

PROFESSOR JAMES ON THE EMOTIONS.

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"MY THEORY, on the contrary, is that the bodily changes follow directly the perception of the existing fact, and that *our feeling of the same changes as they occur is the emotion.*" So runs Professor James's own brief summary of his theory concerning the emotions. My purpose to-night is, with all due respect for so acute an observer, to dispute its truth as a fact of experience.

It is by no means an easy matter to observe all the details of an emotion, especially if it be one of those which our author calls, rather harshly, the coarser emotions. The violent emotions they might equally well be called. These are naturally the stronghold of his theory, since it is the powerful bodily reaction which accompanies them (even if it be not their essence), that characterises them as coarse or violent. In violent fear, violent anger, or violent grief, most of us have at one time or other experienced some, at least, of the palpitations, and shudderings, and nausea, and gaspings, so vividly described by Professor James, and the writers he quotes. Moreover, it may be at once admitted that the abatement of these distressing bodily symptoms is a substantial reduction in the sum total of pain. But I am convinced, none the less, that the more any person of strong and steady nerve reflects on the test proposed by Professor James the more he will differ from Professor James's response to it.

"If we fancy some strong emotion," he says, "*and then try to abstract from our consciousness of it all the feelings of its bodily symptoms, we find we have nothing left behind, no 'mind-stuff' out of which the emotion can be constituted, and that a cold and neutral state of perception is all that remains.*"

To this statement my experience gives an emphatic negative. I do not even find it necessary in all cases to "abstract" the feelings of bodily symptoms. I cannot pretend to be familiar with all the varieties of emotion, but those which I know well are known to me in almost every case both markedly with and practically without the concomitant bodily reverberations. The physical distress of grief is a terrible thing while it lasts, but its subsidence leaves a solid nucleus of non-sensational suffering behind it. Physical remedies will allay this outer fringe of pain—fresh air for the shocked heart and lungs, tonics for the deranged digestion and shaken nerves—and the stricken man goes on his way with regular

pulse, breathing freely, a steady nerve, and a restored appetite. But is his grief thus cured—is it even greatly abated? Suppose he has suffered the loss of his dearest friend, or the irretrievable disappointment of his most cherished hopes. He was grieved and shocked—most persons, let us admit, are shocked—physically shocked—when greatly grieved. He has recovered from the shock, but the grief dies hard, if it die at all.

But, it may be said, although in one sense the grief survives the bodily reaction, it does not survive as an actual emotion, but only as a predisposition to the recurrence of the emotion on the lively memory of the circumstances from time to time, and when the emotion does recur it is the bodily disturbance that recurs, and is it as before. I will admit that the grieving man who has pulled himself together and goes about his business, as grieving men and women do every day, is giving his mind to other things a great part of his time, keeping thought at arm's length, and with it the actual emotion of grief. It is correct to describe him during his busy moments as not under the emotion, but predisposed to come under it whenever he lets his mind swing back to rest. It is in his arm-chair by the fire that bad moments come. Now Professor James holds that the bad moment comes with, and consists in, the advent of the characteristic physical distress. My experience tells me of these moments, but also of others, not less wretched emotionally, when nerves are steady but existence black. Indeed, when we are shaken we have, at any rate, one comfort that we can say to ourselves "I will be better presently"; but the pure mental suffering has this aggravation, that we know it will not pass without some change in the habitual total of the mind at rest.

I can even bear witness to a great and abiding grief at an early age when, with perfect health and nervous equilibrium unshakable even by long vigils week after week, all the usual symptoms of nervous distress were absent or infinitesimal from the first. Was the state of the sufferer therefore one of cold intellectual perception of a great loss? I think not: the recurrent metaphor describing it as a blotting out of the sun from the sky seems eloquent of emotion reaching down to the very roots of life. Is such a state to be called cold? Rather we might compare it with a fire that burns silently without crackling noise or roar.

