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How to misbehave as a behaviourist (if you're Wyndham Lewis)

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Wyndham Lewis' short story 'Candleman's Spring-Mate' (1917) remains one of the minor side-attractions of modernist obscenity, seldom discussed in terms other than those that would present it as a negligible rehearsal for the more consequential trials and ordeals of *Ulysses* (1922). This article responds to this oversight by comparing representations of animality in Lewis' story with the early popular essays of John B. Watson (the 'father' of behaviourism). 'Candleman's Spring-Mate' not only thematically links behaviourist assumptions with obscenity considered as a reading practice, but also provides a number of important cues for Lewis' subsequent critical and satirical engagements with behaviourism in the 1920s and 1930s.

### Keywords

Lewis; Wyndham; obscenity; literary modernism; behaviourism; animal studies

Accepted as a sort of disciple of Watson, I attracted to myself a modicum of limelight. I had a measure of success. 'How Science can be almost more entertaining than Fiction' – you know the sort of idea. 'People Behaving' the first of these two books was called. This gave the critic of the silly season (it is always the silly season in the 'Book Pages') his opportunity, as indeed I had calculated it would. 'People Misbehaving' the cheerful ruffian called it, with great satisfaction. This did a lot of good.<sup>1</sup>

With all this war stuff abaht it might do no harm to indicate that you did in 1916 or 17 (Cantleman) what the lot of em are now cashing in on. Can't remember whether Cantleman was suppressed or not????? However things have moved since.<sup>2</sup>

As a matter of fact, Cantleman was suppressed, though Pound can be forgiven this lapse in memory because an awful lot was happening in his orbit the final year-and-a-half of World War I. Leaving Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* in a huff, he had taken up the foreign editorship of *The Little Review* in May 1917 because Margaret Anderson's little magazine appeared to him to be a more tractable instrument of his peculiar blend of pedantry, enthusiasm, and pedagogy. Wyndham Lewis – whose work, along with that of T.S. Eliot and James Joyce, was to be Pound's most substantial contribution as editor to *The Little Review* – had finally been deployed to the front around the beginning of June 1917 as an officer in the 224th Siege Battery of the Royal Garrison Artillery. Moreover, around the time that the Bolsheviks were storming the Winter Palace in Saint Petersburg, *The Little Review* was being denied the use of the mails by the United States Post Office and the New York District Court.

Anticipating the (by now) almost mythically outsized ordeals undergone by the journal in its serialization of James Joyce's *Ulysses* (1922), the November 1917 obscenity trial concerning the publication of Wyndham Lewis' war-time short story, 'Cantleman's Spring-Mate', seemed at first glance to confirm that *The Little Review* was finally pursuing in earnest its no-quarter-given covenant between its readers and itself: 'No Compromise with the Public Taste'. Upon hearing of the Post Office's decision to withhold the October 1917 issue from the mail, however, Anderson quickly took out a motion to restrain the Postmaster of New York, and in *Anderson v. Patten, Postmaster* (1917), the inimitable modernist art collector, patron, and lawyer, John Quinn, 'brilliantly and . . . humorously' defended *The Little Review*, much as he would do four years later when the journal again faced charges of obscenity for serializing the 'Nausikaa' episode of *Ulysses*.<sup>3</sup> Further foreshadowing what would later happen to

Joyce's text three times leading up to the 'Nausikaa' trial, the New York District Court denied Anderson's motion. According to Judge Augustus Hand, Lewis' story addressed itself to readers' bodies in ways that could not be contained through contemplation:

The young girl and the relations of the man with her are described with a degree of detail that does not appear necessary to teach the desired lesson, whatever it may be, or to tell a story which would possess artistic merit or arouse any worthy emotion.<sup>4</sup>

What brought Hand up short were the excessive qualities of Lewis' text: in its overmastering attention to salacious details and the striking development of those details into protracted descriptive passages, the story seems committed to undermining the very sorts of moral and aesthetic designs to which it might justifiably lay claim and make use of in defending itself against charges like those of obscenity. Hand thereby affirmed the Postmaster's administrative judgement that 'Candleman's Spring-Mate' was in fact 'obscene, lewd, or lascivious' under the terms marked out by Section 211 of the United States Criminal Code and therefore could not be mailed to *The Little Review's* subscribers.<sup>5</sup>

'Candleman's Spring-Mate' remains one of the minor side-attractions of modernist obscenity, seldom discussed in terms other than those that would present it as a negligible dress-rehearsal for the more notorious trials of *Ulysses*.<sup>6</sup> This article instead contends that there is more to Lewis and obscenity than Leopold Bloom, Gerty MacDowell, and the Litany of Loreto. By comparing representations of animality in Lewis' story with the early popular essays of John B. Watson (the 'father' of behaviourism), I demonstrate that 'Candleman's Spring-Mate' not only thematically links behaviourist assumptions with obscenity considered as a reading practice, but also provides a number of cues for Lewis' subsequent critical and satirical engagements with behaviourism in the 1920s and 1930s. At least since 1954, when Hugh Kenner noted the 'latent contradiction' between the attacks on behaviourism in Lewis' criticism and the behaviourist premises and methods nevertheless at work in much of his fiction, the study of this obstinate modernist's relationship to behaviourism has proven quite generative.<sup>7</sup> However, most critics since Kenner, even when they write against him, tend to follow his lead and take as their focus Lewis' behaviourist novel, *Snoopy Baronet* (1932).<sup>8</sup> Here I argue that the continuity of behaviourist preoccupations in Lewis' fiction extends farther back than has often been assumed and that such preoccupations get expressed in that fiction through the complementary experiences of animality and obscenity.

Lewis drafted 'Cantleman's Spring-Mate' in the long period of waiting preparatory to his belated deployment to the front as an officer in the Royal Artillery. Fittingly enough, therefore, the story focuses on the long period of waiting to go to war rather than on the war itself, and, in fact, violent scenes of battle only intrude in the final two sentences, when the contemptuous Cantleman compares the 'impartial malignity' with which he beats a Hun's brains out to the predacious sexual use he makes of his spring-mate, Stella, earlier in the narrative.<sup>9</sup> In fact, Stella – and not the brutally beaten German – comprises Cantleman's principal antagonist and scapegoat throughout the story, and, in many respects, Lewis' narrative functions to provide an alibi for Cantleman's impartially malign treatment of her.<sup>10</sup>

The story opens with the young British soldier Cantleman overwhelmed by the literally steaming sexual energy given off by the animal life in the fields through which he is walking on his way back to camp. Horses are appetizingly appraising the 'masses of quivering shiny flesh' of the mares surrounding them ('CS-M', p. 8). Female birds, though critical of the peeps and chocks making up the love songs of their partners, nevertheless admit that each of their male counterparts does indeed represent 'a fluffy object from which certain satisfaction could be derived' ('CS-M', p. 8). Even swine are getting in on the act:

