caught between mind and

matter, that is to say, between the printed page and the reader, the 'me' and 'you' in the preface said to perform this play 'very well'. If Arghol is unable to project the 'Ideal Giant' that seems to correspond to those 'New Egos' in the third phase of the Stirnerian teleology, this may explain why. Arghol is a portrait of the artist (as a young shaman); is a symbol merely – of that symbol for the modern artist; he is an *objet d'art*.

Indeed, it is tempting to consider Arghol in relation to Lewis's essay on puppet theatre in his collection of short stories *The Wild Body* (1927). In this piece Lewis introduces the puppets that appear in the stories as carefully selected specimens of religious fanaticism, worshippers of some fetish (a set of objects or one object in particular) that requires an unvarying ritual behaviour. 'Boswell's Johnson, Mr. Vennering, Malvolio, Bouvard and Pecuchet, the "commissaire" in Crime and Punishment, do not live', Lewis explains: 'they are congealed and frozen into logic, and an exuberant hysterical truth'.⁴¹ Lewis then describes these puppets in terms that evoke the Siberian imagery developed in 'The Enemy of the Stars'. 'The chemistry of personality', he writes, '(subterranean in a sort of cemetery, whose decompositions are our lives) puffs up in frigid balls, soapy Snowmen, arctic carnival-masks, which we can photograph and fix'.⁴² But if this confirms that Arghol is trapped in a Manichaeian universe he cannot hope to transcend, Lewis also seems to be suggesting here that these decompositions are *our lives*. No less than Arghol, Lewis considers us all to be snowmen rather than shaman, however arctic our carnival-mask.

First, to assume the dichotomy of mind and body is necessary here, without arguing it; for it is upon that essential separation that the theory of laughter here proposed is based. The essential us, that is the laugher, is as distinct from the Wild Body as in the Upanisadic account of the souls returned from the paradise of the Moon, which, entering into plants, are yet distinct from them. Or to take the symbolic vedic figure of the two birds, the one watching and passive, the other enjoying its activity, we similarly have to postulate two creatures, one that never enters into life, but that travels about in a vessel to whose destiny it is momentarily attached. That is, of course, the laughing observer, and the other is the Wild Body.⁴³

* * *

In this essay I want to break with the prevailing interpretation to argue that there persists between the polarities something more significant than the 'dead perfection' of a puppet's 'egotism', some other possibility beyond that recursion to a fetish-object.⁴⁴ For in that same book, *The Wild Body*, Lewis also celebrates the 'universal ego of the poet'; he is clearly not relinquishing his faith in a specifically Stirnerian synthesis when he praises that 'one synthetic and various ego'.⁴⁵ It is worth recalling here the distinction between person and individual the Bailiff insists upon in *The Childermass*. The personality of which Arghol and Lewis speak in 'The Enemy of the Stars' and 'Inferior Religions' is: 'that crusted fruity complex-and-finite reality – term by which we are accustomed to express the sensations of our empirical life – emerging in the matrix of Space and Time or Space-Time'.⁴⁶ The personality might be said to present a realist perspective on the Subject – and individuality, the idealist. 'Individuality then is identity without the idea of substance', the Bailiff explains (before observing this is out of fashion in the post-war era: 'It is not the persistent life of a bare universal that any man, ever, is likely to covet.')47 And as R.D. Laing observed, in *The Divided Self* (1959), there is no question here or anywhere of body-mind dualism, only two different ways of regarding the one thing, 'each the outcome of one's initial intentional act'.⁴⁸ That one universal and synthetic ego of which Lewis speaks in *The Wild Body* can therefore be neither personality nor individuality thus defined. When Arghol opposes personality to mankind in the following passage, it is not the Stirnerian ego to which he refers, but to that ego as posited. Not that nothing that permits me to stand apart, that separates myself, from what I am, but that which I am, that being I represent me to myself as being my cause, my sake, my persona

Between Personality and Mankind it is always a question of dog & cat; they are diametrically opposed species. Self is the ancient race, the rest are the new one. Self is the race that lost. But Mankind still suspects Egotistic plots, and hunts Pretenders'.⁴⁹

