

THE CAMBRIDGE EDITION
OF THE WORKS OF

D·H·LAWRENCE



PSYCHOANALYSIS AND
THE UNCONSCIOUS
AND FANTASIA OF THE
UNCONSCIOUS

EDITED BY
BRUCE STEELE

THE
CAMBRIDGE EDITION OF
THE LETTERS AND WORKS OF
D. H. LAWRENCE



THE WORKS OF D. H. LAWRENCE

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GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

D. H. Lawrence was one of the great writers of the twentieth century - yet the texts of his writings, whether published during his lifetime or since, are, for the most part, textually corrupt. The extent of the corruption is remarkable; it can derive from every stage of composition and publication. We know from study of his MSS that Lawrence was a careful writer, though not rigidly consistent in matters of minor convention. We know also that he revised at every possible stage. Yet he rarely if ever compared one stage with the previous one, and overlooked the errors of typists or copyists. He was forced to accept, as most authors are, the often inflexible house-styling of his printers, which overrode his punctuation and even his sentence-structure and paragraphing. He sometimes overlooked plausible printing errors. More important, as a professional author living by his pen, he had to accept, with more or less good will, stringent editing by a publisher's reader in his early days, and at all times the results of his publishers' timidity. So the fear of Grundyish disapproval, or actual legal action, led to bowdlerisation or censorship from the very beginning of his career. Threats of libel suits produced other changes. Sometimes a publisher made more changes than he admitted to Lawrence. On a number of occasions in dealing with American and British publishers Lawrence produced texts for both which were not identical. Then there were extraordinary lapses like the occasion when a typist turned over two pages of MS at once, and the result happened to make sense. This whole story can be reconstructed from the introductions to the volumes in this edition; cumulatively they form a history of Lawrence's writing career.

The Cambridge edition aims to provide texts which are as close as can now be determined to those he would have wished to see printed. They have been established by a rigorous collation of extant manuscripts and typescripts, proofs and early printed versions; they restore the words, sentences, even whole pages omitted or falsified by editors or compositors; they are freed from printing-house conventions which were imposed on Lawrence's style; and interference on the part of frightened publishers has been eliminated. Far from doing violence to the texts Lawrence would have wished to see published, editorial intervention is essential to recover them. Though we have to accept that some cannot now be recovered in their entirety because early states have

not survived, we must be glad that so much evidence remains. Paradoxical as it may seem, the outcome of this recension will be texts which differ, often radically and certainly frequently, from those seen by the author himself.

Editors adopt the principle that the most authoritative form of the text is to be followed, even if this leads sometimes to a 'spoken' or a 'manuscript' rather than a 'printed' style. We have not wanted to strip off one house-styling in order to impose another. Editorial discretion has been allowed in order to regularise Lawrence's sometimes wayward spelling and punctuation in accordance with his most frequent practice in a particular text. A detailed record of these and other decisions on textual matters, together with the evidence on which they are based, will be found in the textual apparatus which records variant readings in manuscripts, typescripts and proofs; and printed variants in forms of the text published in Lawrence's lifetime. We do not record posthumous corruptions, except where first publication was posthumous. Significant MS readings may be found in the occasional explanatory note.

In each volume, the editor's introduction relates the contents of Lawrence's life and to his other writings it gives the history of composition of the text in some detail, for its intrinsic interest, and because this history is essential to the statement of editorial principles followed. It provides an account of publication and reception which will be found to contain a good deal of hitherto unknown information. Where appropriate, appendixes make available extended draft manuscript readings of significance, or important material, sometimes unpublished, associated with a particular work.

Though Lawrence was a twentieth-century writer and in some respects remains our contemporary, the idiom of his day is not invariably intelligible now, especially to the many readers who are not native speakers of British English. His use of dialect forms is another difficulty, and further barriers to full understanding are created by now obscure literary, historical, political or other references and allusions. On these occasions explanatory notes are supplied by the editor; it is assumed that the reader has access to a good general dictionary and that the editor need not gloss words or expressions that may be found in it. Where Lawrence's letters are quoted in editorial matter, the reader should assume that his manuscript is alone the source of eccentricities of phrase or spelling.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

For their help in the preparation of this volume over several years I wish to thank the following people: Nan Albinski, formerly of Pennsylvania State University, and Mary Jurus in Melbourne; colleagues in the English Department at Monash University, particularly Clive Probyn and Dennis Bartholomeusz, for their advice and support; Cathy Henderson and the staff at the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University of Texas, and the staff of the Bancroft Library, University of California at Berkeley, who made my visits enjoyable as well as profitable; Paul Eggert, Lindeth Vasey and John Turner for salutary and generous comments; Mark Kinkead-Weekes and David Ellis sent information in advance of the publication of their volumes in the Cambridge biography of D. H. Lawrence. In the last stages of the work John Worthen has been a willing and helpful sounding-board; his advice has been most encouraging. I acknowledge the support of Andrew Brown, Linda Bree, and Leigh Mueller at Cambridge University Press. Members of the Editorial Board have made useful contributions from time to time. Without all these the edition would have been the poorer. I am grateful for the support of the Australian Research Council in providing travel and research assistance and to Monash University for a period of leave and for travel assistance in the early stages of this project.

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B.S.

January 2003

CHRONOLOGY

- 11 September 1885
September 1898–July 1901
1902–1908
7 December 1907
October 1908
November 1909
3 December 1910
9 December 1910
19 January 1911
19 November 1911
March 1912
23 May 1912
September 1912–March 1913
February 1913
29 May 1913
June–August 1913
August–September 1913
30 September 1913–9 June 1914
1 April 1914
July 1914–December 1915
13 July 1914
26 November 1914
October–November 1915
- Born in Eastwood, Nottinghamshire
Pupil at Nottingham High School
Pupil teacher; student at University
College, Nottingham
First publication: ‘A Prelude’, in *Nottinghamshire Guardian*
Appointed as teacher at Davidson
Road School, Croydon
Publishes five poems in *English Review*
Engagement to Louie Burrows; broken
off on 4 February 1912
Death of his mother, Lydia Lawrence
The White Peacock published in New
York (20 January in London)
Ill with pneumonia; resigns his teaching
post on 28 February 1912
Meets Frieda Weekley; they leave for
Metz and Germany on 3 May
The Trespasser
At Gargnano, Lago di Garda, Italy
Love Poems and Others
Sons and Lovers
In England
In Germany and Switzerland
At Lerici, Gulf of La Spezia, Italy
The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd (New
York)
In London, Buckinghamshire and
Sussex
Marries Frieda Weekley in London
The Prussian Officer and Other Stories
Signature containing three parts of
‘The Crown’

- 30 September 1915 *The Rainbow*; suppressed by court order on 13 November
- 30 December 1915–15 October 1917 In Cornwall
- 1 June 1916 *Twilight in Italy*
- July 1916 *Amores*
- 6 January 1917 Plans ‘a set of essays, or lectures, on Classic American Literature’
- February 1917 Planned visit to USA forestalled when passport applications denied
- 15 October 1917 Composition of *Studies* interrupted when the Lawrences are expelled from Cornwall by military authorities; DHL probably resumes only in January 1918
- October 1917–November 1919 In London, Berkshire and Derbyshire
- 26 November 1917 *Look! We Have Come Through!*
- 3 August 1918 Sends the first *Studies* essay (‘The Spirit of Place’) to Pinker for possible publication in the *English Review*
- October 1918 *New Poems*
- November–December 1918 Reads Jung’s *Psychology of the Unconscious*
- November 1918–June 1919 First eight essays on American literature in the *English Review*
- 7 December 1918 Has written four essays on ‘Education of the People’
- 23 January 1919 Proposes ‘Education of the People’ essays as a book
- 7 September 1919 Receives offer from Thomas Seltzer to act as American publisher of *Women in Love*
- November 1919–February 1922 To Italy, then Capri and Sicily
- 20 November 1919 *Bay*
- 3 December 1919 Intends to write ‘various small things – on Italy and on Psychoanalysis – for the periodicals’: asks Huebsch about American magazines
- 29 January 1920 Intends sending ‘six little essays on the Freudian Unconscious’ to Huebsch

- 10 February 1920 Sending Huebsch some 'things' for the *Freeman* 'directly'
- 16 February 1920 Asks Robert Mountsier to act as his American agent (accepted on 26 March)
- 24 March 1920 Is doubtful about sending Huebsch 'the set of short essays... *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*'
- 29 April 1920 Sends Huebsch the six essays 'for the *Freeman*'
- May 1920 *Touch and Go*
- 17 June 1920 Finishing a book 'Education of the People'
- 1 August 1920 Asks Robert Mountsier to retrieve the rejected 'psychoanalysis' essays from Huebsch, and send them to Thomas Seltzer
- 9 November 1920 *Women in Love* published (expensive and limited edition) in New York by Seltzer (in England by Secker, normal trade edition, on 10 June 1921)
- 25 November 1920 *The Lost Girl*
- 25 January 1921 Urges Mountsier to try and get *Studies* essays into magazines, shortened if necessary
- February 1921 *Movements in European History*
- 4 April 1921 Asks Curtis Brown to act as his English agent
- 26 April 1921 Visits Baden-Baden, Germany, until 10 July
- 2-31 May 1921 Completes *Aaron's Rod*
- 10 May 1921 *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (New York: Thomas Seltzer)
- 1 June 1921 Making notes for a second volume 'Psychoanalysis and the Incest Motive' (*Fantasia of the Unconscious*)
- 20 June 1921 Has nearly completed *Fantasia of the Unconscious* MS
- 30 June 1921 Completes MS of *Fantasia of the Unconscious* 'in the woods near Ebersteinburg, near Baden-Baden in Germany'

- 23 July 1921 'Whitman' in *Nation and Athenaeum*
- 30 July 1921 Proposes a reply to critics of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* as a 'Foreword' to *Fantasia of the Unconscious*
- 9 September 1921 *Fantasia* (called 'Child Consciousness') being typed in Florence
- 15 September 1921 Receives press cuttings on *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*
- 8 October 1921 Completes 'Foreword' and is 'going over' TS of *Fantasia of the Unconscious*; suggests periodical publication for 'Foreword'
- 15 October 1921 Completes revised 'Epilogue' to *Fantasia of the Unconscious*
- 18 October 1921 Completes revision of *Fantasia of the Unconscious*
- 22 October 1921 Sends revised TS of *Fantasia of the Unconscious* to Seltzer
- 5 November 1921 Projects a third psychology volume (never begun)
- 9 December 1921 *Tortoises* (New York)
- 12 December 1921 *Sea and Sardinia* (New York)
- 26 February 1922 Departs from Naples with Frieda for Ceylon, en route to Western Hemisphere
- 13 March 1922 Arrives in Ceylon; leaves for Australia on 24 April
- 14 April 1922 *Aaron's Rod* (New York)
- 4 May 1922 Arrives in Perth, in Sydney on 27 May
- 11 August 1922 Sails from Sydney for San Francisco on the *Tahiti*, via Wellington, Rarotonga and Tahiti
- 4 September 1922 Lands at San Francisco; reaches Taos 11 September
- 23 October 1922 *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (New York)
- 24 October 1922 *England, My England and Other Stories* (New York)
- 1 December 1922 Moves with Frieda to Del Monte Ranch north of Taos

- late December 1922–early Jan. 1923 Visits of Seltzers and Mountsier at Del Monte Ranch
- 3 February 1923 Severs connection with Mountsier
- March 1923 *The Ladybird, The Fox, The Captain's Doll* (London)
- March–April 1923 Leaves New Mexico and settles in Chapala, Mexico
- July 1923 *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (London: Martin Secker)
- 9 July 1923 Leaves Mexico; arrives in New York on 19 July
- 20 July–21 August 1923 Stays with the Seltzers at a rented cottage in New Jersey; reads proofs of various works and meets New York literati
- 22 August 1923 Leaves New York en route to trip through southwestern USA and Mexico
- 27 August 1923 *Studies in Classic American Literature* (Final Version) published in USA by Seltzer
- September 1923 *Kangaroo*
- 13 September 1923 *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (London: Martin Secker)
- 9 October 1923 *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*
- December 1923–March 1924 In England, France and Germany
- March 1924–September 1925 In New and Old Mexico
- June 1924 *Studies in Classic American Literature* published in England by Secker
- 28 August 1924 *The Boy in the Bush* (with Mollie Skinner)
- 10 September 1924 Death of his father, Arthur John Lawrence
- February 1925 Replaces Seltzer with Alfred A. Knopf as US publisher
- 14 May 1925 *St. Mawr together with the Princess*
- 7 December 1925 *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine* (Philadelphia)
- 21 January 1926 *The Plumed Serpent*
- 25 March 1926 *David*

June 1927	<i>Mornings in Mexico</i>
24 May 1928	<i>The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories</i>
June 1928–March 1930	In Switzerland and, principally, in France
late June 1928	<i>Lady Chatterley's Lover</i> privately published (Florence)
September 1928	<i>Collected Poems</i>
September 1929	<i>The Escaped Cock</i> (Paris)
2 March 1930	Dies at Vence, Alpes Maritimes, France

CUE-TITLES

A. Manuscript locations

UCB	University of California at Berkeley
UIII	University of Illinois at Urbana–Champaign
UN	Nottingham University
UT	University of Texas at Austin

B. Printed works

(The place of publication, here and throughout, is London unless otherwise stated.)

- Aaron's Rod* D. H. Lawrence. *Aaron's Rod*. Ed. Mara Kalnins. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1988.
- DHLR* *D. H. Lawrence Review* (various locations, 1968–)
- 'Education' 'Education of the People' in D. H. Lawrence, *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and Other Essays*. Ed. Michael Herbert. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1988.
- Freud, *Works* *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*. (24 volumes.) Trans. and ed. James Strachey. The Hogarth Press, 1966–74.
- Hardy* D. H. Lawrence. 'Study of Thomas Hardy' in D. H. Lawrence, *Study of Thomas Hardy and Other Essays*. Ed. Bruce Steele. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985.
- Jung Carl Gustav Jung. *Psychology of the Unconscious*. Trans. Beatrice M. Hinkle. New York: Moffat Yard and Co., 1916.
- Kangaroo* D. H. Lawrence. *Kangaroo*. Ed. Bruce Steele. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994.
- Letters*, i. James T. Boulton, ed. *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*. Volume I. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979.
- Letters*, iii. James T. Boulton and Andrew Robertson, eds. *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*. Volume III. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984.

- Letters*, iv. Warren Roberts, James T. Boulton and Elizabeth Mansfield, eds. *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*. Volume IV. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987.
- Letters*, vi. James T. Boulton and Margaret H. Boulton with Gerald M. Lacy, eds. *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*. Volume VI. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1991.
- Movements* D. H. Lawrence. *Movements in European History*. Ed. Philip Crumpton. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989.
- Mr Noon* D. H. Lawrence. *Mr Noon*. Ed. Lindeth Vasey. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984.
- Pryse James Morgan Pryse. *The Apocalypse Unsealed*. Los Angeles: Published by author, 1910; repr. 1972.
- Rainbow* D. H. Lawrence. *The Rainbow*. Ed. Mark Kinkead-Weekes. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989.
- Reflections* D. H. Lawrence. *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and Other Essays*. Ed. Michael Herbert. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1988.
- Roberts Warren Roberts. *A Bibliography of D. H. Lawrence*. Second edn. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1982.
- S & L* D. H. Lawrence. *Sons and Lovers*. Ed. Helen Baron and Carl Baron. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1992.
- SCAL* D. H. Lawrence. *Studies in Classic American Literature*. Ed. Ezra Greenspan, Lindeth Vasey and John Worthen. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003.

INTRODUCTION

The present volume brings together D. H. Lawrence's two 'psychology books' – *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (1921) and *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (1922). The gestation and writing of them fell in the extraordinarily creative central period of Lawrence's writing life which saw the publication (1920) of the earlier completed novel *Women in Love*; *The Lost Girl* (1920); *Mr Noon* (written 1921–2); *Aaron's Rod* (1922); *Kangaroo* (1923); the short stories of the *England, My England* collection (1922); *Studies in Classic American Literature* (1923); 'Education of the People' (written 1918); *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* (1923); *Sea and Sardinia* (1921); and more.

Although *Fantasia* is in many ways a development from *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, there are in fact considerable differences of style, tone and purpose between the two books.¹ The sequence of six essays that make up the earlier book were intended to mount a challenge on moral and intellectual grounds to what Lawrence understood as the 'unconscious' and the 'incest motive' of Freudian psychoanalysis, and to offer an alternative account based not on scientific enquiry or clinical treatment but on his own intuition, experience and insights. The second book, as the *Fantasia* of its title suggests, is freer in form; it is also less unified, and more varied in tone – at times even teasing and playful.² It is more complex: while starting from a similar position to that of the earlier work, it becomes in part an educational treatise, 'an essay on Child Consciousness' (166:4), a series of precepts for the nurture and education of the child – particularly the male child – an excursus into

¹ For DHL's view, see, e. g., 'the next vol. of the little *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* Book: to be called *Psychoanalysis and the Incest Motive*' and 'the sequel little psychoanalysis book' (i.e. *Fantasia*) in *Letters*, iii. 730 and iv. 25. (References to DHL's *Letters* hereafter are by volume and page within the text, and *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and *Fantasia of the Unconscious* appear as *PU* and *FU* in the notes.) The two works have previously appeared together in one volume (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1971) but in reversed order. For a succinct account of differences between the books, see Evelyn J. Hinz, 'The Beginning and the End: D. H. Lawrence's *Psychoanalysis* and *Fantasia*', *Dalhousie Review*, lii (1972), 251–65; see also David Ellis and Howard Mills, *D. H. Lawrence's Non-Fiction* (Cambridge, 1988), chap. 3.

² If, as has been suggested, *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* echoes Jung's title *Psychology of the Unconscious*, a book DHL read (p. xxix below), *Fantasia* might have been prompted by Jung's distinction in chapter 2 of that book between rationalised, objective or 'scientific' thinking and associative, creative or 'phantasy' thinking.

cosmology and the nature of dreams. When the book was finished, Lawrence announced in a 'Foreword' that it was a confessional statement of his own beliefs, his 'philosophy' as man and writer at this immensely productive time: there he asserted that 'the absolute need which one has for some sort of satisfactory mental attitude towards oneself and things in general makes one try to abstract some definite conclusions from one's experiences as a writer and as a man' (65:8–11). *Fantasia* does this, but simultaneously lays a psychological and philosophical groundwork for the novels and essays which were to follow. Like previous expositions of his philosophy, 'Study of Thomas Hardy' and 'The Crown', it is both reflective and enabling. For the reader of Lawrence's work of this period, *Fantasia* provides a thematic and analytic key, particularly to the fiction, and it has many links with his other non-fictional writings.

In his 'Epilogue' to *Fantasia*, Lawrence foreshadowed a third psychology book; and on 5 November 1921 he wrote to Mabel Dodge Luhan, a wealthy patron of the arts who was to become his New Mexico hostess, that this 'third book, which I have still to write, and which I can't write yet, not till I have crossed another border, it is this that will really matter. To me I mean' (iv. 111). He was never to write it. *Apocalypse*, completed and revised in January 1930 and published posthumously, could be considered his last 'philosophical' work; and, while it may have been one book he had 'still to write', it is of quite a different order from the 'psychology' books, and there is no evidence that he considered it part of such a trilogy.

Both *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and *Fantasia of the Unconscious* have as their point of departure Lawrence's confrontation with psychoanalysis – a comparatively new and controversial science in England, but more enthusiastically taken up and received in America. His opposition to Freud's psychoanalytic theory (as far as he understood it) is particularly evident in *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, where he attempted to offer a creative alternative to the Freudian account of the unconscious, and in his view a truer one. Both books also contain Lawrence's often idiosyncratic ideas on education, the family, and the nurturing of children. Since unconscious experience precedes and underlies conscious mental life, where better to study the unconscious than in the infant? In this respect he might, at first glance, appear to be in agreement with Freud, who sought the origins of neuroses in repressed childhood experience; but their sources and their analyses could not have been more different – Freud's deriving from the clinical study of neuroses and hysteria and Lawrence's from personal experience, observation and intuition. Although childless himself, Lawrence related immediately to children. He had, of course, been trained as a school-teacher and became a

successful and innovative one in the few years he practised, until poor health led to his resignation in 1912.

Lawrence wrote these books with an American readership particularly in mind. During the First World War he became increasingly certain that his future as a writer lay no longer in England but in the United States. America was never far from his thoughts as he began to make new American contacts and dreamed up several plans to travel there from Europe. Most importantly, and as a kind of preparation for change, in 1917 he began an intensive study of what he called the 'classic' American writers. This produced a series of essays which were first published in the *English Review* in 1918–19, and later revised and published in book form as *Studies in Classic American Literature* (1923), a year after *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. This work had helped him formulate a new 'psychology'; and in the course of revising these 'studies', he detached much of the psychological exposition from them and developed it at first in the essays which make up the six chapters of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, and then more comprehensively in *Fantasia*. These two books, therefore, are many-faceted, and it is useful to look at the circumstances and events which led to their writing.

Lawrence's 'philosophy'

Lawrence's philosophical writings accompanied his major works of fiction at crucial points in his career. When making the final revision of *Sons and Lovers* in 1913, he began to formulate his beliefs about mind and body, together with what he saw as the religious dimension of his art. In January 1913, in the exultant rhetoric of a letter to the artist Ernest Collings, he affirmed a basic distinction between the conscious mind and the unconscious – the intellect and what he came to call the 'blood-knowledge' or 'blood-consciousness':

My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true. The intellect is only a bit and a bridle . . . We know too much. No, we *think* we know such a lot . . . And we have forgotten ourselves . . . We cannot *be*. 'To be or not to be' – it is the question with us now, by Jove. And nearly every Englishman says 'Not to be.' So he goes in for Humanitarianism and such like forms of non-being. (i. 503–4)

Here he locates a non-mental consciousness in the blood; blood-knowledge precedes and is more reliable than intellectual knowledge. His use of 'blood', probably derived from Genesis ix. 4 ('flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof'), seems to be largely a metaphor for sensory or non-rational life which Lawrence is now to expound as the 'unconscious': in

‘the blood we have the body of our most elemental consciousness, our almost material consciousness’ (179:32–4).

Once *Sons and Lovers* was completed, he drafted a ‘Foreword’ for his mentor and editor, Edward Garnett, in which he set out what he saw as the metaphysic underpinning the novel. In this case he had recourse primarily to religious concepts, adapting for his own purposes biblical and theological terms, and offering his own interpretation of the Trinity. He asks, for instance, ‘what was Christ?’ and continues:

He was Word, or he became Word. What remains of him? Word! . . . He is Word. And the Father was Flesh. For even if it were by the Holy Ghost his spirit were begotten, yet flesh cometh only out of flesh. So the Holy Ghost must either have been, or have borne from the Father, at least one grain of flesh. The Father was Flesh – and the Son, who in himself was finite and had form, became Word. For Form is the Uttered Word, and the Son is the Flesh as it utters the Word, but the unutterable Flesh is the Father.

At this early stage, however, he expressed embarrassment at the prospect of its publication. As with his letter to Collings, the ‘Foreword’ was a private confession of faith: his philosophy was not yet ready for the public.³

These preliminary formulations were followed by two large-scale works. The first, ‘Le Gai Savaire’, posthumously published as *Study of Thomas Hardy*, was written late in 1914.⁴ It began as a commissioned critical study of Hardy’s novels; but as Lawrence re-read Hardy’s novels and reacted to them, he came to see more clearly the nature of his own art at that time. In fact, Hardy took second place to Lawrence’s first major statement of his ‘philosophy’ – his own term. Unlike the reflective ‘Foreword’ to *Sons and Lovers*, this work acted as a kind of prolegomenon to his final rewriting of *The Rainbow*.⁵ Like the ‘Foreword’, it was still largely conceived in the language of the Bible and specifically Christian thought: ‘I came out of the Christian camp’, he would write in retrospect to his friend Lady Ottoline Morrell, patron of artists and intellectuals, in July 1915 (ii. 367).

Following the failure to publish his Hardy study, Lawrence made a few abortive attempts to rework the book in a different form in the early part of 1915, only to abandon it entirely and begin afresh on an extraordinary work in six instalments which he called ‘The Crown’. This new philosophical work, he claimed, grew out of his reading of the early Greek philosophers. Bertrand

³ For the full text of the ‘Foreword’, see *S & L* 467–73; the quoted passage is on p. 467. ‘I would die of shame if that Foreword were printed’ (*Letters*, i. 510); and indeed it was never published in his lifetime. It was first published along with his accompanying letter to Garnett (20 January 1913) in *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. Aldous Huxley (1932), pp. 95–102.

⁴ First published in *Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. E. D. McDonald (New York, 1936), pp. 398–516; for full details and a complete text see *Hardy*.

⁵ For the relation of *Hardy* to *The Rainbow*, see *Rainbow* xxix–xxxviii.

Russell had lent him John Burnet's *Early Greek Philosophy* (1908), and the philosophy of change and flux he found there – particularly in Heraclitus – excited his imagination. From this point on, he developed a new language and largely, but never entirely, abandoned his former theologically derived terminology. Only the first three chapters of 'The Crown' reached publication in October and November 1915 – in the *Signature*, a little journal he founded with his friend John Middleton Murry. In near despair at the course of the war, Lawrence had agreed with Murry that they should 'do something'. The result was the little paper, to which they and Murry's wife, the short-story writer Katherine Mansfield, were the sole contributors.⁶ When this venture failed in November 1915 after only three issues, Lawrence laid 'The Crown' aside, not returning to it until a decade later when, in 1925, he reissued it substantially re-written and complete in his book of essays *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*.⁷

At the time of this failure, in December 1915, Lawrence wrote Bertrand Russell a revealing account of the development of his earlier belief:

Now I am convinced of what I believed when I was about twenty – that there is another seat of consciousness than the brain and the nerve system: there is a blood-consciousness which exists in us independently of the ordinary mental consciousness, which depends on the eye as its source or connector. There is the blood-consciousness, with the sexual connection, holding the same relation as the eye, in seeing, holds to the mental consciousness. One lives, knows, and has one's being in the blood, without any reference to nerves and brain. (ii. 470)

This belief, occasionally if briefly evident in his revision of *Twilight in Italy* (1915–16),⁸ is the seed from which the new psychology, developed in the course of his essays on 'Classic American Literature' and finally set out in *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, would grow. In Cornwall in 1916 and 1917 he continued intermittently to rewrite his philosophy; but while there would appear to have been several versions, none has survived except, perhaps, the four essays 'The Reality of Peace' which seem to derive from this wartime endeavour.⁹ It was under the influences

⁶ *Signature*, 4 and 18 October and 1 November 1915. For the founding of *The Signature*, see DHL's 'Note to *The Crown*' in *Reflections* 249.

⁷ *Reflections* 247–306.

⁸ See *Twilight in Italy and Other Essays*, ed. Paul Eggert (Cambridge, 1994), 118:1–5.

⁹ The first four essays of 'The Reality of Peace' were published in the *English Review*, xxiv (May and June 1917) and xxv (July and August 1917). For the text, see *Reflections* 25–52. The manuscripts of two unpublished philosophical works from this period – 'Goats and Compasses' and 'At the Gates' – are reported but cannot now be located. A version of the former was read in Cornwall by DHL's acquaintance Philip Heseltine who claimed later that he had destroyed it; the latter appears in a list of manuscripts held by DHL's agent, J. B. Pinker, in 1920. It is not known how many untitled or incomplete versions of his philosophy there may have been.

of psychoanalytic theory and his reading of theosophical and anthropological works that he was led to revise his account of non-mental consciousness. Most significantly, he would now place this other consciousness in the nerve centres of the body rather than exclusively in the blood.

Lawrence and psychoanalysis

Lawrence's first encounter with Freudian ideas was at third hand and is remarkable because of the circumstances. It dates from his first meeting, in March 1912, with Frieda Weekley, the German wife of one of his professors at Nottingham University College, with whom he was to elope and eventually marry. Through members of her family and her own personal contacts during her not infrequent visits to Germany, she had become aware of the Viennese psychoanalytical school early in the century. In 1907–8 Frieda had had an affair in Munich with the colourful and idiosyncratic Freudian psychoanalyst, Otto Gross. 'I had just met a remarkable disciple of Freud and was full of undigested theories', she later wrote. It is scarcely surprising that on her first meeting with the author of 'Paul Morel' in Nottingham in March 1912 they had discussed 'Oedipus'.¹⁰ While Frieda's 'undigested theories' may have had some influence on his final rewriting of 'Paul Morel' as *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence had already reached the analytical heart of the novel without any aid from Freudian theory. Despite some apparent similarities, his analysis of the relations of mother and son was very different from Freud's theory of the Oedipus complex.¹¹ *Sons and Lovers* was not about the incestuous desires of sons but about mother-dominance and its unhappy consequences, as he

¹⁰ Frieda Lawrence, "Not I, But the Wind..." (Heinemann, 1935), pp. 3–4; see also John Worthen, *D. H. Lawrence: The Early Years* (Cambridge, 1991), pp. 378–80. In view of Frieda's experience, it is unlikely that their discussion was limited to Sophocles' play. The name is more probably Frieda's shorthand for the Freudian 'Oedipus Complex' (see next note). Both Frieda and her sister Else Jaffe had had affairs with Otto Gross (1877–1920), a Freudian analyst from Graz who practised in Munich. An opium and cocaine addict, he espoused causes of sexual and political liberation and advocated the abandonment of monogamy in favour of commune living. DHL did not meet him. See further John Turner with Cornelia Rumpf-Worthen and Ruth Jenkins, 'The Otto Gross – Frieda Weekley Correspondence: Transcribed, Translated, and Annotated', *DHLR*, xxii no. 2 (1990), 137–227.

¹¹ Freud gave the following simple account of the complex in his 'Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis' in 1916: 'While he is still a small child, a son will already begin to develop a special affection for his mother, whom he regards as belonging to him; he begins to feel his father as a rival who disputes his sole possession . . . Observation shows us to what early years these attitudes go back. We refer to them as the "Oedipus complex", because the Oedipus legend realizes, with only a slight softening, the two extreme wishes that arise from the son's situation – to kill his father and take his mother to wife' (Freud, *Works* XV. 207). For a more detailed discussion see Freud, *Works* XVI. 330–7.

explained in a letter to Edward Garnett on finishing the book in November 1912:

a woman of character and refinement... has no satisfaction in her own life... But as her sons grow up she selects them as lovers... These sons are *urged* into life by the reciprocal love of their mother—urged on and on. But when they come to manhood, they can't love... As soon as the young men come into contact with women, there's a split... It's a great tragedy... It's the tragedy of thousands of young men in England. (i. 476)

Lawrence positively resisted the incest theory when he was forced to confront it. It was, however, some seven years after the publication of *Sons and Lovers* in 1913 that he set out in *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* the moral and intellectual grounds of his opposition and offered his own account of the unconscious and its workings. He developed these ideas still further in *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. In answer to Freudian incest theory, his theme of mother-dominance and its consequences is much more extensively worked out in *Fantasia*, notably in Chapter X, 'Parental Love'. While acknowledging the usefulness of some Freudian insights, Lawrence remained staunchly apart from orthodox psychoanalytic doctrine, and roundly condemned Freudian practice and clinical analysis.

The problem arose when *Sons and Lovers* aroused flutters of excitement among the small band of English psychoanalysts because they read in it apparent confirmation of the Freudian theories of the Oedipus complex and the incest motive. Some were keen to meet the author, but in 1913 he was living abroad in Italy, and the first contact between them was made indirectly. Ivy Low, for instance, a niece of Barbara Low, one of the early advocates and practitioners of psychoanalysis in England, wrote to Lawrence expressing her overwhelming admiration of *Sons and Lovers*. As a result she was invited to visit the Lawrences at Fiascherino in 1914.¹² When they returned to London later that year, Ivy introduced Lawrence to her aunt, who in turn introduced him to her sister and brother-in-law, Edith and David Eder.

David Eder, a pioneer psychoanalyst in London, had just published a translation of Freud's *Über den Traum* (1901) as *On Dreams* (1914). While Lawrence certainly knew of this book, it is not clear whether he had actually read it (iii. 716).¹³ He did, however, discuss psychoanalytic ideas with Eder on more than

¹² Ivy Low (1890–1977). Her account of her visit to DHL is in Edward Nehls, *D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography* (Madison, 1957), vol. I, pp. 215–22; see also John Carswell, *The Exile: A Life of Ivy Litvinov* (1983), pp. 73–4.

¹³ In his letter cited here, DHL confused the title with Freud's *Traumdeutung*. Jung opens his Introduction to *Psychology of the Unconscious* with a reference to the latter (translated as *The Interpretation of Dreams*).

one occasion when in London in 1914 and the two corresponded.¹⁴ In the chapter 'Sleep and Dreams' in *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, Lawrence attempts, *inter alia*, a critique of the Freudian theory of dreams, central to psychoanalysis. Eder's friendship with Lawrence and his influence on the development of his 'psychology' extended through the years 1914 to 1919. In 1915, however, Eder volunteered for medical service in the war and was for a time head of the Psycho-neurological Department in Malta. His book *War-Shock* (1917) was based on a study of 100 cases of shell-shocked soldiers from his wartime clinical experience. From 1918 until 1922, the period when Lawrence was writing his two psychology books, Eder was Political Officer to the Zionist Commission and was often in Palestine. Although they met rarely – on one period of leave Eder visited Lawrence at Middleton – their correspondence continued, although very little has survived.¹⁵

Through the Eders, Lawrence met Ernest Jones, who, by 1913, had been one of the founders, and also the first president, of the London Psycho-analytic Society. Jones had met Freud in Salzburg in 1908 at the first psychoanalytic congress, which he had helped to organise. He was the most eminent member of the London psychoanalytic circle and was much later to become Freud's first English biographer. His association with Lawrence, however, was not as warm as the Eders'. They sympathised with Lawrence's plans for an ideal community; but Jones considered such utopian ideas 'hare-brained'.¹⁶

These new friends were important to Lawrence – Edith and David Eder as confidants, as an important source of psychoanalytic ideas, and, to some extent, of medical information. Besides providing him with knowledge of psychoanalysis, Barbara Low also acted as a sounding-board for Lawrence's developing psychological philosophy. He became particularly dependent on her friendship in other ways as well: in 1920 she was prepared to act as his London literary agent, though it is doubtful whether this offer was realised in fact. She was, it seems, a sympathetic audience as well as a useful antagonist. Ten months after their first meeting in 1914, he wrote to her: 'You are one of the few people who listen to me' (ii. 281).

From 1914 Barbara Low was teaching at the Hackney Downs Boys' School until 1918 when she left teaching to take up formal study of psychoanalysis.

¹⁴ For one meeting between DHL and Eder, see John Middleton Murry, *Between Two Worlds* (1935), p. 287. See also Mark Kinkead-Weekes, *D. H. Lawrence: Triumph to Exile 1912–1922* (Cambridge, 1996), p. 133.

¹⁵ See further John Turner, 'David Eder: Between Freud and Jung', *DHLR*, xxvii, nos. 2–3 (1997–8), 289–309.

¹⁶ Jones, *Free Associations* (New York, 1959), pp. 251–2. The phrase 'utopian ideas' probably refers to DHL's proposed community in South America (*Letters*, iii. 173–5). Jones's three-volume biography of Freud was published in 1953.

With Eder, she was a member of the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency, and was involved with the 'Little Commonwealth', a short-lived experimental reform school in Dorset for delinquent teenagers, founded by the American educationalist Homer Lane.¹⁷ She had a particular interest in the application of psychoanalytic theory to education and social welfare, and later assisted in the translation of two influential works on the subject by the Swiss pastor and teacher Oskar Pfister. By the time Lawrence left England at the end of 1919, Low was completing her book *Psycho-analysis: A Brief Outline of the Freudian Theory* for publication the following April. Aimed at the general reader, it was immediately successful, and its popularity led to a second printing within six months. Although Lawrence could not have read the published book before he wrote *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* in late December 1919 and January 1920, it is most likely that the substance of Low's book would have emerged in their discussions. His letters to her show that he was closely acquainted with her work while the success of her little book may actually have encouraged him not only in his efforts to counter psychoanalysis but also to tackle the wider political and educational issues that emerge in *Fantasia of the Unconscious*.¹⁸ Like Lawrence himself, Barbara Low was a great talker as well as a listener, and he, despite his admiration of her, often found her extremely tiring – as she must have found him (ii, 314; iii, 54, 307, 363). The more he knew of her work, however, the stronger his conviction grew that she was more than misguided in her allegiance to psychoanalysis. In round terms he advised her to 'Depart from evil and do good – I think analysis is evil' (iii, 42).

It was in September 1916 that Barbara Low sent Lawrence the July issue of the *Psychoanalytic Review* containing the lengthy review article by Alfred Booth Kuttner entitled 'Sons and Lovers: A Freudian Appreciation'.¹⁹ The reaction of the psychoanalysts to his work was now public and no longer restricted privately to a few enthusiasts. While highly praising the artistry of the novel, Kuttner argued that it had additional value as evidence in support of Freud's theories of the Oedipus complex and the incest motive. Lawrence's

¹⁷ Homer Tyrrel Lane (1875–1925); his self-governing school was closed down in 1918.

¹⁸ Barbara Low, *Psycho-Analysis: A Brief Outline of the Freudian Theory* (April 1920, repr. October 1920). DHL noted its early success (*Letters*, iv, 27) and may have read it later. Any echoes of it in his work are probably coincidental; see Explanatory note to 148:28.

¹⁹ *Psychoanalytic Review*, iii no. 3 (July 1916), 295–317. In 1914, Kuttner had been Kennerley's publisher's reader for 'The Wedding Ring', which DHL rewrote in 1915 as *The Rainbow*. For his response see *Rainbow* 483–5. The same issue of the journal included an enthusiastic summary review of Hinkle's translation of Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious* which may perhaps have sparked DHL's interest and led to his borrowing the book from his Russian friend S. S. Kotliansky in November 1918.

reaction to the review was intense and his response to Barbara Low typically vitriolic:

I hated the Psychoanalysis Review of *Sons and Lovers*. You know I think ‘complexes’ are vicious half-statements of the Freudians: sort of can’t see wood for trees. When you’ve said Mutter-complex, you’ve said nothing – no more than if you called hysteria a nervous disease. Hysteria isn’t nerves, a complex is not simply a sex relation: far from it. – My poor book: it was, as art, a fairly complete truth: so they carve a half lie out of it, and say ‘Voilà’. Swine! Your little brochure – how soul-wearied you are by society and social experiments! Chuck ‘em all overboard. Homer Lane be damned – it is a *complete* lie, this equality business – and a dirty lie. (ii. 655)

This issue of the *Psychoanalytic Review*, however, contained other articles which Lawrence is unlikely to have overlooked. The opening paper ‘Freud and Society’ by the American sociologist Ernest R. Groves examined ‘the importance that the Freudian school claims for the Freudian system outside of the field of mental pathology’ and especially in the development of human personality.²⁰ This survey discussed several of the topics Lawrence was to take up in his two books, and occasionally its phrasing is not dissimilar to Lawrence’s own.²¹ This was followed by a further instalment of a longer article ‘Technique of Psychoanalysis’ by Smith Ely Jelliffe, based on a number of psychoanalytic case-studies. After Kuttner’s article there is a translation of two chapters from a book by two Viennese psychoanalysts Otto Rank and Hanns Sachs on ‘The Significance of Psychoanalysis for the Mental Sciences’. The particular focus of these chapters is on the philosophical and pedagogical aspects of psychoanalysis. Finally there is an enthusiastic review of Jung’s *Psychology of the Unconscious* (see below) by the editor of the *Review*, William A. White.

Barbara Low and the Eders, then, should probably be considered the principal sources for Lawrence’s knowledge of psychoanalysis through both their conversations and the books and articles they lent him from time to time. Lawrence’s knowledge of Freud’s writings was at second or third hand: there is no clear evidence of his having read any of the available Freudian texts.²² Yet

²⁰ *Psychoanalytic Review*, iii no. 3, 241.

²¹ See, for example, Explanatory notes to 7:11 and 66:16.

²² In 1913 (*Letters*, ii. 80) DHL claimed never to have read Freud. By 1919 several of Freud’s works were available in English translation. Ernest Jones published *Papers on Psycho-analysis* in 1912 and claimed it as ‘the first book on the subject in the English Language’. In addition to David Eder’s *On Dreams* (1914), were A. A. Brill’s translations of *Papers on Hysteria* (1908), *Three Contributions to Sexual Theory* (1910), *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1913), *Psychopathology of Everyday Life* (1914), *Wit and its Relation to the Unconscious* (1916), *Totem and Taboo* (1918), *The History of the Psychoanalytic Movement* (1917) and *A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*

almost every mention of psychoanalysis in his letters and books is made with characteristic antagonism; he was neither a sympathetic student nor an impartial critic. Apart from some articles (discussed below), the only book on psychoanalysis Lawrence is known certainly to have read is Jung's *Wandlungen und Symbole der Libido* (Vienna, 1912) in the English translation *Psychology of the Unconscious* (1916) by Beatrice M. Hinkle. Finding his Russian emigré friend S. S. Koteliansky reading it in late November 1918, Lawrence promptly borrowed it (iii. 301). In this book Jung, as 'psychoanalytic explorer' sets out to 'broaden the analysis of the individual problems by a comparative study of historical material relating to them' (pp. 7–8). He is particularly concerned with the 'Incest Phantasy' and the 'Oedipus Problem' explored through religion, psychoanalysis, anthropology and literature. Lawrence read the book in November–December 1918 and, when sending it on to Katherine Mansfield, cautioned her:

I send you the Jung book . . . Beware of it – this Mother-incest idea can become an obsession. But it seems to me there is this much truth in it: that at certain periods the man has a desire and a tendency to return unto the woman, make her his goal and end, find his justification in her. In this way he casts himself as it were into her womb, and she, the Magna Mater, receives him with gratification. This is a kind of incest. (iii. 301–2)

Traces of his reading and his response to Jung's work are apparent a year later in the first chapter of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*. Yet despite his generally dismissive attitude to Jung, there are some similarities in their views which suggest that Lawrence knew more than just the one work by Jung – in particular '*The Theory of Psychoanalysis*'.²³ By the time he first met David Eder in mid-1914, the latter had developed 'a strong sympathy with the psychological outlook of Jung . . . The personality and writings of Jung were calculated to appeal to one of Eder's temperament . . . the broad sweep of Jung's approach, together with his richness and fertility of illustration, appealed to

(1920). Brill's own book, *Psychoanalysis: its Theories and Practical Application* (1912), had gone into a second edition in 1914. Although in letters (January 1922) to Mabel Dodge Luhan, DHL implies that he knows of Brill (who was her analyst), there is no clear evidence of which, if any, of Brill's translations he had read. He is unlikely to have read Freud's German texts. He is likely to have known *The Conflicts in the Unconscious of the Child* by M. D. Eder and Edith Eder (1916) and perhaps *War-Shock* by Eder, and had probably read some of Eder's pamphlets and articles in the press from time to time.

²³ Among other works by Jung available in England were 'The Theory of Psychoanalysis', trans. Edith Eder and M. D. Eder and Mary Moltzer in the *Psychoanalytical Review* (November 1913, February, July, October 1914), *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology* (1917), and *Studies in Word-Association* by Jung and others, trans. Eder (1918).

Eder's own generousness of mind.²⁴ It was with Eder that Lawrence discussed the wider issues of anthropology and theosophy in relation to psychoanalysis (see pp. xxxvi–xxxvii below).

While the word 'psychoanalysis' appears in the title of Lawrence's first psychology book, the part played by psychoanalytical theory in the various developmental versions of the *Studies in Classic American Literature* – which in other respects anticipates *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* – is minimal. It is nowhere mentioned in the published *Studies*, probably because by the time they reached their final form in the winter of 1923, Lawrence had already used and developed much of his specific 'psychology' material from the early (1917–18) versions for *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*.²⁵ If his understanding of psychoanalysis as represented there is sometimes little more than populist report – or what he described as 'tea-table chat' (7:19) – this did not prevent him from confronting Freud's theory of the unconscious, as he understood it, with his own 'new psychology'. If on the Freudians' own admission *Sons and Lovers* had illustrated and confirmed their theory – without the benefit of it – then Lawrence felt fully justified in thinking that his alternative to their psychology had every right to be heard without the benefit of professional or clinical experience. In fact a part of his argument with psychoanalysis was that its view of the human person derived from illness and disorder, not from health or wholeness as he believed it should. Above all, he asserts the truth and validity of personal, subjective experience and knowledge against objective 'scientific', clinically based knowledge.

In June 1921, Lawrence was trying to interest the German publisher Anton Kippenberg of the Insel-Verlag²⁶ in an edition of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, which had been published in New York only two months before. He described his little book as 'not about psychoanalysis particularly – but a first attempt at establishing something definite in place of the vague Freudian Unconscious' (iv. 40). While the 'vagueness' of the Freudian unconscious may have been more in Lawrence's understanding than in Freud's theory, his

²⁴ Edward Glover, 'Eder as a Psycho-analyst' in *David Eder: Memoirs of a Modern Pioneer*, ed. J. B. Hobman (1945), p. 97. Jung was in England in August 1913 and again in July 1914 when he addressed conferences in London and Aberdeen. To Freud's disappointment, Eder among others sided strongly with Jung in the falling out between the two. Two years earlier Jung's *Symbols of Transformation* had appeared in the *Jahrbuch für psychoanalytische und psychopathologische Forschungen*, the work in which he explored anthropology, myth and the occult. DHL and Eder most probably discussed this work at some time.

²⁵ In DHL's 1918–19 essay on Melville (Roberts E382j), 'the psychoanalysts' are mentioned. 'Jung's *libido*' appears in the 1919 version of 'Whitman' (Roberts E382b).

²⁶ DHL's friend Douglas Goldring had been trying to interest Dr Kippenberg in publishing DHL's books in German. See Mark Kinkead-Weekes, *D. H. Lawrence: Triumph to Exile* (Cambridge, 1996), p. 846.

account of the book suggests the kind of audience he was hoping to reach. By 1919, Freudian ideas in England were moving out from the psychoanalysts themselves and becoming 'popular', yet still carrying an air of novelty:

Freudian theories percolated in a bowdlerised form, from the gardens of Hampstead and the squares of Bloomsbury, to the drawing-rooms of Kensington. Soon they were to find their way to the maid's pantry. Everywhere and everyday in bus, tube, and the editorial columns of popular daily newspapers a new jargon has come to life – 'wishful thinking,' 'complexes,' 'repressions,' 'inhibitions,' 'sublimations,' 'inferiority feelings,' etc. These terms are lightly and inaccurately bandied about by persons who have no idea to what revolution in thought they owe their origin.²⁷

Nevertheless, prejudice, even among the informed, had run high and still lingered: in 1914 David Eder found it prudent to omit a passage detailing dream symbols of a sexual nature from his translation of Freud's *On Dreams* 'in deference to English opinion'.²⁸ On the other hand, Eder's *War-Shock*, although a professional study, nevertheless reached a wide audience. Ernest Jones recalled that during the war, 'psycho-analysis was already widely talked about, in both medical and non-medical circles, and the startling frequency of what was then called shell-shock presently brought the whole question of medical psychology into the foreground'.²⁹

Although understandably angry at the professional Freudians' appropriation of his novel, Lawrence still felt justified in his belief that his books on the unconscious offered an acceptable and genuine alternative to Freudian theory. In answer to the professionals, he resolutely, but somewhat disingenuously, claimed that his essays were 'pure science'; although by this he meant an attempt to re-assemble a largely forgotten universal occult 'science' of past ages (63:3ff.) which was truer because more holistic than modern 'mental' science: 'I am only trying to stammer out the first terms of a forgotten knowledge' (64:21–2). In *Fantasia* he dismissed the Freudians' work along with modern science as 'magic and charlatany' (63:5).

While in his letter to Katherine Mansfield, quoted above, Lawrence had urged caution in reading Jung, and in *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* had labelled him '*ex cathedra*' (7:27), he also admitted much truth in Jung's work – which is to say that he had found some of Jung's ideas useful. In general it would seem that, in his limited knowledge of both, he had more in common

²⁷ Glover, 'Eder as Psycho-analyst', pp. 92–3; cf. 7:19–23.

²⁸ Sigm[und] Freud, *On Dreams*, trans. M. D. Eder (1914), p. 104. Glover reported that Eder's lecture to the British Medical Association in 1911, in which he discussed infantile sexuality, 'profoundly shocked' his audience ('Eder as Psycho-analyst', p. 89).

²⁹ Ernest Jones, *Free Associations*, p. 240. DHL wrote of 'war-shock' in several of his fictional writings: for example in *Aaron's Rod*, 116, and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, ed. Michael Squires (Cambridge, 1993), p. 49.

with Jung than with Freud. Quite apart from the fact that he had actually read Jung, the Eders, to whom he was closest, had joined the Jungian break from Freud.³⁰ Although ambivalent towards Jung himself, in *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (11:9–22) Lawrence significantly acknowledged support for his own ideas in the writings of the American Jungian disciple and Freudian dissident Trigrant Burrow.³¹

After medical training and a doctorate in psychology from the University of Virginia in 1909, Burrow had gone to practise in New York, where, in the autumn of 1909, A. A. Brill, a leading American psychoanalyst at the New York Postgraduate Medical School, introduced him to Jung. In consequence, he went to Zurich to study with Jung, for whom he developed an unqualified admiration. In 1911 he returned to practise in Baltimore and became a co-founder of the American Psychoanalytic Association. In the following decade he published a number of highly original papers on various aspects of psychoanalysis. While continuing, like Jung, to acknowledge Freud's pioneering work, Burrow became increasingly critical of orthodox Freudian psychoanalysis as his own ideas and his practice diverged from it. Much of his previously published work was revised and included in his book *The Social Basis of Consciousness*, prepared in 1923 but not published until 1927.³²

Lawrence's first contact with Burrow's work was in 1919–20. Although the two never met, Burrow sent copies of some of his papers to Lawrence, after which they corresponded for a time. In a 1942 memoir, Burrow recalled that it was one of his students, Max Rosenberg, who had, about 1920, 'interested [Lawrence] in some of my earlier writings, and through them he was prompted to put out the little volume he called *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*. Lawrence was very sympathetic to my trend at that time and showed an uncommon insight into it.'³³ That *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* was completed by 29 January 1920 supports Burrow's approximate dating.

Burrow's essential critique of Freudian theory, latent in his professional papers at this time, was not formally published until September 1926, when it appeared as 'Psychoanalysis in Theory and in Life',³⁴ which in turn became

³⁰ Eder had enthusiastically reviewed Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious* in the *New Age* (20 July 1916, 283–4). Possible traces of the influence of Jung on DHL's two psychology books are suggested in the Explanatory notes.

³¹ Despite this acknowledgment in *PU*, there is no mention of Burrow in DHL's surviving letters of this period. After his study in Zürich, Burrow remained particularly close to Jung, who visited the USA on several occasions.

³² Burrow was highly gratified by DHL's perceptive review in the *American Bookman* for November that year. The review is reprinted in *Phoenix*, ed. McDonald, pp. 377–82.

³³ For Burrow's memoir see Nehls, *D. H. Lawrence*, vol. III, pp. 147–8.

³⁴ In the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease*, lxiv no. 3, 209–24.

the first chapter of *The Social Basis of Consciousness*. He had already sent it in unrevised form to Rosenberg 'about 1920'— in fact probably late in 1919, since it is clear that Lawrence knew of it by January 1920 at the latest.³⁵ 'The theory of psychoanalysis', Burrow wrote in the published paper,

rests on the conception that nervous disorders are the substitutive manifestation of a repressed sexual life; its basic position is that this substitutive factor is responsible for neurotic processes and that it is the sexual impulse for which recourse is sought in the process of substitution . . . This position . . . affirms the factor of replacement as the essential account of nervous manifestations and assumes the urge of the sexual instinct as the element replaced.

Burrow did not 'regard this replacement as *primarily* a replacement for sexuality as we now know it. On the contrary, sexuality, as manifested to-day amid the sophistications of civilization, is itself a replacement for the organic unity of personality arising naturally from the harmony of function that pertains biologically to the primary infant psyche.' This original mode he referred to as 'preconscious' and he regarded it as 'the matrix of personality'.³⁶

The opening chapter of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* refers specifically to Burrow's paper 'The Origin of the Incest-Awe'.³⁷ It is not difficult to see how this paper appealed to Lawrence. Burrow argued that if the 'primary attachment of the child to the mother is instinctive', as all acknowledge, and if, as is claimed, the 'incest-revolt' is also instinctual, then 'we are driven to the conception of two elemental and inalienable instincts which are essentially opposed to one another — of two genetic, cosmic impulses set at cross purposes'. The account offered by some that the incest-awe is 'due to the interdictions of society' is 'merely begging the question'. In the face of these unsatisfactory accounts, Burrow proposed to 'separate our notions of what is primary, subjective and biological, from what is secondary, objective and psychological'; or, in other words, to 'separate our conception of unconscious, biological *unity* from our conception of conscious sexual *affinity*, isolating from our conception of the conscious sexual life (the so-called "unconscious", when subjected to repression) a conception such as envisages a *preconscious* mode of consciousness, representing the original state of the infant psyche'. It is when 'the demands of the world of outer objectivity or of consciousness proper' develop, that the child's primary nature shrinks from this intrusion: 'it may be said that *Nature abhors consciousness*'. The adaptation through consciousness to the outside world is an important outward movement away from the

³⁵ Nehls, *D. H. Lawrence*, vol. III, p. 147.

³⁶ Burrow, 'Psychoanalysis in Theory and in Life', 210.

³⁷ In the *Psychoanalytic Review*, v no. 3 (July 1918), pp. 243–54.

infant ego. When, however, it turns inward, and the self becomes its own object, it produces self-consciousness. We are aware that a feeling like love or beauty, which is experienced subjectively, is 'robbed of enjoyment, of its affective quality, when it is too consciously, objectively experienced'. The incest-awe, then, 'is the subjective reaction resulting from an affront to an inherent psychobiological principle of unity. It is the revulsion due to the impact of an organic contradiction . . . incest is not forbidden, it forbids itself. It is the protest of our organic morality.'³⁸ Burrow relates self-consciousness in the sexual sphere to 'original sin', a condition attested not only in the biblical Fall but in numerous legends of mythology. His analysis is remarkably similar to Lawrence's 'sex in the head' (55:23); no wonder Lawrence described Burrow's account as 'brilliantly true'. In this explanation, so different from the Freudian repressed unconscious, Lawrence believed he had found support for his idea of a primary non-mental consciousness. Though he does use Burrow's 'preconscious' on occasion, Lawrence preferred 'unconscious', which he then proceeded to define in his own way. In elaborating on this somatic consciousness, however, Lawrence used terms derived partly from elements of neurological science but rather more from theosophy.

Thus, if Lawrence was not actually 'prompted' by Burrow's views to write *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, as the latter alleged, he was pleased to find a kindred spirit close to, but distinctively apart from, the Freudian ranks.³⁹ He may even have considered that this link with an American psychoanalyst would assist his attempts to reach an American readership. While he absorbed Burrow's work, and was encouraged to make what he believed was a serious contribution to the Freudian debate, others, including the majority of his reviewers, would see it differently.

Lawrence's 'psychology'

While the starting point for *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* was Lawrence's antagonism to psychoanalytic theory, it is his own alternative view of the unconscious that increasingly dominates both it and *Fantasia*. As we have seen, this had its origins in his philosophy but the particular form in the psychology books emerged from developments within his own work during the war years and from his various brushes with psychoanalysis. With the idea of America and an American market in mind, he began intensive reading of some 'classic'

³⁸ *Ibid.*, 244–5, 246, 248.

³⁹ In 1933 Burrow was expelled from the American Psychoanalytic Association of which he had been a co-founder and president (1925–6).

American writers in 1916 and planned a series of critical essays on them. The earliest surviving versions of some essays differ from the heavily revised ones published by the *English Review* which in turn were further rewritten for the volume *Studies in Classic American Literature*.⁴⁰ It is particularly in the earlier versions that Lawrence set down his new physiological approach to his philosophy. On 30 September 1919, the latest of several occasions on which felt he had completed the American studies, he advised a potential American publisher, Benjamin Huebsch:

These essays are the result of five years of persistent work. They contain a whole Weltanschauung – new, if old – even a new science of psychology – pure science. . . . I only know the psychoanalysts here – one of them – has gone to Vienna, partly to graft some of the ideas on to Freud and the Freudian theory of the unconscious – is at this moment busy doing it. I *know* they are trying to get the theory of primal consciousness out of these essays, to solidify their windy theory of the unconscious. Then they'll pop out with it, as a discovery of their own. – You see I've told Ernest Jones and the Eders the ideas. – But they don't know how to use them. (iii. 400)

Jones had indeed gone to Vienna with the intention of re-establishing contact with Freud and his colleagues after the War. But Lawrence was being disingenuous in suggesting to Huebsch that Jones, a staunch Freudian, went as an advocate for his ideas. He was alerting a powerful New York publisher to the importance of his ideas as a serious contribution to the psychoanalytic debate.⁴¹ Already Lawrence saw the 'Weltanschauung' or world view contained in the American essays as having two functions: as a viewpoint from which to examine the American writers, and as an alternative to the 'windy' theories of the psychoanalysts. Taking a longer view, however, if his conclusions were literally 'the result of five years of persistent work', he must have meant that he had begun with the 'Study of Thomas Hardy' in 1914. In other words, Lawrence was indicating that the form of this 'new psychology' was but the latest manifestation of his own 'philosophy'.

What was new about the 'new psychology' was Lawrence's linking of the unconscious or non-mental consciousness no longer exclusively to the 'blood' or the 'flesh' (in biblical terms) but to the physiology of the nervous system as he had reconfigured it. He expressed this first in his essay on 'Hector St.

⁴⁰ 'Spirit of Place', 'Benjamin Franklin', 'Henry St. John Crèvecoeur', 'Fenimore Cooper's Anglo-American Novels', 'Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Novels', 'Edgar Allan Poe', 'Nathaniel Hawthorne' and 'The Two Principles' were published in the *English Review*, xxvii (November and December 1918), and xxviii (January–June 1919). The Hawthorne essay was heavily cut and those on Dana and Melville were not accepted. See further *SCAL* xxxvi–xxxvii.

⁴¹ See also Kinkead-Weekes, *D. H. Lawrence: Triumph to Exile*, pp. 522 and 846 n. 81.

John de Crèvecoeur' which, published in January 1919, had been written the previous year. In that essay he asserted that:

Before thought takes place, before the brain is awake in the small infant, the body is awake and alive, and in the body the great nerve centres are active, active both in knowing and in asserting. This knowledge is not mental, it is what we may call first-consciousness. Now our first consciousness is seated, not in the brain, but in the great nerve centres of the breast and the bowels, the cardiac plexus and the solar plexus. Here life first seethes into active impulse and consciousness, the mental understanding comes later.⁴²

What in 1913 and 1915 he had described as 'blood-consciousness' is now first located in the human nervous system. Since what he calls 'first consciousness' is both temporally and existentially prior to 'mental understanding', it is best studied in the child, the new-born child, even the foetus: hence his preoccupation with the child, the family and education in both books. So important a consideration was this, that at an early stage he proposed 'Child Consciousness' or 'The Child and the Unconscious' as a title for *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. These two titles indicate, as his letter to Huebsch cited above confirms, that he was well aware of the work of the Eders, Barbara Low and Jones in this field.

To assist his ideas on the physiological basis of his psychology and perhaps to update his knowledge of biology and physiology, Lawrence asked the Eders for a standard textbook on the central nervous system. He was not much impressed with what turned out to be a medical rather than a physiological text. His own account of the plexuses and ganglia as locations of pre-mental consciousness derives more from the Hindu *chakras*, as expounded by James Pryse and others, than from the autonomic and sympathetic nervous systems of medical science. Indeed his system has been described as 'anatomical nonsense' if taken literally.⁴³ Lawrence, however, claimed that his 'Weltanschauung' was both new and old: new in that it is new to the modern world of science, but old in the sense that it derives from ancient knowledge. By 1917 he had read several books on 'esoteric doctrine', two of which he recommended to David Eder:

Have you read Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*? In many ways a bore, and not quite real. Yet one can glean a marvellous lot from it, enlarge the understanding immensely. Do

⁴² *English Review*, xxviii (January 1919), 5–18; see *SCAL* 192:8–15.

⁴³ James Cowan, *D. H. Lawrence's American Journey* (Cleveland, 1970), p. 20. For the question of whether DHL's account of the nervous system should be read literally or metaphorically, see David Ellis, 'Lawrence and the Unconscious' in *D. H. Lawrence: Centenary Essays*, ed. Mara Kalnins (Bristol, 1986), pp. 89–109.

you know the physical – physiological – interpretations of the esoteric doctrine? – the *chakras* and dualism in experience? The devils won't tell one anything, fully. Perhaps they don't understand themselves – the occultists – what they are talking about, or what their esotericism really means. But probably, in the physiological interpretation, they do – and won't tell. Yet one can gather enough. Did you get Pryce's *Apocalypse Unsealed*?⁴⁴ (iii. 150)

The influence of both books, but especially Pryse's, is evident in Lawrence's writing at this time. In it he identifies the plexuses and ganglia of the nervous system with the *chakras* or spiritual centres from the Sanskrit Upanishads. A 1919 draft of his essay on Walt Whitman contains a passage describing the 'centres of primary consciousness' which is particularly close to Pryse. In the same place, noting the esoteric interpretation of the *Apocalypse*, Lawrence compares the biblical 'white horse' as a symbol of spiritual energy with 'Jung's *libido*'.⁴⁵ Already he is making his own links between theosophy and psychoanalysis. This aspect of his thought is developed further in his essay 'The Two Principles', published in June 1919, which he intended as an introduction to his discussion of Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*.

In *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, Lawrence admits to the influence of 'all kinds of scholarly books, from the Yoga and Plato and St John the Evangel and the early Greek philosophers like Herakleitos down to Frazer and his *Golden Bough*, and even Freud and Froebenius' (62:21-6).⁴⁶ Disillusioned with modern 'Christian' civilisation, he sought out the teachings of earlier civilisations in both the theosophists and the anthropologists. These influences on the two psychology books can be both specifically documented and inferred from his writing, but there is almost nothing amounting in the strictest sense to a source. We may take quite seriously his avowal in the often taunting 'Foreword' to *Fantasia*: 'I am no "scholar" of any sort. But I am very grateful to scholars for their sound work . . . Even then I only remember hints—and I proceed by intuition' (62:21-29). This admission, however, barely suggests his extensive reading in these fields.

⁴⁴ Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831-91), famous and influential Russian theosophist and spiritualist, published *The Secret Doctrine* (1888, many times reprinted) which appealed to modern science for support of its theosophical exposition. James Morgan Pryse, Irish theosophist and friend of Blavatsky, published *The Apocalypse Unsealed* himself in 1910. He set out to show that the book of Revelation was 'a manual of spiritual development', not a book of cryptic prophecy. See further DHL's *Apocalypse and Other Writings on Revelation*, ed. Mara Kalnins (Cambridge, 1980), pp. 4-7.

⁴⁵ *SCAL* 358:15-19. Jung has the horse as one of the symbols of the libido: see Jung 176, 253, 267 and especially 399ff.

⁴⁶ See Explanatory note on 62:26.

Lawrence and education

In addition to his new physiologically based psychology, Lawrence returned to another related concern – education. Although he had long been critical of the education system of his day, there can be little doubt that in writing the psychology books he is reacting not only against applications of Freudian theory to education, as represented by Barbara Low's involvement in an experimental school, but against a wider progressive movement. He might well have found himself in disagreement with those like Burrow who, from a psychoanalytic point of view, argued that teaching should 'invite originality' rather than 'enforce conformity'.⁴⁷ Lawrence does not theorise; he brings to his writing the fruits of his early training, his experience in 1908–11 as an elementary teacher at a large school in Croydon, and his continuing observation and love of children. As early as 1908, while still a student, he had delivered a paper 'Art and the Individual' to the Eastwood Literary Society in which he outlined and criticised the then fashionable theories of the German educationist J. F. Herbart.⁴⁸ In 1915 at Greatham, Sussex, he spent many hours teaching the young Mary Saleeby, who decades later recalled the excitement and stimulation of his teaching.⁴⁹ In *The Rainbow*, the graphic account of Ursula's schooldays and her experience as a student teacher is also an indictment of the National Schools as Lawrence knew them.⁵⁰ In late May 1919, some nine months before he began *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, he had completed *Movements in European History*, a school history textbook of engaging originality. Its 'Introduction for the Teacher' sets out succinctly his approach to the teaching of history.⁵¹ His first four essays on 'Education of the People' were rejected by *The Times Literary*

⁴⁷ Burrow, 'Permutations within the Sphere of Consciousness or The Factor of Repression and Its Influence upon Education', *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, xi (1916), 178–88.

⁴⁸ 'Art and the Individual' in *Hardy* 133–42.

⁴⁹ Personal communication with the editor (September 1990). When at Fiascherino in 1913–14, DHL offered to teach mathematics to the thirteen-year-old Samuele Azzarini who refused the offer and regretted it for the rest of his life (personal communication from Paul Eggert based on an interview with Samuele and Licia Azzarini in 1979).

⁵⁰ *Rainbow* 341–82.

⁵¹ The approach to the teaching of history outlined in *Movements* appears to have its basis in the psychology DHL expounds in *FU*. Cf. the following passage with 123:15ff.: 'The present small book is intended for adolescents, for those who have had almost enough of stories and anecdotes and personalities, and have not yet reached the stage of intellectual pride in abstraction . . . All that real history can do is to note with wonder and reverence the tides which have surged out from the innermost heart of man, watch the incalculable flood and ebb of such tides. Afterwards, there is a deducible sequence. Beforehand there is none.

Life makes its own great gestures, of which men are the substance. History repeats the gesture, so we live it once more, and are fulfilled in the past. Whoever misses his education in history misses his fulfillment in the past' (*Movements* 8–9).

Supplement in December 1919 on the grounds that they were more suitable for a book than for a literary supplement. Not to be deterred, he extended the series to twelve in 1920 after completing *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*.⁵² Then in 1921, while writing *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, he was invited to do 'A History of Italian Painting, for Children' for the Medici Press (iv. 49) – a proposal which, despite his initial enthusiasm, lapsed. In practice, at a time when he was thinking about education and child-development in 1917, he became concerned for his friend Lady Cynthia Asquith's autistic son John. Offering his own practical psychological help, he added: 'I think I might be, in some sort, a psychic physician' (iii. 201, 118).

Both *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, while offering Lawrence's answer to psychoanalysis, contain his new philosophy, developed from his American essays and fleshed out from his own acute observation and accumulated wisdom about child development and education. There was good sense behind his suggesting 'The Child and the Unconscious' as a title for *Fantasia* (iv. 93).

In summary, then, and despite his emphasis on psychology and child development, by the time Lawrence came to write the 'Foreword' to *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, he, not untypically, saw his two books principally as the product of his reflections on his creative work. *Fantasia* was, at this stage of his life as a writer, his personal '*Weltanschauung*': 'The novels and poems come unwatched out of one's pen. And then the absolute need which one has . . . to abstract some definite conclusions from one's experiences as a writer and as a man' (65:7–11). In this respect the two books, despite their frequently hortatory tone, were for him a final attempt to express what he had earlier called his 'philosophy', of which the 'Study of Thomas Hardy' and 'The Crown' had been the previous major expressions and the various essays – some surviving, some now lost – were by-products.

Composition, publication and editions

Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious

By 3 December 1919, barely three weeks after he had left England, Lawrence was in Florence awaiting his wife Frieda's arrival from Germany. Although Huebsch had declined to publish the essays on American literature, Lawrence cautiously approached him again indicating his intention to write essays on psychoanalysis: 'I am going to do various small things – on Italy and on

⁵² DHL had completed the MS of 'Education' by 24 June 1920 (*Letters*, iii. 554); see also *Reflections* xxx–xxxii. These essays were never published in DHL's lifetime.

Psychoanalysis – for the periodicals. I wish I knew the American magazines – weeklies and monthlies. Would you hate to advise me about the placing of these things? It is time we made a sort of systematic attack on the American public. I'll do the writing if you'll help with the placing' (iii. 426–7). After the war years in England, when he could only dream and make resolutions about America, his sense that his future as a writer lay there was becoming a reality even though he did not step on to American soil until September 1922. His early novels had already appeared there, but he was still looking for an American agent, a position Robert Mountsier was soon to accept.⁵³ A handful of his poems and stories had been accepted and published in periodicals like *Poetry* and the *Metropolitan*;⁵⁴ but this was random and desultory publication. His relations with Huebsch were uneasy and were not helped when he discovered that Lawrence had been negotiating, albeit in good faith, with Thomas Seltzer about the American publication of *Women in Love*.⁵⁵

The Lawrences were on Capri in time for Christmas 1919, and by 29 January 1920, with his characteristic speed of composition, even while on the move, Lawrence had the six essays on psychoanalysis ready for his typist in Florence. Then, not for the first time, his nerve seems to have failed. Evidently Huebsch had replied to Lawrence's appeal and suggested the newly established weekly *Freeman* (iii. 473) as a possible placing for his essays,⁵⁶ since Lawrence wrote again on 24 March: 'I have just got the set of short essays from the typist: *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*. I did them for your *Freeman*. But now feel doubtful whether to send them. Posting to America always seems like dropping an MS down the bottomless pit, and depending on the winds of hell to blow it back again' (iii. 493). Was it uncertainty about editorial acceptance or a concern about the psychoanalysts' reactions that made him delay? Over a month passed before he actually posted the 'essays' to Huebsch on 29 April. Increasingly exasperated with Lawrence and his dealings over other matters,

⁵³ Robert Mountsier (1888–1972), an American journalist, whom DHL had met in London in 1915, became his literary agent in the USA in March 1920.

⁵⁴ For instance, DHL had had poems published in the Chicago magazine *Poetry* since 1914 and short stories in the *Metropolitan* (1921) and *Seven Arts* (1917). It has also been suggested that DHL may have sent the first of these essays on psychoanalysis to Murry for his *Athenaeum*. If so they were rejected. See Kinkead-Weekes, *D. H. Lawrence: Triumph to Exile*, p. 542.

⁵⁵ For the complications arising from a misunderstanding over the publishing of *Women in Love*, in America, see *Women in Love*, ed. David Farmer, Lindeth Vasey and John Worthen (Cambridge, 1987) pp. xliii–xliv.

⁵⁶ The *Freeman*, an independent weekly critical review edited by Francis Neilson and Albert Jay Nock was published by Huebsch. The first issue appeared on 17 March 1920, so it is likely that Huebsch was on the lookout for new material. DHL had previous dealings with the *Freeman* when in 1920 he arranged for Koteliensky's translation of Shestov to be published in it. It ceased publication on 5 March 1924.

Huebsch eventually replied on 8 July saying that the *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* essays were ‘not available Freeman material’ and that he was awaiting instructions for the disposal of the typescript (iii. 544 n. 1). On 1 August Lawrence instructed Mountsier, his new agent, to retrieve the essays from Huebsch. The following April, Mountsier was discussing simultaneous publication in London with Barbara Low (iii. 688), for by this time Lawrence’s new American publisher, Thomas Seltzer, had accepted the essays as a book – the fourth of Lawrence’s he would publish. He brought it out on 10 May 1921 in an edition of 2,000 copies.

Meanwhile, Lawrence’s new London agent Curtis Brown had offered the book to his English publisher Martin Secker, who declined it (iv. 27, 35). Lawrence was not worried this time about a refusal – in fact he wanted to delay the book’s appearance in England to avoid the expected attacks of his English psychoanalyst friends – ‘They shan’t begin pecking at me beforehand’ (iv. 23) he told Koteliansky when sending him the American edition. Despite Lawrence’s later suggestions that he try Heinemann or Fisher Unwin (iv. 72),⁵⁷ Curtis Brown did not negotiate an agreement with Martin Secker to publish the book until July 1923.⁵⁸ *Fantasia of the Unconscious* would follow in October.

No manuscripts or typescripts of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* have survived. The base-text for this edition, therefore, is Seltzer’s first American edition (A1). Two surviving copies of A1 contain the same six hand-written corrections by Lawrence; on the fly-leaf of one he wrote: ‘Signed, errors & all / D. H. Lawrence’.⁵⁹ These corrections are used to emend the base-text for this edition. They were not available to Secker, who used the uncorrected A1 for his edition (E1) in 1923. He wrote to Curtis Brown: ‘I have a [Seltzer] copy of “*Fantasia of the Unconscious*” which I can use for the printer, but not “*Psychoanalysis of the Unconscious*”. Will you please obtain this latter for me.’⁶⁰ The English edition, though reset, follows the American edition, except that it anglicises American spelling – ‘center’ and ‘splendor’ become ‘centre’ and ‘splendour’, for instance – and there is some house-styling. The Textual Apparatus of the present edition records the E1 variants and the few editorial corrections.

⁵⁷ Fisher Unwin had published Barbara Low’s *Psycho-Analysis*; see n. 18 above.

⁵⁸ Martin Secker to Curtis Brown 13 March 1923, Secker Letter-books (UIII).

⁵⁹ The inscribed copy, formerly in the possession of George Lazarus, is now at UN. The other copy, at UT, has the same six autograph corrections and an additional one (lower case for capitals in the word ‘aim’ in the first line of Chapter VI); its title-page is signed ‘D. H. Lawrence’.