The sow, as she watched her hog, with his splenetic energy, and guttural articulation, a sound between content and complaint, not noticing the untidy habits of both of them, gave a sharp grunt of sex-hunger, and jerked rapidly towards him. The only jarring note in this vast mutual admiration society was the fact that many of its members showed their fondness for their neighbor in an embarrassing way: that is they killed and ate them. But the weaker were so used to dying violent deaths and being eaten that they worried very little about it. = The West was gushing up a harmless volcano of fire, obviously intended as an immense dreamy nightcap. ('CS-M', p. 8)

Perhaps even more so than the embarrassing expression of 'this vast mutual admiration society' in terms of homicidal and carnivorous violence, the last sentence sounds the passage's jarring note, for it disrupts the salacious wild-life activities of the opening paragraph to resituate these enduring seasonal themes within a more urgent human, even technological, framework. In particular, the end of the first paragraph reveals Cantleman's suggestive receptivity to the fecundating activities of the animals around him to be an indication of his ambivalence towards the war in which he is about to

fight, insofar as death, or rather ‘the prospect of death’ in battle, does indeed provide the ‘philosophic background’ for his opening ‘cogitation on surrounding life’ (‘CS-M’, pp. 8–9). Although he very well may die in action at the front, however, Cantleman would have himself know that he is not naïve enough to believe that his death will thereby achieve anything like lasting significance. Far from representing an event of any historical consequence whatsoever, World War I is simply ‘a harmless volcano of fire’ or ‘an immense dreamy nightcap’ when compared to the timelessly natural fucking, fighting, and eating under way in the pressure-cooked fields he attentively traverses.

In short, the free indirect discourse of the opening of ‘Cantleman’s Spring-Mate’ appears to subjugate the putative non-event of World War I and its prospects of violent death to a vaguely registered, but nevertheless overmastering, law of nature. Another way of putting this would be to say that the conspicuously aroused natural life seen in ‘the strenuous fields’ surrounding Cantleman appears to comprise so many anthropomorphized projections of that soldier’s own spring-ignited lust (‘CS-M’, p. 8). The matter of who projects what onto whom, however, becomes a good deal more vexed as the opening paragraph unfolds. Fredric Jameson has usefully categorized the growing confusion of what constitutes cause or agency in the story as a strange instance of hypallage, according to which owner and property relations get scrambled by the syntactical reorientation of the adjective.<sup>11</sup> For Jameson, hypallage is not so much a rhetorical device as it is a stylistic *modus operandi* both in ‘Cantleman’s Spring-Mate’ and throughout Lewis’ fiction in general:

Lewis’ hypallage, where the attributes of actor or act are transferred onto the dead scenery, generates a kind of contamination of the axis of contiguity, offering a glimpse of a world in which the old-fashioned substances, like marbles in a box, have been rattled so furiously together that their ‘properties’ come loose and stick to the wrong places – a very delirium of metonymy of which, as we shall see, Lewis’ subsequent writings provide some stunning examples.<sup>12</sup>

If, as Jameson argues, the adjective *strenuous* seems at first glance to mismodify the plural noun *fields* (for surely it is the walking of Cantleman that is strenuous here), then as the paragraph develops it becomes clearer and clearer that *strenuous* is the right word after all to describe the quasi-mechanistic couplings and steamy physical exertions that in fact constitute the fields. In other words, Lewis rattles his box of marbles not to achieve new figures thereby, but rather to reorder both reality itself and one’s relationship to it.<sup>13</sup>

A pre-existing affective ferment within Cantleman, therefore, does not motivate his engrossed interest in the animal orgy occurring around him; his figmentary 'instincts', in other words, cannot be said to have rubbed off on the field. Rather, the horses, the mares, the birds, the hogs, and the sows project their (alienable) repertoire of actions and responses onto Cantleman, suggesting that his arousal is no innately pre-scripted reaction to the green fuse of spring. The paradoxical and estranging goal of Cantleman's 'cogitation on surrounding life' is thus to become something less than kin or kind to the human as such:

On the other hand, Cantleman had a little more human, as well as a little more divine, than those usually on his left and right, and he had had, not so long ago, conspicuous hopes that such a conjuncture might produce a new human chemistry. But he must repudiate the human entirely, if that were to be brought off. His present occupation, the trampling boots upon his feet, the belt that crossed his back and breast, was his sacrifice, his compliment to, [*sic*] the animal. ('CS-M', p. 10)

World War I names the occasion not for a Zarathustrian flight into the wilderness but rather for a sacrifice of humanity's 'meagre stream of sublimity' to the animal by hazarding one's very life ('CS-M', p. 9). If Cantleman has apparently developed beyond a passing youthful fancy for pseudo-Nietzschean theatrics, then his disillusioned maturation seems to have produced little more than an inverted fantasy-image of Nietzsche's most enduring popular myth, for his hopes here for 'a new human chemistry' are frankly more underdog than *Übermensch*. It must also be kept in mind, however, that Cantleman's is not a complete sacrifice, for what is said to differentiate his animalistic acceptance of a world order governed by some sort of law of nature from the assent given by swine, birds, and horses is the fact that his is consciously granted and pursued, even though consciousness is said to be the very thing that makes being human so disgusting to Cantleman: 'The newspapers were the things that stank most on earth, and human beings anywhere were the most ugly and offensive of the brutes because of the confusion caused by their consciousness' ('CS-M', p. 9). The problem of his own consciousness notwithstanding, Cantleman's gambit remains that of stampeding recklessly and hilariously through the war and its hostile environs *as if* he were nothing more than an animal used to dying a violent death, *as if* his consciousness did not stink like that of any other human being.

Far from being 'an immense dreamy nightcap', World War I offers instead an absolute set of proving grounds for Cantleman's drastic reorganization of life, for which Stella provides something like a preliminary war

game. In this case, not a human relationship, but rather the carnal pleasures of coupling pursued as an end in themselves are Cantleman's implicit sacrifice to the animal. Moreover, he plays the part of the soldier-suitor for Stella because that is the sort of role to which she seems most susceptible. In fact, she takes on the corresponding part of a game rustic mate with some alacrity: 'The young woman had, *or had given herself*, the unlikely name of Stella' ('CS-M', p. 12; *emphasis mine*).