No doubt everyone is, potentially, a Quixote / Falstaff / Pecksniff / Arghol. Such comic types are part of our own organism: an imitation and standardizing of self that implies the existence of a human norm.⁵⁰ – Nonetheless every living being possesses (in varying degrees) the power to be a creator, a minor god. In a

series of 'Imaginary Letters', published in *The Little Review* (May 1917 – April 1918), Lewis expresses, through his surrogate William Bland Burn, his belief that the writer such as Shakespeare or Cervantes is a 'Colossus' capable of projecting the sort of 'play-world' that those who have chosen to settle for being mere puppets can only hope to inhabit. 'Wherever they go, there is a great crowd with them. Their brain is the record of their sympathies, people pour in and are piled up, with a persistent classification, until giant-like and permanent images, the 'types' of drama or fiction are produced'.⁵¹ The New Egos are not transcendental, but they are ecstatic – possessing a capacity for standing forth from the polarities (or rather perspectives) of body and soul – of personality and impersonality – in order to project a world.

Lewis develops these ideas further, in his book *Time and Western Man* (1927). In a chapter on 'God as Reality', Lewis insists that, as 'surface-creatures', we must reject those philosophies that predict or seek to effect transcendental union in the Absolute Synthesis. 'For such departures result in self-destruction, just as though we hurled ourself into space – into "mental-space," if you like, in this case.'⁵² If Lewis believes in an Absolute (or God), he nevertheless believes that it is probably better, perhaps even more truthful, to pretend otherwise. 'This must be so for things to be bearable at all for us as creatures: for such unrelieved intimacy as would otherwise exist, such perpetual society – of such a pervasive, psychic, overwhelming kind – would not be socially possible.'⁵³ If there is a God, the very act of creation, in Lewis's system, necessarily required His abdication. 'He apparently no longer wished to be "the Absolute".'⁵⁴ This is no deprivation but a 'princely gift' that permits every one of us to realise our own *absolute* uniqueness:

Human individuality is best regarded as a kind of artificial godhood. When most intensely separated from our neighbours and from all other things – most "ourselves," as we say – we are farthest away, clearly, from an Absolute, or any kind of Unity. Yet, in another sense, we are nearest to it.⁵⁵

It is thus still possible to believe in a first-hand experience of the divine in human life. Dismissing those 'vulgar delusions' that privilege quantity, duration and scale, Lewis presents a radical take on Stirner's philosophy of "creative negation", suggesting that we come closest to that nothingness-that-is-God-for-us in the act

of creation: – ‘no Absolute need be ashamed of the feelings or thoughts of what we call a great artist or a great poet’.⁵⁶

To be at once perfectly concrete, we can assert that a God that swam in such an atmosphere as is produced by the music of a Bach fugue, or the stormy grandeur of the genii in the Sistine Ceiling, or the scene of the Judgement of Signorelli at Orvieto, who moved with the grace of Mozart – anyone may for himself accumulate such comparisons from the greatest forms of art – such a God would be the highest we could imagine...⁵⁷

The history of Pierpoint in *The Apes of God* (1930) provides us with an insight into how this distinctively Lewisian twist on Stirner’s theories might play out. Pierpoint has removed himself from London’s “artistic” circles prior to the start of the narration; has since been successful in maintaining that absolute isolation Lewis considers to be a prerequisite to artistic success. His relation to the novel is therefore something like that of the artist in relation to his work; the degraded society he reviews might be said to constitute his own composition. So Pierpoint settles any lingering doubts we might entertain concerning the situation that Arghol struggles with in ‘Enemy of the Stars’. In a letter circulated by Pierpoint (referred to as an ‘encyclical’), the artist begins by insisting upon, rather than seeking to slur over, the fact that he too is a party; Pierpoint is (no less than ourselves or Arghol) part of the universe he is attempting to withdraw from, but this presents the true artist with no impediment to his apotheosis.