I admit that this stillness is not characteristic normally of such an emotion as grief. In the ordinary course, when sorrow has its way, the bodily pangs are part of it, entering into it clearly or obscurely. Still it is as bodily pangs they are known. In the instance just now mentioned the absence of them was felt by the sufferer to be odd and uncanny, so that again and again the

reflection occurred:—"How good it would be—yes, almost good—to be physically prostrate and broken down in order that there might be something from which to recover." But recovery seems hopeless when there is no physical ill to throw off, when one sleeps soundly, feels hunger and thirst in regular course, walks erect, and is conscious of vigorous life and health in heart and lungs and muscle and nerve.

It is not, of course, here denied that there is some physiological condition or other going along with the psychological condition of emotion. That question need not be raised at all. It is quite sufficient and much better to discuss the point at issue—at least, in the first instance—from a strictly psychological point of view. I would be understood to speak, therefore, in psychological terms throughout. In these terms a feeling is bodily if we know it or can discover it as having local associations, as bound up with the local signs otherwise known to us as our bodily parts. The feeling which we know without local signs is mental simply. If I feel grief in my heart or breast-bone or digestive organs, or as a diffuse distress all over my body, and not otherwise, then the theory under discussion stands. But if I feel it after careful attention no *where*, then the change is a pure mental change. My assertion is that even a strong, ordinarily body-shaking, health-destroying, emotion, like grief, may be observed also in the pure or almost pure mental state. Much more can the same be said of its opposite Joy and of the subtler emotions of Beauty and Reason. In the latter, indeed, *i.e.*, when the pleasures of Beauty and Reason entrance us, there seems to be a distinct withdrawal of attention from the bodily organs; a silence falls on all the organic sensations and the lower senses too, all expression is concentrated on the eye or ear. But to these let us return presently. On our view such emotions will show as the most characteristic. Only it is better to fight Professor James on his own battlefield first.

Besides Grief, other violent emotions are Fear and Anger. Probably it is in the nature of things that these should be more explosive than Grief. Each is indeed an Instinct as well as an Emotion. Professor James's formula for the genesis of an emotion is:—Object, Instinctive reaction, Sensation of this reaction making the Emotion: but the instinctive reaction may consist of one or other or both of two parts: (1) instinct proper, tending to a purpose, as when flight follows on the perception of an angry bull; (2) instinctive reactions, resulting in complexes of sensation, as the palpitation of the heart and trembling of the limbs which may occur on the same occasion. As (1) and (2) shade into one another, and overlap, so do instincts shade into and overlap emotions, and it is obvious

that some emotions are more largely compounded with instincts than others. In pure Grief there is nothing to be done, except, indeed, to bear it bravely. In all strong natures the instinct to do this shows itself at once as an immediate stiffening of the will, which, curiously enough, results in counteraction of the prostrating effects of the concomitant nervous shock, so that where the shock prevails the stricken man crouches and is bowed down, but where the fortifying instinct prevails he walks more erect than before. But apart from this, which may, perhaps, be counted a secondary instinct, Fear and Anger may be contrasted with Grief, as emotions compounded with primary instincts, in the one case of shrinking, in the other case of resistance. According to my view, therefore, there ought to be discernible in Fear and Anger three constituents: (1) the instinct; (2) the central emotion; (3) the bodily disturbance. I make no assertion that this is the order in which these constituents appear in experience. On the contrary, it seems to me that the order of appearance is variable, and that the states themselves are capable of existing with a good deal of independence, a vanishing quantity of one with a maximum of the other, for instance.