Though the role-playing dimensions of their spring encounters are certainly not lost on either of them, Stella and Cantleman nevertheless materially differ in the expectations they bring to their respective parts. While her response to Cantleman's cynical gift of a ring is somewhat equivocal, Stella does seem to expect him to share responsibility for their child when she later begins inundating him with letters at the front regarding her pregnancy: 'They came to Cantleman with great regularity in the trenches; he read them all through from beginning to end, without comment of any sort' ('CS-M', p. 14). Cantleman's response is effectively a non-response because for him Stella simply represented at one time (now long since past) the most proximate means of partaking in the transferable libidinal intensities suggested to him earlier by the spring pursuits of the swine, birds, and horses:

In the narrow road where they got away from the village, Cantleman put his arm around Stella's waist and immediately experienced all the sensations that he had been divining in the creatures around him; the horse, the bird and the pig. The way in which Stella's hips stood out, the solid blood-heated expanse on which his hand lay, had the amplitude and flatness of a mare. Her lips had at once no practical significance, but only the aesthetic blandishment of a bull-like flower. With the gesture of a fabulous Faust he drew her against him, and kissed her with a crafty gentleness. ('CS-M', p. 12)

Presenting himself to his spring-mate as if he were merely a diabolic lover cut to a ready-made pattern ('with the gesture of a fabulous Faust he drew her against him'), Cantleman presses Stella's body to his and feels beneath her dress not the ruse of human flesh but rather 'the amplitude and flatness of a mare' as the porously contiguous world produced by the narrative achieves a consequential and delirious climax: the rustic fields are strenuous, Stella is in fact little more than a palpably blood-warmed collage of horse-bird-swine, and Cantleman's spring pursuits turn out at last to encompass so many thinly veiled acts of bestiality.

## II

As drastic as this vision of the *Übermensch*-in-rout, beating a conscious retreat into the nearby sow-in-heat, may at first appear to be, it was no mere idiosyncrasy of Lewis' soldier. Compare, for instance, Cattleman's cogitations in an English field in the spring of 1917 with the following remarks made by an experimental and comparative psychologist at Johns Hopkins, published in the February 1910 issue of *Harper's Monthly*:

The point that I would make in all this is that there is no royal road to habit and knowledge. Man gets his first steps in exactly the same way as does the animal. Studies in animal behavior, while not fulfilling the hopes of the early students of evolution in showing that animals have exalted types of intellect, nevertheless are forcing us to reconsider our extravagant notions of the all-sufficiency of the human mind. Continuity between the mind of man and brute, the idea of the early students, will still be shown to exist, not by exalting the mind of the brute, but rather by the reverse process of showing the defects in the human mind.<sup>14</sup>

Though he was three years away from drafting what would become *the* manifesto of early behaviourism ('Psychology as the Behaviorist Views It'), John B. Watson can already be found here attempting to cut the Gordian knot formed by Cartesian dualism. In particular, Watson uses his essay in *Harper's* as a popular polemic to undermine those of his peers who would persist in holding on to a more anthropocentric world-view by demonstrating that the experimental study and observation of behaviour (whether human or animal) was the only way to make psychology a natural science like any other. A debasing material contiguity – as opposed to ennobling fantasies of progressive continuity – between animal and human was to be the new order of the day:

How do we make a laboratory study of the mind of an animal? It is not possible to get into its mind and see for ourselves the drama of mental events which is taking place there, consequently how is it ever possible to get any clear insight into the workings of its mind? At first sight we seem to have here an insuperable obstacle to the study. A little reflection, however, will show that we are forever debarred from studying the mind of our human neighbor in this direct way; yet surely no one in this day would be hardy enough to deny that we can and do get a very definite and scientific notion of the way our neighbor's mind works.<sup>15</sup>



This further exemplifies the bottom-up nature of Watson's radical reformulation of psychology in the early decades of the last century, insofar as he urges his colleagues to make a sacrifice of consciousness in order to see at last what ultimately binds us to animals: observable behaviour. Much like Cattleman, Watson contemplates a momentous transvaluation of values here by making the animal or brute the measure of man.<sup>16</sup> More importantly, in thus placing the human and the animal on the shared plane of observable behaviour, Watson strategically reduces the psychologist's world to one consisting entirely of observable physiological processes. That is to say, it was to be a world of surfaces behaving.

Considered simply as a methodology, behaviourism seems the ideal shell for Lewis' brand of literary modernism.<sup>17</sup> For one thing, his cultural critiques of the 1920s and 1930s tend to appear almost surgical in their treatment of impressionistic renderings of interiorities and popular experiences, both of which Lewis operates on as if they were cancerous cysts. Perhaps the most productive structuring enmity in *The Art of Being Ruled* (1926), after all, is that of inside and outside, with Lewis relegating to the inside almost everything that he regards either as objectionable or as an unnecessary impediment to the imminent restructuring of the world on socialist grounds, which he contemplates with more equanimity here than he was ever able to muster for such projects again. For instance, the putative impersonality of science, Bergsonian vitalism, psychoanalysis, Gertrude Stein, Henri Matisse, and 'the Small Man' (or entrepreneur) of capitalist competition are all shown by Lewis to prey upon and live irrationally within 'the smoking-hot *inside* of things, in contrast to the hard, cold, formal skull or carapace'.<sup>18</sup> That is to say, each of these diverse phenomena and figures comprises a forfeiting of 'objective qualities' for 'more mixed and obscure issues'.<sup>19</sup> For Lewis, this forfeiture betokens not only the confusions that follow upon giving free reign to the emotions, but also, more disturbingly, the annihilation of intellectual activity altogether:

All the meaning of life is of a superficial sort, of course: there is no meaning except on the surface. It is physiologically the latest, the ectodermic, and most *exterior* material of our body that is responsible for our intellectual life: it is on a faculty for exteriorization that our life depends.<sup>20</sup>

Intellect, in this view, consists of the pyrrhic maintenance of minimal distinctions in our lives, for to linger upon the ectodermic is to maintain one's capacity to separate inside from outside along with subject from object.

The chitinous skin-shell so often prized by Lewis functions in turn as a defensive shield not only against the outer object-world, a world increasingly difficult to differentiate from its passive consuming subjects, but also against the threats posed by the intestines, by the *interior* and its leveling peristaltic mechanisms:

Love, as we discursively understand it, can only exist on the surface. An inch beneath, and it is no longer love, but the abstract rage of hunger and reproduction of which the swallowing of an oyster, or the swallowing of the male by the female epira, is an illustration. And it is the existence of the artist that maintains this superficiality, differentiation of existence, for us: our personal, our detached life, in short, in distinction to our crowd-life.<sup>21</sup>

The artist in this scheme acts to foreclose mechanisms and techniques of social identification (e.g. ritualized and/or mimetic forms of association, role-playing, etc.) graphically impugned throughout *The Art of Being Ruled* because on the inside we are all one big gut-cramped mass of viscera and torpidly secreting glands indistinguishable from each other. Against this broad cultural and sociopolitical drift in interwar life in the West towards the corruption of subject–object relations, Lewis’ antagonizing artist offers the possibility of a world of calcified and non-interpenetrating forms. The artist’s civic function, therefore, is to hold out the mere prospect of difference, or, more provocatively still, the possibility that to love and to eat are not commutative activities, despite what Cantleman’s cogitations reveal to him in the spring of 1917.

