Images of Making in the Poetry of David Jones

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Images of making and artifice form a coherent pattern within David Jones's poetry, illustrating the full range of human artefacture demarcated by his key theoretical terms, the "utile" and the "gratuitous." Beginning with *In Parenthesis* (1937), Jones's poetry represents a serious thinking-through of the nature of our making and its implication for human identity and modern culture. His war book tends to focus its attention on the kind of making he would later call the "utile", and on how modern warfare subjects soldiers' humanity to its own sinister ends. *The Anathemata*, in contrast, affirms the intrinsic dignity and value in our capacity to make. Its images of human artefacture are inevitably linked with our apprehension of the divine, a connection that bridges Paleolithic art and the Christian sign-making of the Eucharist. I wish to examine here those images in Jones's poetry in which we actually witness, or at least glimpse, the act of making artefacts.

In general, Jones's poetry alludes to the process of making through presenting the artefact itself; in keeping with his understanding of post-impressionist art, in which a painting is first and foremost a painting, rather than a representation of something else, there is an emphasis on the artefact as a "made thing", rather than simply an object that is a "given" part of the world around us. We might go further and say that in Jones's apprehension, human artefacts all carry a trace of their making, and therefore reveal something of our own human nature. Images of artefacts within the poems are often presented in ways that allude to their maker or to their made nature, closer to Pound's idea of the image as "an emotional and intellectual complex in an instant of

time" than transparent representation of the artefact itself (Pound 4). Jones's theoretical distinction between the "utile" and "gratuitous" tendencies in human artefacture form a key part of the "emotional and intellectual complex" presented in imagery of making and artifice throughout his poetry.

In a note to *The Anathemata*, Jones distinguishes his use of "artefact" from a more general definition as any "artificial product thus including the beaver's dam and the wren's nest" (65, n. 2). "Artefact" in Jones's sense refers only "to those artefacts in which there is an element of the extra-utile and the gratuitous" – in other words, to the products of human making that in some sense transcend the purely functional (65, n.2). The distinction is made clear in his description of the candles in "The Sleeping Lord" as "the natural produce of the / creatures labouring in the royal hives but made a true artefact by / the best chandlers of the royal *maenol*" (76). As he explains at the end of his note in *The Anathemata*, "the description 'utility-goods' if taken literally could refer only to the products of sub-man". "Utility" is perhaps the highest "good" that the sub-human is capable of achieving. In transforming the utile wax into a candle, the chandlers create "a true artefact", one that usefully produces light, but that may also be used for ritual, and therefore gratuitous, purposes.

The "utile" marks one end of the spectrum of (sub)human making, an instrumental kind of artefacture that serves a purely functional purpose. In Jones's view, no human making can ever be entirely utile. As he explains in "A Note on 'The Utile,'" "*if* man is the kind of creature here defined as 'man-the-artist' then none of his works can, in strict literal, fact, be wholly and exclusively ordered toward mere utility" (180). The purely utile Jones associates with the animal or the sub-human, as we have seen. It performs, replicates, or extends a natural function. He thus claims of the word "utile" that it "seemed the best word to cover the wholly functional

works of nature, whether animalic or insentient (e.g. nest-building or mountain-building) and such works of man as tend to approximate to these processes of nature" (180-1). Human making can only "tend to approximate" natural function: it can never be purely utile, or "natural". Our artefacts, whatever they may be, are different from nests and mountains. In the example from "The Sleeping Lord" quoted above, the bees' manufacture of wax is a purely utile act; the transformation of that wax into candles through the craftsmanship of the royal chandlers, on the other hand, involves distinctly human capacities, among them judgment and skill, rather than pure instinct.

Those distinctly human capacities emerge from what Jones regards as our innate human nature. In "Art and Sacrament", he defines the human being as "A creature able, owing to its nature, to will or do anything not totally subject to a pure determinism (as, e.g., the reflexes of its own instincts). A creature which is not only capable of gratuitous acts but of which it can be said that such acts are this creature's hall-mark and sign-manual" (148). For readers who do not necessarily share Jones's Christian anthropology, it may be worth pointing out that while he does regard human beings as possessing an innate (as opposed to a culturally constructed) nature, this innate human nature is comprised primarily of free will in those areas "not totally subject to determinism". A "gratuitous act" in this context is precisely one that escapes instinctual determinism. Jones's understanding of "gratuitous" is rooted in its etymological origin in "grace" as something freely given. In the example of the bee and the chandler, the bee's wax production is determined entirely by instinct, but the chandler exercises his free will when employed in making a candle – regardless of social or economic pressures, he is not biologically programmed to produce candles! If this quality of gratuitousness is present even in something as

functional as a candle, it is even more so the closer we get to the fine arts and – in Jones's religious worldview – the Christian sacraments.