[It] is from amongst the parties that the acting judge is ultimately chosen. Where else should you get him from? The supreme judge is constantly absent. What we call a judge is a successful partisan. It is on account of the superior percentage of truth in the composition of your glosses that your statement is erected into a standard. And ‘Of an opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceases to be examined.’ The finding of the supreme judge would automatically dissolve us all into limbo.⁵⁸

But having refined himself out of existence this god is not content to remain behind or within or above his handiwork, to be as the Joycean artist, indifferent, paring his fingernails. ‘I am not in agreement with the current belief in a strained “impersonality” as the secret of artistic success’, states Pierpoint. An opinion that Lewis himself expressed in his critical appraisal of T.S. Eliot in *Men Without Art*

(1934). In line with the approach advocated in that work, Pierpoint intervenes repeatedly, 'broadcasting' his opinions indirectly – via the medium of a puppet, that is to say, his voice carries clearest through everything that the artist is not. 'The flourishing and bombastic role that you may sometimes see me in, that is an effect of chance', Pierpoint explains. 'Or it is a caricature of some constant figure in the audience, rather than what I am (in any sense) myself. Or, to make myself clearer, it is my opposite.'⁵⁹ To underline the point, Pierpoint begins to broadcast through rival personas toward the end of the book. The two could not present a greater contrast. Starr-Smith is a Fascist Welshman: a tightly wound chauvinism that threatens imminent explosion, this figure suggests the 'simple black human bullet' of the 'civilised savage' in BLAST 1. Horace Zagreus, on the other hand, is a former actor and a part-time magician, acutely aware of his own emptiness and happy to play his part as a conduit for unknown powers: his 'polar-pelt' and transformational magic recall the early writing on the Shaman's 'arctic carnival mask'. Having apparently managed to evade fixation as either a fetish-object or a trepanned skull, the living ego is interjecting both false alternatives back into the narrative and is thereby reproducing the conditions for his synthesis not within the text but without – a *nothing* to the apes – because a *thing* – 'It cannot be a *genius*!'⁶⁰

In previous commentaries, the mutually assured destruction that ensues when these two rival bearers of the sacred word go head to head in the chapter 'Lord Osmund's Lenten Party,' is often taken to indicate that whatever Pierpoint had planned is somehow turning awry. 'Whatever Pierpoint's beliefs and intentions, his campaign against the apes he identifies in his Encyclical is waged through unreliable lieutenants', states Edwards. 'Two of them ... are capable of parroting at great length and with great conviction Pierpoint's Lewisian analyses of the art world ... but they ruin the show at Lord Osmund's party by squabbling over unpaid bills in public.'⁶¹ Similar criticism is levelled at Lewis's other great novel from this period, *The Childermass* (1928), in which another actor and magician, possessed of transformative powers, squares off against another Welshman and Fascist, in a refugee-camp outside Heaven. After considerable fanfare, the long promised battle for reality seems about to begin when the latter faction secure a platform; but rather than 'showing up' the 'Bailiff', exposing the magic tricks and

misconceptions that underpin his rule, these 'Hyperideans' come to realise that they are in agreement with their enemy's philosophy or that their key ideas have been stolen by him and are already being implemented (in what must count as an early example of "triangulation"). Their conclusion: 'What a pity that you are in charge!'⁶²

In contrast, the theoretical framework set out in this essay for the evaluation of Lewis's great period must suggest that these scenes represent in each case a successful outcome for the only participant of any consequence, the Ideal Giant. To suggest that either the apes' saturnalia or the parliament of the dead 'should be an epiphany', as previous commentators have suggested, is to miss the point of the dialectical process Lewis took from Stirner.⁶³ 'It was my idea at the outset', Lewis recalled of *The Art of Being Ruled*, 'inspired by the Hegelian dialectic, with its thesis and antithesis – to state, here and there, both sides of the question to be debated, and allow those opposites to struggle in the reader's mind for the ascendancy and there to find their synthesis'.⁶⁴ No epiphany is viable *inside* a work of art for the reason stated in Lewis's novel *Tarr* (1928):

'Deadness is the first condition for art: the second is absence of soul, in the human and sentimental sense ... no restless inflammable ego is imagined for its interior: it has *no inside*: good art must have no inside: that is capital.'⁶⁵