⁶⁰ Secker to Curtis Brown, 17 March 1923, Secker Letter-books (UIII).

Fantasia of the Unconscious

During the fifteen months from January 1920, between completing *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and its publication, Lawrence was preoccupied with other projects: writing *The Lost Girl*, poems, short stories, *Sea and Sardinia*, and continuing to work on *Mr Noon*, in which, incidentally, he fictionalised Frieda's affair with Otto Gross.⁶¹ The spring of 1921 found him in Germany again: 'here I am in Germany, which I don't really like. I don't know what I am going to do next: I just don't know', he wrote on 29 April (iii. 709). On May Day he was holidaying with Frieda in the village of Ebersteinburg three miles outside Baden-Baden where his mother-in-law lived (iii. 710). After a sudden and unexpected burst of activity, he was able to tell Mountsier on 1 June that *Aaron's Rod*, the novel which he had laid aside six months previously, was now finished. He went on, 'I have notes for the next vol. of the little *Psychoanalysis and Unconscious* Book: to be called *Psychoanalysis and the Incest Motive*. Is this worth writing?' (iii. 730). The question was probably as much for himself as for his agent. In any case when, two days later, he had received ten copies of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* from Seltzer, the die was cast: he had begun the second volume with the provisional title 'Psychoanalysis and the Incest Motive' (iii. 732). By the end of the month the manuscript was complete and Lawrence recorded in an 'Epilogue' that the book had been written in 1921 'in the woods of Ebersteinburg, on the borders of the Black Forest, near Baden-Baden, in Germany, in this summer of scanty grace but nice weather' (202:6-8).

Lawrence let the manuscript lie through July and August as he travelled through Austria to Italy. On 9 September, stopping for the moment in Florence, he noted 'I am having the second *Psychoanalysis* typed here.' With his usual doubts about a title, he asked Mountsier whether he should call it 'Child Consciousness' (iv. 82). By the end of September he was settled once more at the Fontana Vecchia in Taormina, Sicily, and by 8 October was 'going over the MS of "The Child and the Unconscious" – which follows *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*' (iv. 93). What he called 'the MS' was in fact a typescript and carbon copy, both of which he was to revise comprehensively. He had also written an 'Introduction', 'rather amusingly' (iv. 96), which he dated 8 October 1921, and two 'Epilogues' – one for each copy of the typescript – the second dated 15 October 1921. These additions to the book were extraordinary approaches to his American audience. In the 'Introduction' he jauntily mocked American reviewers of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*. The first 'Epilogue' was addressed flippantly to the States personified as 'Columbia', and included

⁶¹ *Mr Noon* 126-30.

passing references to Uncle Sam and the Statue of Liberty. The second was longer and included an address to the ‘dear little [American] reader’ as well. The self-conscious mockery of the tone perhaps reflects his uncertainty, especially after the unfavourable reviews of the first book, about the audience he was endeavouring to court. It is not dissimilar, however, to the ‘take-it-or-leave-it’ attitude that he adopted from time to time in *Mr Noon* and later in *Kangaroo*.⁶²

The Introduction – eventually to be called a ‘Foreword’ – began with a more specific target. In June 1921, just five weeks after the publication of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, Seltzer had written to Mountsier:

about 700 copies have been sold so far, which I consider rather good. Most of the reviews show a puzzlement. The critics don’t seem to get Lawrence’s meaning. I don’t want to trouble Lawrence with the reviews but when I get a permanent address from you I will send them to you. I want you to read them. It may be a good thing for Lawrence to reply to the most important ones, as, for example, Llewellyn Jones’ who is favorably disposed to Lawrence’s work and whose criticism, though showing a surprising lack of intelligence, is, I am sure, honest. On the other hand, I think Lawrence ought to completely ignore Mencken.⁶³

Lawrence, having heard of the reviews, wrote to Seltzer on 30 July: ‘If you send me the criticisms, I’ll answer them in a nice peppery introduction’ (iv. 57). Seltzer may have imagined that Lawrence’s ‘reply’ would be in the form of an article for a magazine or a newspaper; and indeed Lawrence himself later raised the idea of periodical publication (iv. 93). On 20 August Seltzer told Mountsier, ‘I am sending Lawrence all the reviews . . . as he writes me that he will make a peppery reply to his critics, of which I am mighty glad’.⁶⁴ Perhaps Lawrence’s reaction on actually reading the reviews is reflected in his reply to Mountsier on 9 September: ‘[I] feel like kicking somebody’ (iv. 82). By the time he had finished writing his ‘Foreword’, subtitling it ‘An Answer to the Critics’, he found it ‘rather funny’ and ‘really comical’ (iv. 93).

Lawrence’s revision of the typescripts was completed rapidly in October. He sent the finished copy to Seltzer on 22 October together with his manuscript ‘Foreword’. After considering ‘Harlequinade of the Unconscious’ as a title, he had finally settled on *Fantasia of the Unconscious* – ‘to prevent anybody tying themselves into knots trying to “understand” it’ (iv. 104, 109). He nevertheless gave Seltzer the option of changing the title and suggested publishing the Introduction separately in ‘some magazine’ (iv. 93, 104). Either from naive

⁶² See for instance *Mr Noon* 156:34 – 157:40; *Kangaroo* 284:1–30.

⁶³ Seltzer to Mountsier, 17 June 1921, in *D. H. Lawrence: Letters to Thomas and Adele Seltzer*, ed. Gerald M. Lacy (Santa Barbara, 1976), p. 207.

⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 214.

confidence or in a spirit of encouragement (or both) he added: 'I think, if any book of mine is going to make your fortune, this *Fantasia* will be the one. – You may think differently' (iv. 104). A month later, he appears to have decided that the Introduction must be included complete and urged Mountsier to '*Make Seltzer publish the introduction to Fantasia, make him*' (iv. 130). Then he instructed Seltzer himself: '*Do print the introduction to the Fantasia. The motto today is fight, fight, and always fight. Let them have it: they well deserve it, and they can't really do one much harm*' (iv. 131). Seltzer, with more to lose than Lawrence, exercised discretion and compromised: he removed the subtitle 'An Answer to the Critics' and reduced the text to a quarter of its length – cutting it from the beginning as far as 'Which is an end of the critics' (61:39). The complete 'Foreword' to *Fantasia of the Unconscious* is published for the first time in this edition.

The 'Foreword' exists in autograph manuscript (Roberts E126a), and in two typescript copies (Roberts E126b and c), each partly corrected but not by Lawrence, with the copy E126c being incomplete.⁶⁵ Lawrence's manuscript of the main text has not survived but there are two mixed ribbon and carbon copies of the one typescript (Roberts E125a and b), each with very extensive authorial revisions, corrections and changes in characteristic blue-black ink. At the end of each TS copy there is a different 'Epilogue' in manuscript. Lawrence completely revised these two typescript copies of *Fantasia* separately, one after the other, although in some cases he carried over passages from the first revision to the second, and in others he ignored quite significant ones. His first revision (TS1R) is not as extensive as the second, but is of interest by virtue of its differences from the second (TS2R).⁶⁶ TS2R is very close to Seltzer's first American edition (A1). While it is probably not the copy from which A1 was actually set, since there are no printer's or copy-editor's markings on it and no indications of the words to be cut from the printed text, TS2R is undoubtedly the copy Lawrence posted to Seltzer on 22 October 1921 (iv. 104). In view of the heavy autograph revisions and additional manuscript pages added to the typescript, Seltzer probably had TS2R retyped for the printer (as he had done with others of Lawrence's works),⁶⁷ although no such typescript has survived.

⁶⁵ Roberts E126a, b and c are all at UT.

⁶⁶ The revised typescripts, including the additional manuscript pages, run to 117 pages (TS1R) and 126 pages (TS2R). The Textual apparatus records all TS1R revisions. During DHL's revision the second pages of the two copies were evidently muddled for a time. For details see Explanatory note and Textual apparatus for 67:39.

⁶⁷ If it existed at all this must have been a complete retyping since no pages are missing from either TS1R or TS2R. In the case of *Kangaroo*, many unrevised pages from the first typing were simply retained and interleaved with the new, revised pages. TS2R (Roberts E125b) is at UT and TS1R (Roberts E125a) is in the Bancroft Library, UCB.

The two separate revisions, TS1R and TS2R, require some explanation. Lawrence was not averse to wholesale revisions of his work – though not always as radically as in the three versions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1926–8). Revision was not merely checking over the typescript but a further stage in the creative process. Since he was preparing a revised typescript of *Fantasia* for only one publisher, Seltzer, there would appear to be no reason for him to revise both copies as he had for *The Boy in the Bush* where copies were destined for both Seltzer and Secker. For *Kangaroo*, on the other hand, although there were two copies of the typescript, he revised only one since it was to go to Seltzer alone.⁶⁸ Because the text of TS2R is so very close to that of Seltzer's edition, there can be no doubt that this was Lawrence's preferred text and the one he sent to the publisher. What then is TS1R? The possibility that it was done before Lawrence saw the reviews of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and that TS2R was undertaken, along with the writing of the 'Foreword', in answer to the critics, after his response to them, is not sustainable. Chronology and evidence from the revisions themselves are against this possibility. When Lawrence received the reviews of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* on 15 September 1921, he was still in Florence waiting for the typing of *Fantasia* to be completed. Two days later he told Mountsier that he would answer them when he arrived in Taormina. He left Florence on 20 September, presumably with the *Fantasia* typescript, was in Siena the next day and did not arrive in Taormina via Rome and Capri until 28 September. The manuscript of the 'Foreword' is dated 8 October 1921, and on the same day he noted that he was 'going over the TS' of *Fantasia* (iv. 96). The double revision of the typescript must have been begun either concurrently with or immediately after the 'Foreword'. In fact, there is a quotation early in TS1R from a reviewer Lawrence quotes in the 'Foreword', as if the reference were as fresh in the putative reader's mind as in his. The sentence is not included in TS2R.⁶⁹ In the peace and quiet of Taormina, after his hectic summer on the move, Lawrence found time and space not merely to 'go over' the TS, but to revise it completely twice. The unfavourable critical reception of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* may well have acted as an additional incentive to make his work clear to a sceptical readership.⁷⁰ This process of revision

⁶⁸ See *The Boy in the Bush*, ed. Paul Eggert (Cambridge, 1990), pp. xxxiii–xxxvii, and *Kangaroo* xl.

⁶⁹ See 67:22–6. 'Mr Buermeyer' is named and quoted in TS1R; see Textual apparatus.

⁷⁰ The most extensive revisions are to chaps. IX, X, XIV and XV. In general both sets of revisions clarify and/or expand material in the original. The revisions adopted in the present text (TS2R) may be compared with the earlier versions (TS1R) recorded in the Textual apparatus.

clearly involved Lawrence in rethinking several parts of the book, to the extent that they required lengthy additions. A close examination suggests that Lawrence revised the two typescripts sequentially rather than side by side. TS2R incorporates some of the readings from TS1R but often changes the wording, and its revisions are altogether more extensive. In chapter IX, 'The Birth of Sex', for instance, the typescript consists of only three and one-third pages. In TS1R Lawrence not only revised those typescript pages, he added two and a half pages of new material in manuscript. In TS2R the revisions are more extensive and the chapter concludes with almost seven and a half pages of closely handwritten new material. Thus the shorter TS1R amounts to a 'first draft' revision.

To each revised copy Lawrence added a manuscript title page: 'FANTASIA OF THE UNCONSCIOUS by D. H. LAWRENCE'. The first three pages of Chapter I with the title 'Introduction' (distinguishing it from the 'Foreword'), are manuscript: in TS1R they replace page 1 and in TS2R they replace pages 1 and 2 of the typescript. In neither case is it possible to know how the book at first began, since Lawrence discarded the first page of the typescript and revised the opening to more than three times its original length. Although the first page of each revised opening is an almost verbatim copy of the other, from that point on they diverge markedly. As noted above, each copy has a quite different manuscript 'Epilogue' appended. The two complete revisions must have been as rapid as the first composition of the book, for the task was completed by 18 October and TS2R despatched to Seltzer four days later (iv. 104).

Lawrence was to give Seltzer a degree of freedom to revise *Aaron's Rod*: 'if you like to leave out a sentence or two, or alter a phrase or two, do so' (iv. 132). On 18 October he wrote similarly about *Fantasia* to his agent Mountsier, telling him that 'Seltzer can vary it if he likes' (iv. 102). Seltzer, who was justifiably sensitive to the censorious moral and political climate of the times after his problems with *Women in Love*,⁷¹ found it necessary with *Fantasia of the Unconscious* to do a little more than 'alter a phrase or two'. As well as the first three-quarters of the 'Foreword', he cut some 400 words from the text itself and changed a number of words and phrases. His editing relates mostly to sexual or anatomical explicitness (particularly in chapters IX and XV) and to proposals that might be construed as politically subversive (in chapter VII). Other substantive variants between TS2R and A1 are characteristic printer's slips, omissions and alterations to word-order. Lawrence's wording is restored in the present edition and all variants are noted in the Textual apparatus. Once

⁷¹ See *Women in Love*, ed. Farmer, Vasey and Worthen, p. li.

he had dispatched the book to Seltzer, Lawrence had nothing further to do with it: he saw no proofs. By the time it was in production, he had been travelling for months. After extensive stops in Ceylon and Australia on the way to America, he settled in New Mexico almost six weeks before *Fantasia* was published in New York on 23 October 1922.

Secker's English edition of *Fantasia* did not appear until September 1923. In 1921 (with *Aaron's Rod* in mind) Lawrence declared himself unperturbed: 'Whether Secker turns it down or not is all one to me. English publication no longer interests me much' (iv. 96). When Secker finally agreed to take the book, he used Seltzer's text for the printer, as he had with *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, except that he deleted the 'Epilogue' as it was addressed explicitly to America, and anglicised American spelling, thus bringing the text closer to Lawrence's own usage in TS. In the months before the English publication, John Middleton Murry, an admirer of the work, published three excerpts in his *Adelphi* magazine in June, July and September 1923.⁷² Secker reprinted the book in his New Adelphi Library in April 1930, a month after Lawrence's death.

The present edition takes the unrevised typescript (TS) as its basis and incorporates Lawrence's second set of revisions (TS₂R). The base-text of the 'Foreword' is Lawrence's manuscript (MS). The apparatus records the rejected readings of TS and the first set of authorial revisions (TS₁R) as well as the variants of Seltzer's (A₁) and Secker's (E₁) editions. In this way the reader has access to all the surviving textual evidence for *Fantasia of the Unconscious*.

Reception

Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious

Although Thomas Seltzer considered that the sale of 700 copies from a run of 2,000 in less than six weeks was 'rather good', his puzzled complaint that reviewers did not 'seem to get Lawrence's meaning' was perhaps charitable. On its first appearance in the United States *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* was noticed in newspapers and journals from coast to coast. Lawrence was stung by the patronising scorn and even ridicule of some reviewers into responding,

⁷² Respectively, chap. IV 'Trees and Babies and Mamas and Papas', chap. VIII as 'Education and Sex', and passages from chaps. XI and XII as 'On Love and Marriage'. Carbon-copy typescripts of the last two (Roberts E125 c and d) are at the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque; the former is endorsed 'Adelphi July 1923 / *Fantasia*'. They are probably copies of typescripts prepared by Murry's office. Murry later published passages from both *PU* and *FU* (*Adelphi*, June–August 1930); see Roberts A22 and C202.

as we have seen, with a 'peppery' 'Foreword' to *Fantasia*; but in this he was selective and unfair in his treatment even of quite serious and lengthy reviews. Probably seeing potential danger to his firm in such an undertaking, Seltzer removed most of the 'answer to the critics' from the 'Foreword'. In fact, the serious reviewers had cut through or largely ignored the wilder 'unscientific' parts of Lawrence's argument to pick up his central theme.

A fortnight after publication, the Illinois *Springfield Daily Republican* gave a short notice to the book. In a brief summary it claimed that Lawrence's 'fundamental idea would be clearer without the scientific terminology' which 'will mean little to either biology or psychology'. It categorized Lawrence's philosophy as 'a new form of vitalism' and concluded that 'the book, in spite of the tedious terminology, contains a number of brilliantly-phrased definitions. The writing . . . is worthy of less fantastic and better-balanced thought.'⁷³ Although Lawrence does not mention this review in the 'Foreword' to *Fantasia*, he probably read it, perhaps even finding there a clue for the title and approach of his next volume. The following day, the Rochester (N.Y.) *Post Express* devoted two columns to the book, opening with the general observation 'That psychoanalysis had started new problems which puzzle "scientists" and alarm moralists cannot be denied.' A summary discussion of the book again takes issue with Lawrence's terminology, finding, for example, that his 'polarized circuits' are 'mystifying speculation'. While agreeing that Lawrence's assertion that 'the whole of modern life is a shrieking failure' is 'more nearly true than many believers in our progress imagine', the reviewer concludes that the book 'has the merit of originality. But neither logically nor philosophically is it sound. A system such as Mr. Lawrence wishes to establish would derationalize man. Eventually it might lead us all into the jungle.'⁷⁴

The eminent and influential Chicago critic Llewellyn Jones, editorial adviser to the *Dial* and initiator of the Friday Literary Review in the *Chicago Evening Post*, began and ended his review by emphasising the importance of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* in relation to Lawrence's work: 'Indeed his novels and poems cannot be fully understood by anyone who has not read it.' His main concern, however, was whether the book had 'objective value . . . And reluctantly tho I say it, I doubt very much whether it has.' Among the 'true things' to be found in it is a 'discussion of the relations between psychoanalysis and morality that is very suggestive and only too short'. Jones's main contention was that Lawrence had fallen into the easy vice of argument by analogy. To Jones's witty paragraphs about children and black cats (see *PU* 29:1-4) Lawrence gave his own response (*FU* 53:25-30). 'What he has

⁷³ 24 May 1921, p. 6.

⁷⁴ 25 May 1921, p. 5.

actually given us is a cumbersome mythology or cosmology', Jones concluded, which 'may help him to explore his own psychic inwards. But it is a clumsy instrument, and our guess is that few critically minded people will find it suitable for general use.'⁷⁵

Most of the other reviews took a similar attitude to the book. The anonymous critic for the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* devoted most space to *The Lost Girl*, published five months earlier. He not only took Lawrence to task for seeking 'to debauch his very ability to such unworthy uses', but also upbraided Seltzer: 'why his publisher, who is intelligent, should speak of this book as "a very important step forward in the science of psychoanalysis" is hard to understand. He must know better than that.'⁷⁶ More than a year later, the poet and playwright Don Marquis commended the book so lavishly in the *New York Tribune* that he was quoted on Seltzer's dust-jacket to *Fantasia*: 'Lawrence, because he is a poet, sees deeper and more clearly than Freud and Jung: he is simpler and freer of their obsessions and absurdities. This essay is a brave clutch at the fundamental reality of human life. It is an outline, a sketch, that may be the beginning of nothing less than an original system of philosophy.'⁷⁷ Seltzer also quoted from a review by short-story writer B. F. Ruby in the *Buffalo Saturday Night*: 'Everyone who is interested in psychoanalysis, everyone, indeed, who is interested in life, must read this book . . . One cannot help finding it a powerful stimulus to thought.'⁷⁸ By the time Lawrence saw these, however, he had finished *Fantasia* and a good deal more besides.

Two lengthy and considered reviews by academics taking opposite views of the book appeared in July and August 1921. Laurence Ladd Buermyer, a philosophy professor at Princeton University, reached the opposite conclusion to Llewellyn Jones. Writing in the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post*, Buermyer concluded: 'In so far as "Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious" directs attention to the need of bringing into fruitful interaction the discoveries of Freud and his co-workers and our moral ideas in general, it will have done for the psychoanalytic movement the greatest possible service, that of clarifying its issues and lending dignity and significance to its results.' For Buermyer this was far more important than the book's 'background for [Lawrence's] literary work'. Following Lawrence on the Oedipus complex, he argued:

⁷⁵ 'He is an Artist But No Philosopher' in the *Chicago Evening Post*, 27 May 1921; see also Explanatory note on 53:25. Seltzer told Mountsier that this review should be taken seriously (p. xliii above).

⁷⁶ 6 June 1921, p. 16. The quoted phrase is from Seltzer's dust-jacket blurb.

⁷⁷ 25 September 1921, p. 6.

⁷⁸ On the dust-jacket of *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (New York, 1923), n.d.

This complex is not, therefore, due to the native constitution of human beings, but to the code that hedges us about with needless restrictions and often succeeds in making impossible any satisfactory relationship with other individuals. This is an evil to which psychoanalysis can supply no remedy; the only way out is a revision of moral standards which will remove artificial bars to the escape of the person from the isolation which is his most intolerable hardship. To such a revision Mr. Lawrence professes to do no more than indicate a way: what he is really concerned to do is change the question from 'How is the individual to be restored to health?' to 'How is society to be restored to health?'⁷⁹

Lawrence's ally Trigant Burrow might have agreed; Lawrence himself did not (60:5–18).

Francis Hackett, the associate editor, reviewed *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* in the *New Republic*, but not as favourably as he had *The Lost Girl* five months earlier. Nevertheless, Lawrence took issue with him rather unfairly (53:31–54:10). The conclusion of Hackett's review is not the 'omega' Lawrence quotes; Hackett was a little more generous though still ambivalent:

Yet D. H. Lawrence, uncouth though his language is and suppositious though much of his biology seems to be, has a struggling faith that burns like a sunrise through heavy bars of cloud. Perhaps it will end in drizzle. What I find most persuasive in him, at any rate, is his insistence on the harm to love that comes from 'India-rubber ideas and ideals and conventions.' But I had supposed that this was one of the services of the despised psychoanalysis.⁸⁰

By the time *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* was published in England more than two years later in July 1923, it suffered by following *Sea and Sardinia* in April and *Aaron's Rod* in June: both had attracted more attention. Furthermore it was only two months before the English edition of *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. In fact there were few reviews. Adrian Stephen, brother of Virginia Woolf and a Freudian who had himself been analysed, reviewed it in the *Nation and Athenaeum*, under the title 'The Science of the Unconscious'. He outlined Lawrence's seven centres of consciousness, then took him to task for not paying enough attention to 'the cross of all existence and being' (39:31). With refined irony he concluded:

And where is the connection with psycho-analysis? We should perhaps have made this clearer. The fact is that Mr Lawrence has been seriously disturbed by the immorality of psycho-analysis. He holds that if what Freud says were true, the logical outcome would be the encouragement of incest. To escape neurosis, incest would be a duty, and the only

⁷⁹ 16 July 1921, p. 6.

⁸⁰ 17 August 1921, pp. 329–30. Hackett's review of *The Lost Girl* is reprinted in *D. H. Lawrence: The Critical Heritage*, ed. R. P. Draper (1970), pp. 151–4. For other reviews of *PU* see Explanatory notes to *FU*.

way to avoid this painful conclusion is by a study of the real nature of the unconscious. It has been the author's object to place that study on a truly scientific basis.⁸¹

Fantasia of the Unconscious

An almost similar fate overtook *Fantasia of the Unconscious*: readers and reviewers generally were more interested in Lawrence the poet, novelist and travel writer than in Lawrence the philosopher and prophet. The dust-jacket of Seltzer's edition proclaimed: 'In our opinion it is the most important work that has appeared since the publication of Nietzsche's "Zarathustra".' The *Survey* of 15 December 1922 responded that it was a 'Home-brew of psychoanalysis and sex ethics, with an appalling over-supply of yeast'.⁸² The *Literary Digest International Book Review* the following January placed it in 'Important Books of the Month' among 'Essays' – most on philosophical or religious topics by such authors as Bertrand Russell and W. R. Inge, Dean of St Paul's Cathedral, London – modestly noting it as 'A serious statement of the author's system of philosophy, dealing in essay form with the human problems touched upon in his fiction.'⁸³ The classical scholar Paul Shorey, in the *Independent*, claimed that 'we take Mr. Lawrence's rhapsody seriously at our own risk'; and this was the main drift of his review: 'When I see the word polarity in a book, said Huxley (not Aldous), somewhere, I close the book. But the readers for whom Mr. Lawrence dreamed his phantasia and chanted this rhapsody, will rather say in his own words, "But it doesn't much matter what we see. It's just nice to look round anywhere."⁸⁴

The humorist Will Cuppy wrote a witty *tour de force* entitled 'On the Making of Bricks Without Straw' for the *New York Tribune*. Identifying himself as one of Lawrence's critics who need to 'scribble a dollar's worth of words, no matter how' he proceeded to an ironic put-down worthy of Swift, but ending flippantly, 'Do buy Mr. Lawrence's book. You might like it.'⁸⁵ Alys Gregory, soon to become managing editor of the *Dial*, reviewed both psychology books along with *Studies in Classic American Literature* and *Kangaroo* in the *Dial* under the heading 'Artist Turned Prophet'. After an opening claim that 'At last Mr D. H. Lawrence is being acclaimed by critics and public alike as the most significant fiction writer of his generation', she describes what she sees as his decline from the early work – up to *Women in Love* – as his philosophy becomes more obvious and less palatable. Lawrence the philosopher-prophet she sees as 'a comic picture':

⁸¹ 25 August 1923, pp. 664–5. ⁸² 15 December 1922, p. 397.

⁸³ January 1923, p. 73. ⁸⁴ 109 no. 3832, 23 December 1922, p. 390.

⁸⁵ 14 January 1923, section 6, p. 19.

Of course, it would be impossible for Mr Lawrence to write a book without saying many shrewd and illuminating things, but in this case they are vitiated at the root by his obsession to attain security and control in the sexual relation. 'Ah, how good it is to come home to your wife when she believes in you and submits to your purpose that is beyond her,' he writes. Is his sarcastic disdain when alluding to American women either to be deplored or wondered at under the circumstances? Nobody, least of all Mr Lawrence, likes his most tender and intimate desires to be greeted with airy laughter.⁸⁶

Novelist and journalist Ben Lucien Burman (1896–1984) reviewed *Fantasia* in the *Nation* along with *England, My England*. After giving most of his attention to the stories, he concluded:

Now to the fiction-writer turned astrologer – 'Fantasia of the Unconscious.' To take or not to take it seriously is the question. For this queer hodge-podge of necromancy, psychoanalysis, relativity, and astrology appears full of humorous traps for the unwary . . . The Moses bringing to the world the code for a new order must not come with a twinkle in his eye and an extra deck of cards tucked between the commandment tables.⁸⁷

After so much derogatory criticism, amounting at times to derision, it was left to a few devotees like John Middleton Murry to praise the book. Murry's appreciation, appended to a recantation from his former antagonistic position with regard to Lawrence, appeared first in the Dutch periodical *Algemeen Handelsblad*. He reprinted the English version in his *Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence* (1933):

Both of Lawrence's . . . volumes start from a psycho-analytical basis. Lawrence was the first man in England, and I believe the first man in Europe, truly to realise the scope, the *envergure*, of the problems of which psycho-analysis has touched the fringe . . . The language and conceptions of the psycho-analysts were useful to him sometimes in giving expression to his own discoveries; but his discoveries were his own: they were also far in advance of anything the professional psycho-analysts had reached. For Lawrence knew, as a creative artist delving into his own depths for the life of his characters, what the professional psycho-analysts even now are only dimly aware of, that the problem they have (almost inadvertently and almost ignorantly) touched is the central problem of life – the problem to which all religions are in some sort attempted answers: 'What shall a man live by?' . . .

In *Fantasia of the Unconscious* Lawrence gives, with a joyful spontaneity of language which is itself an augury of the newness of life he proclaims, his answer to the question . . . Lawrence is the only writer of modern England who has something profoundly new to say; and finally that he must inevitably become a figure of European significance.⁸⁸

⁸⁶ January 1924, pp. 66–72. ⁸⁷ 17 January 1923, pp. 73–4.

⁸⁸ John Middleton Murry, *Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence* (1933; 1936) pp. 237–42.

Here, with all the enthusiasm of the convert, is the earliest expression of Lawrence the great writer that was to become so influential, particularly in academic criticism, for a generation or more. Barely four years after Lawrence's death, T. S. Eliot, despite his general antipathy to Lawrence, claimed that 'Against the living death of modern material civilisation he spoke again and again. And even if these dead could speak, what he said is unanswerable. As a criticism of the modern world, *Fantasia of the Unconscious* is a book to keep at hand and re-read.'⁸⁹

Dissenting voices were still raised, however. Mercury Patten in the *New Statesman & Nation* pronounced:

Some people read Lawrence for his theories and I suppose the *Fantasia of the Unconscious* is the book for them, but to me Lawrence is not a teacher but a poet and an artist who has opened my eyes just as George Moore or Turgenev have done. But his recurring themes are, in their different ways, quite unbearable . . . when he begins lecturing and dogmatising I am bored and irritated. Sometimes it seems as though he had begun writing it down before he knew what he thought himself, and was writing it down to see what it looked like on paper. When his subject is that of men who have got sex out of where it belongs into their heads, I feel simply: 'Most of us know all that by instinct without your making such a fuss about it,' and when the solar plexus is trotted out, I just groan, as I groan when I see a dancer in a bead brassière starting to wag her navel at the head of John the Baptist.⁹⁰

Twenty-two years later, however, F. R. Leavis published *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist*, a critical study that was to claim Lawrence for a new generation. In it he elaborated many times on Murry's claim, as in the following summary passage:

Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious . . . is the sober prose exposition corresponding to the *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, the work that Mr Eliot commends . . . Lawrence explains his conception of the nature and the function of intelligence, in doing which he exemplifies intelligence, so conceived, in operation . . . the mind – mental consciousness – has its essential part in the prosperous functioning of the psyche; but it cannot, with its will-enforced ideas or ideals, command the sources of life, though it can thwart them. The power of recognizing justly the relation of idea and will to spontaneous life, of using the conscious mind for the attainment of 'spontaneous-creative fullness of being', is intelligence.⁹¹

Yet almost contemporaneously, Lawrence's industrious American champion Harry T. Moore published his *Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence* in which he

⁸⁹ *After Strange Gods: A Primer of Modern Heresy* (1934), p. 60.

⁹⁰ 12 January 1933, p. 75.

⁹¹ (1955, repr. Harmondsworth, 1973), pp. 375–6. In his pamphlet *D. H. Lawrence* (Cambridge, 1930), Leavis draws extensively on *PU* and *FU*.

was dismissive of *Fantasia*: 'like its predecessor, [it] helps to explain some of the things that were in Lawrence's mind, and that is its only use today'.⁹²

When Llewellyn Jones, almost the first reviewer of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, observed that Lawrence's 'novels and poems cannot be fully understood by anyone who has not read' his psychology, he was perhaps unwittingly setting an agenda for subsequent readers and critics. It was not until after Lawrence's death that his 'philosophy', largely scorned in his lifetime, found its place as an indispensable guide to his fiction and poetry.

⁹² Harry T. Moore, *The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence* (1951), p. 186. In his later studies of DHL, Moore expanded on this judgement, but appears never to have substantially changed it.

**PSYCHOANALYSIS
AND THE
UNCONSCIOUS**

NOTE ON THE TEXT

In the absence of manuscripts or typescripts, the base-text for *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* is the first American edition (A1), published by Thomas Seltzer on 10 May 1921 (Roberts A18), in a copy at UT, which contains seven autograph corrections (A1R). In Chapter 6 of this copy, DHL has changed an initial capital to lower case (see (iii) below). The other six corrections are noted in the Textual apparatus which also records variants in the first English edition (E1) published by Martin Secker in July 1923 and notes all editorial emendations.

The following practices are adopted:

- i. Chapter numbers and chapter headings in both A1 and E1 were printed without punctuation and in large and small capitals respectively. They are printed in bold small capitals in this edition.
- ii. Such variants as the following between A1 and E1 are not noted unless they form part of a longer variant: ‘marvelous’ for ‘marvellous’; ‘center’ for ‘centre’; ‘realize’ for ‘realise’; ‘Mr.’ for ‘Mr.’; ‘offense’; for ‘offence’; ‘authorized’ for ‘authorised’; ‘polarized’ for ‘polarised’; ‘civilization’ for ‘civilisation’; ‘forever’ for ‘for ever’.
- iii. The first words of each chapter are in capitals in A1 and this is not noted.

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PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS

Chapter I

PSYCHOANALYSIS *VS.* MORALITY

Psychoanalysis has sprung many surprises on us, performed more than 5
one *volte face* before our indignant eyes. No sooner had we got used
to the psychiatric quack who vehemently demonstrated the serpent of
sex* coiled round the root of all our actions, no sooner had we be-
gun to feel honestly uneasy about our lurking complexes, than lo and 10
behold the psychoanalytic gentleman reappeared on the stage with a
theory of pure psychology.* The medical faculty, which was on hot
bricks over the therapeutic innovations, heaved a sigh of relief as it
watched the ground warming under the feet of the professional psy-
chologists.*

This, however, was not the end. The ears of the ethnologist began to 15
tingle, the philosopher felt his gorge rise, and at last the moralist knew he
must rush in. By this time psychoanalysis had become a public danger.
The mob was on the alert. The Oedipus complex was a household word,
the incest motive* a commonplace of tea-table chat. Amateur analyses
became the vogue. "Wait till you've been analyzed," said one man to 20
another, with varying intonation. A sinister look came into the eyes of
the initiates—the famous, or infamous, Freud look. You could recognize
it everywhere, wherever you went.

Psychoanalysts know what the end will be. They have crept in among 25
us as healers and physicians; growing bolder, they have asserted their
authority as scientists; two more minutes and they will appear as apos-
tles. Have we not seen and heard the *ex cathedra* Jung?* And does it need
a prophet to discern that Freud is on the brink of a Weltanschauung—or
at least a Menschanschauung,* which is a much more risky affair? What
detains him? Two things. First and foremost, the moral issue. And next, 30
but more vital, he can't get down to the rock on which he must build
his church.*

Let us look to ourselves. This new doctrine—it will be called no less—
has been subtly and insidiously suggested to us, gradually inoculated
into us. It is true that doctors are the priests, nay worse, the medicine- 35
men of our decadent society.* Psychoanalysis has made the most of the
opportunity.

First and foremost the issue is a moral issue. It is not here a matter of reform, new moral values. It is the life or death of all morality. The leaders among the psychoanalysts know what they have in hand. Probably most of their followers are ignorant, and therefore pseudo-innocent. But it all amounts to the same thing. Psychoanalysis is out, under a therapeutic disguise, to do away entirely with the moral faculty in man. Let us fling the challenge, and then we can take sides in all fairness.

The psychoanalytic leaders know what they are about, and shrewdly keep quiet, going gently. Yet, however gently they go, they set the moral stones rolling. At every step the most innocent and unsuspecting analyst starts a little landslide. The old world is yielding under us. Without any direct attack, it comes loose under the march of the psychoanalyst, and we hear the dull rumble of the incipient avalanche. We are in for a débâcle.

But at least let us know what we are in for. If we are to rear a serpent against ourselves,* let us at least refuse to nurse it in our temples or to call it the cock of Esculapius.* It is time the white garb of the therapeutic cant was stripped off the psychoanalyst. And now that we feel the strange crackling and convulsion in our moral foundations, let us at least look at the house which we are bringing down over our heads so blithely.

Long ago we watched in frightened anticipation when Freud set out on his adventure into the hinterland of human consciousness. He was seeking for the unknown sources of the mysterious stream of consciousness. Immortal phrase of the immortal James!* Oh stream of hell which undermined my adolescence! The stream of consciousness! I felt it streaming through my brain, in at one ear and out at the other. And again I was sure it went round in my cranium, like Homer's Ocean,* encircling my established mind. And sometimes I felt it must bubble up in the cerebellum and wind its way through all the convolutions of the true brain. Horrid stream! Whence did it come, and whither was it bound?* The stream of consciousness!

And so, who could remain unmoved when Freud seemed suddenly to plunge towards the origins? Suddenly he stepped out of the conscious into the unconscious,* out of the everywhere into the nowhere, like some supreme explorer. He walks straight through the wall of sleep, and we hear him rumbling in the cavern of dreams.* The impenetrable is not impenetrable, unconsciousness is not nothingness. It is sleep, that wall of darkness which limits our day. Walk bang into the wall, and behold the wall isn't there. It is the vast darkness of a cavern's mouth, the cavern of anterior darkness whence issues the stream of consciousness.

With dilated hearts we watched Freud disappearing into the cavern of darkness, which is sleep and unconsciousness to us, darkness which issues in the foam of all our day's consciousness. He was making for the origins. We watched his ideal candle flutter and go small. Then we waited, as men do wait, always expecting the wonder of wonders. He came back with dreams to sell. 5

But sweet heaven, what merchandise! What dreams, dear heart! What was there in the cave? Alas that we ever looked! Nothing but a huge slimy serpent of sex, and heaps of excrement,* and a myriad repulsive little horrors spawned between sex and excrement. 10

Is it true? Does the great unknown of sleep contain nothing else? No lovely spirits in the anterior regions of our being? None! Imagine the unspeakable horror of the *repressions* Freud brought home to us.* Gagged, bound, maniacal repressions, sexual complexes, fæcal inhibitions, dream-monsters. We tried to repudiate them. But no, they were there, demonstrable. These were the horrid things that ate our souls and caused our helpless neuroses. 15

We had felt that perhaps we were wrong inside, but we had never imagined it so bad. However, in the name of healing and medicine we were prepared to accept it all. If it was all just a result of illness, we were prepared to go through with it. The analyst promised us that the tangle of complexes would be unravelled, the obsessions would evaporate, the monstrosities would dissolve, sublimate,* when brought into the light of day. Once all the dream-horrors were translated into full consciousness, they would sublimate into—well, we don't quite know what. But anyhow, they would sublimate. Such is the charm of a new phrase that we accepted this sublimation process without further question. If our complexes were going to sublimate once they were surgically exposed to full mental consciousness, why, best perform the operation. 20 25 30

Thus analysis set off gaily on its therapeutic course. But like Hippolytus, we ran too near the sea's edge.* After all, if complexes exist only as abnormalities which can be removed, psychoanalysis has not far to go. Our own horses ran away with us. We began to realize that complexes were not just abnormalities. They were part of the stock-in-trade of the normal unconscious. The only abnormality, so far, lies in bringing them into consciousness. 35

This creates a new issue. Psychoanalysis, the moment it begins to demonstrate the nature of the unconscious, is assuming the rôle of psychology. Thus the new science of psychology proceeds to inform us 40

that our complexes are not just mere interlockings in the mechanism of the psyche, as was taught by one of the first and most brilliant of the analysts, a man now forgotten.* He fully realized that even the psyche itself depends on a certain organic, mechanistic activity, even as life depends on the mechanistic organism of the body. The mechanism of the psyche could have its hitches, certain parts could stop working, even as the parts of the body can stop their functioning. This arrest in some part of the functioning psyche gave rise to a complex, even as the stopping of one little cog-wheel in a machine will arrest a whole section of that machine. This was the origin of the complex-theory, purely mechanistic. Now the analyst found that a complex did not necessarily vanish when brought into consciousness. Why should it? Hence he decided that it did not arise from the stoppage of any little wheel. For it refused to disappear, no matter how many psychic wheels were started. Finally, then, a complex could not be regarded as the result of an inhibition.

Here is the new problem. If a complex is not caused by the inhibition of some so-called normal sex-impulse, what on earth is it caused by? It obviously refuses to sublimate—or to come undone when exposed and prodded. It refuses to answer to the promptings of normal sex-impulse. You can remove all possible inhibitions of the normal sex desire, and still you cannot remove the complex. All you have done is to make conscious a desire which previously was unconscious.

This is the moral dilemma of psychoanalysis. The analyst set out to cure neurotic humanity by removing the cause of the neurosis. He finds that the cause of neurosis lies in some unadmitted sex desire. After all he has said about inhibition of normal sex, he is brought at last to realize that at the root of almost every neurosis lies some incest-craving, and that this incest-craving is *not the result of inhibition of normal sex-craving*.* Now see the dilemma—it is a fearful one. If the incest-craving is not the outcome of any inhibition of normal desire, if it actually exists and refuses to give way before any criticism, what then? What remains but to accept it as part of the normal sex-manifestation?

Here is an issue which analysis is perfectly willing to face. Among themselves the analysts are bound to accept the incest-craving as part of the normal sexuality of man, normal, but suppressed, because of moral and perhaps biological fear. Once, however, you accept the incest-craving as part of the normal sexuality of man, you must remove all repression of incest itself. In fact, you must admit incest as you now admit sexual marriage, as a duty even. Since at last it works out that neurosis

is not the result of inhibition of so-called *normal sex*, but of inhibition of incest-craving. Any inhibition must be wrong, since inevitably in the end it causes neurosis and insanity. Therefore the inhibition of incest-craving is wrong, and this wrong is the cause of practically all modern neurosis and insanity.

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Psychoanalysis will never openly state this conclusion. But it is to this conclusion that every analyst must, willy-nilly, consciously or unconsciously, bring his patient.

Trigant Burrow* says that Freud's *unconscious* does but represent our conception of conscious sexual life as this latter exists in a state of repression. Thus Freud's unconscious amounts practically to no more than our repressed incest impulses. Again, Burrow says* that it is knowledge of sex that constitutes sin, and not sex itself. It is when the mind turns to consider and *know* the great affective-passional functions and emotions that sin enters. Adam and Eve fell, not because they had sex, or even because they committed the sexual act, but because they became aware of their sex and of the possibility of the act.* When sex became to them a mental object—that is, when they discovered that they could deliberately enter upon and enjoy and even provoke sexual activity in themselves, then they were cursed and cast out of Eden. Then man became self-responsible; he entered on his own career.

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Both these assertions by Burrow seem to us brilliantly true. But must we inevitably draw the conclusion psychoanalysis draws? Because we discover in the unconscious the repressed body of our incest-craving, and because the recognition of *desire*, the making a mental objective of a certain desire causes the introduction of the sin motive, the desire in itself being beyond criticism or moral judgment, must we therefore accept the incest-craving as part of our natural desire and proceed to put it into practice, as being at any rate a lesser evil than neurosis and insanity?

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It is a question. One thing, however, psychoanalysis all along the line fails to determine, and that is the nature of the pristine unconscious in man. The incest-craving is or is not inherent in the pristine psyche. When Adam and Eve became aware of sex in themselves, they became aware of that which was pristine in them, and which preceded all knowing. But when the analyst discovers the incest motive in the unconscious, surely he is only discovering a term of humanity's repressed *idea* of sex. It is not even *suppressed sex-consciousness*, but *repressed*. That is, it is nothing pristine and anterior to mentality. It is in itself the mind's ulterior motive. That is, the incest-craving is propagated in the pristine

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unconscious by the mind itself, even though unconsciously. The mind acts as incubus and procreator of its own horrors, *deliberately unconsciously*. And the incest motive is in its origin not a pristine impulse, but a logical extension of the existent idea of sex and love. The mind, that is, transfers the idea of incest into the affective-passional psyche, and keeps it there as a repressed motive.

This is as yet a mere assertion. It cannot be made good until we determine the nature of the true, pristine unconscious, in which all our genuine impulse arises—a very different affair from that sack of horrors which psychoanalysts would have us believe is source of motivity. The Freudian unconscious is the cellar in which the mind keeps its own bastard spawn. The true unconscious is the well-head, the fountain of real motivity. The sex of which Adam and Eve became conscious derived from the very God who bade them be not conscious of it—it was not spawn produced by secondary propagation from the mental consciousness itself.

Chapter II

THE INCEST MOTIVE AND IDEALISM

It is obvious we cannot recover our moral footing until we can in some way determine the true nature of the unconscious. The word unconscious itself is a mere definition by negation and has no positive meaning. Freud no doubt prefers it for this reason. He rejects *subconscious* and *preconscious*, because both these would imply a sort of nascent consciousness, the shadowy half-consciousness which precedes mental realization. And by his unconscious he intends no such thing. He wishes rather to convey, we imagine, that which *recoils from* consciousness, that which reacts in the psyche away from mental consciousness. His unconscious is, we take it, that part of the human consciousness which, though mental, ideal in its nature, yet is unwilling to expose itself to full recognition, and so recoils back into the affective regions and acts there as a secret agent, unconfessed, unadmitted, potent, and usually destructive. The whole body of our repressions makes up our unconscious.

The question lies here: whether a repression is a primal impulse which has been deterred from fulfilment, or whether it is an *idea* which is refused enactment. Is a repression a repressed passional impulse, or is it an idea which we suppress and refuse to put into practice—nay, which we even refuse to own at all, a disowned, outlawed idea, which exists rebelliously outside the pale?

Man can inhibit the true passional impulses and so produce a derangement in the psyche. This is a truism nowadays, and we are grateful to psychoanalysis for helping to make it so. But man can do more than this. Finding himself in a sort of emotional *cul de sac*, he can proceed to deduce from his given emotional and passional premises conclusions which are not emotional or passional at all, but just logical, abstract, ideal. That is, a man finds it impossible to realize himself in marriage. He recognizes the fact that his emotional, even passional, regard for his mother is deeper than it ever could be for a wife. This makes him unhappy, for he knows that passional communion is not complete unless it be also sexual. He has a body of sexual passion which he cannot transfer to a wife. He has a profound love for his mother. Shut in between walls of tortured and increasing passion, he must find some escape or fall

down the pit of insanity and death. What is the only possible escape?
To seek in the arms of the mother the refuge which offers nowhere else.
And so the incest-motive is born.* All the labored explanations of the
psychoanalysts are unnecessary. The incest motive is a logical deduction
5 of the human reason, which has recourse to this last extremity, to save
itself. Why is the human reason in peril? That is another story. At the
moment we are merely considering the origin of the incest motive.

The logical conclusion of incest is, of course, a profound decision
in the human soul, a decision affecting the deepest passional centers.
10 It rouses the deepest instinctive opposition. And therefore it must be
kept secret until this opposition is either worn away or persuaded away.
Hence the repression and ultimate disclosure.

Now here we see the secret working of the process of idealism. By
idealism we understand the motivizing of the great affective sources
15 by means of ideas mentally derived. As for example the incest motive,
which is first and foremost a logical deduction made by the human
reason, even if unconsciously made, and secondly is introduced into the
affective, passional sphere, where it now proceeds to serve as a principle
for action.

20 This motivizing of the passional sphere from the ideal is the final peril
of human consciousness. It is the death of all spontaneous, creative life,
and the substituting of the mechanical principle.

It is obvious that the ideal becomes a mechanical principle, if it be
applied to the affective soul as a fixed motive. An ideal established in
25 control of the passional soul is no more and no less than a supreme
machine-principle. And a machine, as we know, is the active unit of the
material world. Thus we see how it is that in the end pure idealism
is identical with pure materialism, and the most ideal peoples are the
most completely material.* Ideal and material are identical. The ideal is
30 but the god in the machine*—the little, fixed, machine principle which
works the human psyche automatically.

We are now in the last stages of idealism. And psychoanalysis alone
has the courage necessary to conduct us through these last stages. The
identity of love with sex, the single necessity for fulfilment through love,
35 these are our fixed ideals. We must fulfil these ideals in their extremity.
And this brings us finally to incest, even incest-worship. We have no
option, whilst our ideals stand.

Why? Because incest is the logical conclusion of our ideals, when
these ideals have to be carried into passional effect. And idealism has no
40 escape from logic. And once he has built himself in the shape of any ideal,

man will go to any logical length rather than abandon his ideal corpus. Nay, some great cataclysm has to throw him down and destroy the whole fabric of his life before the motor-principle of his dominant ideal is destroyed. Hence psychoanalysis as the advance-guard of science, the evangel of the last *ideal* liberty. For of course there is a great fascination in a completely effected idealism. Man is then undisputed master of his own fate, and captain of his own soul.* But better say engine-driver, for in truth he is no more than the little god in the machine, this master of fate. He has invented his own automatic principles, and he works himself according to them, like any little mechanic inside the works.

But ideal or not, we are all of us between the pit and the pendulum,* or the walls of red-hot metal, as may be. If we refuse the Freudian *pis-aller* as a means of escape, we have still to find some way out. For there we are, all of us, trapped in a corner where we cannot, and simply do not know how to fulfil our own natures, passionately. We don't know in which way fulfilment lies. If psychoanalysis discovers incest, small blame to it.

Yet we do know this much: that the pushing of the ideal to any further lengths will not avail us anything. We have actually to go back to our own unconscious. But not to the unconscious which is the inverted reflection of our ideal consciousness. We must discover, if we can, the true unconscious, where our life bubbles up in us, prior to any mentality. The first bubbling life in us, which is innocent of any mental alteration, this is the unconscious. It is pristine, not in any way ideal. It is the spontaneous origin from which it behooves us to live.

What then is the true unconscious? It is not a shadow cast from the mind. It is the spontaneous life-motive in every organism. Where does it begin? It begins where life begins. But that is too vague. It is no use talking about life and the unconscious in bulk. You can talk about electricity, because electricity is a homogeneous force, conceivable apart from any incorporation. But life is inconceivable as a general thing. It exists only in living creatures. So that life begins, now as always, in an individual living creature. In the beginning of the individual living creature is the beginning of life, every time and always, and life has no beginning apart from this.* Any attempt at a further generalization takes us merely beyond the consideration of life into the region of mechanical homogeneous force. This is shown in the cosmologies of eastern religions.*

The beginning of life is in the beginning of the first individual creature. You may call the naked, unicellular bit of plasm the first individual,

if you like. Mentally, as far as thinkable simplicity goes, it is the first. So that we may say that life begins in the first naked unicellular organism. And where life begins the unconscious also begins. But mark, the first naked unicellular organism is an *individual*. It is a specific individual,
5 not a mathematical unit, like a unit of force.

Where the individual begins, life begins. The two are inseparable, life and individuality. And also, where the individual begins, the unconscious, which is the specific life-motive, also begins. We are trying to trace the unconscious to its source. And we find that this source, in
10 all the higher organisms, is the first ovule cell from which an individual organism arises. At the moment of conception, when a procreative male nucleus fuses with the nucleus of the female germ, at that moment does a new unit of life, of consciousness, arise in the universe. Is it not obvious? The unconscious has no other source than this, this first fused
15 nucleus of the ovule.

Useless to talk about the unconscious as if it were a homogeneous force like electricity. You can only deal with the unconscious when you realize that in every individual organism an individual nature, an individual consciousness, is spontaneously created at the moment of
20 conception. We say *created*. And by *created* we mean spontaneously appearing in the universe, out of nothing. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.* It is true that an individual is also generated. By the fusion of two nuclei, male and female, we understand the process of generation. And from the process of generation we may justly look for a new unit, according to
25 the law of cause and effect. As a natural or automatic result of the process of generation we may look for a new unit of existence. But the nature of this new unit must derive from the natures of the parents, also by law. And this we deny. We deny that the nature of any new creature derives from the natures of its parents. The nature of the
30 infant does *not* follow from the natures of its parents. The nature of the infant is *not* just a new permutation-and-combination of elements contained in the natures of the parents. There is in the nature of the infant that which is utterly unknown in the natures of the parents, something which could never be derived from the natures of all the
35 existent individuals or previous individuals. There is in the nature of the infant something entirely new, underived, underivable, something which is, and which will forever remain, *causeless*. And this something is the unanalyzable, indefinable reality of individuality. Every time at the moment of conception of every higher organism an individual nature
40 incomprehensibly arises in the universe, out of nowhere. Granted the

whole cause-and-effect process of generation and evolution, still the individual is not explained. The individual unit of consciousness and being which arises at the conception of every higher organism arises by pure creation, by a process not susceptible to understanding, a process which takes place outside the field of mental comprehension, where mentality, which is definitely limited, cannot and does not exist. 5

This causeless created nature of the individual being is the same as the old mystery of the divine nature of the soul. Religion was right and science is wrong. Every individual creature has a soul, a specific individual nature the origin of which cannot be found in any cause-and-effect process whatever. Cause-and-effect will not explain even the individuality of a single dandelion. There is no assignable cause, and no logical reason, for individuality. On the contrary, individuality appears in defiance of all scientific law, in defiance even of reason.* 10

Having established so much, we can really approach the unconscious. By the unconscious we wish to indicate that essential unique nature of every individual creature, which is, by its very nature, unanalyzable, undefinable, inconceivable. It cannot be conceived, it can only be experienced, in every single instance. And being inconceivable, we will call it the unconscious. As a matter of fact, *soul* would be a better word. By the unconscious we do mean the soul. But the word *soul* has been vitiated by the idealistic use, until nowadays it means only that which a man conceives himself to be. And that which a man conceives himself to be is something far different from his true unconscious. So we must relinquish the ideal word soul. 15 20 25

If, however, the unconscious is inconceivable, how do we know it at all? We know it by direct experience. All the best part of knowledge is inconceivable. We know the sun. But we cannot conceive the sun, unless we are willing to accept some theory of burning gases, some cause-and-effect nonsense.* And even if we do have a mental conception of the sun as a sphere of blazing gas—which it certainly isn't—we are just as far from knowing what *blaze* is. Knowledge is always a matter of whole experience, what St. Paul calls knowing in full,* and never a matter of mental conception merely. This is indeed the point of all full knowledge: that it is contained mainly within the unconscious, its mental or conscious reference being only a sort of extract or shadow. 30 35

It is necessary for us to know the unconscious, or we cannot live, just as it is necessary for us to know the sun. But we need not explain the unconscious, any more than we need explain the sun. We can't do either, anyway. We know the sun by beholding him and watching his motions 40

and feeling his changing power. The same with the unconscious. We watch it in all its manifestations, its unfolding incarnations. We watch it in all its processes and its unaccountable evolutions, and these we register.

5 For though the unconscious is the creative element, and though, like the soul, it is beyond all law of cause and effect in its totality, yet in its processes of self-realization it follows the laws of cause and effect. The processes of cause and effect are indeed part of the working out of this incomprehensible self-realization of the individual unconscious. The
10 great laws of the universe are no more than the fixed habits of the living unconscious.

What we must needs do is to try to trace still further the habits of the true unconscious, and by mental recognition of these habits break the limits which we have imposed on the movement of the unconscious.
15 For the whole point about the true unconscious is that it is all the time moving forward, beyond the range of its own fixed laws or habits. It is no good trying to superimpose an ideal nature upon the unconscious. We have to try to recognize the true nature and then leave the unconscious itself to prompt new movement and new being—the creative progress.

20 What we are suffering from now is the restriction of the unconscious within certain ideal limits. The more we force the ideal the more we rupture the true movement. Once we can admit the *known*, but incomprehensible, presence of the integral unconscious; once we can trace it home in ourselves and follow its first revealed movements; once we
25 know how it habitually unfolds itself; once we can scientifically determine its laws and processes in ourselves: then at last we can begin to live from the spontaneous initial prompting, instead of from the dead machine-principles of ideas and ideals. There is a whole science of the creative unconscious, the unconscious in its law-abiding activities. And
30 of this science we do not even know the first term. Yet,* when we know that the unconscious appears by creation, as a new individual reality in every newly-fertilized germ-cell, then we know the very first item of the new science. But it needs a super-scientific grace before we can admit this first new item of knowledge. It means that science abandons
35 its intellectualist position and embraces the old religious faculty. But it does not thereby become less scientific, it only becomes at last complete in knowledge.

Chapter III

THE BIRTH OF CONSCIOUSNESS

It is useless to try to determine *what is consciousness* or *what is knowledge*. Who cares anyhow, since we know without definitions. But what we fail to know, yet what we must know, is the nature of the pristine consciousness which lies integral and progressive within every functioning organism. The brain is the seat of the ideal consciousness. And ideal consciousness is only the dead end of consciousness, the spun silk. The vast bulk of consciousness is non-cerebral. It is the sap of our life, of all life. 5

We are forced to attribute to a star-fish, or to a nettle, its own peculiar and integral consciousness. This throws us at once out of the ideal castle of the brain into the flux of sap-consciousness. But let us not jump too far in one bound. Let us refrain from taking a sheer leap down the abyss of consciousness, down to the invertebrates and the protococci. Let us cautiously scramble down the human declivities. Or rather let us try to start somewhere near the foot of the calvary of human consciousness. Let us consider the child in the womb. Is the foetus conscious? It must be, since it carries on an independent and progressive self-development. This consciousness obviously cannot be ideal, cannot be cerebral, since it precedes any vestige of cerebration. And yet it is an integral, individual consciousness, having its own single purpose and progression. Where can it be centered, how can it operate, before even nerves are formed? For it does steadily and persistently operate, even spinning the nerves and brain as a web for its own motion, like some subtle spider. 10 15 20

What is the spinning spider of the first human consciousness—or rather, where is the center at which this consciousness lies and spins? Since there must be a center of consciousness in the tiny foetus, it must have been there from the very beginning. There it must have been, in the first fused nucleus of the ovule. And if we could but watch this prime nucleus, we should no doubt realize that throughout all the long and incalculable history of the individual it still remains central and prime, the source and clue of the living unconscious, the origin. As in the first moment of conception, so to the end of life in the individual, the first nucleus remains the creative-productive center, the quick, both of consciousness and of organic development. 25 30 35

And where in the developed foetus shall we look for this creative-productive quick? Shall we expect it in the brain or in the heart? Surely our own subjective wisdom tells us, what science can verify, that it lies beneath the navel of the folded foetus. Surely that prime center, which
5 is the very first nucleus of the fertilized ovule, lies situated beneath the navel of all womb-born creatures. There, from the beginning, it lay in its mysterious relation to the outer, active universe.* There it lay, perfectly associated with the parent body. There it acted on its own peculiar independence, drawing the whole stream of creative blood upon
10 itself, and, spinning within the parental blood-stream, slowly creating or bodying forth its own incarnate amplification. All the time between the quick of life in the foetus and the great outer universe there exists a perfect correspondence, upon which correspondence the astrologers based their science in the days before mental consciousness had arrogated all
15 knowledge unto itself.

The foetus is not *personally* conscious. But then what is personality if not ideal in its origin? The foetus is, however, radically, individually
20 conscious. From the active quick, the nuclear center, it remains single and integral in its activity. At this center it distinguishes itself utterly from the surrounding universe, whereby both are modified. From this center the whole individual arises, and upon this center the whole universe, by implication, impinges. For the fixed and stable universe of law and matter, even the whole cosmos, would wear out and disintegrate if
25 it did not rest and find renewal in the quick center of creative life in individual creatures.

And since this center has absolute location in the first fertilized nucleus, it must have location still in the developed foetus, and in the mature man. And where is this location in the unborn infant? Beneath
30 the burning influx of the navel. Where is it in the adult man? Still beneath the navel. As primal affective center it lies within the solar plexus of the nervous system.

We do not pretend to use technical language.* But surely our meaning is plain even to correct scientists, when we assert that in all mammals
35 the center of primal, constructive consciousness and activity lies in the middle front of the abdomen, beneath the navel, in the great nerve center called the solar plexus. How do we know? We feel it, as we feel hunger or love or hate. Once we *know* what we are, science can proceed to analyze our knowledge, demonstrate its truth or its untruth.

We all of us know what it is to handle a new-born, or at least a quite
40 young infant. We know what it is to lay the hand on the round little

abdomen, the round, pulpy little head. We know where is life, where is pulp. We have seen blind puppies, blind kittens crawling. They give strange little cries. Whence these cries? Are they mental exclamations? As in a ventriloquist, they come from the stomach. There lies the wakeful center. There speaks the first consciousness, the audible unconscious, 5
in the squeak of these infantile things, which is so curiously and indescribably moving, reacting direct upon the great abdominal center, the preconscious mind in man.

There at the navel, the first rupture has taken place, the first break in continuity. There is the scar of dehiscence, scar at once of our pain 10
and splendor of individuality. Here is the mark of our isolation in the universe, stigma and seal of our free, perfect singleness. Hence the lotus of the navel.* Hence the mystic contemplation of the navel. It is the upper mind losing itself in the lower first-mind, that which is last in consciousness reverting to that which is first. 15

A mother will realize better than a philosopher. She knows the rupture which has finally separated her child into its own single, free existence. She knows the strange, sensitive rose of the navel: how it quivers conscious; all its pain, its want for the old connection; all its joy and chuckling exultation in sheer organic singleness and individual liberty. 20

The powerful, active psychic center in a new child is the great solar plexus of the sympathetic system. From this center the child is drawn to the mother again, crying, to heal the new wound, to re-establish the old oneness. This center directs the little mouth which, blind and anticipatory, seeks the breast. How could it find the breast, blind and 25
mindless little mouth? But it needs no eyes nor mind. From the great first-mind of the abdomen it moves direct, with an anterior knowledge almost like magnetic propulsion, as if the little mouth were drawn or propelled to the maternal breast by vital magnetism, whose center of directive control lies in the solar plexus. 30

In a measure, this taking of the breast reinstates the old connection with the parent body. It is a strange sinking back to the old unison, the old organic continuum—a recovery of the pre-natal state. But at the same time it is a deep, avid gratification in drinking-in the sustenance of a new individuality. It is a deep gratification in the exertion of a new, 35
voluntary power. The child acts now separately from its own individual center and exerts still a control over the adjacent universe, the parent body.

So the warm life-stream passes again from the parent into the aching abdomen of the severed child. Life cannot progress without these 40

ruptures, severances, cataclysms; pain is a living reality, not merely a deathly. Why haven't we the courage for life-pains? If we could depart from our old tenets of the mind, if we could fathom our own *unconscious* sapience, we should find we have courage and to spare. We are too mentally domesticated.

5 The great magnetic or dynamic center of first-consciousness acts powerfully at the solar plexus. Here the child knows beyond all knowledge. It does not see with the eyes, it cannot perceive, much less conceive. Nothing can it apprehend; the eyes are a strange plasmic, nascent darkness. Yet from the belly it knows, with a directness of knowledge that frightens us and may even seem abhorrent. The mother, also, from the bowels knows her child—as she can never, never know it from the head. There is no thought nor speech, only direct, ventral gurglings and cooings. From the passional nerve-center of the solar plexus in the mother passes direct, unspeakable effluence and intercommunication, sheer effluent contact with the palpitating nerve-center in the belly of the child. Knowledge, unspeakable knowledge interchanged, which must be diluted by eternities of materialization before they can come to expression.

20 It is like a lovely, suave, fluid, *creative* electricity* that flows in a circuit between the great nerve-centers in mother and child. The electricity of the universe is a sundering force. But this lovely polarized vitalism is creative. It passes in a circuit between the two poles of the passional unconscious in the two now separated beings. It establishes in each 25 that first primal consciousness which is the sacred, all-containing head-stream of all our consciousness.

But this is not all. The flux between mother and child is not all sweet unison. There is as well the continually widening gap. A wonderful rich communion, and at the same time a continually increasing cleavage. If 30 only we could realize that all through life these are the two synchronizing activities of love, of creativity. For the end, the goal, is the perfecting of each single individuality, unique in itself—which cannot take place without a perfected harmony between the beloved, a harmony which depends on the at-last-clarified singleness of each being, a singleness 35 equilibrated, polarized in one by the counter-posing singleness of the other.

So the child. In its wonderful unison with the mother it is at the same time extricating itself into single, separate, independent existence. The one process, of unison, cannot go on without the other process, of 40 purified severance. At first the child cleaves back to the old source. It

clings and adheres. The sympathetic center of unification, or at least unison, alone seems awake. The child wails with the strange desolation of severance, wails for the old connection. With joy and peace it returns to the breast, almost as to the womb.

But not quite. Even in sucking it discovers its new identity and *power*. 5
 Its own new, separate *power*. It draws itself back suddenly; it waits. It has heard something? No. But another center has flashed awake. The child stiffens itself and holds back. What is it, wind? Stomach-ache? Not at all. Listen to some of the screams. The ears can hear deeper than eyes can see. The first scream of the ego. The scream of asserted isolation. The scream 10
 of revolt from connection, the revolt from union. There is a violent anti-maternal motion, anti-everything. There is a refractory, bad-tempered negation of everything, a hurricane of temper. What then? After such tremendous unison as the womb implies, no wonder there are storms of rage and separation. The child is screaming itself rid of the old womb, 15
 kicking itself in a blind paroxysm into freedom, into separate, negative independence.

So be it, there must be paroxysms, since there must be independence. Then the mother gets angry too. It affects her, though perhaps not as badly as it affects outsiders. Nothing acts more direct on the great primal 20
 nerve-centers than the screaming of an infant, this blind screaming negation of connections. It is the friction of irritation itself. Everybody is implicated, just as they would be if the air were surcharged with electricity. The mother is perhaps less affected because she understands primarily, or because she is polarized directly with the child. Yet she, 25
 too, must be angry, in her measure, inevitably.

It is a blind, almost mechanistic effort on the part of the new organism to extricate itself from cohesion with the circumambient universe. It applies direct to the mother. But it affects everybody. The great centers of response vibrate with a maddening, sometimes unbearable friction. 30
 What centers? Not the great sympathetic plexus this time, but its corresponding voluntary ganglion. The great ganglion of the spinal system, the lumbar ganglion,* negatively polarizes the solar plexus in the primal psychic activity of a human individual. When a child screams with temper, it sends out from the lumbar ganglion violent waves of frictional repudiation, extraordinary. The little back has an amazing power 35
 once it stiffens itself.* In the lumbar ganglion the unconscious now vibrates tremendously in the activity of sundering, separation. Mother and child, polarized, are primarily affected. Often the mother is so *sure* of her possession of the child that she is almost unmoved. But the child 40

continues, till the frictional response is roused in the mother, her anger rises, there is a flash, an outburst like lightning. And then the storm subsides. The pure act of sundering is effected. Each being is clarified further into its own single, individual self, further perfected, separated.

5 Hence a duality, now, in primal consciousness in the infant. The warm rosy abdomen, tender with chuckling unison, and the little back strengthening itself. The child kicks away, into independence. It stiffens its spine in the strength of its own private and separate, inviolable existence. It will admit now of no trespass. It is awake now in a new pride,
10 a new self-assertion. The sense of antagonistic freedom is aroused. Clumsy old adhesions must be ruthlessly fused. And so, from the lumbar ganglion the fiery-tempered infant asserts its new, blind will.

And as the child fights the mother fights. Sometimes she fights to keep her refractory child, and sometimes she fights to kick him off, as
15 a mare kicks off her too-babyish foal. It is the great *voluntary* center of the unconscious flashing into action. Flashing from the deep lumbar ganglion in the mother to the newly-awakened, corresponding center in the child goes the swift negative current, setting each of them asunder in clean individuality. So long as the force meets its polarized response
20 all is well. When a force flashes and has no response, there is devastation. How weary in the back is the nursing mother whose great center of repudiation is suppressed or weak; how a child droops if only the sympathetic unison is established.

So, the polarity of the dynamic consciousness, from the very start of
25 life! Direct flowing and flashing of two consciousness-streams, active in the bringing forth of an individual being. The sweet commingling, the sharp clash of opposition. And no possibility of creative development without this polarity, this dual circuit of direct, spontaneous, honest interchange. No hope of life apart from this. The primal unconscious
30 pulsing in its circuits between two beings: love and wrath, cleaving and repulsion, inglutination* and excrementation. What is the good of inventing "ideal" behavior? How order the path of the unconscious? For let us now realize that we cannot, even with the best intentions, proceed to order the path of our own unconscious without vitally deranging the
35 life-flow of those connected with us. If you disturb the current at one pole, it must be disturbed at the other. Here is a new moral aspect to life.

Chapter IV

THE CHILD AND HIS MOTHER

In asserting that the seat of consciousness in a young infant is in the abdomen, we do not pretend to suggest that all the other consciousness-centers are utterly dormant. Once a child is born, the whole nervous and cerebral system comes awake, even the brain's memories begin to glimmer, recognition and cognition soon begin to take place. But the spontaneous control and all the prime developing activity derive from the great affective centers of the abdomen. In the solar plexus is the first great fountain and issue of infantile consciousness. There, beneath the navel, lies the active human first-mind, the prime unconscious. From the moment of conception, when the first nucleus is formed, to the moment of death, when this same nucleus breaks again, the first great active center of human consciousness lies in the solar plexus.

The movement of development in any creature is, however, towards a florescent individuality. The ample, mature, unfolded individual stands perfect, perfect in himself, but also perfect in his harmonious relation to those nearest him and to all the universe. Whilst only the one great center of consciousness is awake, in the abdomen, the infant has no separate existence, his whole nature is contained in the conjunction with the parent. As soon as the complementary negative pole arouses the voluntary center of the lumbar ganglion, there is at once a retraction into independence and an assertion of singleness. The back strengthens itself.

But still the circuit of polarity, dual as it is, positive and negative from the positive-sympathetic and the negative-voluntary poles, still depends on the duality of two beings—it is still extra-individual. Each individual is vitally dependent on the other, for the life circuit.

Let us consider for a moment the *kind* of consciousness manifested at the two great primary centers. At the solar plexus the new psyche acts in a mode of attractive vitalism, drawing its objective unto itself as by vital magnetism. Here it drinks in, as it were, the contiguous universe, as during the womb-period it drank from the living continuum of the mother. It is darkly self-centered, exultant and positive in its own existence. It is all-in-all to itself, its own great subject. It knows no objective. It only knows its own vital potency, which potency draws the

external object unto itself, subjectively, as the blood-stream was drawn into the fœtus, by subjective attraction. Here the psyche is to itself the *All*. Blindly self-positive.

This is the first mode of consciousness for every living thing—
 5 fascinating in all young things. The second half of the same mode commences as soon as direct activity sets up in the lumbar ganglion. Then the psyche recoils upon itself, in its first reaction against continuity with the outer universe. It recoils even against its own mode of assimilatory unison. Even it must break off, interrupt the great psychic-assimilation
 10 process which goes on at the sympathetic center. It must recoil clean upon itself, break loose from any attachment whatsoever. And then it must try its *power*, often playfully.

This reaction is still subjective. When a child stiffens and draws away, when it screams with pure temper, it takes no note of that from which
 15 it recoils. It has no objective consciousness of that from which it reacts, the mother principally. It is like a swimmer endlessly kicking the water away behind him, with strong legs vividly active from the spinal ganglia. Like a man in a boat pushing off from the shore, it merely thrusts away, in order to ride free, ever more free. It is a purely subjective motion, in
 20 the negative direction.

After our long training in objectivation, and our epoch of worship of the objective mode, it is perhaps difficult for us to realize the strong, blind power of the unconscious on its first plane of activity. It is something quite different from what we call *egoism*—which is really mentally
 25 derived—for the ego is merely the sum-total of what we *conceive* ourselves to be.* The powerful pristine subjectivity of the unconscious on its first plane is, on the other hand, the root of all our consciousness and being, darkly tenacious. Here we are grounded, say what we may. And if we break the spell of this first subjective mode, we break our own main
 30 root and live rootless, shiftless, groundless.

So that the powerful subjectivity of the unconscious, where the self is all-in-all unto itself, active in strong desirous *psychic* assimilation or in direct repudiation of the contiguous universe; this first plane of psychic
 35 activity, polarized in the solar plexus and the lumbar ganglion of each individual but established in a circuit with the corresponding poles of another individual: this is the first scope of life and being for every human individual, and is beyond question. But we must again remark that the whole circuit is established between *two* individuals—that neither is a free thing-unto-itself—and that the very fact of established polarity
 40 between the two maintains that correspondence between the individual

entity and the external universe which is the clue to all growth and development. The pure subjectivity of the first plane of consciousness is no more *selfish* than the pure objectivity of any other plane. How can it be? How can any form of pure, balanced polarity between two vital individuals be in any sense selfish on the part of one individual? We have got our moral values all wrong. 5

Save for healthy instinct, the moralistic human race would have exterminated itself long ago. And yet man *must* be moral, at the very root moral. The essence of morality is the basic desire to preserve the perfect correspondence between the self and the object, to have no trespass and no breach of integrity, nor yet any defaulture in the vitalistic interchange. 10

As yet we see the unconscious active on one plane only and entirely dependent on *two* individuals. But immediately following the establishment of the circuit of the powerful, subjective, abdominal plane comes the quivering of the whole system into a new degree of consciousness. And two great upper centers are awake. 15

The diaphragm really divides the human body, psychically as well as organically. The two centers beneath the diaphragm are centers of dark subjectivity, centripetal, assimilative. Once these are established, in the thorax the two first centers of objective consciousness become active, with ever-increasing intensity. The great thoracic sympathetic plexus rouses like a sun in the breast, the thoracic ganglion fills the shoulders with strength. There are now two planes of primary consciousness—the first, the lower, the subjective unconscious, active beneath the diaphragm, and the second upper, objective plane, active above the diaphragm, in the breast.* 20 25

Let us realize that the subjective and objective of the unconscious are not the same as the subjective and the objective of the *mind*. Here we have no concepts to deal with, no static objects in the shape of ideas. We have none of that tiresome business of establishing the relation between the mind and its own ideal object, or the discriminating between the ideal thing-in-itself and the mind of which it is the content. We are spared that hateful thing-in-itself, the idea, which is at once so all-important and so *nothing*.* We are on straightforward solid ground; there is no abstraction. 30 35

The unconscious subjectivity is, in its positive manifestation, a great imbibing, and in its negative, a definite blind rejection. What we call an *unconscious* rejection. This subjectivity embraces alike creative emotion and physical function. It includes alike the sweet and untellable 40

5 communion of love between the mother and child, the irrational reaction into separation between the two, and also the physical functioning of sucking and urination. Psychic and physical development run parallel, though they are forever distinct. The child sucking, the child urinating, this is the child acting from the great *subjective* centers, positive and negative. When the child sucks, there is a sympathetic circuit between it and the mother, in which the sympathetic plexus in the mother acts as negative or submissive pole to the corresponding plexus in the child. In urination there is a corresponding circuit in the voluntary centers, so that a mother seems gratified, and *is* gratified, inevitably, by the excremental functioning of her child. She experiences a true polar reaction.