Despite the human capacity for gratuitous making, Jones argues that the cultural and material production of the modern west tends strongly toward the sub-human goal of the utile: "the characteristic works of our present technocracy *at its best and at its worst* seek the 'utile'. Thus we have the formidable beauty of the war-planes and of the ballistic devices of various kinds. Thus also the gleaming and exact apparatuses, the beauty of which, being seen, pleases, even when seen from the dentist's chair" ("The Utile" 181). "Formidable", "gleaming", "exact": this combination of intimidation, polish, and precision are the qualities to which modern artefacture most clearly aspires, an observation that continues to holds true in the postmodern age of the iPhone and the Predator Drone. These qualities shape our technological aesthetics: "All such products of our technocracy derive their beauty from the play of light on shapes which seek an uncontaminated utility. Yet it is this same technocracy which achieves the vacuity and deprivation apparent in the thousand-and-one utensils and impedimenta of our daily lives, domestic or public" (181). Jones would attribute the sense of "vacuity and deprivation" many of us feel in the presence of modern architecture or design, however functional, to an insufficiency of extra-utile or gratuitous qualities. Our human nature cannot be fully accomodated by an aesthetic that aspires to the purely functional: the sleek, gleaming blackness of a mobile smart-phone may well be the apotheosis of modern design, but look how many users enclose them in gratuitously personalized cases.

The imagery of making and artifice that develops over the course of *In Parenthesis* dramatizes the dread and alienation that the utile at its most lethal can inspire. The clearest example occurs with the impending arrival of a shell at the end of Part 2, which John Ball

experiences as "an on-rushing pervasion, saturating / all existence; with exactitude, logarithmic, dial-timed, / millesimal – of calculated velocity, some mean chemist's / contrivance, a stinking physicist's toy" (24). Formidable and exact, the shell represents the utile at its most sub-human, with death its intended and ultimate end. It is a "toy" only ironically, for whatever sense of play its makers enjoyed in designing the shell is utterly divorced from its utile purpose. Throughout *In Parenthesis*, the utile value of "exactitude" is shown to be deeply at odds with our embodied, creaturely nature. In Part 4, the soldiers are so tired that military precision is no longer possible:

> Their vitality seemed not to extend to the finger-tips nor
> to enable any precise act; so that to do an exact thing, com-
> petently to clean a rifle, to examine and search out intricate
> parts, seemed to them an enormity and beyond endurance;
> as one, who, clumsied with fear or unnerved by some grief,
> seeks to thread a needle or turn an exact phrase […] (64-5)

Exactitude is here "an enormity and beyond endurance", requiring an intolerable surmounting of the limits imposed by bodily and emotional exhaustion. It is a technocratic virtue, unamenable to our basic needs for sleep and food.

Within the poem, the course of the war symbolizes the modern transition from residually humane western traditions – even in warfare – to the unsparing dominance of utile technology that would characterize the twentieth century, culminating in the horror of the atomic bomb. Again in Part 4, a soldier reflects on the arrival of newer officers with their "not-ter-reason-why technics" that supplant older traditions whereby "everything [was] conducted humane and reasonable" (114). According to the soldier, the marker of change is that icon of the war, the ordinary Tommy's tin helmet:

it all went

west with the tin-hat – that harbinger of their anabasis, of
these latter days, of a more purposed hate, and the establish-
ing of unquestioned ascendancy in no-man's-land – and
breaking his morale and – this new type of toffee-apple, and
these very latest winged-pigs, whose baleful snouts rend up
no mean apocalypse, and the mk. IX improved pattern of
bleedin' frightfulness. (114-5)

