

The sudden shift from nothing to something
which may or may not be felicitous
the movement of objects through dense air
the void at any moment liable
to fits of violence — an accusing look
sexual overture reversal of fortune —

the sense of being innocent of concepts,
one in the bosom of the one, intellect
displaced by vague images persons
converted into machines or time-motion
occurrences, personalities
mere transitions of one event to another

yet a change and that might favor life and hope —
more than one pilgrim in sympathy
these days with catholic materialism
turning attention to the surfaces of things,
intelligence and emotion both, this world
in all its vulgarity the path to God

even such neoscholastic compounding
of mental with extramental a better bet
than latter day protestant mysticism
genuflecting toward its own hypostatizing
of feeling — belief by any other name —
looking for God in the ego not in the world.



The past a myth in the classical sense: *dead*
people we do not interfere with
whose integrity we respect
a past in which events and people stand
in an imaginative perspective those
with a care for the principle of life prefer

to notions of history-as-evolution
or history-as-communist-destiny
or history-as-present-reality;
the immanent world of space the form
thought takes, what we are and what
we are doing the real history

leaving *like any other pantheism*

little room for the individual person
or memory; the fleeting world of time
the form feeling takes — *the distinction at stake*
that as Bosanquet said between time
in the absolute and the absolute in time.



Wyndham going on about time and western man:

Chesterton a dogmatic Tory jug
a ferocious foaming romantic

Fascism merely futurism in practice
Marinetti the prophet of the next instant
speed violence impressionism

in all things incessant impermanence
a pur-sang bergsonianism fighting
a rearguard action against the morning after —
evolution and will-to-power both
spencerian just-so stories
(Instinct seen at its best in ants bees

and Bergson said Russell: human nature's
barbaric *substratum* unsatisfied
in action finds outlet in imagination)
the clear outline including that of your own
sense of yourself as yourself lost
in the movement from static to temporal

from the material to the organic
from ordered objective intentional common-sense
to chronological mentalism
the *naiveté* of romantic nature-quests
where *you* as Whitehead remarked *are only a thing*
for-its-own-sake not a thing in-itself.