10 Child and mother have, in the first place, no objective consciousness of each other, and certainly no *idea* of each other. Each is a blind desideratum to the other. The strong love between them is effectual in the great abdominal centers, where all love, real love, is primarily based. Of that reflected or moon-love, derived from the head, that spurious form of love which predominates to-day, we do not speak here. It has its root in the *idea*: the beloved is a mental objective, endlessly appreciated, criticized, scrutinized, exhausted. This has nothing to do with the active unconscious.

15 Having realized that the unconscious sparkles, vibrates, travels in a strong subjective stream from the abdominal centers, connecting the child directly with the mother at corresponding poles of vitalism, we realize that the unconscious contains nothing ideal, nothing in the least conceptual, and hence nothing in the least personal, since personality, like the ego, belongs to the conscious or mental-subjective self. So the first analyses are, or should be, so impersonal that the so-called *human* relations are not involved. The first relationship is neither personal nor biological—a fact which psychoanalysis has not succeeded in grasping.

30 For example. A child screams with terror at the touch of fur; another child loves the touch of fur, and purrs with pleasure. How now? Is it a complex? Did the father have a beard?

35 It is possible. But all-too-human.* The physical result of rubbing fur is to set up a certain amount of frictional electricity. Frictional electricity is one of the sundering forces. It corresponds to the voluntary forces exerted at the lower spinal ganglia, the forces of anger and retraction into independence and power. An over-sympathetic child will scream with fear at the touch of fur; a refractory child will purr with pleasure. 40 It is a reaction which involves even deeper things than sex—the primal

constitution of the elementary psyche. A sympathetically overbalanced child has a horror of the electric-frictional force such as is emitted from the fur of a black cat, creature of rapacity.* The same delights a fierce-willed child.

But we must admit at the same time that from earliest days a child is subject to the definite *conscious* psychic influences of its surroundings and will react almost automatically to a conscious-passional suggestion from the mother. In this way personal sex is prematurely evoked, and real complexes are set up. But these derive not from the spontaneous unconscious. They are in a way dictated from the deliberate, mental consciousness, even if involuntarily. Again they are a result of *mental* subjectivity, self-consciousness—so different from the primal subjectivity of the unconscious. 5 10

To return, however, to the pure unconscious. When the upper centers flash awake, a whole new field of consciousness and spontaneous activity is opened out. The great sympathetic plexus of the breast is the heart's mind. This thoracic plexus corresponds directly in the upper man to the solar plexus in the lower. But it is a correspondence in creative opposition. From the sympathetic center of the breast as from a window the unconscious goes forth seeking its object, to dwell upon it. When a child leans its breast against its mother it becomes filled with a primal awareness of *her*—not of itself desiring her or partaking of her—but of her as she is in herself. This is the first great acquisition of primal objective knowledge, the objective content of the unconscious. Such knowledge we call the treasure of the heart. When the ancients located the first seat of consciousness in the heart, they were neither misguided nor playing with metaphor. For by consciousness they meant, as usual, objective consciousness only. And from the cardiac plexus goes forth that strange effluence of the self which seeks and dwells upon the beloved, lovingly roving like the fingers of an infant or a blind man* over the face of the treasured object, gathering her mould into itself and transferring her mould forever into its own deep unconscious psyche. This is the first acquiring of objective knowledge, sightless, unspeakably direct. It is a dwelling of the child's unconscious within the form of the mother, the gathering of a pure, eternal impression. So the soul stores itself with dynamic treasures; it verily builds its own tissue of such treasure, the tissue of the developing body, each cell stored with creative dynamic content. 15 20 25 30 35

The breasts themselves are as two eyes. We do not know how much the nipples of the breast, both in man and woman, serve primarily as 40

poles of vital *conscious* effluence and connection. We do not know how the nipples of the breast are as fountains leaping into the universe, or as little lamps irradiating the contiguous world, to the soul in quest.

5 But certainly from the passional conscious-center of the breast goes forth the first joyous discovery of the beloved, the first objective discovery of the contiguous universe, the first ministration of the self to that which is beyond the self. So, functionally, the mother ministers with the milk of her breast. But this is a yielding to the great *lower* plexus, the basic solar plexus. It is the breast as part also of the alimentary
10 system—a special thing.

In sucking the hands also come awake. It is strange to notice the pictures by the old masters of the Madonna and Child.* Sometimes the strange round belly of the Infant seems the predominant mystery-center, and sometimes from the tiny breast it is as if a delicate light
15 glowed, the light of love. As if the breast should illumine the outer world in its seeking administering love. As if the breast of the Infant glimmered its light of discovery on the adoring Mother, and she bowed, submissive to the revelation.

The little hands and arms wave, circulate, trying to touch, to grasp, to know. To grasp in caress, not to reive.* To grasp in order to identify
20 themselves with the cherished discovery, to realize the beloved. To cherish, to realize the beloved. To administer the outward-seeking self to the beloved. We give this the exclusive name of love. But it is indeed only the one direction of love, the outgoing from the lovely center of the
25 breast—the nipples seeking, the hands delicately, caressively exploring, the eyes at last waking to perception. The eyes, the hands, these wake and are alert from the center of the breast. But the ears and feet move from the deep lower centers—the recipient ears, imbibing vibrations, the feet which press the resistant earth, controlled from the powerful
30 lower ganglia of the spine. And thus great scope of activity opens, in the hands that wave and explore, the eyes that try to perceive, the legs, the little knees that thrust, thrust away, the small feet that curl and twinkle upon themselves, ready for the obstinate earth.

And so, also a wholeness is established within the individual. The
35 two fields of consciousness, the first upper and the first lower, are based upon a correspondence of polarity. The first great complex circuit is now set up *within the individual*, between the upper and lower centers. The individual consciousness has now its own integral independent existence and activity, apart from external connection. It has its right
40 to be alone.

Chapter V

THE LOVER AND THE BELOVED

Consciousness develops on successive planes. On each plane there is the dual polarity, positive and negative, of the sympathetic and voluntary nerve centers. The first plane is established between the poles of the sympathetic solar plexus and the voluntary lumbar ganglion. This is the active first plane of the subjective unconscious, from which the whole of consciousness arises. 5

Immediately succeeding the first plane of subjective dynamic consciousness arises the corresponding first plane of objective consciousness, the objective unconscious, polarized in the cardiac plexus and the thoracic ganglion, in the breast. There is a perfect correspondence in difference between the first abdominal and the first thoracic planes. These two planes polarize each other in a fourfold polarity, which makes the first great field of individual, self-dependent consciousness. 10 15

Each pole of the active unconscious manifests a specific activity and gives rise to a specific kind of dynamic or creative consciousness. On each plane, the negative voluntary pole *complements* the positive sympathetic pole, and yet the consciousness originating from the complementary poles is not merely negative versus positive, it is categorically different, opposite. Each is pure and perfect in itself. 20

But the moment we enter the two planes of corresponding consciousness, lower and upper, we find a whole new range of complements. The upper, dynamic-objective plane is complementary to the lower, dynamic-subjective. The mystery of creative opposition exists all the time between the two planes, and this unison in opposition between the two planes forms the first whole field of consciousness. Within the individual the polarity is fourfold. In a relation between two individuals the polarity is already eightfold. 25 30

Now before we can have any sort of scientific, comprehensive psychology we shall have to establish the *nature* of the consciousness at each of the dynamic poles—the nature of the consciousness, the direction of the dynamic-vital flow, the resultant physical-organic development and activity. This we must do before we can even begin to consider a 35

genuine system of education. Education now is widely at sea.* Having ceased to steer by the pole-star of the mind, having ceased to aim at the cramming of the intellect, it veers hither and thither hopelessly and absurdly. Education can never become a serious science until the human psyche is properly understood. And the human psyche cannot begin to be understood until we enter the dark continent of the unconscious. Having begun to explore the unconscious, we find we must go from center to center, chakra to chakra, to use an old esoteric word.* We must patiently determine the psychic manifestation at each center, and moreover, as we go, we must discover the psychic results of the interaction, the polarized interaction between the dynamic centers both within and without the individual.

Here is a real job for the scientist, a job which eternity will never see finished though even to-morrow may see it well begun. It is a job which will at last free us from the most hateful of all shackles, the shackles of ideas and ideals. It is a great task of the liberators, those who work forever for the liberation of the free *spontaneous* psyche, the effective soul.

In these few chapters we hope to hint at the establishment of the first field of the unconscious—at the nature of the consciousness manifested at each pole—and at the already complex range of dynamic polarity between the various poles. So far we have given the merest suggestion of the nature of the first plane of the unconscious and have attempted the opening of the second or upper plane. We profess no scientific *exactitude*, particularly in terminology. We merely wish intelligibly to open a way.

To balance the solar plexus wakes the great plexus of the breast. In our era this plexus is the great planet of our psychic universe. In the previous sympathetic era the flower of the universal blossomed in the navel. But since Egypt the sun of creative activity beams from the breast, the heart of the supreme Man.* This is to us the source of light—the loving heart, the Sacred Heart.* Against this we contrast the devouring darkness of the lower man, the devouring whirlpool beneath the navel. Even theosophists don't realize that the universal lotus* really blossoms in the abdomen—that our lower man, our dark, devouring whirlpool, was once the creative source, in human estimation.

But in calling the heart the sun, the source of light, we are biologically correct even. For the roots of vision are in the cardiac plexus. But if we were to consider the heart itself, not its great nerve plexus,

we should have to go further than the nervous system. If we had to consider the whole lambent blood-stream, we should have to descend too deep for our unpractised minds. Suffice it here to hint that the solar plexus is the first and main clue to the great alimentary-sexual activity in man, an activity at once functional and creatively emotional, whilst the cardiac plexus is first and main clue to the respiratory system and the active-productive manifestations. The mouth and nostrils are gates to each great center, upper and lower—even the breasts have this duality. Yet the clue to respiration and hand-activity and vision is in the breast, while the clue to alimentation and passion and sex is in the lower centers. The duality goes so far and is so profound. And the polarity! The great organs, as well as the lymphatic glands, depend each on its own specific center of the unconscious; each is derived from a specific *dynamic* conscious-clue, what we might almost call a soul-cell. The inherent unconscious, or soul, is the first nucleus subdivided, and from its own subdivisions produced, from its own still-creative constellated nuclei, the organs, glands, nerve-centers of the human organism. This is our answer to materialism and idealism alike. The *nuclear unconscious* brought forth organs and consciousness alike. And the great nuclei of the unconscious *still* lie active in the great living nerve-centers, which nerve centers, from the original solar-plexus to the conclusive brain, form one great chain of dual polarity and amplified consciousness.

All this is a mere incoherent stammering, broken first-words.* To return to the direct path of our progress. It is not merely a metaphor, to call the cardiac plexus the sun, the Light. It is metaphor in the first place, because the conscious effluence which proceeds from this first upper center in the breast goes forth and plays upon its external object, as phosphorescent waves might break upon a ship and reveal its form. The transferring of the objective knowledge to the psyche is almost the same as vision. It is root-vision. It happens before the eyes open. It is the first tremendous mode of *apprehension*, still dark, but moving towards light. It is the eye in the breast. Psychically, it is basic objective apprehension. Dynamically, it is love, devotional, administering love.*

Now we make already a discrimination between the two natures, even of this first upper consciousness. First from the breast flows the devotional, self-outpouring of love, love which gives its all to the beloved. And back again returns the ingathered objective consciousness, the first objective content of the psyche.

This argues the dual polarity. From the positive pole of the cardiac plexus flows out that effluence which we call selfless love. It is really self-devoting love, not self-less. This is the one form of love we recognize. But from the strong ganglion of the shoulders proceeds the negative circuit, which searches and explores the beloved, bringing back pure objective apprehension, not critical, in the mental sense, and yet passionately discriminative.

Let us discriminate between the two upper poles. From the sympathetic heart goes forth pure administering, like sunbeams. But from the strong thoracic center of the shoulders is exerted a strong rejective force, a force which, pressing upon the object of attention, in the mode of separation, succeeds in transferring to itself the impression of the object to which it has attended. This is the other half of devotional love—perfect *knowledge* of the beloved.

Now this knowledge in itself argues a contradistinction between the lover and the beloved. It is the very mould of the contradistinction. It is the impress upon the lover of that which was separate from him, resistant to him, in the beloved. Objective knowledge is always of this kind—a knowledge based on unchangeable difference, a knowledge truly of the gulf that lies between the two beings nearest to each other.

In two kinds, then, consists the activity of the unconscious on the first upper plane. Primal is the blissful sense of ineffable transfusion with the beloved, which we call love, and of which our era has perhaps enjoyed the full. It is a mode of creative consciousness essentially objective, but yet it preserves no object in the memory, even the dynamic memory. It is a great objective flux, a streaming forth of the self in blissful departure, like sunbeams streaming.

If this activity alone worked, then the self would utterly depart from its own integrity; it would pass out and merge with the beloved—which passing out and merging is the goal of enthusiasts. But living beings are kept integral by the activity of the great negative pole. From the thoracic ganglion also the unconscious goes forth in its quest of the beloved. But what does it go to seek? Real objective knowledge. It goes to find out the wonders which itself does not contain and to transfer these wonders, as by impress, into itself. It goes out to determine the limits of its own existence also.

This is the second half of the activity of upper or self-less or spiritual love. There is a tremendous great joy in exploring and discovering the beloved. For what is the beloved? She is that which I myself am not. Knowing the breach between us, the uncloseable gulf, I in the same

breath realize her *features*. In the first mode of the upper consciousness there is perfect surpassing of all sense of division between the self and the beloved. In the second mode the very discovery of the features of the beloved contains the full realization of the irreparable, or unsurpassable, gulf. This is objective knowledge, as distinct from objective emotion. It contains always the element of self-amplification, as if the self were amplified by knowledge in the beloved. It should also contain the knowledge of the *limits* of the self. 5

So it is with the Infant. Curious indeed is the look on the face of the Holy Child, in Leonardo's pictures, in Botticelli's, even in the beautiful Filippo Lippi. It is the Mother who crosses her hands on her breast, in supreme acquiescence, recipient; it is the Child who gazes, with a kind of *objective*, strangely discerning, deep apprehension of her, startling to northern eyes.* It is a gaze by no means of innocence, but of profound, pre-visual discerning. So plainly is the child looking across the gulf and *fixing* the gulf by very intentness of previsual apprehension, that instinctively the ordinary northerner finds Him antipathetic. It seems almost a cruel objectivity. 10 15

Perhaps between lovers, in the objective way of love, either the voluntary separative mode predominates, or the sympathetic mode of communion—one or the other. In the north we have worshipped the latter mode. But in the south it is different; the objective sapient manner of love seems more natural. Moreover in the face of the Infant lingers nearly always the dark look of the pristine mode of consciousness, the powerful self-centering subjective mode, established in the lower body—the so-called sensual mode. 20 25

But take our own children. A small infant, as soon as it really begins to direct its attention. How often it seems to be gazing across a strange distance at the mother; what a curious look is on its face, as if the mother were an object set across a far gulf, distinct however, discernible, even obtrusive in her need to be apprehended. A mother will chase away this look with kisses. But she cannot chase away the inevitable effluence of separatist, objective apprehension. She herself sometimes will fall into a half-trance, and the child on her lap will resolve itself into a strange and separate object. She does not criticize or analyze him. She does not even *perceive* him. But as if rapt, she apprehends him lying there, an unfathomable and inscrutable objective, outside herself, never to be grasped or included in herself. She seizes as it were a sudden and final, objective impression of him. And the conclusive sensation is one of *finality*. Something final has happened to her. She has the 30 35 40

strange sensation of unalterable certainty, a sensation at once profoundly gratifying and rather appalling. She *possesses* something, a certain entity of primal, preconscious knowledge. Let the child be what he may, her knowledge of him is her own, forever and final. It gives her a sense of wealth in possession, and of power. It gives her a sense also of fatality. From the very satisfaction of the objective finality derives the sense of fatality. It is a knowledge of the other being, but a knowledge which contains at the same time a final assurance of the eternal and insuperable gulf which lies between beings—the isolation of the self first.

Thus the first plane of the *upper* consciousness—the outgoing, the sheer and unspeakable bliss of the sense of union, communion, at-oneness with the beloved—and then the complementary objective *realization* of the beloved, the realization of that which is apart, different. This realization is like riches to the objective consciousness. It is, as it were, the adding of another self to the own self, through the mode of apprehension. Through the mode of dynamic objective apprehension, which in our day we have gradually come to call *imagination*, a man may in his time add on to himself the whole of the universe, by increasing pristine realization of the universal. This in mysticism is called the progress to infinity—that is, in the modern, truly male mysticism. The older female mysticism means something different by the infinite.*

But anyhow there it is. The attaining to the Infinite, about which the mystics have rhapsodized, is a definite process in the developing unconscious, but a process in the development only of the objective-apprehensive centers—an exclusive process, naturally.

A soul cannot come into its own through that love alone which is unison. If it stress the one mode, the sympathetic mode, beyond a certain point, it breaks its own integrity, and corruption sets in in the living organism. On both planes of love, upper and lower, the two modes must act complementary to one another, the sympathetic and the separatist. It is the absolute failure to see this, that has torn the modern world into two halves, the one half warring for the voluntary, objective, separatist control, the other for the pure sympathetic. The individual psyche divided against itself divides the world against itself, and an unthinkable progress of calamity ensues unless there be a reconciliation.

The goal of life is the coming to perfection of each single individual.* This cannot take place without the tremendous interchange of love from all the four great poles of the first, basic field of consciousness. There must be the twofold passionate flux of sympathetic love, subjective-abdominal and objective-devotional, both. And there must

be the twofold passional circuit of separatist realization, the lower, vital *self-realization*, and the upper, intense realization of the other, a realization which includes a recognition of abysmal *otherness*. To stress any one mode, any one interchange, is to hinder all, and to cause corruption in the end. The human psyche must have strength and pride to accept the whole fourfold nature of its own creative activity.

Chapter VI

HUMAN RELATIONS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS

5 The aim of this little book is merely to establish the smallest foothold
in the swamp of vagueness which now goes by the name of the un-
conscious. At last we form some sort of notion what the unconscious
actually is. It is that active spontaneity which rouses in each individual
organism at the moment of fusion of the parent nuclei, and which, in
10 polarized connection with the external universe, gradually evolves or
elaborates its own individual psyche and corpus, bringing both mind
and body forth from itself. Thus it would seem that the term *unconscious*
is only another word for life. But life is a general force,* whereas the un-
conscious is essentially single and unique in each individual organism;
15 it is the active, self-evolving soul bringing forth its own incarnation and
self-manifestation. Which incarnation and self-manifestation seems to
be the whole goal of the *unconscious* soul: the whole goal of life. Thus it
is that the unconscious brings forth not only consciousness, but tissue
and organs also. And all the time the working of each organ depends on
20 the primary spontaneous-conscious center of which it is the issue—if
you like, the soul-center. And consciousness is like a web woven finally
in the mind from the various silken strands spun forth from the primal
center of the unconscious.

But the unconscious is never an abstraction, *never to be abstracted*.
It is never an ideal entity. It is always concrete. In the very first in-
25 stance, it is the glinting nucleus of the ovule. And proceeding from
this, it is the chain or constellation of nuclei which derive directly from
this first spark. And further still it is the great nerve-centers of the
human body, in which the primal and pristine nuclei still act direct.
The nuclei are centers of spontaneous consciousness. It seems as if
30 their bright grain were germ-consciousness, consciousness germinat-
ing forever. If that is a mystery, it is not my fault. Certainly it is not
mysticism. It is obvious, demonstrable scientific fact, to be verified
under the microscope and within the human psyche, subjectively and
objectively, both. Of course, the subjective verification is what men kick
35 at. Thin-minded idealists cannot bear any appeal to their bowels of com-
prehension.

We can quite tangibly deal with the human unconscious. We trace its source and centers in the great ganglia and nodes of the nervous system. We establish the nature of the spontaneous consciousness at each of these centers; we determine the polarity and the direction of the polarized flow. And from this we know the motion and individual manifestation of the psyche itself; we also know the motion and rhythm of the great organs of the body. For at every point psyche and functions are so nearly identified that only by holding our breath can we realize their *duality* in identification—a polarized duality once more. But here is no place to enter the great investigation of the duality and polarization of the vital-creative activity and the mechanico-material activity. The two are two in one, a polarized quality. They are unthinkable different.

On the first field of human consciousness—the first plane of the unconscious—we locate four great spontaneous centers, two below the diaphragm, two above. These four centers control the four greatest organs. And they give rise to the whole basis of human consciousness. Functional and psychic at once, this is their first polar duality.

But the polarity is further. The horizontal division of the diaphragm divides man forever into his individual duality, the duality of the upper and lower man, the two great bodies of upper and lower consciousness and function. This is the horizontal line.

The vertical division between the voluntary and the sympathetic systems, the line of division between the spinal system and the great plexus-system of the front of the human body, forms the second distinction into duality. It is the great difference between the soft, recipient front of the body and the wall of the back. The front of the body is the live end of the magnet. The back is the closed opposition. And again there are two parallel streams of function and consciousness, vertically separate now. This is the vertical line of division. And the horizontal line and the vertical line form the cross of all existence and being.* And even this is not mysticism—no more than the ancient symbols used in botany or biology.

On the first field of human consciousness, which is the basis of life and consciousness, are the four first poles of spontaneity. These have their fourfold polarity within the individual, again figured by the cross. But the individual is never purely a thing-by-himself. He cannot exist save in polarized relation to the external universe, a relation both functional and psychic-dynamic. Development takes place only from the polarized circuits of the dynamic unconscious, and these circuits must be both

individual and extra-individual. There must be the circuit of which the complementary pole is external to the individual.

That is, in the first place there must be the *other individual*. There must be a polarized connection with the other individual—or even other
 5 individuals. On the first field there are four poles in each individual. So that the first, the basic field of extra-individual consciousness contains eight poles—an eightfold polarity, a fourfold circuit. It may be that between two individuals, even mother and child, the polarity may be established only fourfold, a dual circuit. It may be that one circuit of
 10 spontaneous consciousness may never be fully established. This means, for a child, a certain deficiency in development, a psychic inadequacy.

So we are again face to face with the basic problem of human conduct. No human being can develop save through the polarized connection with other beings. This circuit of polarized unison precedes all mind
 15 and all knowing. It is anterior to and ascendant over the human will. And yet the mind and the will can both interfere with the dynamic circuit, an idea, like a stone wedged in a delicate machine, can arrest one whole process of psychic interaction and spontaneous growth.

How then? Man doth not live by bread alone.* It is time we made
 20 haste to settle the bread question, which after all is only the A B C of social economies,* and proceeded to devote our attention to this much more profound and vital question: how to establish and maintain the circuit of vital polarity from which the psyche actually develops, as the body develops from the circuit of alimentation and respiration. We have
 25 reached the stage where we can settle the alimentation and respiration problems almost off-hand. But woe betide us, the unspeakable agony we suffer from the failure to establish and maintain the vital circuits between ourselves and the effectual correspondent, the other human being, other human beings, and all the extraneous universe. The tor-
 30 tures of psychic starvation which civilized people proceed to suffer, once they have solved for themselves the bread-and-butter problem of alimentation, will not bear thought. Delicate, creative desire, sending forth its fine vibrations in search of the true pole of magnetic rest in another human being or beings, how it is thwarted, insulated by a whole
 35 set of India-rubber ideas and ideals and conventions, till every form of perversion and death-desire sets in! How can we *escape* neuroses? Psychoanalysis won't tell us. But a mere shadow of understanding of the true unconscious will give us the hint.

The amazingly difficult and vital business of human relationship has
 40 been almost laughably underestimated in our epoch. All this nonsense

about love and unselfishness, more crude and repugnant than savage fetish-worship. Love is a thing to be *learned*, through centuries of patient effort. It is a difficult, complex maintenance of individual integrity throughout the incalculable processes of interhuman-polarity. Even on the first great plane of consciousness, four prime poles in each individual, four powerful circuits possible between two individuals, and each of the four circuits to be established to perfection and yet maintained in pure equilibrium with all the others. Who can do it? Nobody. Yet we have all got to do it, or else suffer ascetic tortures of starvation and privation or of distortion and overstrain and slow collapse into corruption. The whole of life is one long, blind effort at an established polarity with the outer universe, human and non-human; and the whole of modern life is a shrieking failure. It is our own fault.

The actual evolution of the individual psyche is a result of the interaction between the individual and the outer universe. Which means that just as a child in the womb grows as a result of the parental bloodstream which nourishes the vital quick of the fetus, so does every man and woman grow and develop as a result of the polarized flux between the spontaneous self and some other self or selves. It is the circuit of vital flux between itself and another being or beings which brings about the development and evolution of every individual psyche and physique. This is a law of life and creation, from which we cannot escape. Ascetics and voluptuaries both try to dodge this main condition, and both succeed perhaps for a generation. But after two generations all collapses. Man doth not live by bread alone. He lives even more essentially from the nourishing creative flow between himself and another or others.*

This is the reality of the extra-individual circuits of polarity, those established between two or more individuals. But a corresponding reality is that of the internal, purely individual polarity—the polarity within a man himself of his upper and lower consciousness, and his own voluntary and sympathetic modes. Here is a fourfold interaction within the self. And from this fourfold reaction within the self results that final manifestation which we know as *mind*, mental consciousness.

The brain is, if we may use the word, the terminal instrument of the dynamic consciousness. It transmutes what is a creative flux into a certain fixed cypher. It prints off like a telegraph instrument, the glyphs and graphic representations which we call percepts, concepts, ideas. It produces a new reality—the ideal. The idea is another static entity, another unit of the mechanical-active and materio-static universe. It is thrown off from life, as leaves are shed from a tree, or as feathers

fall from a bird. Ideas are the dry, unliving, insentient plumage which intervenes between us and the circumambient universe, forming at once an insulator and an instrument for the subduing of the universe. The mind is the instrument of instruments; it is not a creative reality.*

5 Once the mind is awake, being in itself a finality, it feels very assured. "The word became flesh, and began to put on airs," says Norman Douglas wittily. It is exactly what happens. Mentality, being automatic in its principle like the machine, begins to assume life. It begins to affect life, to pretend to make and unmake life. "In the beginning was the Word."* This is the presumptuous masquerading of the mind. The
10 Word cannot be the beginning of life. It is the *end* of life, that which falls shed. The mind is the dead end of life. But it has all the mechanical force of the non-vital universe. It is a great dynamo of super-mechanical force. Given the *will* as accomplice, it can even arrogate its
15 machine-motions and automatizations over the whole of life, till every tree becomes a clipped tea-pot* and every man a useful mechanism. So we see the brain, like a great dynamo and accumulator, accumulating
20 *mechanical* force and presuming to apply this mechanical force-control to the living unconscious, subjecting everything spontaneous to certain machine-principles called ideals or ideas.

 And the human will assists in this humiliating and sterilizing process. We don't know what the human will is. But we do know that it is a certain faculty belonging to every living organism, the faculty for self-determination. It is a strange faculty of the soul itself, for its own
25 direction. The will is indeed the faculty which every individual possesses from the very moment of conception, for exerting a certain control over the vital and automatic processes of his own evolution. It does not depend originally on mind. Originally it is a purely spontaneous control-factor of the living unconscious. It seems as if, primarily, the
30 will and the conscience were identical, in the pre-mental state. It seems as if the will were given as a great balancing faculty, the faculty whereby automatization is *prevented* in the evolving psyche. The *spontaneous* will reacts at once against the exaggeration of any one particular circuit of polarity.* And against this automatism, this degradation from the
35 spontaneous-vital reality into the mechanic-material reality, the human soul must always struggle. And the will is the power which the unique self possesses to right itself from automatism.

 Sometimes, however, the free psyche really collapses, and the will
40 *identifies* itself with an automatic circuit. Then a complex is set up, a paranoia. Then incipient madness sets in. If the identification continues,

the derangement becomes serious. There may come sudden jolts of dislocation of the whole psychic flow, like epilepsy. Or there may come any of the known forms of primary madness.

The second danger is that the will shall identify itself with the mind and become an instrument of the mind. The same process of automatism sets up, only now it is slower. The mind proceeds to assume control over every organic-psychic circuit. The spontaneous flux is destroyed, and a certain automatic circuit substituted. Now an automatic establishment of the psyche must, like the building of a machine, proceed according to some definite fixed scheme, based upon certain fixed principles. And it is here that ideals and ideas enter. They are the machine-plan and the machine-principles of an automatized psyche. 5 10

So, humanity proceeds to derange itself, to automatize itself from the mental consciousness. It is a process of derangement, just as the fixing of the will upon any other primary process is a derangement. It is a long, slow development in madness. Quite justly do the advanced Russian and French writers* acclaim madness as a great goal. It is the genuine goal of self-automatism, mental-conscious supremacy. 15

True, we must all develop into mental consciousness. But mental-consciousness is not a goal; it is a cul-de-sac. It provides us only with endless *appliances* which we can use for the all-too-difficult business of coming to our spontaneous-creative fullness of being. It provides us with means to adjust ourselves to the external universe. It gives us further means for subduing the external, materio-mechanical universe to our great end of creative life. And it gives us plain indications of how to avoid falling into automatism, hints for the *applying* of the will, the loosening of false, automatic fixations, the brave adherence to a profound soul-impulse. This is the use of the mind—a great indicator and instrument. The mind as author and director of life is anathema. 20 25

So, the few things we have to say about the unconscious end for the moment. There is almost nothing said. Yet it is a beginning. Still remain to be revealed the other great centers of the unconscious. We know four: two pairs. In all there are seven planes.* That is, there are six dual centers of spontaneous polarity, and then the final one. That is, the great upper and lower consciousness is only just broached—the further heights and depths are not even hinted at. Nay, in public it would hardly be allowed us to hint at them. There is so much to know, and every step of the progress in knowledge is a death to the human idealism which governs us now so ruthlessly and vilely. It must die, and we *will* break free. But what tyranny is so hideous as that of an automatically ideal humanity? 30 35 40

**FANTASIA
OF THE
UNCONSCIOUS**

NOTE ON THE TEXT

The base-text for the 'Foreword' to *Fantasia of the Unconscious* is DHL's MS (Roberts E126a) in the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, UT. A lengthy first portion of this 'Foreword' has never before been published.

For the main text of *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, the base-text is the composite ribbon and carbon copy of the typescript (TS; Roberts E125b) made from the now unlocated manuscript. DHL revised two copies of the typescript (TS1R and TS2R) and TS2R is assumed to be his second and final revision (see Introduction). It corresponds in most respects to the published text (A1). Consequently the base-text is amended to incorporate the extensive autograph revisions and additions in TS2R. TS2R is in the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, UT. The authorial revisions to the other TS copy (TS1R, Roberts E 125a) are recorded in the Textual apparatus. This copy is in the Bancroft Library, UCB. The base-text for the 'Epilogue' is DHL's manuscript addition to TSR2.

TS2R is collated with DHL's first revision to the TS (TS1R), the first American edition published in New York by Thomas Seltzer in October 1922 (A1) and the first English edition, reset from A1 and published in London by Martin Secker in September 1923 (E1). Variants are recorded in the Textual apparatus. E1 omitted the 'Epilogue', for the obvious reason that it was addressed to America.

The following practice is followed:

- i. French, Italian, Latin and German words are italicised, following DHL's most usual practice; missing or incorrect accents on foreign words are silently supplied or corrected.
- ii. Titles of books and newspapers in inverted commas or unmarked in MS, TS and A1 are italicised.
- iii. The following spelling-variants are not noted unless they form part of a longer variant: 'marvelous' (A1) for 'marvellous'; 'center' (A1) for 'centre'; 'realize' (A1, E1) for 'realise'; 'Mr.' (A1, E1) for 'Mr'; 'offense' (A1) for 'offence'; 'authorized' (A1, E1) for 'authorised'; 'polarized' for 'polarised'; 'civilization' for 'civilisation'; 'honor(ed)' for 'honour(ed)'; 'fulfillment' for 'fulfilment'; 'worshiped' for 'worshipped'; 'for ever' for

- 'forever'; 'good-by' (A1) for 'goodbye'; 'clew' (A1) for 'clue'. DHL's most usual form 'rôle' (instead of occasional 'role') is used throughout.
- iv. DHL's majority form 'today', in MS and his revisions to TS, is preferred throughout; 'to-day' (A1, E1 and occasionally TS) is not noted unless part of a longer variant.
 - v. Inadvertent typists' and printers' errors are corrected and not noted unless part of another variant: 'childs eyes' for 'child's eyes' (83:40); 'lfe' for 'life' (TS); 'myrial' for 'myriad' (88:1) (TS); 'two' for 'too' (88:37) (TS); 'bottoms' for 'bottom' (TS); 'read' for 'real' (TS); 'circumbient' for 'circumambient' (72:30) (TS).
 - vi. Chapter numbers and chapter headings in both A1 and E1 were printed without punctuation and in large and small capitals respectively. They are printed in bold type and small capitals in this edition. TS had no typed chapter headings and DHL's MS style in TS2R has been followed but without his occasional full stops.
 - vii. DHL frequently used the dash as punctuation; in TS a hyphen is used and in A1 and the present text an em-rule.
 - viii. Incomplete or mistyped punctuation – e.g. 'abdomen. with' (TS) for 'abdomen, with' (121:35), missing quotation marks, double full stops, commas at the end of a sentence, capital letters after a semi-colon e.g. 'reader; And' (74:10), omitted hyphens in sequences, e.g. 'all-pure, all wonderful (82:27), omitted quotation marks at the beginning of paragraphs in a quoted passage – is supplied or corrected. DHL's occasional use of '&' is given as 'and'. A1 and E1 regularly italicised punctuation after italicised words: DHL generally did not, and his usual practice is silently followed.
 - ix. The use of from two to five hyphens in TS to mark a hiatus (e.g. 156:16 and 156:30) is standardised to a three-point ellipsis.
 - x. In E1 the text of the Foreword is printed in italics throughout; this is not recorded, unless part of another variant.
 - xi. TS had no Contents page; following A1 and E1 this has been supplied (49).

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FOREWORD

AN ANSWER TO SOME CRITICS

Some critics, of course, are unanswerable. And perhaps these are the most joyful. Out of the whole bunch the *Pittsburgh Despatch** shone like a little red star.

5

‘MYSTERY OF “UNCONSCIOUS”

If the English novelist, D. H. Lawrence, had any focal point clearly in mind when he wrote “Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious” (Thomas Seltzer, New York), he effectively “mixed those babies up”* before he got through, and practically admits his own failure, saying: “So, the few things we have to say about the unconscious end for the moment. There is almost nothing said. Yet it is a beginning.”

10

This is parallel to a confession of Lord Byron in a delicate passage of “Don Juan”: “I can’t go on,” he moans. “I almost wish that I had ne’er begun.”*

Mr Lawrence has made some reputation for his revels in the fictional field of the erotic. In this little volume he plunges into it in essay form. He is with Freud and against him. He sneers at psychoanalysis, and to an extent at the chaff of psychology which blows in one’s eyes at every turn these days. He delves in the “unconscious.” The “unconscious embodies all things,” yet in desperately attempting to explain his “unconscious” he wades through pages of obscure metaphor and simile; paragraphs trisyllabic and polysyllabic; dropping from grandiloquent prose into mushy prose poetry, and leaves the reader all unconscious of the meaning of his occult “unconscious.” He piles up the rubbish of planes and poles and plexuses ad nauseam, and after about 100 pages of involved sentences and words of multiple syllables declares finally and triumphantly that “The unconscious is Life.”—

15

20

25

And here ends the *Pittsburgh Despatch*.

And so, you see, the Gods actually do sometimes “the giftie gi’e us.”* I love to behold myself at my revels in the fictional field of the erotic, and then plunging into it in essay form. I am entranced with the picture of myself in the end triumphantly declaring that “The Unconscious is Life.” I see a sort of nude figure capering in a field of dandelions, then suddenly diving with legs in the air into the mist of all the dandelion seed-heads, rising afterwards fluffed with flying “angels” to announce, finally and triumphantly, that “The unconscious is life.” Arms spread

30

35

out, of course, and hair all tousled, and endless dandelion fluffs flying round.

“Can you Write a Prose Sketch?” says a black-letter heading on the back of another press-cutting: the backs are often most interesting.—If not, go to the Pittsburgh *Dispatcher*, say I.

Well, what am I to do with all these press-cuttings, anyway?

DUMB, UNABLE
TO READ, WRITE
MAN IS LIFER

I thought that was me. But thank goodness it is somebody else, gone to gaol in Colorado. I am on the back, under *Umbilical Secrets*. Quite a long review. But I am sorry to say I get the gentleman’s goat. “He gets my goat,” says L. J. S.* And heaven knows what I am to do with it.

“The British novelist goes into psychology with a vengeance in this study,” begins *The Star*, St Louis, Mo.—I wonder what Mo means.—Anyway, not with such a vengeance as American journalists go into criticism. “His boasted aim,”—I am copying straight on—“is to tear away the yell of idealism from human conduct, ‘which governs us now so ruthlessly and vilely’—”*

See me at it.

The *San Francisco Bulletin* spells me with a u.

“D. H. Lawrence is in the front rank of his type of fiction writers, but as it is not a particularly healthy nor desirable type, he is to be excused for writing a technical treatise in which he discusses the scientific aspect of his psychologic processes. A further excuse is found in the fact that it is a comparatively small book, well written and distinguished by the fact that it contains a well written and perhaps vital criticism of the Freudian theory. It is called by the forbidding name, ‘Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious.’

The subject matter does not make pleasant reading, but, having regard to the great following of Freud in America . . .”*

Let me take breath to say that I copy these gentlemen word for word, and in the exact sequence. Which is more than they do for me.*

Miss Moseley, of the *Portland Evening Press*.*

“D. H. Lawrence in another book dealing as several others of his books have dealt, with sex consciousness, makes one wonder why the

author spends so much time in the discussion of this particular problem. One wonders why? What the excuse? —”

(*Excuse?* my dear Miss Moseley?)

“Why should we babble on concerning the questions that Mr Lawrence discusses in such a masterly manner? In this workaday world with every minute filled to the brim, and overflowing with activity, it is a bit difficult to understand the type of mind that finds time to make such a delicate analysis of sex. Mr Lawrence has written his book very well, indeed, but it is at least a revelation to learn that the soul is in the solar plexus. It is a revelation to us to be told that ‘The great magnetic or dynamic center of first consciousness acts powerfully at the solar plexus. Here the child knows beyond all knowledge,’ and the author illustrates by telling of the child’s craving for food. But why go on? Is it true that we all have the subconscious, slimy consciousness? If so, then life were not worth the living.

“It would seem as if such philosophy as is shown in this book might have a tendency to break down the whole social fabric if such literature became general. Perhaps Mr. Lawrence knows what he wants to say. Perhaps he himself knows the *raison d’être*. We confess, we do not, nor do we feel that there is time enough to waste in such seemingly, at least, aimless discussions.”*

What I wonder, more and more, is why the critics review such “seemingly, at least to them, aimless books”: especially when they are so pressed for time in this workaday world. What the excuse?

Mr Llewellyn Jones gets me rather neatly about the rabbit skins.* It is quite true, the black cat might just as well be a white rabbit. But I thought the “worst” which Mr Jones felt coming upon him might turn out something much worse than it is. I guess my respected critic has swallowed thousands of bigger gnats. Nay, strings and caravans of dromedaries when it suited him.*

“Interesting, eloquent and half-baked, Mr Lawrence pours into this short book his version of the ‘true unconscious.’” —It isn’t really a very well-baked sentence, considering it is the first which the *New Republic* critic pulls out of his oven.* Half-baked pourings of versions doesn’t seem to me good cookery.

However, what has this *New Republic* gentleman got against me? On behalf of Freud, he says that once you let in the honest daylight of analysis, “sex” and “excrement” will lose their darkness, foulness and morbidity.—Well, I have known a few analysts, and a few of the analysed,

and I should say the morbidity was increased rather than decreased by the honest daylight: this honest daylight resembling much more the intense artificial bulls-eye of light directed upon some laboratory experiments carried on in semi-secret.

5 And yet one has to be grateful to Freud for directing any light whatsoever upon the taboo subjects. But healthy daylight—!

For the rest, my *New Republic* man is rather acidly sarcastic: sarky would fit him better. And his omega—I have already given his alpha*— is this: “But is an introverted man appeased in the knowledge that ‘there are six dual centers of spontaneous polarity?’”

10 I really don’t know. I never said I could appease an introverted man. Hasn’t Freud been able to manage it?

“ARGUING WITH A MYSTIC

15 How Will You Do It, Since He Finds Himself Under No Obligation to Talk Sense.”*

This gentleman finds himself: “in the situation of a man trying to pot a ghost with a pistol shot.”—He’s going to pot somebody, I can see that. Thank goodness I make myself scarce.

20 Mr William Arthur Deacon reviews me in the odd corners which are left over by the bulk of Miss Bradby and her book: *Psycho-Analysis and its Place in Life*.* I copy out a few quotations given from Miss Bradby, either in the authoress’ own words, or in Mr Deacon’s abbreviation.

25 “When the hidden trouble is dragged into the light it disappears, just as the mythical dragons are always slain by the hero who faces them boldly.”—But if I know anything about mythical dragons, they swallowed a fair number of bold-faced heroes before they gave in. That’s what gave them so much spunk.

And now for Miss Bradby’s own words.

30 “A man who comes to understand his own prejudice and neurosis finds that they can be cured by an effort of will.”

He just as often comes to glory in his own neurosis, and to treasure it like a pearl.— But we continue with Mr Deacon.

“A sexual motive is attributed by Freud to all human activities.”

35 “Jung is quoted as saying: ‘In essence our life’s fate is identical with the fate of our sexuality.’”

“Sexuality, for example, is simply the love life in all its phases— physical, emotional, mental and spiritual. Thus a baby’s love for its mother is called ‘infant sexuality.’ So when Mr Lawrence alarms us by the phrase ‘the incest-motive a common-place of tea-table chat,’

we may be reassured by the knowledge that ‘incest’ means the love between parent and child or brother and sister. Mr Lawrence cannot be too greatly censured for the unfairness of such thrusts.”

And they call *this* solid intellectual talk, and mine “mystical” and “metaphysical.” It is staggering. If Sex is “incest” and “love-life” and everything else as well, why, if that isn’t mystical it is bunkum. Yet Mr Deacon finds the solar plexus mystical, and the psychoanalytic Sex concrete. Things have gone so far that men actually do find their big toe a mystic unreality, and a phrase like “life’s fate is identical with the fate of our sexuality” they find sound, concrete, demonstrable and scientific.

Mr Deacon says I make a cheap appeal to the wide-spread prejudice of the sex taboo. I *believe* in a sex taboo. Sex, whatever else it is, is an utterly private affair, as private as personality, as secret as individuality. To go trashily bandying the word about is indecent. True every man is faced with the problem of himself, of his own individuality and his own sex. But it is his own single, private, individual affair. He must fight it out with his own soul, alone, or with a book which is like his own self speaking, making him appeased in his aloneness. But he must not have sex oozing out of his mouth in words, and out of his eyes in glaucous looks, and out of his ears in greediness, and swilkering* like stagnant water in his mind.

There should be an absolute taboo upon sex, to prevent all this mental indecency and dynamic impotency. For sex in the head means a mess everywhere else. And the more Freud you have, the more your head whirls with sex, and your effective centres atrophy.

Which lands me in the Personally Conducted column of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, with Mr John V. A. Weaver as the personal conductor.*

It is like being in a Florence gallery.

“You have in front of you, ladies and gentlemen . . . ”

THE SEX-OBSESSED MR D. H. LAWRENCE.

Our Personal Conductor is rather quaint. He sets out with a piece of naïve—can it be unconscious—plagiarism? He blithely re-writes my own words as if they were his own, and triumphantly picks up the red herring I threw at Freud as if Now, *Now* he was going to throw a final bomb.

Having thrown this bomb, and exploded the old red herring, he goes on:

“In short, Mr Lawrence’s work offers an interesting study for those who know nothing about sex, for those who seem, like him, seriously sex-obsessed, or for those so cold-blooded that anything exotic or bizarre can

be scrutinised with absolute sang froid—a scientist, or more particularly an alienist, undoubtedly can enjoy them.

“Of course, those classifications cover a considerable part of humanity, and, therefore, there are undoubtedly many who can read Lawrence with profit. There is not the slightest condemnation implied in the making of these classifications. One has certain characteristics and taste, or one hasn’t, and that’s all there is to it. We don’t happen, we feel sure, to belong to any of them. Undoubtedly that is a great lack in us. But as a young man said to us recently (naïvely enough, to be sure): ‘I prefer to keep some mystery, some protective mist, about sex. I don’t mean I’m ignorant, or innocent—this isn’t exactly an age of that sort of thing. But all this dissection of roses, this peering and poking into the subconscious—it all seems nasty, somehow’—

“Well well; perhaps the young man is a sentimentalist, and perhaps we are too . . .”

Dear Mr Weaver—! And what nice young friends he has! These awfully nice young men who like just a touch of mystery, a bit of protective mist, the merest wisp of chiffon around their lovelies, don’t you know!

But if Mr Weaver only gave way to a few more *In shorts* and *Of courses* and *Undoubtedlys* and *Well-Wells!* he might really succeed in standing on his head. Though nothing would fall out of his trouser pockets except three-haporth of coppers,* even if he did.

Well well, let us go to our nice clean Rabelais and let him teach us to make humorisms like “Pollyanalytic.”*

“Oh well, we may be too disgustingly normal to appreciate all these delvings—” winds up Mr Weaver.

It really must be a nice fat feeling, to feel you’re disgustingly normal.

But let me apply a little balm of Philadelphia* to my inflamed eye.

“However, few have written of these things with the zeal and charm that mark Mr Lawrence’s little volume.” Unfortunately the poor dear couldn’t make heads or tails of it.

LAWRENCE’S NEW BOOK ON Psychology Called Highfalutin Nonsense.

By whom, pray? By somebody from Baltimore called Mr Mencken.*

“In brief, Mr Lawrence’s ‘original contribution’ consists of a ‘discovery’ that was made by the New Thoughters years ago. The steadiest of all New Thought best-sellers, indeed, is a pamphlet by Mother Elizabeth Towne* entitled: ‘How to Wake the Solar Plexus;’ hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold in Los Angeles, Des Moines, Iowa, and other such centres of the new enlightenment. Now comes Mr Lawrence

with the old story retold in mystical language—the obvious in terms of the incomprehensible. His book is hollow and highfalutin nonsense. It throws a brilliant light upon all his work as a novelist.”

Hurray! I always knew America was the land. I've got a John the Baptist in Mother Elizabeth Towne. I love her already. I don't quite know where Baltimore is, in the vast vociferation of the States, but if it's anywhere near Los Angeles or Des Moines or Iowa, and if Mr Mencken could send me a copy of that pamphlet, he really would put a grateful heart into me.

FURTHER THAN

FREUD HAS DARED*

The gentleman who told me that my boasted aim was to tear away the yell of idealism from human conduct might have consoled himself with the thought that whatever else I tore away I could never tear the black-letter yell from the heading of a newspaper column. Further than Freud I might dare, but so far as that, never.

The gentleman from Washington who saw me venturing further than Freud has dared hoped I had my tongue in my cheek as I went. Otherwise it is rather awful, you know.

Miss Grace Phelps is a friendly soul in the *New York Tribune*.* I sit and read and purr:—But don't laugh till you're out of the wood.—*The awful omegas of the critics are more fatal than their alphas. Oh scorpion of a newspaper notice, that bites with the mandibles of the first sentence and stings with the tail of the last.

“What, we ask in all humility, is to become of the Mellins Food* babies?” concludes Miss Phelps.

Why, thank goodness life is not limited by my dictates. I believe a baby is the richer for the mother's breast. But there is this about the human soul, it finds its own strange ways to its own strange goals. It may be that, at the moment, some interruption in the old mother-child circuit has become vitally desirable or necessary. It may be that the Mellins forms a break that was necessary, a cleavage essential to the final development of the individual being. Anyhow, the human spirit is not easily tied down, even to a function. The individual soul has more resources than Mother Nature has laws.

The man who wrote in the Rochester *Express* must be one of the last of the ascetics.* I like what he says. But he almost wilfully misreads me. I am sure Rabelais* would have laughed at the “polar adjustment of men

and women to escape ascetic tortures.” I can’t help laughing myself. I see them doing grave and earnest stomach drill, on opposite sides of the room. But then the Rochester Omega isn’t quite fair.

5 “Mr Lawrence hates idealism . . . What he seemingly desires is a spontaneity uncontrolled by mind or will.

“His book has the merit of originality. But neither logically nor philosophically is it sound. A system such as Mr Lawrence wishes to establish would demoralise man. Eventually it might land us all in the jungle.”

10 A very desirable place to be landed in, apparently, if you take for your ideal St. Anthony of the Thebaid, or Thoreau:* these being the two free-living human beings quoted in the review.

But far be it from me to wish to derationalise man. I would like to de-intellectualise him. But above all things I believe in the clear, single, integral soul in each individual. And above all things I would wish every
15 man to live up to his own soul’s integrity. And whether he does so in the jungle or in Rochester N.Y., is all the same to me.

From the *Newark Evening News*.

20 “Like a shrewd boxer, he finds ‘the center of primal, constructive consciousness and activity’ in the solar plexus.”*

But the same reviewer passes on from me to review a book of a “more practical” sort, called: *Outwitting our Nerves*.* I must quote the Omega.

“Here is a menu presented by the authors, under the heading of diet, for every day from Monday through Sunday:—A calm spirit, a varied diet, plenty of good cheer, common sense, good cooking, judicious neglect of symptoms, forgetfulness of the digestive process, a little accurate
25 knowledge and a determination to be like folks.”

I should say so.

Dare I ask the gentleman on the *Courant*, Hartford, Conn. whether he is running with the hare or hunting with the hounds. One moment
30 we see his white feather bobbing nobly ahead, the next he is belling like the loudest of Tom Peel’s dogs.* Perhaps he don’t quite know where he are, which is the case with most of us. However, he is consoling for a moment.*

35 “There is a certain satisfaction in hearing Mr Lawrence speak in his own person, not as novelist or poet; his strange, morbid, ill-balanced talent displays itself most characteristically in his hysterical raptures over the seat of consciousness in the new-born infant, an extraordinary theory, which is, apparently, original with Mr Lawrence . . .”

40 Not as original as is the construction of that sentence; for the tail end comes bumping up out of nowhere, and hitches on in a centaur-like fashion. But never mind. Here’s the omega.

“This is, altogether, a remarkable book, a book which will appeal to a limited few, and which to the generality of readers will seem only a wordy mass of rather revolting nonsense.”

As for me, I feel the generality of readers as a wordless mass of rather revolting nonsense and a “determination to be like folks.”

I am sorry to say I dragged the gentleman of the *Chicago Journal of Commerce** out of the clear light of complete understanding, (what a fortunate gentleman), as presented by those who are scientifically informed authorities, and took him into the miasma of ambiguous phrases. All I can answer is, that I wouldn’t have done it for worlds, if I’d known.

He blames me for the publisher’s “blurb” (but the word came from a Texas man)* on the cover slip. That I won’t have.

So many of them wind up on the note of injury: if I had really anything wonderful to say, I “might have done it in a more lucid fashion.” I beg all their pardons, I’m sure. But writing for the “generality of readers” is like trying to play music on a mouth-organ. You can puff your head off, but all you’ll get out of the “general” instrument is a mush of horrid noise, called response.

Ah well, enough, enough, especially of the “generality.” Let us conclude with three men who sign their names. Mr George Soule, in *The Nation*, reviews what he calls my “hunch” rather wearily, with the impartiality of tired indifference.* Still, if it wasn’t my hunch it would be somebody else’s, so: “who shall say that Mr Lawrence’s hunch is not a good one? Beneath its terrifying exterior it seems to correspond, in a vague way, with much of what we are feeling nowadays. If he had only used, to express it, the imagery of fiction or poetry instead of the intellectual terms which he distrusts, he might have written a great novel.”

Well, if he’d done everything the critics told him to do, heaven alone knows what might have been. All I can say myself is, if you *don’t* want the hunch that’s given you, leave it, but don’t sit in front of it in that tiskiky* fashion.

L. L. Buermyer in the *New York Evening Post** gives me some really serious attention. I agree that I am not interested in restoring the “introverted man to health,” believing this to be impossible under our present system, which inevitably produces introverts or automatic materialists, or both. But yet I am not at one with my respected critic. “The discussion would be facilitated if Mr Lawrence would make it clear that he is really investigating the essential character of the sexual impulse.”—It would not. Not at all. Because I am trying to investigate the sources and the development of human consciousness, and I cannot

accept the Freudian dictum that a sexual motive is to be attributed to all human activities. I cannot agree that the impulses which “flourish in the unconscious” are all sexual by nature. For my own part, I see sex as something much more specific, not to be dissociated from actual sex-functioning. And therefore, again in answer to my critic, what I seek is not “a revision of moral standards such as will remove artificial bars to the escape of each person from the isolation which is his most intolerable hardship.”—On the whole, our important moral standards are, in my opinion, quite sound, and offer no serious “artificial bars” to anybody. Nor is isolation the most intolerable hardship for the individual. What I wish to escape from, and to see society escape from, is the automatism which proceeds from within the individual, the automatism which derives from the fixing of all impulse according to certain set principles or motives or aspirations. In its essential character, our present morality seems to me to offer no very serious obstacle to our living: our moral standards need brightening up a little, not shattering. But we do need to form a new conception of our own nature and being.

So, I shall conclude with Mr Elia S. Peattie, in the *Chicago Tribune*.* His alpha seems to me truly American, and gives me much pleasure.

“It may be said, with approximate accuracy, that the volume ‘Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious’ which D. H. Lawrence, the well-known novelist, offers to the sum of practical philosophy, was written in the interests of liberty.”

Mr Peattie takes me in the spirit in which I wish to be taken: real Roman.

But now for his omega.

“In so far as Mr Lawrence stands for an examination into what may be termed the sacred superstitions, the modern world will be with him. When he proposes that we release our impulses—let them rage like unbroken colts without check of bit or spur—that is a large, debatable, and exasperating question.”

Why, oh why must my critic insert that little hyphenated bit about unbroken colts? It is clean off his own bat.* If I wish the deep impulses to be released, it is not at all because I see them kicking their young heels like colts in a meadow: although what sight could really be prettier. But the human impulses are not young colts. They are the source of human activity. If you go to the very bottom of any—or almost any human heart—down into its real spontaneities, you will find the impulses generous and life-promoting. That is the basis of my belief. It takes some

getting to the bottom, however. But I also believe in damnation: that a man can become quite damned and detestable: even I believe that some men are born damned and detestable. Evil is a reality to me. And the fight between good and evil is eternal, ever renewed on changing battle fields; Satan and the Saviour dodging round the cross, so that at times it is really hard to know which is which.* 5

I would have the impulses released, and *recognised*. But never abandoned to wild heel-kicking, or worse. I believe more than anything in the integrity of the individual soul. And to achieve and to preserve his own soul's wholeness and integrity is the life-work of every man. He'd get a long way if he let his impulses merely rampage. But even then, to tell the truth, no impulse becomes dangerous until the *will* fixes upon this specific impulse, to the damage of all the rest. To tell the truth, the inward soul itself provides impulse to check impulse, motive to balance motive. For the soul's final and purest desire—while the soul lives—is to accomplish its own pure integral balance and wholeness. We have to guard against ourselves. Supposing I have a deep impulse of love for a particular person, and a deep desire. Then wherein lies my greatest danger? Not in the fulfilling of the impulse, but in the human impulse to declare: "This is eternal, this is everlasting." If I turn my love into an eternal *principle*, which shall remain ever the same, then I cause a dislocation in my soul's living spontaneity. I fall into automatism. And this is our greatest danger. 10 15 20

We have a fatal craving for permanency, in the flux of living. So we try to seize on some impulse, some motive, and fix it into inalterability. And so—disaster. While love lives, it changes. While desire continues, it changes. In its last form it may be hardly recognisable as the old desire of the beginning. The delicate desire for the presence of the beloved, in old age, seems to have nothing to do with the passionate desire of youth. Yet it is the same, through far transmutations: the same togetherness, though the mode, the expression is different. The very soul itself is a flux of change and transmutation. But the clue, the soul's self remains integral all the time, a single flame, though apparently as evanescent as the foam of a waterfall. 25 30

So, when Mr Peattie says I have no "ought" in my vocabulary, he does me an injustice. A man ought to abide by his own soul's integrity, and by the deep impulses that arise in his soul in changing succession, yet in vital sequence. 35

Which is an end of the critics.* The present book is a continuation from *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*. The generality of readers had 40

better just leave it alone: the generality of critics likewise. I really don't want to convince anybody. It is quite in opposition to my whole nature. I don't intend my books for the generality of readers. I count it a mistake of our mistaken democracy, that every man who can read print is allowed
 5 to believe that he can read all that is printed. I count it a misfortune that serious books are exposed in the public market, like slaves exposed naked for sale. But there we are, since we live in an age of mistaken democracy, we must go through with it.

I warn the generality of readers, that this present book will seem to
 10 them only a rather more revolting mass of wordy nonsense than the last. I would warn the generality of critics to throw it in the waste paper basket without more ado.

As for the limited few, in whom one must perforce find an answerer, I
 15 may as well say straight off that I stick to the solar plexus. That statement alone, I hope, will thin their numbers considerably.

Finally, to the remnants of a remainder, in order to apologise for the sudden lurch into cosmology, or cosmogony, in this book,* I wish to say that the whole thing hangs inevitably together. I am not a scientist. I am an amateur of amateurs. As one of my critics said,* you either believe
 20 or you don't.

I am not a proper archaeologist nor an anthropologist nor an ethnologist. I am no "scholar" of any sort. But I am very grateful to scholars for their sound work. I have found hints, suggestions for what I say here in all kinds of scholarly books, from the Yoga and Plato and St John
 25 the Evangel and the early Greek philosophers like Herakleitos down to Frazer and his *Golden Bough*, and even Freud and Frøbenius.* Even then I only remember hints—and I proceed by intuition. This leaves you quite free to dismiss the whole wordy mass of revolting nonsense, without a qualm.

Only let me say, that to my mind there is a great field of science which is as yet quite closed to us. I refer to the science which proceeds in terms of life and is established on data of living experience and sure intuition. Call it subjective science if you like. Our objective science of modern
 35 knowledge concerns itself only with phenomena, and with phenomena as regarded in their cause-and-effect relationship. I have nothing to say against our science. It is perfect as far as it goes. But to regard it as exhausting the whole scope of human possibility in knowledge seems to me just puerile. Our science is a science of the dead world. Even biology never considers life, but only mechanistic functioning and apparatus of
 40 life.*

I honestly think that the great pagan world of which Egypt and Greece were the last living terms; the great pagan world which preceded our own era once had, I believe, a vast and perhaps perfect science of its own, a science in terms of life. In our era this science crumbled into magic and charlatantry.* But even wisdom crumbles.

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I believe that this great science previous to ours and quite different in constitution and nature from our science once was universal, established all over the then-existing globe. I believe it was esoteric, invested in a large priesthood. Just as mathematics and mechanics and physics are defined and expounded in the same way in the universities of China or Bolivia or London or Moscow today, so it seems to me, in the great world previous to ours a great science and cosmology were taught esoterically in all countries of the globe, Asia, Polynesia, America, Atlantis and Europe. Belt's suggestion of the geographical nature of this previous world seems to me most interesting.* In the period which geologists call the Glacial Period, the waters of the earth must have been gathered up in a vast body on the higher places of our globe, vast worlds of ice. And the sea-beds of today must have been comparatively dry. So that the Azores rose up mountainous from the plain of Atlantis, where the Atlantic now washes, and the Easter Isles and the Marquesas and the rest rose lofty from the marvellous great continent of the Pacific.

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In that world men lived and taught and knew, and were in one complete correspondence over all the earth. Men wandered back and forth from Atlantis to the Polynesian Continent as men now sail from Europe to America. The interchange was complete, and knowledge, science was universal over the earth, cosmopolitan as it is today.

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Then came the melting of the glaciers, and the world flood. The refugees from the drowned continents fled to the high places of America, Europe, Asia, and the Pacific Isles. And some degenerated naturally into cave men, neolithic and paleolithic creatures, and some retained their marvellous innate beauty and life-perfection, as the South Sea Islanders, and some wandered savage in Africa, and some, like Druids or Etruscans or Chaldeans or Amerindians or Chinese, refused to forget, but taught the old wisdom, only in its half forgotten, symbolic forms. More or less forgotten, as knowledge: remembered as ritual, gesture, and myth-story.

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And so, the intense potency of symbols is part at least memory. And so it is that all the great symbols and myths which dominate the world when our history first begins, are very much the same in every country and every people, the great myths all relate to one another. And so it

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is that these myths now begin to hypnotise us again, our own impulse towards our own scientific way of understanding being almost spent.* And so, besides myths, we find the same mathematical figures, cosmic graphs which remain among the aboriginal peoples in all continents, mystic figures and signs whose true cosmic or scientific significance is lost, yet which continue in use for purposes of conjuring or divining.

If my reader finds this bosh and abracadabra, all right for him. Only I have no more regard for his little crowings on his own little dunghill. Myself, I am not so sure that I am one of the one-and-onlies. I like the wide world of centuries and vast ages—mammoth worlds beyond our day, and mankind so wonderful in his distances, his history that has no beginning, yet always the pomp and the magnificence of human splendour unfolding through the earth's changing periods. Floods and fire and convulsions and ice-arrest intervene between the great glamorous civilisations of mankind. But nothing will ever quench humanity and the human potentiality to evolve something magnificent out of a renewed chaos.

I do not believe in evolution, but in the strangeness and rainbow-change of ever-renewed creative civilisations.

So much, then, for my claim to remarkable discoveries. I believe I am only trying to stammer out the first terms of a forgotten knowledge. But I have no desire to revive dead kings, or dead sages. It is not for me to arrange fossils, and decipher hieroglyphic phrases. I couldn't do it if I wanted to. But then I can do something else. The soul must take the hint from the relics our scientists have so marvellously gathered out of the forgotten past, and from the hint develop a new living utterance. The spark is from dead wisdom, but the fire is life.

And as an example—a very simple one—of how a scientist of the most innocent modern sort may hint at truths which, when stated, he would laugh at as fantastic nonsense, let us quote a word from the already old-fashioned *Golden Bough*.—"It must have appeared to the Ancient Aryan that the sun was periodically recruited from the fire which resided in the sacred oak—"*

Exactly. The fire which resided in the Tree of Life. That is, life itself. So we must read: "It must have appeared to the Ancient Aryan that the sun was periodically recruited from Life."—Which is what the early Greek philosophers were always saying.* And which still seems to me the real truth, the clue to the cosmos. Instead of life being drawn from the sun, it is the emanation from life itself, that is, from all the living, plants and creatures, which nourishes the sun.

Of course, my dear critic, the ancient Aryans were just doddering—the old buffers: or babbling, the babes. But as for me, I have some respect for my ancestors, and believe they had more up their sleeve than just the marvel of the unborn me.

One last weary little word. This pseudo-philosophy of mine— 5
 pollyanalytics, as the respected gentleman* might say—is deduced from the novels and poems, not the reverse. The novels and poems come unwatched out of one's pen. And then the absolute need which one has for some sort of satisfactory mental attitude towards oneself and things in general makes one try to abstract some definite conclusions from 10
 one's experiences as a writer and as a man. The novels and poems are pure passionate experience. These "pollyanalytics" are inferences made afterwards, from the experience.*

And finally, it seems to me that even art is utterly dependent on philosophy: or if you prefer it, on a metaphysic.* The metaphysic or 15
 philosophy may not be anywhere very accurately stated, and may be quite unconscious in the artist, yet it is a metaphysic that governs men at the time, and is by all men more or less comprehended, and lived. Men live and see according to some gradually developing and gradually withering vision. This vision exists also as a dynamic idea or 20
 metaphysic—exists first as such. Then it is unfolded into life and art. Our vision, our belief, our metaphysic is wearing woefully thin, and the art is wearing absolutely threadbare. We have no future: neither for our hopes nor our aims nor our art. It has all gone grey and opaque.

We've got to rip the old veil of a vision across,* and find what the 25
 heart really believes in, after all: and what the heart really wants, for the next future. And we've got to put it down in terms of belief and of knowledge. And then go forward again, to the fulfilment in life and art.

Rip the veil of the old vision across, and walk through the rent. And 30
 if I try to do this—well, why not? If I try to write down what I see—why not? If a publisher likes to print the book—all right. And if anybody wants to read it, let him. But why anybody should read one single word if he doesn't want to, I don't see. Unless of course he is a critic who needs to scribble a dollar's-worth of words, no matter how.

Taormina: 8 October 1921

Chapter I

INTRODUCTION

Let us start by making a little apology to Psychoanalysis. It wasn't fair to jeer at the psychoanalytic unconscious; or perhaps it *was* fair to jeer at the psychoanalytic unconscious, which is truly a negative quantity and an unpleasant menagerie. What was really not fair was to jeer at Psychoanalysis as if Freud had invented and described nothing but an unconscious, in all his theory.*

The unconscious is not, of course, the clue to the Freudian theory. The real clue is sex. A sexual motive is to be attributed to all human activity.

Now this is going too far. We are bound to admit that an element of sex enters into all human activity. But so does an element of greed, and of many other things. We are bound to admit that into all human relationships, particularly adult human relationships, a large element of sex enters. We are thankful that Freud has insisted on this.* We are thankful that Freud pulled us somewhat to earth, out of all our clouds of superfineness. What Freud says is always *partly* true. And half a loaf is better than no bread.

But really, there is the other half of the loaf. All is *not* sex. And a sexual motive is *not* to be attributed to all human activities. We know it, without need to argue.

Sex surely has a specific meaning. Sex means the being divided into male and female: and the magnetic desire or impulse which puts male apart from female, in a negative or sundering magnetism, but which also draws male and female together in a long and infinitely varied approach, towards the critical act of coition. Sex without the consummating act of coition is never quite sex, in human relationships: just as a eunuch is never quite a man. That is to say, the act of coition is the essential clue to sex.

Now does all life work up to the one consummating act of coition? In one direction, it does, and it would be better if psychoanalysis plainly said so. In one direction, all life works up to the one supreme moment of coition. Let us all admit it, sincerely.

But we are not confined to one direction only, or to one exclusive consummation. Was the building of the cathedrals a working up towards the act of coition? was the dynamic impulse sexual? No. The sexual element was present, and important. But not predominant. The same in the building of the Panama Canal. The sexual impulse, in its widest form, was a very great impulse towards the building of the Panama Canal. But there was something else, of even higher importance, and greater dynamic power. 5

And what is this other, greater impulse? It is the desire of the human male to build a world: not "to build a world for you, dear": but to build up out of his own self and his own belief and his own effort something wonderful. Not merely something useful. Something wonderful. Even the Panama Canal would never have been built *simply* to let ships through. It is the pure disinterested craving of the human male to make something wonderful, out of his own head and his own self, and his own soul's faith and delight, which starts everything going. This is the prime motivity. And the motivity of sex is subsidiary to this: often directly antagonistic. 10 15

That is, the essentially religious or creative motive is the first motive for all human activity. The sexual motive comes second. And there is a great conflict between the interests of the two, at all times. 20

What we want to do, is to trace the creative or religious motive to its source in the human being, keeping in mind always the near relationship between the religious motive and the sexual. The two great impulses are like man and wife, or father and son. It is no use putting one under the feet of the other. 25

The great desire today is to deny the religious impulse altogether, or else to assert its absolute alienity from the sexual impulse. The orthodox religious world says fugh! to sex. Whereupon we thank Freud for giving them tit for tat. But the orthodox scientific world says fie! to the religious impulse. The scientist wants to discover a cause for everything. And there is no cause for the religious impulse. Freud is with the scientists. Jung dodges from his university gown into a priest's surplice, till we don't know where we are. We prefer Freud's *Sex* to Jung's *Libido* or Bergson's *Elan Vital*.* Sex has at least *some* definite reference, though when Freud makes sex accountable for everything he as good as makes it accountable for nothing. 30 35

We refuse any *Cause*, whether it be Sex or Libido or Elan Vital or ether or unit of force or perpetuum mobile or anything else. But also*

we feel that we cannot, like Moses, perish on the top of our present ideal Pisgah, or take the next step into thin air.* There we are, at the top of our Pisgah of ideals, crying *Excelsior* and trying to clamber up into the clouds.* that is, if we are idealists with the religious impulse rampant in
 5 our breasts. If we are scientists we practise aeroplane flying or eugenics or disarmament or something equally absurd.

The promised land, if it be anywhere, lies away beneath our feet. No more prancing upwards. No more uplift.* No more little excelsiors crying world-brotherhood and international love and Leagues of Nations.*
 10 Idealism and materialism amount to the same thing on top of Pisgah, and the space is *very* crowded. We're all cornered on our mountain top, climbing up one another and standing on one another's faces in our scream of Excelsior.

To your tents, O Israel!* Brethren, let us go down. We will descend. The way to our precious Canaan lies obviously downhill. An end of uplift. Downhill to the land of milk and honey. The blood will soon be flowing faster than either, but we can't help that. We can't help it if Canaan has blood in its veins, instead of pure milk and honey.
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If it is a question of origins, the origin is always the same, whatever we say about it. So is the Cause. Let that be a comfort to us. If we want to talk about God, well, we can please ourselves. God has been talked about quite a lot, and He doesn't seem to mind. Why we should take it so personally is a problem. Likewise if we wish to have a teaparty with
 25 the atom, let us: or with the wriggling little unit of energy, or the ether, or the Libido, or the Elan Vital, or any other Cause. Only don't let us have sex for tea. We've all got too much of it under the table; and really, for my part, I prefer to keep mine there, no matter what the Freudians say about me.

But it is tiring to go to any more teaparties with the Origin, or the Cause, or even the Lord. Let us pronounce the mystic Om,* from the pit of the stomach, and proceed.
 30

There's not a shadow of doubt about it, the First Cause is just unknowable to us, and we'd be sorry if it wasn't. Whether it's God or the Atom. All I say is Om!
 35

The first business of every faith is to declare its ignorance. I don't know where I come from—Baby dear—*nor where I exit to. I don't know the origins of life nor the goal of death. I don't know how the two parent cells which are my biological origin became the me which I am. I
 40 don't in the least know what those two parent cells were. The chemical

analysis is just a farce, and my father and mother were just vehicles. And yet, I must say, since I've got to know about the two cells, I'm glad I do know.

The Moses of Science and the Aaron of idealism have got the whole bunch of us here on top of Pisgah. It's a tight squeeze, and we'll be falling very very foul of one another in five minutes, unless some of us climb down. But before leaving our eminence let us have a look round, and get our bearings.

They say that way lies the New Jerusalem of universal love:* and over there the happy valley of indulgent Pragmatism: and there, quite near, is the chirpy land of the Vitalists: and in those dark groves the home of successful Analysis, surnamed Psycho: and over those blue hills the Supermen are prancing about, though you can't see them. And there is Besantheim, and there is Eddyhowe, and there, on that queer little tableland, is Wilsonia, and just round the corner is Rabindranathopolis . . . *

But Lord, I can't see anything. Help me, heaven, to a telescope, for I see blank nothing.

I'm not going to try any more. I'm going to sit down on my posterior, and sluther* full speed down this Pisgah, even if it cost me my trouser seat. So ho—away we go.

In the beginning—there never was any beginning, but let it pass. We've got to make a start somehow. In the very beginning of all things, time and space and cosmos and being, in the beginning of all these was a little living creature. But I don't know even if it was little. In the beginning was a living creature, its plasm quivering and its life-pulse throbbing. This little creature died, as little creatures always do. But not before it had had young ones. When the daddy creature died, it fell to pieces. And that was the beginning of the cosmos. Its little body fell down to a speck of dust, which the young ones clung to because they must cling to something. Its little breath flew asunder, the hotness and brightness of the little beast—I beg your pardon, I mean the radiant energy from the corpse flew away to the right hand, and seemed to shine warm in the air, while the clammy energy from the body flew away to the left hand, and seemed dark and cold. And so, the first little master was dead and done for, and instead of his little living body there was a speck of dust in the middle, which became the earth, and on the right hand was a brightness which became the sun, rampaging with all the energy that had come out of the dead little master, and on the left hand a darkness which felt like an unrisen moon. And that was how the Lord

created the world. Except that I know nothing about the Lord, so I shouldn't mention it.

5 But I forgot the soul of the little master. It probably did a bit of flying as well—and then came back to the young ones. It seems most natural that way.

Which is my account of the Creation. And I mean by it, that Life is not and never was anything but living creatures. That's what life is and will be, just living creatures, no matter how large you make the capital L. Out of living creatures the material cosmos was made: out
10 of the death of living creatures, when their little living bodies fell dead and fell asunder into all sorts of matter and forces and energies, sun, moons, stars and worlds. So you got the universe. Where you got the living creature from, that first one, don't ask me. He was just there. But he was a little person with a soul of his own. He wasn't Life with a
15 capital L.

If you don't believe me, then don't. I'll even give you a little song to sing.

“If it be not true to me
What care I how true it be . . .”*

20 That's the kind of man I really like, chirping his insouciance. And I chirp back:

“Though it be not true to thee
It's gay and gospel truth to me.”