Of violent rage and violent fear, such as we find described from the outside by Darwin, Lange, and others, I do not pretend to have any subjective knowledge. But the best test cases will, perhaps, be found in milder forms of the attack. Quick-tempered friends tell me that, on provocation, they answer back first, before thinking or feeling anything, a power which for my part I greatly envy, so serious is the effort of getting one's whole mind under way which anything of the nature of deliberate resentment requires. In the quick-tempered, anger is mostly instinctive resentment, and soon over. In another, instinct counts for little, but organic disturbances abound with no great stir in the mental sphere. Others, and they, I submit, are the really angry ones, experience a great disturbance of the habitual images and ideas in which, for the time, visions of injury suffered by self, and even a set-off in injuries to be inflicted on another, occupy the foreground of consciousness, and are gloated over by a fascinated attention. And these differences in the proportion of the anger-constituents are differences, not only in personal character, but in circumstances as affecting the same character.

As in Anger, so in Fear, the bodily characteristics are partly instinctive, partly expressive of nervous shock. The instinct is to shrink or turn away, just as the instinct of courage is to stand firm. These two, of course, frequently co-exist, as when one goes on steadily to do a thing while consciously shrinking from it all the while, both movements being equally instinctive. Danger incites to advance as well as to retreat. I am very familiar with this double

instinct in minor ways. One chooses the difficult course (and for no ulterior reason), and yet all the while shrinks from the imagination of it, or *vice versâ*; Instinct advances, Imagination retreats. I always feel this, more or less, about the prospect of bicycling across town through the crowded streets. I know I can do it, and I know I will enjoy it, and I am quite sure that I am going to do it; and yet there is some slight touch of vague uneasiness and imaginative shrinking, a little like what one feels in the dentist's ante-chamber. Now that vague imaginative shrinking, so slight in such a case as to awaken no instinctive reaction whatsoever, is of the nature of the pure emotion of fear. No effect in action, no effect in bodily shakings go with it, but it is not a pure intellectual state. Indeed, the intellectual perception takes an opposite line, with assurances of sufficient ability and even enjoyment. No doubt it is the veriest ghost of the full-bodied emotion, but the essence of the feeling of fear is there, slight though it be, *a discomfort in the percipient self with aversion of attention from the discomforting group of images*. So I start on my ride with my mind turned away from the imagination of crowded streets and noisy traffic, although presently I will turn it to the reality with fair enjoyment of the pleasures to be found in all concentration of will and attention. When actively engaged, of course, there is no time for anxiety.

The prospect of having to speak in public affects me in a very similar manner, and in this case the physical symptoms used sometimes to be added up to the moment that the plunge was made. But of these it must be said, as against Professor James's theory, that they always made themselves known for what they were:—palpitating heart, shaking knees, and sometimes nausea, from all of which the imaginative uneasiness, which is here called the emotion, stood out quite distinctly.

The independence of these physical effects comes out very clearly in a certain kind of experience which is probably common enough in mountaineering adventures. There is a big, difficult mountain to climb, combining many elements of risk; it may be too difficult; it may be too big; you may get frost-bite; you may lose your head on the precipices; in a dozen ways it may prove too much for you. Are you nervous? Well—no; there is a little anxiety as to all these points, but the project is dear, and the prospect exhilarating. You are not driven on by the love of glory, as the non-climber might allege, but by the joy of the doing itself. But you are not naturally hungry, and you feel rather ill. Neither supper nor breakfast are good to the taste, though you probably are wise enough to eat them, either from a sense of duty or to keep up appearances. Failing these, perhaps you think yourself attacked by "mountain sickness," give up

the attempt, and climb no more. But it is not mountain sickness; it is only the nervous distress concomitant to fear. The food, if you take it, does not disagree with you, and when the first rocks are climbed, you begin to be better. With every thousand feet ascended, the "mountain sickness" dwindles more and more.

The same experience is well known to candidates at important examinations. There is no conscious fear, only a little anxiety, but one feels an illness like the sickness of the sea. The sight of pen and paper and the first onslaught on the questions act as an immediate cure.

Now, the point to which I wish to draw attention here is that these physical symptoms, whether there be much or little fear combined with them, do not appear in consciousness as part, and in the first case not even as consequences of the emotion itself. They are quite separate from it, known simply as definite forms of physical distress.