As military technology becomes ever more exact, the means of war become more formidable. The "toffee-apple" (the colloquial name for the Vickers trench mortar, introduced in mid-1915), "winged-pigs" (the ML 9.45 inch Heavy Trench Mortar, the standard British mortar beginning in 1916), and "mk. IX improved pattern of bleedin' frightfulness" (presumably the BL 4-inch Mk IX naval gun, also introduced in 1916) are all examples of weaponry developed mid-war, in response to modern battle-conditions. They represent human making at its most utile and deadly. The "humane and reasonable" is not taken into account in their design, only the utile goals of efficiency and killing. Nonetheless, the poem also acknowledges that men themselves are made "a little lower than the angels and their / inventions are according to right reason even if you don't / approve the end to which they proceed" (154). At first glance, this last passage would seem to undermine the poem's critique of utilitarian making, with its claim that even the most lethal weaponry is made "according to right reason". As the reference to humans being "a little lower than the angels" suggests, Jones brings a Thomist perspective to bear on the nature of human reason, which is seen as good in itself, even though it can be directed to evil ends. Contemporary readers may well be more skeptical of the inherent goodness of human reason –

particularly in its more instrumental forms – but Jones accepts the older western belief in its basic rightness.

In a curious passage in Part 2, the very suggestion of the utile is enough to inspire fear in the recent recruits. They halt briefly to watch some trucks go by carrying

> very new clean deal planking,
> stakes of pine, stacked neatly up, wooden frames, bales of
> wire-netting and other wire, hedge-hog like, in balls; a
> rigid medley thrown about – iron and wood and iron, made
> evidently to some precise requirement, shaped to some
> usage yet unknown to any of that halting company; who
> looked on wonderingly, with half inquisitive, half fearful,
> glancing. (19-20)

The "precise requirement" fulfilled by the building materials, their "usage" (a word sharing an etymological root with "utile"), is not known to the soldiers. Nonetheless, the "iron and wood and iron" provokes wonder, curiosity, and fear, seemingly out of proportion to the materials themselves. If we reflect, however, that these same materials were the instruments of the Crucifixion, within the religious worldview of the poem it makes sense that the "iron and wood and iron" inspire a sense of awe and foreboding, however unconscious the soldiers may be of its religious underpinnings. ("If the poet writes 'wood' what are the chances that the Wood of the Cross will be evoked?" as Jones asks in his Preface to *The Anathemata*.) The image hints at an analogy between the "precise requirement[s]" and "usage[s]" of modern warfare (and by extension what Jones calls "our present technocracy") and the Crucifixion itself. Elsewhere in the poem, iron takes on a distinctly sinister cast: "a circular calm water graced the deep / of a

Johnson hole; corkscrew-picket-iron half submerged, / as dark excalibur, by perverse incantation twisted" (50). Far from being a neutral aspect of modern culture, the utile has disturbing theological implications.

Our inadequacy in the face of the demands of the utile can be a source of humour, or at least of incongruity. In Part 4, the soldiers come upon some new boarding for them to walk upon. Jones emphasizes the beauty and basic goodness of the building materials: "planking, freshly sawn, / not yet so walked upon nor mired over, but what its joiner- / work could, here and there, make quick that delectation of / the mind enjoyed with sight of any common deal, white-pared, / newly worked by carpenters" (77). The poem celebrates good craftsmanship, the well-made "joinerwork" that satisfies the mind even in the midst of war. Such skilled making is symbolic of art more generally, which, as Jones claims in "Art and Sacrament", originally means "a fitting together". The excellent carpentry of the freshly-sawn planking is undermined, however, by the hasty, unskilled work that holds it in place:

> Botched, ill-driven, half-bent-
> over nail heads protrude, where some transverse-piece joint-
> ed the lengthways, four-inch under-timber, marking where
> unskilled fatigue-man used his hammer awkwardly, mar-
> ring the fairness of the thing made – also you trip up on the
> bleeder, very easily. (77)

Hastiness and indifference to skill – the shadow-side of utile efficiency – not only mar the beauty of the boards, but also cause accident and injury to those who walk upon them: even the colloquial "bleeder" is an apt description of the a protruding nail-head penetrating the skin of a tripping soldier. The imagery of nails and wood resonates with the earlier "iron and wood and

iron", with a similar, half-realized allusion to the Crucifixion, re-enforced by the reference to blood.