25 The living live, and then die. They pass away, as we know, to dust and to oxygen and nitrogen and so on. But what we don't know, and what we might perhaps know a little more, is how they pass away direct into life itself—that is, direct into the living. That is, how many dead souls fly over our untidiness like swallows, and build under the eaves of the living. How many dead souls, like swallows, twitter and breed thoughts
30 and instincts under the thatch of my hair and the eaves of my forehead, I don't know. But I believe a good many. And I hope they have a good time. And I hope not too many are bats.

I am sorry to say I believe in the souls of the dead. I am almost
35 ashamed to say, that I believe the souls of the dead in some way re- enter and pervade the souls of the living: so that life is always the life of living creatures, and death is always our affair. This bit, I admit, is bordering on mysticism. I'm sorry, because I don't like mysticism. It has no trousers and no trousers seat: *n'a pas de quoi*.* And I should feel so uncomfortable if I put my hand behind me and felt an absolute blank.

Meanwhile a long thin brown caterpillar keeps on pretending to be a dead thin beech-twig, on a little bough at my feet.* He had got his hind feet and his fore feet on the twig, and his body looped up like an arch in the air between, when a fly walked up the twig and began to mount the arch of the imitator, not having the least idea that it was on a gentleman's coat-tails. The caterpillar shook his stern, and the fly made off as if it had seen a ghost. The dead twig and the live twig now remain equally motionless, enjoying their different ways. And when, with this very pencil, I push the head of the caterpillar off from the twig, he remains on his tail, arched forward in air, and oscillating unhappily, like some tiny pendulum ticking. Ticking, ticking in mid-air, arched away from his planted tail. Till at last, after a long minute and a half, he touches the twig again, and subsides into twigginess. The only thing is, the dead beech-twig can't pretend to be a wagging caterpillar. Yet how the two commune!

However—we have our exits and our entrances, and one man in his time plays many parts.*More than he dreams of, poor darling. And I am entirely at a loss for a moral!

Well then, we are born. I suppose that's a safe statement. And we become at once conscious, if we weren't so before. *Nem con.* And our little baby body is a little functioning organism, a little developing machine or instrument or organ, and our little baby mind begins to stir with all our wonderful psychical beginnings. And so we are in bud.

But it won't do. It is too much of a Pisgah sight. We overlook too much. *Descendez, cher Moïse. Vous voyez trop loin.** You see too far all at once, dear Moses. Too much of a bird's eye view across the Promised Land to the shore. Come down, and walk across, old fellow. And you won't see all that milk and honey and grapes the size of duck's-eggs. All the dear little budding infant with its tender virginal mind and various clouds of glory instead of a napkin.* Not at all, my dear chap. No such luck of a promised land.

Climb down Pisgah, and go to Jericho. *Allons,* there is no road yet, but we are all Aarons with rods of our own.*

Chapter II

THE HOLY FAMILY*

We are all very pleased with Mr Einstein for knocking that eternal axis out of the universe.* The universe isn't a spinning wheel. It is a cloud of bees flying and veering round. Thank goodness for that, for we were getting drunk on the spinning wheel.

So that now the universe has escaped from the pin which was pushed through it, like an impaled fly vainly buzzing: now that the multiple universe flies its own complicated course quite free, and hasn't got any hub, we can hope also to escape.

We won't be pinned down, either. We have no one law that governs us. For me there is only one law: I am I. And that isn't a law, it's just a remark. One is one, but one is not all alone.* There are other stars buzzing in the centre of their own isolation. And there is no straight path between them. There is no straight path between you and me, dear reader,* so don't blame me if my words fly like dust into your eyes and grit between your teeth, instead of like music into your ears. I am I, but also you are you, and we are in sad need of a theory of human relativity. We need it much more than the universe does. The stars know how to prowl round one another without much damage done. But you and I, dear reader, in the first conviction that you are me and that I am you, owing to the oneness of mankind, why, we are always falling foul of one another, and chewing each other's fur.

You are *not* me, dear reader, so make no pretensions to it. Don't get alarmed if *I* say things. It isn't your sacred mouth which is opening and shutting. As for the profanation of your sacred ears, just apply a little theory of relativity, and realise that what I say is not what you hear, but something uttered in the midst of my isolation, and arriving strangely changed and travel-worn down the long curve of your own individual circumambient atmosphere. I may say Boh, but heaven alone knows what the goose hears.* And you may be sure that a red rag is, to a bull, something far more mysterious and complicated than a socialist's necktie.*

So I hope now I have put you in your place, dear reader. Sit you like Watts' Hope on your own little blue globe,* and I'll sit on mine, and we

won't bump into one another if we can help it. You can twang your old hopeful lyre. It may be music to you, so I don't blame you. It is a terrible wowing in my ears. But that may be something in my individual atmosphere; some strange deflection as your music crosses the space between us. Certainly I never hear the concert of World Regeneration and Hope Revived Again* without getting a sort of lock-jaw, my teeth go so keen on edge from the twanging harmony. Still, the world-regenerators may *really* be quite excellent performers on their own Jews' Harps. Blame the edginess of my teeth.

5

Now I am going to launch words into space, so mind your cosmic eye.

10

As I said in my small but naturally immortal book, *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, there's more in it than meets the eye. There's more in you, dear reader, than meets the eye. What, don't you believe it? Do you think you're as obvious as a poached egg on a piece of toast, like the poor lunatic?* Not a bit of it, dear reader. You've got a solar plexus under your navel, and a lumbar ganglion not far from your liver, and I'm going to tell everybody. Nothing brings a man home to himself like telling everybody. And I *will* drive you home to yourself, do you hear? You've been poaching in my private atmospheric grounds long enough, identifying yourself with me and me with everybody. A nice row there'd be in heaven if Aldebaran caught Sirius* by the tail and said "Look here, you're not to look so green, you damn dog-star! It's an offence against star-regulations."

15

20

Which reminds me that the Arabs say the shooting stars, meteorites, are starry stones which the angels fling at the poaching demons whom they catch sight of prowling too near the palisades of heaven. I must say I like Arab angels. My heaven would coruscate like a catherine wheel, with white-hot star-stones. Away, you dog, you prowling cur!—Got him under the left ear-hole, Gabriel!— See him, see him Michael?* That hopeful blue devil! Land him one! Biff on your bottom, you hoper.

25

30

But I wish the Arabs wouldn't entice me, or you, dear reader, provoke me to this. I feel with you, dear reader, as I do with a deaf-man when he pushes his vulcanite ear, his listening machine, towards my mouth. I want to shout down the telephone ear-hole all kinds of improper things, to see what effect they will have on the stupid deaf face at the end of the coil of wire. After all, words must be very different after they've trickled round and round a long wire coil. Whatever becomes of them! And I, who am a bit deaf myself, and may in the end have a deaf-machine to poke at my friends, it ill becomes me to be so unkind, yet that's how I feel. So there we are.

35

40

Help me to be serious, dear reader. I think it's because I detest you so that I go on jingling these silly bells.

In that little book, *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, I tried rather wistfully to convince you, dear reader, that you had a solar plexus and a lumbar ganglion and a few other things. I don't know why I took
5 the trouble. If a fellow doesn't believe he's got a nose, the best way to convince him is gently to waft a little pepper into his nostrils. And there was I painting my own nose purple, and wistfully inviting you to look and believe. No more though.

You've got first and foremost a solar plexus, dear reader; and the solar plexus is a great nerve centre which lies in the middle of you, in your belly, under your navel. I can't be accused of impropriety or untruth, because any book of science or medicine which deals with the nerve-system of the human body will show it you quite plainly. So
10 don't wriggle or try to look spiritual. Because, willy nilly, you've got a solar plexus, dear reader, among other things. I'm writing a good sound science book, which there's no gainsaying.*

Now your solar plexus, most gentle of readers, is where you are you. It is your first and greatest and deepest centre of consciousness. If you want to know *how* conscious and *when* conscious, I must refer you to
20 that little book, *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*.*

At your solar plexus you are primarily conscious: there, in the middle of the belly. There you have the profound and pristine conscious awareness that you are you. Don't say you haven't. I know you have. You
25 might as well try to deny the nose on your face. There, in the middle of you, under the navel, is your first and deepest seat of awareness. There you are triumphantly aware of your own individual existence in the universe. Absolutely there is the keep and central stronghold of your triumphantly-conscious self. There you *are*, and you know it. So stick out your tummy gaily, my dear, with a *Me voilà*. With a *Here I am!* With an *Eccomi!* With a *Da bin ich!** There you are, dearie.

But not only a triumphant awareness that *There you are*. An exultant awareness also that outside this quiet gate, this navel, lies a whole universe on which you can lay tribute. Aha—at birth you closed the central
35 gate forever. Too dangerous to leave it open. Too near the quick. But there are other gates. There are eyes and mouths and ears and nostrils, besides the two lower gates of the passionate body, and the closed but not locked gates of the breasts. Many gates. And besides the actual gates, the marvellous wireless communication between the great centre and
40 the surrounding, or contiguous, world.

Authorised science tells you that this first great plexus, this all-potent nerve-centre of consciousness and dynamic life-activity is a sympathetic centre. From the solar plexus as from your castle-keep you look around and see the fair lands smiling, the corn and fruit and cattle of your increase, the cottages of your dependents and the halls of your beloveds. 5
From the solar plexus you know that all the world is yours, and all is goodly.

This is the great centre, where, in the womb, your life first sparkled in individuality. This is the centre that drew the gestating maternal bloodstream upon you, in the nine-months lurking, drew it on you for your increase. This is the centre whence the navel-string broke, but where the invisible string of dynamic consciousness, like a dark electric current connecting you with the rest of life, will never break until you die and depart from corporate individuality. 10

They say, by the way, that doctors now perform a little operation on the born baby, so that no more navel shows.* No more belly-buttons, dear reader! Lucky I caught you this generation, before the doctors had saved your appearances. 15

Yet, *caro mio*,* under the navel lies the solar plexus, whether it shows or not. There you once had immediate connection with the maternal bloodstream. And, because the male nucleus which derived from the father still lies sparkling and potent within the solar plexus, therefore that great nerve-centre of you, under your navel, still has immediate knowledge of your father, a subtler but still vital connection. We call it the tie of blood. So be it. It is a tie of blood. But much more definite than we imagine. For true it is that the one bright male germ which went to your begetting was drawn from the blood of the father. And true it is that that same bright male germ lies unquenched and unquenchable at the centre of you, within the famous solar plexus. And furthermore true is it that this unquenched father-spark within you sends forth vibrations and dark currents of vital activity all the time; connecting direct with your father. You will never be able to get away from it while you live. 20
25

The connection with the mother may be more obvious. Is there not your ostensible navel, where the rupture between you and her took place? 35
But because the mother-child relation is more plausible and flagrant, is that any reason for supposing it deeper, more vital, more intrinsic? Not a bit. Because if the large parent mother-germ still lives and acts vividly and mysteriously in the great fused nucleus of your solar plexus, does the smaller, brilliant male spark that derived from your father act 40

any less vividly? By no means. It is different—it is less ostensible. It may be even in magnitude smaller. But it may be even more vivid, even more intrinsic. So beware how you deny the father-quick of yourself. You may be denying the most intrinsic quick of all.

5 In the same way it follows that, since brothers and sisters have the same father and mother, therefore in every brother and sister there is a direct communication such as can never happen between strangers. The parent nuclei do not die within the new nucleus. They remain there, marvellous naked sparkling dynamic life-centres, nodes, well-heads of
10 vivid life itself. Therefore in every individual the parent nuclei live, and give direct connection, blood connection we call it, with the rest of the family. It *is* blood connection. For the fecundating nuclei are the very spark-essence of the blood. And while life lives the parent nuclei maintain their own centrality and dynamic effectiveness within the solar
15 plexus of the child. So that every individual has mother and father both sparkling within himself.

But this is rather a preliminary truth than an intrinsic truth. The intrinsic truth of every individual is the new unit of unique individuality which emanates from the fusion of the parent nuclei. This is the
20 incalculable and intangible Holy Ghost each time—each individual his own Holy Ghost.* When, at the moment of conception, the two parent nuclei fuse to form a new unit of life, then takes place the great mystery of creation. A new individual appears—not the result of the fusion merely. Something more. The quality of individuality cannot be
25 derived. The new individual, in his singleness of self, is a perfectly new whole. He is not a permutation and combination of old elements, transferred through the parents. No, he is something underived and utterly unprecedented, unique, a new soul.

This quality of pure individuality is, however, only the one supreme
30 quality. It consummates all other qualities, but does not consume them. All the others are there, all the time. And only at his maximum does an individual surpass all his derivative elements, and become purely himself. And most people never get there. In his own pure individuality a man surpasses his father and mother, and is utterly unknown to them.
35 “Woman, what have I to do with thee?”* But this does not alter the fact that within him lives the mother-quick and the father-quick, and that though in his wholeness he is rapt away beyond the old mother-father connections, they are still there within him, consummated but not consumed. Nor does it alter the fact that very few people surpass
40 their parents nowadays, and attain any individuality beyond them. Most

men are half-born slaves: the little soul they are born with just atrophies, and merely the organism* swells into manhood, like big potatoes.

So there we are. But considering man at his best, he is at the start faced with the great problem. At the very start he has to undertake his tripartite being, the mother within him, the father within him, and the Holy Ghost, the self which he is supposed to consummate, and which mostly he doesn't.

And there it is, a hard physiological fact. At the moment of our conception, the father nucleus fuses with the mother nucleus, and the wonder emanates, the new self, the new soul, the new individual cell. But in the new individual cell the father-germ and the mother-germ do not relinquish their identity. There they remain still, incorporated and never extinguished. And so, the blood-stream of race is one stream, forever. But the moment the mystery of pure individual newness ceased to be enacted and fulfilled, the blood-stream would dry up and be finished. Mankind would die out.

Let us go back then to the solar plexus. There sparkle the included mother-germ and father-germ, giving us direct, immediate blood-bonds, family connection. The connection is as direct and as subtle as between the Marconi-stations,* two great wireless stations. A family, if you like, is a group of wireless stations, all adjusted to the same, or very much the same vibration. All the time they quiver with the interchange, there is one long endless flow of vitalistic communication between members of one family, a long, strange *rapport*, a sort of life-unison. It is a ripple of life through many bodies as through one body. But all the time there is the jolt, the rupture of individualism, the individual asserting himself beyond all ties or claims. The highest goal for every man is the goal of pure individual being.* But it is a goal you cannot reach by the mere rupture of all ties. A child isn't born by being torn from the womb. When it is born by natural process that is rupture enough. But even then the ties are not broken. They are only subtilized.

From the solar plexus first of all pass the great vitalistic communications between child and parents, the first interplay of primal, pre-mental knowledge and sympathy. It is a great subtle interplay, and from this interplay the child is built up, body and psyche. Impelled from the primal conscious centre in the abdomen, the child seeks the mother, seeks the breast, opens a blind mouth and gropes for the nipple. Not mentally directed and yet certainly directed. Directed from the dark pre-mind centre of the solar plexus. From this centre the child seeks, the mother knows. Hence the true mindlessness of the pristine, healthy mother.

She does not need to think, mentally to know. She knows so profoundly and actively at the great abdominal life-centre.

5 But if the child thus seeks the mother, does it then know the mother alone? To an infant the mother is the whole universe. Yet the child needs more than the mother. It needs as well the presence of men, the vibration from the present body of the man. There may not be any actual, palpable connection. But from the great voluntary centre in the man pass unknowable communications and untellable nourishment of the stream of manly blood, rays which we cannot see, and which so far we
10 have refused to know, but none the less essential, quickening dark rays which pass from the great dark abdominal life-centre in the father to the corresponding centre in the child. And these rays, these vibrations, are not like the mother-vibrations. Far, far from it. They do not need the actual contact, the handling and the caressing. On the contrary, the true
15 male instinct is to avoid physical contact with a baby. It may not need even actual presence. But present or absent, there should be between the baby and the father that strange, intangible communication, that strange pull and circuit such as the magnetic pole exercises upon a needle, a vitalistic pull and flow which lays all the life-plasm of the baby
20 into the line of vital quickening, strength, knowing. And any lack of this vital circuit, this vital interchange between father and child, man and child, means an inevitable impoverishment to the infant.

The child exists in the interplay of two great life-waves, the womanly and the male.* In appearance, the mother is everything. In truth, the
25 father has actively very little part. It does not matter much if he hardly sees his child. Yet see it he should, sometimes, and touch it sometimes, and renew with it the connection, the life-circuit, not allow it to lapse, and so vitally starve his child.

30 But remember, dear reader, please, that there is not the slightest need for you to believe me, or even read me. Remember, it's just your own affair. Don't implicate me.

Chapter III

PLEXUSES, PLANES AND SO ON

The primal consciousness in man is pre-mental, and has nothing to do with cognition. It is the same as in the animals. And this pre-mental consciousness remains as long as we live the powerful root and body of our consciousness. The mind is but the last flower, the *cul de sac*. 5

The first seat of our primal consciousness is the solar plexus, the great nerve-centre situated in the middle-front of the abdomen. From this centre we are first dynamically conscious. For the primal consciousness is always dynamic, and never, like mental consciousness, static. Thought, let us say what we will about its magic powers, is instrumental only, the soul's finest instrument for the business of living. Thought is just a means to action and living. But life and action rise* actually at the great centres of dynamic consciousness. 10

The solar plexus, the greatest and most important centre of our dynamic consciousness, is a sympathetic centre. At this main centre of our first-mind we know as we can never mentally know. Primarily we know, each man, each living creature knows, profoundly and satisfactorily and without question, that *I am I*. This root of all knowledge and being is established in the solar plexus; it is dynamic, pre-mental knowledge, such as cannot be transferred into thought. Do not ask me to transfer the pre-mental dynamic knowledge into thought. It cannot be done. The knowledge that *I am I* can never be thought: only known. 15

This being the very first term of our life-knowledge, a knowledge established physically and psychically the moment the two parent nuclei fused, at the moment of the conception, it remains integral as a piece of knowledge in every subsequent nucleus derived from this one original. But yet the original nucleus, formed from the two parent nuclei at our conception, remains always primal and central, and is always the original fount and home of the first and supreme knowledge that *I am I*. This original nucleus is embodied in the solar plexus. 20

But the original nucleus divides. The first division, as science knows, is a division of recoil. From the perfect oneing of the two parent nuclei in the egg-cell results a recoil or new assertion. That which was perfect *one* now divides again, and in the recoil becomes again two. 25 30 35

This second nucleus, the nucleus born of recoil, is the nuclear origin of all the great nuclei of the voluntary system, which are the nuclei of assertive individualism. And it remains central in the adult human body as it was in the egg-cell. In the adult human body the first nucleus of independence, first-born from the great original nucleus of our conception, lies always established in the lumbar ganglion. Here we have our positive centre of independence, in a multifarious universe.

At the solar plexus, the dynamic knowledge is this, that *I am I*. The solar plexus is the centre of all the sympathetic system. The great prime knowledge is sympathetic in nature. I am I, in vital centrality. I am I, the vital centre of all things. I am I, the clue to the whole. All is one with me. It is the one identity.

But at the lumbar ganglion, which is the centre of separate identity, the knowledge is of a different mode, though the term is the same. At the lumbar ganglion I know that I am I, in distinction from a whole universe, which is not as I am. This is the first tremendous flash of knowledge of singleness and separate identity. I am I, not because I am at one with all the universe, but because I am other than all the universe. It is my distinction from all the rest of things which makes me myself. Because I am set utterly apart and distinguished from all that is the rest of the universe, therefore *I am I*. And this root of our knowledge in separateness lies rooted all the time in the lumbar ganglion. It is the second term of our dynamic psychic existence.

It is from the great sympathetic centre of the solar plexus that the child rejoices in the mother and in its own blissful centrality, its unison with the as yet unknown universe. Look at the pictures of Madonna and Child, and you will even *see* it. It is from this centre that it draws all things unto itself, winningly, drawing love for the soul, and actively drawing in milk. The same centre controls the great intake of love and of milk, of psychic and of physical nourishment.

And it is from the great voluntary centre of the lumbar ganglion that the child asserts its distinction from the mother, the single identity of its own existence, and its power over its surroundings. From this centre issues the violent little pride and lustiness which kicks with glee, or crows with tiny exultance in its own being, or which claws the breast with a savage little rapacity, and an incipient masterfulness of which every mother is aware. This incipient mastery, this sheer joy of a young thing in its own single existence, the marvellous playfulness of early youth, and the roguish mockery of the mother's love, as well as the bursts of temper and rage, all belongs to infancy. And all this flashes spontaneously, *must* flash

spontaneously from the first great centre of independence, the powerful lumbar ganglion, great dynamic centre of all the voluntary system, of all the spirit of pride and joy in independent existence. And it is from this centre too that the milk is urged away down the infant bowels, urged away towards excretion. The motion is the same, but here it applies to the material, not to the vital relation. It is from the lumbar ganglion that the dynamic vibrations are emitted which thrill from the stomach and bowels, and promote the excremental function of digestion. It is the solar plexus which controls the assimilatory function in digestion. 5

So, in the first division of the egg-cell is set up the first plane of psychic and physical life, remaining radically the same throughout the whole existence of the individual. The two original nuclei of the egg-cell remain the same two original nuclei within the corpus of the adult individual. Their psychic and their physical dynamic is the same in the solar plexus and lumbar ganglion as in the two nuclei of the egg-cell. The first great division in the egg remains always the same, the unchanging great division in the psychic and the physical structure: the unchanging great division in knowledge and function. It is a division into polarised duality, psychical and physical, of the human being. It is the great vertical division of the egg-cell, and of the nature of man. 10 15 20

Then, this division having taken place, there is a new thrill of conjunction or collision between the divided nuclei, and at once the second birth takes place. The two nuclei now split horizontally. There is a horizontal division across the whole egg-cell, and the nuclei are now four, two above, and two below. But those below retain their original nature, those above are new in nature. And those above correspond again to those below. 25

In the developed child, the great horizontal division of the egg-cell, resulting in four nuclei, this remains the same. The horizontal division-wall is the diaphragm. The two upper nuclei are the two great nerve centres, the cardiac plexus and the thoracic ganglion. We have again a sympathetic centre primal in activity and knowledge, and a corresponding voluntary centre. In the centre of the breast, the cardiac plexus acts as the great sympathetic mode of new dynamic activity, new dynamic consciousness. And near the spine, by the wall of the shoulders, the thoracic ganglion acts as the powerful voluntary centre of separateness and power, in the same vertical line as the lumbar ganglion, but horizontally so different. 30 35

Now we must change our whole feeling. We must put off the deep way of understanding which belongs to the lower body of our nature, and 40

transfer our selves into the upper plane, where being and functioning are different.

At the cardiac plexus, there in the centre of the breast, we have now a new great sun of knowledge and being. Here there is no more of self. Here there is no longer the dark, exultant knowledge that *I am I*. A change has come. Here I know no more of myself. Here I am not. Here I only know the delightful revelation that you are you. The wonder is no longer within me, my own dark, centrifugal, exultant self. The wonder is without me. The wonder is outside me. And I can no longer exult and know myself the dark, central sun of the universe. Now I look with wonder, with tenderness, with joyful yearning towards that which is outside me, beyond me, not me. Behold, that which was once negative has now become the only positive. The other being is now the great positive reality, I myself am as nothing. Positivity has changed places.

If we want to see the portrayed look, then we must turn to the North, to the fair, wondering, blue-eyed infants of the Northern masters.* They seem so frail, so innocent and wondering, touching outwards to the mystery. They are not the same as the Southern child, nor the opposite. Their whole life mystery is different. Instead of consummating all things within themselves, as the dark little Southern infants do, the Northern Jesus-children reach out delicate little hands of wondering innocence towards delicate, flower-reverential mothers. Compare a Botticelli Madonna, with all her wounded and abnegating sensuality, with a Hans Memling Madonna,* whose soul is pure and only reverential. Beyond me is the mystery and the glory, says the Northern mother: let me have no self, let me only seek that which is all-pure, all wonderful. But the Southern mother says: This is mine, this is mine, this is my child, my wonder, my master, my lord, my scourge, my own.

From the cardiac plexus the child goes forth in bliss. It seeks the revelation of the unknown. It wonderingly seeks the mother. It opens its small hands and spreads its small fingers to touch her. And bliss, bliss, bliss, it meets the wonder in mid-air and in mid-space it finds the loveliness of the mother's face. It opens and shuts its little fingers with bliss, it laughs the wonderful, selfless laugh of pure baby-bliss, in the first ecstasy of finding all its treasure, groping upon it and finding it in the dark. It opens wide, child-wide eyes to see, to see. But it cannot see. It is puzzled, it wrinkles its face. But when the mother puts her face quite near, and laughs and coos, then the baby trembles with an ecstasy of love. The glamour, the wonder, the treasure beyond. The great uplift

of rapture. All this surges from that first centre of the breast, the sun of the breast, the cardiac plexus.

And from the same centre acts the great function of the heart and breath. Ah, the aspiration, the aspiration, like a hope, like a yearning constant and unfailling, with which we take in breath. When we breathe, when we take in breath, it is not as when we take in food. When we breathe in we aspire, we yearn towards the heaven of air and light. And when the heart dilates to draw in the stream of dark blood, it opens its arms as to a beloved. It dilates with reverent joy, as a host opening his doors to an honoured guest, whom he delights to serve: opening his doors to the wonder which comes to him from beyond, and without which he were nothing.

So it is that our heart dilates, our lungs expand. They are bidden by that great and mysterious impulse from the cardiac plexus, which bids them seek the mystery and the fulfilment of the beyond. They seek the beyond, the air of the sky, the hot blood from the dark under-world. And so we live.

And then they relax, they contract. They are driven by the opposite motion from the powerful voluntary centre of the thoracic ganglion. That which was drawn in, was invited, is now relinquished, allowed to go forth, negatively. Not positively dismissed, but relinquished.

There is a wonderful complementary duality between the voluntary and the sympathetic activity on the same plane. But between the two planes, upper and lower, there is a further dualism, still more startling, perhaps. Between the dark, glowing first term of knowledge at the solar plexus—*I am I, all is one in me*; and the first term of volitional knowledge: *I am myself, and these others are not as I am*;—there is a world of difference. But when the world changes again, and on the upper plane we realise the wonder of other beings, the difference is almost shattering.

The thoracic ganglion is a ganglion of power. When the child in its delicate bliss seeks the mother and finds her and is added on to her, then it fulfils itself in the great upper sympathetic mode. But then it relinquishes her. It ceases to be aware of her. And if she tries to force its love to play upon her again, like light revealing her to herself, then the child turns away. Or it will lie, and look at her with the strange, odd, curious look of knowledge, like a little imp who is spying her out. This is the curious look that many mothers cannot bear. Involuntarily it arouses a sort of hate in them—the look of scrutinising curiosity, apart, and as it were studying, balancing them up. Yet it is a look which comes into every child's eyes. It is the reaction of the great voluntary plexus

between the shoulders. The mother is suddenly set apart, as an object of curiosity, coldly, sometimes dreamily, sometimes puzzled, sometimes mockingly observed.

5 Again, if a mother neglect her child, it cries, it weeps for her love and attention. Its pitiful lament is one of the forms of compulsion from the upper centre. This insistence on pity, on love, is quite different from the rageous weeping, which is compulsion from the lower centre, below the diaphragm. Again, some children just drop everything they can lay hands on over the edge of their crib, or their table. They drop
10 everything out of sight. And then they look up with a curious look of negative triumph. This is again a form of recoil from the upper centre, the obliteration of the thing which is outside. And here a child is acting quite differently from the child who joyously *smashes*. The desire to smash comes from the lower centres.

15 We can quite well recognise the will exerted from the lower centre. We call it headstrong temper and masterfulness. But the peculiar will of the upper centre—the sort of nervous, critical objectivity, the deliberate forcing of sympathy, the play upon pity and tenderness, the plaintive bullying of love, or the benevolent bullying of love—these we don't
20 care to recognise. They are the extravagance of spiritual *will*. But in its true harmony the thoracic ganglion is a centre of happier activity: of real, eager curiosity, of the delightful desire to pick things to pieces, and the desire to put them together again, the desire to “find out”, and the desire to invent: all this arises on the upper plane, at the volitional
25 centre of the thoracic ganglion.

Chapter IV

TREES AND BABIES AND PAPAS AND MAMAS*

Oh damn the miserable baby with its complicated ping-pong table of an unconscious. I'm sure, dear reader, you'd rather have to listen to the brat howling in its crib, than to me expounding its plexuses. As for "mixing those babies up,"* I'd mix him up like a shot if I'd anything to mix him with. Unfortunately he's my own anatomical specimen of a pickled rabbit, so there's nothing to be done with the bits.

5

But he gets on my nerves. I come out solemnly with a pencil and an exercise book, and take my seat in all gravity at the foot of a large fir-tree, and wait for thoughts to come, gnawing like a squirrel on a nut. But the nut's hollow.

10

I think there are too many trees. They seem to crowd round and stare at me, and I feel as if they nudged one another when I'm not looking. I can *feel* them standing there. And they won't let me get on about the baby, this morning. Just their cussedness. I felt they encouraged me like a harem of wonderful silent wives, yesterday.

15

It is half rainy too—the wood so damp and still and so secret, in the remote morning air. Morning, with rain in the sky, and the forest subtly brooding, and me feeling no bigger than a pea-bug between the roots of my fir. The trees seem so much bigger than me, so much stronger in life, prowling silent around. I seem to feel them moving and thinking and prowling, and they overwhelm me. Ah well, the only thing is to give way to them.

20

It is the edge of the Black Forest—sometimes the Rhine far off, on its Rhine plain, like a bit of magnesium ribbon. But not today. Today only trees, and leaves, and vegetable presences. Huge straight fir-trees, and big beech-trees sending rivers of roots into the ground. And cuckoos, like noise falling in drops off the leaves. And me, a fool, sitting by a grassy wood-road with a pencil and a book, hoping to write more about that baby.

25

30

Never mind. I listen again for noises, and I smell the damp moss. The looming trees, so straight. And I listen for their silence. Big, tall-bodied trees, with a certain magnificent cruelty about them. Or barbarity. I don't know why I should say cruelty.—Their magnificent, strong round

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bodies! It almost seems I can hear the slow, powerful sap drumming in their trunks. Great full-blooded trees, with strange tree-blood in them, soundlessly drumming.

5 Trees, that have no hands and faces, no eyes. Yet the powerful sap-scented blood roaring up the great columns. A vast individual life, and an overshadowing will. The will of a tree. Something that frightens you.

Suppose you want to look a tree in the face? You can't. It hasn't got a face. You look at the strong body of a trunk: you look above you into the matted body-hair of twigs and boughs: you see the soft green tips.
10 But there are no eyes to look into, you can't meet its gaze. You keep on looking at it in part and parcel.

It's no good looking at a tree, to know it. The only thing is to sit among the roots and nestle against its strong trunk, and not bother. That's how I write all about these planes and plexuses, between the toes of a tree, forgetting myself against the great ankle of the trunk. And then, as a rule, as a squirrel is stroked into its wickedness by the faceless magic of a tree, so am I usually stroked into forgetfulness, and into scribbling this book. My tree-book, really.

I come so well to understand tree-worship. All the old Aryans worshipped the tree.* My ancestors. The tree of Life. The tree of knowledge. Well, one is bound to sprout out some time or other, chip of the old Aryan block. I can so well understand tree worship. And fear the deepest motive.

Naturally. This marvellous vast individual without a face, without lips or eyes or heart. This towering creature that never had a face. Here am I between his toes like a pea-bug, and him noiselessly over-reaching me. And I feel his great blood-jet surging. And he has no eyes. But he turns two ways. He thrusts himself tremendously down to the middle earth, where dead men sink in darkness, in the damp, dense undersoil, and he turns himself about in high air. Whereas we have eyes on one side of our head only, and only grow upwards.
30

Plunging himself down into the black humus, with a root's gushing zest, where we can only rot dead: and his tips in high air, where we can only look up to. So vast and powerful and exultant in his two directions. And all the time, he has no face, no thought: only a huge, savage, thoughtless soul. Where does he even keep his soul?—Where does anybody?
35

A huge, plunging, tremendous soul. I would like to be a tree for a while. The great lust of roots. Root-lust. And no mind at all. He towers, and I sit and feel safe. I like to feel him towering round me. I used to be
40

afraid. I used to fear their lust, their rushing black lust. But now I like it, I worship it. I always felt them huge primeval enemies. But now they are my only shelter and strength. I lose myself among the trees. I am so glad to be with them in their silent, intent passion, and their great lust. They feed my soul. But I can understand that Jesus was crucified on a tree.*

5

And I can so well understand the Romans, their terror of the bristling Hercynian wood.* Yet when you look from a height down upon the rolling of the forest—this Black Forest—it is as suave as a rolling, oily sea. Inside only, it bristles horrific. And it terrified the Romans.

10

The Romans! They too seem very near. Nearer than Hindenburg or Foch or even Napoleon.* When I look across the Rhine plain, it is Rome, and the legionaries of the Rhine that my soul notices. It must have been wonderful to come from South Italy to the shores of this sea-like forest: this dark, moist forest, with its enormously powerful intensity of tree life. Now I know, coming myself from rock-dry Sicily, open to the day.*

15

The Romans and the Greeks found everything human. Everything had a face, and a human voice. Men spoke, and their fountains piped an answer.

20

But when the legions crossed the Rhine, they found a vast impenetrable life which had no voice. They met the faceless silence of the Black Forest. This huge, huge wood did not answer when they called. Its silence was too crude and massive. And the soldiers shrank: shrank before the trees that had no faces, and no answer. A vast array of non-human life, darkly self-sufficient, and bristling with indomitable energy. The Hercynian wood, not to be fathomed. The enormous power of these collective trees, stronger in their sombre life even than Rome.

25

No wonder the soldiers were terrified. No wonder they thrilled with horror when, deep in the woods, they found the skulls and trophies of their dead comrades upon the trees.* The trees had devoured them: silently, in mouthfuls, and left the white bones. Bones of the mindful Romans—and savage, preconscious trees, indomitable. The true German has something of the sap of trees in his veins even now: and a sort of pristine savageness, like trees, helpless, but most powerful, under all his mentality. He is a tree-soul, and his gods are not human. His instinct still is to nail skulls and trophies to the sacred tree, deep in the forest. The tree of life and death, tree of good and evil, tree of abstraction and of immense, mindless life; tree of everything except the spirit, spirituality.

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But after bone-dry Sicily, and after the gibbering of myriad people all rattling their personalities, I am glad to be with the profound indifference of faceless trees. Their rudimentariness cannot know why we care for the things we care for. They have no faces, no minds and
 5 bowels: only deep, lustful roots stretching in earth, and vast, lissome life in air, and primeval individuality. You can sacrifice the whole of your spirituality on their altar still. You can nail your skull on their limbs. They have no skulls, no minds nor faces, they can't make eyes of love at you. Their vast life dispenses with all this. But they will live you down.

10 The normal life of one of these big trees is about a hundred years. So the Herr Baron told me.*

One of the few places that my soul will haunt, when I am dead, will be this, among the trees here near Ebersteinburg, where I have been alone and written this book. I can't leave these trees. They have taken
 15 some of my soul.

Excuse my digression, gentle reader. At first I left it out, thinking we might not see wood for trees. But it doesn't much matter what we see. It's nice just to look round, anywhere.

20 So there are two planes of being and consciousness and two modes of relation and of function. We will call the lower plane the sensual, the upper the spiritual. The terms may be unwise, but we can think of no other.

Please read that again, dear reader; you'll be a bit dazzled, coming
 25 out of the wood.

It is obvious that from the time a child is born, or conceived, it has a permanent relation with the outer universe, a relation in the two modes, not one mode only. There are two ways of love, two ways of activity in independence. And there needs some sort of equilibrium between the
 30 two modes. In the same way, in physical function, there is eating and drinking, and excrementation, on the lower plane; and respiration and heart-beat on the upper plane.

Now the equilibrium to be established is fourfold. There must be a true equilibrium between what we eat and what we reject again by
 35 excretion: likewise between the systole and diastole of the heart,* the inspiration and expiration of our breathing. Suffice to say the equilibrium is never quite perfect. Most people are either too fat or too thin, too hot or too cold, too slow or too quick. There is no such thing as an *actual* norm, a living norm. A norm is merely an abstraction, not a
 40 reality.

The same on the psychological plane. We either love too much, or impose our will too much, are too spiritual or too sensual. There is not and cannot be any actual norm of human conduct. All depends, first, on the unknown inward need within the very nuclear centres of the individual himself, and secondly on his circumstance. Some men *must* be too spiritual, some *must* be too sensual. Some *must* be too sympathetic, and some *must* be too proud. We have no desire to say what men *ought* to be. We only wish to say there are all kinds of ways of being, and there is no such thing as human perfection. No man can be anything more than just himself, in genuine living relation to all his surroundings. But that which *I* am, when I am myself, will certainly be anathema to those who hate individual integrity, and want to swarm. And that which I, being myself, am in myself, may make the hair bristle with rage on a man who is also himself, but very different from me. Then let it bristle. And if mine bristle back again, then let us, if we must, fly at one another like two enraged men. It is how it should be. We've got to learn to live from the centre of our own responsibility only, and let other people do the same.

To return to the child, however, and his development on his two planes of consciousness. There is all the time a direct dynamic connection between child and mother, child and father also, from the start. It is a connection on two planes, the upper and lower. From the lower sympathetic centre the profound intake of love or vibration from the living co-responder outside. From the upper sympathetic centre the outgoing of devotion and the passionate vibration of *given* love, given attention. The two sympathetic centres are always, or should always be, counterbalanced by their corresponding voluntary centres. From the great voluntary ganglion of the lower plane, the child is self-willed, independent, and masterful. In the activity of this centre a boy refuses to be kissed and pawed about, maintaining his proud independence like a little wild animal. From this centre he likes to command and to receive obedience. From this centre likewise he may be destructive and defiant and reckless, determined to have his own way at any cost. From this centre too he learns to use his legs. The motion of walking, like the motion of breathing, is twofold. First, a sympathetic cleaving to the earth with the foot: then the voluntary rejection, the spurning, the kicking away, the exultance in power and freedom.

From the upper voluntary centre the child watches persistently, wilfully, for the attention of the mother: to be taken notice of, to be caressed, in short to exist in and through the mother's attention. From this centre

too he coldly refuses to notice the mother, when she insists on too much attention. This cold refusal is different from the active rejection of the lower centre. It is passive, but cold and negative. It is the great force of our day. From the ganglion of the shoulders, also, the child breathes and his heart beats. From the same centre he learns the first use of his arms. In the gesture of sympathy, from the upper plane, he embraces his mother with his arms. In the motion of curiosity, or interest, which derives from the thoracic ganglion, he spreads his fingers, touches, feels, explores. In the motion of rejection he drops an undesired object deliberately out of sight.

And then, when the four centres of what we call the first *field* of consciousness are fully active, then it is that the eyes begin to gather their sight, the mouth to speak, the ears to awake to their intelligent hearings; all as a result of the great fourfold activity of the first dynamic field of consciousness. And then also, as a result, the mind awakens to its impressions and to its incipient control. For at first the control is non-mental, even non-cerebral. The brain acts only as a sort of switch-board.

The business of the father, in all this incipient child-development, is to stand outside as a final authority and make the necessary adjustments. Where there is too much sympathy, then the great voluntary centres of the spine are weak, the child tends to be delicate. Then the father by instinct supplies the roughness, the sternness which stiffens in the child the centres of resistance and independence, right from the very earliest days. Often, for a mere infant, it is the father's fierce or stern presence, the vibration of his voice, which starts the frictional and independent activity of the great voluntary ganglion and gives the first impulse to the independence which later on is life itself.

But on the other hand, the father, from his distance, supports, protects, nourishes his child, and it is ultimately on the remote, but powerful father-love that the infant rests, in a rest which is beyond mother-love. For in the male the dominant centres are naturally the volitional centres, centres of responsibility, authority, and care.

It is the father's business, again, to maintain some sort of equilibrium between the two modes of love in his infant. A mother may wish to bring up her child from the lovely upper centres only, from the centres of the breast, in the mode of what we call pure or spiritual love. Then the child will be all gentle, all tender and tender-radiant, always enfolded with gentleness and forbearance, always shielded from grossness or pain or roughness. Now the father's instinct is to be rough and crude, good-naturedly brutal with the child, calling the deeper centres, the sensual

centres into play. "What do you want? My watch? Well you can't have it, do you see, because it's mine". Not a lot of explanations of the "You see, darling". No such nonsense.—Or if a child wails unnecessarily for its mother, the father must be the check. "Stop your noise, you little brat! What ails you, you whiner?" And if children be too sensitive, too sympathetic, then it will do the child no harm if the father occasionally throws the cat out of the window, or kicks the dog, or raises a storm in the house. Storms there must be. And if the child is old enough and robust enough, it can occasionally have its bottom soundly spanked—by the father, if the mother refuses to perform that most necessary duty. For a child's bottom* is made occasionally to be spanked. The vibration of the spanking acts direct upon the spinal nerve-system, there is a direct reciprocity and reaction, the spanker transfers his wrath to the great will-centres in the child, and these will-centres react intensely, are vivified and educated.

On the other hand, given a mother who is too generally hard or indifferent, then it rests with the father to provide the delicate sympathy and the refined discipline. Then the father must show the tender sensitiveness of the upper mode. The sad thing today is that so few mothers have any deep bowels of love—or even the breast of love. What they have is the benevolent spiritual will, the will of the upper self. But the will is not love. And benevolence in a parent is poison. It is bullying. In these circumstances the father must give delicate adjustments, and above all, some warm, native love from the richer sensual self.

The question of corporal punishment is important. It is no use roughly smacking a shrinking, sensitive child. And yet, if a child is too shrinking, too sensitive, it may do it a world of good cheerfully to spank its posterior. Not brutally, not cruelly, but with real sound good-natured exasperation. And let the adult take the full responsibility, half humorously, without apology or explanation. Let us avoid self-justification at all costs.

Real corporal punishments apply to the sensual plane. The refined punishments of the spiritual mode are usually much more indecent and dangerous than a good smack. The pained but resigned disapprobation of a mother is usually a very bad thing, much worse than the father's shouts of rage. And sendings to bed, and no dessert for a week, and so on, are crueller and meaner than a bang on the head. When a parent gives his boy a beating, there is a living passionate interchange. But in these refined punishments, the parent suffers nothing and the child is deadened. The bullying of the refined, benevolent spiritual will is simply

vitriol to the soul. Yet parents administer it with all the righteousness of virtue and good intention, sparing themselves perfectly.

The point is here. If a child makes you so that you really want to spank it soundly, then soundly spank the brat. But know all the time
5 *what* you are doing, and always be responsible for your anger. Never be ashamed of it, and never surpass it. The flashing interchange of anger between parent and child is part of the responsible relationship, necessary to growth. Again, if a child offends you deeply, so that you really can't communicate with it any more, then, while the hurt is deep,
10 switch off your connection from the child, cut off your correspondence, your vital communion, and be alone. But never persist in such a state beyond the time when your deep hurt dies down. The only rule is, do what you *really*, impulsively, wish to do. But always act on your own responsibility sincerely. And have the courage of your own strong
15 emotions. They enrich the child's soul.

For a child's primary education depends almost entirely on its relation to its parents, brothers and sisters. Between mother and child, father and child, the law is this:—I, the mother, am myself alone: the child is itself alone. But there exists between us a vital dynamic relation,
20 for which I, being the conscious one, am basically responsible. So, as far as possible there must be in me no departure from myself, lest I injure the preconscious dynamic relation. I must absolutely act according to my own true spontaneous feeling. But moreover, I must also have wisdom for myself and for my child. Always, always the deep wisdom
25 of responsibility. And always a brave responsibility for the soul's own spontaneity. Love—what is love? We'd better get a new idea. Love is in all generous impulse—even a good spanking. But wisdom is something else, a deep collectedness in the soul, a deep abiding by my own integral being, which makes me responsible, not for the child, but for my certain
30 duties towards the child, and for maintaining the dynamic flow between the child and myself as genuine as possible: that is to say, not perverted by ideals or by my *will*.

Most fatal, most hateful of all things is bullying. But what is bullying? It is a desire to superimpose my own will upon another person. Sen-
35 sual bullying of course is fairly easily detected. What is more dangerous is ideal bullying. Bullying people into what is ideally good for them. I embrace for example an ideal, and I seek to enact this ideal in the person of another. This is ideal bullying. A mother says that life should be all love, all delicacy and forbearance and gentleness. And she proceeds to spin a hateful sticky web of permanent forbearance, gentleness,
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hushedness around her naturally passionate and hasty child. This so foils the child as to make him half imbecile or criminal. I may have ideals if I like—even of love and forbearance and meekness. But I have no right to ask another to have these ideals. And to impose *any* ideals upon a child as it grows is almost criminal. It results in impoverishment and distortion and subsequent deficiency. In our day, most dangerous is the love and benevolence ideal. It results in neurasthenia, which is largely a dislocation or collapse of the great voluntary centres, a derangement of the will. It is in us an insistence upon one life-mode only, the spiritual mode. It is a suppression of the great lower centres, and a living a sort of half-life, almost entirely from the upper centres. Thence, since we live terribly and exhaustively from the upper centres, there is a tendency now towards phthisis and neurasthenia of the heart. The great sympathetic centre of the breast becomes exhausted, the lungs, burnt by the over-insistence of one way of life, become diseased, the heart, strained in one mode of dilation, retaliates. The powerful lower centres are no longer fully active; particularly the great lumbar ganglion, which is the clue to our sensual passionate pride and independence, this ganglion is atrophied by suppression. And it is this ganglion which holds the spine erect. So, weak-chested, round-shouldered, we stoop hollowly forward on ourselves. It is the result of the all-famous love and charity ideal, an ideal now quite dead in its sympathetic activity, but still fixed and determined in its voluntary action.

Let us beware and beware, and beware of having a high ideal for ourselves. But particularly let us beware of having an ideal for our children. So doing, we damn them. All we can have is wisdom. And wisdom is not a theory, it is a state of soul. It is that state wherein we know our wholeness and the complicate, manifold nature of our being. It is the state wherein we know the great relations which exist between us and our near ones. And it is the state which accepts full responsibility, first for our own souls, and then for the living dynamic relations wherein we have our being. It is no use expecting the other person to know. Each must know for himself. But nowadays men have even a stunt of pretending that children and idiots alone know best. This is a pretty piece of sophistry, and criminal cowardice, trying to dodge the life-responsibility which no man or woman can dodge without disaster.

The only thing is to be direct. If a child has to swallow castor-oil, then say: "Child, you've got to swallow this castor-oil. It is necessary for your inside. I say so because it is true. So open your mouth." Why try coaxing

and logic and tricks with children? Children are more sagacious than we are. They twig soon enough if there is a flaw in our own intention and our own true spontaneity. And they play up to our bit of falsity till there is hell to pay.

5 “You love mother, don’t you, dear?”—Just a piece of indecent trickery of the spiritual will. A man should smack his wife’s face the moment he hears her say it. The great emotions like love are unspoken. Speaking them is a sign of an indecent bullying will.

 “Poor pussy! You must love poor pussy!”

10 What cant! What sickening cant! An appeal to love based on false pity. That’s the way to inculcate a filthy pharisaic conceit into a child.—If the child ill-treats the cat, say:

 “Stop mauling that cat. It’s got its own life to live, so let it live it.”

 Then if the brat persists, give tit for tat.

15 “What, you pull the cat’s tail! Then I’ll pull your nose, to see how you like it.”

 And give his nose a proper hard pinch.

 Children *must* pull the cat’s tail a little. Children *must* steal the sugar sometimes. They *must* occasionally spoil just the things one doesn’t
20 want them to spoil. And they *must* occasionally tell stories—tell a lie. Circumstances and life are such that we must all sometimes tell a lie; just as we wear trousers, because we don’t choose that everybody shall see our nakedness. Morality is a delicate act of adjustment on the soul’s part, not a rule or a prescription. Beyond a certain point the child *shall*
25 *not* pull the cat’s tail, *or* steal the sugar, *or* spoil the furniture, *or* tell lies. But I’m afraid you can’t fix this certain point.* It depends on the circumstance and the soul’s humour. And so it must. If at a sudden point you fly into a temper and thoroughly beat the boy for hardly touching the cat—well, that’s life. All you’ve got to say to him is: “There, that’ll
30 serve you for all the times you *have* pulled her tail and hurt her.” And he will feel outraged, and so will you. But what does it matter? Children have an infinite understanding of the soul’s passionate variabilities, and forgive even a real injustice, if it was *spontaneous* and not intentional. They know we aren’t perfect. What they don’t forgive us is if we pretend
35 we are: or if we *bully*.

Chapter V

THE FIVE SENSES

Science is wretched in its treatment of the human body as a sort of complex mechanism made up of numerous little machines working automatically in a rather unsatisfactory relation to one another. The body is the total machine: the various organs are the included machines: and the whole thing, given a start at birth, or at conception, trundles on by itself. The only God in the machine, the human will or intelligence, is absolutely at the mercy of the machine. 5

Such is the orthodox view. Soul, when it is allowed an existence at all, sits somewhat vaguely within the machine, never defined. If anything goes wrong with the machine, why, the soul is forgotten instantly. We summon the arch-mechanic of our day, the medicine-man.* And a marvellous earnest fraud he is, doing his best. He is really wonderful as a mechanic of the human system. But the life within us fails more and more, while we marvellously tinker at the engines. Doctors are not to blame. 10 15

It is obvious that, even considering the human body as a very delicate and complex machine, you cannot keep such a machine running for one day without most exact central control. Still more is it impossible to consider the automatic evolution of such a machine. When did any machine, even a single spinning wheel, automatically evolve itself! There was a god in the machine, before the machine existed. 20

So there we are with the human body. There must have been, and must be a central god in the machine of each animate corpus. The little soul of the beetle makes the beetle toddle. The little soul of the *homo sapiens* sets him on his two feet. Don't ask me to define the soul. You might as well ask a bicycle to define the young damsel who so whimsically and so god-like pedals her way along the highroad. A young lady skeltering off on her bicycle to meet her young man—why, what could the bicycle make of such a mystery, if you explained it till doomsday! Yet the bicycle wouldn't be spinning from Streatham to Croydon* by itself. 25 30

So we may as well settle down to the little god in the machine. We may as well call it the individual soul, and leave it there. It's as far as the bicycle would ever get, if it had to define Mademoiselle. But be sure 35

the bicycle would not deny the existence of the young miss who seats herself in the saddle. Not like us, who try to pretend there is no one in the saddle. Why even the sun would no more spin without a rider than would a cycle-pedal. But, since we have innumerable planets to reckon
5 with, in the spinning we must not begin to define the rider in terms of our own exclusive planet. Nevertheless, rider there is: even a rider of the many-wheeled universe.

But let us leave the universe alone. It is too big a bauble for me.—*Revenons**—At the start of me there is me. There is a mysterious little
10 entity which is my individual Self, the god who builds the machine and then makes his gay excursion of seventy years within it.* Now we are talking at the moment about the machine. For the moment we are the bicycle, and not the feather-brained cyclist. So that all we can do is to define the cyclist in terms of ourself. A bicycle could say—“Here, upon
15 my leather saddle, rests a strange and animated force, which I call the force of gravity, as being the one great force which controls my universe. And yet, on second thoughts, I must modify myself. This great force of gravity is not *always* in the saddle. Sometimes it just is not there—and I lean strangely against a wall. I have been even known to turn upside
20 down, with my wheels in the air: spun by the same mysterious Miss. So that I must introduce a theory of Relativity. However, mostly, when I am awake and alive, she is in the saddle: or *it* is in the saddle, the mysterious force. And when it is in the saddle, then two subsidiary forces plunge and claw upon my two pedals, plunge and claw with inestimable power.
25 And at the same time, a kind and mysterious force sways my head-stock, sways most incalculably, and governs my whole motion. This force is not a driving force, but a subtle directing force, beneath whose grip my bright steel body is flexible as a dipping highroad. Then let me not forget the sudden clutch of arrest upon my hurrying wheels. Oh, this
30 is pain to me. While I am rushing forward, surpassing myself in an *élan vital*, suddenly the awful check grips my back wheel, or my front wheel, or both. Suddenly there is a fearful arrest. My soul rushes on before my body, I feel myself strained, torn back. My fibres groan. Then perhaps the tension relaxes—”

35 So the bicycle will continue to babble about itself. And it will inevitably wind up with a philosophy. “Oh, if only the great and divine force rested forever upon my saddle, and if only the mysterious will which sways my steering gear remained in place forever: then my pedals would revolve of themselves, and never cease, and no hideous brake
40 should tear the perpetuity of my motions. Then, oh then I should be

immortal. I should leap through the world forever, and spin to infinity, till I was identified with the dizzy and timeless cycle-race of the stars and the great sun . . . ”—

Poor old bicycle. The very thought is enough to start a philanthropic society for the prevention of cruelty to bicycles. 5

Well then, our human body is the bicycle. And our individual and incomprehensible self is the rider thereof. And seeing that the universe is another bicycle riding full tilt, we are bound to suppose a rider for that also. But we needn't say what sort of rider. When I see a cockroach scuttling across the floor and turning up its tail I stand affronted, and think: A rum sort of rider *you* must have. You've no business to have such a rider, do you hear?—And when I hear the monotonous and plaintive cuckoo in the June woods, I think: Who the devil made *that* clock?—and when I see a politician making a fiery speech on a platform, and the crowd gawping, I think: Lord save me,—they've all got riders. But Holy Moses, you could never guess what was coming.—And so I shouldn't like, myself, to start guessing about the rider of the universe. I am all too flummoxed by the masquerade in the tourney round about me. 10 15

We ourselves then: wisdom, like charity, begins at home. We've each of us got a rider in the saddle: an individual soul. Mostly it can't ride, and can't steer, so mankind is like squadrons of bicycles running amok. We should every one fall off if we didn't ride so thick that we hold each other up. Horrid nightmare. 20

As for myself, I have a horror of riding *en bloc*. So I grind away uphill, and sweat my guts out, as they say. 25

Well well—my body is my bicycle: the whole middle of me is the saddle where sits the rider of my soul. And my front wheel is the cardiac plexus, and my back wheel is the solar plexus. And the brakes are the voluntary ganglia. And the steering gear is my head. And the right and left pedals are the right and left dynamics of the body, in some way corresponding to the sympathetic and voluntary division. 30

So that now I know more or less how my rider rides me, and from what centres controls me. That is, I know the points of vital contact between my rider and my machine: between my invisible and my visible self. I don't attempt to say what is my rider. A bicycle might as well try to define its young Miss by wriggling its handle-bars and ringing its bell. 35

However, having more or less determined the four primary motions, we can see the further unfolding. In a child, the solar plexus and the cardiac plexus, with corresponding voluntary ganglia, are awake and active. From these centres develop the great functions of the body. 40

As we have seen, it is the solar plexus, with the lumbar ganglion, which controls the great dynamic system, the functioning of the liver and the kidneys. Any excess in the sympathetic dynamism tends to accelerate the action of the liver, to cause fever and constipation. Any collapse
5 of the sympathetic dynamism causes anaemia. The sudden stimulating of the voluntary centre may cause diarrhoea, and so on. But all this depends so completely on the polarised flow between the individual and the correspondent, between the child and mother, child and father, child and sisters or brothers or teacher, or circumambient universe, that it is
10 impossible to lay down laws, unless we state particulars. Nevertheless, the whole of the great organs of the lower body are controlled from the two lower centres, and these organs work well or ill according as there is a true dynamic *psychic* activity at the two primary centres of consciousness. By a *true* dynamic psychic activity we mean an activity which is
15 true to the individual himself, to his own peculiar soul-nature. And a dynamic psychic activity means a dynamic polarity between the individual himself and other individuals concerned in his living: or between him and his immediate surroundings, human, physical, geographical.

On the upper plane, the lungs and heart are controlled from the
20 cardiac plexus and the thoracic ganglion. Any excess in the sympathetic mode from the upper centres tends to burn the lungs with oxygen, weaken them with stress, and cause consumption. So it is just criminal to make a child too loving. No child should be induced to love too much. It means derangement and death at last.

But beyond the primary physiological function—and it is the business of doctors to discover the relation between the functioning of the primary organs and the dynamic psychic activity at the four primary
25 Consciousness-centres,—beyond these physical functions, there are the activities which are half-psychic, half-functional. Such as the five senses.

Of the five senses, four have their functioning in the face-region. The fifth, the sense of touch, is distributed all over the body. But all have their roots in the four great primary centres of consciousness. From the constellation of your nerve-nodes, from the great field of your dynamic
30 poles, the nerves run out in every direction, ending on the surface of the body. Inwardly this is an inextricable ramification and communication.

And yet the body is planned out in areas, there is a definite area-control from the four centres. On the back the sense of touch is not acute. There the voluntary centres act in resistance. But in the front of the body, the breast is one great field of sympathetic touch, the belly
35 is another. On these two fields the stimulus of touch is quite different,
40

has a quite different psychic quality and psychic result. The breast-touch is the fine alertness of quivering curiosity, the belly-touch is a deep thrill of delight and avidity. Correspondingly, the hands and arms are instruments of superb delicate curiosity, and deliberate execution. Through the elbows and the wrists flows the dynamic psychic current, and a dislocation in the current between two individuals will cause a feeling of dislocation at the wrists and elbows. On the lower plane, the legs and feet are instruments of unfathomable gratifications and repudiation. The thighs, the knees, the feet are intensely alive with love-desire, darkly and superbly drinking in the love-contact, blindly. Or they are the great centres of resistance, kicking, repudiating. Sudden flushing of great general sympathetic desire will make a man feel weak at the knees. Hatred will harden the tension of the knees like steel, and grip the feet like talons.—Thus the fields of touch are four, two sympathetic fields in front of the body from the throat to the feet, two resistant fields behind from the neck to the heels.

There are two fields of touch, however, where the distribution is not so simple: the face and the buttocks. Neither in the face nor in the buttocks is there one single mode of sense communication.

The face is of course the great window of the self, the great opening of the self upon the world, the great gateway. The lower body has its own gates of exit. But the bulk of our communication with all the outer universe goes on through the face.

And every one of the windows or gates of the face has its direct communication with each of the four great centres of the first field of consciousness. Take the mouth, with the sense of taste. The mouth is primarily the gate of the two chief sensual centres. It is the gateway to the belly and the loins. Through the mouth we eat and we drink. In the mouth we have the sense of taste. At the lips too we kiss. And the kiss of the mouth is the first sensual connection.

In the mouth also are the teeth. And the teeth are the instruments of our sensual will. The growth of the teeth is controlled entirely from the two great sensual centres below the diaphragm. But almost entirely from the one centre, the voluntary centre. The growth and the life of the teeth depends almost entirely on the lumbar ganglion. During the growth of the teeth the sympathetic mode is held in abeyance. There is a sort of arrest. There is pain, there is diarrhoea, there is misery for the baby.

And we, in our age, have no rest with our teeth. Our mouths are too small. For many ages we have been suppressing the avid, negroid,

sensual will. We have been converting ourselves into ideal creatures, all spiritually conscious, and active dynamically only on one plane, the upper, spiritual plane. Our mouth has contracted, our teeth have become soft and unquickenened. Where in us are the sharp and vivid teeth of the wolf, keen to defend and devour? If we had them more, we should be happier. Where are the white negroid teeth? Where? In our little pinched mouths they have no room. We are sympathy-rotten, and spirit-rotten, and idea-rotten. We have forfeited our flashing sensual power. And we have false teeth in our mouths.—In the same way the lips of our sensual desire go thinner and more meaningless, in the compression of our upper will and our idea-driven impulse. Let us break the conscious, self-conscious love-ideal, and we shall grow strong, resistant teeth once more, and the teething of our young will not be the hell it is.

Teething is strictly the period when the voluntary centre of the lower plane first comes into full activity, and takes for a time the precedence.

So, the mouth is the great sensual gate to the lower body. But let us not forget it is also a gate by which we breathe, the gate through which we speak and go impalpably forth to our object, the gate at which we can kiss the pinched, delicate, spiritual kiss. Therefore, although the main sensual gate of entrance to the lower body, it has its reference also to the upper body.

Taste, the sense of taste, is an intake of a pure communication between us and a body from the outside world. It contains the element of touch, and in this it refers to the cardiac plexus. But taste, *quâ* taste, refers purely to the solar plexus.

And then smell. The nostrils are the great gate from the wide atmosphere of heaven to the lungs. The extreme sigh of yearning we catch through the mouth. But the delicate nose advances always into the air, our palpable communicator with the infinite air. Thus it has its first delicate root in the cardiac plexus, the root of its intake. And the root of the delicate-proud exhalation, rejection, is in the thoracic ganglion. But the nostrils have their other function of smell. Here the delicate nerve-ends run direct from the lower centres, from the solar plexus and the lumbar ganglion, or even deeper. There is the refined sensual intake when a scent is sweet. There is the sensual repudiation when a scent is unsavoury. And just as the fulness of the lips and the shape of the mouth depend on the development from the lower or the upper centres, the sensual or the spiritual, so does the shape of the nose depend on the direct control of the deepest centres of consciousness. A perfect nose is perhaps the result of a balance in the four modes. But what is

a perfect nose!—We only know that a short snub nose goes with an over-sympathetic nature, not proud enough: while a long nose derives from the centre of the upper will, the thoracic ganglion, our great centre of curiosity, and benevolent or objective control. A thick, squat nose is the sensual-sympathetic nose: and the high, arched nose the sensual 5
voluntary nose, having the curve of repudiation, as when we turn up our nose from a bad smell, but also the proud curve of haughtiness and subjective authority. The nose is one of the greatest indicators of character. That is to say, it almost inevitably indicates the mode of pre-
dominant dynamic consciousness in the individual, the predominant 10
primary centre from which he lives.—When savages rub noses instead of kissing, they are exchanging a more sensitive and a deeper sensual salute than our lip-touch.

The eyes are the third great gateway of the psyche. Here the soul goes in and out of the body, as a bird flying forth and coming home. But the 15
root of conscious vision is almost entirely in the breast. When I go forth from my own eyes, in delight to dwell upon the world which is beyond me, outside me, then I go forth from wide open windows, through which shows the full and living lambent darkness of my present inward self. I go forth, and I leave the lovely open darkness of my sensient 20
self revealed; when I go forth in the wonder of vision to dwell upon the beloved, or upon the wonder of the world, I go from the centre of the glad breast, through the eyes, and who will may look into the full soft darkness of me, rich with my undiscovered presence. But if I am displeased, then hard and cold my self stands in my eyes, and refuses 25
any communication, any sympathy, but merely stares outwards. It is the motion of cold objectivity from the thoracic ganglion. Or, from the same centre of will, cold but intense my eyes may watch with curiosity, as a cat watches a fly. It may be into my curiosity will creep an element of warm gladness in the wonder which I am beholding outside myself. Or it may 30
be that my curiosity will be purely and simply the cold, almost cruel curiosity of the upper will, directed from the ganglion of the shoulders: such as is the acute attention of an experimental scientist.

The eyes have, however, their sensual root as well. But this is hard to transfer into language, as all *our* vision, our modern Northern vision, 35
is in the upper mode of actual *seeing*.

There is a sensual way of beholding. There is the dark, desirous look of a savage who apprehends only that which has direct reference to himself, that which stirs a certain dark yearning within his lower self. Then his eye is fathomless blackness. But there is the dark eye which 40

glances with a certain fire, and has no depth. There is a keen quick vision which watches, which beholds, but which never yields to the object outside: as a cat watching its prey. The dark glancing look which knows the *strangeness*, the danger of its object, the need to overcome the object. The eye which is not wide open to study, to *learn*, but which powerfully, proudly or cautiously glances, and knows the terror or the pure desirability of *strangeness* in the object it beholds. The savage is all in all in himself. That which he sees outside he hardly notices, or, he sees as something odd, something automatically desirable, something lustfully desirable, or something dangerous. What we call vision, that he has not.

We must compare the look in a horse's eye with the look in a cow's. The eye of the cow is soft, velvety, receptive. She stands and gazes with the strangest intent curiosity. She goes forth from herself in wonder. The root of her vision is in her yearning breast. The same one hears when she moos. The same massive weight of passion is in a bull's breast; the passion to go forth from himself. His strength is in his breast, his weapons are on his head. The wonder is always outside him.

But the horse's eye is bright and glancing. His curiosity is cautious, full of terror, or else aggressive and frightening for the object. The root of his vision is in his belly, in the solar plexus. And he fights with his teeth and his heels, the sensual weapons.

Both these animals, however, are established in the sympathetic mode. The life mode in both is sensitively sympathetic, or preponderantly sympathetic. Those animals which like cats, wolves, tigers, hawks, chiefly live from the great voluntary centres, these animals are, in our sense of the word, almost visionless. Sight in them is sharpened or narrowed down to a point: the object of prey. It is exclusive. They see no more than this. And thus they see unthinkably far, unthinkably keenly.

Most animals, however, smell what they see: vision is not very highly developed. They know better by the more direct contact of scent.

And vision in us becomes faulty because we proceed too much in one mode. We see too much, we attend too much. The dark, glancing sightlessness of the intent savage, the narrowed vision of the cat, the single point of vision of the hawk—these we do not know any more. We live far too much from the sympathetic centres, without the balance from the voluntary mode. And we live far, far too much from the *upper* sympathetic centre and voluntary centre, in an endless objective curiosity. Sight is the least sensual of all the senses. And we strain ourselves to see, see, see—everything, everything through the eye, in one mode of

objective curiosity. There is nothing inside us, we stare endlessly at the outside. So our eyes begin to fail; to retaliate on us. We go short-sighted, almost in self-protection.

Hearing is the last, and perhaps the deepest of the senses. And here there is no choice. In every other faculty we have the power of rejection. 5
We have a choice of vision. We can, if we choose, see in the terms of the wonderful beyond, the world of light into which we go forth in joy to lose ourselves in it. Or we can see, as the Egyptians saw, in the terms of their own dark souls: seeing the strangeness of the creature outside, the gulf between it and them, but finally, its existence in terms of themselves. 10
They saw according to their own unchangeable idea, subjectively, they did not go forth from themselves to seek the wonder outside.

Those are the two chief ways of sympathetic vision. We call our way the objective, the Egyptian the subjective. But objective and subjective are words that depend absolutely on your starting point. Spiritual and 15
sensual are much more descriptive terms.

But there are, of course, also the two ways of volitional vision. We can see with the endless modern critical sight, analytic, and at last deliberately ugly. Or we can see as the hawk sees the one concentrated spot where beats the life-heart of our prey. 20

In the four modes of sight we have some choice. We have some choice to refuse tastes or smells or touch. In hearing we have the minimum of choice. Sound acts direct upon the great affective centres. We may voluntarily quicken our hearing, or make it dull. But we have really no choice of what we hear. Our will is eliminated. Sound acts direct, 25
almost automatically, upon the affective centres. And we have no power of going forth from the ear. We are always and only recipient.

Nevertheless sound acts upon us in various ways, according to the four primary poles of consciousness. The singing of birds acts almost entirely upon the centres of the breast.* Birds, which live by flight, impelled from 30
the strong conscious-activity of the breast and shoulders, have become for us symbols of the spirit, the upper mode of consciousness. Their legs are become idle, almost insentient twigs. Only the tail flirts from the centre of the sensual will.

But their singing acts direct upon the upper or spiritual centres in 35
us. So does almost all our music, which is all christian in tendency. But modern music is analytical, critical, and it has discovered the power of ugliness. Like our martial music, it is of the upper plane, like our martial songs, our fifes and our brass-bands. These act direct upon the thoracic ganglion. Time was, however, when music acted upon the 40

sensual centres direct. We hear it still in savage music, and in the roll of drums, and in the roaring of lions, and in the howling of cats. And in some voices still we hear the deeper resonance of the sensual mode of consciousness. But the tendency is for everything to be brought on to the upper plane, whilst the lower plane is just worked automatically from the upper.

Chapter VI

FIRST GLIMMERINGS OF MIND

We can now see what is the true goal of education, for a child. It is the full and harmonious development of the four primary modes of consciousness, always with regard to the individual nature of the child. 5

The goal is *not* ideal. The aim is *not* mental consciousness. We want *effectual* human beings, not conscious ones. The final aim is not *to know*, but *to be*. There never was a more risky motto than that: *Know thyself*.^{*} You've got to know yourself as far as possible. But not just for the sake of knowing. You've got to know yourself so that you can at last *be* yourself. 10
"Be Yourself" is the last motto.

The whole field of dynamic and effectual consciousness is *always* pre-mental, non-mental. Not even the most knowing man that ever lived would know how he would be feeling next week; whether some new and utterly shattering impulse would have arisen in him and laid his nicely-conceived self in ruins. It is the impulse we have to live by, not the ideals or the idea. But we have to know ourselves pretty thoroughly before we can break the automatism of ideals and conventions. The savage in a state of nature is one of the most conventional of creatures. So is a child. Only through fine delicate knowledge can we recognise and release our impulses. 15 20

Now our whole aim has been to force each individual to a maximum of mental control, and mental consciousness. Our poor little plants of children are put into horrible forcing-beds, called schools, and the young idea is there forced to shoot.^{*} It shoots, poor thing, like a potato in a warm cellar. One mass of pallid sickly ideas and ideals. And no root, no life. The ideas shoot, hard enough, in our sad offspring, but they shoot at the expense of life itself. Never was such a mistake. 25

Mental consciousness is a purely individual affair. Some men are born to be highly and delicately conscious. But for the vast majority, much mental consciousness is simply a catastrophe, a blight. It just stops their living. 30

Our business, at the present, is to prevent at all cost the young idea from shooting. The ideal mind, the brain has become the vampire of modern life, sucking up the blood and the life. There is hardly an original 35

thought or original utterance possible to us. All is sickly repetition of stale, stale ideas.

Let all schools be closed, at once. Keep only a few technical training establishments, nothing more. Let humanity lie fallow, for two generations at least. Let no child learn to read, unless it learns by itself, out of its own individual persistent desire.

That is my serious admonition, gentle reader. But I am not so flighty as to imagine you will pay any heed. But if I thought you would, I should feel my hope surge up. And if you *don't* pay any heed, calamity will at length shut your schools for you, sure enough.

The process of transfer from the primary consciousness to recognised mental consciousness is a mystery like every other transfer. Yet it follows its own laws. And here we begin to approach the confines of orthodox psychology, upon which we have no desire to trespass. But this we *can* say. The degree of transfer from primary to mental consciousness varies with every individual. But in most individuals the natural degree is very low.

The process of transfer from primary consciousness is called sublimation,* the sublimating of the potential body of knowledge with the definite reality of the idea. And with this process we have identified all education. The very derivation of the Latin word *education* shows us. Of course it should mean the leading forth of each nature to its fulness. But with us, fools that we are, it is the leading forth of the primary consciousness, the potential or dynamic consciousness, into mental consciousness, which is finite and static. Now before we set out so gaily to lead our children *en bloc* out of the dynamic into the static way of consciousness, let us consider a moment what we are doing.

A child in the womb can have no *idea* of the mother. I think orthodox psychology will allow us so much. And yet the child in the womb must be dynamically conscious of the mother. Otherwise how could it maintain a definite and progressively developing relation to her.

This consciousness, however, is utterly non-ideal, non-mental, purely dynamic, a matter of dynamic polarised intercourse of vital vibrations, as an exchange of wireless messages which are never translated from the pulse-rhythm* into speech, because they have no need to be. It is a dynamic polarised intercourse between the great primary nuclei in the foetus and the corresponding nuclei in the dynamic maternal psyche.

This form of consciousness is established at conception, and continues long after birth. Nay, it continues all life long. But the particular interchange of dynamic consciousness between mother and child suffers

no interruption at birth. It continues almost the same. The child has no conception whatsoever of the mother. It cannot see her, for its eye has no focus. It can hear her, because hearing needs no transmission into concept, but it has no oral notion of sounds. It knows her. But only by a form of vital dynamic correspondence, a sort of magnetic interchange. 5
The idea does not intervene at all.

Gradually, however, the dark shadow of our object begins to loom in the formless mind of the infant. The idea of the mother is, as it were, gradually photographed on the cerebral plasm. It begins with the faintest shadow—but the figure is gradually developed through years 10
of experience. It is never quite completed.

How does the figure of the mother gradually develop as a *conception* in the child mind? It develops as the result of the positive and negative reaction from the primary centres of consciousness. From the first great centre of sympathy the child is drawn to a lovely oneness with the mother. 15
From the first great centre of will comes the independent self-assertion which locates the mother as something outside, something objective. And as a result of this twofold motion, a twofold increase in the child. First, the dynamic establishment of the individual consciousness in the infant: and then the first shadow of a mental conception of the mother, 20
in the infant brain. The development of the *original* mind in every child and every man always and only follows from the dual fulfilment in the dynamic consciousness.

But mark further. Each time, after the fourfold interchange between two dynamic polarised lives, there results a development in the individuality and a sublimation into consciousness, both simultaneously in 25
each party: *and this dual development causes at once a diminution in the dynamic polarity between the two parties*. That is, as its individuality and its mental concept of the mother develop in the child, there is a corresponding *waning* of the dynamic relation between the child and the 30
mother. And this is the natural progression of all love. As we have said before, the accomplishment of individuality never finally exhausts the dynamic flow between parents and child. In the same way, a child can never have a finite conception of either of its parents. It can have a very 35
much more finite, finished conception of its aunts or its friends. The portrait of the parent can never be quite completed in the mind of the son or daughter. As long as time lasts it must be left unfinished.