Moreover, the baleful gaze of the detached, quasi-behaviourist observer endlessly preoccupied with the surface life of things constitutes arguably *the* formative compositional perspective adopted in Lewis’ later satirical fiction. In fact, in the course of defending his idiosyncratic concept of non-ethical satire in *Men Without Art* (1934), Lewis explicitly counterposes introspective techniques to more shapely extero-receptive forms:

To let the readers ‘into the minds of the characters’, to ‘see the play of their thoughts’ – that is precisely the method least suited to satire. That it must deal with the *outside*, that is one of the capital advantages of this form of literary art – for those who like a resistant and finely sculptured surface, or sheer words.<sup>22</sup>

What disqualifies stream-of-consciousness or interior monologue from possessing more than a tangential use-value in Lewis’ satire is the fact that such devices tend to take subjectivity for granted, whereas *Men Without Art* would insist not only that subjectivity as such has undergone

a dangerous slackening in the early decades of the twentieth century but also that this reduced or dissolved subjectivity must now be understood to constitute satire's principal subject matter.<sup>23</sup>

For what else is a character in satire but that? Is it not just because they are such *machines, governed by routine* – or creatures that stagnate, as it were 'in a leaden cistern' – that the satirist, in the first instance, has considered them suitable for satire?<sup>24</sup>

If the generalized condition of men-as-mimetically-governed-machines provides satire with its stock situation, then according to Lewis, one of satire's main functions is to break up the devious standardizing forces in contemporary life by exaggerating them to the point of riant agitation:

But 'men' are undoubtedly, to a greater or less extent, machines. And there are those amongst us who are revolted by this reflection, and there are those who are not. Men are sometimes so palpably machines, their machination is so transparent, that they are *comic*, as we say. And all we mean by that, is that our consciousness is pitched up to the very moderate altitude of relative independence at which we live – at which level we have the illusion of being autonomous and 'free'. But if one of us exposes too much his 'works', and we start seeing him as a *thing*, then – in subconsciously referring back to ourselves – we are astonished and shocked, and we bark at him – we *laugh* – in order to relieve our emotion.<sup>25</sup>

The independence, autonomy, and freedom we so casually ascribe to ourselves and our respective consciousnesses in daily life are wholly illusory. The truth of this observation, Lewis argues, frequently enough gets confirmed by our fellow humans, who cannot help but fail to keep up the elevating pretences of their respective unique beings because of the recurrent and inadvertent exposure of their thorough routinization; their very actions cannot help but reveal their passive susceptibility to various mimetic modes of social identification, their 'works' as it were. As Peter Nicholls and Tyrus Miller have each persuasively argued, by focusing almost exclusively on the superficiality of people and their machinic actions (that is, by treating them as so many things), Lewis' satirist thereby offers to his readers the only real measure of freedom, autonomy, and independence left, in his view, to any of us, for it is our alleviating barks of laughter that both confirm our thingness and our vestigial sense of self.<sup>26</sup> 'And yet [our deepest laughter]', Lewis writes in *Men Without Art*,

is non-personal and non-moral. And it enters fields which are commonly regarded as the preserve of more 'serious' forms of reaction. There is no reason at all why we should not burst out laughing at a foetus, for instance. We should after all only be laughing *at ourselves!* – at ourselves early in our mortal career.<sup>27</sup>

In this view, satire is the form behaving surfaces take when amplified to an unqualified degree, indicating that the worlds such satire presumes are those of an infernal behaviourist utopia. Watson himself began offering schematic Pisgah sights of such a utopia (minus the diabolism, of course) as early as 1913:

In a system of psychology completely worked out, given the response the stimuli can be predicted; given the stimuli the response can be predicted. Such a set of statements is crass and raw in the extreme, as all such generalizations must be. Yet they are hardly more raw and less realizable than the ones which appear in the psychology texts of the day.<sup>28</sup>

For Watson, the twin goals of behaviourism were nothing less than the prediction and control of behaviour.<sup>29</sup> Above all else, therefore, his formulations of behaviourism sought to reconstitute determinism as a problem of pedagogic and social management rather than of (re)generation. Heredity and our genetic stock may contribute greatly to our variable abilities to learn, function, or respond, but in his writings Watson obdurately subordinates such matters to the more significant features of our environment, howsoever 'natural' and/or constructed it may happen to be:

But do not let these undoubted facts of inheritance lead us astray as they have some of the biologists. The mere presence of these structures tells us not one thing about function. This has been the source of a great deal of confusion. Much of our structure laid down in heredity would never come to light, would never show in function, unless the organism were put in a certain environment, subjected to certain stimuli and forced to undergo training. Our hereditary structure lies ready to be shaped in a thousand different ways – the same structure – depending on the way in which the child is brought up.<sup>30</sup>

The emphasis here falls on the remarkable fungibility of human behaviour, which according to Watson is not so much a function of genetics (at most, he argues, heredity marks out certain structural limits to behaviour and learning) as it is of environmental training. In this regard,

Watson's emphasis on the importance of animal psychology for human educational development in the 1910 essay in *Harper's* becomes perhaps even more significant:

Educational systems dealing with that most precious article, the human child, are necessarily conservative, and are slow to introduce changes and to have resort to experiment. Fortunately, there is no such sentiment in regard to the courses of study prescribed for animals. We may vary the course of training *ad libitum*.<sup>31</sup>

According to the behaviourist study of habit formation and learning under Watson, a rat potentially has more to tell us about the upbringing and educational organization of a human child than the child itself does.

Watson's behaviourist machine ('given the response the stimuli can be predicted; given the stimuli the response can be predicted') thus affirms the technocratic aims underlying his reconstitution of psychology on behaviourist grounds, for to see and describe complex organic matter simply as a function of stimuli and responses is to become restless finally with mere describing and seeing. Behaviourism's real value can only be realized by treating it as an applied science because the behaviourist 'wants to control man's reactions as physical scientists want to control and manipulate other natural phenomena'.<sup>32</sup> One way of effecting this control in early behaviourist terms was to study extensively and thereafter to shape the role-playing of which everyday life seems to consist: 'In general, we are what the situation calls for – a respectable person before our preacher and our parents, a hero in front of the ladies, a teetotaller in one group, a bibulous good fellow in another.'<sup>33</sup> According to Watson, behaviourism presents us with the latest way of making men be what the situation called for (that is, Watsonian behaviourism is male-identity-affirming), and it was to be behaviourists who would best guide their making *and* decide upon the situations calling forth the desired behaviours from the subjects thereby fabricated.<sup>34</sup> As he asserts (beyond freedom and dignity) at the end of *Behaviorism* (1924; revised 1930),

For the universe will change if you bring up your children, not in the freedom of the libertine, but in behavioristic freedom – a freedom which we cannot even picture in words, so little do we know of it. Will not these children in turn, with their better ways of living and thinking, replace us as society and in turn bring up their children in a still more scientific way, until the world finally becomes a place fit for human habitation?<sup>35</sup>