Having demonstrated that naïve egotism or chauvinism in the contemporary use of that term is not that 'one synthetic and various ego' that comprises self and the not-self, we are now in a position to perceive that a signal victory is neither possible nor even desired for those things in himself that Lewis fixed upon as his 'most essential ME'.⁶⁶ The Stirnerian dialectical method is not essentialist but nihilist: aims not at restoration, but negation of negation. The climactic moment that Starr-Smith disrupts could never have been an epiphany because the God that 'always desires to manifest himself' is not, as Edwards seems to suggest in his discussion of this passage, Lewis's God, but a natural rather than artificial power, the God of the magician rather than the artist, making itself visible here in the only way it ever can: by disappearing the Subject. That is the negation being negated: no epiphany from the magician or Shaman, but a series of vanishing tricks. '[All] magicians dislike permanence, and are naturally sympathetic

towards the flux', states Lewis in *Time and Western Man*. 'For operations involving *disappearances* are their *métier*. Nearly all their tricks are *vanishing tricks*.'⁶⁷

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The Vanish in *The Apes of God* may be taken as the satiric counterpart to that historical process that Lewis had already charted in *Time and Western Man*, tracking the Ego, 'briefly, from where we find it fully substantial at the opening of the great period of democratic stir and ferment in Europe, down to the time of its death in "action", of recent date'.⁶⁸ Having insisted that art is the civilised substitute for magic, Lewis accuses contemporaries of wishing to lead us back, 'by means of art, to the plane of magic, or of mystical, specifically religious, experience'. Instead of embracing the new possibilities presented by artist and scientist in the modern phase of European history, philosophers and cultural critics seek only 'to retransform both of them into the primitive magician from which they both equally spring, or rather to retransform their chosen material into simple magic'.⁶⁹

Lewis's understanding of the dangers posed by this reversion to Shamanism remains distinctively Stirnerian through the interwar years. The impetus behind *The Art of Being Ruled* is, Lewis claims at the outset, his desire to explode what Stirner terms *causes*, that category of *ideas* that empty out the individual subject, so that the latter becomes nothing but *a walking idea*. "Dying for a idea" sounds well enough, writes Lewis, but why not let the idea die instead of you.⁷⁰ The book is a diatribe against any word that makes us strangers to ourselves, installing 'a principle of impersonality in the heart of our life that is anti-vital'.⁷¹ The final section concludes with an echo of Stirner's contention that our heads remain 'haunted' by that most oppressive 'spook' – Man.⁷² 'Our minds are still haunted by that Abstract Man,' Lewis writes, 'that enlightened abstraction of a common humanity, which had its greatest advertisement in the eighteenth century'.⁷³

But new ideas and points of reference increasingly complicate this Stirnerian base. In the course of his discussion of Schopenhauer, for instance, Lewis notes that the philosopher defends the "self" from a predatory abstract Idealism, but

insists 'the individual should be kept in the most unequivocal subordination to his conception of the Will'.⁷⁴ In *Time and Western Man*, the individual subject is threatened not, or not primarily, by the Idea, but by this radical new empirical basis for Natural Science. Over the course of a chapter titled 'The Subject as King of the Psychological World', Lewis traces the evolution of the *unconscious mind* from its roots in the debates of Locke and Leibniz, over the Cartesian statement that '*the soul, as a thinking being, must think incessantly*,' through to the *élan vital* of Bergson and the *Radical Empiricism* of William James. 'So it is that *the Subject* is not gently reasoned out of, but violently hounded from every cell of the organism: until at last (arguing that "independent," individual life is not worthwhile, nor the game worth the candle) he plunges into the *Unconscious*,' Lewis concludes – 'where Dr. Freud, like a sort of mephistophelian Dr. Caligari, is waiting for him.'⁷⁵ In another chapter, Lewis even goes so far as to suggest that 'Realist' and 'Idealist' can no longer be said to differ in any significant respect.⁷⁶

In a startling twist to the Stirnerian historical schema, the rise of the artist and the scientist is shown to have brought about a very different synthesis to that predicted by Stirner. No *Ideal Giant* (the future of the artist has not materialised) but an *Ideal Comedian*: 'In dealing with the question of the *sense of personal identity*, James says that our belief that the *Me* of yesterday is the same as the *Me* of today is "a mere subjective phenomenon"; states Lewis.⁷⁷ And the Comedian, in the picture of these many distinct, intermittent selves, finds his professional paradise. 'For all comedians are necessarily volatile, love change for change's sake, prefer parasitically other personalities and other lives to their own – such is their faculty and function: they would desire never twice to be the same thing: to have at their disposal an infinite number of masks.'⁷⁸ – In politics, the Ideal Comedian is said to manifest as a type of Mussolini: 'with all the instincts bred behind the footlights, the apotheosis of the life-of-the-moment, of exteriority, display and make-up; and of an extreme instability, fundamental breaks and intermittences, the natural result of the violent changes of, and the return of great chaotic violences into, our time'. In the arts, continues Lewis, this tendency issues in the form of prodigious virtuosity. 'The work of one person will consist of the schematic juxtaposition of a series of disconnected stylizations; and