One more instance to illustrate this fact of independence between the physical and the mental effect. Bathing in a solitary spot in a stormy sea, and with no knowledge of swimming, I lose my footing. The next two or three seconds are spent in the effort to get it back—entirely so spent, with no consciousness of thought or feeling outside the perception of loss and the purpose of recovery. Soon the purpose is achieved, and then I notice with surprise that my heart is beating wildly, from which, and solely from which, I conclude that I have had something of the nature of a fright. Real fright it was not: that takes probably more time than nervous shock, and my mental energies were all engaged in the simple purpose to be accomplished. I find from others very similar accounts as to the inhibition of the emotion by concentration on the instinct of preservation; but the point that specially interests us here is the presence in consciousness of the nervous without the emotional shock.

It is in these painful emotions that Professor James finds the stronghold of his theory; but it seems a curious omission from his discussion of the subject that he does not show how the theory applies to the pleasurable emotions which are their opposites. If it be true at all as a wide-reaching principle, it must be true for Joy as well as for Sorrow. What, then, is the characteristic bodily expression of Joy, and how far is Joy the complex of Sensation corresponding?

We may first note that great and sudden Joy sometimes produces organic disturbances not very dissimilar from those produced by great and sudden Sorrow. The new and unexpected when it affects our personality in some profound and vital way is always apt to produce nervous shock by the mere magnitude and force of the

disturbance, and shock as such is physically painful. Faintness, palpitation, impeded breathing, sickness, and general nervous distress—all these are symptoms that may for a brief time be present with Joy, because the joy is accompanied by great nervous excitement running wild through our members. Pleasure and pain come strangely near each other, as romance writers frequently have occasion to remark. Now, if these painful sensational incidents are to be counted, not simply as part, but as the essential part of the emotional complex in Sorrow, why should they not be so counted in Joy?

Let us suppose, however, that the destructive nervous shock has passed, and look for the state of general bodily sensation then corresponding with Joy. What is it but the sense of feeling very *well* and vigorous? Health is indeed a most excellent imitation of Happiness. A thoroughly healthy person, with strong heart and lungs, a perfect digestion, plenty of red corpuscles, and no obscure pains in his cœnæsthesia, is sure to present the *appearance* of Happiness to his friends. Nevertheless, without under-estimating his blessings, the fact remains that his consciousness of health is not the same thing as the emotion of joy. Joy promotes health, and health enhances joy, but the most delicious cœnæsthesia of health may exist (in youth more especially), in the absence of rejoicing, and an aching body may co-exist with a glad soul, whatever the true analysis of a glad soul may be.

So far we have considered only that group of emotions which centre in the weal or woe of our own personality. The sympathetic emotions are extensions of these to some other personality substituted for and felt like our own. All these may be called Emotions of Personality; and the accompaniment of complex bodily sensation seems to be peculiarly prominent in them, as compared with emotions bearing less on personal life. Professor James speaks of these others under the head of the subtler emotions, and, while he appears still to believe his theory in their case, he admits that there is less certainty about its truth. I submit, however, that if his theory is to stand, he is bound to fight for it on this ground no less than on the other. He asserts that if we abstract from the strong personal emotions all related bodily sensations nothing is left but a cold intellectual perception. I have attempted to test this assertion by enquiring *whether in these cases the emotion waxes and wanes with the bodily effects*. My own evidence goes farther than this indeed, but we may be content to rest the case on the negative answer which I believe most persons of considerable emotional experience would give to this modest question. But we are entitled to go further and say to Professor James (and if I understand him rightly he will not be averse to the

inference), that if in these cases there is no emotion when there is no sensational reaction, then states without sensational reaction must be reckoned as cold intellectual states throughout. If, then, we can show any well-marked emotional state from which conscious bodily reactions are normally absent, the theory as such falls to the ground, having done indeed the excellent service of calling attention to an important series of facts. For this purpose let us consider the Emotion of Beauty. Let us also carefully keep in mind, as Professor James sometimes omits to do, the distinction between the group of sensations that go with the perception of the object exciting the emotion, and the sensational reaction, if any, following such instinctive organic disturbance that may take place.