Nevertheless the inevitable photography of time upon the mental plasm does print at last a very substantial portrait of the parent, a very well-filled concept in the child mind. And the nearer a conception comes 40

towards finality, the nearer does the dynamic relation, out of which this concept has arisen, draw to a close. To know, is to lose. When I have a finished mental concept of a beloved, or a friend, then the love and the friendship is dead. It falls to the level of an acquaintance. As soon
5 as I have a finished mental conception, a full idea even of myself, then dynamically I am dead. To know is to die.

But knowledge and death are part of our natural development. Only, of course, most things can never be known by us in full. Which means we do never absolutely die, even to our parents. So that Jesus' question to
10 His mother "Woman, what have I to do with thee!"—while expressing a major truth, still has an exaggerated sound, which comes from its denial of the minor truth.*

This progression from dynamic relationship towards a finished individuality and a finished mental concept is carried on from the four great
15 primary centres through the correspondence medium of all the senses and sensibilities. First of all, the child knows the mother only through touch—perfect and immediate contact. And yet, from the moment of conception, the egg-cell repudiated complete adhesion and even communication, and asserted its individual integrity. The child in the womb,
20 perfect a contact though it may have with the mother, is all the time also dynamically polarised against this contact. From the first moment, this relation in touch has a dual polarity, and, no doubt a dual mode. It is a fourfold interchange of consciousness, the moment the egg-cell has made its two spontaneous divisions.

As soon as the child is born, there is a real severance. The contact of
25 touch is interrupted, it now becomes occasional only. True, the dynamic flow between mother and child is not severed when simple physical contact is missing. Though mother and child may not touch, still the dynamic flow continues between them. The mother knows her child,
30 feels her bowels* and her breast drawn to it, even if it be a hundred miles away. But if the severance continue long, the dynamic flow begins to die, both in mother and child. It wanes fairly quickly—and perhaps can never be fully revived. The dynamic relation between parent and child may fairly easily fall into quiescence, a static condition.

For a full dynamic relationship it is necessary that there be actual
35 contact. The nerves run from the four primary dynamos, and end with live ends all over the body. And it is necessary to bring the live ends of the nerves of the child into contact with the live ends of corresponding nerves in the mother, so that a pure circuit is established. Wherever
40 a pure circuit is established, there occurs a pure development in the

individual creation, and this is inevitably accompanied by sensation; and sensation is the first term of mental knowledge.

So, from the field of the breast and arms, the upper circuit, and from the field of the knees and feet and belly, the lower circuit.

And then, the moment a child is born, the face is alive. And the face communicates direct with both planes of primary consciousness. The moment a child is born, it begins to grope for the breast. And suddenly a new great circuit is established, the four poles all working at once, as the child sucks. There is the profound desirousness of the lower centre of sympathy, and the superior avidity of the centre of will: and at the same time, the cleaving yearning to the nipple, and the tiny curiosity of lips and gums. The nipple of the mother's breast is one of the great gates of the body, hence of the living psyche. In the nipple terminate vivid nerves which flash their very powerful vibrations through the mouth of the child and deep into its four great poles of being and knowing. Even the nipples of the man are gate-ways to the great dynamic flow: still gate-ways.

Touch, taste, and smell are now active in the baby.* And these senses, so-called, are strictly sensations. They are the first term of the child's mental knowledge. And on these three *cerebral* reactions the foundation of the future mind is laid.

The moment there is a perfect polarised circuit between the first four poles of dynamic consciousness, at that moment does the mind, the terminal station, flash into cognition. The first cognition is merely sensation: sensation and the remembrance of sensation being the first element in all knowing and in all conception.

The circuit of touch, taste, and smell must be well established, before the eyes begin actually to see. All mental knowledge is built up of sensation and of memory. It is the continually recurring sensation of the touch of the mother which forms the basis of the first conception of the mother. After that, the gradually discriminated taste of the mother, and scent of the mother. Till gradually sight and hearing develop and largely usurp the first three senses, as medium of correspondence and of knowledge.

And while, of course, the sensational *knowledge* is being secreted in the brain, in some much more mysterious way the living individuality of the child is being developed in the four first nuclei, the four great nerve-centres of the primary field of consciousness and being.

As time goes on, the child learns to see the mother. At first he sees her face as a blur, and though he knows her, knows her by a direct glow

of communication, as if her face were a warm glowing life-lamp which rejoiced him. But gradually, as the circuit of touch, taste, and smell become powerfully established; gradually, as the individual develops in the child, and so retreats towards isolation; gradually, as the child stands more immune from the mother, the circuit of correspondence extends, and the eyes now communicate across space, the ears begin to discriminate sounds. Last of all develops discriminate hearing.

Now gradually the picture of the mother is transferred to the child's mind, and the sound of the first baby-words is imprinted. And as the child learns to discriminate visually, objectively, between the mother and the nurse, he learns to choose, and becomes individually free. And still, the dynamic correspondence is not finished. It only changes its circuit.

While the brain is registering sensations, the four dynamic centres are coming into perfect relation. Or rather, as we see, the reverse is the case. As the dynamic centres come into perfect relation, the mind registers and remembers sensations, and begins consciously to know. But the great field of activity is still and always the dynamic field. When a child learns to walk, it learns almost entirely from the solar plexus and the lumbar ganglion, the cardiac plexus and the thoracic ganglion balancing the upper body.

There is a perfected circuit of polarity. The two lower centres are the positive, the two upper the negative poles. And so the child strikes out with his feet for the earth, presses, and strikes away again from the earth, the two upper centres meanwhile corresponding implicitly in the balance of the upper body. It is a chain of spontaneous activity in the four primary centres, establishing a circuit through the whole body. But the positive poles are the lower centres. And the brain has probably nothing at all to do with it.* Even the *desire* to walk is not born in the brain, but in the primary nuclei.

The same with the use of the hands and arms. It means the establishment of a pure circuit between the four centres, the two upper poles now being the positive, the lower the negative poles, and the hands the live end of the wire. Again the brain is not concerned. Probably, even in the first deliberate grasping of an object, the brain is not concerned. Not until there is an element of recognition and sensation-memory.

All our primal activity originates and circulates purely in the four great nerve centres. All our active desire, our genuine impulse, our love, our hope, our yearning, everything originates mysteriously at these four great centres or well-heads of our existence: everything vital and

dynamic. The mind can only register that which results from the emanation of the dynamic impulse and the collision or communion of this impulse with its object.

So now we see that we can never know ourselves. Knowledge is to consciousness what the signpost is to the traveller: just an indication of the way which has been travelled before. Knowledge is not even in direct proportion to being. There may be great knowledge of chemistry in a man who is a rather poor *being*: and those who *know*, even in wisdom like Solomon, are often at the end of the matter of living, not at the beginning. As a matter of fact, David did the living, the dynamic achievement. To Solomon was left the consummation and the finish, and the dying down.*

Yet we *must* know, if only in order to learn not to know. The supreme lesson of human consciousness is to learn how *not to know*. That is, how not to *interfere*. That is, how to live dynamically, from the great Source, and not statically, like machines driven by ideas and principles from the head, or automatically, from one fixed desire. At last, knowledge must be put into its true place in the living activity of man. And we must know deeply, in order even to do that.

So a new conception of the meaning of education.

Education means leading out the individual nature in each man and woman to its true fulness. You can't do that by stimulating the mind. To pump education into the mind is fatal. That which sublimates from the dynamic consciousness into the mental consciousness has alone any value. This, in most individuals, is very little indeed. So that most individuals, under a wise government, would be most carefully protected from all vicious attempts to inject extraneous ideas into them. Every extraneous idea, which has no inherent root in the dynamic consciousness, is as dangerous as a nail driven into a young tree. For the mass of people, knowledge *must* be symbolical, mythical, dynamic. This means, you must have a higher, responsible, conscious class: and then in varying degrees the lower classes, varying in their degree of consciousness. Symbols must be true from top to bottom. But the interpretation of the symbols must rest, degree after degree, in the higher, responsible, conscious classes. To those who cannot divest themselves* again of mental consciousness and definite ideas, mentality and ideas are death, nails through their hands and feet.*

Chapter VII

FIRST STEPS IN EDUCATION

The first process of education is obviously not a mental process. When a mother talks to a baby, she is not encouraging its little mind to think. When she is coaxing her child to walk, she is not making a theoretic exposition of the science of equilibration. She crouches before the child, at a little distance, and spreads her hands. "Come, baby—come to mother. Come! Baby walk! Yes, walk! Walk to mother! Come along. A little walk to its mother. Come! Come then! Why yes, a pretty baby! Oh, he can toddle! Yes—yes—No, don't be frightened, a dear! No—Come to mother—" and she catches his little pinafore by the tip—and the infant lurches forward. "There! There! A beautiful walk! A beautiful walker, yes! Walked all the way to mother, baby did. Yes, he did—"

Now who will tell me that this talk has any rhyme or reason? Not a spark of reason. Yet a real rhyme: or rhythm, much more important. The song and the urge of the mother's voice plays direct on the affective centres of the child, a wonderful stimulus and tuition. The words hardly matter. True, this constant repetition in the end forms a mental association. At the moment they have no mental significance at all for the baby. But they ring with a strange palpitating music in his fluttering soul, and lift him into motion.

And this is the way to educate children: the instinctive way of mothers. There should be no effort made to teach children to think, to have ideas. Only to lift them and urge them into dynamic activity. The voice of dynamic sound, not the words of understanding. Damn understanding. Gestures, and touch, and expression of the face, not theory. Never have ideas about children—and never have ideas *for* them.

If we are going to teach children we must teach them first to move. And not by rule or mental dictation. Horror! But by playing and teasing and anger, and amusement. A child must learn to move blithe and free and proud. It must learn the fulness of spontaneous motion. And this it can only learn by continuous reaction from all the centres, through all the emotions. A child must learn to contain itself. It must learn to sit still if need be. Part of the first phase of education is the learning to stay still and be physically self-contained. Then a child must learn to be

alone, and to adventure alone, and to play alone. Any peevish clinging should be quite roughly rebuffed. From the very first day, throw a child back on its own resources—even a little cruelly sometimes. But don't neglect it, don't have a negative attitude to it. Play with it, tease it and roll it over as a dog her puppy, mock it when it is too timorous, laugh at it, scold it when it really bothers you—for a child must learn not to bother another person—and when it makes you genuinely angry, spank it soundly. But always remember that it is a single little soul by itself; and that the responsibility for the wise, warm relationship is yours, the adult's.

Then always watch its deportment. Above all things encourage a straight backbone and proud shoulders. Above all things despise a slovenly movement, an ugly bearing, an unpleasing manner. And make a mock of petulance and of too much timidity.

We are imbeciles to start bothering about love and so forth in a child. Forget utterly that there is such a thing as emotional reciprocity. But never forget your own honour as an adult individual towards a small individual. It is a question of honour, not of love.

A tree grows straight when it has deep roots and is not too stifled. Love is a spontaneous thing, coming out of the spontaneous effectual soul. As a deliberate principle it is an unmitigated evil. Also morality which is based on ideas, or on an ideal, is an unmitigated evil. A child which is proud and free in its movements, in all its deportment, will be quite as moral as need be. Honor is an instinct, a superb instinct which should be kept keenly alive. Immorality, vice, crime, these come from a suppression or a collapse at one or other of the great primary centres. If one of these centres fails to maintain its true polarity, then there is a physical or psychic derangement, or both. And viciousness or crime are the result of a derangement in the primary system. Pure morality is only an instinctive adjustment which the soul makes in every circumstance, adjusting one thing to another livingly, delicately, sensitively. There can be no law.

Therefore, at every cost and charge keep the first four centres alive and alert, active, and vivid in reaction. And then you need fear no perversion. What we have done, in our era, is, first, we have tried as far as possible to suppress or subordinate the two sensual centres. We have so unduly insisted on and exaggerated the upper or spiritual or selfless mode—the living in the other person and through the other person—that we have caused already a dangerous over-balance in the natural psyche.

To correct this we go one worse, and try to rule ourselves more and more by the old ideas of sympathy and benevolence. We think that love and benevolence will cure anything. Whereas love and benevolence are our poison, poison to the giver, and still more poison to the receiver. 5 Poison only because there is practically *no* spontaneous love left in the world. It is all *will*, the fatal love-will and insatiable morbid curiosity. The pure sympathetic mode of love long ago broke down. There is now only deadly, exaggerated volition.

This is also why general education should be suppressed as soon as possible. We have fallen into a state of fixed, deadly will. Everything 10 we do and say to our children in school tends simply to fix in them the same deadly will, under the pretence of pure love. Our idealism is the clue to our fixed will. Love, beauty, benevolence, progress, these are the words we use. But the principle we evoke is a principle of barren, sanctified compulsion of all life. We want to put all life under compulsion. 15 “How to outwit the nerves,” for example.*—And therefore, to save the children as far as possible, elementary education should be stopped at once.

No child should be sent to any sort of public institution before the 20 age of ten years. If I could but advise, I would advise that this notice should be sent through the length and breadth of the land.

“Parents, the State can no longer be responsible for the mind and character of your children. From the first day of the coming year, all schools will be closed for an indefinite period. Fathers, see that your 25 boys are trained to be men. Mothers, see that your daughters are trained to be women.

“All schools will shortly be converted either into public workshops or into gymnasia. No child will be admitted into the workshops under ten years of age. Active military training and gymnastics will be compulsory 30 for all boys over ten years of age.

“All girls over ten years of age must attend at one domestic workshop. All girls over ten years of age may, in addition, attend at one workshop of skilled labour, or of technical industry, or of art. Admission for three months probation.

35 “All boys over ten years of age must attend at one workshop of domestic crafts, and at one workshop of skilled labour, or of technical industry, or of art. A boy may choose, with his parents’ consent, his school of labour or technical industry or art, but the directors reserve the right to transfer him to a more suitable department, if necessary, 40 after a three months probation.

“It is the intention of this State to form a body of active, energetic citizens. The danger of a helpless, presumptuous, newspaper-reading population is universally recognised.

“All elementary education is left in the hands of the parents, save such as is necessary to the different branches of industry. 5

“Schools of mental culture are free to all individuals over fourteen years of age.

“Universities are free to all who obtain the first culture degree.”

The fact is, our process of universal education is today so uncouth, so psychologically barbaric, that it is the most terrible menace to the existence of our race. We seize hold of our children, and by parrot-compulsion we force into them a set of mental tricks. By unnatural and unhealthy compulsion, we force them into a certain amount of cerebral activity. And then, after a few years, with a certain number of windmills in their heads, we turn them loose, like so many inferior Don Quixotes,* to make a mess of life. All that they have learnt in their heads has no reference at all to their dynamic souls. The windmills spin and spin in a wind of words, Dulcinea del Toboso beckons round every corner, and our nation of inferior Quixotes jumps on and off tramcars, trains, bicycles, motor-cars, buses, in one mad chase of the divine Dulcinea, who is all the time chewing chocolates and feeling very very bored. It is no use telling the poor devils to stop. They read in the newspapers about more Dulcineas and more chivalry due to them and more horrid persons who injure the fair fame of these bored females. And round they skelter, after their own tails. That is, when they are not forced to grind out their lives for a wage. Though work is the only thing that prevents our masses from going quite mad. 10 15 20 25

To tell the truth, ideas are the most dangerous germs mankind has ever been injected with. They are introduced into the brain by injection, in schools and by means of newspapers, and then we are done for. 30

An idea which is merely introduced into the brain, and started spinning there like some outrageous insect, is the cause of all our misery today. Instead of living from the spontaneous centres, we live from the head. We chew, chew, chew at some theory, some idea. We grind grind grind in our mental consciousness, till we are beside ourselves. Our primary affective centres, our centres of spontaneous being, are so utterly ground round and automatised that they squeak in all stages of disharmony and incipient collapse. We are a people—and not we alone—of idiots, imbeciles and epileptics, and we don’t even know we are raving. 35 40

And all is due, directly and solely, to that hateful germ we call the Ideal. The Ideal is *always* evil, no matter what ideal it be. No idea should ever be raised to a governing throne.

5 This does not mean that man should immediately cut off his head and try to develop a pair of eyes in his breasts. But it does mean this: that an idea is just the final concrete or registered result of living dynamic interchange and reactions: that no idea is ever perfectly expressed until its dynamic cause is finished: and that to continue to put into dynamic effect an already perfected idea means the nullification of all living activity, the substitution of mechanism, and all the resultant horrors of
10 *ennui*, ecstasy, neurasthenia, and a collapsing psyche.

The whole tree of our idea of life and living is dead. Then let us leave off hanging ourselves and our children from its branches like medlars.*

15 The idea, the actual idea, must rise ever fresh, ever displaced, like the leaves of a tree, from out of the quickness of the sap, and according to the forever incalculable effluence of the great dynamic centres of life. The tree of life* is a gay kind of tree that is for ever dropping its leaves and budding out fresh, quite different ones. If the last lot were thistle leaves, the next lot may be vine. You never can tell with the Tree of Life.

20 So we come back to that precious child who costs us such a lot of ink. By what right, I ask you, are we going to inject into him our own disease-germs of ideas and infallible motives? By the right of the diseased, who want to infect everybody.

25 There are *few, few people* in whom the living impulse and reaction develops and sublimates into mental consciousness. There are all kinds of trees in the forest. But few of them indeed bear the apples of knowledge. The modern world insists, however, that every individual shall bear the apples of knowledge. So we go through the forest of mankind, cut back every tree, and try to graft it into an apple-tree. A nice wood
30 of monsters we make by so doing.

It is not the *nature* of most men, to know and to understand and to reason very far. Therefore, why should they make a pretence of it? It is the nature of some few men to reason, then let them reason. Those whose nature it is to be rational will instinctively ask why and wherefore,
35 and wrestle with themselves for an answer. But why every Tom Dick and Harry should have the why and wherefore of the universe rammed into him, and should be allowed to draw the conclusion hence that he is the ideal person and responsible for the universe, I don't know. It is a lie, anyway—for neither the whys nor the wherefores are his own, and
40 he is but a parrot with his nut of a universe.

Why should we cram the mind of a child with facts that have nothing to do with his own experiences, and have no relation to his own dynamic activity? Let us realise that every extraneous idea effectually introduced into a man's mind is a direct obstruction of his dynamic activity. Every idea which is introduced from outside, into a man's mind, and which does not correspond to his own dynamic nature, is a fatal stumbling-block for that man: is a cause of arrest for his true individual activity, and a derangement to his psychic being. 5

For instance, if I teach a man the idea that all men are equal. Now this idea has no foundation in experience, but is logically deduced from certain ethical or philosophic principles. But there is a disease of idealism in the world, and we all are born with it. Particularly teachers are born with it. So they seize on the idea of equality, and proceed to instil it. With what result? Your man is no longer a man, living his own life from his own spontaneous centres. He is a theoretic imbecile trying to frustrate and dislocate all life. 10 15

It is the death of all life to force a pure *idea* into practice. Life must be lived from the deep, self-responsible spontaneous centres of every individual, in a vital, *non-ideal* circuit of dynamic relation between individuals. The passions or desires which are thought-born are deadly. Any particular mode of passion or desire which receives an exclusive ideal sanction at once becomes poisonous. 20

If this is true for men, it is much more true for women. Teach a woman to act from an idea, and you destroy her womanhood for ever. Make a woman self-conscious, and her soul is barren as a sandbag. Why were we driven out of Paradise? Why did we fall into this gnawing disease of unappeasable dissatisfaction? Not because we sinned. Ah no. All the animals in Paradise enjoyed the sensual passion of coition. Not because we sinned. But because we got our sex into our head. 25

When Eve ate that particular apple, she became aware of her own womanhood, mentally. And mentally she began to experiment with it. She has been experimenting ever since. So has man. To the rage and horror of both of them. 30

These sexual experiments are really anathema. But once a woman is sexually self-conscious, what is she to do? There it is, she is born with the disease of her own self-consciousness, as was her mother before her. She is bound to experiment and try one idea after another, in the long run always to her own misery. She is bound to have fixed one, and then another idea of herself, herself as a woman. First she is the noble spouse of a not-quite-so-noble male: then a *Mater Dolorosa*: then a ministering 35 40

Angel: then a competent social unit, a Member of Parliament or a Lady Doctor or a platform speaker: and then all the while, as a side-show, she is the Isolde of some Tristan, or the Guinevere of some Lancelot, or the Fata Morgana* of all men—in her own idea. She can't stop having an idea of herself. She can't get herself out of her own head. And there she is, functioning away from her own head and her own consciousness of herself and her own automatic self-will, till the whole man and woman game has become just a hell, and men with any backbone would rather kill themselves than go on with it—or kill somebody else.

Yet we are going to inculcate more and more self-consciousness, teach every little Mary to be more and more a nice little Mary out of her own head, and every little Joseph to theorise himself up to the scratch.

And the point lies here. There will *have* to come an end. Every race which has become self-conscious and idea-bound in the past has perished. And then it has all started afresh, in a different way, with another race. And man has never learnt any better! We are really far, far more life-stupid than the dead Greeks or the lost Etruscans. Our day is pretty short, and closing fast. We can pass, and another race can follow later.

But there is another alternative. We still have in us the power to discriminate between our own idealism, our own self-conscious will, and that other reality, our own true spontaneous self. Certainly we are so overloaded and diseased with ideas that we can't get well in a minute. But we can set our faces stubbornly against the disease, once we recognise it. The disease of love, the disease of "spirit," the disease of niceness and benevolence and feeling good on our own behalf and good on somebody else's behalf. Pah, it is all a gangrene. We can retreat upon the proud, isolate self, and remain there alone, like lepers, till we are cured of this ghastly white disease of self-conscious idealism.

And we really can make a move on our children's behalf. We really can refrain from thrusting our children any more into those hot-beds of the self-conscious disease, schools. We really can prevent their eating much more of the tissues of leprosy, newspapers and books. For a time, there should be no compulsory teaching to read and write at all. *The great mass of humanity should never learn to read and write—never.**

And instead of this gnawing, gnawing disease of mental consciousness and awful, unhealthy craving for stimulus and for action, we must substitute genuine action. The war was really not a bad beginning. But we went out under the banners of idealism, and now the men are home again, the virus is more active than ever, rotting their very souls.

The mass of the people will never *mentally* understand. But they will soon instinctively fall into line.

Let us substitute action, all kinds of action, for the mass of people, in place of mental activity. Even twelve hours' work a day is better than a newspaper at four in the afternoon and a grievance for the rest of the evening.—But particularly let us take care of the children. At all cost, try to prevent a girl's mind from dwelling on herself. Make her act, work, play: assume a rule over her girlhood. Let her learn the domestic arts in their perfection. Let us even artificially set her to spin and weave. Anything to keep her busy, to prevent her reading and becoming self-conscious. Let us awake as soon as possible to the repulsive machine quality of machine-made things. They smell of death. And let us insist that the home is sacred, the hearth, and the very things of the home.—Then keep the girls apart from any familiarity or being "pals" with the boys. The nice clean intimacy which we now so admire between the sexes is sterilising. It makes neuters. Later on, no deep, magical sex-life is possible.

The same with the boys. First and foremost establish a rule over them, a proud, harsh, manly rule. Make them *know* that at every moment they are in the shadow of a proud, strong, adult authority. Let them be soldiers, but as individuals not machine-units. There are wars in the future, great wars, which not machines will finally decide, but the free, indomitable life spirit. No more wars under the banners of the ideal, and in the spirit of sacrifice. But wars in the strength of individual men. As a matter of fact we should start at once a great league of comrades, all over America. Each ten comrades to have a leader, the leading soul among them, to whom they will give life and death obedience. Each ten decurions to choose their centurion, and each ten centurions their leaders of a thousand. And the league should exist in the name of living freedom, of pledged obedience, and sacred responsibility of command. Each comrade pledged to obey the leader he has chosen in his own soul's desire. Each leader pledged to lead. And then, pure individualistic military training, and preparation for a whole new way of life, a new society.—Put money into its place, and science and industry. The leaders must stand for life, and they must not ask the simple comrades to point out the direction. When the leaders assume responsibility they relieve the comrades forever of the burden of finding a way. Relieved of this hateful incubus of responsibility for general affairs, the populace can again become free and happy and spontaneous, leaving matters to their superiors.* No newspapers—the mass of the

people never learning to read. The evolving once more of the great spontaneous gestures of life. Whatever else America does, she should start her league of Comrades tomorrow. Whitman suggested it. But the comrades must pledge themselves to pure obedience to the leader they
5 choose: each ten choosing a leader.

That is one way of making a beginning. Because we can't go on as we are. Poor, nerve-worn creatures, fretting our lives away and hating to die because we have never lived. The secret is, to commit into the hands of the sacred few the responsibility which now lies like torture
10 on the mass. Let the few, the leaders of tens, of hundreds, of thousands, of tens of thousands, of millions—let these be increasingly responsible for the whole.* And let the mass be free: free, save for the choice of the leader of ten.

Leaders—this is what mankind is craving for. But men must be prepared to obey, body and soul, once they have chosen the leader. And let
15 them choose the leader for life's sake only.

Begin then—There is a beginning.

Chapter VIII

EDUCATION, AND SEX IN MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD*

The one thing we have to avoid, then, even while we carry on our own old process of education, is this development of the powers of so-called self-expression in a child. Let us beware of artificially stimulating his self-consciousness and his so-called imagination. All that we do is to pervert the child into a ghastly state of self-consciousness, making him affectedly try to show off as we wish him to show off. The moment the least little trace of self-consciousness enters in a child, goodbye to everything except falsity. 5 10

Much better just pound away at the A B C and simple arithmetic and so on. The modern methods do make children sharp, give them a sort of slick finesse, but it is the beginning of the mischief. It ends in the great “unrest” of a nervous, hysterical proletariat. Begin to teach a child of five to “understand.” To understand the sun and moon and daisy and the secrets of procreation, bless your soul.—Understanding all the way. — And when the child is twenty he’ll have a hysterical understanding of his own invented grievance, and there’s an end of him. Understanding is the devil. 15 20

A child *mustn’t* understand things. He must have them his own way. His vision isn’t ours. When a boy of eight sees a horse, he doesn’t see the correct biological object we intend him to see. He sees a big living presence of no particular shape with hair dangling from its neck, and four legs. If he puts two eyes in the profile, he is quite right. Because he does *not* see with optical, photographic vision. The image on his retina is *not* the image of his consciousness. The image on his retina just does not go into him. His unconsciousness is filled with a strong, dark, vague prescience of a powerful presence, a two-eyed, four-legged, long-maned presence looming imminent. And to *force* the boy to see a correct one-eyed horse-profile is just like pasting a placard in front of his vision. It simply kills his inward seeing. We don’t *want* him to see a proper horse. The child is *not* a little camera. He is a small vital organism which has direct dynamic *rapport* with the objects of the outer universe. He perceives from his breast and his abdomen, with deep-sunken realism, the elemental nature of the creature. So that to this day a Noah’s Ark 25 30 35

tree is more real than a Corot tree or a Constable tree: and a flat Noah's Ark cow has a deeper vital reality than even a Cuyup cow.*

5 The mode of vision is not one and final. The mode of vision is manifold. And the optical image is a mere vibrating blur to a child—and, indeed, to a passionate adult. In this vibrating blur the soul sees its own true correspondent. It sees, in a cow, horns, and squareness, and a long tail. It sees, for a horse, a mane, and a long face, round nose, and four legs. And in each case a darkly vital presence. Now horns and squareness and a long thin ox-tail, these are the fearful and wonderful
10 elements of the cow-form, which the dynamic soul perfectly perceives. The ideal-image is just outside nature, for a child—something false. In a picture, a child wants elemental recognition, and not correctness or expression, or least of all, what we call understanding. The child distorts inevitably and dynamically. But the dynamic abstraction is more than
15 mental. If a huge eye sits in the middle of the cheek, in a child's drawing, this shows that the deep dynamic consciousness of the eye, its relative exaggeration, is the life-truth, even if it is a scientific falsehood.

On the other hand, what on earth is the good of saying to a child, "The world is a flattened sphere, like an orange". It is simply pernicious.
20 You had much better say, the world is a poached egg in a frying pan. *That* might have some dynamic meaning. The only thing about the flattened orange is that the child just sees this orange disporting itself in blue air, and never bothers to associate it with the earth he treads on. And yet it would be so much better for the mass of mankind if they
25 never heard of the flattened sphere. They should never be told that the earth is round. It only makes everything unreal to them. They are balked in their impression of the flat good earth, they can't get over this sphere business, they live in a fog of abstraction, and nothing is anything. Save for purposes of abstraction, the earth is a great plain, with hills and valleys. Why force abstractions and kill the reality, when
30 there's no need.

As for children, will we never realise that their abstractions are never based on observations, but on subjective exaggerations. If there is an eye in the face, the face is all eye. It is the child soul which cannot get over
35 the mystery of the eye. If there is a tree in a landscape, the landscape is all tree. Always this partial focus. The attempt to make a child focus for a whole view—which is really a generalisation and an adult abstraction—is simply wicked. Yet the first thing we do is to set a child making relief-maps in clay, for example: of his own district.* Imbecility! He has not
40 even the faintest impression of the total hill on which his home stands. A

steepness going up to a door—and front garden railings—and perhaps windows. That's the lot.

The top and bottom of it is, that it is a crime to teach a child anything at all, school-wise. It is just evil to collect children together and teach them through the head. It causes absolute starvation in the dynamic centres, and sterile substitute of brain knowledge is all the gain. The children of the middle classes are so vitally impoverished, that the miracle is they continue to exist at all. The children of the lower classes do better, because they escape into the streets. But even the children of the proletariat are now infected.

And, of course, as my critics point out,* under all the school-smarm and newspaper-cant, man is today as savage as a cannibal, and more dangerous. The living dynamic self is denaturalised instead of being educated.

We talk about education—leading forth the natural intelligence of a child. But ours is just the opposite of leading forth. It is a ramming in of brain facts through the head, and a consequent distortion, suffocation, and starvation of the primary centres of consciousness. A nice day of reckoning we've got in front of us.

Let us lead forth, by all means. But let us not have mental knowledge before us as the goal of the leading. Much less let us make of it a vicious circle in which we lead the unhappy child-mind, like a cow in a ring at a fair. We don't want to educate children so that they may *understand*. Understanding is a fallacy and a vice in most people. I don't even want my child to know, much less to understand. I don't want my child to know that five fives are twenty-five, any more than I want my child to wear my hat or my boots. I *don't* want my child to *know*. If he wants five fives, let him count them on his fingers. As for his little mind, give it a rest, and let his dynamic self be alert. He will ask "why", often enough. But he more often asks why the sun shines, or why men have moustaches, or why grass is green, than anything sensible. Most of a child's questions are, and should be, unanswerable. They are not questions at all. They are exclamations of wonder, they are *remarks* half-sceptically addressed. When a child says "why is grass green?" he half implies "is it really green, or is it just taking me in?" And we solemnly begin to prate about chlorophyll. Oh imbeciles, idiots, inexcusable owls!

The whole of a child's true development goes on from the great dynamic centres, and is basically non-mental. To introduce mental activity is to arrest the dynamic activity, and stultify true dynamic development.

By the age of twenty-one our young people are helpless, hopeless, selfless, floundering mental entities, with nothing in front of them, because they have been starved from the roots, systematically, for twenty-one years, and fed through the head. They have had all their mental excitements, sex and everything, all through the head, and when it comes to the actual thing, why, there's nothing in it. Blasé. The affective centres have been exhausted from the head.

Before the age of fourteen, children should be taught only to move, to act, to *do*. And they should be taught as little as possible even of this. Adults simply cannot and do not know any more what the mode of childish intelligence is. Adults *always* interfere. They *always* force the adult mental mode. Therefore children must be preserved from adult instructions.

Make a child work—yes. Make it do little jobs. Keep a fine and delicate and fierce discipline, so that the little jobs are performed as perfectly as is consistent with the child's nature. Make the child alert, proud, and becoming in its movements. Make it know very definitely that it shall not and must not trespass on other people's privacy or patience. Teach it songs, tell it tales. But *never* instruct it school-wise. And mostly, leave it alone, send it away to be with other children and to get in and out of mischief, and in and out of danger. Forget your child altogether as much as possible.

All this is the active and strenuous business of parents, and must not be shelved off on to strangers. It is the business of parents *mentally* to forget, but dynamically never to forsake their children.

It is no use expecting parents to know *why* schools are closed, and *why* they, the parents, must be quite responsible for their own children during the first ten years. If it is quite useless to expect parents to understand a theory of Relativity, much less will they understand the development of the dynamic consciousness. But why should they understand? It is the business of very few to understand and for the mass, it is their business to believe and not to bother, but to be honourable and humanly to fulfil their human responsibilities. To give active obedience to their leaders, and to possess their own souls in natural pride.

Some must understand why a child is not to be mentally educated. Some must have a faint inkling of the processes of consciousness during the first fourteen years. Some must know what a child beholds, when it looks at a horse, and what it means, when it says "Why is grass green?" The answer to this question, by the way, is "Because it is."

The interplay of the four dynamic centres follows no one conceivable law. Mental activity continues according to a law of co-relation. But there is no logical or rational co-relation in the dynamic consciousness. It pulses on inconsequential, and it would be impossible to determine any sequence. Out of the very lack of sequence in dynamic consciousness does the individual himself develop. The dynamic abstraction of a child's percepts follows no mental law, and even no law which can ever be mentally propounded. And this is why it is utterly pernicious to set a child making a clay relief-map of its own district, or to ask a child to draw conclusions from given observations. Dynamically, a child draws no conclusions. All things still remain dynamically possible. A conclusion drawn is a nail in the coffin of a child's developing being. Let a child make a clay landscape, if it likes. But entirely according to its own fancy, and without conclusions drawn. Only, let the landscape be vividly made—always the discipline of the soul's full attention. "Oh but where are the factory chimneys?" or else—"Why have you left out the gas-works?" or "Do you call that sloppy thing a church?" The particular focus should be vivid, and the record in some way true. The soul must give earnest attention, that is all.

And so, actively disciplined, the child develops for the first ten years. We need not be afraid of letting children see the passions and reactions of adult life. Only we must not strain the *sympathies* of a child, in any direction, particularly the direction of love and pity. Nor must we introduce the fallacy of right and wrong. Spontaneous distaste should take the place of right and wrong. And least of all must there be a cry: "You see, dear, you don't understand. When you are older . . ."—A child's sagacity is better than an adult's understanding, anyhow.

Of course it is ten times criminal to tell young children facts about sex, or to implicate them in adult relationships. A child has a strong evanescent sex consciousness. It instinctively writes impossible words on back walls. But this is not a fully conscious mental act. It is a kind of dream act—quite natural. The child's curious, shadowy, indecent sex-knowledge is quite in the course of nature. And does nobody any harm at all. Adults had far better not notice it. But if a child sees a cockerel tread a hen, or two dogs coupling, well and good. It *should* see these things. Only, without comment. Let nothing be exaggeratedly hidden. By instinct, let us preserve the decent privacies. But if a child occasionally sees its parent nude, taking a bath, all the better. Or even sitting in the W. C. Exaggerated secrecy is bad. But indecent exposure

is also very bad. But worst of all is dragging in the *mental* consciousness of these shadowy dynamic realities.

In the same way, to talk to a child about an adult is vile. Let adults keep their adult feelings and communications for people of their own age. But if a child sees its parents violently quarrel, all the better. There must be storms. And a child's dynamic understanding is far deeper and more penetrating than our sophisticated interpretation. But *never* make a child a party to adult affairs. Never drag the child in. Refuse its sympathy on such occasions. Always treat it as if it had *no business* to hear, even if it is present and *must* hear. Truly, it has no business mentally to hear. And the dynamic soul will always weigh things up and dispose of them properly, if there be no interference of adult comment or adult desire for sympathy. It is despicable for any one parent to accept a child's sympathy against the other parent. And the one who *received* the sympathy is always more contemptible than the one who is hated.

Of course so many children are born today unnaturally mentally awake and alive to adult affairs, that there is nothing left but to tell them everything, crudely; or else, much better, to say: "Ah, get out, you know too much, you make me sick."

To return to the question of sex. A child is born sexed. A child is either male or female, in the whole of its psyche and physique is either male or female. Every single living cell is either male or female, and will remain either male or female as long as life lasts. And every single cell in every male child is male, and every cell in every female child is female. The talk about a third sex, or about the indeterminate sex,* is just to pervert the issue.

Biologically, it is true, the rudimentary formation of both sexes is found in every individual. That doesn't mean that every individual is a bit of both, or either *ad lib*. After a sufficient period of idealism, men become hopelessly self-conscious. That is, the great affective centres no longer act spontaneously, but always wait for control from the head. This always breeds a great fluster in the psyche, and the poor self-conscious individual cannot help posing and posturing. Our ideal has taught us to be gentle and wistful: rather girlish and yielding, and *very* yielding in our sympathies. In fact, many young men feel so very like what they imagine a girl must feel, that hence they draw the conclusion that they must have a large share of female sex inside them. False conclusion.

These girlish men have often, today, the finest maleness, once it is put to the test. How is it then that they feel, and look, so girlish? It is largely a question of the direction of the polarised flow. Our ideal has taught us

to be *so* loving and *so* submissive and *so* yielding in our sympathy, that the mode has become automatic in many men. Now in what we will call the “natural” mode, man has his positivity in the volitional centres, and woman in the sympathetic. In fulfilling the Christian love ideal, however, men have reversed this. Man has assumed the gentle, all-sympathetic rôle, and woman has become the energetic party, with the authority in her hands. The male is the sensitive, sympathetic nature, the woman the active, effective, authoritative. So that the male acts as the passive, or recipient pole of attraction, the female as the active, positive, exertive pole, in human relations. Which is a reversal of the old flow. The woman is now the initiator, man the responder. They seem to play each other’s parts. But man is purely male, playing woman’s part, and woman is purely female, however manly. The gulf between Heliogabalus,* or the most womanly man on earth, and the most manly woman, is just the same as ever: just the same old gulf between the sexes. The man is male, the woman is female. Only they are playing one another’s parts, as they must at certain periods. The dynamic polarity has swung round.

If we look a little closer, we can define this positive and negative business better. As a matter of fact, positive and negative, passive and active cuts both ways. If the man, as thinker and doer, is active, or positive, and the woman negative, then, on the other hand, as the initiator of emotion, of feeling, and of sympathetic understanding the woman is positive, the man negative. The man may be the initiator in action, but the woman is initiator in emotion. The man has the initiative as far as voluntary activity goes, and the woman the initiative as far as sympathetic activity goes. In love, it is the woman naturally who loves, the man who is loved. In love, woman is the positive, man the negative. It is woman who asks, in love, and man who answers. In life, the reverse is the case. In knowing and in doing, man is positive and woman negative: man initiates, and woman lives up to it.

Naturally this nicely arranged order of things may be reversed. Action and utterance, which are male, are polarised against feeling, emotion, which are female. And which is positive, which negative? Was man, the eternal protagonist, born of woman, from her womb of fathomless emotion? Or was woman, with her deep womb of emotion, born from the rib of active man, the first created? Man, the doer, the knower, the original in *being*, is he the lord of life? Or is woman, the great Mother, who bore us from the womb of love, is she the supreme Goddess?

This is the question of all time. And as long as man and woman endure, so will the answer be given, first one way, then the other. Man,

as the utterer, usually claims that Eve was created out of his spare rib:* from the field of the creative, upper dynamic consciousness, that is. But woman, as soon as she gets a word in, points to the fact that man inevitably, poor darling, is the issue of his mother's womb. So the battle rages.

5 But some men always agree with the woman. Some men always yield to woman the creative positivity. And in certain periods, such as the present, the majority of men concur in regarding woman as the source of life, the first term in creation: woman, the mother, the prime being.

10 And then, the whole polarity shifts over. Man still remains the doer and thinker. But he is so only in the service of emotional and procreative woman. His highest moment is now the emotional moment when he gives himself up to the woman, when he forms the perfect answer for her great emotional and procreative asking. All his thinking, all his activity in the world only contributes to this great moment, when he is fulfilled in the emotional passion of the woman, the birth of re-birth, as Whitman calls it.* In his consummation in the emotional passion of a woman, man is re-born. Which is quite true.

20 And there is the point at which we all now stick. Life, thought, and activity, all are devoted truly to the great end of Woman, wife and mother.

Man has now entered on to his negative mode. Now, his consummation is in feeling, not in action. Now, his activity is all of the domestic order and all his thought goes to proving that nothing matters except that birth shall continue and woman shall rock in the nest of this globe like a bird who covers her eggs in some tall tree. Man is the fetcher, the carrier, the sacrifice, the crucified, and the re-born of woman.

This being so, the whole tendency of his nature changes. Instead of being assertive and rather insentient, he becomes wavering and sensitive. He begins to have as many feelings,—nay more than a woman. His heroism is all in altruistic endurance. He worships pity and tenderness and weakness, even in himself. In short he takes on very largely the original rôle of woman. Woman meanwhile becomes the fearless, inwardly relentless, determined positive party. She grips the responsibility. The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.* Nay, she makes man discover that cradles should not be rocked, in order that her hands may be left free. She is now a queen of the earth, and inwardly a fearsome tyrant. She keeps pity and tenderness emblazoned on her banners. But God help the man whom she pities. Ultimately she tears him to bits.

40 Therefore we see the reversal of the old poles. Man becomes the emotional party, woman the positive and active. Man begins to show

strong signs of the peculiarly strong passive sex desire, the desire to be taken, which is considered characteristic of woman. Man begins to have all the feelings of woman—or all the feelings which he attributed to woman. He becomes more feminine than woman ever was, and worships his own femininity, calling it the highest. In short, he begins to exhibit all signs of sexual complexity. He begins to imagine he really is half female. And certainly woman seems very male. So the hermaphrodite fallacy revives again.* 5

But it is all a fallacy. Man, in the midst of all his effeminacy, is still male and nothing but male. And woman, though she harangue in Parliament* or patrol the streets with a helmet on her head, is still completely female. They are only playing each other's rôles, because the poles have swung into reversion. The compass is reversed. But that doesn't mean that the North pole has become the South pole, or that each is a bit of both. 10

Of course a woman should stick to her own natural emotional positivity. But then man must stick to his own positivity of *being*, of action, *disinterested, non-domestic, male* action, which is not devoted to the increase of the female. Once man vacates his camp of sincere, passionate positivity in disinterested being, his supreme responsibility to fulfil his own profoundest impulses, with reference to none but God or his own soul, not taking woman into count at all, in this primary responsibility to his own deepest soul; once man vacates this strong citadel of his own genuine, not spurious divinity; then in comes woman, picks up the sceptre and begins to conduct a Rag-time band. 15 20

Man remains man, however he may put on wistfulness and tenderness like petticoats, and sensibilities like pearl ornaments. Your sensitive little big-eyed boy, so much more gentle and loving than his harder sister, is male for all that, believe me. Perhaps evilly male, so mothers may learn to their cost: and wives still more. 25

Of course there should be a great balance between the sexes. Man, in the day-time, must follow his own soul's greatest impulse, and give himself to life-work and risk himself to death. It is not woman who claims the highest in man. It is a man's own religious soul that drives him on, beyond woman, to his supreme activity. For his highest, man is responsible to God alone. He may not pause to remember that he has a life to lose, or a wife and children to leave.* He must carry forward the banner of life, though seven worlds perish, with all the wives and mothers and children in them. Hence Jesus' "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" Every man that lives has to say it again to his wife or mother, once he has any work or mission in hand, that comes from his soul. 30 35 40

But again, no man is a blooming marvel for twenty-four hours a day. Jesus or Napoleon or any other of them ought to have been man enough to be able to come home at tea-time and put his slippers on and sit under the spell of his wife. For there you are, the woman has her world, her
5 positivity: the world of love, of emotion, of sympathy. And it behoves every man in his hour to take off his shoes and relax and give himself up to his woman and her world. Not to give up his purpose. But to give up himself for a time to her who is his mate.—And so it is one detests the clock-work Kant, and the petit-bourgeois Napoleon divorcing his
10 Josephine for a Hapsburg*—or even Jesus, with his “Woman, what have I to do with thee?”—He might have added “just now.”—They were all failures.

Chapter IX

THE BIRTH OF SEX

The last chapter was a chapter of semi-digression. We now return to the straight course. Is the straightness none too evident? Ah well, it's a matter of relativity.

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A child is born with one sex only, and remains always single in his sex. There is no inter-mingling, only a great change of rôles is possible. But man in the female rôle is still male.

Sex—that is to say, maleness and femaleness—is present from the moment of birth, and in every act or deed of every child. But sex in the real sense of dynamic sexual relationship, this does not exist in a child, and cannot exist until puberty and after. True, children have a sort of sex consciousness. Little boys and little girls may even commit indecencies together. And still it is nothing vital. It is a sort of shadow activity, a sort of dream-activity. It has no very profound effect.

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But still, boys and girls should be kept apart as much as possible, that they may have some sort of respect and fear for the gulf that lies between them in nature, and for the great strangeness which each has to offer the other, finally. We are all wrong when we say there is no vital difference between the sexes. There is every difference. Every bit, every cell in a boy is male, every cell is female in a woman, and must remain so. Women can never feel or know as men do. And in the reverse men can never feel and know, dynamically, as women do. Man, acting in the passive or feminine polarity, is still man, and he doesn't have one single unmanly feeling. And women, when they speak and write, utter not one single word that men have not taught them. Men learn their feelings from women, women learn their mental consciousness from men. And so it will ever be. Meanwhile, women live forever by feeling, and men live forever from an inherent sense of *purpose*. Feeling is an end in itself. This is unspeakable truth to a woman, and never true for one minute to a man. When man, in the Epicurean spirit, embraces feeling, he makes himself a martyr to it—like Maupassant or Oscar Wilde.* Women will *never* understand the depth of the spirit of purpose in man; his deeper spirit. And men will never understand the sacredness of feeling to woman. Each will play at the other's game, but they will remain apart.

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The whole mode, the whole everything is really different in man and woman. Therefore we should keep boys and girls apart, that they are pure and virgin in themselves. On mixing with one another, in becoming familiar, in being "pals," they lose their own male and female integrity. And they lose the treasure of the future, the vital sex polarity, the dynamic magic of life. For the magic and the dynamism rests on *otherness*.

For actual sex is a vital polarity. And a polarity which rouses into action, as we know, at puberty.

And how? As we know, a child lives from the great field of dynamic consciousness established between the four poles of the dynamic psyche, two great poles of sympathy, two great poles of will. The solar plexus and the lumbar ganglion, great nerve-centres below the diaphragm, act as the dynamic origin of all consciousness in man, and are immediately polarised by the other two nerve-centres, the cardiac plexus and the thoracic ganglion above the diaphragm. At these four poles the whole flow, both within the individual and from without him, of dynamic consciousness and dynamic creative relationship is centred. These four first poles constitute the first field of dynamic consciousness for the first twelve or fourteen years of the life of every child.

And then a change takes place. It takes place slowly, gradually and inevitably, utterly beyond our provision or control. The living soul is unfolding itself in another great metamorphosis.

What happens, in the biological psyche, is that deeper centres of consciousness and function come awake. Deep in the lower body the great sympathetic centre, the hypogastric plexus, has been acting all the time in a kind of dream-automatism, balanced by its corresponding voluntary centre, the sacral ganglion. At the age of twelve these two centres begin slowly to rumble awake, with a deep reverberant force that changes the whole constitution of the life of the individual.

And as these two centres, the sympathetic centre of the deeper abdomen, and the voluntary centre of the loins, gradually sparkle into wakeful, *conscious* activity, their corresponding poles are roused in the upper body. In the region of the throat and neck, the so-called cervical plexuses and the cervical ganglia dawn into activity.

We have now another field of dawning dynamic consciousness, that will extend far beyond the first. And now various things happen to us. First of all actual sex establishes its strange and troublesome presence within us. This is the massive wakening of the lower body. And then, in the upper body, the breasts of a woman begin to develop, her throat

changes its form. And in the man, the voice breaks, the beard begins to grow round the lips and on to the throat. There are the obvious physiological changes resulting from the gradual bursting into free activity of the hypogastric plexus and the sacral ganglion, in the lower body, and of the cervical plexuses and ganglia of the neck, in the upper body.

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Why the growth of hair should start at the lower and upper sympathetic regions we cannot say. Perhaps for protection. Perhaps to preserve these powerful yet supersensitive nodes from the inclemency of changes in temperature, which might cause a derangement. Perhaps for the sake of protective warning, as hair warns when it is touched. Perhaps for a screen against various dynamic vibrations, and as a receiver of other, suited dynamic vibrations. It may be that even the hair of the head acts as a sensitive vibration-medium for conveying currents of physical and vitalistic activity to and from the brain. And perhaps from the centres of intense vital surcharge hair springs as a sort of annunciation or declaration, like a crest of life-assertion. Perhaps all these things, and perhaps others.

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But with the bursting awake of the four new poles of dynamic consciousness and being, change takes place in everything: the features now begin to take individual form, the limbs develop out of the soft round matrix of child-form, the body resolves itself into distinctions. A strange creative change in being has taken place. The child before puberty is quite another thing from the child after puberty. Strange indeed is this new birth, this rising from the sea* of childhood into a new being. It is a resurrection which we fear.

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And now, a new world, a new heaven and a new earth.* Now new relationships are formed, the old ones retire from their prominence. Now mother and father inevitably give way before masters and mistresses, brothers and sisters yield to friends. This is the period of *Schwarm*,* of young adoration and of real initial friendship. A child before puberty has playmates. After puberty he has friends and enemies.

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A whole new field of passionate relationship. And the old bonds relaxing, the old love retreating. The father and mother bonds now relax, though they never break. The family love wanes, though it never dies.

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It is the hour of the stranger. Let the stranger now enter the soul.

And it is the first hour of true individuality, the first hour of genuine, responsible solitariness. A child knows the abyss of forlornness. But an adolescent alone knows the strange pain of growing into his own isolation of individuality.

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All this change is an agony and a bliss. It is a cataclysm and a new world. It is our most serious hour, perhaps. And yet we cannot be responsible for it.*

5 Now sex comes into active being. Until puberty, sex is submerged, nascent, incipient only. After puberty, it is a tremendous factor.

10 What is sex, really? We can never say, satisfactorily. But we know so much: we know that it is a dynamic polarity between human beings, and a circuit of force *always* flowing. The psychoanalyst is right so far. There can be no vivid relation between two adult individuals which does not consist in a dynamic polarised flow of vitalistic force or magnetism or electricity, call it what you will, between these two people. Yet is this dynamic flow inevitably sexual in nature?

15 This is the moot point for psychoanalysis. But let us look at sex, in its obvious manifestation. The *sexual* relation between man and woman consummates in the act of coition. Now what is the act of coition? We know its functional purpose of procreation. But, after all our experience and all our poetry and novels we know that the procreative purpose of sex is, to the individual man and woman, just a side-show. To the individual, the act of coition is a great psychic experience, a vital experience of tremendous importance. On this vital individual experience the life and very being of the individual largely depends.

20 But what is the experience? Untellable. Only, we know something. We know that in the act of coition the *blood* of the individual man, acutely surcharged with intense vital electricity—we know no word, so say “electricity,” by analogy*—rises to a culmination, in a tremendous magnetic urge towards the magnetic blood of the female. The whole of the living blood in the two individuals forms a field of intense, polarised magnetic attraction. So, the two poles must be brought into contact. In the act of coition, the two seas of blood in the two individuals, rocking and surging towards contact, as near as possible clash into a oneness. A great flash of interchange occurs, like an electric spark when two currents meet, or lightning out of the densely surcharged clouds. There is a lightning flash which passes through the blood of both individuals, there is a thunder of sensation which rolls in diminishing crashes down the nerves of each—and then the tension passes.

35 The two individuals are separate again. But are they as they were before? Is the air the same after a thunderstorm as before? No. The air is as it were new, fresh, tingling with newness. So is the blood of man and woman after successful coition. After a false coition, like prostitution, there is not newness but a certain disintegration.

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But after coition, the actual chemical constitution of the blood is so changed, that usually sleep intervenes, to allow the time for chemical, biological readjustment through the whole system.

So, the blood is changed and renewed, refreshed, almost re-created, like the atmosphere after thunder. Out of the newness of the living blood pass the new strange waves which beat upon the great dynamic centres of the nerves: primarily upon the hypogastric plexus and the sacral ganglion. From these centres rise new impulses, new vision, new being, rising like Aphrodite from the foam of the new tide of blood. And so individual life goes on.

Perhaps, then, we will allow ourselves to say what, in psychic individual reality, is the act of coition. It is the bringing together of the surcharged electric blood of the male with the polarised electric blood of the female, with the result of a tremendous flashing interchange, which alters the constitution of the blood, and the very quality of *being*, in both.

And this, surely, is sex. But is this the whole of sex? That is the question.

After coition, we say the blood is renewed. We say that from the new, finely sparkling blood new thrills pass into the great affective centres of the lower body, new thrills of feeling, of impulse, of energy.—And what about these new thrills?

Now, a new story. The new thrills are passed on to the great upper centres of the dynamic body. The individual polarity now changes, within the individual system. The upper centres, cardiac plexus and cervical plexuses, thoracic ganglion and cervical ganglia, now assume positivity. These, the upper polarised centres, have now the positive rôle to play, the solar and the hypogastric plexuses, the lumbar and the sacral ganglia, these have the submissive, negative rôle for the time being.

And what then? What now, that the upper centres are finely active in positivity? Now it is a different story. Now there is new vision in the eyes, new hearing in the ears, new voice in the throat and speech on the lips. Now the new song* rises, the brain tingles to new thought, the heart craves for new activity.

The heart craves for new activity. For new *collective* activity. That is, for a new polarised connection with other beings, other men.

Is this new craving for polarised communion with others, this craving for a new unison, is it sexual, like the original craving for the woman? Not at all. The whole polarity is different. Now, the positive poles are the poles of the breast and shoulders and throat, the poles of activity

and full consciousness. Men, being themselves made new after the act of coition, wish to make the world new. A new, passionate polarity springs up between men who are bent on the same activity, the polarity between man and woman sinks to passivity. It is now daytime, and time to forget sex, time to be busy making a new world.

Is this new polarity, this new circuit of passion between comrades and co-workers, is this also sexual? It is a vivid circuit of polarised passion. Is it hence sex?

It is not. Because what are the poles of positive connection?—the upper, busy poles. What is the dynamic contact?—a unison in spirit, in understanding, and a pure commingling in one great *work*. A mingling of the individual passion into one great *purpose*. Now this is also a grand consummation for men, this mingling of many with one great impassioned purpose. But is this sex? Knowing what sex is, can we call this other also sex? We cannot.

This meeting of many in one great passionate purpose is not sex, and should never be confused with sex. It is a great motion in the opposite direction. And I am sure that the ultimate, greatest desire in men is this desire for great *purposive* activity. When man loses his deep sense of purposive, creative activity, he feels lost, and is lost. When he makes the sexual consummation the supreme consummation, even in his *secret* soul, he falls into the beginnings of despair. When he makes woman, or the woman and child the great centre of life and of life-significance, he falls into the beginnings of despair.

Man must bravely stand by his own soul, his own responsibility as the creative vanguard of life. And he must also have the courage to go home to his woman and become a perfect answer to her deep sexual call. But he must never confuse his two issues. Primarily and supremely man is *always* the pioneer of life, adventuring onward into the unknown, alone with his own temerarious, dauntless soul. Woman for him exists only in the twilight, by the camp fire, when day has departed. Evening and the night are hers.*

The psychoanalysts, driving us back to the sexual consummation always, do us infinite damage.

We have to break away, back to the great unison of manhood in some passionate *purpose*. Now this is not like sex. Sex is always individual. A man has his own sex: nobody else's. And sexually he goes as a single individual: he can mingle only singly. So that to make sex a general affair is just a perversion and a lie. You can't get people and talk to them about their sex, as if it were a common interest.

We have got to get back to the great purpose of manhood, a passionate unison in actively making a world. This is a real commingling of many. And in such a commingling we forfeit the individual. In the commingling of sex we are alone with *one* partner. It is an individual affair, there is no superior or inferior. But in the commingling of a passionate purpose, each individual sacredly abandons his individuality.* 5
 In the living faith of his soul, he surrenders his individuality to the great urge which is upon him. He may have to surrender his name, his fame, his fortune, his life, everything. But once a man, in the integrity of his own individual soul, *believes*, he surrenders his own individuality to his belief, and becomes one of a united body. He knows what he does. He makes the surrender honorably, in agreement with his own soul's deepest desire. But he surrenders, and remains responsible for the purity of his surrender. 10

But what if he believes that his sexual consummation is his supreme consummation? Then he serves the great purpose to which he pledges himself only as long as it pleases him. After which he turns it down, and goes back to sex. With sex as the one accepted prime motive, the world drifts into despair and anarchy. 15

Of all countries, America has most to fear from anarchy: even from one single moment's lapse into anarchy. The old nations are *organically* fixed into classes. But America not. You can shake Europe to atoms. And yet peasants fall back to peasantry, artisans to industrial labour, upper classes to their control—inevitably.* But can you say the same of America? 20 25

America must not lapse for one single moment into anarchy. It would be the end of her. She must drift no nearer to anarchy. She is near enough.

Well then, Americans must make a choice. It is a choice between belief in man's creative, spontaneous soul, and man's automatic power of production and reproduction. It is a choice between serving *man*, or woman. It is a choice between yielding the soul to a leader, leaders, or yielding only to the woman, wife, mistress, or mother. 30

The great collective passion of belief which brings men together, comrades and co-workers, passionately obeying their soul-chosen leader or leaders, this is not a sex passion. Not in any sense. Sex holds any *two* people together, but it tends to disintegrate society, unless it is subordinated to the great dominating male passion of collective *purpose*. 35

But when the sex passion submits to the great purposive passion, then you have fullness. And no great purposive passion can endure 40

long, unless it is established upon the fulfilment in the vast majority of individuals of the true sexual passion. No great motive or ideal or social principle can endure for any length of time unless based upon the sexual fulfilment of the vast majority of individuals concerned.

5 It cuts both ways. Assert sex as the predominant fulfilment, and you get the collapse of living purpose in man. You get anarchy. Assert *purposiveness* as the one supreme and pure activity of life, and you drift into barren sterility, like our business life of today, and our political life. You become sterile, you make anarchy inevitable. And so there you are.

10 You have got to base your great purposive activity upon the intense sexual fulfilment of all your individuals. That was how Egypt endured. But you have got to keep your sexual fulfilment even then subordinate, just subordinate to the great passion of purpose: subordinate by a hair's breadth only: but still, by that hair's breadth, subordinate.

15 Perhaps we can see now a little better—to go back to the child—where Freud is wrong in attributing a sexual motive to all human activity. It is obvious there is no real sexual motive in a child, for example. The great sexual centres are not even awake. True, even in a child of three, rudimentary sex throws strange shadows on the wall, in its approach

20 from the distance. But these are only uneasy intrusions from the as-yet-uncreated, unready biological centres. The great sexual centres of the hypogastric plexus, and the immensely powerful sacral ganglion, are slowly prepared, developed in a kind of pre-natal gestation during childhood before puberty. But even an unborn child kicks in the womb.

25 So do the great sex-centres give occasional blind kicks in a child. It is part of the phenomenon of childhood. But we must be most careful not to charge these rather unpleasant apparitions or phenomena against the individual boy or girl. We must be *very* careful not to drag the matter into mental consciousness. Shoo it away. Reprimand it with a pah! and

30 a faugh! and a bit of contempt. But do not get into any heat or any fear. Do not startle a passionate attention. Drive the whole thing away like the shadow it is, and be *very* careful not to drive it into the consciousness. Be very careful to plant no seed of burning shame or horror. Throw over it merely the cold water of contemptuous indifference, dismissal.

35 After puberty, a child may as well be told the simple and necessary facts of sex. As things stand, the parent may as well do it. But briefly, coldly, and with as cold a dismissal as possible.—“Look here, you're not a child any more: you know it, don't you? You're going to be a man. And you know what that means. It means you're going to marry a woman

40 later on, and go into her and get children. You know it, and I know it.

But in the meantime, leave yourself alone. I know you'll have a lot of bother with yourself, and your feelings. I know you have erections of the penis. And I know you get excited about it. But you needn't. Other men have all gone through it. So don't you go creeping off by yourself and doing things on the sly. It won't do you any good.—I know what you'll do, because we've all been through it. I know the thing will keep coming on you at night. But remember that I know. Remember. And remember that I want you to leave yourself alone. I know what it is, I tell you. I've been through it all myself. You've got to go through these years, before you find a woman you want to marry, and whom you can marry. I went through them myself, and got myself worked up a good deal more than was good for me.—Try to contain yourself. Always try to contain yourself, and be a man. That's the only thing. Always try and be manly, and quiet in yourself. Remember I know what it is. I've been the same, in the same state that you are in. And probably I've behaved more foolishly and perniciously than ever you will. So come to me if anything *really* bothers you. And don't feel sly and secret. I do know just what you've got and what you haven't. I've been as bad and perhaps worse than you. And the only thing I want of you is to be manly. Try and be manly, and quiet in yourself.”

That is about as much as a father can say to a boy, at puberty. You have to be *very* careful what you do: especially if you are a parent. To translate sex into mental ideas is vile, to make a scientific fact of it is death.

As a matter of fact, there should be some sort of initiation into true adult consciousness. Boys should be taken away from their mother and sisters as much as possible at adolescence. They should be given into some real manly charge. And there should be some actual initiation into sex life. Perhaps like the savages,* who make the boy die again, symbolically, and pull him forth through some narrow aperture, to be born again, and make him suffer and endure terrible hardships, to make a great dynamic effect on the consciousness, a terrible dynamic sense of change in the very being. In short, a long, violent initiation, from which the lad emerges emaciated, but cut off forever from childhood, entered into the serious, responsible pale of manhood. And with his whole consciousness convulsed by a great change, as his dynamic psyche actually is convulsed.—And something in the same way, to initiate girls into womanhood.

There should be the intense dynamic reaction: the physical suffering and the physical realisation sinking deep into the soul, changing

the soul for ever. Sex should come upon us as a terrible thing of suffering and privilege and mystery: a mysterious metamorphosis come upon us, and a new terrible power given us, and a new responsibility. Telling?—What's the good of telling?—The mystery, the terror,
 5 and the tremendous power of sex should never be explained away. The mass of mankind should *never* be acquainted with the scientific biological facts of sex: *never*. The mystery must remain in its dark secrecy, and its dark, powerful dynamism. The reality of sex lies in the great dynamic convulsions in the soul. And as such it should be realised, a
 10 great creative-convulsive seizure upon the soul.—To make it a matter of test-tube mixtures, chemical demonstrations and trashy lock-and-key symbols is just blasting. Even more sickening is the line: “You see dear, one day you'll love a man as I love Daddy, more than anything else in the *whole* world. And then dear, I hope you'll marry him. Because if
 15 you do you'll be happy, and I want you to be happy, my love.—And so I hope you'll marry the man you really love (kisses the child).—And then, darling, there will come a lot of things you know nothing about now. You'll want to have a dear little baby, won't you darling? Your own dear little baby. And your husband's as well. Because it'll be his too. You
 20 know that, don't you dear. It will be born from both of you. And you don't know how, do you. Well it will come from right inside you, dear, out of your own inside. You came out of mother's inside, etc etc.”

But I suppose there's really nothing else to be done, given the world and society as we've got them now. The mother is doing her best.

25 But it is all wrong. It is wrong to make sex appear as if it were part of the dear-darling-love smarm: the spiritual love. It is even worse to take the scientific test-tube line. It all kills the great effective dynamism of life, and substitutes the mere ash of mental ideas and tricks.

The scientific fact of sex is no more sex than a skeleton is a man.
 30 Yet you'd think twice before you stuck a skeleton in front of a lad and said: “You see, my boy, this is what you are when you come to know yourself.”—And the ideal, lovey-dovey “explanation” of sex as something wonderful and extra lovey-dovey, a bill-and-coo process of obtaining a sweet little baby—or else “God made us so that we must do
 35 this, to bring another dear little baby into life”—well, it just makes one sick. It is disastrous to the deep sexual life. But perhaps that is what we want.

When humanity comes to its senses it will realise what a fearful Sodom
 40 apple* our understanding is. What terrible mouths and stomachs full of bitter ash we've all got. And then we shall take away “knowledge” and

“understanding,”* and lock them up along with the rest of poisons, to be administered in small doses only by competent people.

We have almost poisoned the mass of humanity to death with *understanding*. The period of actual death and race-extirpation is not far off. We could have produced the same barrenness and frenzy of nothingness in people, perhaps, by dinning it into them that every man is just a charnel-house skeleton of unclean bones. Our “understanding,” our science and idealism have produced in people the same strange frenzy of self-repulsion as if they saw their own skulls each time they looked in the mirror. A man is a thing of scientific cause-and-effect and biological process, draped in an ideal, is he? No wonder he sees the skeleton grinning through the flesh. 5 10

Our leaders have not loved men: they have loved ideas, and have been willing to sacrifice passionate men on the altars of the blood-drinking, ever-ash-thirsty ideal. Has President Wilson, or Karl Marx or Bernard Shaw ever felt one hot blood-pulse of love for the working man, the half-conscious, deluded working man? Never. Each of these leaders has wanted to abstract him away from his own blood and being, into some foul Methuselah* or abstraction of a man. 15

And me? There is no danger of the working man ever reading my books, so I shan't hurt him that way. But oh, I would like to save him alive, in his living, spontaneous, original being. I can't help it. It is my passionate instinct.* 20

I would like him to give me back the responsibility for general affairs, a responsibility which he can't acquit, and which saps his life. I would like him to give me back the responsibility for the future. I would like him to give me back the responsibility for thought, for direction. I wish we could take hope and belief together. I would undertake my share of the responsibility, if he gave me his belief. 25

I would like him to give me back books and newspapers and theories. And I would like to give him back, in return, his old insouciance, and rich, original spontaneity and fulness of life. 30

Chapter X

PARENT LOVE

In the serious hour of puberty, the individual passes into his second phase of accomplishment. But there cannot be a perfect transition unless
5 all the activity is in full play in all the first four poles of the psyche. Childhood is a chrysalis from which each must extricate himself. And the struggling youth or maid cannot emerge unless by the energy of all powers; he can never emerge if the whole mass of the world and the tradition of love hold him back.

10 Now we come to the greater peril of our particular form of idealism. It is the idealism of love and of the spirit: the idealism of yearning, outgoing love, of pure sympathetic communion and "understanding." And this, idealism recognises as the highest earthly love, the love of mother and child.

15 And what does this mean? It means, for every delicately brought up child, indeed for all the children who matter, a steady and persistent pressure upon the upper sympathetic centres, and a steady and persistent starving of the lower centres, particularly the great voluntary centre of the lower body. The centre of sensual, manly independence, of exultation in the sturdy, defiant self, wilfulness and masterfulness and pride,
20 this centre is steadily suppressed. The warm, swift sensual self is steadily and persistently denied, damped, weakened, throughout all the period of childhood. And by sensual we do not mean greedy or ugly, we mean the deeper, more impulsive reckless nature. Life must be always refined and superior. Love and happiness must be the watchword. The wilful, critical element of the spiritual mode is never absent, the silent, if forbearing disapproval and distaste is always ready. Vile bullying forbearance.

25 With what result? The centre of upper sympathy is abnormally, inflamedly excited; and the centres of will are so deranged that they operate in jerks and spasms. The true polarity of the sympathetic-voluntary system within the child is so disturbed as to be almost deranged. Then we have an exaggerated sensitiveness alternating with a sort of helpless fury: and we have delicate frail children with nerves or with strange whims. And we have the strange cold obstinacy of the spiritual will,
35 cold as hell, fixed in a child.

Then one parent, usually the mother, is the object of blind devotion, whilst the other parent, usually the father, is an object of resistance. The child is taught, however, that both parents should be loved, and only loved: and that love, gentleness, pity, charity, and all "higher" emotions, these alone are genuine feelings, all the rest are false, to be rejected.

5

With what result? The upper centres are developed to a degree of unnatural acuteness and reaction—or again they fall numbed and barren. And then between parents and children a painfully false relation grows up: a relation as of two adults, either of two pure lovers, or of two love-appearing people who are really trying to bully one another. Instead of leaving the child with its own limited but deep and incomprehensible feelings, the parent, hopelessly involved in the sympathetic mode of selfless love, and spiritual love-will, stimulates the child into a consciousness which does not belong to it, on the one plane, and robs it of its own spontaneous consciousness and freedom on the other plane.

10

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And this is the fatality. Long before puberty, by an exaggeration and an intensity of spiritual love from the parents, the second centres of sympathy are artificially aroused into response. And there is an irreparable disaster. Instead of seeing as a child should see, through a glass, darkly, the child now opens premature eyes of sympathetic cognition. Instead of knowing in part, as it should know, it begins, at a fearfully small age, to know in full.* The cervical plexuses and the cervical ganglia, which should only begin to awake after adolescence, these centres of the higher dynamic sympathy and cognition are both artificially stimulated, by the adult personal love-emotion and love-will into response, in a quite young child, sometimes even in an infant. This is a holy obscenity.

20

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Our particular mode of idealism causes us to suppress as far as possible the sensual centres, to make them negative. The whole of the activity is concentrated, as far as possible, in the upper or spiritual centres, the centres of the breast and throat, which we will call the centres of dynamic cognition, in contrast to the centres of sensual comprehension below the diaphragm.

30

And then a child arrives at puberty, with its upper nature already roused into precocious action. The child nowadays is almost invariably precocious in "understanding." In the north, spiritually precocious, so that by the time it arrives at adolescence it already has experienced the extended sympathetic reactions which should have lain utterly dark. And it has experienced these extended reactions with whom? With the parent or parents.

35

40

Which is man devouring his own offspring. For to the parents belongs, once and for all, the dynamic reaction on the first plane of consciousness only, the reaction and relationship at the first four poles of dynamic consciousness. When the second, the farther plane of consciousness
5 rouses into action, the relationship is with strangers. All human instinct and all ethnology will prove this to us. What sex-instinct there is in a child is always *adverse* to the parents.

But also, the parents are all too quick. They all proceed to swallow their children before the children can get out of their clutches. And
10 even if parents do send away their children at the age of puberty—to school or elsewhere—it is not much good. The mischief has been done before. For the first twelve years the parents and the whole community forcibly insist on the child's living from the upper centres only, and particularly the upper sympathetic centres, without the balance of the
15 warm, deep sensual self. Parents and community alike insist on rousing an adult sympathetic response, and a mental answer in the child—Schools, Sunday-schools, books, home-influence—all works in this one pernicious way. But it is the home, the parents, that work most effectively and intensely. There is the most intimate mesh of love, love-bullying,
20 and “understanding,” in which a child is entangled.

So that a child arrives at the age of puberty already stripped of its childhood's darkness, bound, and delivered over. Instead of waking now to a whole new field of consciousness, a whole vast and wonderful new dynamic impulse towards new connections, it finds itself fatally
25 bound. Puberty accomplishes itself. The hour of sex strikes. But there is your child, bound helpless. You have already aroused in it the dynamic response to your own insatiable love-will. You have already established between your child and yourself the dynamic relation in the further plane of consciousness. You have got your child as sure as if you had
30 woven its flesh again with your own. You have done what it is vicious for any parent to do: you have established between your child and yourself the bond of adult love: the love of man for man, woman for woman, or man for woman. All your tenderness, your cherishing will not excuse you. It only deepens your guilt. You have established between your child
35 and yourself the bond of further sympathy. I do not speak of sex. I speak of pure sympathy, sacred love. The parents establish between themselves and their child the bond of the higher love, the further spiritual love, the sympathy of the adult soul.

And this is fatal. It is a sort of incest. It is a dynamic *spiritual* incest,
40 more dangerous than sensual incest, because it is more intangible

and less instinctively repugnant. But let psychoanalysis fall into what discredit it may, it has done us this great service of proving to us that the intense upper sympathy, indeed the dynamic relation either of love-will or love-sympathy, between parent and child, upon the upper plane, inevitably involves us in a conclusion of incest.

For although it is our aim to establish a purely spiritual dynamic relation on the upper plane only, yet, because of the inevitable polarity of the human psychic system, we shall arouse at the same time a dynamic sensual activity on the lower plane, the deeper sensual plane. We may be as pure as angels, and yet, being human, this will and must inevitably happen. When Mrs Ruskin said that John Ruskin should have married his mother she spoke the truth.* He *was* married to his mother. For in spite of all our intention, all our creed, all our purity, all our desire and all our will, once we arouse the dynamic relation in the upper, higher plane of love, we inevitably evoke a dynamic consciousness on the lower, deeper plane of sensual love. And then what?

Of course, parents can reply that their love, however intense, is pure, and has absolutely no sensual element. Maybe—and maybe not. But admit that it is so. It does not help. The intense excitement of the upper centres of sympathy willy-nilly arouses the lower centres. It arouses them to activity, even if it denies them any expression or any polarised connection. Our psyche is so framed that activity aroused on one plane provokes activity on the corresponding plane, automatically. So the intense *pure* love-relation between parent and child inevitably arouses the lower centres in the child, the centres of sex. Now the deeper sensual centres, once roused, should find response from the sensual body of some other, some friend or lover. The response is impossible between parent and child. Myself, I believe that biologically there is radical sex-aversion between parent and child, at the deeper sensual centres. The sexual circuit *cannot* adjust itself spontaneously between the two.*

So what have you? Child and parent intensely linked in adult love-sympathy and love-will, on the upper plane, and in the child, the deeper sensual centres aroused, but finding no correspondent, no objective, no polarised connection with another person. There they are, the powerful centres of sex, acting spasmodically, without balance. They must be polarised somehow. So they are polarised to the active upper centres within the child, and you get an introvert.