therefore, since the “style is the man,” of a crowd of men, not one man at all. So the co-existence is achieved of many persons and times in one.’⁷⁹

Much of Lewis’s fictional and critical output in the interwar period is devoted to the exposure of these *Ideal Comedians*, and perhaps the most vicious of these personal attacks is the ‘Analysis of the Mind of James Joyce’ in *Time and Western Man*. By far the best known and most widely quoted of Lewis’s polemical work, this piece acquires a new significance within the theoretical context established by this essay. In this light it is clear that Joyce is guilty, not merely of reiterating like Gertrude Stein the radical empiricism of William James, nor like Ezra Pound, of simply failing to understand the wider implications of his creative practice (a ‘Revolutionary Simpleton’). The vitriol directed at Joyce can now be understood to stem from Lewis’s (perhaps mistaken) perception that *Ulysses* had enacted precisely that thought-experiment we find in his own work (stating, here and there, both sides of the question to be debated, allowing opposites to struggle in the reader’s mind for the ascendancy – there to find their synthesis) – but had then arrived at a markedly different result. As in *The Childermass*, a Celt with an improbable Greek name, representing a Classical or spatial mind-set, goes head to head with a Jew, embodying what Lewis called a *time-mind*. But though ‘urged by his author to rise to the occasion and live up to the role of the incarnation of the immaterial, and so be top-dog to Poldy Bloom’, Stephen Dedalus simply will not grow into ‘the protagonist of a battle between mighty principles of Spirit and Matter’.⁸⁰ Having disavowed this portrait of himself as a young man, the author, ‘thinly disguised as a middle-aged Jew tout (Mr Leopold Bloom)’, is said to win the reader’s sympathy every time he appears; ‘is never confronted with the less and less satisfactory Dedalus (in the beau role) without the latter losing trick after trick to his disreputable rival; and so, to the dismay of the conscientious reader, betraying the principles he represents.’ Lewis concludes that, ‘It is a sad affair, altogether, on that side’.⁸¹ In a critique that foreshadows the existential psychology of schizophrenia developed by R.D. Laing, Lewis argues that ego must inevitably collapse in the face of the (radical empiricist) psychological method, the immense *nature-morte* that must result; ‘a ton or two of personally organised rubbish’.⁸² As Lewis had predicted in *The Caliph’s Design* (1919), the human had been overwhelmed by its own creation (or as he put it in *BLAST*, the fraternal

moulds that attract modern town-dwellers): 'The danger, as it would appear at present, and in our first flight of substitution and remounting, is evidently that we should become overpowered by our creation, and become as mechanical as a tremendous insect world, all our awakened reason [that distinguishes the third phase in the Lewisian schematic history – the time of the New Ego, of the Artist] entirely disappeared'.⁸³

Lewis's frustration at Joyce's perversion (as he perceived it) of the dialectical form he had developed in 'Enemy of the Stars' can only have been compounded by his knowledge of the extent to which this fellow Man-of-1914 had grounded his creative project on Stirnerian Egoism. Both had been published in *The Egoist* by Dora Marsden, and as Bruce Clarke has shown in his book on the editor, in Joyce's case at least, this was because *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* realised her vision of a literature that would constitute a psychology of Egoism. Joyce cites Stirner as a major influence on his thought in a note to his biographer Herbert Gorman, and the philosopher's influence is pervasive in this first novel, which can be seen to conform closely to that step-by-step account of a typical individual's psychological development set out in the first chapter of *The Ego and His Own*.⁸⁴ Like Stirner's Egoist, Stephen Dedalus passes on from an initial phase in which he is subject to physical tyrannies of family and school, only then to fall under the spiritual dominion of the Church. Having freed himself from the latter, Stephen must resist its humanitarian reiterations in order to achieve his goal: that is (like the Lewisian Egoist) to become his own Artist. Earlier versions of the *Portrait* can be seen to draw yet more heavily on Stirnerian theory – as Michel Rabate has recently demonstrated. 'It was part of that ineradicable egoism which he was afterwards to call redeemer,' writes Joyce, 'that he imagined converging to him all the deeds and thoughts of the microcosm'.⁸⁵ And in Rabate's opinion, 'This thought cannot simply be ascribed to youthful enthusiasm, since we find it in Stephen's mouth at the close of *Ulysses*, in "Eumaeus", when Stephen declares to a baffled Bloom 'that Ireland must be important because it belongs to [him]'.⁸⁶