The figure of the ordinary soldier, as one who follows orders, sometimes acts as maker. When Dai Greatcoat, at the centre of the poem, assumes the mythic voice of soldiers throughout human history, he identifies the soldier with tasks that are grimly utilitarian or powerfully destructive: "I built a shit-house for Artaxerxes. / I was the spear in Balin's hand / that made waste King Pellam's land" (79). If the destruction carried out by soldiers can rise to the level of myth (though here the "waste" of King Pellam's land is ironically juxtaposed with Artaxerxes' "shit-house"), it is also only on the level of myth that the soldiers participate fully in the more benevolent kinds of making, albeit of a defensive nature. Dai Greatcoat recalls how he contributed to the interning of Bendigeidfran's head, which in Welsh myth protected the Island of Britain from invasion until exhumed by the prideful Arthur:

> They learned me well the proportions due –
> by water
> by sand
> by slacked lime.
> I drest the cist –
> the beneficent artisans knew well how to keep
> the king's head to keep
> the land inviolate. (81-2)

The safety of the Island is entrusted to "the beneficent artisans" and the ordinary soldiers detailed to assist them; the soldier can either be the instrument that lays waste the land, or the means of its

protection. As Thomas Dilworth notes, Dai's claim to have been a craftsman here also suggests "that craftsmanship is an important basis of cultural vitality" (*RDJ* 57)

In *The Anathemata*, Jones presents us with more benign images of human artefacture. Indeed, human artefacture is one of the major themes of the poem, which among other things traces the evolution of western culture, through dramatizing the origins of art in the human response to the sacred. The extra-utile, or gratuitous, element in human artefacture raises the artefact from the merely utile to the status of sign. It is "significant" in the original sense of the word. Part I of *The Anathemata* situates Christ's institution of the Eucharist – for Jones, the culmination of our sign-making habit – in relation to that early sculptor "whose man-hands god-handled the Willendorf stone" (58). Jones's choice of sculpture as a symbol of human making is an interesting one, given his own limited experience working with stone and wood, but the durability of stone in particular makes it a medium that survives across time and cultural change. Jonathan Miles and Derek Shiel observe that many of Jones's own sculptures "are of a size to be held in the hand, caressed by a man who had a severely inhibited but naturally tactile nature" (83). The "man-hands" clearly belong to a being identifiably human, while "god-handled" suggests the presence of the sacred in human making, as well as pointing toward the goddess-form being sculpted. On the analogy of "man-handled", which the *OED* defines as "to move by human effort alone", the phrase also suggests divine inspiration. If "man-handle" can colloquially mean "to handle roughly", then "god-handle" implies a care and reverence in the sculptor's work. (Hands – the human means of making – figure prominently in Jones's portraiture as well. See, for example, *Portrait of a Maker* (1932), which depicts his friend Harman Grisewood with hands prominently displayed in the foreground (Miles and Shiel 158-

9.)) It is millenia before European culture will express itself in such familiar forms as Roman walls, Gregorian chant, and the waltz,

> But already he's at it
> the form-making proto-maker
> busy at the fecund image of her.
> Chthonic? why yes
> but mother of us. (58-9)

In presenting an archetypal maternal fecundity, the sculpture known as the Venus of Willendorf is "mother of us". As a work of art, it is extra-utile; as a sign suggesting sacred maternity, it anticipates all subsequent signs and artefacts that identify the feminine with the divine.

The poem moves from the making of the Venus of Willendorf to the animal paintings of Lascaux. Painted deep in an ordinarily pitch-black series of caves, the images are entirely gratuitous. Jones is attentive to both formal and material aspects of the paintings:

> And see how they run, the juxtaposed forms,
> brighting the vaults of Lascaux; how the linear is wedded
> to volume, how they do, within, in an unbloody manner,
> under the forms of brown haematite and black manganese on
> the graved lime-face, what is done, without,
> far on the windy tundra
> at the kill
> that the kindred may have life.
> O God!
> O the Academies! (59-60)