This is how introversion begins. The lower sexual centres are aroused. They find no sympathy, no connection, no response from outside, no expression. They are dynamically polarised by the upper centres within

the individual. That is, the whole of the sexual or deeper sensual flow goes on upwards in the individual, to his own upper, from his own lower centres. The upper centres hold the lower in positive polarity. The flow goes on upwards. There *must* be some reaction. And so you get first and foremost, self-consciousness, an intense consciousness in the upper self of the lower self. This is the first disaster. Then you get the upper body exploiting the lower body. You get the hands exploiting the sensual body, in feeling, fingering, and in masturbation. You get a longing to *see* the lower self, the pornographic desire to *see* the lower reactions: like the little chamber-pots with an eye painted on the bottom, and “*je te vois, petite sâle,*”* which were sold in Paris as little chimney-piece ornaments. You get the obscene post cards which most youths possess. You get the absolute lust for dirty stories, which so many men have. And you get various mild sex perversions, such as masturbation, and licking, and so on.

What does all this mean? It means that the activity of the lower psyche and lower body is polarised by the upper body. Hands and mouth want to become the sexual agents. Eyes and ears want to gather the sexual activity into knowledge. The mind becomes full of sex: and always, in an introvert, of his *own* sex. If we examine the apparent extroverts, like the flaunting Italian, we shall see the same thing. It is his own sex which obsesses him.

And today what have we but this? Almost inevitably we find in a child now an intense, precocious, secret sexual preoccupation. The upper self is rabidly engaged in exploiting the lower self. A child and its own roused, inflamed sex, its own shame and masturbation, its own cruel, secret sexual excitement and sex *curiosity*, this is the greatest tragedy of our day. The child does not so much want to *act* as to *know*. The thought of actual sex connection is usually repulsive. There is an aversion from the normal coition act. But the craving to feel, to see, to taste, to *know*, mentally in the head, this is insatiable. Anything, so that the sensation and experience shall come through the *upper* channels. This is the secret of our introversion and our perversion today. Anything rather than spontaneous direct action from the sensual self. Anything rather than the merely normal passion. Introduce any trick, any idea, any mental element you can into sex, but make it an affair of the upper consciousness, the mind and eyes and mouth and fingers. This is our vice, our dirt, our disease.*

And the adult, and the ideal are to blame. But the tragedy of our children, in their inflamed, solitary sexual excitement, distresses us beyond any blame.

It is time to drop the word love, and more than time to drop the ideal of love. Every frenzied individual is told to find fulfilment in love. So he tries. Whereas, there is no fulfilment in love. Half of our fulfilment comes *through* love, through strong, sensual love. But the central fulfilment, for a man, is that he possess his own soul* in strength within him, deep and alone. The deep, rich aloneness, reached and perfected through love. And the passing beyond any further *quest* of love. 5

This central fullness of self-possession is our goal, if goal there be any. But there are two great *ways* of fulfilment. The first, the way of fulfilment through complete love, complete, passionate, deep love. And the second, the greater, the fulfilment through the accomplishment of religious *purpose*, the soul's earnest purpose. We work the love way falsely, from the upper self, and work it to death. The second way, of active unison in strong purpose, and in faith, this we only sneer at. 10

But to return to the child and the parent. The coming to the fulfilment of single aloneness, through love, is made impossible for us by the ideal, the monomania of more love. At the very *âge dangereuse*,* when a woman should be accomplishing her own fulfilment into maturity and rich quiescence, she turns rabidly to seek a new lover. At the very crucial time when she should be coming to a state of pure equilibrium and rest with her husband, she turns rabidly against rest or peace or equilibrium or husband in any shape or form, and demands more love, more love, a new sort of lover, one who will "understand" her. And as often as not she turns to her son. 15

It is true, a woman reaches her goal of fulfilment through feeling. But through being "understood" she reaches nowhere, unless the lover understands what a vice it is for a woman to get herself and her sex into her head. A woman reaches her fulfilment through love, deep sensual love, and exquisite sensitive communion. But once she reaches the point of fulfilment, she should not break off to ask for more excitements. She should take the beauty of maturity and peace and quiet faithfulness upon her. 25

This she won't do, however, unless the man, her husband, goes on beyond her. When a man approaches the beginning of maturity and the fulfilment of his individual self, about the age of thirty-five,* then is not his time to come to rest. On the contrary. Deeply fulfilled through marriage, and at one with his own soul, he must now undertake the responsibility for the next step into the future. He must now give himself perfectly to some further purpose, some passionate purposive activity. Till a man makes the great resolution of aloneness and singleness of 30 40

being, till he takes upon himself the silence and central appeasedness of maturity; and *then, after this*, assumes a sacred responsibility for the next purposive step into the future, there is no rest. The great resolution of aloneness and appeasedness, and the further deep assumption of responsibility in purpose—this is necessary to every parent, every father, every husband, at a certain point. If the resolution is never made, the responsibility never embraced, then the love-craving will run on into frenzy, and lay waste to the family. In the woman particularly the love-craving will run on to frenzy and disaster.

10 Seeking, seeking the fulfilment in the deep passionate self; diseased with self-consciousness and sex in the head, foiled by the very loving weakness of the husband who has not the courage to withdraw into his own stillness and singleness, and put the wife under the spell of his fulfilled decision; the unhappy woman beats about for her insatiable satisfaction, seeking whom she may devour.* And usually, she turns to her child. Here she provokes what she wants. Here, in her own son who belongs to her, she seems to find the last perfect response for which she is craving. He is a medium to her, she provokes from him her own answer. So she throws herself into a last great love for her son, a final and fatal devotion, that which would have been the richness and strength of her husband and is poison to her boy. The husband, irresolute, never accepting his own higher responsibility, bows and accepts. And the fatal round of introversion and “complex” starts once more. If man will never accept his own ultimate being, his final aloneness, and his last responsibility for life, then he must expect woman to dash from disaster to disaster, rootless and uncontrolled.

“*On revient toujours à son premier amour.*” It sounds like a cynicism today. As if we really meant: “*On ne revient jamais à son premier amour.*”^{*} But as a matter of fact, a man never leaves his first love, once the love is established. He may leave his first attempt at love. Once a man establishes a full dynamic communication at the deeper and the higher centres, with a woman, this can never be broken. But sex in the head breaks down, and half circuits break down. Once the full circuit is established, however, this can never break down.

35 Nowadays, alas, we start off self-conscious, with sex in the head. We find a woman who is the same. We marry because we are “pals.” The sex is a rather nasty fiasco. We keep up a pretence of “pals”—and nice love. Sex spins wilder in the head than ever. There is either a family of children whom the dissatisfied parents can devote themselves to, thereby perverting the miserable little creatures: or else there is a

divorce. And at the great dynamic centres nothing has happened at all. Blank nothing. There has been no vital interchange at all in the whole of this beautiful marriage affair.

Establish between yourself and another individual a dynamic connection at only *two* of the four further poles, and you will have the devil of a job to break the connection. Especially if it be the first connection you have made. Especially if the other individual be the first in the field.

This is the case of the parents. Parents are first in the field of the child's further consciousness. They are criminal trespassers in that field. But that makes no matter. They are first in the field. They establish a dynamic connection between the two upper centres, the centres of the throat, the centres of the higher dynamic sympathy and cognition. They establish this circuit. And break it if you can. Very often not even death can break it.

And as we see, the establishment of the upper love-and-cognition circuit inevitably provokes the lower sex-sensual centres into action, even though there be no correspondence on the sensual plane between the two individuals concerned. Then see what happens. If you want to see the real desirable wife-spirit, look at a mother with her boy of eighteen. How she serves him, how she stimulates him, how her true female self is his, is wife-submissive to him as never, never it could be to a husband. This is the quiescent, flowering love of a mature woman. It is the very flower of a woman's love: sexually asking nothing, asking nothing of the beloved, save that he shall be himself, and that for his living he shall accept the gift of her love. This is the perfect flower of married love, which a husband should put in his cap as he goes forward into the future in his supreme activity. For the husband, it is a great pledge, and a blossom. For the son also it seems wonderful. The woman now feels for the first time as a true wife might feel. And her feeling is towards her son.

Or, instead of mother and son, read father and daughter.

And then what? The son gets on swimmingly for a time, till he is faced with the actual fact of sex necessity. He gleefully inherits his adolescence and the world at large, without an obstacle in his way, mother-supported, mother-loved. Everything comes to him in glamour, he feels he sees wondrous much, understands a whole heaven, mother-stimulated. Think of the power which a mature woman thus infuses into her boy! He flares up like a flame in oxygen. No wonder they say geniuses mostly have great mothers. They mostly have sad fates.

And then?—and then, with this glamorous youth? What is he actually to do with his sensual, sexual self? Bury it? Or make an effort with a

stranger? For he is taught, even by his mother, that his manhood must not forego sex. Yet he is linked up in ideal love already, the best he will ever know.

5 No woman will give to a stranger that which she gives to her son, her father or her brother: that beautiful and glamorous submission which is truly the wife-submission. To a stranger, a husband, a woman insists on being queen, goddess, mistress, the positive, the adored, the first and foremost and the one and only. This she will not ask from her near blood-kin. Of her blood-kin, there is always one she will love
10 devotedly.

And so, the charming young girl who *adores* her father, or one of her brothers, is sought in marriage by the attractive young man who loves his mother devotedly. And a pretty business the marriage is. We can't think of it. Of course they may be good pals. It's the only thing left.

15 And there we are. The game is spoilt before it is begun. Within the circle of the family, owing to our creed of insatiable love, intense adult sympathies are provoked in quite young children. In Italy, the Italian stimulates adult sex-consciousness and sex-sympathy in his child, almost deliberately. But with us, it is usually spiritual sympathy and spiritual criticism. The adult experiences are provoked, the adult devotional
20 sympathies are linked up, prematurely, as far as the child is concerned. We have the heart-wringing spectacle of intense parent-child love, a love intense as the love of man and woman, but not sexual; or else the great brother-sister devotion. And thus, the great love-experience
25 which should lie in the future is forestalled. Within the family, the love-bond forms quickly, without the shocks and ruptures inevitable between strangers. And so, it is easiest, intensest, and seems the best. It seems the highest. You will not easily get a man to believe that his carnal love for the woman he has made his wife is as high a love as that he felt for
30 his mother or sister.

The cream is licked off from life before the boy or the girl is twenty. Afterwards—repetition, disillusion, and barrenness.

And the cause?—always the same. That parents will not make the great resolution to come to rest within themselves, to possess their own
35 souls in quiet and fulness. The man has not the courage to withdraw at last into his own soul's stillness and aloneness, and *then*, passionately and faithfully, to strive for the living future. The woman has not the courage to give up her hopeless insistence on love and her endless demand for love, demand of being loved. She has not the greatness of
40 soul to relinquish her own self-assertion, and believe in the man who

believes in himself and in his own soul's efforts:—if there *are* any such men nowadays, which is very doubtful.

Alas, alas, the future! Your son, who has tasted the real beauty of wife-response in his mother or sister. Your daughter, who adores her brother, and who marries some woman's son. They are so charming to look at, such a lovely couple. And at first, it is all such a good game, such good sport. Then each one begins to fret for the beauty of the lost, non-sexual, partial relationship. The sexual part of marriage has proved so—so empty. While that other loveliest thing—the poignant touch of devotion felt for mother or father or brother—why, this is missing altogether. The best is missing. The rest isn't worth much. Ah well, such is life. Settle down to it, and bring up the children carefully to more of the same.—The future!— You've had all your good days by the time you're twenty.

And, I ask you, what good will psychoanalysis do you in this state of affairs? Introduce an extra sex-motive to excite you for a bit and make you feel how thrillingly immoral things really are. And then—it all goes flat again. Father complex, mother complex, incest dreams: pah, when we've had the little excitement out of them we shall forget them as we have forgotten so many other catch-words. And we shall be just where we were before: unless we are worse, with *more* sex in the head, and more introversion, only more brazen.

Chapter XI

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

Here is a very vicious circle. And how to get out of it? In the first place, we have to break the love-ideal, once and for all. Love, as we see, is not the only dynamic. Taking love in its greatest sense, and making it embrace every form of sympathy, every flow from the great sympathetic centres of the human body, still it is not the whole of the dynamic flow, it is only the one-half. There is always the other voluntary flow to reckon with, the intense motion of independence and singleness of self, the pride of isolation, and the profound fulfilment through power.

The very first thing of all to be recognised is the danger of idealism. It is the one besetting sin of the human race. It means the fall into automatism, mechanism, and nullity.

We know that life issues spontaneously at the great nodes of the psyche, the great nerve-centres. At first these are four only: then, after puberty, they become eight: later there may still be an extension of the dynamic consciousness, a further polarisation. But eight is enough at the moment.

First at four, and then at eight dynamic centres of the human body, the human nervous system, life starts spontaneously into being. The soul bursts day by day into fresh impulses, fresh desire, fresh purpose, at these our polar centres. And from these dynamic generative centres issue the vital currents which put us into connection with our object. We have really no will and no choice, in the first place. It is our soul which acts within us, day by day unfolding us according to our own nature.

From the objective circuits and from the subjective circuits which establish and fulfil themselves at the first four centres of consciousness we derive our first being, our child-being, and also our first mind, our child-mind. By the objective circuits we mean those circuits which are established between the self and some external object: mother, father, sister, cat, dog, bird, or even tree or plant, or even further still, some particular place, some particular inanimate object, a knife or a chair or a cap or a doll or a wooden horse. For we must insist that every object which really enters effectively into our lives, does so by direct connection.

If I love my mother, it is because there is established between me and her a direct, powerful circuit of vital magnetism, call it what you will, but a direct flow of dynamic *vital* interchange and intercourse. I will not call this vital flow a *force*, because it depends on the incomprehensible initiative and control of the individual soul or self. Force is that which is directed only from some universal will or law. Life is *always* individual, and therefore never controlled by one law, one God. And therefore, since the living really sway the universe, even if unknowingly; therefore there is no one universal law, even for the physical forces. Because we insist that even the sun depends, for its heart-beat, its respiration, its pivotal motion, on the beating hearts of men and beast, on the dynamic of the soul-impulse in individual creatures. It is from the aggregate heart-beat of living individuals, of we know not how many worlds or of what nature,* that the sun rests stable.

Which may be dismissed as metaphysics, although it is quite as valid or even as demonstrable as Newton's Law of Gravitation, which law still remains a law, even if not quite so absolute as heretofore.*

But this is a digression. The argument is, that between an individual and any external object with which he has an affective connection, there exists a definite vital flow, as definite and concrete as the electric current whose polarised circuit sets our tram-cars running and our lamps shining, or our Marconi-wires* vibrating. Whether this object be human, or animal, or plant, or quite inanimate, there is still a circuit. My dog, my canary has a polarised connection with me. Nay, the very cells in the ash-tree I loved as a child had a dynamic vibratory connection with the nuclei in my own centres of primary consciousness.* And further still, the boots I have worn are so saturated with my own magnetism, my own vital activity, that if anyone else wear them I feel it is a trespass, almost as if another man used my hand to knock away a fly. I doubt very much if a blood-hound, when it takes a scent, *smells*, in our sense of the word. It receives at the infinitely sensitive telegraphic centre of the dog's nostrils the vital vibration which remains in the inanimate object from the individual with whom the object was associated. I should like to know if a dog would trace a pair of quite new shoes which had merely been dragged at the end of a string. That is, does he follow the smell of the leather itself, or the vibration track of the individual whose vitality is communicated to the leather?

So, there is a definite vibratory rapport between a man and his surroundings, once he definitely gets into contact with these surroundings. Any particular locality, any house which has been lived in has a

vibration, a transferred vitality of its own. This is either sympathetic or antipathetic to the succeeding individual in varying degree. But certain it is that the inhabitants who live at the foot of Etna will always have a certain pitch of life-vibration, antagonistic to the pitch of vibration
5 even of a Palermitan,* in some measure. And old houses are saturated with human presence, at last to a degree of indecency, unbearable.* And tradition, in its most elemental sense, means the continuing of the same peculiar pitch of vital vibration.

Such is the objective dynamic flow between the psychic poles of the
10 individual and the substance of the external object, animate or inanimate. The subjective dynamic flow is established between the four primary poles within the individual. Every dynamic connection begins from one or the other of the sympathetic centres: and is, or should be, almost immediately polarised from the corresponding voluntary centre.
15 Then a complete flow is set up, in one plane. But this always rouses the activity on the other, corresponding plane, more or less intense. There is a whole field of consciousness established, with positive polarity of the first plane, negative polarity of the second. Which being so, a whole four-fold field of dynamic consciousness now working within the individual, direct cognition takes place. The mind begins to know, and to
20 strive to know.

The business of the mind is first and foremost the pure joy of knowing and comprehending: the pure joy of consciousness. The second business is to act as medium, as interpreter, as agent between the individual
25 and his object. The mind should *not* act as a director or controller of the spontaneous centres. These the soul alone must control: the soul being that forever unknowable reality which causes us to rise into being. There is continual conflict between the soul, which is forever sending forth incalculable impulses, and the psyche, which is conservative, and
30 wishes to persist in its old motions, and the mind, which wishes to have "freedom," that is spasmodic, idea-driven control. Mind, and conservative psyche, and the incalculable soul, these three are a trinity of powers in every human being. But there is something even beyond these. It is the individual in his pure singleness, in his totality of consciousness,
35 in his oneness of being: the Holy Ghost which is with us after our Pentecost,* and which we may not deny. When I say to myself: "I am wrong," knowing with sudden insight that I *am* wrong, then this is the whole self speaking, the Holy Ghost. It is no piece of mental inference. It is not just the soul sending forth a flash. It is my whole being speaking
40 in one voice, soul and mind and psyche transfigured into oneness. This

voice of my being I may *never* deny. When at last, in all my storms, my whole self speaks, then there is a pause. The soul collects itself into pure silence and isolation—perhaps after much pain. The mind suspends its knowledge, and waits. The psyche becomes strangely still. And then, after the pause, there is fresh beginning, a new life-adjustment. Conscience is the being's consciousness, when the individual is conscious *in toto*, when he knows in full. It is something which includes and which far surpasses mental consciousness. Every man must live as far as he can by his own soul's conscience. But not according to any ideal. To submit the conscience to a creed, or an idea, or a tradition, or even an impulse, is our ruin.

To make the mind the absolute ruler is as good as making a Cook's tourist-interpreter* a king and a god, because he can speak several languages, and make an Arab understand that an Englishman wants fish for supper. And to make an ideal a ruling principle is about as stupid as if a bunch of travellers should never cease giving each other and their dragoman sixpence, because the dragoman's main idea of virtue is the virtue of sixpence-giving. In the same way, we *know* we cannot live purely by impulse. Neither can we live solely by tradition. We must live by all three, ideal, impulse, and tradition, each in its hour. But the real guide is the pure conscience, the voice of the self in its wholeness, the Holy Ghost.

We have fallen now into the mistake of idealism. Man always falls into one of the three mistakes. In China it is tradition. And in the South Seas, it seems to have been impulse. Ours is idealism. Each of the three modes is a true life-mode. But any one, alone or dominant, brings us to destruction. We must depend on the wholeness of our being, ultimately only on that, which is our Holy Ghost within us.

Whereas, in an ideal of love and benevolence, we have tried to automatise ourselves into little love-engines always stoked with the sorrows or beauties of other people, so that we can get up steam of charity or righteous wrath. A great trick is to pour on the fire the oil of our indignation at somebody else's wickedness, and then, when we've got up steam like hell, back the engine and run bish! smash! against the belly of the offender. Because he said he didn't want to love any more, we hate him for evermore, and try to run over him, every bit of him, with our love-tanks.* And all the time we yell at him: "Will you deny love, you villain? Will you?" And by the time he faintly squeaks "I want to be loved! I want to be loved!" we have got so used to running over him with our love-tanks that we don't feel in a hurry to leave off.

“*Sois mon frère, ou je te tue.*”

“*Sois mon frère, ou je me tue.*”*

There are the two parrot-threats of love, on which our loving centuries have run as on a pair of railway-lines. Excuse me if I want to get out
5 of the train. Excuse me if I can't get up any love-steam any more. My boilers are burst.

We have made a mistake, laying down love like the permanent way of a great emotional transport system. There we are, however, running on wheels on the lines of our love. And of course we have only two direc-
10 tions, forwards and backwards. “Onward Christian soldiers,* towards the great terminus where bottles of sterilised milk for the babies are delivered at the bedroom windows by noiseless aeroplanes each morn, where the science of dentistry is so perfect that teeth are planted in a man's mouth without his knowing it, where twilight sleep is so deli-
15 cious that every woman longs for her next confinement, and where nobody ever has to do anything except turn a handle now and then in a spirit of universal love . . .” That is the forward direction of the English-speaking race. The Germans unwisely backed their engine. “We have a city of light. But instead of lying ahead it lies direct behind us. So
20 reverse engines. Reverse engines, and away, away to our city, where the sterilised milk is delivered by noiseless aeroplanes, *at the very precise minute when our great doctors of the Fatherland have diagnosed that it is good for you*: where the teeth are not only so painlessly planted that they grow like living rock, but where their composition is such that
25 the friction of eating stimulates the cells of the jaw-bone and develops the *superman strength of will which makes us gods*: and where not only is twilight sleep serene, but into the sleeper are inculcated the most useful and instructive dreams, calculated to perfect the character of the young citizen at this crucial period, and to enlighten permanently the mind of
30 the happy mother, with regard to her new duties towards her child and towards our great Fatherland. . . .”*

Here you see we are, on the railway, with New Jerusalem ahead, and New Jerusalem away behind us. But of course it was very wrong of the
35 Germans to reverse their engines, and cause one long collision all along the line. Why should we go *their* way to the New Jerusalem, when of course they might so easily have kept on going our way. And now there's wreckage all along the line! But clear the way is our motto—or make the Germans clear it. Because get on we will.

Meanwhile we sit rather in the cold, waiting for the train to get a start. People keep on signalling with green lights and red lights. And it's all very bewildering.

As for me, I'm off. I'm damned if I'll be shunted along any more. And I'm thrice damned if I'll go another yard towards that sterilised New Jerusalem, either forwards or backwards. New Jerusalem may rot, if it waits for me. I'm not going.

5

So goodbye! There we leave humanity, encamped in an appalling mess beside the railway-smash of love, sitting down, however, and having not a bad time, some of 'em, feeding themselves fat on the plunder: others, further down the line, with mouths green from eating grass. But all grossly, stupidly, automatically gabbling about getting the love-service running again, the trains booked for the New Jerusalem well on the way once more. And occasionally a good engine gives a screech of love, and something seems to be about to happen. And sometimes there is enough steam to set the indignation-whistles whistling. But never any more will there be enough love steam to get the system properly running. It is done.

10

15

Goodbye, then! You may have laid your line from one end to the other of the infinite. But still there's plenty of hinterland. I'll go. Goodbye. Ach, it will be so nice to be alone : not to hear you, not to see you, not to smell you, humanity. I wish you no ill, but wisdom. Goodbye!

20

To be alone with one's own soul. Not to be alone without my own soul, mind you. But to be alone with one's own soul! This, and the joy of it, is the real goal of love. My own soul, and myself. Not my ego, my conceit of myself. But my very soul. To be at one in my own self. Not to be questing any more. Not to be yearning, seeking, hoping, desiring, aspiring. But to pause, and be alone.

25

And to have one's own "gentle spouse" by one's side, of course, to dig one in the ribs occasionally. Because really, being alone in peace means being two people together. Two people who can be silent together, and not conscious of one another outwardly. Me in my silence, she in hers, and the balance, the equilibrium, the pure circuit between us. With occasional lapses of course: digs in the ribs if one gets too vague or self-sufficient.

30

35

They say it is better to travel than to arrive.* It's not been my experience, at least. The journey of love has been rather a lacerating, if well-worth-it journey. But to come at last to a nice place under the trees, with your "amiable spouse" who has at last learned to hold her tongue

and not to bother about rights and wrongs: her own particularly. And then to pitch a camp, and cook your rabbit, and eat him: and to possess your own soul in silence, and to feel all the clamour lapse. That is the best I know.

5 I think it is terrible to be young. The ecstasies and agonies of love, the agonies and ecstasies of fear and doubt and drop-by-drop fulfilment, realisation. The awful process of human relationships, love and marital relationships especially. Because we all make a very, very bad start today, with our idea of love in our head, and our sex in our head as well. All the
10 fight till one is bled of one's self-consciousness and sex-in-the-head. All the bitterness of the conflict with this devil of an amiable spouse, who has got herself so stuck in her own head. It is terrible to be young.—But one fights one's way through it, till one is cleaned: the self-consciousness and sex-idea burned out of one, cauterised out bit by bit, and the self
15 whole again, and at last free.

The best thing I have known is the stillness of accomplished marriage, when one possesses one's own soul in silence, side by side with the amiable spouse, and has left off craving and raving and being only half one's self. But I must say, I know a great deal more about the craving
20 and raving and sore ribs, than about the accomplishment. And I must confess that I feel this self-same "accomplishment" of the fulfilled being is only a preparation for new responsibilities ahead, new unison in effort and conflict, the effort to make, with other men, a little new way into the future, and to break through the hedge of the many.

25 But—to your tents, my Israel.* And to that precious baby you've left slumbering there. What I meant to say was, in each phase of life you have a great circuit of human relationship to establish and fulfil. In childhood, it is the circuit of family love, established at the first four consciousness centres, and gradually fulfilling itself, completing itself. At adolescence
30 the first circuit of family love should be completed, dynamically finished. And then, it falls into quiescence. After puberty, family love should fall quiescent in a child. The love never breaks. It continues static and basic, the basis of the emotional psyche, the foundation of the self. It is like the moon when the moon at last subsides into her eternal orbit round the
35 earth. She travels in her orbit so inevitably that she forgets, and becomes unaware. She only knits her brows over the earth's greater aberrations in space.

The circuit of parental love, once fulfilled, is not done away with, but only established into silence. The child is then free to establish
40 new connections, in which he surpasses his parents. And, let us repeat,

parents should never try to establish adult relations, of sympathy or interest or anything else, between themselves and their children. The attempt to do so only deranges the deep primary circuit which is the dynamic basis of our living. It is a clambering upwards only by means of a broken foundation. Parents should remain parents, children children, forever, and the great gulf preserved between the two. Honour thy father and thy mother should always be a leading commandment.* But this can only take place when father and mother keep their true parental distances, dignity, reserve, and limitation. As soon as father and mother try to become the *friends* and *companions* of their children, they break the root of life, they rupture the deepest dynamic circuit of living, they derange the whole flow of life for themselves and their children.

For let us reiterate and reiterate: you cannot mingle and confuse the various modes of dynamic love. If you try, you produce horrors. You cannot plant the heart below the diaphragm, or put an ocular eye in the navel. No more can you transfer parent love into friend love or adult love. Parent love is established at the great primary centres, where man is father and child, playmate and brother, but where he *cannot* be comrade or lover. Comrade and lover, this is the dynamic activity of the further centres, the second four centres. And these second four centres must be active in the parent, their intense circuit established even if not fulfilled, long before the child is born. The circuit of friendship, of personal companionship, of sexual love must needs be established before the child is begotten, or at least before it attains to adolescence. These circuits of the extended field are already fully established in the parent before the centres of correspondence in the child are even formed. When therefore the four great centres of the extended consciousness arouse in a child, at adolescence, they must needs seek a strange complement, a foreign conjunction.

Not only is this the case, but the actual dynamic impulse of the new life which rouses at puberty is *alien* to the original dynamic flow. The new wave-length by no means corresponds. The new vibration by no means harmonises. Force the two together, and you cause a terrible frictional excitement and jarring. It is this instinctive recognition of the different dynamic vibrations from different centres, in different modes, and in different directions of positive and negative, which lies at the base of savage taboo. After puberty, members of one family should be taboo to one another. There should be the most definite limits to the degree of contact. And mother-in-laws should be taboo to their daughters' husbands, and father-in-laws to their sons' wives. We must again begin

to learn the great laws of the first dynamic life-circuits. These laws we now make havoc of, and consequently we make havoc of our own soul, psyche, mind, and health.

This book is written primarily concerning the child's consciousness.*
5 It is not intended to enter the field of the post-puberty consciousness. But yet, the dynamic relation of the child is established so directly with the physical and psychical soul of the parent, that to get any inkling of dynamic child-consciousness we must understand something of parent-consciousness.

10 We assert that the parent-child love-mode excludes the possibility of the man-and-woman, or friend-and-friend love mode. We assert that the polarity of the first four poles is inconsistent with the polarity of the second four poles. Nay, between the two great fields is a certain dynamic opposition, resistance, even antipathy. So that in the natural course of
15 life there is no possibility of confusing parent love and adult love.

But we are mental creatures, and with the explosive and mechanistic aid of ideas we can pervert the whole psyche. Only, however, in a destructive degree, not in a positive or constructive.

Let us return then. In the ordinary course of development, by the
20 time that the child is born and grown to puberty the whole dynamic soul of the mother is engaged: first, with the children, and second, on the further, higher plane, with the husband, and with her own friends. So that when the child reaches adolescence it must inevitably cast abroad for connection.

25 But now let us remember the actual state of affairs today, when the poles are reversed between the sexes. The woman is now the responsible party, the law-giver, the culture-bearer. She is the conscious guide and director of the man.* She bears his soul between her two hands. And her sex is just a function or an instrument of power. This being so, the
30 man is really the servant and the fount of emotion, love and otherwise.

Which is all very well, while the fun lasts. But like all perverted processes, it is exhaustive, and like the fun wears out. Leaving an exhaustion, and an irritation. Each looks on the other as a perverter of
35 life. Almost invariably a married woman, as she passes the age of thirty, conceives a dislike, or a contempt of her husband, or a pity which is too near contempt. Particularly if he be a good husband, a true modern. And he, for his part, though just as jarred inside himself, resents only the fact that he is not loved as he ought to be.

40 Then starts a new game. The woman, even the most virtuous, looks abroad for new sympathy. She will have a new man-friend, if nothing

more. But as a rule she has got something more. She has got her children.

A relation between mother and child today is practically *never* parental. It is personal—which means, it is critical and deliberate, and adult in provocation. The mother, in her new rôle of idealist and life-manager never, practically for one single moment, gives her child the unthinking response from the deep dynamic centres. No, she gives it what is good for it. She shoves milk in its mouth as the clock strikes, she shoves it to sleep when the milk is swallowed, and she shoves it ideally through baths and massage, promenades and practice, till the little organism develops like a mushroom to stand on its own feet. Then she continues her ideal showing of it through all the stages of an ideal up-bringing, she loves it as a chemist loves his test-tubes in which he analyses his salts. The poor little object is his mother's ideal. Out of her head she dictates his providential days, and by the force of her deliberate, mentally-directed love-will she pushes him up into boyhood. The poor little devil never knows one when he is not encompassed by the beautiful, benevolent, idealistic, Botticelli-pure, and finally obscene love-will of the mother. Never, never one mouthful does he drink of the milk of human kindness: always the sterilised milk of human benevolence. There is no mother's milk today, save in tigers' udders, and in the udders of sea-whales. Our children drink a decoction of ideal love, at the breast.

Never for one moment, poor baby, the deep warm stream of love from the mother's bowels to his bowels. Never for one moment the dark proud recoil into rest, the soul's separation into deep, rich independence. Never this lovely rich forgetfulness, as a cat trots off and utterly forgets her kittens, utterly, richly forgets them, till suddenly, click, the dynamic circuit reverses itself in her, and she remembers, and rages round in a frenzy, shouting for her young.

Our miserable infants never know this joy and richness and pang of real maternal warmth. Our wonderful mothers never let us out of their minds for one single moment. Not for a second do they allow us to escape from their ideal benevolence. Not one single breath does a baby draw, free from the imposition of the pure, unselfish, Botticelli-holy, detestable *love-will* of the mother. Always the *will*, the will, the love-will, the ideal will, directed from the ideal mind. Always this stone, this scorpion* of maternal nourishment. Always this infernal self-conscious Madonna starving our living guts and bullying us to death with her love.

We have made the idea supplant both impulse and tradition. We have no spark of wholeness. And we live by an evil love-will. Alas,

the great spontaneous mode is abrogated. There is no lovely great flux of vital sympathy, no rich rejoicing of pride into isolation and independence. There is no reverence for great traditions of parenthood. No, there is substitute for everything—life-substitute—just as
5 we have butter-substitute, and meat-substitute, and sugar-substitute, and leather-substitute, and silk-substitute, so we have life-substitute. We have beastly benevolence, and foul good-will, and stinking charity, and poisonous ideals.

The poor modern brat, shoved horribly into life by an effort of will,
10 and shoved up towards manhood by every appliance that can be applied to it, especially the appliance of the maternal will: it is really too pathetic to contemplate. The only thing that prevents us wringing our hands is the remembrance that the little devil will grow up and beget other similar little devils of his own, to invent more aeroplanes and hospitals
15 and germ-killers and food-substitutes and poison-gases. The problem of the future is a question of the strongest poison-gas.

Which is certainly a very sure way out of our vicious circle.

There is no way out of a vicious circle, of course, except breaking the circle. And since the mother-child relationship is today the viciousst
20 of circles, what are we to do? Just wait for the results of the poison-gas competition presumably.

Oh ideal humanity, how detestable and despicable you are! And how you deserve your own poison-gases! How you deserve to perish in your own stink.
25

It is no use contemplating the development of the modern child, born out of the mental-conscious love-will, born to be another unit of self-conscious love-will: an ideal-born beastly little entity with a devil's own will of its own, benevolent of course, and a Satan's own seraphic self-consciousness, like a beastly Botticelli brat.
30

Once we really consider this modern process of life and the love-will, we could throw the pen away, and spit, and say three cheers for the inventors of poison-gas. Is there not an American who is supposed to have invented a breath of heaven whereby, drop one pop-cornful in Hampstead, one in Brixton, one in East Ham, and one in Islington,
35 and London is a Pompeii in five minutes! Or was the American only bragging? Because anyhow, whom has he experimented on? I read it in the newspaper though. London a Pompeii in five minutes. Makes the gods look silly!

Chapter XII

LITANY OF EXHORTATIONS

I thought I'd better turn over a new leaf, and start a new chapter. The intention of the last chapter was to find a way out of the vicious circle. And it ended in poison-gas. 5

Yes, dear reader, so it did. But you've not silenced me yet, for all that.

We're in a nasty mess. We're in a vicious circle. And we're making a careful study of poison-gases. The secret of Greek fire* was lost long ago, when the world left off being wonderful and ideal. Now it is wonderful and ideal again, much wonderfuller and *much* more ideal. So we ought to do something rare in the way of poison-gas. London a Pompeii in five minutes! How to outdo Vesuvius!—title of a new book by American authors. 10

There is only one single other thing to do. And it's more difficult than poison-gas. It is to leave off loving. It is to leave off benevolenting* and having a good will. It is to cease utterly. Just leave off. Oh parents, see that your children get their dinners and clean sheets, but don't love them. Don't love them one single grain, and don't let anybody else love them. Give them their dinners and leave them alone. You've already loved them to perdition. Now leave them alone, to find their own way out. 15 20

Wives, don't love your husbands any more: even if they cry for it, the great babies! Sing: "I've had enough of that old sauce." And leave off loving them or caring for them one single bit. Don't even hate them or dislike them. Don't have any stew with them at all. Just boil the eggs and fill the salt-cellars and be quite nice, and in your own soul, be alone and be still. Be alone, and be still, preserving all the human decencies, and abandoning the indecency of desires and benevolencies and devotions, those beastly poison-gas apples of the Sodom vine* of the love-will. 25

Wives, don't love your husbands nor your children nor anybody. Sit still, and say Hush! And while you shake the duster out of the drawing-room window, say to yourself—"In the sweetness of solitude."* And when your husband comes in and says he's afraid he's got a cold and is going to have double pneumonia, say quietly "Surely not." And if he wants the ammoniated quinine, give it him if he can't get it for himself. 30 35

But don't let him drive you out of your solitude, your singleness within yourself. And if your little boy falls down the steps and makes his mouth bleed, nurse and comfort him, but say to yourself, even while you tremble with the shock: "Alone. Alone. Be alone, my soul." And if
 5 the servant smashes three electric-light bulbs in three minutes, say to her: "How very inconsiderate and careless of you!" but say to yourself: "Don't hear it, my soul. Don't take fright at the pop of a light-bulb."

Husbands, don't love your wives any more. If they flirt with men younger or older than yourselves, let your blood not stir. If you can go
 10 away, go away. But if you must stay and see her, then say to her "I would rather you didn't flirt in my presence, Eleanora."* Then, when she goes red and looses torrents of indignation, don't answer any more. And when she floods into tears, say quietly in your own self "My soul is my own"; and go away, be alone as much as possible. And when she works herself
 15 up, and says she must have love or she will die, then say: "Not my love, however." And to all her threats, her tears, her entreaties, her reproaches, her cajolements, her winsomenesses, answer nothing, but say to yourself "Shall I be implicated in this display of the love-will? Shall I be blasted by this false lightning?" And though you tremble in every fibre, and feel
 20 sick, vomit-sick with the scene, still contain yourself, and say "My soul is my own. It shall not be violated." And learn, learn, learn the one and only lesson worth learning at last. Learn to walk in the sweetness of the possession of your own soul. And whether your wife weeps as she takes off her amber beads at night, or whether your neighbour in the
 25 train sits on your coat bottoms, or whether your superior in the office makes supercilious remarks, or your inferior is familiar and impudent; or whether you read in the newspaper that Lloyd George* is performing another iniquity, or the Germans plotting another plot: say to yourself: "My soul is my own. My soul is with myself, and beyond implication."
 30 And wait, quietly, in possession of your own soul, till you meet another man who has made the choice, and kept it. Then you will know him by the look on his face: half a dangerous look, a look of Cain,* and half a look of gathered beauty. Then you two will make the nucleus of a new society—OOray! Bis! Bis!!*

But if you should never meet such a man: and if your wife should
 35 torture you every day with her love-will: and even if she should force herself into a consumption, like Catherine Linton in *Wuthering Heights*,* owing to her obstinate and determined love-will (which is quite another matter than love): and if you see the world inventing poison-gas and
 40 falling into its poisoned grave: never give in, but be alone, and utterly

alone with your own soul, in the stillness and sweet possession of your own soul. And don't even be angry. And *never* be sad. Why should you? It's not your affair.

But if your wife should accomplish for herself the sweetness of her own soul's possession, then gently, delicately let the new mode assert itself, the new mode of relation between you, with something of spontaneous paradise in it, the apple of knowledge at last digested.* But my word, what belly-aches meanwhile. That apple is harder to digest than a lead gun-cartridge.

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Chapter XIII

COSMOLOGICAL

Well, dear reader, chapter XII was short, and I hope you found it sweet.*

5 But remember, this is an essay on Child Consciousness, not a tract on Salvation. It isn't my fault that I am led at moments into exhortation.

Well then, what about it? One fact now seems very clear—at any rate to me. We've got to pause. We haven't got to gird our loins with a new frenzy and our larynxes with a new Glory Song. Not a bit of it. Before you dash off to put salt on the tail of a new religion or of a new Leader of Men, dear reader, sit down quietly and pull yourself together. Say to yourself: "Come now, what is it all about?" And you'll realise, dear reader, that you're all in a fluster, inwardly. Then say to yourself: "Why am I in such a fluster?" And you'll see you've no reason at all to be so: except that it's rather exciting to be in a fluster, and it may seem rather stale eggs to be in no fluster at all about anything. And yet, dear little reader, once you consider it quietly, it's *so* much nicer *not* to be in a fluster. It's so much nicer not to feel one's deeper innards storming like the Bay of Biscay. It is so much better to get up and say to the waters of one's own troubled spirit: Peace, be still . . . !* And they will be still . . . perhaps.

20 And then one realises that all the wild storms of anxiety and frenzy were only so much breaking of eggs. It isn't our business to live anybody's life, or to die anybody's death, except our own. Nor to save anybody's soul, nor to put anybody in the right; nor yet in the wrong, which is more the point today. But to be still, and to ignore the false fine frenzy of the seething world. To turn away, now, each one into the stillness and solitude of his own soul. And there to remain in the quiet with the Holy Ghost which is to each man his own true soul.

30 This is the way out of the vicious circle. Not to rush round on the peripheria, like a rabbit in a ring, trying to break through. But to retreat to the very centre, and there to be filled with a new strange stability, polarised in unfathomable richness with the centre of centres. We are so silly, trying to invent devices and machines for flying off from the surface of the earth. Instead of realising that for us the deep satisfaction lies not in escaping, but in getting into the perfect circuit of the earth's

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terrestrial magnetism. Not in breaking away. What is the good of trying to break away from one's own? What is the good of a tree's desiring to fly like a bird in the sky, when a bird is rooted in the earth as surely as a tree is? Nay, the bird is only the topmost leaf of the tree, fluttering in the high air, but attached as close to the tree as any other leaf. Mr Einstein's Theory of Relativity does not supersede the Newtonian Law of Gravitation or of Inertia. It only says "Beware! The Law of Inertia is not the simple ideal proposition you would like to make of it. It is a vast complexity. Gravitation is not one elemental uncouth force. It is a strange, infinitely complex, subtle aggregate of forces." And yet, however much it may waggle, a stone does fall to earth if you drop it.

We should like, vulgarly, to rejoice and say that the new Theory of Relativity releases us from the old obligation of centrality. It does not such thing. It only makes the old centrality much more strange, subtle, complex, and vital. It only robs us of the nice old ideal simplicity. Which ideal simplicity and logicalness has become such a fish-bone stuck in our throats.

The universe is once more in the mental melting-pot. And you can melt it down as long as you like, and mutter all the jargon and abracadabra, *aldeboronti fosco fornio** of science that mental monkey-tricks can teach you, you won't get anything in the end but a formula and a lie. The atom! Why the moment you discover the atom it will explode under your nose. The moment you discover the ether it will evaporate. The moment you get down to the real basis of anything, it will dissolve into a thousand problematic constituents.* And the more problems you solve, the more will spring up with their fingers at their nose, making a fool of you.

There is only one clue to the universe. And that is the individual soul within the individual being. That outer universe of suns and moons and atoms is a secondary affair. It is the death-result of living individuals. There is a great polarity in life itself. Life itself is dual. And the duality is life and death. And death is not just shadow or mystery. It is the negative reality of life. It is what we call Matter and Force, among other things.

Life is individual, always was individual and always will be. Life consists of living individuals, and always did so consist, in the beginning of everything. There never was any universe, any cosmos, of which the first reality was anything but living, incorporate individuals. I don't say the individuals were exactly like you and me. And they were never wildly different.

And therefore it is time for the idealist and the scientist—they are one and the same, really—to stop his monkey-jargon about the atom and the origin of life and the mechanical clue to the universe. There isn't any such thing. I might as well say: "Then they took the cart, and rubbed
5 it all over with grease. Then they sprayed it with white wine, and spun round the right wheel five-hundred revolutions to the minute and the left wheel, in the opposite direction, seven-hundred and seventy-seven revolutions to the minute. Then a burning torch was applied to each axle. And lo, the foot-board of the cart began to swell, and suddenly
10 as the cart groaned and writhed, the horse was born, and lay panting between the shafts." The whole scientific theory of the universe is not worth such a tale: that the cart conceived and gave birth to the horse.

I do not believe one fifth of what science can tell me about the sun. I do not believe for one second that the moon is a dead world spelched*
15 off from our globe. I do not believe that the stars came flying off from the sun like drops of water when you spin your wet hanky. I have believed it for twenty years, because it seemed so ideally plausible. Now I don't accept any ideal plausibilities at all. I look at the moon and the stars, and I know I don't believe anything that I am told about them. Except
20 that I like their names, Aldebaran and Cassiopeia* and so on.

I have tried, and even brought myself to believe in a clue to the outer universe. And in the process I have swallowed such a lot of jargon that I would rather listen now to a negro witch-doctor than to Science. There is nothing in the world that is true except empiric discoveries which
25 work in actual appliances. I know that the sun is hot. But I won't be told that the sun is a ball of blazing gas which spins round and fizzes. No thank you.

At length, for *my* part, I know that life, and life only is the clue to the universe. And that the living individual is the clue to life. And that
30 it always was so, and always will be so.

When the living individual dies, then is the realm of death established. Then you get Matter and Elements and atoms and forces and sun and moon and earth and stars and so forth. In short, the outer universe, the Cosmos. The Cosmos is nothing but the aggregate of the
35 dead bodies and dead energies of bygone individuals.* The dead bodies decompose as we know into earth, air, and water, heat and radiant energy and free electricity and innumerable other scientific facts. The dead souls likewise decompose—or else they don't decompose. But if they *do* decompose, then it is not into any elements of Matter and physical
40 energy. They decompose into some psychic reality, and into some

potential will. They re-enter into the living psyche of living individuals. The living soul partakes of the dead souls, as the living breast partakes of the outer air, and the blood partakes of the sun. The soul, the individuality never resolves itself through death into physical constituents. The dead soul remains always soul, and always retains its individual quality. And it does not disappear, but re-enters into the soul of the living, of some living individual or individuals. And there it continues its part in life, as a death-witness and a life-agent. But it does not, ordinarily, have any separate existence there, but is incorporate in the living individual soul. But in some extraordinary cases, the dead soul may really act separately in a living individual.

How this all is, and what are the laws of the relation between life and death, the living and the dead, I don't know. But that this relation exists, and exists in a manner as I describe it, for my own part I know. And I am fully aware that once we direct our living attention this way, instead of to the absurdity of the atom, then we have a whole *living* universe of knowledge before us. The universe of life and death, of which we, whose business it is to live and to die, know nothing. Whilst concerning the universe of Force and Matter we pile up theories and make staggering and disastrous discoveries of machinery and poison-gas, all of which we were much better without.

It is life we have to live by, not machines and ideals. And life means nothing else, even, but the spontaneous living soul which is our central reality. The spontaneous, living, individual soul, this is the clue, and the only clue. All the rest is derived.

How it is contrived that the individual soul in the living sways the very sun in its centrality, I do not know. But it is so. It is the peculiar dynamic polarity of the living soul in every weed or bug or beast, each one separately and individually polarised with the great returning pole of the sun, that maintains the sun alive. For I take it that the sun is the great sympathetic centre of our inanimate universe. I take it that the sun breathes in the effluence of all that fades and dies. Across space fly the innumerable vibrations which are the basis of all matter. They fly, breathed out from the dying and the dead, from all that which is passing away, even in the living. These vibrations, these elements pass away across space, and are breathed back again. The sun itself is invisible as the soul. The sun itself is the soul of the inanimate universe, the aggregate clue to the substantial death, if we may call it so. The sun is the great active pole of the sympathetic death-activity. To the sun fly the vibrations or the molecules in the great sympathy-mode of

death, and in the sun they are renewed, they turn again as the great gift back again from the sympathetic death-centre towards life, towards the living. But it is not even the dead which *really* sustain the sun. It is the dynamic relation between the solar plexus of individuals and the sun's core, a perfect circuit. The sun is materially composed of all the effluence of the dead. But the *quick* of the sun is polarised with the living, the sun's quick is polarised in dynamic relation with the quick of life in all living things, that is, with the solar plexus in mankind. A direct dynamic connection between my solar plexus and the sun.

Likewise, as the sun is the great fiery vivifying pole of the inanimate universe, the moon is the other pole, cold and keen and vivifying, corresponding in some way to a *voluntary* pole. We live between the polarised circuit of sun and moon. And the moon is polarised with the lumbar ganglion, primarily, in man. Sun and moon are dynamically polarised to our actual tissue, they affect this tissue all the time.

The moon is as it were the pole of our particular terrestrial *volition*, in the universe. What holds the earth swinging in space is first, the great dynamic attraction to the sun, and then the counterposing assertion of independence, singleness, which is polarised in the moon. The moon is the clue to our earth's individual identity, in the wide universe.

The moon is an immense magnetic centre. It is quite wrong to say she is a dead snowy world with craters and so on. I should say she is composed of some very intense element, like phosphorus or radium, some element or elements which have very powerful chemical and kinetic activity, and magnetic activity, affecting us through space.

It is not the sun which we see in heaven. It is the rushing thither and the rushing thence of the vibrations expelled by death from the body of life, and returned back again to the body of life. Possibly even a dead soul makes its journey to the sun and back, before we receive it again in our breast. Just as the breath we breathe out flies to the sun and back, before we breathe it in again. And as the water that evaporates rises right to the sun, and returns here. What we see is the great golden rushing thither, from the death exhalation, towards the sun, as a great cloud of bees flying to swarm upon the invisible queen, circling round, and loosing again. This is what we see of the sun. The centre is invisible forever.

And of the moon the same. The moon has her back to us forever. Not her face, as we like to think. The moon also pulls the water, as the sun does. But not in evaporation. The moon pulls by the magnetic force we call gravitation. Gravitation not being quite such a Newtonian

simple apple as we are accustomed to find it, we are perhaps farther off from understanding the tides of the ocean than we were before the fruit of the tree fell on to Sir Isaac's head. It is certainly not simple little-things-tumble-towards-big-things gravitation. In the moon's pull there is peculiar, quite special force exerted over those water-born substances, phosphorus, salt, and lime. The dynamic energy of salt water is something quite different from that of fresh water. And it is this dynamic energy which the sea gives off, and which connects it with the moon. And the moon is some strange coagulation of substance such as salt, phosphorus, soda. It certainly isn't a snowy cold world, like a world of our own gone cold. Nonsense. It is a globe of dynamic substance like radium or phosphorus, coagulated upon a certain vivid pole of energy, which pole of energy is directly polarised with our earth, in opposition with the sun.

The moon is born from the death of individuals. All things, in their oning, their unification into the pure, universal oneness, evaporate and fly like an imitation breath towards the sun. Even the crumbling rocks breathe themselves off in this rocky death, to the sun of heaven, during the day.

But at the same time, during the night they breathe themselves off to the moon. If we come to think of it, light and dark are a question both of the third body, the intervening body, what we will call, by stretching a point, the individual. As we all know, apart from the existence of molecules of individual matter, there is neither light nor dark. A universe utterly without matter, we don't know whether it is light or dark. Even the pure space between the sun and moon, the blue space, we don't know whether, in itself, it is light or dark. We can say it is light, we can say it is dark. But light and dark are terms which apply only to ourselves, the third, the intermediate, the substantial, the individual.

If we come to think of it, light and dark only mean whether we have our face or our back towards the sun. If we have our face to the sun, then we establish the circuit of cosmic or universal or material or infinite sympathy. These four adjectives, cosmic, universal, material, and infinite are almost interchangeable, and apply, as we see, to that realm of the non-individual existence which we call the realm of the substantial death. It is the universe which has resulted from the death of individuals. And to this universe alone belongs the quality of infinity: to the universe of death. Living individuals have no infinity save in this relation to the total death-substance and death-being, the summed-up cosmos.

Light and dark, these great wonders, are relative to us alone. These are two vast poles of the cosmic energy and of material existence. These are the vast pole of cosmic sympathy, which we call the sun, and the other white pole of cosmic volition, which we call the moon. To the sun belong the great forces of heat and radiant energy, to the moon belong the great forces of magnetism and electricity, radium-energy, and so on. The sun is not, in any sense, a material body. It is an invariable intense pole of cosmic energy, and what we see are the particles of our terrestrial decomposition flying thither and returning, as fine grains of iron would fly to an intense magnet, or better, as the draught in a room veers towards the fire, attracted infallibly, as a moth towards a candle. The moth is drawn to the candle as the draught is drawn to the fire, in the absolute spell of the material polarity of fire. And air escapes again, hot and different, from the fire. So is the sun.

Fire we say is combustion. It is marvellous how science proceeds like witchcraft and alchemy, by means of an abracadabra which has no earthly sense. Pray, what is combustion? You can try and answer scientifically, till you are black in the face. All you can say is that it is *that which happens* when matter is raised to a certain temperature—and so forth and so forth. You might as well say, a word is that which happens when I open my mouth and squeeze my larynx and make various tricks with my throat muscles. All these explanations are so senseless. They describe the apparatus, and think they have described the event.

Fire may be accompanied by combustion, but combustion is not necessarily accompanied by fire. All A is B, but all B is not A. And therefore fire, no matter how you jiggle, is not identical with combustion. Fire. FIRE. I insist on the absolute word. You may say that fire is a sum of various phenomena. I say it isn't. You might as well tell me a fly is a sum of wings and six legs and two bulging eyes. It is the fly which has the wings and legs, and not the legs and wings which somehow nab the fly into the middle of themselves. A fly is not a sum of various things. A fly is a fly, and the items of the sum are still fly.

So with fire. Fire is an absolute unity in itself. It is a dynamic polar principle. Establish a certain polarity between the moon-principle and the sun-principle, between the positive and negative, or sympathetic and volitional dynamism in any piece of matter, and you have fire, you have the sun-phenomenon. It is the sudden flare into the one mode, the sun mode, the material sympathetic mode. Correspondingly, establish an opposite polarity between the sun-principle and the water-principle, and you have decomposition into water, or towards watery dissolution.

There are two sheer dynamic principles in our universe, the sun-principle and the moon-principle. And these principles are known to us in immediate contact as fire and water. The sun is not fire. But the principle of fire is the sun-principle. That is, fire is the sudden swoop towards the sun, of matter which is suddenly sun-polarised. Fire is the sudden sun-assertion, the release towards the one pole only. It is the sudden revelation of the cosmic One Polarity, one Identity. 5

But there is another pole. There is the moon. And there is another absolute and visible principle, the principle of water. The moon is not water. But it is the soul of water, the invisible clue to all the waters. 10

So that we begin to realise our visible universe as a vast dual polarity between sun and moon. Two vast poles in space, invisible in themselves, but visible owing to the circuit which swoops between them, around them, the circuit of the universe, established at the cosmic poles of the sun and moon. This then is the infinite, the positive infinite of the positive pole, the sun-pole, negative infinite of the negative pole, the moon pole. And between the two infinities all existence takes place. 15

But wait. Existence is truly a matter of propagation between the two infinities. But it needs a third presence. Sun-principle and moon-principle, embracing through the æons, could never by themselves propagate one molecule of matter. The hailstone needs a grain of dust for his core. So does the universe. Midway between the two cosmic infinities lies the third, which is more than infinite. This is the Holy Ghost, Life, individual life. 20

It is so easy to imagine that between them, the two infinities of the cosmos propagated life. But one single moment of pause and silence, one single moment of gathering the whole soul into knowledge, will tell us that it is a falsity. It was the living individual soul which, dying, flung into space the two wings of the infinite, the two poles of the sun and the moon. The sun and the moon are the two eternal death-results of the death of individuals. Matter, all matter, is the Life-born. And what we know as inert matter, this is only the result of death in individuals, it is the dead bodies of individuals decomposed and re-smelted between the hammer and anvil, fire and sand of the sun and the moon. When time began, the first individual died, the poles of the sun and moon were flung into space, and between the two, in a strange chaos and battle, the dead body was torn and melted and smelted, and rolled beneath the feet of the living. So the world was formed, always under the feet of the living. 25 30 35

And so we have a clue to gravitation. We, mankind, are all one family. In our individual bodies burns the positive quick of all things. But 40

beneath our feet, in our own earth, lies the intense centre of our human, individual death, our grave. The earth has one centre, to which we are all polarised. The circuit of our life is balanced on the living soul within us, as the positive centre, and on the earth's dark centre, the centre of our abiding and eternal and substantial death, our great negative centre, away below. This is the circuit of our immediate individual existence. We stand upon our own grave, with our death fire, the sun, on our right hand, and our death-damp, the moon, on our left.

The earth's centre is no accident. It is the great individual pole of us who die. It is the centre of the first dead body. It is the first germ-cell of death, which germ-cell threw out the two great nuclei of the sun and the moon. To this centre of our earth we, as humans, are eternally polarised: as are our trees. Inevitably, we fall to earth. And the clue of us sinks to the earth's centre, the clue of our death, of our *weight*. And the earth flings us out as wings to the sun and moon: or as the death-germ dividing into two nuclei. So from the earth our radiance is flung to the sun, our marsh-fire to the moon, when we die.

We fall into the earth. But our rising was not from the earth. We rose from the earthless quick, the unfading life. And earth, sun, and moon are born only of our death. But it is only their polarised dynamic connection with us who live which sustains them all in their place and maintains them all in their own activities. The inanimate universe rests absolutely on the life-circuit of living creatures, is built upon the arch which spans the duality of living beings.

Chapter XIV

SLEEP AND DREAMS

This is going rather far, for a book—nay, a booklet—on the child consciousness. But it can't be helped. Child-consciousness it is. And we have to roll away the stone of a scientific cosmos from the tomb-mouth of that imprisoned consciousness.* 5

Now, dear reader, let us see where we are. First of all, we are ourselves—which is the refrain of all my chants. We are ourselves. We are living individuals. And as living individuals we are the one, pure clue to our own cosmos. To which cosmos living individuals *have always* been the clue, since time began, and *will always* be the clue, while time lasts. 10

I know it is not so formworky as the sudden evolving of life, somewhere, somewhen and somehow, out of force and matter, with a pop. But that pop never popped, dear reader. The boot was on the other leg. And I wish I could mix a few more metaphors, like pops and legs and boots, just to annoy you. 15

Life never evolved, or evolved, out of force and matter, dear reader. There is no such thing as evolution, anyhow. There is only development. Man was man in the very first plasm-speck which was his own individual origin, and is still his own individual origin. As for the origin, I don't know much about it. I only know there is but one origin, and that is the individual soul. The individual soul originated everything, and has itself no origin. So that time is a matter of living experience, nothing else, and eternity is just a mental trick. Of course every living speck, amœba or newt, has its own individual soul. 20 25

And we sit on our own globe, dear reader, here individually located. Our own individual being is our own single reality. But the single reality of the individual being is dynamically and directly polarised to the earth's centre, which is the aggregate negative centre of all terrestrial existence. In short, the centre which in life we thrust away from, and towards which we fall, in death. For, our individual existence being positive, we must have a negative pole to thrust away from. And when our positive individual existence breaks, and we fall into death, our wonderful individual gravitation-centre succumbs to the earth's gravitation centre. 30 35

So there we are, individuals, single, life-born, life-living, yet all the while poised and polarised to the aggregate centre of our substantial death, our earth's quick, powerful centre-clue.

5 There may be other individuals, alive, and having other worlds under their feet, polarised to their own globe's centre. But the very sacredness of my own individuality prevents my pronouncing about them, lest I, in attributing qualities to them, transgress against the pure individuality which is theirs, beyond me.

10 If, however, there be truly other people, with their own world under their feet, then I think it is fair to say that we all have our infinite identity in the sun.* That in the rush and swirl of death we pass through fiery ways to the same sun. And from the sun, can the spores of souls pass to the various worlds? And do the worlds of the cosmos seed across space, through the wild beams of the sun? Is there seed of Mars in my veins?
15 And is astrology not altogether nonsense?

But if the sun is the centre of our infinite oneing in death with all the other after-death souls of the cosmos; and in that great central station of travel, the sun, we meet and mingle and change trains for the stars: then ought we to assume that the moon is likewise a meeting-place of
20 dead souls? The moon surely is a meeting-place of cold, dead, angry souls. But from our own globe only.

The moon is the centre of our terrestrial individuality in the Cosmos. She is the declaration of our existence in separateness. Save for the intense white recoil of the moon, the earth would stagger towards the
25 sun. The moon holds us to our own cosmic individuality, as a world individual in space. She is the fierce centre of retraction, of frictional withdrawal into separateness. She it is who sullenly stands with her back to us, and refuses to meet and mingle. She it is who burns white with the intense friction of her withdrawal into separation, that cold,
30 proud white fire of furious, almost malignant apartness, the struggle into fierce, frictional separation. Her white fire is the frictional fire of the last strange, intense watery matter, as this matter fights its way out of combination and out of combustion with the sun-stuff. To the pure polarity of the moon fly the essential waters of our universe. Which
35 essential waters, at the moon's clue, are only an intense invisible energy, a polarity of the moon.*

There are only three great energies in the universe: life, which is always individual and which yet sways all the physical forces as well as the vital energy; and then the two great dynamisms of the sun and the moon.
40 To the dynamism of the sun belongs heat, expansion-force, and all that

range. To the dynamism of the moon the *essential* watery forces: not just gravitation: but electricity, magnetism, radium-energy, and so on.*

The moon likewise is the pole of our night activities, as the sun is the pole of our day activities. Remember that the sun and moon are but great self-abandons which individual life has thrown out, to the right hand and to the left. When individual life dies, it flings itself on the right hand to the sun, on the left hand to the moon, in the dual polarity, and sinks to earth. When any man dies, his soul divides in death; as in life, in the first germ, it was united from two germs. It divides into two dark germs, flung asunder: the sun-germ and the moon-germ. Then the material body sinks to earth. And so we have the cosmic universe such as we know it.

What is the exact relationship between us and the death-realm of the afterwards we shall never know. But this relation is none the less active every moment of our lives. There is a pure polarity between life and death, between the living and the dead, between each living individual and the outer cosmos. Between each living individual and the earth's centre passes a never-ceasing circuit of magnetism. It is a circuit which in man travels up the right side, and down the left side of the body, to the earth's centre.* It never ceases. But while we are awake it is entirely under the control and spell of the total consciousness, the individual consciousness, the soul or self. When we sleep, however, then this individual consciousness of the soul is suspended for the time, and we lie completely within the circuit of the earth's magnetism, or gravitation, or both: the circuit of the earth's centrality. It is this circuit which is busy in all our tissue removing or arranging the dead body of our past day. For each time we lie down to sleep we have within us a body of death which dies with the day that is spent. And this body of death is removed, or laid in line by the activities of the earth-circuit, the great active death circuit, while we sleep.

As we sleep the current sweeps its own way through us, as the streets of a city are swept and flushed at night. It sweeps through our nerves and our blood, sweeping away the ash of our day's spent consciousness towards one form or other of excretion. This earth-current actively sweeping through us is really the death-activity busy in the service of life. It behoves us to know nothing of it. And as it sweeps it stimulates in the primary centres of consciousness vibrations which flash images upon the mind. Usually, in deep sleep, these images pass unrecorded; but as we pass towards the twilight of dawn and wakefulness, we begin to retain some impression, some record of the dream-images. Usually

also the images that are accidentally swept into the mind in sleep are as disconnected and as unmeaning as the pieces of paper which the street cleaners sweep into a bin from the city gutters at night. We should not think of taking all these papers, piecing them together, and making a marvellous book of them, prophetic of the future and pregnant with the past. We should not do so, although every rag of printed paper swept from the gutter would have some connection with the past day's event. But its significance, the significance of the words printed upon it is so small, that we relegate it into the limbo of the accidental and meaningless. There is no vital connection between the many torn bits of paper—only an accidental connection. Each bit of paper has reference to some actual event: a bus-ticket, an envelope, a tract, a pastry-shop bag, a newspaper, a hand-bill. But take them all together, bus-ticket, torn envelope, tract, paper-bag, piece of newspaper and hand-bill, and they have no individual sequence, they belong more to the mechanical arrangements than to the vital consequence of our existence. And the same with most dreams. They are the heterogeneous odds and ends of images swept together accidentally by the besom of the night-current, and it is beneath our dignity to attach any real importance to them. It is always beneath our dignity to go degrading the integrity of the individual soul by cringing and scraping among the rag-tag of accident and of the inferior, mechanic coincidence and automatic event. Only those events are significant which derive from or apply to the soul in its full integrity. To go kow-towing before the facts of chance, as gamblers and fortune-readers and fatalists do, is merely a perverting of the soul's proud integral priority, a rearing up of idiotic idols and fetishes.

Most dreams are purely insignificant, and it is the sign of a weak and paltry nature to pay any attention to them whatever. Only occasionally they matter. And this is only when something *threatens* us from the outer mechanical, or accidental *death*-world. When anything threatens us from the world of death, then a dream may become so vivid that it arouses the actual soul. And when a dream is so intense that it arouses the soul—then we must attend to it.

But we may have the most appalling nightmare because we eat pancakes for supper. Here again, we are threatened with an arrest of the mechanical flow of the system. This arrest becomes so serious that it affects the great organs of the heart and lungs, and these organs affect the primary conscious-centres.

Now we shall see that this is the direct reverse of real living consciousness. In living consciousness the primary affective centres control the

great organs. But when sleep is on us, the reverse takes place. The great organs, being obstructed in their spontaneous-automatism, at last with violence arouse the active conscious centres. And these flash images to the brain.

These nightmare images are very frequently purely mechanical: as of falling terribly downwards, or being enclosed in vaults. And such images are pure physical transcripts. The image of falling, of flying, of trying to run and not being able to lift the feet, of having to creep through terribly small passages, these are direct transcripts from the physical phenomena of circulation and digestion. It is the directly transcribed image of the heart which, impeded in its action by the gases of indigestion, is switched out of its established circuit of earth-polarity, and is as if suspended over a void, or plunging into a void: step by step, falling downstairs, maybe, according to the strangulation of the heart beats. The same paralytic inability to lift the feet when one needs to run, in a dream, comes directly from the same impeded action of the heart, which is thrown off its balance by some material obstruction. Now the heart swings left and right in the pure circuit of the earth's polarity. Hinder this swing, force the heart over to the left, by inflation of gas from the stomach or by dead pressure upon the blood and nerves from any obstruction, and you get the sensation of being unable to lift the feet from earth: a gasping sensation. Or force the heart to overbalance towards the right, and you get the sensation of flying or of falling. The heart telegraphs its distress to the mind, and wakes us. The wakeful soul at once begins to deal with the obstruction, which was too much for the mechanical night-circuits. The same holds good of dreams of imprisonment, or of creeping through narrow passages. They are direct transfers from the squeezing of the blood through constricted arteries or heart chambers.

Most dreams are stimulated from the blood into the nerves and the nerve-centres. And the heart is the transmission station. For the blood has a unity and a consciousness of its own. It has a deeper, elemental consciousness of the mechanical or material world. In the blood we have the body of our most elemental consciousness, our almost material consciousness. And during sleep this material consciousness transfers itself into the nerves and to the brain. The transfer in wakefulness results in a feeling of pain or discomfort—as when we have indigestion, which is pure blood-discomfort. But in sleep the transfer is made through the dream-images which are mechanical phenomena like mirages.

Nightmares which have purely mechanical images may terrify us, give us a great shock, but the shock does not enter our souls. We are

surprised, in the morning, to find that the bristling horror of the night seems now just nothing—dwindled to nothing. And this is because what was a purely material obstruction in the physical flow, temporary only, is indeed a nothingness to the living, integral soul. We are subject to such accidents—if we will eat pancakes for supper. And that is the end of it.

But there are other dreams which linger and haunt the soul. These are true soul-dreams. As we know, life consists of reactions and inter-relations from the great centres of primary consciousness. I may start a chain of connection from one centre, which inevitably stimulates into activity the corresponding centre. For example, I may develop a profound and passionate love for my mother, in my days of adolescence. This starts, willy-nilly, the whole activity of adult love at the lower centres. But admission is made only of the upper, spiritual love, the love dynamically polarised at the upper centres. Nevertheless, whether the admission is made or not, once establish the circuit in the upper or spiritual centres of adult love, and you will get a corresponding activity in the lower, passional centres of adult love.

The activity at the lower centre, however, is denied in the daytime. There is a repression. Then the friction of the night-flow liberates the repressed psychic activity explosively. And then the image of the mother figures in passionate, disturbing, soul-rending dreams.

The Freudians point to this as evidence of a repressed incest desire.* The Freudians are too simple. It is *always* wrong to accept a dream-meaning at its face value. Sleep is the time when we are given over to the automatic processes of the inanimate universe. Let us not forget this. Dreams are automatic in their nature. The psyche possesses remarkably few dynamic images. In the case of the boy who dreams of his mother, we have the aroused but unattached sex plunging in sleep, causing a sort of obstruction. We have the image of the mother, the dynamic emotional image. And the automatism of the dream-process immediately unites the sex-sensation to the great stock image, and produces an incest dream. But does this prove a repressed incest desire? On the contrary.

The truth is, every man has, the moment he awakes, a hatred of his dream, and a great desire to be free of the dream, free of the persistent mother-image or sister-image of the dream. It is a ghoul, it haunts his dreams, this image, with its hateful conclusions. And yet he cannot get free. As long as a man lives he may, in his dreams of passion or conflict, be haunted by the mother-image or sister-image, even when he knows that the cause of the disturbing dream is the wife. But even though the

actual subject of the dream is the wife, still, over and over again, for years, the dream-process will persist in substituting the mother-image. It haunts and terrifies a man.*

Why does the dream-process act so? For two reasons. First, the reason of simple automatic continuance. The mother-image was the first great emotional image to be introduced in the psyche. The dream-process mechanically reproduces its stock image the moment the intense sympathy-emotion is aroused. Again, the mother-image refers only to the upper plane. But the dream-process is mechanical in its logic. Because the mother-image refers to the great dynamic stress of the upper plane, therefore it refers to the great dynamic stress of the lower. This is a piece of sheer automatic logic. The living soul is *not* automatic, and automatic logic does not apply to it.

But for our second reason for the image. In becoming the object of great emotional stress for her son, the mother also becomes an object of poignancy, of anguish, of arrest, to her son. She arrests him from finding his proper fulfilment on the sensual plane. Now it is almost always the object of arrest which becomes impressed, as it were, upon the psyche. A man very rarely has an image of a person with whom he is livingly, vitally connected. He only has dream-images of the persons who, in some way, *oppose* his life-flow and his soul's freedom, and so become impressed upon his plasm as objects of resistance. Once a man is dynamically caught on the upper plane by mother or sister, then the dream-image of mother or sister will persist until the dynamic *rapprochement* between himself and his mother or sister is finally broken. And the dream-image from the upper plane will be automatically applied to the disturbance of the lower plane.

Because—and this is very important—the dream-process *loves* its own automatism. It would force everything to an automatic-logical conclusion in the psyche. But the living, wakeful psyche is so flexible and sensitive, it has a horror of automatism. While the soul really lives, its deepest dread is perhaps the dread of automatism. For automatism in life is a forestalling of the death process.

The living soul has its great fear. The living soul *fears* the automatically logical conclusion of incest. Hence the sleep-process invariably draws this conclusion. The dream-process, fiendishly, plays a triumph of automatism over us. But the dream-conclusion is almost invariably just the *reverse* of the soul's desire, in any distress-dream. Popular dream-telling understood this, and pronounced that you must read dreams backwards. Dream of a wedding, and it means a funeral. Wish your

friend well, and fear his death, and you will dream of his funeral. Every desire has its corresponding fear that the desire shall not be fulfilled. It is *fear* which forms an arrest-point in the psyche, hence an image. So the dream automatically produces the fear image as the desire image.
 5 If you secretly wished your enemy dead, and feared he might flourish, the dream would present you with his wedding.

Of course this rule of inversion is too simple to hold good in all cases. Yet it is one of the most general rules for dreams, and applies most often to desire-and-fear dreams of a psychic nature.*

10 So that an incest-dream would not prove an incest-desire in the living psyche. Rather the contrary, a living fear of the automatic conclusion: the soul's just dread of automatism. And though this may sound like casuistry, I believe it does explain a good deal of the dream-trick.—That which is lovely to the automatic process is hateful to the spontaneous
 15 soul. The wakeful living soul fears automatism as it fears death: death being automatic.

It seems to me these are the first two dream-principles, and the two most important: the principle of automatism and the principle of inversion. They will not resolve everything for us, but they will help a
 20 great deal. We have to be *very* wary of giving way to dreams. It is really a sin against ourselves to prostitute the living spontaneous soul to the tyranny of dreams, or of chance, or fortune or luck, or any of the processes of the automatic sphere.

Then consider other dynamic dreams. First, the dream-image generally. Any *significant* dream-image is usually an image or a symbol of
 25 some arrest or scotch in the living spontaneous psyche. There is another principle. But if the image is a symbol, then the only safe way to explain the symbol is to proceed from the quality of emotion connected with the symbol.

30 For example, a man has a persistent passionate fear-dream about horses. He suddenly finds himself among great, physical horses, which may suddenly go wild. Their great bodies surge madly round him, they rear above him, threatening to destroy him. At any minute he may be trampled down.

35 Now a psychoanalyst will probably tell you off-hand that this is a father-complex dream. Certain symbols seem to be put into complex catalogues. But it is all too arbitrary.

Examining the emotional reference we find that the feeling is sensual, there is a great impression of the powerful, almost beautiful physical
 40 bodies of the horses, the nearness, the rounded haunches, the rearing.

What is the dynamic passion in a horse, the danger-passion?* It is a great sensual reaction at the sacral ganglion, a reaction of intense sensual, dominant volition. The horse which rears and kicks and neighs madly acts from the intensely powerful sacral ganglion. But this intense activity from the sacral ganglion is male: the sacral ganglion is at its highest intensity in the male. So that the horse-dream refers to some arrest in the deepest sensual activity in the male. The horse is presented as an object of terror. Which means that to the man's automatic dream-soul, which loves automatism, the great sensual male activity is the greatest menace. The automatic pseudo-soul, which has got the sensual nature repressed, would like to keep it repressed. Whereas the greatest desire of the living spontaneous soul is that this very male sensual nature, represented as a menace, shall be actually accomplished in life. The spontaneous self is secretly yearning for the liberation and fulfilment of the deepest and most powerful sensual nature. There may be an element of father-complex. The horse may also refer to the powerful sensual being in the father. The dream may mean a love of the dreamer for the sensual male who is his father. But it has nothing to do with incest. The love is probably a just love.