Watson's behaviourist machine thus holds out the promise of making life and its social organization and expressions not just better over time but so much better that in retrospect our present will eventually appear to our behaviouristically shaped grandchildren as a time and place positively inimical to human life itself. Thus the principal mode of address of Watson's *Behaviorism* is interpellative, which accordingly makes his text resonant with typical passages from Lewis' *The Art of Being Ruled* or *Time and Western Man* (1927): *you*, the present-day reader can start the radical amelioration of our current, uninhabitable conditions by following my (Watson's) conclusions regarding the conditioning of your infants; by learning to verbalize accurately your visceral behaviour (if introspective reporting has any significance in behaviourism, then it has to do with your ability to describe with great acuity what your organs and glands are doing and how those internal reactions are in turn affecting your body as a whole and its predisposition to responding to external stimuli); and by exposing yourself to stimuli (contrived, of course, by behaviouristically trained educators, writers, and film-makers) calculated to change your personality in ways not necessarily of your choosing or in your best interests as you now view them. Watson's behaviourist machine, therefore, is not a compensatory fantasy devised to assuage men adrift in a universe ceaselessly and indifferently winding down. It is instead an exemplum of, and *out of*, an imagined future in which everything will finally be set to rights: 'I am trying to dangle a stimulus in front of you, a verbal stimulus which, if acted upon, will gradually change this universe.'<sup>36</sup>

### III

Humans, in the behaviourist view, are no more and no less than animals with complicated sets of learning schedules, reflex arcs, and repertoires of behaviour. To paraphrase Lewis' *Men Without Art*, they are machines governed by routine rather than by thermodynamics. Consequently, any stress put upon the machine-like qualities of behaviourist man in Watson's work is little more than a figural move made to reduce these organized complexities to an order digestible by an educated lay public. Watson's behaviourism often constructs machines of humans to make a point, but such analogies are themselves not *the* point, as they so often are in Lewis' satirical fiction. For instance, whereas Watson's description of how

the arms are levers built to permit wide excursive movements<sup>37</sup>

would seem to demote our upper limbs to mere implements in the application of force, and whereas Watson's very Lewis-like depiction of how

[t]he tongue, while bearing very delicate receptors, is on the muscular side a bulk organ for rolling our food around.<sup>38</sup>

can be seen to relegate that tissue mass to the status of an imprecisely blunt aliment-mover, Lewis tends to reassemble these disaggregated odds-and-ends into fully functioning wholes, as happens for instance in the final version of his short story, 'Bestre' (1927):

With a flexible imbrication reminiscent of a shutter-lipped ape, a bud of tongue still showing, [Bestre] shot the latch of his upper lip down in front of the nether one, and depressed the interior extremities of his eyebrows sharply from their quizzing perch – only this monkey-on-a-stick mechanical pull – down the face's centre. At the same time, his arms still folded like bulky lizards, blue tattoo on brown ground, upon the escarpment of his vesicular middle, not a hair or muscle moving, he made a quick, slight motion to me with one hand to get out of the picture without speaking – to efface myself.<sup>39</sup>

Bestre's body is made up of a curious mixture of mechanical and animalistic components. He is not just an ape, but 'a shutter-lipped ape'; he does not give his eyebrows a mere mechanical pull, but rather a 'monkey-on-a-stick mechanical pull'. Yet, if his face presents Ker-Orr (the narrator of the story) with that of an ape-android, then Bestre's arms are simply 'bulky lizards' resting upon a cavity-ridden escarpment, his chest.<sup>40</sup> The effect of the passage is not so much the effacement of Ker-Orr (though he does quickly enough 'get out of [Bestre's] picture without speaking') as of Bestre. Bestre's corporeal reduction to ape-monkey-machine-lizard both calls into question the possibility of a specifically human agency and recalls Canteleman's self-assimilation to his environment at the beginning of 'Canteleman's Spring-Mate'.

Agency nevertheless reappears in this behaviouristically processed universe: in linguistic expression. In Watson's behaviourism, human speech and writing represent instances of economy or frugality, insofar as words act as time-saving replacements for objects. In a behaviourist world patterned after Watson, words are capable of 'call[ing] out all of [the human being's] manual activity. The words function in the matter of calling out responses exactly as did the objects for which the words serve as substitutes'.<sup>41</sup> Thus, though they may save us a considerable amount of time in our daily lives, there is nothing special or ennobling about words. For Watson, they remain within the realm of observable behaviour, acting as and responding to stimuli, not at all unlike an ape lifting a branch threateningly at another ape, or a monolingual American gesturally

directing a Romanian nurse's eyes and hands towards a cupboard in which can be found a box of oatmeal and a matchbook.<sup>42</sup>

Consequently, if, as behaviourists such as Watson contend, language leaves us more 'done to' than doing, then at least one tactical way of maintaining a vestigial sense of agency and reason would be 'the dead and pulverizing silence' of a Bestre ('B', p. 82), Ker-Orr's most important instructor in the specular skirmishes waged upon the puppets of *The Wild Body* (1927).<sup>43</sup> Bestre's weaponry, for one thing, is strictly ocular:

It was a matter of who could be most silent and move least: it was a stark stand-up fight between one personality and another, unaided by adventitious muscle or tongue. It was more like phases of combat or courtship in the insect-world. The Eye was really Bestre's weapon: the ammunition with which he loaded it was drawn from all the most skunk-like provender, the most ugly mucins, fungal glands, of his physique. Excrement as well as sputum would be shot from his luminous hole, with the same certainty in its unsavoury appulsion. Every resource of metonymy, bloody mind transfusion or irony were also his. What he selected as an arm in his duels, then, was the Eye. As he was always the offended party, he considered that he had this choice. ('B', pp. 82–83)

Idly stirring up stray animosities with his pupillary discharges, Bestre stocks these silent blasts with all the noisome resources of his speech-organs and (scatological) sound. Expectorated matter, faeces, and mucus ('the most skunk-like provender') unsavourily shoot out his eyes ('his luminous hole') in an even coarser version of hypallage perhaps than in 'Cantleman's Spring-Mate'. Incorporating and directionally aiming the waste matter of his other orifices, Bestre's eyes circumvent language altogether, for the mouth is no longer an organ of speech so much as it is a bronchial torpedo bay, whose functions the eyes may perform just as fatally. In fact, the eyes arguably fulfil this office even better than does the mouth because Bestre's sole weakness turns out to be his regrettable tendency after a successful campaign to boast rather than to spit and spew forth still more filth at his auditors. Ker-Orr somewhat deflatingly ends his account of Bestre by observing:

I have noticed that the more cramped and meagre [Bestre's] action has been, the more exuberant his account of the affair is afterwards. The more restrictions reality has put on him, the more unbridled is his gusto as historian of his deeds, immediately afterwards. Then he has the common impulse to avenge that self that has been perishing



under the famine and knout of a bad reality, by glorifying and surfeiting it on its return to the imagination. ('B', p. 87)

In other words, as the storyteller of his own silent aggressivity, Bestre ultimately fails to do justice to their scanty but exemplary (at least for Ker-Orr) violence.