In his Lacanian reading of Joyce's oeuvre, Rabate argues that the move toward the decentred subjectivity one encounters in *Finnegans Wake* does not represent the rejection of Stirnerian Egoism for a Radical Empiricism, but the culmination of the former through the latter. In Stirner's philosophy, the ego as posited (or in

Lewisian terms, the persona, insofar as it possesses existence, is appearance, and is essence (that is to say, is the creator of a persona thus posited) only insofar as it does not exist. And from the earliest versions of *A Portrait*, Joyce had conflated ego with negation in a pun that can be understood to have anticipated everything that would follow in the *Wake*: ‘His ‘Nego ... written amid a chorus of peddling Jews’ gibberish and Gentile clamour,’ writes Joyce, ‘was drawn up valiantly while true believers prophesied fried atheism and was hurled against the obscene hells of our Holy Mother’.⁸⁷ In that picture of many distinct intermittent selves we find in the *Wake*, we should perceive, not disintegration of ego, but multiplication: ‘a grammar of egoism – in which the active and passive voices keep revolving around a mobile subjective center’.⁸⁸ For Rabate, this lability of the “I” is derived from the key property of a Stirnerian Unique who is also *causa sui*. ‘Throughout his career, the strategy adopted by Joyce will remain the same: by hiding under the tables of the Law, he multiplies his “I’s” in order to avoid the frightening beaks’. In the *Wake* – as in Freud’s *Interpretation of Dreams* – ego is represented several times over and in various forms because – in the view of both Joyce and Freud – ‘Dreams are completely egotistical’.⁸⁹

A Lewisian reading of the Joycean dream-work must be at one with Lacan on this score: – no work of art that does not result from the free action of a living Subject. To accept Rabate’s interpretation of Joyce’s work, as sharing a common basis in the egoist philosophy of Max Stirner, is to acquire a new understanding of the Lewisian critique as a sectarian action; the specific thrust of the argument is more precise once it is recognised that the Joycean dream-work is not an alien system of thought, that Lewis is gunning not for an enemy without but within: a purge, a pogrom; this dispute is fraternal, taking issue not with the fundamental beliefs underpinning the creation of *Finnegans Wake*, but with their application. Lewis resists the suggestion, advanced again later in the century by Deleuze and Guattari, that there is radical potential in this egalitarian dispersal of the Subject; that is to say, in a failure to distinguish between that which is your *self* and that which is your *own*, those properties of the ego, on the part of the schizophrenic, or *Schizoid*.

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In the rigorous steps to police this distinction introduced in *The Childermass* and *The Apes of God* we have seen that Lewis presents a compelling alternative to a radical subjectivity often taken to represent the mainstream of Modernism (and typically attributed to the Radical Empiricism of James and Bergson). In closing, I would like to point out problems inherent in the dialectical procedure developed by Lewis. In eliminating the confusion of self and property that entangles Arghol in 'The Enemy of the Stars', Lewis inevitably projects into the work an essential ME – a portrait of the artist – perhaps less like the one synthetic and various ego that created the work than the Domestic Adversary – the shamans or magicians that possess all of that transformative energy proper to the artist in every living thing.