The bull-dream is a curious reversal. In the bull the centres of power are in the breast and shoulders. The horns of the head are symbols of this vast power in the *upper* self. The woman's fear of the bull is a great terror of the dynamic *upper* centres in man. The bull's horns, instead of being phallic, represent the enormous potency of the upper centres. A woman whose most positive dynamism is in the breast and shoulders is fascinated by the bull. Her dream-fear of the bull and his horns which may run into her may be reversed to a significance of desire for connection, not from the centres of the lower, sensual self, but from the intense physical centres of the upper body: the phallus polarised from the upper centres, and directed towards the great breast centre of the woman. Her wakeful fear is terror of the great breast-and-shoulder, *upper* rage and power of man, which may pierce her defenceless lower self. The terror and the desire are near together—and go with an admiration of the slender, abstracted bull loins.

Other dream-fears, or strong dream-impressions, may be almost imageless. They may be a great terror, for example, of a purely geometric figure—a figure from pure geometry, or an example of pure mathematics. Or they may have no image, but only a sensation of smell, or of colour, or of sound.

These are the dream-fears of the soul which is falling out of human integrity into the purely mechanical mode. If we idealise ourselves sufficiently, the spontaneous centres do at last work only, or almost only, in the mechanical mode. They have no dynamic relation with another being. They cannot have. Their whole power of dynamic relationship is quenched. They act now in reference purely to the mechanical world, of force and matter, sensation and law. So that in dream-activity sensation or abstraction, abstract law or calculation occurs as the predominant or exclusive image. In the dream there may be a sensation of admiration or delight. The waking sensation is fear. Because the soul fears above all things its fall from individual integrity into the mechanic activity of the outer world, which is the automatic death-world.

And this is our danger today. We tend, through deliberate idealism or deliberate material purpose, to destroy the soul in its first nature of spontaneous, integral being, and to substitute the second nature, the automatic nature of the mechanical universe. For this purpose we stay up late at night, and we rise late in the morning.

To stay up late into the night is always bad. Let us be as ideal as we may, when the sun goes down the natural mode of life changes in us. The mind changes its activity. As the soul gradually goes passive, before yielding up its sway, the mind falls into its second phase of activity. It collects the results of the spent day into consciousness, lays down the honey of quiet thought, or the bitter-sweet honey of the gathered flower. It is the consciousness of that which is past. Evening is our time to read history and tragedy and romance—all of which are the utterance of that which is past, that which is over, that which is finished, is concluded: either sweetly concluded, or bitterly. Evening is the time for this.

But evening is the time also for revelry, for drink, for passion. Alcohol enters the blood and acts as the sun's rays act. It inflames into life, it liberates into energy and consciousness. But by a process of combustion. That life of the day which we have not lived, by means of sun-born alcohol we can now flare into sensation, consciousness, energy and passion, and live it out. It is a liberation from the laws of idealism, a release from the restriction of control and fear. It is the blood bursting into consciousness. But naturally the course of the liberated consciousness may be in either direction: sharper mental action, greater fervour of spiritual emotion, or deeper sensuality. Nowadays the last is becoming much more unusual.

The active mind-consciousness of the night is a form of retrospection, or else it is a form of impulsive exclamation, direct from the blood, and

unbalanced. Because the active physical consciousness of the night is the blood-consciousness, the most elemental form of consciousness. Vision is perhaps our highest form of *dynamic* upper consciousness. But our deepest lower consciousness is blood-consciousness.

And the dynamic lower centres are swayed from the blood. When the blood rouses into its night intensity, it naturally kindles first the lowest dynamic centres. It transfers its voice and its fire to the great hypogastric plexus, which governs, with the help of the sacral ganglion, the flow of urine through us, but which also voices the deep swaying of the blood in sex passion. Sex is our deepest form of consciousness. It is utterly non-ideal, non-mental. It is pure blood-consciousness. It is the basic consciousness of the blood, the nearest thing in us to pure material consciousness. It is the consciousness of the night, when the soul is *almost* asleep.

The blood-consciousness is the first and last knowledge of the living soul: the depths. It is the soul acting in part only, speaking with its first hoarse half-voice. And blood-consciousness cannot operate purely until the soul has put off all its manifold degrees and forms of upper consciousness. As the self falls back into quiescence, it draws itself from the brain, from the great nerve-centres, into the blood, where at last it will sleep. But as it draws and folds itself livingly in the blood, at the dark and powerful hour, it sends out its great call. For even the blood is alone and in part, and needs an answer. Like the waters of the Red Sea,* the blood is divided in a dual polarity between the sexes. As the night falls and the consciousness sinks deeper, suddenly the blood is heard hoarsely calling. Suddenly the deep centres of the sexual consciousness rouse to their spontaneous activity. Suddenly there is a deep circuit established between me and the woman. Suddenly the sea of blood which is me heaves and rushes towards the sea of blood which is her. There is a moment of pure frictional crisis and contact of blood. And then all the blood in me ebbs back into its ways, transmuted, changed. And this is the profound basis of my renewal, my deep blood renewal.

And this has nothing to do with pretty faces or white skin or rosy breasts or any of the rest of the trappings of sexual love. These trappings belong to the day. Neither eyes nor hands nor mouth have anything to do with the final massive and dark collision of the blood in the sex crisis, when the strange flash of electric transmutation passes through the blood of the man and the blood of the woman. They fall apart and sleep in their transmutation.

But even in its profoundest, and most elemental movements, the soul is still individual. Even in its most material consciousness, it is still integral and individual. You would think the great blood-stream of mankind was one and homogeneous. And it is indeed more nearly one,
5 more near to homogeneity than anything else within us. The blood-stream of mankind is almost homogeneous.

But it isn't homogeneous. In the first place it is dual in a perfect dark dynamic polarity, the sexual polarity. No getting away from the fact that the blood of woman is dynamically polarised in opposition, or in difference
10 to the blood of man. The crisis of their contact in sex connection is the moment of establishment of a new flashing circuit throughout the whole sea: the dark, burning red waters of our underworld rocking in a new dynamic rhythm in each of us. And then in the second place the blood of an individual is his *own* blood. That is, it is individual. And
15 though we have a potential dynamic sexual connection, we men, with almost every woman, yet the great outstanding fact of the individuality even of the blood makes us need a corresponding individuality in the woman we are to embrace. The more individual the man or woman, the more unsatisfactory is a non-individual connection: promiscuity.
20 The more individual, the more does our blood cry out for its own specific answer, an individual woman, blood-polarised with us.

We have made the mistake of idealism again. We have thought that the woman who thinks and talks as we do will be the blood-answer. And we force it to be so. To our disaster. The woman who thinks and talks
25 as we do is almost sure to have no dynamic blood-polarity with us. The dynamic blood-polarity would make her different from me, and not like me in her thought mode. Blood-sympathy is so much deeper than thought-mode, that it may result in very different expression, verbally.

We have made the mistake of turning life inside out: of dragging the day-self into the night, and spreading the night-self over into the day. We have made love and sex a matter of seeing and hearing and of day-conscious manipulation. We have made men and women come together
30 on the grounds of this superficial likeness and commonalty—their mental, and upper sympathetic consciousness. And so we have forced the blood to submission. Which means we force it into disintegration.

We have too much light in the night, and too much sleep in the day. It is an evil thing for us to prolong as we do the mental, visual, ideal consciousness far into the night when the hour has come for this upper consciousness to fade, for the blood alone to know and to act.
40 By provoking the reaction of the great blood-stress, the sex reaction,

from the upper, outer mental consciousness and mental lasciviousness of conscious purpose, we thereby destroy the very blood in our bodies. We prevent it from having its own dynamic sway. We prevent it from coming to its own dynamic crisis and connection, from finding its own fundamental being. No matter how we work our sex, from the upper or outer consciousness, we don't achieve anything but the falsification and impoverishment of our own blood-life. We have no choice. Either we must withdraw from interference, or slowly deteriorate. 5

We have made a corresponding mistake in sleeping on into the day. Once the sun rises our constitution changes. Once the sun is well up our sleep—supposing our life fairly normal—is no longer truly sleep. When the sun comes up the centres of active dynamic upper consciousness begin to wake. The blood changes its vibration and even its chemical constitution. And then we too ought to wake. We do ourselves great damage by sleeping too long into the day. The half hour's sleep after midday meal is a readjustment. But the long hours of morning sleep are just a damage. We submit our now active centres of upper consciousness to the dominion of the blood-automatic flow. We chain ourselves down in our morning sleep. We transmute the morning's blood-strength into false dreams and into an ever-increasing force of inertia. And naturally, in the same line of inertia we persist from bad to worse. 10 15 20

With the result that our chained-down, active nerve-centres are half-shattered before we arise. We never become newly day-conscious, because we have subjected our powerful centres of day-consciousness to be trampled and wasted into dreams and inertia by the heavy flow of the blood-automatism in the morning sleeps. Then we arise with a feeling of the monotony and automatism of life. There is no good glad refreshing. We feel tired to start with. And so we protract our day-consciousness on into the night, when we *do* at last begin to come awake, and we tell ourselves we must sleep, sleep, sleep in the morning and the day-time. It is better to sleep only six hours than to prolong sleep on and on when the sun has risen. Every man and woman should be forced out of bed soon after the sun has risen: particularly the nervous ones. And forced into physical activity. Soon after dawn the vast majority of people should be hard at work. If not, they will soon be nervously diseased. 25 30 35

Chapter XV

THE LOWER SELF

5 So it comes about that the moon is the planet of our nights, as the sun
of our days. And this is not just accidental, or even mechanical. The
influence of the moon upon the tides and upon us is not just an accident
10 in phenomena. It is the result of the creation of the universe by life itself.
It was life itself which threw the moon apart on the one hand, the sun on
the other. And it is life itself which keeps the dynamical-vital relation
constant between the moon and the living individuals of the globe. The
15 moon is as dependent upon the life of individuals, for her continued
existence, as each single individual is dependent upon the moon.* The
same with the sun. The sun sets and has his perfect polarity in the
life-circuit established between him and all living individuals. Break
that circuit, and the sun breaks. Without man, beasts, butterflies, trees,
20 toads, the sun would gutter out like a spent lamp. It is the life-emission
from individuals which feeds his burning and establishes his sun-heart
in its powerful equilibrium.

The same with the moon. She lives from us, primarily, and we from
her. Everything is a question of relativity. Not only is every force relative
25 to other force or forces, but every existence is relative to other existences.
Not only does the life of man depend on man, beast, and herb, but on
the sun and moon, and the stars. And in another manner, the existence
of the moon depends absolutely on the life of herb, beast, and man. The
existence of the moon depends upon the life of individuals, that which
30 alone is original. Without the life of individuals the moon would fall
asunder. And the moon particularly, because she is polarised dynam-
ically to this our own earth. We do not know what far-off life breathes
between the stars and the sun. But our life alone supports the moon.
Just as the moon is the pole of our single terrestrial individuality.

Therefore we must know that between the moon and each individual
being exists a vital dynamic flow. The life of individuals depends directly
35 upon the moon, just as the moon depends directly upon the life of
individuals.

But in what way does the life of individuals depend directly upon the
moon?

The moon is the mother of darkness. She is the clue to the active darkness. And we, below the waist we have our being in darkness. Below the waist we are sightless. When, in the daytime, our life is polarised upwards, towards the open, sun-wakened eyes and the mind which sees in vision, then the powerful dynamic centres of the lower body act in subservience, in their negative polarity. And then we flow upwards, we go forth seeking the universe, in vision, speech, and thought— we go forth to see all things, to hear all things, to know all things by acquaintance and by knowledge. One flood of dynamic flow are we, upwards polarised, in our tallness and our wide-eyed spirit seeking to bring all the universe into the range of our conscious individuality, and eager always to make new worlds, out of this old world, to bud new green tips on the tree of life. Just as a tree would die if it were not making new green tips upon all its vast old world of a body, so the whole universe would perish if man and beast and herb were not always putting forth a newness: the toad taking a vivid colour, spreading his hands a little more gently, developing a more *rusé** intelligence, the birds adding a new note to their speech and song, a new sharp swerve to their flight, a new nicety to their nests; and man, making new worlds, new civilisations. If it were not for this striving into new creation on the part of living individuals, the universe would go dead, gradually, gradually, and fall asunder. Like a tree that ceases to put forth new green tips, and to advance out a little further.

But each new tip arises out of the apparent death of the old, the preceding one. Old leaves have got to fall, old forms must die. And if men must at certain periods fall into death in millions, why, so must the leaves fall every single autumn. And dead leaves make good mold. And so do dead men. Even dead men's souls.

So if death has to be the goal for a great number, then let it be so. If America must invent this poison-gas, let her. When death is our goal of goals we shall invent the means of death, let our professions of benevolence be what they will.

But this time, it seems to me, we have consciously and responsibly to carry ourselves through the winter-period, the period of death and denudation: that is, some of us have, some *nation* even must. For there are not now, as in the Roman times, any great reservoirs of energetic barbaric life: Goths, Gauls, Germans, Slavs, Tartars. The world is very full of people, but all fixed in civilisations of their own, and they all have all our vices, all our mechanisms, and all our means of destruction. This time, the leading civilisation cannot die out as Greece, Rome,

Persia died. It must suffer a great collapse, maybe. But it must carry through all the collapse the living clue to the next civilisation. It's no good thinking we can leave it to China or Japan or India or Africa—any of the great swarms.

5 And here we are, we don't look much like carrying through to a new era. What have we got that will carry through? The latest craze is Mr Einstein's Relativity theory.* Curious that everybody catches fire at the word Relativity. There must be something in the mere suggestion, which we have been waiting for. But what? As far as I can see, Relativity
10 means, for the common amateur mind, that there is no one absolute force in the physical universe, to which all other forces may be referred. There is no one single absolute central principle governing the world. The great cosmic forces or mechanical principles can only be known in their relation to one another, and can only exist in their relation to one
15 another. But, says Einstein, this relation between the mechanical forces is constant, and may be expressed by a mathematical formula: which mathematical formula may be used to equate all mechanical forces of the universe.

I hope that is not scientifically all wrong. It is what I understand of the
20 Einstein theory. What I doubt is the equation formula. It seems to me, also, that the velocity of light through space is the deus ex machina in Einstein's physics. Somebody will some day put salt on the tail of light as it travels through space, and then its simple velocity will split up into something complex, and the Relativity formula will fall to bits.—But I
25 am a confirmed outsider, so I'll hold my tongue.

All I know is that people have got the word Relativity into their heads, and catchwords always refer to some latent idea or conception in the popular mind. It has taken a Jew to knock the last centre-pin out of our ideally spinning universe. The Jewish intelligence for centuries has been
30 picking holes in our ideal system—scientific and sociological. Very good thing for us. Now Mr Einstein, we are glad to say, has pulled out the very axle pin. At least that is how the vulgar mind understands it. The equation formula doesn't count.—So now, the universe, according to the popular mind, can wobble about without being pinned down.—Really, an anarchical conclusion. But the Jewish mind insidiously drives us to
35 anarchical conclusions. We are glad to be driven from false, automatic fixities, anyhow. And once we are driven right on to nihilism we may find a way through.

So, there is nothing absolute left in the universe. Nothing. Lord
40 Haldane says pure knowledge is absolute.* As far as it goes, no doubt.

But pure knowledge is only such a tiny bit of the universe, and always relative to the thing known and to the knower.

I feel inclined to Relativity myself. I think there is no one absolute principle in the universe. I think everything is relative. But I also feel, most strongly, that in itself each individual living creature is absolute: in its own being. And that all things in the universe are just relative to the individual living creature. And that individual living creatures are relative to each other.

And what about a goal? There is no final goal. But every step taken has its own little relative goal. So what about the next step.

Well, first and foremost, that every individual creature shall come to its own particular and individual fullness of being.—Very nice, very pretty—but *how*? Well, through a living dynamic relation to other creatures.—Very nice again, pretty little adjectives. But what *sort* of a living dynamic relation?—Well, *not* the relation of love, that's one thing: nor of brotherhood, nor equality. The next relation has got to be a relationship of men towards men in a spirit of unfathomable trust and responsibility, service and leadership, obedience and pure authority. Men have got to choose their leaders, and obey them to the death. And it must be a system of culminating aristocracy, society tapering like a pyramid to the supreme leader.

All of which sounds very distasteful at the moment. But upon all the vital lessons we have learned during our era of love and spirit and democracy we can found our new order.

We wanted to be all of a piece. And we couldn't bring it off. Because we just *aren't* all of a piece. We wanted first to have nothing but nice daytime selves, awfully nice and kind and refined. But it didn't work. Because whether we want it or not, we've got night-time selves. And the most spiritual woman ever born or made has to sit on the W. C. and bend down like any crouching dog, and take a piece of paper for her posterior just like anybody else. We must *always* keep in line with this fact.

Well then, we have night-time selves. And the night-self is the very basis of the dynamic self. The blood-consciousness and the blood-passion is the very source and origin of us. Not that we can *stay* at the source. Nor even make a *goal* of the source, as Freud does. The business of living is to travel away from the source. But you must start every single day fresh from the source. You must rise every day afresh out of the dark sea of the blood.

When you go to sleep at night, you have to say: "Here dies the man I am and know myself to be." And when you rise in the morning

you have to say: "Here rises an unknown quantity which is still myself."

The self which rises naked every morning out of the dark sleep of the passionate, hoarsely-calling blood: this is the unit for the next society.
 5 And the polarising of the passionate blood in the individual towards wife, and towards leader, this must be the dynamic of the next civilisation. The intense, passionate yearning of the soul towards the soul of a stronger, greater individual, and the passionate blood-belief in the fulfilment of this yearning will give men the next motive for life.

10 We have to sink back into the darkness and the elemental consciousness of the blood. And from this rise again. But there is no rising until the bath of darkness and extinction is accomplished.

As social units, as civilised men we have to do what we do as physical organisms. Every day, the sun sets from the sky, and darkness falls.
 15 And every day, when this happens, the tide of life turns in us. Instead of flowing upwards and outwards, towards mental consciousness and activity, it turns back, to flow downwards. Downwards towards the digestion processes, downwards further to the great sexual conjunctions, downwards to sleep.

20 This is the soul now retreating, back from the outer life of day, back to the origins. And so, it stays its hour at the first great sensual stations, the solar plexus and the lumbar ganglion. But the tide ebbs on, down to the immense, almost inhuman passionate darkness of sex, the strange and moon-like intensity of the hypogastric plexus and the sacral ganglion,
 25 then deep, deeper, past the last great station of the darkest psyche, down to the earth's centre. Then we sleep.

And the moon is the tide-turner. The moon is the great cosmic pole which calls us back, back out of our day-self, back through the moonlit darkness of the sensual planes, to sleep. It is the moon that sways the
 30 blood, and sways us back into the extinction of the blood.—And as the soul retreats back into the sea of its own darkness, the mind stage by stage, enjoys the mental consciousness that belongs to this retreat back into the sensual deeps; and then it goes extinguished. There is sleep.

And so we resolve back towards our elementals. We dissolve back,
 35 out of the upper consciousness, out of mind and sight and speech, back, down into the deep and massive, swaying consciousness of the dark, living blood. At the last hour of sex I am no more than a powerful wave of mounting blood. Which seeks to surge and join with the answering sea in the other individual. When the sea of individual blood which I am
 40 at that hour heaves and finds its pure contact with the sea of individual

blood which is the woman at that hour, then each of us enters into the wholeness of our deeper infinitude, our profound fullness of being, in the ocean of our oneness and our consciousness.

This is under the spell of the moon, of sea-born Aphrodite, mother and bitter goddess. For I am carried away from my sunny day-self into this other tremendous self, where knowledge will not save me, but where I must obey as the sea obeys the tides. Yet however much I go, I know that I am all the while myself, in my going.

This then is the duality of my day and my night being: a duality so bitter to an adolescent. For the adolescent thinks with shame and terror of his night. He would wish to have no night-self. But it is Moloch,* and he cannot escape it.

The tree is born of its roots and its leaves. And we of our days and our nights. Without the night-consummation we are trees without roots.

And the night consummation takes place under the spell of the moon. It is one pure motion of meeting and oneing. But even so, it is a circuit, not a straight line. It is an oscillation, a vibration back and forth, a friction which increases in intensity until the flash breaks forth, when the two are one, and they fall more perfected asunder. And this, this flashing moment of ignition of two seas of blood, this is the moment of begetting. But the begetting of a child is less than the begetting of the man and the woman. Woman is begotten of man at that moment, into her greater self: and man is begotten of woman. This is the main. And that which cannot be fulfilled, perfected in the two individuals, that which cannot take fire into individual life, this trickles down and is the seed of a new life, destined ultimately to fulfil that which the parents could not fulfil.* So it is for ever.

Sex then is a polarisation of the individual blood in man towards the individual blood in woman. It is more, also. But in its prime functional reality it is this. And actual sex connection means bringing into connection the dynamic poles of sex in man and woman. This connection is, like every other, a matter of conjunction and of recoil.

In sex we have our basic, most elemental being. Here we have our most elemental contact. It is from the hypogastric plexus and the sacral ganglion that the dark forces of manhood and womanhood sparkle. From the dark plexus of sympathy run out the acute, intense sympathetic vibrations direct to the corresponding pole. Or so it should be, in genuine passionate love. There is no mental interference. There is even no interference of the upper centres. Love is supposed to be blind. Though modern love wears strong spectacles.

But love is really blind.* Without sight or scent or hearing the powerful magnetic current vibrates from the hypogastric plexus in the female, vibrating on to the air like some intense wireless message. And there is immediate response from the sacral ganglion in some male. And then
5 sight and day-consciousness begin to fade. In the lower animals apparently any male can receive the vibration of any female: and if need be, even across long distances of space. But the higher the development the more individual the attunement. Every wireless station can only receive those messages which are in its own vibration key. So with sex in
10 specialised individuals. From the powerful dynamic centre the female sends out her dark summons, the intense dark vibration of sex. And according to her nature, she receives her responses from the male. The male enters the magnetic field of the female. He vibrates helplessly in response. There is established at once a dynamic circuit, more or less
15 powerful. It would seem as if, while ever life remains free and wild and independent, the sex-circuit, while it lasts, is omnipotent. There is one electric flow which encompasses one male and one female, or one male and one particular group of females all polarised in the same key of vibration.

20 This circuit of vital sex magnetism, at first loose and wide, gradually closes and becomes more powerful, contracts and grows more intense, until the two individuals arrive into contact. And even then the pulse and flow of attraction and recoil varies. In free wild life, each touch brings about an intense recoil, and each recoil causes an intense sympathetic
25 attraction. So goes on the strange battle of desire, until the actual coition is arrived at. And then, in some cases, it is one leap, and one fall away: in others, it is a long slow spasm: in others it is a deep intense friction of attraction and recoil, intensifying to a crisis. But in all is the same crisis of sudden blaze in connection, when the electric-vital force breaks from
30 the blood of the man and enters into the blood of the woman.

It is the precise parallel of what happens in a thunder-storm, when the dynamic forces of the moon and the sun come into collision. There is an increasing pressure, a sultriness, a sudden explosive connection, and a threefold result: first, the electric flash, then the birth of new
35 refreshed air, then the birth of pure water, new water.

So it is in sex relation. There is a threefold result. First, the flash of pure sensation and of real electricity. Then there is the birth of an entirely new state of blood in each partner. And then there is the liberation of the procreative fluid.

40 But the main thing, as in the thunder-storm, is the absolute renewal of the atmosphere: in this case, the blood. It would no doubt be found

that the electro-dynamic condition of the white and red corpuscles of the blood was quite different after a successful coition, and that the chemical composition of the fluid of the blood was quite changed.

And in this renewal lies the great magic of sex. The life of an individual goes on apparently the same from day to day. But as a matter of fact there is an inevitable electric accumulation in the nerves and the blood, an accumulation which weighs there and broods there with intolerable pressure. And the only possible means of relief and renewal is in pure 5
passional interchange. There is and must be a pure passional interchange from the upper self, as when men unite in some great creative or religious or constructive activity, or as when they fight each other to the death. 10
The great goal of creative or constructive activity, or of heroic victory in fight, *must* always be the goal of the daytime self. But the very possibility of such a goal arises out of the vivid dynamism of the conscious blood. And the blood in an individual finds its great renewal in a perfected sex-circuit. 15

A perfected sex circuit, and a successful sex intercourse. And there can be no successful sex intercourse unless the greater hope of purposive, constructive activity fires the soul of the man all the time: or the hope of passionate, purposive *destructive* activity: the two amount religiously 20
to the same thing, within the individual. Sex as an end in itself is a disaster: a vice. But an ideal purpose which has no roots in the deep sea of passionate sex is a greater disaster still. And now we have only these two things: sex as a fatal goal, which is the essential theme of modern tragedy: or ideal purpose as a deadly parasite. Sex-passion as a 25
goal in itself always leads to tragedy. There must be the great purposive inspiration always present. But the automatic ideal-purpose is not even a tragedy, it is a slow humiliation and sterility.

The great thing is to keep the sexes pure. And by pure we don't mean an ideal sterile innocence and similarity between boy and girl. We 30
mean pure maleness in a man, pure femaleness in a woman. Woman is really polarised downwards, towards the centre of the earth. Her deep positivity is in the downward flow, the moon-pull. And man is polarised upwards, towards the sun and the day's activity. Women and men are dynamically different, in *everything*. Even in the mind, where 35
we seem to meet, we are really utter strangers. We may speak the same verbal language, men and women: as Turk and German might both speak Latin. But *whatever* a man says, his meaning is something quite different and changed when it passes through a woman's ears. And though you reverse the sexual polarity, the flow between the sexes, 40
still the difference is the same. The *apparent* mutual understanding, in

companionship between a man and a woman, is always an illusion, and always breaks down in the end.

5 Woman can polarise her consciousness upwards. She can obtain a hand even over her sex receptivity. She can divert even the electric spasm of coition into her upper consciousness: it was the trick which the snake and the apple between them taught her. The snake, whose consciousness is *only* dynamic, and non-cerebral. The snake, who has no mental life, but only an intensely vivid dynamic mind, he envied the human race its mental consciousness. And he knew, this intensely wise
10 snake, that the one way to make humanity pay more than the price of mental consciousness was to pervert woman into mentality: to stimulate her into the upper flow of consciousness.

For the true polarity of consciousness in woman is downwards. Her deepest consciousness is in the loins and belly. Even when perverted,
15 it is so. The great flow of female consciousness is downwards, down to the weight of the loins and round the circuit of the feet. Pervert this, and make a false flow upwards, to the breast and head, and you get a race of “intelligent” women, delightful companions, tricky courtesans, clever prostitutes, noble idealists, devoted friends, interesting
20 mistresses, efficient workers, brilliant managers, women as good as men at all the manly tricks: and better, because they are so very headlong once they go in for men’s tricks. But then, after a while, pop it all goes. The moment woman has got man’s ideals and tricks drilled into her, the moment she is competent in the manly world—there’s an end of it.
25 She’s had enough. She’s had more than enough. She hates the thing she has embraced. She becomes absolutely perverse, and her one end now is to prostitute herself and her ideals to sex. Which is her business at the present moment.

We bruise the Serpent’s head: his flat and brainless head. But his
30 revenge of bruising our heel is a good one.* The heels, through which the powerful downward circuit flows: these are bruised in us, numbed with a horrible neurotic numbness. The dark strong flow that polarises us to the earth’s centre is hampered, broken. We become flimsy fungoid beings, with no roots and no hold in the earth, like mushrooms. The
35 serpent has bruised our heel till we limp. The lame gods, the enslaved gods, the toiling limpers moaning for the woman. You don’t find the sun and moon playing at pals in the sky. Their beams cross the great gulf which is between them.

40 So with man and woman. They must stand clear again. They must fight their way out of their self-consciousness: there is nothing else. Or

rather, each must fight the other out of self-consciousness. Instead of this leprous forbearance which we are taught to practise in our intimate relationships, there should be the most intense open antagonism. If your wife flirts with other men, and you don't like it, say so before them all, before wife and man and all, say you won't have it. If she seems to you false, in any circumstance, tell her so, angrily, furiously, and stop her. Never mind about being justified. If you hate anything she does, turn on her in a fury. Harry her, and make her life a hell, so long as the real hot rage is in you. Don't silently hate her, or silently forbear. It is such a dirty trick, so mean and ungenerous. If you feel a burning rage, turn on her and give it her, even if you have to fetch her a hit at the side of the head, do it, and *never* repent. It'll probably hurt you much more than it hurts her. But never repent for your real hot rages, whether they're "justifiable" or not. If you care one sweet straw for the woman, and if she makes you that you can't bear any more, beat her, beat her till she's black and blue, and if your heart weeps tears of blood afterwards, tell her you're thankful she's got it for once, and you wish she had it worse.

The same with wives and their husbands. If a woman's husband gets on her nerves, she should fly at him. If she thinks him too sweet and smarmy with other people, she should let him have it to his nose, straight out. She should lead him a dog's life, and never swallow her bile.

With wife or husband, you should never swallow your bile. It makes you go all wrong inside. Always let fly, tooth and nail, and never repent, no matter what sort of a figure you make.

We have a vice of love, of softness and sweetness and smarminess and intimacy and promiscuous kindness and all that sort of thing. We think it's so awfully nice of us to be like that, in ourselves. But in our wives or our husbands it gets on our nerves horribly. Yet we think it oughtn't to, so we swallow our spleen.

We shouldn't. When Jesus said "if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out,"* he was beside the point. The eye doesn't really offend us. We are rather fond of our own squint eye. It only offends the person who cares for us. And it's up to this person to pluck it out.

This holds particularly good of the love and intimacy vice. It'll never offend us in ourselves. While it will be gall and wormwood to our wife or husband. And it is on this promiscuous love and intimacy and kindness and sweetness, all a vice, that our self-consciousness really rests. If we are battered out of this, we shall be battered out of self-consciousness.

And so, men, drive your wives, beat them out of their self-consciousness and their soft smarminess and good, lovely idea of themselves.

Absolutely tear their lovely opinion of themselves to tatters, and make them look a holy ridiculous sight in their own eyes. Wives, do the same to your husbands.

5 But fight for your life, men. Fight your wife out of her own self-conscious preoccupation with herself. Batter her out of it till she's stunned. Drive her back into her own true mode. Rip all her nice super-imposed modern-woman and wonderful-creature garb off her. Reduce her once more to a naked Eve, and send the apple flying.*

10 Make her yield to her own real unconscious self, and absolutely stamp on the self that she's got in her head. Drive her forcibly back, back into her own true unconscious.

15 And then you've got a harder thing still to do. Stop her from looking on you as her "lover." Cure her of that, if you haven't cured her before. Put the fear of the Lord into her that way. And make her know she's got to believe in you again, and in the deep purpose you stand for. But before you can do that, you've got to *stand* for some deep purpose. It's no good faking one up. You won't take a woman in, not really. Even when she *chooses* to be taken in, for prettiness' sake, it won't do you any good.

20 But combat her. Combat her in her sexual pertinacity, and in her secret glory or arrogance in the sexual goal. Combat her in her cocksure belief that she "knows" and that she is "right." Take it all out of her. Make her yield once more to the male leadership: if you've got anywhere to lead to. If you haven't, best leave the woman alone; she has *one* goal of her own, anyhow, and it's better than your nullity and emptiness.

30 You've got to take a new resolution into your soul, and break off from the old way. You've got to know that you're a man, and being a man means you must go on alone, ahead of the woman, to break a way through the old world into the new. And you've got to be alone. And you've got to start off ahead. And if you don't know which direction to take, look round for the man your heart will point out to you. And follow—and never look back. Because if Lot's wife, looking back, was turned to a pillar of salt,* these miserable men, forever looking back to their women for guidance, they are miserable pillars of half-rotten tears.

35 You'll have to fight to make a woman believe in you as a real man, a real pioneer. No man is a man unless to his woman he is a pioneer. You'll have to fight still harder to make her yield her goal to yours: her night goal to your day goal. The moon, the planet of women, sways us back
40 from our day-self, sways us back from our real social unison, sways us

back, like a retreating tide, in a friction of criticism and separation and social disintegration. That is woman's inevitable mode, let her words be what they will. Her goal is the deep, sensual individualism of secrecy and night-exclusiveness, hostile, with guarded doors. And you'll have to fight very hard to make a woman yield her goal to yours, to make her, in her own soul, *believe* in your goal as the goal beyond, in her goal as the way by which you go. She'll never believe until you have your soul filled with a profound and absolutely inalterable purpose, that will yield to nothing, least of all to her. She'll never believe until, in your soul, you are cut off and gone ahead, into the dark.

She may of course already love you, and love you for yourself. But the love will be a nest of scorpions unless it is overshadowed by a little fear or awe of your further purpose, a living *belief* in your going beyond her, into futurity.

But when once a woman *does* believe in her man, in the pioneer which he is, the pioneer who goes on ahead beyond her, into the darkness in front, and who may be lost to her forever in this darkness; when once she knows the pain and beauty of this belief, knows that the loneliness of waiting and following is inevitable, that it must be so; ah, then, how wonderful it is! How wonderful it is to come back to her, at evening, as she sits half in fear and waits! How good it is to come home to her! How good it is then when the night falls! How richly the evening passes! And then, for her, at last, all that she has lost during the day to have it again between her arms, all that she has missed, to have it poured out for her, and a richness and a wonder she had never expected. It is her hour, her goal.*

Ah, how good it is to come home to your wife when she *believes* in you and submits to your purpose that is beyond her. Then, how wonderful the nightfall is! How rich you feel, tired, with all the burden of the day in your veins, turning home! Then you too turn to your other goal: to the splendour of the darkness between her arms. And you know the goal is there for you: how rich that feeling is. And you feel an unfathomable gratitude to the woman who loves you and believes in your purpose and receives you into the magnificent dark gratification of her embrace. That's what it is to have a wife.*

But no man ever had a wife unless he served a great predominant purpose. Otherwise, he has a lover, a mistress. No matter how much she may be married to him, unless his days have a living purpose, constructive or destructive, but a purpose beyond her and all she stands for; unless his days have this purpose, and his soul is really committed

to his purpose, she will not be a wife, she will be only a mistress, and he will be her lover.

If the man has no purpose for his days, then to the woman alone remains the goal of her nights: the great sex goal. And this goal is no goal, but always cries for the something beyond: for the rising in the morning and the going forth beyond, the man disappearing ahead into the distance of futurity, that which his purpose stands for, the future. The sex-goal needs, absolutely needs, this further departure. And if there *be* no further departure, no great way of belief on ahead: and if sex is the starting point and the goal as well: then sex becomes like the bottomless pit, insatiable. It demands at last the departure into death, the only available beyond. Like Carmen, or like Anna Karenin.* When sex is the starting point and the returning point both, then the only issue is death. Which is plain as a pike-staff in Carmen or Anna Karenin, and is the theme of almost *all* modern tragedy. Our one hackneyed, hackneyed theme. Ecstasies and agonies of love, and final passion of death. Death is the only pure, beautiful conclusion of a great passion. Lovers, pure lovers should say "Let it be so."

And one is always tempted to say "Let it be so." But no, let it be not so. Only I say this, let it be a great passion and then death, rather than a false or faked purpose. Tolstoi said No to the passion and death conclusion. And then drew into the dreary issue of a false conclusion. His books were better than his life. Better the woman's goal, sex and death, than some *false* goal of man's.

Better Anna Karenin and Vronsky a thousand times than Natasha and that porpoise of a Pierre. This pretty, slightly sordid couple tried so hard to kid themselves that the porpoise Pierre was puffing with great purpose. Better Vronsky than Tolstoi himself, in my mind. Better Vronsky's final statement: As a soldier I am still some good. As a man I am a ruin—*better that than Tolstoi and Tolstoi-ism and that beastly peasant blouse the old man wore.

Better passion and death than any more of these "isms." No more of the old purpose done up in aspic. Better passion and death.

But still—we *might* live, mightn't we?

For heaven's sake answer plainly No, if you feel like it. No good temporising.

EPILOGUE*

Tutti i salmi finiscono in gloria.

All the psalms wind up with the Gloria.* —“As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.”

Well then, Amen.

5

I hope you say Amen! along with me, dear little reader: if there be any dear little reader who has got so far. If not, I say Amen! all by myself.— But don’t you think the show is all over. I’ve got another volume up my sleeve,* and after a year or two years, when I have shaken it down my sleeve, I shall bring it and lay it at the foot of your Liberty statue, oh Columbia,* as I do this one.

10

I suppose Columbia means the States.—“Hail Columbia!”—I suppose, etymologically, it is a nest of turtle-doves, Lat. *columba*, a dove. Coo me softly then, Columbia, don’t roar me like the sucking doves of the critics I quote in my Foreword.*

15

And when I lay this little book at the foot of the Liberty statue, that brawny lady is not to look down her nose and bawl: “Do you see any green in my eye?”* Of course I don’t, dear lady. I only see the reflection of that torch—or is it a carrot?—which you are holding up to light the way into New York harbour. Well, many an ass has strayed across the uneasy paddock of the Atlantic, to nibble your carrot, dear lady. And I must say, you can keep on slicing off nice little carrot-slices of guineas and doubloons for an extraordinarily inexhaustible long time. And innumerable asses can collect themselves nice little heaps of golden carrot-slices, and then lift up their heads and bray over them with fairly pandemonic yells of gratification. Of course I don’t see any green in your eye, dear Libertas, unless it is the smallest glint from the carrot-tops. The gleam in your eye is golden, oh Columbia.

20

25

Nevertheless, and in spite of all this, up trots this here little ass and makes you a nice present of this pretty book. You needn’t sniff, and glance at your carrot-sceptre, lady Liberty. You needn’t throw down the thinnest carrot-paring you can pare off, and then say: “Why should I pay for this tripe, this wordy mass of rather revolting nonsense!” You can’t pay for it, darling. If I didn’t make you a present of it you could

30

never buy it. So don't shake your carrot-sceptre and feel supercilious. Here's a gift for you, Missis. You can look in its mouth,* too. Mind it doesn't bite you.—No, you needn't bother to put your carrot behind your back, nobody wants to snatch it.

5 How do you do, Columbia! Look, I brought you a posy: this nice little posy of words and wisdom which I made for you in the woods of Ebersteinburg,* on the borders of the Black Forest, near Baden-Baden, in Germany, in this summer of scanty grace but nice weather. I made it specially for you—

10 Whitman, for whom I have an immense regard, says "These States."* I suppose I ought to say: "Those States." If the publisher would let me, I'd dedicate this book to you, to "Those States." Because I wrote this book entirely for you, Columbia. You may not take it as a compliment. You may even smell a tiny bit of Schwarzwald sap in it, and be finally
15 disgusted. I admit that trees ought to think twice before they flourish in such a disgraced place as the Fatherland.* *Chi va coi zoppi, all'anno zoppica*.* But you've not only to gather ye rosebuds while ye may, but *where* ye may.* And so, as I said before, the Black Forest etc.

20 I know, Columbia, dear Libertas, you'll take my posy and put your carrot aside for a minute, and smile, and say: "I'm sure, Mr Lawrence, it's a *long* time since I had such a perfectly beautiful bunch of ideas brought me." And I shall blush and look sheepish and say: "So glad you think so. I believe you'll find they'll keep fresh quite a long time, if you
25 put them in water." Whereupon you, Columbia, with real American gallantry: "Oh, they'll keep for *ever*, Mr Lawrence. They *couldn't* be so cruel as to go and die, such perfectly lovely-coloured ideas. Lovely! Thank you ever, ever so much."

30 Just think of it, Columbia, how pleased we shall be with one another: and how much nicer it will be than if you snorted "High-falutin Nonsense"—or "Wordy mass of repulsive rubbish."

When they were busy making Italy, and were just going to put it in the oven to bake: that is, when Garibaldi and Vittorio Emmanuele had won their victories at Caserta, Naples prepared to give them a triumphant
35 entry.* So there sat the little king in his carriage: he had short legs and huge swagger moustaches and a very big bump of philoprogeniture. The town was all done up, in spite of the rain. And down either side of the wide street were hasty statues of large, well-fleshed ladies, each one holding up a forefinger. We don't know what the king thought. But
40 the staff held their breath. The king's appetite for strapping ladies was

more than notorious, and naturally it looked as if Naples had done it on purpose.

As a matter of fact, the forefinger meant *Italia Una!* "Italy shall be one." Ask Don Sturzo.*

Now you see how risky statues are. How many nice little asses and poets trot over the Atlantic and catch sight of Liberty holding up this carrot of desire at arms length, and fairly hear her say, as one does to one's pug dog, with a lump of sugar: "Beg! Beg!"—and then "Jump! Jump then!" And each little ass and poodle begins to beg and to jump, and there's a rare game round about Liberty, yap, yap, yapperty-yap! 5 10

Do lower the carrot, gentle Liberty, and let us talk nicely and sensibly. I don't like you as a *carotaia*,* precious.

Talking about the moon, it is thrilling to read announcements of Professor Pickering of Harvard, that it's almost a dead cert that there's life on our satellite.* It is almost as certain that there's life on the moon as it is certain there is life on Mars. The professor bases his assertions on photographs—hundreds of photographs—of a crater with a circumference of thirty-seven miles. I'm not satisfied. I demand to know the yards, feet and inches. You don't come it over me with the triteness of these round numbers. 15 20

"Hundreds of photographic reproductions have proved irrefutably the springing up at dawn, with an unbelievable rapidity, of vast fields of foliage which come into blossom just as rapidly, (sic!) and which disappear in a maximum period of eleven days."—Again I'm not satisfied. I want to know if they're cabbages, cress, mustard, or marigolds or dandelions or daisies. Fields of foliage, mark you. And *blossom!* Come now, if you can get so far, Professor Pickering, you might have a shrewd guess as to whether the blossoms are good to eat, or if they're purely for ornament. 25

I am only waiting at last for an aeroplane to land on one of these fields of foliage and find a donkey grazing peacefully. Hee-haw! 30

"The plates moreover show that great blizzards, snow-storms, and volcanic eruptions are also frequent." So no doubt the blossoms are edelweiss.

"We find," says the professor, "a living world at our very doors where life in some respects resembles that of Mars—" All I can say is "Pray come in, Mr Moony.* And how is your cousin Signor Martian?" 35

Now I'm sure Professor Pickering's photographs and observations are really wonderful. But his *explanations!* Come now, Columbia, where is your Highfalutin Nonsense trumpet? Vast fields of foliage which 40

spring up at dawn(!!!) and come into blossom just as quickly(!!!!) are rather too flowery even for my flowery soul. But there, truth is stranger than fiction.*

I'll bet my moon against the Professor's, anyhow.

5 So long, Columbia. *A rivederci*.*

Taormina. 15 October 1921.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Explanatory notes are asterisked in the text.

Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious

7:8 **serpent of sex** Alluding to the serpent in Genesis iii.

7:11 **pure psychology.** Cf. Ernest R. Groves, 'Freud and Sociology', *The Psychoanalytical Review*, iii no. 3 (July 1916): 'After years of careful and painstaking labor Freud evolved not only a system of psychotherapy, but a new psychology' (241). See Introduction, p. xxix.

7:14 **professional psychologists** By 'psychiatric quack' (7:7), a term not flattering to his pioneering psychoanalytic friends in England, DHL appeals to populist notions of psychoanalysts and their treatment (cf. 7:36 and note). It is either a generalised term or a specific allusion to Sigmund Freud (1856–1939).

7:19 **Œdipus complex . . . incest motive** The Oedipus complex (first named in English in 1910) and its associated notion of incest are fundamental tenets in psychoanalytic theory. Both terms were in general circulation by 1919 (cf. Introduction, p. xxxi).

7:27 **the *ex cathedra* Jung?** Carl Gustav Jung (1875–1961), Swiss psychoanalyst, whom DHL read in 1919: see Introduction, pp. xxix–xxx. It is somewhat ironic that DHL should lay this charge against Jung, who had written: 'This [Freud's] philosophical psychology has incurred our condemnation in that it decides *ex cathedra* what is the nature of the soul, and whence and how it derives its attributes' ('The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes', trans. Dora Hecht, *Collected Papers in Analytical Psychology*, ed. Constance E. Long, 1917, p. 354).

7:29 **Weltanschauung . . . Menschanschauung**, 'Philosophical world view . . . view of mankind' (German); the latter being DHL's coinage. Besides the review of *Sons and Lovers*, two other articles in the issue of the *Psychoanalytic Review* DHL received from Barbara Low (Introduction, p. xxvii) can scarcely have escaped his attention. Introducing his 'Freud and Sociology', the American sociologist Ernest R. Groves claimed that 'disciples of Freud have stated that his teaching is of the greatest value in giving a basis for the interpretation of the motives and actions of men', and quoted A. A. Brill: 'After years of careful and painstaking labor Freud evolved not only a system of psychotherapy, but a new psychology.' Groves also alludes to Trigant Burrow's 'Psycho-analysis and Society' (see note on 11:9 below). The second article

was in fact two chapters in translation from a book by Otto Rank and Hanns Sachs, Viennese psychoanalysts, headed 'The Significance of Psychoanalysis for the Mental Sciences'. The first chapter deals with philosophical and legal implications of psychoanalysis; the second, 'Pedagogy and Characterology', with its implications for child nurture and education.

7:32 **his church.** In Matthew xvi. 18, Peter is the rock on which Christ will build his church.

7:36 **medicine-men . . . society.** See also 95:13 and note. In *Kangaroo* DHL's character Willie Struthers repeats this charge: 'who are our . . . medicine men? Why, they are professors of science and professors of medicine . . . all of whom thump on their tom-tom drums and overawe us and take us in' (*Kangaroo* 196–7).

8:16 **rear a serpent against ourselves,** Alluding to the snake and its treachery in Genesis, in *Æsop's Fables* and in the proverbial 'nourish a viper in one's bosom'.

8:17 **cock of Esculapius.** Esculapius (Lat. form of Gk 'Asklepios'), Greek god of healing. Votaries who sought or gained healing from him offered sacrificial cocks in his temples. In his dialogue *Phaedo*, Plato records the dying Socrates as saying: 'we ought to offer a cock to Asklepios'.

8:24 **immortal James!** William James (1842–1910), American philosopher who gave currency to the term 'stream of consciousness' to denote the interior flow of experience in his *Principles of Psychology* (1890) which DHL knew from about 1909. He had also read James's *Pragmatism* (1907). In May 1919 DHL asked a friend for James's Gifford Lectures, *Varieties of Religious Experience* (1902), commenting 'he is an interesting man' (*Letters*, iii. 355). In 1909, a year before his death, James met Jung in America and was greatly impressed by him. Jung quotes James in his discussion of 'non-directed thinking' (Jung 27). See also 69:10 and note on 69:16.

8:27 **Homer's ocean,** In Homer's *Iliad*, 'Ocean Stream' or 'Stream of Ocean' are frequent epithets for the sea.

8:31 **whither was it bound?** Cf. John iii. 8.

8:34 **the unconscious,** Freud's work on parapraxes and dreams, and later on neuroses, established that a large amount of mental life, of willing and thinking, is unconscious. His conclusions led him into conflict with established ideas that conscious mental life alone directed behaviour. DHL's notion of physical 'blood-consciousness' (here variously the 'unconscious' or the 'preconscious') is directly opposed to Freud's 'unconscious' which for DHL is purely mental.

Freud's ideas on the unconscious in mental life changed over time; however, in 1916, in his *Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis*, he gave this summary account:

We have not only found that the material of the forgotten experiences of childhood is accessible to dreams, but we have also seen that the mental life of children with all its characteristics, its egoism, its incestuous choice of love-objects, and so on, still persists in dreams – that is in the unconscious, and that dreams carry us back every night to this infantile level. The fact is thus confirmed that *what is unconscious*

in mental life is also what is infantile. The strange impression of there being so much evil in people begins to diminish. This frightful evil is simply the initial, primitive, infantile part of mental life . . . Since dreams regress to this level, they give the appearance of having brought to light the evil in us. But this is a deceptive appearance, by which we have allowed ourselves to be scared. (Freud, *Works* XV. 210–11)

8:36 **the cavern of dreams.** The analysis of dreams is fundamental in psychoanalytic technique. DHL may have read Freud's *Über den Traum* (1901) in David Eder's translation (1914) and certainly knew of his *Traumdeutung* (1900) (*The Interpretation of Dreams*) with which he confused it (*Letters*, iii. 716). DHL addresses the subject in *FU*, chap. XIV.

9:9 **serpent of sex . . . excrement,** Freud's extension of the notion of sexuality beyond mere reproduction, and his redefinition of it in the light of his study of neuroses and so-called 'perversions', gave rise to academic, and popular, expressions of disgust which Freud himself was well aware of: e.g. in Lecture 20 of his *Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis* (Freud *Works* XVI. 303ff.). His view that libido was almost exclusively sexual was the main point of his disagreement with Jung. It is this that DHL ridicules in these few paragraphs.

9:13 **repressions Freud brought home to us.** Freud believed that neuroses had a physical origin in repressed libido or sexuality; the repressed sexuality can manifest itself in hysteria and anxiety disorders. The study of pathological states as exaggerations would enable the normal to be defined.

9:23 **sublimate,** DHL, aware of this 'new phrase' (9:27), appears not to understand Freudian 'sublimation' but uses it to mean 'bring hidden motives into consciousness through analysis', with some of the earlier sense 'refine to a nobler or higher form'. See further 106:19 and note.

9:32 **Hippolytus . . . sea's edge.** In Greek legend, Hippolytus, son of Theseus king of Athens, was dedicated to chastity. His stepmother Phaedra fell in love with him but was repulsed. She accused him of rape to Theseus, who invoked a divine curse on him. This caused a sea-monster to frighten his horses as he drove by the sea-coast and he was dragged to death. Jung uses the legend as an illustration of incest-wish (Jung 289 n. 39) and the horse as a symbol of the libido (Jung 411).

10:3 **a man now forgotten.** The allusion is obscure, but may be to the British psychiatrist Herbert W. Page whose *Injuries of the Spine and . . . Nervous Shock* was published in 1883. Page influenced Jules Charcot with whom Freud studied in Paris.

10:30 **normal sex-craving.** Jung implies this point, arguing that 'the neurotic always renounces a complete erotic experience', and notes that 'the neurotic Don Juan is no evidence to the contrary' (Jung 394).

11:9 **Trigant Burrow** American psychoanalyst (1875–1950) and follower of Jung, see Introduction, pp. xxxii–xxxiv. DHL here refers to Burrow's paper 'The Origin of the Incest-Awe' (*Psychoanalytic Review*, v no. 3, July 1918, 243–54). Against

then-current Freudian psychoanalytic views, Burrow argued along Jungian lines: 'I believe we shall gain a distinct advantage . . . in studying this mental problem . . . if we will separate our conception of unconscious, biological *unity* from our conception of conscious sexual *affinity*, isolating from our conception of the conscious sexual life (the so-called "unconscious," when subjected to repression) a conception such as envisages a *preconscious* mode of consciousness, representing the original state of the infant psyche' (p. 245).

11:12 **Again, Burrow says** In the same paper (see previous note) Burrow considered the implications of the etymological connection between 'sin' and 'knowledge': 'The fall of man consisted in his having eaten of the tree of the *knowledge* of good and evil . . . This is what is meant by man's "original sin" . . . If we will read between the lines of the Book of Genesis the latent thoughts that underly the manifest content of this symbolic legend, we cannot fail to see the identity between the idea of sexuality and the objectivation of the primary consciousness' (p. 251). He quotes Genesis ii. 16, 25, and iii. 7, 9, and relates the Hebrew tradition to such Greek and Germanic legends as Psyche and Eros, Orpheus and Eurydice, Lohengrin and Elsa.

11:17 **possibility of the act.** Cf. Genesis iii. As a result of eating the forbidden fruit Adam and Eve *knew* 'that they were naked' (v. 7).

14:3 **is born.** Cf. DHL's 'Foreword' to *Sons and Lovers*: 'But the man who is the go-between from Woman to production is the lover of that woman. And if that Woman be his mother, then is he her lover in part only: he carries for her, but is never received unto her for his confirmation and renewal, and so wastes himself away in the flesh. The old son-lover was Œdipus. The name of the new one is legion' (*S & L* 473:6-11).

14:29 **the most completely material.** Cf. 'We ascend from matter to mind only to discover that it was in mind that matter first of all attained to meaning and existence' (Viscount Haldane, *Pathway to Reality*, 1903-4, II. 23). See further 190:40 and note. Two lines in A1 (p. 31) were reversed at this point making an almost nonsensical sentence which E1 corrected (see Textual apparatus). It is possible that DHL intended 'people' rather than 'peoples' (l. 28) as his upstrokes at the ends of words were frequently misinterpreted by his typist as 's'.

14:30 **god in the machine** Derived from 'Deus ex Machina', a Latin theatrical term ('god from the machine') for a dramatic stage-effect.

15:7 **master . . . his own soul.** Cf. 'I am the master of my fate: / I am the captain of my soul', final lines of the poem *Echoes*, iv (*Invictus*, 1875, by William Ernest Henley, 1849-1903). This was a favourite quotation of DHL's: e.g. *Letters*, i. 154, 224, 248, etc.

15:11 **the pit and the pendulum,** Alluding to the story 'The Pit and the Pendulum' (1843, revised 1845) by Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49) in which a victim of the Spanish Inquisition finds himself imprisoned at the brink of a pit with the walls closing in on him. In *Kangaroo* 257:28, DHL uses the same allusion in regard to Somers trapped in the 'nightmare' of the war.

15:35 **apart from this.** Cf. Ursula's reaction to Dr Frankstone's suggestion that some 'special mystery' ought to be attributed to life. Ursula studies 'the unicellular shadow . . . under her microscope. It was alive . . . What was its intention? To be itself? . . . It intended to be itself. But what self? . . . Suddenly she had passed away into an intensely-gleaming light of knowledge . . . Self was a oneness with the infinite. To be oneself was a supreme, gleaming triumph of infinity' (*Rainbow*, 408:15–409:6).

15:38 **cosmologies of eastern religions.** A somewhat throwaway remark, perhaps in response to Pryse's summary of esoteric cosmogony (Pryse 6–24) or alluding to the Buddhist doctrine of transmigration and reincarnation. See Introduction, p. xxxvi, and also *FU*, chap. XIII, 'Cosmological'.

16:21 *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* 'Nothing will come from nothing' (Latin). Cf. Persius (34–62 AD), *Satires*, iii. 84: 'De nihilo nihilum.'

17:14 **in defiance even of reason.** Jung at one point had said that 'the law of causation in the physical sphere is not taken seriously enough; that is to say there are no accidents, no "just as wells." It is so, and there is, therefore, a sufficient reason at hand why it is so' (Jung 51). Later, however, he wrote: 'The irrationality of events is shown in what we call chance, which we are obviously compelled to deny, because we cannot in principle think of any process that is not causal and necessary, whence it follows that it cannot happen by chance. In practice, however, chance rules everywhere, and so obtrusively that we might as well put our causal philosophy in our pocket. The plenitude of life is governed by law and yet not governed by law, rational and yet irrational' (*Collected Works of C. G. Jung*, 1953, VII. §72).

17:30 **the sun . . . cause-and-effect nonsense.** The sun as an image and symbol of the libido is fairly central to Jung's study of mythology and religion; see, e.g., Jung 95–6, 334–5, etc.

17:33 **St. Paul . . . in full,** In 1 Corinthians xiii. 9–12, St Paul writes that knowledge in this life is 'in part': only 'when that which is perfect is come' will 'I know even as also I am known' (i.e. by God). DHL uses the theological terms 'knowledge' and 'grace' (18:33–4) but in a non-theological, perhaps ironic, sense. In this and the following passage cf. 'The Lemon Gardens' in *Twilight in Italy and Other Essays*, ed. Paul Eggert (Cambridge, 1984), 117:12–19.

18:30 **Yet,** This editorial emendation for uncharacteristic 'Yes' (A1 and E1) seems demanded by style and context; cf. 8:9, 15:18, 19:4, 22:10, 33:9.

20:7 **outer, active universe.** The idea that the 'creative-productive' centre lies behind the navel of the foetus and is mysteriously related to the outer universe resembles the Buddhist notion of the Om; cf. 68:31 and note.

20:32 **technical language.** When, however, DHL does use scientific or anatomical terms, they only roughly accord with the medical knowledge of the day, thus leaving him open to the ridicule which a number of reviewers directed at the book. The 'solar plexus' (20:30) is, as he says, a nerve centre; but, while he no doubt intended literally the location of a primary 'consciousness' in the solar plexus, most readers would probably

take it metaphorically at best. In DHL's view, the first consciousness is located not in the head but elsewhere in the body and it remains as complementary, even prior, to the mind. Having made disclaimers here and later (33:24, 32:24), he uses whatever terms are suitably at hand to express what is essentially a subjective apprehension.

21:13 **lotus of the navel.** Cf. 'The lotus flower, represented as growing out of Vishnu's navel – that God resting on the waters of space and his Serpent of Infinity – is the most graphic allegory ever made: the Universe evolving from the central Sun, the POINT, the ever-concealed germ . . . The underlying idea in this symbol is very beautiful . . . it signifies . . . the emanation of the objective from the subjective, divine Ideation passing from the abstract into the concrete or visible form' (Helen P. Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine*, 1888, 4th edn 1947, I. chap. VIII, 'The Lotus, as a Universal Symbol', 379ff.); but see further 32:35 and note.

22:20 **electricity** A frequent reference associated with nervous or sexual energy in DHL's writing, along with lightning, thunder, negative and positive poles, see e. g. 134:16–23ff. Although derived from nineteenth-century science, 'electricity' is similarly used by theosophists; Pryse, for instance, writes of 'the Light of the Logos, which in energizing becomes what may be described as living, conscious electricity, of incredible voltage and hardly comparable to the form of electricity known to the physicist' (Pryse 11–12). See also *FU*134:25.

23:33 **lumbar ganglion,** DHL's version of this nerve centre near the base of the spinal column derives from the Hindu *chakras*, centres of spiritual power in the human as reported by Pryse, rather than from physiology: 'the ganglia are called *chakras*, "disks,"' (Pryse 15–16). DHL uses the term *chakra* (32:8) as a synonym for his 'centre of the unconscious'. See also note on 20:32.

23:37 **little back . . . stiffens itself.** DHL's physiological observations often gain reinforcement from proverb and metaphor which is frequently biblical in origin: a strong-willed person is 'unbending' or 'stiff-necked', for instance (cf. Exodus xxxii. 9, Deuteronomy x. 16, Acts vii. 51). DHL goes on to explain that a nursing mother is weary in the back because her 'great center of repudiation is suppressed' (24:21–2).

24:31 **inglutination** DHL's coinage; 'inglutition' (rare: last recorded 1803) is 'the action of swallowing' (*The Oxford English Dictionary*, 2nd edn, Oxford, 1989).

26:26 **ego is . . . to be.** This explanation of the ego found its first expression in a letter to Garnett (*Letters*, ii. 182–4) in relation to an early version of his novel *The Rainbow*: 'You mustn't look in my novel for the old stable ego of the character. There is another ego, according to whose action the individual is unrecognisable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we've been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same single radically-unchanged element' (183).

27:27 **in the breast.** As with the lumbar ganglion (23:32ff.), the thoracic plexus and thoracic ganglion as outlined here owe more to the theosophists than to physiology. DHL had always had a sense of the front of the body, the breast, as open to the world:

'From his breast, from his mouth, sprang the endless space' (*S & L* 491:4); and see 33:36–40 below. See also *SCAL* 69:9 and note.

27:35 **and so nothing.** DHL derives his term 'thing-in-itself' from the 'ding-an-sich' of the German philosopher Immanuel Kant (1724–1804) whose mentalist philosophy, however, he detested, calling him 'that beastly Kant'. See, e.g., *Hardy* 154:33 and *Letters*, vi. 342, where DHL places Kant among those 'grand perverts' who sought to 'intellectualise and so utterly falsify the phallic consciousness'. Objection to the dominance of the ideal is at the heart of DHL's critique in this work: cf. 155:8–11.

28:34 **all-too-human.** Echoing *Human, All Too Human* (1878) by Friedrich Nietzsche (1844–1900), the phrase is frequently used by DHL.

29:3 **black cat, creature of rapacity.** 'As in a cat, there is subtlety and beauty and the dignity of darkness. But the fire is cold . . . it is destructive, always consuming and reducing to the ecstasy of sensation' (*Twilight in Italy*, ed. Eggert, p. 117).

29:30 **a blind man** Cf. DHL's short story 'The Blind Man' in *England, My England*, ed. Bruce Steele (Cambridge, 1990) especially 63:3–9.

30:12 **Madonna and Child.** The Old Masters to whom DHL constantly returns in discussing the Madonna and Child are Alessandro Botticelli (1444–1510), Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519), Filippo Lippi (1412–69) and Raphael (Raffaello Sanzio; 1483–1520). See 35:9–18, where DHL cites Leonardo and Filippo Lippi, and the discussion in *Hardy* 66:29–67:2, 68:38–69:3. The infant's belly (30:13) is especially prominent in Botticelli's *Mystic Nativity* (National Gallery, London) which DHL cites. For the contrast between 'northern' and 'southern' Madonnas, see 82:16–29 and notes.

30:20 **reive.** Variant of 'reave', to steal, plunder, rob or pillage. DHL may have misspelled 'rive', to separate or pull apart, which better fits the context. See also D. H. Lawrence, *Plays*, ed. Hans-Wilhelm Schwarze and John Worthen (Cambridge, 1999), 499:3: 'They shall not reive me from thee' and note.

32:1 **Education . . . at sea.** For DHL's most extensive critique of modern education, see 'Education', especially chap. II (*Reflections* 85–166). See Introduction, pp. xxxviii–xxxix.

32:8 **esoteric word.** See note on 23:33 above.

32:31 **since Egypt . . . supreme Man.** I.e. ancient Egypt . . . Jesus (next note).

32:32 **Sacred Heart.** Between 1673 and 1675 St Mary Margaret Alacoque (1647–90) saw visions of Jesus with his heart exposed and in flames as the centre and source of light. Her visions led to the establishment of the popular devotions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. As with 'chakra', DHL arrogates the term to his own use, implying that the image is pre-Christian and perhaps universal.

32:35 **theosophists . . . universal lotus** The 'Lotus . . . is the flower sacred to nature and her Gods, and represents the abstract and the Concrete Universes, standing as the emblem of the productive powers of both spiritual and physical nature' (Blavatsky,

The Secret Doctrine, I, 379). DHL localises physiologically what to Blavatsky (and the theosophists) is a potent symbol.

33:24 **broken first-words.** Earlier, DHL professed ‘no scientific *exactitude*’ (32:24). Cf. ‘The present writer, claiming no great scientific education, but only a tolerable acquaintance with modern theories . . . picks up weapons against the detractors of esoteric teaching in the very arsenal of modern science’ (Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 487).

33:35 **devotional, administering love.** ‘The region of the heart, including all the organs above the diaphragm, is the seat of the lower mind . . . including the psychic nature’; it is one of the body’s four principal life-centres (Pryse 14).

35:14 **northern eyes.** DHL’s geographical terminology, introduced here and in the next paragraph, is European: by ‘north’ he means countries or races north of the Alps – especially England and Germany – and by south especially Italy. He introduced it similarly in a discussion of art in *Hardy* (e.g. 85:10ff.) and developed it further in *Twilight in Italy* (see especially ‘The Lemon Gardens’, pp. 116–17) and in *Movements*. See also 82:16ff. below.

36:21 **male mysticism . . . the infinite.** One of DHL’s more enigmatic remarks, best compared with *Hardy* chap. VII, where he distinguishes between male and female conceptions, the former seeing God as manifold being, the latter as monistic, static and self-sufficient. Here the male conception is linked to mental consciousness as against the ‘unconscious’ consciousness of the lower centres. In the broader sense it is modern science against the older intuitive science of the ancients which, DHL claims, has been lost to modern man. Elsewhere he is keen to distinguish his position from religious mysticism (see 39:31–3).

36:36 **The goal . . . individual.** Cf. ‘The final aim of every living thing, creature, or being is the full achievement of itself. This accomplished, it will produce what it will produce, it will bear the fruit of its nature. Not the fruit, however, but the flower is the culmination and climax, the degree to be striven for. Not the work I shall produce, but the real Me I shall achieve, that is the consideration’ (*Hardy* 12:36–13:1). This is the basis of DHL’s idea of education in ‘Education’ (103:39ff.).

38:12 **life is a general force,** Like his character Ursula in *The Rainbow*, DHL opposed the ‘generality’ of life and asserted (as here) the individuality of every organism. See *Rainbow* 408:10–409:6; cf. e.g. ‘the glinting nucleus’ (38:25 below) and ‘the gleam of its nucleus’ (*Rainbow* 408:30).

39:31 **cross of all existence and being.** Although a symbol of suffering and division, DHL’s image of the cross may be derived from the diagram of the human body entitled ‘The Cubical City Unfolded’ (Pryse 31); but see also Blavatsky’s discussion of the cross as the symbol of ‘our human existence’ in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 556–7 and cf. *PU* 19:17. A reviewer accused DHL of not clarifying this point: see Introduction, p. 1.

40:19 **Man doth not . . . alone.** ‘Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God’ (Matthew iv. 4).

40:21 **A B C of social economies,** This dismissive remark is reminiscent of Somers’s ‘Politics is no more than your country’s housekeeping’ (*Kangaroo* 63:17–21). This chapter is closely related to DHL’s ‘Democracy’ essays of 1919: ‘Society exists . . . in order to make living together possible: that is to make proper facilities for every man’s clothing, feeding, housing himself, working, sleeping, mating, playing . . . Everything beyond that common necessity depends on himself alone’ (*Reflections* 82:27–30).

41:26 **himself . . . others.** DHL repeats this insight in his essay ‘Morality and the Novel’, adding that it is the primary function of art to reveal its truth; e. g., ‘The business of art is to reveal the relation between man and his circumambient universe at the living moment’ (*Hardy* 171:2–3).

42:4 **not a creative reality.** Cf. William McDougall (1871–1938), English-born psychologist, proponent of ‘purposive’ as against ‘behaviourist’ psychology: ‘most of those who have used this word [idea] have yielded themselves up unresistingly to the tendency to “reify” these abstractions, i.e. to treat ideas as things endowed with intrinsic properties and forces; and the whole of mental life has been represented as the interplay of these things, the ideas’ (*Psychology*, 1912; rev. edn 1914, p. 50).

42:10 **Norman Douglas . . . Word.”** Essayist and travel-writer (1868–1952) whom DHL had known since 1914. Cf. DHL’s own witty opening to the ‘Foreword’ to *Sons and Lovers*: ‘“The Word was made Flesh” . . . The women simply go on bearing talkative sons, as an answer’ (*S & L* 467:2–4 and notes) . . . John i. 1.

42:16 **a clipped tea-pot** I.e. trimmed into this shape by topiary.

42:34 **polarity.** A1 and E1 continue: ‘Any vital circuit—a fact known to psychoanalysis.’ In two authorially corrected copies of A1, DHL circled this sentence; in one copy (at UN) he added the marginal comment: ‘cut out or correct to be readable’. While the sentence is grammatically acceptable, DHL gave no indication of what a ‘readable’ correction might be. It would seem that some material was missing from whatever setting copy was used for A1. DHL’s first alternative is followed in this edition.

43:17 **advanced Russian and French writers** In the 1921–2 version of his essay on Whitman, DHL wrote similarly: ‘the aesthetes and symbolists, from Baudelaire and Maeterlinck and Oscar Wilde onwards, and nearly all later Russian, French, and English novelists set up their reactions in the mind and reflect them by a secondary process down into the body. This makes a vicious living and a spurious art . . . It is the madness of the world of today’ (*SCAL* 405).

43:33 **seven planes** Corresponding to the seven *chakras* or ganglia; see note on 23:33 above.

Fantasia of the Unconscious

51:4 *Pittsburgh Despatch* Review untraced.

51:9 **mixed those babies up**” Alluding to the confession of Mrs Cripps (Buttercup) who ‘practised baby-farming’ in *HMS Pinafore* (1878) by William Schwenck Gilbert (1836–1911): ‘I mixed those children up, / And not a creature knew it’ (Act II); or possibly the critic had in mind an incident in *The Virginian* by Owen Wister (New York, 1902) chaps. X and XI. See also 85:7.

51:14 **ne’er begun.**” George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824) in ‘Don Juan’ (1818–20), l. cxv, 7–8 (‘I’m almost sorry that I e’er begun’).

51:28 **giftie gi’e us.**” From ‘To a Louse’ (c. 1785) by Robert Burns (1759–96): ‘O wad some Pow’r the giftie gie us / To see oursel’s as others see us!’ (ll. 43–4).

52:13 **says L. J. S.** Untraced.

52:20 **and vilely**—” the *Star St Louis Missouri* (untraced). Presumably ‘yell’ (52:19) is a misprint for ‘veil’, hence DHL’s insistence on verbatim copying. He makes use of this figure in concluding the Foreword (65:25).

52:32 **America . . .**” *San Francisco Bulletin* (untraced).

52:34 **do for me.** DHL deleted the following paragraph at this point: ‘J. Alden Brett of the Greenwich Villager is very agreeable, but reads as if he has had dinner with the Seltzers—or was living in hopes’ (Roberts E126a, p. 3).

52:35 *Evening Press.* *Portland Evening Express & Advertiser*, 25 June 1925, p. 5.

53:21 **discussions.**” DHL deleted the following sentence: ‘Seemingly, at least, poor dear Miss Moseley’ (Roberts E126a, p. 3).

53:25 **rabbit skins.** Speaking of his own school-days, Jones wrote: ‘producing electricity by rubbing a glass rod with a catskin was an elementary experiment in the electricity course. But we were informed that most of the catskins were really rabbit skins—which leaves Mr Lawrence’s “rapacity” rather up in the air.’ See *PU* 28:31–29:4.

53:30 **suited him.** Alluding to ‘To strain at a gnat and swallow a camel’ (proverbial, from Matthew xxiii. 24).

53:34 **out of his oven.** Francis Hackett, *New Republic*, 17 August 1921, pp. 329–30.

54:8 **omega . . . alpha** Omega and Alpha, last and first letters of the Greek alphabet. Proverbial from: ‘I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord’ (Revelation i. 8). DHL uses the figure throughout the Foreword to debunk the supposed omnipotence of the critics.

54:15 **to Talk Sense.**” Review untraced.

54:21 *Place in Life.*” William Arthur Deacon, *Manitoba Free Press*, 25 June 1921, p. 15. Deacon also reviewed *Psycho-Analysis and its Place in Life* by M. K. Bradby (Oxford and London, 1919).

55:20 **swilkering** ‘Splashing about’ (dialect).

55:27 **personal conductor.** John V. A. Weaver's column 'D. H. Lawrence and His Obsessions' in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* (28 May 1921, p. 2) is sub-headed: 'Personally Conducted'. DHL quotes accurately except for the heading.

56:22 **three-haporth of coppers,** Three half-pence; pence and half-pence were colloquially known as 'coppers'.

56:24 **"Pollyanalytic."** Weaver (see note on 55:27) wrote: 'And now, after a steady perusal of three Lawrentian theses, we are Pollyanalytic enough to want to go and read some nice clean Rabelais' (see 57:38 and note). The word is formed from 'Pollyanna', the excessively optimistic character in the novel *Pollyanna* (1913) by Eleanor Porter (1868–1920). DHL later rewrites the term as 'pollyanalytics' (65:6) to describe his philosophy.

56:28 **Philadelphia** Untraced.

56:34 **Mr Mencken.** Henry Louis Mencken (1880–1956), journalist and anti-academic satirist in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, 3 July 1921, p. 7. His quotations are from the claim on the Seltzer dust-jacket.

56:38 **Mother Elizabeth Towne** Elizabeth Jones Towne (b. 1865), popular writer of the New Thought movement which arose in the mid nineteenth century in the United States as a form of transcendentalism stressing the omnipresence and immanence of the Divine. It had links with eastern mysticism and sought to remove human ills by re-establishing harmony with the Divine.

57:10 **FREUD HAS DARED** This review has not been traced.

57:20 **Tribune.** Grace Phelps, *New York Tribune*, 19 June 1921, section V, p. 8.

57:21 **don't laugh... the wood.**— Proverbial. Cf. *Women in Love*, ed. Farmer, Vasey and Worthen, 103:13.

57:25 **Mellins Food** A formula baby-food. Phelps ended: 'There is just one point where our mind does not go along with that of Mr. Lawrence, and we confess it disturbs us greatly. He insists that the polarity that must be established between mother and child in order for the child's soul to develop properly is imbibed physically and psychically with the mother's milk. What, we ask, in all humility, is to become of the Mellin's food babies?' (p. 8).

57:37 **the ascetics.** In various religions, those who seek perfection through the discipline of renunciation, repression and bodily austerity.

57:38 **Rabelais** François Rabelais (c. 1490–1553), French priest, physician and author of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (1564), a comedy rich in ribaldry, exaggeration and extravagant word-play. The long review in the *Post Express* (Rochester, NY, 25 May 1921, p. 5) attempts a précis of DHL's argument which can be read (as DHL reads it) as grotesque, if unconscious, parody. The un-named reviewer remarks *inter alia*: 'The polar adjustment of men and women to escape "ascetic tortures" is a conception at which every humorist will laugh—certainly Rabelais would have laughed at it—whatever philosophers may think or do.'