Fill the eye or the ear with a sufficient variety of pleasurable stimuli—an Alpine scene is the example that rises to my mind,—let the attention be concentrated on these while at the same time the rest of the mental content is stimulated generally. Sensation active without—imagination seconding it within—all the mind absorbed in the contemplation of some whole—perhaps no more than a visual whole—in which unity of composition prevails over great variety of detail, so that there is multiplicity without dissonance. Dissonance is ugly, and the absence of multiplicity is dull. And so a composite unity of pleasurable sensations is the formula for beauty accepted by the psychologists, and may be generalised to include other multiplicities than those of sensation.

But this is only an intellectual formula. Is there an emotion *per se* corresponding to it? I do not hesitate to answer Yes, and to hold a consistent view of all emotion accordingly with which view my experience corresponds. But first let me return to my concrete example—the beauty of the Alpine scene—to make two remarks:—(1) That bodily stillness is a characteristic of rapt admiration, a fact which I imagine most observers have observed; (2) a fact which I have not seen noticed, that beauty conduces to a wonderful soundness of sleep, which seems to me to follow directly on the harmonious state of mind maintained continually from day to day in the presence of beautiful scenes. This is certainly one indication, among others, that even the emotion of beauty has pleasurable bodily *consequences* more or less remote, but they are consequences only. A mind soothed into a state of harmony is favourable to the restoration of that bodily harmony which is health. The characteristic mental symptom of this is unconsciousness of the bodily organs with a consequent delicious sense of spiritual freedom—no distractions of attention from the objects of voluntary contemplation—which, although obviously quite distinct from Joy and the Emotion of Beauty, is promoted by these, is favourable to them,

and even forms part of their normal concrete total when in full tide. Indeed, in the case of Beauty, its idea, as defined above, implies that a jarring note from the body would mar its harmony and mingle clay with the gold. In rapt admiration, attention is so withdrawn from the organic Self that we become unconscious even of our limbs, though in a condition that with an ordinary distribution of attention would be found full of pain. Indeed, so normal a concomitant of æsthetic Joy is this withdrawal of attention from the bodily self as a whole, that the soothing and even curative physical effects above-noted may, with some probability, be put down to this cause. Immunity all day long from disturbances originating in the brain will tend to make a restful body when night comes. Contemplative concentration of attention away from bodily disturbances will tend to make a restful brain prone to sleep when the word is given. No medicine is more wholesome than forgetfulness of the cœnæsthetic self.

To this end contribute, not only the Emotion of Beauty, but all the emotions turning on Objective Interest, of which it is one. These, which might be called the *objective* emotions, to distinguish them from the personal emotions, may be further distinguished as (1) the Emotions attending operations of Reason; and (2) the Emotions of the objective Imagination, Beauty, Wit, and Pathos. It seems doubtful that Plot interest should be called an emotion: it is just the pleasure of exercise applied by way of the constructive imagination, and is only one of a group, for all of which it would hardly be worth while to find names.

So far as I can see at present, the rational emotions are the imaginative emotions over again, but applied to a different kind of intellectual material, and by that difference more tinged with solemnity of tone, more rapt from subjective considerations and bodily expression. This sense of greater weight and solemnity seems to be the subjectivity (the feeling aspect) of our consciousness that we are here dealing with things of universal import, and there is no room for that play of individual preference which is allowable in imagination, and gives its pleasures their peculiar flavour of gay irresponsibility. I may not think what I please: I may not do what I please; but I may imagine what I please if only it comes into my head. I do not say that I ought, but only that I can—there is nothing in the structure of the educated human mind to prevent me. Educate away this freedom by over-bridling—reduce Imagination to be wholly the bond slave of Reason, and the differences between the two groups of emotions tend to disappear, Beauty takes on the tone of rational satisfaction in a consistent whole—a very full tone in its way—Wit, with wings clipped, degenerates into dialectical neatness,

and Pathos, bereft of its tender play of free imagery, contracts into a grievous incongruity, with the hard relentless pressure so familiar to the thinker as the subjective tone of the inconsistencies which he cannot unravel.