In this regard, Cantleman would appear to account for himself better because he manages to remain silent. An occasional sidelong reference is made to conversations he has with Stella, but the story never gets around to reporting his speech directly. Instead, the narrative emphasizes his stratagems in gaining the attention of the young woman, which seem to resemble those of a novice Bestre:

At the village he met the girl, this time with a second girl. He stared at her 'in such a funny way' that she laughed. He once more laughed, the same sound as before, and bid her good evening. She immediately became civil. ('CS-M', p. 10)

What sets Cantleman's funny stare apart from that of Bestre's, however, is that it aims to seduce in order to antagonize. That is to say, Cantleman's sacrifice to the animal and, correlatively, to nature has all the doubtful efficacy of a performative contradiction:

In the factory town ten miles away to the right, whose smoke could be seen, life was just as dangerous for the poor, and as uncomfortable, as for the soldier in his trench. The hypocrisy of Nature and the hypocrisy of War were the same. The only safety in life was for the man with the soft job. But that fellow was not conforming to life's conditions. He was life's paid man, and had the mark of the sneak. He was making too much of life, and too much out of it. He, Cantelman [*sic*], did not want to owe anything to life, or enter into league or understanding with her! The thing was either to go out of existence; or, failing that, remain in it unreconciled, indifferent to Nature's threat, consorting openly with her enemies, making a war within her war upon her servants. In short, the spectacle of the handsome English spring produced nothing but ideas of defiance in Cantleman's mind. ('CS-M', p. 13)

Consequently, Cantleman's retreat into putatively lower life forms is tactical. Cantleman gives in to the natural world around him in order to wage war against that world, just as he plays the part of suave soldier-suitor in order to take out his aggressions on Stella.

Like the dangling feet of the bacillary Phasmidae, the excrement-smearing *Chrysomelid* larvae, and the magic rituals of primitive civilizations later described by Roger Caillois in 'Mimicry and Legendary Psychasthenia' (1935), Cantleman's mimetic self-assimilation into his immediate surroundings acts to derange spatial perception and to achieve his apparent depersonalization through such derangements and assimilations.<sup>44</sup> What Cantleman continues to believe separates him from tribal magicians, *Chrysomelid* larvae, and bacillary Phasmidae, however, are persisting illusions of a velleity denied by contemporary behaviourism. Cantleman's wager, after all, is that intentions distinct from actions have the potential to transform utterly the meaning or significance of those actions by the bare force of will itself. Angling to play the part of a modern-day Odysseus ultimately, Cantleman casts himself as Circe and as Odysseus' metamorphosed shipmates in order to distinguish himself from both. In other words, in acting *as if* he has depersonalized himself by regressing to pigs, birds, and horses, Cantleman believes he has discovered a sort of modern-day moly that will ensure that he remains consistently himself despite this drastic assimilation. Moreover, as David Trotter has recently shown, this belief that one could 'adapt without changing' was not unique to Cantleman, for it in fact animated the widely held belief expressed in many British combat novels of World War I 'that the maximum of individual adaptability will ensure a minimum of collective change'.<sup>45</sup> In other words, in becoming indistinguishable from his natural environment, Cantleman also inadvertently assimilates features of his social one as well. Thus, what Cantleman cannot see without becoming either Lewis or the narrator of 'Cantleman's Spring-Mate' is the degree to which there is no way to distinguish *as if* from *as* in nature or interpersonal life:

And when [Cantleman] beat a German's brains out, it was with the same impartial malignity that he had displayed in the English night with his Spring-mate. Only he considered there too that he was in some way outwitting Nature; he had no adequate realization of the extent to which, evidently, the death of a Hun was to the advantage of the animal world. ('CS-M', p. 14)

## IV

As it turns out, however, 'Nature' is not the only instigator in Cantleman's encounters with his spring-mate; Victorian literature too plays its malicious part. In particular, Thomas Hardy's historical novel, *The Trumpet-Major* (1880), has a lot to answer for it seems. For one thing, Hardy's heroine, Anne Garland, has had quite an effect on Cantleman:

In [Cantleman's] present rustic encounter, then, he was influenced by his feelings towards his first shepherdess [i.e., Stella] by memories of Wessex heroines, and the something more that being the daughter of a landscape-painter would give. Anne, imbued with the delicacy of the Mill, filled his mind to the injury of this crude marsh-plant. But he had his programme. Since he was forced back, by his logic and body, among the madness of natural things, he would live up to his part. ('CS-M', p. 12)

Yet it is neither the plot of Hardy's historical novel nor the nostalgic defence of decorum and chivalry it ironically proffers that catches Cantleman's eye and guides his programme for action, but rather the arousing figure of Anne Garland herself. If Augustus Hand suppressed the October 1917 issue of *The Little Review* because he was reluctant to overlook the unintegratable descriptive parts making up the whole of 'Cantleman's Spring-Mate', then that reluctance finds its indirect confirmation in Cantleman's habits as a reader of Victorian novels. In particular, the attraction of reading for Cantleman appears to be the attention one can devote to desirable parts without concerning oneself at all with the compositional functions and forms of the whole, and this is true even if such parts do not in and of themselves seem all that libidinally suggestive.

Compare, in this instance, Cantleman's aggressive sexual desire for Anne (desire that makes her the physical superior in every way to the 'real' body of Stella, that 'crude marsh-plant') and the sorts of descriptions of her in *The Trumpet-Major* that occasion it:

Anne was fair, very fair, in a poetic sense; but in complexion she was of that particular tint between blonde and brunette which is inconveniently left without a name. Her eyes were honest and inquiring, her mouth cleanly cut and yet not classical, the middle point of her upper lip scarcely descending so far as it should have done by rights, so that at the merest pleasant thought, not to mention a smile, portions of two or three white teeth were uncovered whether she would or not. Some people said that this was very attractive.<sup>46</sup>

Except for the detail regarding her faulty upper lip, Hardy's description of Anne is pointedly non-descript and, upon cursory reflection, its effects appear in keeping with the overdeveloped irony of Hardy's novel taken as a whole. Even if one were to consider this passage in all its specificity (with modes and claims of address of its own), this initial descriptive account of Anne's person would still continue to operate so as to take the wind out of any presumptive claims to beauty a reader might come

to expect of the heroine in a novel the like of this: 'Some people [not Hardy's narrator, surely] said that this was very attractive.' Yet walking home with Stella after his transformative experience with the horses, birds, and pigs in the field, Cantleman refers directly to this passage from *The Trumpet-Major*: 'He wished that [Stella] had been some Anne Garland, the lady whose lips were always flying open like a door with a defective latch' ('CS-M', p. 10). Anne Garland's 'defective latch' lips are not a blemish to ignore but rather a feature to seek out and lament the absence of in those rustic mates who happen to be around and very much up for a roll in the hay. Amazingly, Cantleman is able to muster and then sustain his lust for the simulacral Anne/Stella not despite but because of the ironic and critical narration of Hardy's text. Notwithstanding Judge Hand's certainties about such things, Cantleman's reflecting mind makes Anne/Stella all the more arousing.