Thomas Dilworth has pointed out the striking analogies between Jones's description of the Lascaux imagery and the Catholic Mass (*SM* 178-9). Jones's stress on the physicality of the Lascaux images, the materials and surface that together comprise them, is consistent with the Incarnational theology that shapes the poem. The verb "brighting" emphasizes the striking colour of the animal images, while his observation of "how the linear is wedded to volume" comments on the three-dimensional effect achieved by the artists though shading and skilful use of the cave surfaces. Jones's language draws attention to the artist's materials and the surface upon which he worked: "brown haematite and black manganese on / the graved lime-face". "Haematite" is a form of iron oxide found in the red chalk widely mined and used in Paleolithic Europe, while "manganese" is the metal base of the pigments used at Lascaux. Even the word "graved" – which the *OED* fittingly describes as an "archaic" word – seems to be chosen with meticulous care: it can mean to engrave or to fix indelibly, both of which make sense when applied to these ancient images. The representation of hunting animals in paint Jones sees as prefiguring the representation of Christ's sacrifice in the Eucharist, both "in an unbloody manner" (see Dilworth *SM* 178-9). The final exclamation in this passage – "O the Academies!" – expresses wonder at the "school" that could produce such fine work at Lascaux, but perhaps also laments the explicitly academic artwork of more recent centuries, in which formalism and theory displace inspiration and craftsmanship. The Lascaux images provide a gratuitous counterpoint to the hunt itself; in a letter from 1971, he remarks that "the superb forms of great horned creatures with a dart or two depicted in flank or neck, is about the nearest thing to the acts and words of the inutile Oblation of the Coena Domini, while outside on the bitter tundra the great beasts fall before the highly utile spears of the tribe" (*DGC* 233).

Human artefacture extends beyond those works which approximate to the modern category of fine art, like sculpture or painting. As his examples from Willendorf and Lascaux suggest, however, Jones places the origin of art in the making of sacred artefacts. The more practical application follows, rather than leads, our making of objects devoted to the divine: what the poem calls "anathemata." Thus in Part II, we learn that "The makers of anathemata can, at a pinch, beat out / utile spares for the mobile columns or amulets for the raiding / captains and the captains themselves bring certain specifica- / tions and new god-fears" (90). Most making over the course of our history has, nonetheless, a recognizably utile end that conditions even its gratuitious elements.

To the extent that the maker takes pride and care in the work, even plainly utile artefacts will partake in the gratuitous. In Part III, Jones invokes his maternal grandfather, the mast and block maker Ebenezer Bradshaw. No matter what bribes he may be offered by captains urgent to set sail, Bradshaw steadfastly refuses to compromise the quality of his work. He promises, however, that

> if he waits his turn an' damps down his Sicily
> sulpher, we'll spokeshave those deadeyes for him as smooth
> as a *peach* of a cheek
> we'll fay that hounding trim and proper – and of
> the best spruce, to rhyme with her mainmast, we'll square
> true and round to a nicety the double piercin's o' that cap –
> and of keel-elm.
> If he leaves it to us
> we'll fix him dandy. (120-1)

Dilworth notes that in this context, the verb "fay" has the sense of "fit the joints for" (*RDJ* 144); among the definitions recorded in the *OED* is "to put together", which also makes "fay" analogous to the act of making a work of art: as Jones himself observes, the *OED* identifies the root of "art" as meaning "something fitted together" (*E&A* 150). The extra-utile quality of fine workmanship is revealed by the pride Bradshaw takes in using "the best spruce, to rhyme with her mainmast". His choice of the word "rhyme" suggests an analogy between mast-making and the more obviously gratuitous art of poetry. Jones's point that craftsmanship is a virtue, regardless of the end to which it is put, is made startlingly clear in the lines that follow, where Bradshaw boasts that, were he given "the job of mortisin' / the beams" of the Cross itself, he would "set that aspen transom square to / the Rootless Tree" (121). It is as though he unconsciously recognizes the connection between our capacity to make and our religious nature as human beings.

Jones's portrayal of Gwenhwyfar in Part VII, "Mabinog's Liturgy", adorns her with images of artefacture that frequently allude to the process of its making. The Queen wears "cloth of Grass of Troy and spun Iberian asbestos, and under / these ornate wefts the fine-abb'd Eblana flax, maid-worked / (as bleached as will be her cere-cloth of thirty-fold when / they shall intone for her … *pro anima famulae tuae*)" (196). The adjectives "spun", "fine-abb'd", "maid-worked" and "bleached" – all derived from verbs – emphasize the labour and skill involved in producing cloth fit for a Queen. Henry Summerfield glosses "fine-abb'd" as meaning "with a woof of fine threads" (121), although the *OED* defines "abb" as a noun meaning "weaving", with historical senses that include woof, warp, and weft. Jones's use of the word as a verb is original, and he was likely attracted to its Old English roots and multiple meanings that encompass so many aspects of woven cloth. Although cloth itself may serve a utile purpose, the rarity and beauty of

the fabrics used to clothe Gwenhwyfar mark them as gratuitous artefacture. Jones is nonetheless careful to situate her hand-crafted adornment in the world of work and trade, noting, for example, that "the supple Andalusian buckskin" used to make her "high-laced buskins" has been "freighted from / Córdoba" by a network of "transmarine nego- /tiators, prospectors, promoters, company floaters and *mer-* / *catores*" (197). No matter how rare or refined the artefact, it is inseparable from the imaginative, bodily, and economic activity that produced it, revealing the fullness of our human nature.