In what is perhaps the most extraordinary scene in Lewis's phantasmagoria, his answer to *Finnegans Wake*, the Bailiff is seen to sink back into a painting that serves as the backcloth to his booth, merging in the form of the divinity depicted there: the adolescent god of Thrace, with leopard-skin and thyrsus, worshipped in the Orphic Mysteries: "The Thracian divinity skoal-drinks with dashing nordic abandon then crashes the goblet down bottom-up, true Thracian-Norse, upon the shelf before him."⁹⁰ In stark contrast, that faithful portrait of the Artist, Hyperides, though likened in appearance to Michelangelo, is immobile, inert; bound to support a Lewisian line on art, he is required to *communicate* a vision that is diametrically opposed to everything he *is*: 'stretched out in the relaxed repose of the Sistine Adam [his] finger points inertly forward as though waiting the touch of the hurrying Jehovah.'⁹¹ In preventing an indiscriminate confusion of self and world, Lewis inevitably *appears* to have relinquished the mercurial properties of the living ego that make possible art. If Joyce is taken to represent a pantheistic dispersal, blurring into the contours of his dream landscape, present in every river, tree and hill, Lewis is (to paraphrase W.H. Auden) too easily taken for *that lonely volcano on the right...* ("The mountains were an idea of mine!" says the Bailiff. "They are as a matter of fact from Iceland, volcanic as you see I daresay – that is the Skapta Jokul ..."⁹²)

And perhaps this is no mistake. In his pre-war writing Lewis had identified himself to a greater or lesser degree with the final stage in Stirner's evolution; his

shamanic figures from the North, Kerr-Orr and Arghol, had struggled against or tried to accommodate those bullet-like egos encountered where Africa begins. In the post-war writing, Lewis took issue with the resulting synthesis and fought for Ideal Giant against Ideal Comedian. Hurling his weight behind the Thracian or Phrygian horsemen that first shattered the shamanic/orphic system of sex-magic in ancient Bulgaria, Lewis championed the Lion over the Fox, in order to secure a result like the Greek synthesis or Italian renaissance. But whatever synthesis this author envisaged happening *outside the text* must necessarily remain just that, happening only if the reader takes the considerable time and effort to make it happen. And unfortunately, what readers *actually* encounter in Lewis's writing, until the thirties at least, is precisely that inertness (that fixity, that mortmain) now associates with the art produced under *fascism*. The opening sequence in Leni Riefenstahl's *Olympia* (1938); those unmoving tableaux, 'like a spirited salon-picture', Lewis ridiculed in Pound's 'Canto XVII'; the six characters in search of an author, in the play of that name by Luigi Pirandello. This material history is no less dead, no less a *nature-morte*, for being said to follow on, rather than constitute, the passage through time of an ego, our *Angelus Novus*, the artist.

- ¹ Lewis, 'Enemy of the Stars', *BLAST 1* (Black Sparrow Press: Santa Rosa 2002), 76-77.
- ² Paul Edwards, *Wyndham Lewis: Painter and Writer* (Yale University Press: New Haven 2000), 157.
- ³ Lewis, 'Enemy of the Stars', 77.
- ⁴ Lewis, 'Enemy of the Stars', 74, 64.
- ⁵ Edwards, 156.
- ⁶ Lewis, 'Enemy of the Stars', 77.
- ⁷ Lewis, 'Enemy of the Stars', 77.
- ⁸ Edwards, 555.
- ⁹ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 67.
- ¹⁰ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 59.
- ¹¹ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 65.
- ¹² Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 59.
- ¹³ Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, ed., Reed Way Dasenbrock (Black Sparrow Press: Santa Rosa 1989), 255.
- ¹⁴ Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, 257.
- ¹⁵ Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, 257.
- ¹⁶ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 25.
- ¹⁷ Lewis, *The Caliph's Design*, ed. Paul Edwards (Black Sparrow Press: Santa Rosa 1986), 66.
- ¹⁸ Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, p.267.
- ¹⁹ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, ed. Paul Edwards (Black Sparrow Press: Santa Rosa 1993), 187.
- ²⁰ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 188.
- ²¹ Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, 267.
- ²² Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 33.
- ²³ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 146.
- ²⁴ Max Stirner, *The Ego and His Own*, trans. Steven T. Byington, ed. James J. Martin (Dover: NY 2005), 71.
- ²⁵ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 61. Stirner, 70.
- ²⁶ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 59, 55.
- ²⁷ Edwards, 158.
- ²⁸ Lewis, *The Ideal Giant*, CPP, ed. Alan Munton (Carcanet: Manchester 1996), 131.