'Cantleman's Spring-Mate' should thus be understood as representing obscenity to us as a violation of the rules of the *use* of texts, at least insofar as reading – and not writing – more appositely forms the crux of the problem that obscenity names. Lewis' story does not demonstrate that *The Trumpet-Major* snuck by the authorities but rather implicitly asserts that any man who, despite Hardy's ironical fence of words, finds Anne Garland desirable might in fact be an uncommonly dangerous sort of reader. Moreover, rather than taking stock of inherited forms of subjectivity, Lewis has Cantleman read the work of an influential late Victorian in order to reveal a historical mutation in the field of cultural reception. In the end, Lewis suggests, Cantleman constitutes a prelude to the imminent extirpation of subjectivity as such by a variety of convergent social forces. In other words, Lewis' Cantleman shows the budding head of the behaviouristically constituted subject, replete with hideous zoomorphic pedigrees, finding happiness in mindless sexual gyration and raising merry hell on its way into a hideously blank and violent future.

Keeping this in mind, we can finally approach 'Cantleman's Spring-Mate' as a first-take in the supernaturalistic representation of a sociocultural assault on individuality and the self, which was in fact the primary object of Lewis's diagnosis of modern culture. That such an assault and its theorization remained a preoccupation of Lewis' well into the 1930s attests to their enduringly menacing influence on his writing and painting. In lighter moments, he remains capable of comically reducing the problem of behaviourism and obscenity to ridiculously literalized expressions. For instance, in his libellous and suppressed 1936 novel, *The Roaring Queen*, Lewis refers many times to the failed attempts of the young Honourable Baby Bucktrout to bed a member of her family's estate's Tool House staff, despite her reliance on the estimable models provided a woman of her class in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928).<sup>47</sup> Such easy levity all but

disappears in the behaviourist defence of murder cunningly and disturbingly unfolded in *Snooty Baronet* (1932), Lewis' 'fictionist essay in Behavior'.<sup>48</sup> The novel cycles through a proliferating set of literary stimuli to get at the modelling functions such works perform and provide for the social personae increasingly replacing individual selves in the face of new historical pressures (like behaviouristically informed advertising) exerted on modern subjectivity.<sup>49</sup> It is as if Lewis sought in *Snooty Baronet* to revise a comment of Watson's quoted above to demonstrate that in general we are in fact what the situation calls for – a Samuel Butler over dinner with our lover, a D.H. Lawrence in the bedroom, a white whale in a world beset by Ahabs, a suicidally maladroit Ernest Hemingway in the bullring, and an expert assassin patterned after Eastern adventure stories when presented with the distant form of our superfluously chinny literary agent.

What *The Roaring Queen* and *Snooty Baronet* cumulatively describe, therefore, is a world overrun with readers who behave like Cantlemen, and we err considerably if we take the animality depicted early on in 'Cantleman's Spring-Mate' to be simply the satirical besmirching of our anthropological pretensions. In the end, the experience of animality in that story serves a more consequential political (or even post-political) function: clearing the ground for new forms of social identity and sociability patterned after acculturated behaviourist theories and methods, whereby the masses might be reduced to a well-oiled stimulus–response mechanism. Thus, so long as behaviourism continued to comprise a substantial social force, the problem of obscenity would persist because for Lewis the problem of the obscene reader and the cultural dissemination of behaviourism comprised coterminous projects.

Nevertheless, it would also be a mistake to let the matter rest there and present a Lewis for whom the paired representations of obscenity and behaviourism existed as satisfactory solutions to a world becoming ever more threatening in the run-up to World War II. Nor, for that matter, does irony provide an easy escape hatch, for irony tends to take the form of performative contradictions in Lewis' work, both critical and fictional. That is to say, it is far from certain that Lewis (like Cantleman before him) can play a role (like that of the murderous Kell-Imrie in *Snooty Baronet*) without losing part or all of himself. Consequently, it appears that what Lewis himself cannot see without becoming the narrator of 'Cantleman's Spring-Mate' is the degree to which he too has serious problems distinguishing *as if* from *as* in nature or life:

And when [Cantleman] beat a German's brains out, it was with the same impartial malignity that he had displayed in the English night with his Spring-mate. Only he considered there too that he was in

some way outwitting Nature; he had no adequate realization of the extent to which, evidently, the death of a Hun was to the advantage of the animal world. ('CS-M', p. 14)

'Cantleman's Spring-Mate' comes down to us and should be read as an early posted warning, marking off the types of pitfalls and traps in modern life that Lewis' interwar fiction and critical writing would assay in ever more daredevil fashion: 'Beware: whoever pretends to be a ghost will eventually turn into one.'<sup>50</sup>

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## Notes

- 1 Wyndham Lewis, *Snooty Baronet*, ed. Bernard Lafourcade (Santa Barbara, CA: Black Sparrow Press, 1984), pp. 64–65.
- 2 Ezra Pound, 'Letter to Wyndham Lewis (February 13, 1930)' in Timothy Materer (ed.), *Pound/Lewis: The Letters of Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis* (New York: New Directions, 1985), p. 169.
- 3 The quoted adverbs are Anderson's. See Margaret Anderson, 'Judicial Opinion (Our Suppressed October Issue)', *The Little Review*, 4.8 (December 1917), pp. 46–49 (46).
- 4 *Anderson v. Patten, Postmaster*, 247 F. 382, here 383 (District Court, S.D. New York).
- 5 For a full account of the suppression of the 'Cantleman's Spring-Mate' issue of *The Little Review*, see Paul O'Keeffe, *Some Sort of Genius: A Life of Wyndham Lewis* (London: Jonathan Cape, 2000), pp. 196–198.
- 6 A noteworthy example of such an approach to Lewis' story remains Paul Vanderham, *James Joyce and Censorship: The Trials of Ulysses* (London: Macmillan Press, 1998), pp. 17–18.
- 7 See Hugh Kenner, *Wyndham Lewis* (Norfolk: New Directions, 1954), p. 107:

Much of the tension of these books [i.e. Lewis' interwar novels] was afforded by a latent contradiction that finally reached the snapping-point. *Time and Western Man* had argued that the behaviorist, in reducing the person to a set of predictable gestures, was insulting the human race. In the same year Lewis was producing a body of fiction on the premise that people were nothing else.