If on the one hand the act of making shades into manual labour in its more artisanal applications, on the other the making of signs in Jones's poetry shades into ritual, and thus becomes a means of expressing the human relationship with the divine. The pinnacle of sign-making ritual in *The Anathemata* occurs in Part VII, with the breaking of the Eucharist. Jones invokes the silence of a church, where one might hear

> the fracture-sound
>
> when
>
> with this hand and that hand conjoined
>
> over the poured-out confluence
>
> he parts that, which –
>
> under the sign of that creature –
>
> can do more than any grain. (227)

The sensory vividness of Jones's imagery here – from the evocative "fracture-sound" to the tactile "this hand and that hand conjoined" – is perhaps only matched in his imagery of making by the sculpting of the Venus of Willendorf. Both involve the making of signs that are consecrated to the divine, and the imagery of both imaginatively unites spirit and flesh.

An interesting variation on the theme of making occurs in "The Dream of Private Clitus," one of the fragments comprising *The Sleeping Lord* (1974). In it, Clitus, an old soldier in the Roman army, describes for his younger companion Oenomaus what he calls his "dream-making" from many years before (17). By describing the spontaneous act of dreaming as a kind of "making", Jones's language implies that our capacity to make images emerges from the deepest levels of our being. In translating the images of his dream into words, Clitus acts the part of poet within the poem itself, reflecting Jones's belief that the capacity to make is innately human and not limited to those individuals designated as artists or poets. The poem offers an explicit comparison between the unconscious making of a dream and the more intentional making of an artefact, specifically the sculpture of the Tellus Mater (Mother Earth) on a Roman temple known as the Ara Pacis (Altar of Peace). Clitus's response to the sculpture is first and foremost appreciative of its craftsmanship: "It's a fine job of work, all / the relief-work between the pilasters, but specially that left hand / one of the Terra Mater […]" (*SL* 18). Reflecting on the way the moonlight reveals the sculpture's contours, Clitus observes that "You get a good relief in the moon of that type of work, it's a bit / of a marvel how they contrive that sort of work and that's a job / you'd be a fine duffer at, Oenamaus, mason-work. But that was / as fine a work as I've seen in the moon […]" (18). The repetition of "work" – six times in the passages quoted – foregrounds the labour of making involved in producing the relief-image of the Terra Mater, even before we get to the description of the goddess herself. While critics have rightly focused on the figure as an archetypal image of motherhood and fecundity, it is most immediately presented in the poem as an artefact. Within the larger context of Jones's poetry, the carving of the Terra Mater is also a refinement of earlier human efforts to sculpt images of divine femininity, such as his portrayal in *The Anathemata* of those "man-hands" that "god-handled the

Willendorf stone" (58). Jones's poetry invites us to pause as we take aesthetic pleasure in a work of art, and consider it as something made, as a product of human imagination and labour.

While images that actually depict the making of an artefact or sign are relatively rare in Jones's poetry, when they occur – as in the Willendorf and Eucharistic examples – they are especially meaningful. Elsewhere, Jones alludes to the process of making more indirectly, but in a way that emphasizes the "made-ness" of the artefact, as in the example from "The Dream of Private Clitus". Of particular interest are images of human artefacture which, though primarily utile in purpose, are nonetheless endowed with gratuitous qualities through the conditions of their use or by their cultural associations, like the mast-and-block manufacture alluded to in the "Redriff" section of *The Anathemata*. Regardless of how utile or gratuitous our making is, however, it reveals for Jones our fundamental human nature. As he explains in "Art and Sacrament", a human being is "A creature which is not only capable of gratuitous acts but of which it can be said that such acts are this creature's hall-mark and sign-manual" (148). This definition is amply borne out by the imagery of making in Jones's poetry.

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