Or, looking at this connection from the opposite point of view, suppose the gay temper of imagination is carried into the affairs of thought. The irresponsible *litterateur* turns his attention to Science. To him the all-embracing consistency of some epoch-making generalisation is simply a beautiful thing: it appeals to his good taste. But he has no sense of the religious care with which all the facts have been gathered up into it. In imagery, ugly things can be got rid of by simply leaving them out, and so the *litterateur* is apt to carry his airy sense of liberty into the upper traits, and feel about Truth as he feels about Beauty—that it is very charming, and pleases his fancy greatly. Still more is he characteristically at sea in the region of dialectic; thesis and antithesis affect him just like any other pair of balanced incongruous ideas. He plays with them pleasantly, enjoys their exquisite balance, and has no idea of a serious effort to reconcile them. All the clubs of London are very familiar, no doubt, with this kind of dialectic pleasure. The real thinker's fine sense of a dialectic developing towards an ultimate harmony is a very different matter. And continuing the comparison, intellectual contradiction is just pathetic to our *litterateur*—except that it is a very thin sort of pathos, since although in this imaginative objective pathos there is by supposition no occasion for sympathy, it seldom exists thus isolated as a fact, and in imagination sympathy is at least suggested.

Just as the Emotions of Objective Imagination, being in themselves vivid and clear, form a suitable basis from which to inspect the more obscure Emotions of Reason, so do they throw a steady light on the complex and tangled mass of Personal Emotions, the three simple types of which correspond to them. The limits of time press, and I will not attempt to do more than indicate general considerations. The Personal Emotions, apart for the moment from sympathy, are those of which the subject moved is also the object on account of which it is moved. Common language makes the distinction—I admire IT—I enjoy MYSELF. In Beauty the multiple satisfaction which satisfies further as free from dissonance is an IT. In Personal Joy it is a ME: something good has happened to ME. This is the difference. What then is ME, and what has happened?

This first question has been asked and answered before, and it is no part of my business to take up your time with it now any more than is necessary for the development of my argument.

My personality, as experienced by me, includes no doubt, though it is much more than, a certain familiar cœnæsthetic bundle, any changes in which would certainly be felt as changes in me. It includes a familiar group of habitual thoughts,—feelings, desires, a complex strand of experience running through all the types of consciousness, and realised as always in all its parts within reach of an attentive effort. I picture the idea of it to myself (knowing that this is only part of the truth, but a useful symbol of the whole), as centred in a certain constantly-recurring group of images—myself doing, speaking, thinking, feeling thus and thus in such and such circumstances. Closely bound up with these are a whole troop of other images—memories, hopes, beliefs about other people and the world in general. With these, and in these, my life is to be spent. Here is *Self at home*, turned in on self, living in its own accustomed world. Self abroad is hard at work observing the objective world. But sit in your arm-chair, with your feet on the fender to rest, and presently your thoughts trend homeward and wander in that inner world, be it for pleasure or be it for pain. The scenes of childhood, faces of friends, the music of old songs—such abound in the imagery of its background, a dim sense of all the epochs of personal experience hang about it vaguely, and, if you are happy, probably dreams of the future occupy the foreground. And if you are a social person it is full of company—not necessarily many—it may be one much.

The home of Self is this inner world, and the welfare of Self depends much on the goodness of its condition. If this home of thought be shattered or distraught, we have the grievous spectacle of a homeless Self, living in the objective world to escape the falling spars—attention concentrated on objective interests.