- ²⁹ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 66.
- ³⁰ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 71.
- ³¹ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 70.
- ³² Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 68.
- ³³ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 141.
- ³⁴ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 84
- ³⁵ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 61.
- ³⁶ Edwards, 158.
- ³⁷ Edwards, 144.
- ³⁸ Edwards, 144.
- ³⁹ Edwards, 144.
- ⁴⁰ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, 67-8.
- ⁴¹ Lewis, 'Inferior Religions', *The Wild Body* (Chatto and Windus: London 1927), 235.
- ⁴² Lewis, 'Inferior Religions', *The Wild Body*, 238
- ⁴³ Lewis, 'The Meaning of the Wild Body', *The Wild Body*, 243.
- ⁴⁴ Lewis, 'Inferior Religions', *The Wild Body*, 236.
- ⁴⁵ Lewis, 'Inferior Religions', *The Wild Body*, 236.
- ⁴⁶ Lewis, *The Childermass* (Jupiter Books: London 1965), 149.
- ⁴⁷ Lewis, *The Childermass*, 149.
- ⁴⁸ R.D. Laing, *The Divided Self* (Penguin: London 1990), 22.
- ⁴⁹ Lewis, *BLAST 1*, p.66.
- ⁵⁰ Lewis, 'Inferior Religions', *The Wild Body*, 236.
- ⁵¹ Lewis, 'Imaginary Letters', *Letter III*, 24-25.
- ⁵² Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 377.
- ⁵³ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 372.
- ⁵⁴ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 377.
- ⁵⁵ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 372.
- ⁵⁶ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 376.
- ⁵⁷ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 370.

- ⁵⁸ Lewis, *The Apes of God*, ed. Paul Edwards (Black Sparrow Press: Santa Rosa 1997), 118.
- ⁵⁹ Lewis, *The Apes of God*, 125.
- ⁶⁰ Lewis, *The Apes of God*, 291.
- ⁶¹ Edwards, 351.
- ⁶² Lewis, *The Childermass*, 394.
- ⁶³ Edwards, 351.
- ⁶⁴ Lewis, *Rude Assignment* (Black Sparrow Press: Santa Rosa 1984), p.183.
- ⁶⁵ Lewis, *Tarr* (Chatto and Windus: London 1928), 303.
- ⁶⁶ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 132.
- ⁶⁷ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 349.
- ⁶⁸ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 298.
- ⁶⁹ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 188.
- ⁷⁰ Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, 20.
- ⁷¹ Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, 24.
- ⁷² Stirner, p.43.
- ⁷³ Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, p.375.
- ⁷⁴ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 306.
- ⁷⁵ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 300.
- ⁷⁶ Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 239.
- ⁷⁷ Lewis, *TWM*, 338.
- ⁷⁸ Lewis, *TWM*, 342.
- ⁷⁹ Lewis, *TWM*, 342.
- ⁸⁰ Lewis, *TWM*, 98.
- ⁸¹ Lewis, *TWM*, 98.
- ⁸² Lewis, *TWM*, 90.
- ⁸³ Lewis, *The Caliph's Design*, 76.
- ⁸⁴ 'Most, Malatesta, Stirner, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Elisée Reclus, Spencer, and Benjamin Tucker, whose *Instead of a Book* proclaimed the liberty of the on-invasive individual.' (James Joyce in a note to his biographer Herbert Gorman. Quoted in Richard Ellman, *James Joyce: A Biography*,)
- ⁸⁵ James Joyce, 'A Portrait of the Artist', *Poems and Shorter Writings*, ed. Richard Ellmann, A. Walton Litz and John Whittier-Ferguson (Faber: London 1991), 212.

⁸⁶ Joyce, *Ulysses*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler (Bodley Head: London 1986) 16: ll.1164-65. Jean-Michel Rabate, *James Joyce and the Politics of Egoism* (CUP 2001), 55.

⁸⁷ Joyce, 'APA', 14

⁸⁸ Rabate, 12.

⁸⁹ Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, trans. A.A. Brill (Wordsworth: Hertfordshire 1997), 358.

⁹⁰ Lewis, *The Childermass*, 183.

⁹¹ Lewis, *The Childermass*, 194.

⁹² Lewis, *The Childermass*, 170.