- 8 See Paul Scott Stanfield, "'This Implacable Doctrine': Behaviorism in Wyndham Lewis' *Snooty Baronet*", *Twentieth Century Literature*, 47.2 (Summer 2001), pp. 241–267.
- 9 Wyndham Lewis, 'Cantelman's [sic] Spring-Mate', *The Little Review*, 4.6 (October 1917), pp. 8–14 (14). Hereafter abbreviated 'CS-M'; further

- references provided parenthetically. It should be noted that the spelling of Cantleman's name underwent many changes before *Cantleman* became the standard version in subsequent reprints of the story.
- 10 This violent conclusion to the story is *sui generis* among British World War I combat fiction. See David Trotter, 'The British Novel and the War' in Vincent Sherry (ed.), *The Cambridge Companion to the Literature of the First World War* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005), pp. 34–56, esp. pp. 34–36.
  - 11 See Fredric Jameson, *Fables of Aggression: Wyndham Lewis, the Modernist as Fascist* (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1979), pp. 26–29.
  - 12 Ibid., p. 27.
  - 13 Ibid., p. 28.
  - 14 John B. Watson, 'The New Science of Animal Behavior', *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, 120 (February 1910), pp. 346–353 (352–353).
  - 15 Ibid., p. 348.
  - 16 Despite the stridency of the claims made by Watson and other first-wave behaviorists as to the novelty of their theories and practices, early behaviorism may nevertheless be retrospectively understood as having more continuities than discontinuities with the contemporary practice of psychology. In particular, it has been persuasively argued that early behaviorism simply offered a more rigorously pursued version of functional psychology, according to which the operational (as opposed to structural) relationship of an organism to its environment was the principal object of research. What separates the latter from Watson's behaviorism is the fact that functional psychology as undertaken at the turn of the last century (particularly by James Rowland Angell at the University of Chicago, where Watson carried out his graduate study from 1900 to 1903 and thereafter served as an instructor up until 1908) still concerned itself principally with the study of mental operations. For more on Watson, behaviorism, and their connections to early twentieth-century functional psychology, see Kerry W. Buckley, *Mechanical Man: John Broadus Watson and the Beginnings of Behaviorism* (New York: Guilford Press, 1989), esp. pp. 33–58.
  - 17 Cf. Stanfield, 'This Implacable Doctrine', p. 242: 'behaviorism for Lewis is no ordinary antagonist. Like a tar-baby, it is one from which he cannot extricate himself.'
  - 18 Wyndham Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, ed. Reed Way Dasenbrock (Santa Rosa, CA: Black Sparrow Press, 1989), p. 349.
  - 19 Ibid.
  - 20 Ibid., p. 231.
  - 21 Ibid., p. 232.
  - 22 Wyndham Lewis, *Men Without Art*, ed. Seamus Cooney (Santa Rosa, CA: Black Sparrow Press, 1997), p. 95.
  - 23 It ought to be noted here that while *Men Without Art* does not completely disavow the utility of certain inner methods, Lewis does limit the scope of such methods to particularized uses ('as a sort of comic relief') and to a restricted range of character types. See *ibid.*, p. 98:



So what I think can be laid down is this: In dealing with (1) the extremely aged; (2) young children; (3) half-wits; and (4) animals, the *internal* method can be extremely effective. In my opinion it should be entirely confined to those classes of characters.

*Pace* Watson, then, the interiority of animals could very well be represented by means of stream of consciousness techniques according to Lewis' reformulations of satire.

- 24 Ibid., p. 93.
- 25 Ibid., p. 95.
- 26 In Nicholls' influential account of how Lewis recasts mimesis as supplementation, this is one of the two strategies for defending oneself against 'the lure of the mimetic'. The other is 'a strategy of withdrawal (the posture of "The Enemy")', which I also implicitly touch upon in my comparative reading of 'Bestre' and 'Cantleman's Spring-Mate' below. See Peter Nicholls, 'Apes and Familiars: Modernism, Mimesis, and the Work of Wyndham Lewis', *Textual Practice*, 6.3 (Winter 1992), pp. 421–438 (429). Cf. Tyrus Miller, *Late Modernism: Politics, Fiction, and the Arts Between the World Wars* (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1999), pp. 49–54.
- 27 Lewis, *Men Without Art*, p. 92.
- 28 John B. Watson, 'Psychology as the Behaviorist Views It', *Psychological Review*, 20 (1913), pp. 158–177 (167).
- 29 Indeed, Watson foregrounded this project early. For instance, see *ibid.*, p. 158: '[Psychology's] theoretical goal is the prediction and control of behavior'.
- 30 John B. Watson, *Behaviorism*, 2nd revised ed. (Chicago, IL: University of Chicago, 1930), p. 97.
- 31 Watson, 'New Science of Animal Behavior', p. 353.
- 32 Watson, *Behaviorism*, p. 11.
- 33 Ibid., p. 276.
- 34 This split between the technology of behaviorism (which is said to affect everyone equally, including behaviorists like Watson) and behaviorists (who are said to have mastered the use and management of this technology to which they themselves nevertheless remain susceptible) within the very concept of Watsonian behaviorism itself gets overlooked in Stanfield's otherwise sharp essay on behaviorism in *Snooty Baronet*. See Stanfield, 'This Implacable Doctrine', pp. 249–252.
- 35 Watson, *Behaviorism*, pp. 303–304.
- 36 Ibid., p. 303.
- 37 Ibid., p. 201.
- 38 Ibid., p. 240.
- 39 Wyndham Lewis, 'Bestre' in Bernhard Lafourcade (ed.), *The Complete Wild Body* (Santa Barbara, CA: Black Sparrow Press, 1982), p. 78. Hereafter abbreviated 'B'; further references provided parenthetically.
- 40 Cf. Trevor Brent, 'Keeping Up Appearances: Reality and Belief in Wyndham Lewis's *Time and Western Man* and *The Revenge for Love*', *Textual Practice*, 22.3 (September 2008), pp. 469–486 (481).



- 41 Watson, *Behaviorism*, p. 233.
- 42 For Watson's Romanian nurse example, see *ibid.*
- 43 As Ker-Orr admits at one point, 'I learnt a great deal from Bestre. He is one of my masters' ('B', p. 84).
- 44 See Roger Caillois, 'Mimicry and Legendary Psychasthenia' in Claudine Frank (ed.), *The Edge of Surrealism: A Roger Caillois Reader*, trans. Claudine Frank and Camille Naish (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2003), esp. pp. 99–103.
- 45 Trotter, 'British Novel and the War', p. 36.
- 46 Thomas Hardy, *The Trumpet-Major* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1991), p. 7.
- 47 Wyndham Lewis, *The Roaring Queen*, ed. Walter Allen (New York: Liveright, 1973), esp. pp. 32–38, 63–66, 71–77, 127–132.
- 48 Lewis, *Snooty Baronet*, p. 251.
- 49 Following an adultery scandal, Watson infamously left academia in the early 1920s for the J. Walter Thompson Company, where he became a wildly successful advertising executive in the following decades. See Buckley, *Mechanical Man*, pp. 134–176.
- 50 Caillois, 'Mimicry and Legendary Psychasthenia', p. 91.