Sometimes, especially in early life, there is not enough variety in this inner world; and then we count it dull, and suffer the pain of vacancy, or gloom. Sometimes events occur which destroy its harmony, and throw it out of gear; and, if anyone will sit down and analyse the occasion of a great sorrow, he will find that this is what has happened to him, and that the central sore spot of his pain is the ever-recurring contradiction between the imagined old world to which he clings, and the new state of things to which reality ruthlessly summons him. He wakes in the morning in his old place, and immediately the new one rises up before him, blotting it out. Thus, then, are two causes of suffering at work—the gloom of loss—emptiness—when he sees his position steadily, and the sharp pang of negation when the lost good, having shaped itself in imagination anew, is presently confronted by reality's fierce denial.

I must not pursue the subject farther. Already I feel that I have

trespassed seriously on your time, and the developments of the subject which occur to me do not promise a speedy termination if I gave myself a free course. With some fear, not unaccompanied by trembling, knowing that such attempts are fraught with danger, I append a scheme indicating the connection of some of the emotions. Detail in such schemes is, I believe, to be avoided, the possible varieties being so great that the main lines are apt to be obliterated by them. Reading horizontally, the first line refers to the reactions of the personality on objects described as good, while the third line refers similarly to reactions on objects described as evil. Intermediate between these are the reactions on mixed objects of uncertain or more especially inconsistent character.

It will at once be noticed that I have put Pathos into what seems to be the proper place for Ugliness. My defence may not be worth much, but I *feel* that Ugliness does not yield an emotion of sufficient weight to compare with the emotions of Beauty and Wit. Pathos has that weight, and is opposite to Beauty, the connection becoming more obvious with Wit to complete the trio. Ugliness excites emotion of the pathetic type if it rises beyond the stage of a mere jar of the senses.

SUBJECTIVE
PERSONAL AND SYMPATHETIC.

OBJECTIVE.

MIXED WITH INSTINCT.	COMPARATIVELY PURE.	OF IMAGINATION.	OF REASON.
Desire.	Joy.	Beauty.	Consistency.
Wavering, Fear, and Hope.	Anxiety and Suspense.	Wit.	Dialectic.
Terror. Anger, and Fortitude.	Grief.	Pathos.	Contradiction and Doubt.

To the first class, reading vertically, belong all those emotions compounded with instincts for which the truth contained in Professor James's theory is at a maximum, since in these the whole condition connoted by the name does not exist without the presence of the sensational reaction. For the second class it is much less true; they can and do show themselves without it, but it is normal that they should involve the bodily as well as the mental Self. And this *a priori* is what we might expect, *i.e.*, that when

Self suffers much at the centre, all the consciousness that is normally part of it should be shaken through and through.

On the other hand, the objective emotions offer a haven of consciousness in which one may still be moved, but without the massive and oft-times turbulent background of organic reaction. And, indeed, it will not be unknown to many who have suffered the agonies of anxiety and grief that a partial escape from suffering can sometimes be made by carrying the fatal disturbance of Self that caused it into the higher objective courts, to be made there an object of imaginative activity, or even the subject matter of thought. Grief looked at objectively becomes pathos with its delicate play of imagery in the variety and activity of which there is some relief. Anxiety objectifies itself and finds the play of comedy in its contradictions—a contrariety in both cases held in solution: this is a great relief, because anxiety precipitates itself in grief more readily than wit precipitates itself in pathos.

The poet escaping from the crushing weight of personal sorrow into the lighter region of imaginative woe, or distilling the humours of fancy out of troubles less certain—this is a familiar figure in the portrait gallery of History. So Tennyson in his great poem of sorrow tells us of

“ The imaginative woe
That loves to handle spiritual strife,
Diffused the shock through all my life,
But in the present broke the blow.”