58:10 **St. Anthony . . . Thebaid . . . Thoreau:** St Anthony (c. 251–356), an Egyptian ascetic and hermit, traditionally the founder of Christian monasticism . . . Painting, *La Tebaide* (anon. fifteenth-century), in the Uffizi, Florence, which DHL copied in November 1920: ‘a very amusing picture . . . *Anacoreti nelle Tebaidi* – thousands of amusing little monks doing things in the *Thebaid*: like it very much’ (*Letters*, iii. 622 and n. 2). Henry David Thoreau (1817–62), American author of *Walden* (1854), an account of his solitary confrontation of the natural world in his retreat at Walden Pond, Concord, Massachusetts. The reviewer comments: ‘The possibility of living freely apart from all one’s fellow-humans has been practically proved by St Antony of the Thebaid and our American hermit Thoreau.’

58:19 **solar plexus.** Unsigned review, *Newark Evening News*, 3 August 1921, p. 8.

58:21 **Outwitting Our Nerves.** By Josephine A. Jackson and H. M. Salisbury (1921).

58:31 **Tom Peel’s dogs** From the popular English ballad ‘John Peel’ by John Woodcock Graves (1795–1886), written in memory of his friend of that name (1776–1854), famous in Cumberland for his pack of hounds: ‘D’ye ken John Peel . . . With his hounds and his horn in the morning?’

58:33 **consoling for a moment.** *Hartford Daily Courant*, Sunday 3 July 1921, p. 7.

59:7 **Journal of Commerce** *Chicago Journal of Commerce and Daily Financial Times*, 6 June 1921, p. 16.

59:12 **“blurb” . . . a Texas man)** Gellert Burgess (1866–1951), American humorist. The reviewer wrote: ‘Just why his publisher, who is intelligent, should speak of this book as “a very important step forward in the science of psychoanalysis” is difficult to understand. He must know better than that.’

59:22 **tired indifference.** *Nation* (New York), 27 July 1921, pp. 102–3.

59:32 **tisicky** Popular and dialect word derived from ‘phthisis’ (tuberculosis or some disease of the lung) with the transferred meaning of ‘delicate’ or ‘squeamish’ as here.

59:33 **Evening Post** *New York Evening Post Literary Review*, 16 July 1921, p. 6.

60:19 **Tribune.** Elia W. Peattie in the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, 2 July 1921, p. 7.

60:34 **off his own bat.** From his own exertions (metaphor from cricket).

61:6 **Satan . . . which is which.** MS originally read: ‘the Jerusalem of one age becoming the Gomorrah in the next’ (Roberts E126a, p. 12).

61:39 **of the critics.** The ‘Foreword’ up to this point was excluded from A1 (see Introduction, p. xlv). Where DHL referred back to it later in the text, an adjustment was made (see Textual apparatus for 65:6, 67:22 and 201:15).

62:17 **cosmogony, in this book,** See especially chap. XIII.

62:19 **one of my critics said,** George Soule (note on 59:22) had quoted 17:2–6 and commented: ‘By such language he escapes analysis. Either you believe or you don’t, and there’s an end of it’ (p. 103).

62:26 **Herakleitos . . . Frazer . . . Frøbenius.** Herakleitos (c. 535 – c. 475 BC), Greek philosopher. DHL read of him in John Burnet's *Early Greek Philosophy* (London, 2nd edn, 1908). He may also have known Burnet's *Greek Philosophy: Thales to Plato* (1914). The early Greek philosophers 'clarified my soul', he wrote in 1915 (*Letters*, ii. 364) . . . Sir James George Frazer (1854–1941), author of the massive anthropological study *The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion*. DHL probably knew the third edition (12 vols., 1914), which he was reading at least as early as 1915 (*Letters*, ii. 470), and to which subsequent references are made; he also read Frazer's *Totemism and Exogamy* (1910) . . . Leo Frobenius (1873–1938), whose *The Voice of Africa* DHL read in translation by Rudolph Blind (2 vols., 1913) in April 1918: 'He says there was a great West African . . . civilisation, which preceded Egypt and Carthage, and gave rise to the Atlantis myth' (*Letters*, iii. 233); see also *Aaron's Rod*, 110:7, 32–6. For DHL's continuing interest in St John (62:24) and the Book of Revelation, see *Apocalypse and the Writings on Revelation*, ed. Mara Kalnins (Cambridge, 1980).

62:40 **apparatus of life.** In *Kangaroo*, chap. XVI, DHL observes: 'There can never be an exact science dealing with individual life . . . anatomy presupposes a corpse, says D'Annunzio. You can establish an exact science on a corpse, supposing you start with the corpse, and don't try to derive it from a living creature. But upon life itself, or any instance of life, you cannot establish a science' (294:15–31).

63:5 **magic and charlatanry.** Probably referring to popular astrology and the more dubious elements in spiritualism.

63:15 **most interesting.** Thomas Belt (1832–78), geologist who studied the Glacial Period, author of *Naturalist in Nicaragua* (1873). DHL ordered the Everyman reprint (1910) from Koteliansky in March 1919 (*Letters*, iii. 340).

64:2 **understanding being almost spent.** The use of myth in art, poetry, novel, drama and dance in the early twentieth century owed much to the influence of anthropological works like Frazer's *Golden Bough*. See, for instance, Igor Stravinsky's ballet *The Rite of Spring* (1913) and T. S. Eliot's poem *The Waste Land* (1922).

64:33 **"It must have . . . sacred oak—"** Frazer, *The Golden Bough: Balder the Beautiful*, II.292: 'it may have . . . sacred oak'.

64:37 **Greek philosophers were always saying.** Herakleitos (see note on 62:26), following Anaximander (c. 610–540 BC), held that the fire of the sun was fuelled by exhalations from Earth, in particular from the sea.

65:6 **the respected gentleman** See 55:26–56:24 and note on 56:24.

65:13 **from the experience.** DHL's 'pseudo-philosophy' (l. 5) following the 'Foreword to *Sons and Lovers*' was not always reflection after the event. *Hardy*, for instance, preceded and influenced the final version of *The Rainbow*. *FU* itself is both an 'inference' from past writings and a 'metaphysic' for future work, especially *Kangaroo* and some of the later stories. Here, however, while adapting Weaver's term (to invent 'pollyanalytics'), DHL effectively reverses Weaver's claim that 'theory' precedes fiction.

65:15 **a metaphysic.** DHL distinguished between a preconceived metaphysic as a writer's justification, which he considered a falsity in art, and one which was embodied and criticised within the living work itself: see *Hardy* 91:31–92:32.

65:25 **rip the old veil . . . across,** Cf. Matthew xxvii. 51 in which the rending of the veil of the temple signifies the destruction of the old covenant and the beginning of the new.

66:8 **Freud . . . in all his theory.** The unconscious, nevertheless, is central to Freudian theory. Despite his 'apology', DHL still focuses on the unconscious and the notion of consciousness but ignores psychoanalysis itself as a system of investigative and therapeutic procedures.

66:16 **We are thankful . . . on this.** Cf. 'We are glad that sex is to have its appropriate investigation; we do not expect, however, that sex will be proven to be the one fundamental source of human motives' (Ernest R. Groves, 'Freud and Sociology', p. 244).

67:35 **Jung's Libido . . . Bergson's *Élan Vital*.** 'Originally taken from the sexual sphere, this word [libido] has become the most frequent technical expression of psychoanalysis, for the simple reason that its significance is wide enough to cover all the unknown and countless manifestations of the Will in the sense of Schopenhauer' (Jung 122). Jung's disagreement with Freud on the use of the term is evident on pp. 128–9. Later, in his paper 'Psychoanalysis and Neurosis' (London, 1916), Jung noted specifically that: 'From a broader standpoint libido can be understood as vital energy in general, or as Bergson's *élan vital*; see also his *Theory of Psychoanalysis* (trans. Eder, 1913–14) . . . Henri Bergson (1859–1941), influential French philosopher who, in his *L'évolution créatrice* (1907), translated as 'Creative Evolution', represented the process of creativity as the expression of an *élan vital* ('vital impulse'). DHL may have read this book: he knew of Bergson's work as early as 1913 but found him 'very dull' (*Letters*, i. 544). While DHL considered Bergson's term lacks definite reference, Bergson himself criticised much nineteenth-century philosophy for its abstract nature and insisted on concreteness in philosophy, considering ideas as preludes to action. Both Jung and Bergson are similarly mentioned by Barbara Low in her *Outline of Psycho-Analysis* (April 1920, repr. October 1920), p. 44.

67:39 **We refuse . . . But also** This passage is missing from TS1R but is repeated from the bottom of p. 2 to the top of p. 3 of TS2R. It seems that, during the revision, pages were shuffled between the two copies. In setting the pages to rights DHL evidently did not notice the repetition.

68:2 **Moses . . . thin air.** Moses led the children of Israel to the top of Mount Pisgah, near Jericho, from where they viewed Canaan, the Promised Land flowing with milk and honey (68:16), but he did not live to reach it (Deuteronomy xxxiv. 4–5). Here and elsewhere in the book DHL makes use of biblical language: e.g. 68:14–16; cf. DHL's essay 'Climbing Down Pisgah' (*Reflections* 225–9).

68:4 **Excelsior . . . into the clouds:** In the poem 'Excelsior' by Henry Wadsworth

Longfellow (1807–82), a youth bearing a banner with the slogan ‘Excelsior’ climbs a mountain and disappears into the clouds.

68:8 **uplift.** Charity and the accompanying emotional experience DHL associates (usually sarcastically) with charitable acts; for instance in *Mr Noon*: ‘Let us invoke the spirit of Uplift. Oh Uplift, Uplift, that which carries us beyond ourselves, how much bigger we are than ever we were intended to be when we whirl with thy wind in our skirts, heavenwards . . . let us look down on our fellow-men, as pathetic, tearful Gods look down on mankind, pitiful, all pitiful and all benign’ (156:39–157:11).

68:9 **Leagues of Nations.** The League of Nations, an association of states, was founded in 1920 in the aftermath of the first World War in the hope of ensuring world peace. President Woodrow Wilson (1856–1924), twenty-sixth President of the United States, Nobel Peace Prize winner in 1919, was a leading figure in the formation of the League and one of its most ardent supporters. It was dissolved in 1946 when the United Nations replaced it.

68:14 **To your tents, O Israel!** 1 Kings xii. 16; see 158:25 and note.

68:31 **Om,** A mystic incantation in Buddhism often represented as ‘AUM’, believed to contain all language and to imply all creation.

68:37 **Baby dear**— George Macdonald (1824–1905), ‘Where did you come from, baby dear?’ (*At the Back of the North Wind*, 1857, p. xxxiii, ‘Song’). Cf. *Letters*, i. 109.

69:9 **New Jerusalem . . . universal love:** Revelation iii. 12. Cf. Somers’s discussion with Jaz Trewhella of Kangaroo’s utopian social order (‘New Jerusalem’) based on the ‘love ideal’ (*Kangaroo* 156–62).

69:16 **Pragmatism: (69:10) . . . Rabindranathopolis . . .** DHL’s allegorical topography in this paragraph refers to several contemporary philosophies and representative persons, all in some degree claiming to usher in a social Utopia (DHL’s ‘New Jerusalem’): Pragmatism, associated with the American philosopher William James (8:24 and note); Vitalism, associated with Bergson; Psychoanalysis; Eugenics, the study of selective breeding to improve human races and to eradicate social ills; Annie Besant (1847–1933), President of the Theosophical Society from 1907 and for two decades the vigorous advocate of the young Indian Krishnamurti (1895–1986) as the new Messiah; Mary Baker Eddy (1821–1910), founder of the Christian Science Church; Woodrow Wilson (see note on 68:9); Sir Rabindranath Tagore (1861–1941), Indian poet, mystic and social reformer.

69:20 **sluther** Northern English dialect form of ‘slither’.

70:19 **how true it be . . .**” Anon.; perhaps by DHL himself.

70:38 *n’a pas de quoi.* ‘Hasn’t got one’ (French). For DHL’s use of the phrase as a sexual joke, see *Mr Noon* 146:19.

71:2 **a little bough at my feet.** DHL wrote much of this book in the woods near the village of Ebersteinburg in the Black Forest of Germany; see his description in

Letters, iii. 720. He gives more detail at 85:19ff., in the course of his meditation on trees. See also Textual apparatus to 201:1.

71:17 **we have . . . many parts.** *As You Like It*, II. vii. 141–2; ‘they have . . .’.

71:25 *Descendez . . . trop loin.* ‘Come down, dear Moses. You are seeing too far’ (French).

71:30 **clouds of glory . . . a napkin.** Cf. ‘not in utter nakedness, / But trailing clouds of glory do we come / From God, who is our home’ from ‘Ode: Intimations of Immortality’ (1807) by William Wordsworth (1770–1850), ll. 63–5.

71:33 *Allons . . . Aarons with rods of our own.* ‘Let us go’ (French) . . . God gave Aaron’s rod the power to bring plagues upon Egypt in order to persuade Pharaoh to allow the Israelites their freedom (Exodus vii and viii). DHL had just completed his novel *Aaron’s Rod* about the time he began *FU*.

72:2 **The Holy Family** This title replaces the earlier ‘Father and Mother and Child’ (TS1R); it is used of paintings depicting Joseph, Mary and Jesus. See, for instance, 80:26 where DHL draws on painting to illustrate his point. His own painting *A Holy Family* dates from 1926: see *Paintings of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. Mervyn Levy (1964), p. 89.

72:4 **Mr Einstein . . . out of the universe.** Albert Einstein (1879–1955), German Jewish (190:31ff.) physicist and mathematician, winner of the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1921, published his Theory of Relativity in 1915. In 1920–1 Einstein lectured to wide acclaim in Europe – in Italy during DHL’s residence in Sicily. While in Baden-Baden writing *FU*, DHL received Einstein’s *Relativity . . . A Popular Exposition* (1920) from Koteliensky (*Letters*, iv. 30, 36). Something of its popularity and currency in general conversation is reflected in *Kangaroo* (109:36–110:4) where the theory is discussed at lunch by Somers, Cooley and Callcott. DHL was particularly attracted to the theory for its apparent refutation of the absolute, as conveyed in the following image of the one spinning wheel and the cloud of bees. See also 167:5–17 below.

72:13 **I am I . . . not all alone.** From the beginning a key term in DHL’s philosophy. Cf. God’s voice speaking to Moses from the Burning Bush: ‘I am that I am’ (Exodus iii. 14) . . . Alluding to the popular traditional counting song ‘Green Grow the Rushes-oh!’: ‘One is one and all alone / And ever more shall be so.’ Cf. *Letters*, vi. 508.

72:16 **dear reader,** An expression (often a teasing one) of the reader-relationship used frequently in *FU* (see especially 175:7ff., where he provokes the reader to flights of fancy) and characteristic of DHL’s fiction of this period; cf. *Mr Noon* 204:3–205:3, and *Kangaroo* 282:10.

72:31 **what the goose hears.** Alluding to the proverbial ‘Can’t say Boo to a goose’ – said of a person too timid to speak.

72:33 **socialist’s necktie.** Socialists or communists frequently wore red ties, this being the revolutionary colour as in the red flag.

72:35 **Watts' Hope . . . blue globe**, A very popular allegorical painting by George Frederick Watts (1817–1904) described as a 'symphony in blue'. The most famous version hangs in the Tate Gallery, London. The blindfolded and drooping female figure of Hope, clasping a lyre, is seated atop a globe. Cf. 'I feel about as cheerful as Watts' *Hope*' (*Letters*, i. 530 and n. 6).

73:6 **Hope Revived Again** Representative optimistic political slogans in the period of reconstruction after the First World War.

73:15 **like the poor lunatic?** Traditional jibe at a mentally deranged person: he believes that he is a poached egg on toast, or a teapot, etc.

73:21 **Aldebaran . . . Sirius** Binary star in the constellation Taurus . . . the 'dog star', the brightest star in the northern sky in the constellation Canis Major.

73:29 **Gabriel—! . . . Michael?** Biblical angels – Gabriel, the archangel of the annunciation (Luke i. 19, 26), and Michael (Revelation xii. 7), who with drawn sword guards the entry to Eden after Adam's expulsion, and in later tradition fights against the devil in the form of a dragon.

74:17 **science book, . . . no gainsaying.** DHL's identification of the centres of the sympathetic and voluntary nervous systems generally agrees with medical science. In May 1918 he had asked Edith Eder for a text book on the nervous system (*Letters*, iii. 243, 245). His attribution of 'consciousness' or unthinking, non-mental knowledge to the plexuses and ganglia themselves is his own extrapolation from theosophy. See Introduction, pp. xxxv–xxxvi.

74:21 ***Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious.*** See especially chap. III, 'The Birth of Consciousness'.

74:31 ***Me voilà . . . Da bin ich!*** 'There I am' in French, Italian and German.

75:16 **no more navel shows.** An early experiment in 'cosmetic' surgery.

75:19 ***caro mio*,** 'My dear' (Italian).

76:21 **his own Holy Ghost.** In his 'Foreword' to *Sons and Lovers*, DHL transposed the doctrine of the Trinity in his own terms: the Holy Ghost is the expression of the joy of the individual man finding himself in creation (*S & L* 472:9–13).

76:35 **to do with thee?"** John ii. 4. A frequent allusion: see 108:10–12 and note, 129:37, 130:10.

77:2 **the organism** After these words, A1 (p. 24) inserted a line from p. 25 (l. 6) – an obvious error which, nevertheless, E1 and subsequent editions followed.

77:20 **Marconi-stations,** Guglielmo Marconi (1847–1937) developed radio telegraphy ('wireless'). He won the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1901. His name soon became a household word; a 'Marconi-station' was the point from which a 'Marconi-gram' (telegram) was sent or received.

77:28 **pure individual being.** This basic tenet of DHL's 'philosophy' runs through all his work from as early as 1914: see *Hardy* 12:36ff.

78:24 **The child exists... the male.** Cf. *The Rainbow*, ed. Kinkead-Weekes, 91:22–40, where the child Anna Lensky is ‘free to play in the space beneath’ the arch formed by her father and her mother.

79:13 **rise** This editorial emendation assumes that DHL intended his substitution of ‘rise’ for ‘place’ in TS2R to apply to the phrase ‘take place’. The ‘take rise’ of A1 and subsequent editions has been judged an error.

82:17 **Northern masters.** DHL’s ideas on North and South emerge after his first trips to Italy. See note on 35:14.

82:25 **Botticelli... Memling Madonna,** Sandro Botticelli (1444–1510), Italian painter whose *Mystic Nativity* in the National Gallery, London, is discussed in *Hardy* 66:31–67:14... Hans Memling (c. 1430–94), German-born artist whose *Virgin and Child with Saints and Donor*, is also in the National Gallery, London. His Madonnas tended to be ethereal and ‘other-worldly’.

85:3 **Trees... and Mamas** TS itself has neither chapter title nor the digression on trees (85:4–88:15). In his revision, DHL states (88:17) that ‘at first’ he left the digression out. Without MS it is unclear whether he in fact deleted a first version of it before sending MS to the typist or composed it only when revising TS, to which it is added on new sheets. Although the present tense and the immediacy of the text suggest the former, the two copies of TS contain different versions of the digression (see Textual apparatus for 85:4), that of TS2R being some 300 words longer. It was probably therefore a continuing process with the revised TSS representing the final two stages. Trees figure constantly in DHL’s fiction of this period: see, for instance, *Aaron’s Rod* 265:17–34, 296:33–8, 297:6–7; *Mr Noon* 110:189–90; *Kangaroo* 177:14–178:15.

85:7 **those babies up,”** See 51:9 and note.

86:20 **Aryans worshipped the tree.** Frazer considers Aryan tree-worship at many points in *The Golden Bough*, e.g. in *The Magic Art*, chap. IX: ‘In the religious history of the Aryan race in Europe the worship of trees has played an important part’ (3rd edn, 1911, II:7); see also DHL in *Movements* (51:10–40).

87:6 **Jesus... crucified on a tree.** In *Movements* DHL wrote: ‘the worship of the Tree of Life seems always to have entailed human sacrifice. Life is the fruit of that tree. But the Tree is dark and terrible, it demands life back again. With its branches spread it becomes a Cross. And in our hymns even today we speak of Jesus “hung on the Tree” (51:21–5). Cf. *SCAL* 289.

87:8 **Hercynian wood.** Frazer, *The Golden Bough* (3rd edn, 1911, II): ‘Down to the first century before our era the Hercynian forest stretched eastward from the Rhine for a distance at once vast and unknown; Germans whom [Julius] Caesar questioned had travelled for two months through it without reaching the end... the solitude, the gloom, the silence of the forest appear to have made a deep impression on [the Emperor Julian’s] nature’ (p. 7). See also *Movements* 44:10–23, 45:10–23, 51:10ff.; *Mr Noon* 110:14; and cf. *Letters*, iii. 732.

87:12 **Hindenburg . . . Foch . . . Napoleon.** Paul von Beneckendorff und Hindenburg (1847–1934), German Field-Marshal and statesman who became President of the German Republic (1925–34) . . . Marshal Ferdinand Foch (1851–1929), French Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies on the Western Front in the First World War . . . Napoleon Bonaparte (1769–1821), Emperor of the French (1804–15).

87:17 **Sicily, . . . the day.** DHL had left Taormina, Sicily (where he was based 1920–2), on 9 April 1921 en route to Germany.

87:31 **dead comrades upon the trees.** See *Movements* 51:11–20 and note on 51:15. DHL is perhaps recalling a detail from *Ekkehard: A Tale of the Tenth Century* (1889) by J. Von Schellel which he had read in the Everyman's Library translation (1911) during January 1919 (*Letters*, iii. 315).

88:11 **Herr Baron told me.** Unknown; DHL probably met minor aristocracy when visiting his mother-in-law, Frau Baronin von Richthofen, at the Stift in Baden-Baden.

88:35 **systole and diastole of the heart,** A frequent reference; cf. 'Foreword' in *S & L* 471:30; *Hardy* 7:18, 20; 'The Reality of Peace' in *Reflections* 27:14, 21 and 50:38.

91:11 **bottom** The A1 reading is accepted here. The addition of final 's' is an occasional error in TS possibly deriving from a characteristic upstroke of some final letters in DHL's hand: e. g. 99:8, 109:13, 194:19.

94:26 **certain point.** A line of type evidently dropped out of A1 at this point and E1 copied; see Textual apparatus.

95:13 **the medicine-man.** DHL uses this term for a doctor derisively; he expanded on it in *Kangaroo* 196:35–197:17; see also *PU* 7:36 and note.

95:32 **Streatham to Croydon** Southern suburbs of London, well-known to DHL who taught at a school in Croydon 1908–11.

96:9 **Revenons** 'Let us go back [to the point]' (French).

96:11 **seventy years within it.** Cf. Psalm xc. 10: 'The days of our years are three score years and ten'.

97:13 **that clock?** I.e. a cuckoo clock.

103:30 **centres of the breast.** See 'Whistling of Birds' in *Reflections*: 'Under our hearts the fountain surges, to toss us forth. Who can thwart the impulse that comes upon us?' (24:14–16).

105:8 **Know thyself.** An injunction of the Oracle at Delphi frequently quoted by DHL, e.g. *Hardy* 78:25; see also 'The Proper Study' (*Adelphi*, 1925) in *Phoenix*, ed. Edward D. McDonald (1936), pp. 719–21. Pryse claimed that the esotericist's effort 'is not so much to *know* as to *become*; and herein lies the tremendous import of the Delphic inscription, "Know Thyself," which is the key-note of esotericism' (Pryse 8).

105:25 **young idea is there forced to shoot.** 'To teach the young idea how to shoot', James Thomson (1700–48), *The Seasons: Spring* (1728), l. 1153.

106:19 **sublimation**, In *PU* (9:23 and note) DHL had misunderstood Freud's concept. His use of it here again differs from Freud's – e.g. in his *Introductory Lectures* (1917), trans. James Strachey, Lecture 22: 'Among these protective processes against falling ill owing to deprivation there is one which has gained special cultural significance. It consists in the sexual trend abandoning its aim of obtaining a component or a reproductive pleasure and taking on another which is related genetically to the abandoned one but is itself no longer sexual and must be described as social. We call this process "sublimation", in accordance with the general estimate that places social aims higher than the sexual ones, which are at bottom self-interested' (Freud, *Works* XVI. 345). Jung also discusses sublimation: 'The process of transformation of the primal libido into secondary impulses always took place in the form of affluxes of sexual libido, that is to say, sexuality became deflected from its original destination and a portion of it turned . . . into the phylogenetic impulse of the mechanism of allurement and of protection of the young. This diversion of the sexual libido from the sexual territory into associated functions is still taking place. Where this operation succeeds without injury to the adaptation of the individual it is called *sublimation*. Where the attempt does not succeed it is called *repression*' (Jung 133). DHL, however, uses the term for the transfer of one kind of 'knowledge' to another by the agency of education.

106:35 **wireless messages . . . the pulse-rhythm** Early wireless telegraphy sent messages in Morse Code, based on a system of long and short pulses.

108:12 **Jesus' question . . . the minor truth**. Idiosyncratically, DHL takes Jesus' reply to his mother at the marriage feast (John ii. 4), 'Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come', as indicative of the 'major truth' that he had a 'finished mental concept' (108:14) of her – the 'fact' of death. The reply has 'an exaggerated sound' (108:11) because it denies the 'minor truth' that his separation from her will never be final – death is never absolute. Cf. 76:35.

108:30 **her bowels** In the biblical sense, the seat of compassion or sympathy (e.g. Genesis xliii. 30).

109:18 **Touch, taste, and smell . . . in the baby**. Not that the senses of touch, taste and smell are physically prior to sight and hearing, but only to focused sight and discriminate hearing (109:29ff.).

110:29 **nothing at all to do with it**. Unless by 'the brain' DHL means 'mind' (see 109:23), he is here in most radical opposition to accepted medical science.

111:12 **David . . . Solomon . . . the dying down**. The history of David and Solomon his son is found in 1 and 2 Samuel and 1 Kings i–xi. DHL endorses a traditional view which sees David as a man of action and Solomon as a man of ideas (wisdom).

111:35 **those . . . divest themselves** The new manuscript material in TS2R ran on to the top of p. 26a and carried through the heading typed thus: *Chapter V*. These words were written above the underline and through the heading, which led to their being mistakenly italicised in A1 and so in E1.

111:37 **hands and feet.** This sentiment is common in DHL's writings, but is nowhere so simply and directly expressed as in this image of crucifixion; cf. *PU* 39:31.

114:16 **nerves," for example.** See *PU* 58:19 and note.

115:15 **inferior Don Quixotes,** The eponymous hero of *Don Quixote* (1605–15), novel by the Spanish writer Miguel de Cervantes (1547–1616). Quixote, his head turned by excessive reading of chivalric romances, sets out on a series of knightly adventures. He idealises a village farm-girl, Aldonza Lorenzo, as the lady whom he serves under the name Dulcinea del Toboso (115:18). In one often-quoted episode he engages in combat thirty or forty windmills (115:14), believing them to be armed giants.

116:13 **medlars.** The fruit of the medlar tree is eaten only when decayed.

116:17 **the tree of life** A pervasive image in DHL's work: *Hardy* 34:22–36, 44:31; 'Education' in *Reflections* 94–100; the 'Epilogue' to *Movements* 256–7, etc.

118:4 **Mater Dolorosa . . . a ministering Angel . . . Member of Parliament . . . Isolde . . . Launcelot . . . Fata Morgana** 'Sorrowing Mother' (Latin), a name given to Mary grieving over her crucified son, Jesus . . . Tristan and Isolde, Launcelot and Guinevere, tragic lovers from the Arthurian cycles . . . *Hamlet* V.i.229 . . . see note on 129:10 below . . . Morgan le Fay was the magician sister of King Arthur; hence the name of a sea-mirage sometimes visible off the Sicilian coast.

118:35 **learn to read and write—never.** DHL is more radical here than in his proposals for elementary literacy in 'Education' chap. II (*Reflections* 94–100).

119:40 **When the leaders . . . their superiors.** Cf. Kangaroo's political doctrine as expounded to Somers: 'man . . . needs to be relieved from this terrible responsibility of governing himself when he doesn't know what he wants, and has no aim towards which to govern himself' (*Kangaroo* 113:4–7).

120:12 **As a matter of fact (119:25) . . . responsible for the whole.** For the extensive cuts to this passage made by Thomas Seltzer, see the Textual apparatus and Introduction, p. xxiii. The American 'league of comrades' that DHL proposes develops his view that 'Every man should be . . . a trained *free* soldier' expressed first in 'Education' (*Reflections* 98:28–9); it anticipates the idealistic organisation of the Digger Clubs (*Kangaroo* xxx–xxxI, 92–4, 184–6 and notes on 92:9, 94:8). That it was influenced by his reading of Walt Whitman is evident from his letter to his Jungian friend Godwin Baynes in 1920: 'I find in Calamus, and Comrades one of the clues to a real solution – the new adjustment. I believe in what he calls "manly love", the real implicit reliance of one man on another' (*Letters*, iii. 478). The 'Calamus' series of poems in Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* are not the only ones to extol comradeship and brotherly love; see, e.g., 'Starting from Paumanock' (ll. 86–94).

121:3 **Education, . . . and Child** This chapter includes material similar to DHL's 'Education' which at this time remained unpublished. His emphasis on child development and education in both the psychology books may also have been partly in reaction to Barbara Low's educational work and her translation of German books on the application of psychoanalysis to education. See Introduction, p. xxvii.

122:2 **Noah's Ark . . . Corot . . . Constable . . . a Cuyp cow.** In a 'Noah's Ark' toy set, the pieces—trees, animals, etc., are flat . . . Jean Baptiste Camille Corot (1796–1875), French painter, whose trees are notable for their textural qualities rather than precise lines . . . John Constable (1776–1837), landscape painter, whose works contain much realistic detail . . . Aelbert Cuyp (1620–91), Dutch painter of, particularly, landscapes and animals. The distinction between the camera's 'seeing' and inward vision is one to which DHL would return in his essay on 'Art and Morality' (1925); see *Hardy* 163–8.

122:39 **relief maps in clay, . . . own district.** Perhaps from DHL's own experience of teaching geography.

123:11 **as my critics point out,** The critic of the Rochester *Post Express* remarked: 'Under our showy civilization man is more of an animal than the savage is'; see note on 57:38.

126:25 **indeterminate sex,** 'Indeterminate' may be DHL's own term, but may have been a mistyping of 'intermediate', a term 'the intermediate sex' given currency in the explanation of homosexuality by Edward Carpenter (1844–1929), in his influential *Love's Coming of Age* (1906, repr. 1924), pp. 114–34. In TS1R DHL substituted the word 'hermaphrodite' at this point; cf. 120:8 and note.

127:13 **Heliogabalus,** The Roman Emperor Elagabalus (reigned 218–22), murdered by the Praetorian Guard. 'The master of the Roman world affected to copy the dress and manners of the female sex, preferred the distaff to the sceptre', wrote Edward Gibbon (1737–94) in *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776–88), chap. VI.

128:1 **Eve . . . his spare rib:** Genesis ii. 21; perhaps with a pun on 'spare-rib'.

128:17 **as Whitman calls it.** Alluding to 'man is born of woman, / This the bath of birth' from 'I Sing the Body Electric' (ll. 64–5), lines which DHL had quoted in a similar context in all versions of his essay on Whitman: see, e.g., *SCAL* 152, 364, 410, 426.

128:34 **The hand . . . rules the world.** Poem (c. 1865) 'What Rules the World' by American poet William Ross Wallace (c. 1819–81), which soon became proverbial: ' . . . the cradle / Is the hand . . .' Cf. 'they say geniuses mostly have great mothers' (149:38).

120:8 **hermaphrodite fallacy . . . again.** In 'The Genesis and Meaning of "Homosexuality" and its Relation to the Problem of Introverted Mental States', Trigant Burrow wrote: 'According to . . . Freud, the infant possesses a disposition to homosexuality as well as to heterosexuality, and this psychic ambisexuality represents the mental concomitant of the anatomical hermaphroditism presented in the rudimentary sex organs and their analogues.' Psycho-analysis has 'laid an altogether unwarranted stress upon anatomical sexual conformation' in the study of unconscious homosexuality (*Psychoanalytic Review*, iv, 1917, 281). But see Introduction, pp. xxxii–xxxiv and note on 120:13.

- 129:10 **And woman . . . in Parliament** Nancy, Lady Astor (1879–1964), the first female member of the House of Commons, elected in 1919.
- 129:36 **wife and children to leave.** Cf. Luke ix. 24 and xiv. 26.
- 130:10 **clock-work Kant . . . Josephine for a Hapsburg** See *PU* 27:35 and note . . . Napoleon divorced the childless Josephine de Beauharnais (1763–1814) in order to marry (in 1810) the Habsburg princess Marie-Louise.
- 131:33 **Maupassant or Oscar Wilde.** Guy de Maupassant (1850–93), French novelist and short-story writer who died from syphilitic insanity; cf. ‘Making Love to Music’ in *Phoenix*, ed. McDonald, p. 161. Oscar Wilde (1854–1900), Irish writer and dramatist, imprisoned for homosexual offences.
- 133:24 **rising from the sea** Like Aphrodite (135:9).
- 133:26 **new heaven and a new earth.** Isaiah lxx. 17. A frequent image in DHL; e.g. his poem ‘New Heaven and Earth’ in *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts (1964), pp. 256–61.
- 133:29 **Schwarm,** Figuratively, ‘ideal’, ‘craze’, or ‘crush’ (German). In a copy of *The Rainbow* given to his sister Ada, DHL changed the title of chap. IX, ‘Shame’, to ‘Schwarm’: see Mark Kinkead-Weekes and John Worthen, ‘More about *The Rainbow*’, *DHLR*, xxix no. 3 (2000), 14–16. Seltzer’s alteration to *Schwärmerei* (‘enthusiasm’) probably does not reflect DHL’s intentions; see Textual apparatus.
- 134:3 **responsible for it.** In manuscript, DHL evidently intended to end the chapter here (10 lines into p. 64 of TS) as his chapter title suggests; it is unlikely that part of his manuscript was not typed. In revision he added 3½ and 7½ closely written manuscript pages to TS1R and TS2R respectively. This makes the chapter in TS2R almost four times its original length and extends the argument far beyond merely the ‘birth’ of sex; see Textual apparatus.
- 134:25 **“electricity,” by analogy** See *PU* 22:20 and note.
- 135:33 **new song** A biblical phrase: Psalms xxxiii. 3, xci. 1, etc.
- 136:32 **night are hers.** Cf. ‘Foreword’ to *S & L* 471:6ff., where this relation between man and woman is developed in an analogy with bees.
- 137:6 **individuality.** This editorial reading replaces DHL’s ‘individual’ – a simple slip in a passage where both words are used several times (TS2R, un-numbered MS pp. following p. 64).
- 137:24 **inevitably.** There is a similar account in relation to Australia in *Kangaroo* 21.
- 139:29 **like the savages,** DHL had read accounts of initiation ceremonies of various kinds in the anthropologists, e.g. in Frazer’s *Golden Bough*, II.225ff.
- 140:39 **Sodom apple** Also known as the Dead Sea fruit, a marvellous fruit which dissolves when touched; applied to any apparently fine thing which is disappointing.

141:1 “knowledge” and “understanding.” Cf. Isaiah xi. 2.

141:19 **Marx . . . Shaw . . . Methuselah** Karl Marx (1818–83), German author of *Das Kapital* which laid the intellectual groundwork for the Communist Party and other workers’ movements . . . George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950), author and Fabian Socialist . . . alluding to Shaw’s play *Back to Methuselah* (written 1918, publ. 1921), which envisages a bodiless Utopia of being.

141:23 **Our leaders [141:13] . . . my passionate instinct.** Richard Lovatt Somers expands on this theme in *Kangaroo* 294–304.

143:22 **darkly, . . . know in full.** 1 Corinthians xiii. 12: ‘For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known.’

145:12 **Mrs Ruskin . . . spoke the truth.** John Ruskin (1819–1900), art critic, was the only child of possessive parents. His marriage to Euphemia Gray was annulled on grounds of non-consummation; cf. *Letters*, i. 477.

145:30 **between the two.** DHL’s belief in a radical sex-aversion between parent and child, and his analysis of ‘introversion’ which follows here, leads to his rejection of the psychoanalytical model at the end of the chapter. It stands in contrast to Freud’s conclusions about ‘the incest dread of savages’. Incest dread, Freud wrote in *Totem and Taboo* (1913),

is a subtle infantile trait and is in striking agreement with the psychic life of the neurotic. Psychoanalysis has taught us that the first object selection of the boy is of an incestuous nature and that it is directed to the forbidden objects, the mother and the sister . . . The neurotic . . . has either not been able to free himself from the child-like conditions of psycho-sexuality, or else he has returned to them (inhibited development and regression). Hence the incestuous fixations of the libido still play or are again playing the main rôle in his unconscious psychic life. We have gone so far as to declare that the relation to the parents instigated by incestuous longings is the central complex of the neurosis. This discovery . . . meets with the most general incredulity on the part of the grownup, normal man . . . We are forced to believe that such a rejection is above all the product of man’s deep aversion to his former incest wishes which have since succumbed to repression. (trans. A. A. Brill, New York, 1918, chap. I, ‘The Savage’s Dread of Incest’, p. 24)

Jung, in disagreement with Freud, saw taboos of this kind as part of the collective unconscious of the human race. If there were an *innate* biological aversion, as DHL asserts against Freud, this would remove the necessity of external moral sanctions or taboos. DHL nevertheless argues for taboos at 159:34–40.

146:11 *“ je te vois, petite sâle, ”* ‘I see you, dirty little thing’ (French).

146:37 **our dirt, our disease.** DHL’s account of introversion, though couched in his own terms, may well have been influenced by Trigant Burrow’s paper ‘The Genesis and Meaning of “Homosexuality”’, 272–84; see *Letters* vi. 100. DHL returns to the theme of perversion in his journalism of the 1920s; for instance, in ‘Pornography and Obscenity’ first published as a pamphlet (1929).

- 147:5 **possess his own soul** Luke xxi. 19.
- 147:17 *âge dangereuse*, 'Dangerous age' (French), towards middle-age; cf. 147:33–36.
- 147:35 **the age of thirty-five**, DHL was in his thirty-fifth year at the time of writing.
- 148:15 **whom she may devour**. Cf. 1 Peter v. 8.
- 148:28 "*On revient . . . On ne revient . . . premier amour.*" 'One always returns to one's first love . . . One never returns to one's first love' (French). In discussing the repressed mother-fixation in her *Outline of Psycho-analysis*, Barbara Low wrote: 'In literal truth, *Nous revenons toujours à nos premiers amours*' (p. 99).
- 153:14 **we know . . . of what nature**, A1's attempt to improve the slight grammatical problem, evidently due to typist's eyeskip in TS (see Textual apparatus), goes further than is necessary. The simplest solution, adopted here, is to remove the intrusive 'what' before 'we know'.
- 153:17 **metaphysics . . . absolute as heretofore**. Probably alluding to Einstein's Theory of Relativity which limited the applicability of Newton's laws; see 167:5–9 and note on 72:4. In a passage defending Newton's Pythagorean beliefs, Blavatsky wrote: 'Great contempt is shown for metaphysics generally and for ontological metaphysics especially. But we see . . . that materialistic, physical science is honey-combed with metaphysics' (*Secret Doctrine* I.484–5).
- 153:22 **Marconi-wires** Evidently DHL's coinage for some part of wireless circuitry; see 77:20 and note.
- 153:26 **my own centres of primary consciousness**. There is a fictional representation of this childhood experience in *S & L* 84:20–85:9 and 168:38–9; see note on 87:8 above.
- 154:5 **foot of Etna . . . a Palermitan**, Cf. *Sea and Sardinia*, ed. Mara Kalnins (Cambridge, 1997) 8:10–36, 32:15.
- 154:6 **old houses . . . unbearable**. Cf. the description of Rackham Cottage in 'England, My England', which DHL rewrote six months after *FU*; see *England, My England and Other Stories*, ed. Bruce Steele (Cambridge, 1990) 8:13–24.
- 154:36 **Holy Ghost . . . after our Pentecost**, Acts ii. 1–4. Cf. *Aaron's Rod* 296:3–38.
- 155:13 **Cook's tourist-interpreter** Employee of the travel agency Thomas Cook and Son.
- 155:37 **love-tanks**. DHL's coinage. Military tanks had first been used in 1916 during the first World War.
- 156:2 "*Sois mon frère . . . je me tue.*" 'Be my brother or I will kill you' 'Be my brother or I will kill myself' (French). The first is the wry interpretation of the French revolutionary slogan 'Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité ou la mort' by Nicolas-Sébastien Chamfort (1741–94); the second is DHL's parody of it.

156:10 **Onward Christian soldiers**, Hymn (1865) by Sabine Baring-Gould (1834–1924).

156:31 **Fatherland . . .**” In the preceding paragraph, DHL satirises particularly those scientific advances (sterilised milk for babies, anaesthetics in childbirth, household appliances) linked to ideals of social welfare. These he sees as distinctively English as against the German equivalent – military discipline, paternalistically imposed, in the service of the state. His German caricature contains echoes of Bismarck, Nietzsche and Wagner in its militarism, its notions of the will and the superman. The ‘motto’ in the following paragraph (156:37) – make the Germans clear the blocked line to the ideal state (New Jerusalem) – is an allusion to the reparations imposed on a defeated Germany by the Treaty of Versailles in 1919. See also note on 69:16.

157:36 **than to arrive**. Robert Louis Stevenson: ‘To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive’ (*Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881, chap. VI, ‘El Dorado’).

158:25 **to your tents, my Israel**. See 68:14 and note; cf. Joshua xxii. 4: ‘return ye, and get you unto your tents’. Joshua is exhorting the Israelites to enter into their inheritance from Moses.

159:7 **a leading commandment**. Exodus xx. 12.

160:4 **the child’s consciousness**. Among other possible titles for this book, DHL had suggested ‘Child Consciousness’ and ‘The Child and the Unconscious’. See 166:4.

160:28 **director of the man**. Cf. *Rainbow* 11:4–13:18.

161:37 **this stone, this scorpion** Luke xi. 11, 12.

163:8 **secret of Greek fire** Used in Greek naval warfare to destroy enemy ships.

163:15 **benevolenting** DHL’s coinage: ‘exercising benevolence’.

163:28 **apples of the Sodom vine** Deuteronomy xxxii. 32. DHL mixes the horticultural metaphor combining the evil perversion of Sodom with the apple of the Fall. But see 140:39. For DHL on mixed metaphors, see 175:13–16.

163:32 **solitude**.” ‘How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!’ William Cowper, ‘Retirement’, l. 739 in *Poems* (1782).

164:11 **Eleanora**.” Perhaps referring to Italian actress Eleanora Duse (1859–1924), whose love affair with Italian poet and novelist Gabriele D’Annunzio was widely publicised and fictionalised by D’Annunzio in his novel *Il Fuoco* (1900). For DHL’s interest in Duse see *Letters*, ii. 595, iv. 485, 543, etc.

164:27 **Lloyd George** David Lloyd George, 1st Earl of Dwyfor (1863–1945), Liberal Prime Minister of Great Britain (1916–22), whom DHL detested: ‘Lloyd George is a clever little Welsh *rat*, absolutely dead at the core, sterile, barren, mechanical, capable only of rapid and acute mechanical movements. God alone knows where he will land us: there will be a very big mess’ (*Letters*, iii. 48).

164:32 **a look of Cain**, A guilty, fugitive look. Cain, the first murderer; see Genesis iv. 8–12.

164:34 **Bis! Bis!!** ‘Repeat, encore’ (French).

164:37 **Catherine Linton in *Wuthering Heights***, In the novel (1847) by Emily Brontë (1818–48), Catherine Earnshaw marries Edgar Linton despite her obsessive love for the strange foundling Heathcliff. When Heathcliff returns after an absence of some years, Catherine dies of ‘brain fever’, having given birth to a daughter, Catherine Linton.

165:7 **apple of knowledge . . . digested**. See Genesis iii. 2–7, where the ‘fruit’ is traditionally called an apple.

166:3 **short . . . sweet**. ‘Short and sweet is best’ (proverbial).

166:19 **Peace, be still . . .!** Mark iv. 39.

167:20 **aldeboronti fosco fornio** Henry Carey (1693²–1743), *Chrononhotonthologos* (1734), I.i: ‘Aldiborontiphoscophornio! / Where left you Chrononhoton-thologos?’ Often used parodically as a magical incantation.

167:25 **The atom! . . . constituents**. Cf. ‘how absurd are the simultaneous admissions of the non-divisibility and elasticity of the atom. The atom *is* elastic, *ergo*, the atom is divisible, and must consist of particles, or of *sub*-atoms. And these *sub*-atoms? . . . they too are subject to divisibility. And thus *ad infinitum* . . . This vicious circle is fatal to materialism . . . A world built on absolutely *non*-elastic atoms, is like an engine without steam, it is doomed to eternal inertia’ (Blavatsky, *Secret Doctrine*, I.519).

168:14 **spelched** Chipped or splintered (dialect).

168:20 **Aldebaran . . . Cassiopeia** See note on 73:21 . . . a constellation near the Pole Star.

168:35 **bygone individuals**. In this and the following paragraphs, DHL may be drawing on theories reported by Blavatsky: ‘the world’s system [is] *reborn from its ashes*, through a nebula; the emanation from the bodies, dead and dissolved in Space – resultant of the *incandescence* of the solar center reanimated by the combustible matter of the planets’ (*The Secret Doctrine*, I.601). DHL’s claim that the sun is ‘materially composed of all the effluence of the dead’ (170:5) may have been influenced by Egyptian and Aztec beliefs that human sacrifice renews the sun.

175:6 **roll away the stone . . . imprisoned consciousness**. See Matthew xxviii. 2.

176:11 **identity in the sun**. Jung discusses the sun as a powerful symbol of the libido and examines many traditions of sun-worship; see, for instance, Jung 115–16.

176:36 **polarity of the moon**. See *Rainbow* 443:30–445:37, where in intense moonlight by the water’s edge Ursula Brangwen fights for her separateness from Anton Skrebensky and his world.

177:2 **radium-energy, and so on**. On the Pacific coast of Australia, in the moonlight, Richard Lovatt Somers meditates on the waves ‘rushing with venomous radium-

burning speed into the body of the land' (*Kangaroo* 340:6–341:14). DHL appears to find in 'radium-energy' the paradoxically 'cold' destructive power of radioactive 'heat'. Radium was being used medically by 1920 to treat a range of conditions including, of course, cancers. Moon-scenes appear frequently in DHL's fiction, often using similar words to those employed here ('frictional', 'white fire'), e.g. *The Trespasser*, ed. Elizabeth Mansfield (Cambridge, 1981) 133:11–32; *Rainbow* 443ff. For an account of DHL's reaction to moonlight as a youth, see 'E.T.' [Jessie Chambers], *D. H. Lawrence: A Personal Record* (1935), pp. 127–8.

177:20 **right side . . . left side . . . to the earth's centre.** In alchemical doctrine, the sun is associated with the right side of the breast and the moon with the left.

180:23 **The Freudians . . . incest desire.** In the Introduction to *Psychology of the Unconscious* Jung had said:

Anyone who can read Freud's 'Interpretation of the Dream' without scientific rebellion at the newness and apparently unjustified daring of its analytical presentation, and without moral indignation at the astonishing nudity of the dream interpretation, and who can allow this unusual array of facts to influence his mind calmly and without prejudice, will surely be deeply impressed at the place where Freud calls to mind the fact that an individual psychologic conflict, namely, the Incest Phantasy, is the essential root of that powerful ancient dramatic material, the Oedipus legend. (Jung 5)

For Freud's discussion of incest dreams, see, for instance, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, chap. V, section d (Freud, *Works* V.347ff.).

181:3 **terrifies a man.** Richard Lovatt Somers dreams of a composite figure of his mother and his wife 'sullen and obstinate against him, repudiating him'. On waking, he tells himself: 'The dream is one of those larvae of my past emotions. It means that the danger is passed, the evil is overcome . . . In dreams the diseases and evil weaknesses of the soul – and of our relations with other souls – take form to triumph falsely over the living, healthy, onward-struggling spirit. This dream means that the actual danger is gone' (*Kangaroo* 96:25–97:36). See also the TS and TS1R readings for 180:23 in the Textual apparatus.

182:9 **dreams of a psychic nature.** Cf. 'the dream is a series of images, which are apparently contradictory and nonsensical, but arise in reality from psychological material which yields a clear meaning' (Jung 10).

183:1 **What is . . . the danger-passion?** In TS2R, DHL failed to delete the word 'would' thus giving rise to the various readings in the printed texts (see Textual apparatus). TS2R reads: '<Where> What would <we say was the passionate centre in a horse?—in the loins, the powerful passionate loins: the sacral ganglion, and the hypogastric plexus.> is the dynamic passion . . . The horse which . . . ' (p. 103; angled brackets indicate DHL's deletions). For this passage cf. Ursula Brangwen's experience with horses: *Rainbow* 451:21–454:10.

185:24 **waters of the Red Sea,** See Exodus xiv. 21.

188:11 **dependent upon the moon.** DHL's account of the origin of the moon could have been derived from a number of sources, including the theosophists. Blavatsky, for instance, writes: 'Had our wise men of science known as much of the mysteries of nature as the ancient Aryans did, they would surely never have imagined that the moon was projected from the Earth' and 'Lunar magnetism generates life, preserves and kills it' (*The Secret Doctrine*, I.398).

189:17 **rusé** 'Artful', 'deceitful' (French).

190:7 **Einstein's Relativity theory.** For DHL's knowledge of Einstein's theory, see note on 72:4.

190:40 **Lord Haldane . . . is absolute.** DHL is paraphrasing (cf. 'Lord Haldane says there is knowledge in itself', TS p. 108) rather than quoting Richard Burdon, Viscount Haldane (1856–1928), philosopher, statesman and humanist. In volume II of his Gifford Lectures, *Pathway to Reality*, for instance, Haldane argued that 'Knowledge is a supreme and ultimate fact' (p. 22), that 'the nature of ultimate reality is mind' (p. 95) and 'there are . . . degrees in the ends and standpoints of knowledge – degrees above those of our ordinary knowledge and yet short of the knowledge that is absolute' (p. 249). Haldane's predecessor as Gifford Lecturer, to whom he frequently referred, was William James (see 8:24 and note). It is unlikely that DHL had read *Reign of Relativity* (May 1921), in which Haldane returns to this theme, but he may have read reviews of it.

193:11 **Moloch,** A god of the Canaanites to whom children were sacrificed (see Acts vii. 43); here symbolic of cruelty. Cf. Henry Handel Richardson's influential novel *Maurice Guest* (1908), Part I chap. 1, where the young Maurice has a nightmare dream of Moloch.

193:27 **which the parents could not fulfil.** This passage can be related back to the parable of excess in reproduction which opens *Hardy*, chaps. I and II. Cf. also the generational structure of *The Rainbow* where successive generations are able in some measure to achieve what their parents could only dimly apprehend.

194:1 **love is really blind.** 'But love is blind, and lovers cannot see', *The Merchant of Venice* II. ii. 36.

196:30 **bruise the Serpent's head: . . . a good one.** Genesis iii. 15, where God addresses the serpent: the enmity between the woman and the serpent 'shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel'. See note on 7:8.

197:31 "if thine eye . . . pluck it out," Matthew v. 29: 'if thy right eye . . . '.

198:8 **a naked Eve, and send the apple flying.** Cf. DHL's allegorical painting *Flight Back into Paradise* (*Paintings of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. Levy, Plate IX).

198:34 **Lot's wife . . . a pillar of salt,** See Genesis xix. 17, 26. A frequent image, e.g. *Letters*, i. 98.

199:26 **her goal.** In A1 and E1 the sentence 'That's what it is to have a wife' (199:25) is repeated here, perhaps an eyeskip by the A1 compositor or a typist. See Introduction, p. xlvii.

199:35 **to have a wife.** Cf. 'Foreword' to *S & L* 471:37–472:13. DHL carries this theme through into *Kangaroo*: see especially chaps. VIII and IX.

200:12 **Carmen . . . Anna Karenin.** Eponymous heroines respectively of the opera (1875) by Georges Bizet (1838–75) and the novel (1878) by Leo Tolstói (1828–1910). Count Vronsky (200:25–6) is Anna Karenin's lover. Natasha and Pierre (200:25–6) are principal characters in Tolstói's *War and Peace* (1863–9). DHL repeats and expands this criticism of Tolstói's two great novels in 'The Novel' (*Hardy* 183); in *Hardy* he sees Anna's tragedy in her being 'up against the established system of human government and morality' from which she cannot detach herself and so is 'brought down' (*Hardy* 179–89 and 29:22–30:6).

200:30 **I am a ruin—** See *Anna Karenin*, Part 8 chap. 5.

201:1 **Epilogue** DHL added this 'Epilogue' on 15 October 1921 during his revision of the typescript TS2R. The first version, appended to TS1R, was originally headed 'Chapter XVII' and its two (unnumbered) pages may have come from the now unlocated MS; see Introduction, p. xlii.

201:3 **with the Gloria.** When sung or recited in many Christian liturgies, the biblical Psalms have the doxology 'Glory be to the father' appended. DHL quotes its concluding sentence.

201:9 **volume up my sleeve,** This third volume was never written; see Introduction p. xx.

201:11 **Liberty statue, oh Columbia,** Statue of Liberty, the torch-bearing female figure, on Bedloe's Island at the entrance to New York Harbour; a sign of welcome to new settlers. DHL was already planning to go to America. 'Columbia' alludes to the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus (c. 1445–1506) in 1492 and DHL puns on the Latin 'columba' ('a dove'). In his poem 'Song of the Exposition' (1871), Walt Whitman wrote: 'But hold – don't I forget my manners? / To introduce the stranger . . . to thee Columbia; / In Liberty's name welcome immortal! clasp hands, / And ever henceforth sisters dear be both' (ll. 60–3).

201:15 **sucking doves . . . in my Foreword.** 'I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove' (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. ii. 74) . . . In view of the truncated 'Foreword' in A1, this phrase was reworded as 'of my "Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious"'. Even this would have made only minimal sense to readers unfamiliar with the reviews DHL criticised in the uncut 'Foreword'.

201:18 **Do you see any green in my eye?"** Do you think I'm gullible? (proverbial).

202:2 **look in its mouth,** To test the claims of a suspicious horse-trader as to a horse's age by checking its teeth. Cf. proverbial 'look a gift horse in the mouth'.

202:7 **Ebersteinburg,** See Introduction, p. xlii.

202:10 **"These States."** Whitman uses this phrase frequently, as in 'Starting from Paumanok': 'In the name of these States shall I scorn the antique' (l. 52).

202:16 **the Fatherland.** Disgraced because Germany was defeated in the First World War (1918) and treated harshly by the Treaty of Versailles (1919).

202:17 *Chi va ... zoppica.* 'He who goes with the lame is lame for the year' (Italian).

202:18 **gather ye ... where ye may.** 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may' (Robert Herrick, 1591–1674, 'To Virgins, to Make Much of Time', 1648, l.1).

202:35 **Garibaldi ... Vittorio Emmanuele ... Caserta ... triumphant entry.** Giuseppe Garibaldi (1807–82), Italian patriot and hero of the *Risorgimento*, whose actions led to the unification of the Italian Kingdom under King Vittorio Emmanuele (1820–78) of Sardinia. Caserta, a town in the former Kingdom of Naples, surrendered in 1860. Garibaldi and the king entered Naples. See *Movements* 235–8.

203:4 **Don Sturzo.** Luigi Sturzo (1871–1959), Italian priest, political activist and leader of the Italian People's Party (founded 1919) promoting radical but peaceful social reform, unlike the militant Socialists. He was a vigorous opponent of Fascism and after Mussolini's 'March on Rome' (1922) joined the opposition. From his political point of view, shared by his largely peasant supporters, Italy was far from being 'one'.

203:12 *carotaia,* DHL's coinage (pseudo-Italian) 'carrot-bearer'.

203:15 **Professor Pickering ... life on our satellite.** William Henry Pickering (1858–1938), American astronomer noted for his work in planetary photography. In his copiously illustrated study *The Moon* (1903), he stated that his researches suggested that 'organic life resembling vegetation' (p. 56) might exist on the moon, but that they 'weaken the strongest argument hitherto found for the existence of highly intelligent life upon Mars' (p. 65). DHL appears to be quoting from a newspaper, perhaps an interview with Pickering or a review of his recent collection of scientific papers, *Mars* (1921).

203:37 **Mr Moony.** DHL first wrote "How do you do, Mr Moony?" but then replaced the first four words with "Pray come in" while leaving the question mark which found its way into A1.

204:3 **stranger than fiction.** Cf. Byron, *Don Juan*, xiv. 800–1: 'Truth is always strange, / Stranger than fiction'.

204:5 *A rivederci.* 'Goodbye'; lit. 'till we meet again' (Italian).

TEXTUAL APPARATUS

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The following symbols are used to indicate states of the text:

*A*₁ = American first edition

*E*₁ = English first edition

*A*₁*R* = DHL's autograph correction of *A*₁ (UT)

The base-text is *A*₁ and the sequence is *A*₁, *E*₁, *A*₁*R*. Whenever the base-text reading is adopted, it appears within the square bracket with no symbol. Variants appear to the right of the bracket.

The following symbols are used editorially:

Ed. = Editor

~ = Repeated word in recording an accidental variant

/ = line-end

Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious

7:6	<i>volte face</i>] <i>volte-face</i> <i>E</i> ₁	23:11	anti-maternal <i>E</i> ₁] anti-/ material <i>A</i> ₁
7:27	<i>ex cathedra</i>] <i>ex cathedrâ</i> <i>E</i> ₁]	25:23	strengthens] strengths <i>E</i> ₁
7:29	Menschanschauung] Men- schenschauung <i>E</i> ₁	26:10	sympathetic <i>Ed.</i>] sympathetic <i>A</i> ₁
8:14	<i>débâcle</i>] <i>débâcle</i> <i>E</i> ₁	26:25	sum-total] sum total <i>E</i> ₁
8:17	Esculapius] Æsculapius <i>E</i> ₁	27:11	defaulture <i>A</i> ₁ <i>R</i>] refaulture <i>A</i> ₁ , <i>E</i> ₁
13:26	<i>cul de sac</i>] <i>cul-de-sac</i> <i>E</i> ₁	33:9	hand-activity <i>A</i> ₁ <i>R</i>] hand ac- tivity <i>A</i> ₁ , <i>E</i> ₁
14:3	incest-motive <i>Ed.</i>] incest-/ motive <i>A</i> ₁	33:39	returns <i>A</i> ₁ <i>R</i>] returns to <i>A</i> ₁ , <i>E</i> ₁
14:28	identical . . . material. <i>A</i> ₁ <i>R</i> , <i>E</i> ₁] ideal peoples are the most completely ma-/ identical with pure materialism, and the most/ terial. <i>A</i> ₁ see notes	37:1	twofold <i>E</i> ₁] two-/fold <i>A</i> ₁
15:3	motor-principle <i>E</i> ₁] motor-/ principle <i>A</i> ₁	38:4	aim <i>A</i> ₁ <i>R</i> , <i>E</i> ₁] AIM <i>A</i> ₁
15:12	red-hot <i>E</i> ₁] red-/hot <i>A</i> ₁	39:14	consciousness <i>Ed.</i>] conscious <i>A</i> ₁
16:33	parents, something] ~. Some- thing <i>E</i> ₁	40:35	India-rubber] india-rubber <i>E</i> ₁
18:30	Yet <i>Ed.</i>] Yes <i>A</i> ₁ see notes	41:4	interhuman-polarity <i>E</i> ₁] inter-/ human-polarity <i>A</i> ₁
20:39	new-born <i>E</i> ₁] new-/born <i>A</i> ₁	41:37	graphic <i>E</i> ₁] grafic <i>A</i> ₁
		42:1	insentient <i>A</i> ₁ <i>R</i> , <i>E</i> ₁] inscutient <i>A</i> ₁

42:16	tea-pot] teapot <i>E1</i>	42:34	polarity. <i>Ed.</i>] polarity. Any vital circuit – a fact known to psychoanalysis. <i>A1</i> see notes
42:30	pre-mental <i>Ed.</i>] pre-/ mental <i>A1</i> premental <i>E1</i>		

Fantasia of the Unconscious

The following symbols are used to distinguish states of the text:

MS = Autograph manuscript of 'Foreword' only (UT)

TS = Typescript in two mixed ribbon and carbon copies (see next items)

TS1R = DHL's autograph revision of *TS* first copy (UCB)

TS2R = DHL's autograph revision of *TS* second copy (UT)

A1 = American first edition

E1 = English first edition

The base-text for the 'Foreword' (not included in *TS*) is *MS*. For the rest of the book the base-text is *TS*. Page 1 of *TS* is missing: in *TS1R*, DHL replaced it with three manuscript pages, and in *TS2R* he replaced pages 1 and 2 also, with three manuscript pages. Whenever the base-text reading is adopted, it appears within the square bracket with no symbol. Variants appear to the right of the bracket in the chronological order of the above list. In the absence of information to the contrary, the reader should assume that a variant occurs in all subsequent states. When a reading from a source other than *TS* has been preferred, it appears with its source-symbol within the square bracket; the rejected *TS* reading then follows the bracket along with any variants from later states.

The following symbols are used editorially:

Om. = Omitted

Ed. = Editor

~ = Repeated word in recording an accidental variant

P = New paragraph

/ = Line-end

{ } = Partial variant

<> = Deletion

= one-line space

51:2	An Answer ... [61:39] of the critics.] <i>Om.</i> <i>A1</i> see the following two entries	63:34	half forgotten] half-forgotten <i>A1</i>
56:20	succeed in <i>Ed.</i>] succeed on <i>MS</i>	64:36	Life] life <i>A1</i>
56:26	delvings <i>Ed.</i>] delving <i>MS</i>	64:40	nourishes] nourish <i>A1</i>
62:1	alone: the] ~. The <i>A1</i> alone. <i>The E1</i>	65:2	buffers] duffers <i>A1</i>
63:2	terms;] ~, <i>A1</i>	65:6	pollyanalytics,] “~, ” <i>A1</i>
63:3	once had, I believe,] once, had <i>A1</i>	65:6	the respected gentleman] one of my respected critics <i>A1</i>
		65:17	unconscious] ~, <i>A1</i>
		65:21	metaphysic] <i>metaphysics E1</i>

- 65:34 dollar's-worth] dollar's worth
AI
- 65:35 Taormina: 8 October 1921]
TAORMINA/ October 8,
1921 *AI* TAORMINA.
D.H.L. *EI*
- 66:12 Now this is *TS2R*] Which we
call *TS1R*
- 66:15 adult human *TS2R*] adult
TS1R
- 66:15 a...sex enters. *TS2R*] there
enters a...sex. *TS1R*
- 66:17 pulled *TS2R*] has pulled *TS1R*
- 66:24 female: *TS1R*] ~; *AI* ~, *EI*
- 66:24 male...female *TS2R*] the
male...the female *TS1R*
- 66:26 approach, *TS1R*] ~ *AI*
- 66:28 in human relationships:
TS2R] *Om. TS1R*
- 66:29 the essential clue *TS2R*] essen-
tial *TS1R*
- 66:34 sincerely *TS2R*] honestly
TS1R
- 67:1 or to *TS2R*] or *TS1R*
- 67:3 coition? was *TS2R*] ~?—was
TS1R] ~? Was *AI*
- 67:10 dear": *TS2R*] ~:" *TS1R* ~";
AI
- 67:14 pure *TS2R*] ~, *TS1R*
- 67:21 the interests of *TS2R*] *Om.*
TS1R
- 67:22 do, is *TS2R*] do is not, as Mr
Buermyer says, to trace the
sexual impulse to its source,
but to trace something that
goes even deeper. We wish
TS1R
- 67:23 being, ... the other. *TS2R*] be-
ing. It may be a large wish,
but why not try. And we want
to trace the great parallel be-
tween the religious motive and
the sexual. The two great
- impulses are like man and wife,
or father and son: usually in
conflict. Yet it is no use subor-
dinating the one to the other.
Out of the marriage of the two
great motives life takes place.
TS1R
- 67:29 laugh! to sex. Whereupon ...
impulse. *TS2R*] "fough!", and
the scientist replies with an in-
dulgent "fie! fie!" The scientist
has the laugh today. He is so
sure of himself, trying to find a
cause for everything. And the
religious impulse, having no
logical purpose, has no logical
cause. It is just one of the freak-
tricks of life. *TS1R*
- 67:32 Freud *TS2R*] *P* Freud *TS1R*
- 67:33 dodges ... we are. *TS2R*] occa-
sionally slips a surplice over his
B.A. gown. *TS1R* see also fol-
lowing entry
- 67:33 surplice, *TS2R*] ~ *AI*
- 67:35 *Vital. TS2R*] *Vital*, as being
more tangible. *TS1R*
- 67:35 Sex has ... But also *TS2R*] *R*
Though when we find sex
masquerading as the original
source of all human activity, a
helpless feeling of vagueness
comes over us. The definite
meaning of the word is lost,
and the word becomes invalid.
TS1R see also following entry
- 67:38 We refuse ... But also *TS2R*] *R*
Om. TS1R see notes
- 67:39 perpetuum mobile] *perpetuum*
mobile AI perpetuum mobile EI
- 68:1 we feel ... up into the clouds:
that is, if ... [68:6] absurd.
TS2R] [*TS* begins] ... born
into our heads, surreptitiously

- and try to stifle their crying though we go about all day haunted by the knowledge of their existence, and at night, in dreams, we take them to our breast. That's all it amounts to, this wonderful Freudian unconscious. In the beginning was the Word, and in the end likewise. *TS* we feel . . . into the clouds: if . . . absurd. *TS1R* see also following two entries
- 68:3 *Excelsior TS2R*] *Excelsior TS*
 68:5 practise *TS2R, E1*] practice *A1*
 68:7 The promised . . . world-brotherhood and international love and . . . on top of . . . [68:18] pure milk and honey. *TS2R*] We refuse to be frightened by misbegotten bastard ideas in the cellars of consciousness. And we refuse to perish like Moses or the modern philosophers on the last weary Pisgah of idealism. Idealism and materialism are just the same thing in the end, the wilderness and the desert of our long wandering. To your tents, Oh Israel. To-morrow we'll pack up and move into Canaan, which though it may be flowing with honey, will very shortly be flowing with blood, and the blood rivers will flow longer than the trickles of honey or the spasmodic rivulets of milk. *TS* The promised . . . world-brotherhood, or internationals and . . . they are just the same now we're at the top of Pisgah: sex or aeroplanes or Leagues, all in the same camp
- on the top of Pisgah, and a very tight squeeze. To your tents, O Israel. We'll go down. We'll go down to this precious Canaan of honey and milk. It'll soon be flowing faster with blood than with the other two. But my Canaan has blood in its veins, so let it flow. *TS1R* see the following three entries
- 68:7 be *TS2R*] lie *TS1R*
 68:8 excelsiors *TS1R*] *Excelsiors A1*
 68:12 up *TS2R*] on *E1*
 68:20 is a *TS2R*] was a *TS*
 68:21 So is the Cause. *TS2R*] *Om. TS* So . . . cause. *TS1R, A1*
 68:21 Let *TS2R*] So let *TS*
 68:23 seem to *TS1R*] really *TS*
 68:24 Likewise . . . [68:35] is *Om!* *TS2R*] {The same with causes. *TS1R*} *P* It really is just {tiring at this point *TS1R*} nonsense to talk about God or {causes *TS1R*} origins. That is just unknowable to us, and always will be, and we'd be sorry if it wasn't. Let us pronounce the mystic *Om*, from the pit of the stomach, and proceed. *P* There's not a shadow of a doubt about it, we can't explain ourselves, and we never shall succeed in doing so. That needn't prevent our {exploring ourselves *TS1R*} trying. So long as we really {know there is no goal, and no great high-way thither. *TS1R*} recognise where imbecility begins. *TS* see also the following three entries
- 68:24 teaparty *TS2R*] tea party *A1*

68:27 table; *TS₂R*] ~, *E₁*
 68:30 teaparties *TS₂R*] tea parties
A₁
 68:37 —Baby dear] *Om. A₁*
 68:37 nor where I exit *TS₂R*] and I
 don't know where I'm going
TS
 68:38 life nor *TS₂R*] life and I don't
 know *TS*
 68:39 which I am *TS₂R*] which I
 know I am *TS*
 68:40 those two *TS₂R*] the two *TS*
 69:1 just a *TS₂R*] a mere *TS*
 69:1 father and mother *TS₂R*]]
 mother and my father *TS*
 69:2 since I've got *TS₂R*] I prefer
TS
 69:2 cells, I'm glad I do know.
TS₂R] cells. *TS*
 69:4 The Moses . . . [70:17] to sing.
TS₂R] And that's how it is. I
 prefer to know all I can know;
 But I really will try not to fake
 up explanations of the things I
 can't know. I can't know what
 life is, and I can't know what
 death is. But I can know the
 living, and I know I shall die; I
 can't know the origins of my-
 self, much less the origins of
 life. But I can trace back myself
 to the shores and explore the
 land. And that is my business.
P But before starting, let us see
 what sort of a horizon rings us
 round, and what it looks like
 from afar. I believe that life is
 the origin of everything—and
 I've not the faintest idea what
 life is. I don't mind *élan vital*
 or libido, though they seem
 to me to represent that thing
 which makes a cricket jump or

a frog go through its spawning,
 instead of the wholeness which
 is life {and death. I don't like
 the word God because it in-
 evitably suggests some sort of
 a gentleman *TS₁R*}. I object
 to the word God as a piece of
 helpless anthropomorphising,
 impertinent. *P* Life will do for
 me. I believe life was in the be-
 ginning and will be in the {The
 only thing to know is oneself.
 And the only final knowledge is
 subjective, intuitive. If I've got
 to start at a beginning, then I'll
 start with life. I believe that life
 was the beginning and *TS₁R* }
 end. Which is as good as say-
 ing there *is* no beginning or
 end. I believe that life *always*
 is {living *TS₁R*}, but not ev-
 erywhere. That is to say, life
 is not the one and only. There
 is *always* death, and there al-
 ways will be. So that there is
 always a duality. *P* That is to
 say, there are always the liv-
 ing, and always the dead. And
 they are not divorced. In the
 beginning—if you will have
 beginnings—the first spark
 of matter was {a living crea-
 ture *TS₁R*} living matter and
 the first force was {its little
 life. *TS₁R*} alive. And the
 living {creature *TS₁R*} con-
 tained its own death. {Why
 it did so is a mystery, but it
 did. *TS₁R*} The first living
 {creature *TS₁R*} spark died,
 and the first {inorganic *TS₁R*}
actual Matter {presented it-
 self *TS₁R*} was present. The

first *life* died, and the first energy appeared. *P* In the beginning—we, who have beginnings, must think in terms of beginning and end, just for thought's sake;—in the beginning was {live *TS1R*} *plasm*, {a little creature, *TS1R*} alive. It {<at once> *TS1R*} died, as it always does, and we have at once dead Matter, and Energy, or Force, {. When the plasm of the first creature crumbled in death, the first Matter was the dust thereof. *TS1R*} living and dead go on side by side, in active conjunction forever. What we call the materialistic universe of Force and Matter is the dead {body and breath *TS1R*} residue of previous {creatures. The start of everything was life, and life was never anything except living creatures. When a living creature dies, its plastic life crumbles into material elements, and its vital, individual energy <and by life> disintegrates into the physical forces of heat, electricity etc. Thus we have two worlds: the living, and the dead, or material-mechanistic world. *TS1R*} plasm and life and being. Plasm and being are in the beginning. Matter and Force are the immediate death issue. They interact forever, and are inter-dependent. But life is ultimately master of all the materialistic universe, always. *P* Dead Matter and Force have Law as an inherent quality.

Life has no law, save {The living being has no absolute law, even *TS1R*} in its conjunction with force and matter. Life {—and by life we mean the aggregation of all living things— *TS1R*} in its activity has many laws, but no {absolute *TS1R*} Law. There is no {final *TS1R*} Law for life. It is the incalculable. And it has final control over the materialistic universe. That is to say, the laws of the materialistic universe are dependent on the souls of the living for their enactment {and even existence. *TS1R*}. *P* All this is nothing new. It is part of any man's conscious equipment. I say I know it, because I do know it, and it seems to me true in living experience, without forcing my conclusion. But if any man doesn't agree, he has only to say so. I really like people for whom my truths aren't true. *TS* see also following entries to 69:21

- 69:4 idealism *TS2R*] Idealism *A1*
 69:6 very very *TS2R*] ~, ~ *A1*
 69:12 Psycho *A1*] psycho *TS2R*
 69:19 posterior,] ~ *A1*
 69:21 ho— *TS2R*] ~!— *A1*
 70:19 like, . . . insouciance. And . . . back: *TS2R*] like. *TS*
 70:21 “Though . . . It's . . . me.” *TS2R*] *Om.* *TS* Yet if . . . It still is just as true to me. *TS1R* “~ . . . ~ . . . ~ . . .” *A1*
 70:25 that is, *TS2R*] ~ ~ *E1*
 70:26 our . . . swallows, *TS2R*] the seas of death like swallows, *TS*

- invisibly from the distances of death, *TS_{1R}* ~ . . . ~ *A₁*
- 70:31 I am sorry . . . [70:37] blank. *TS_{2R}*] I believe that the dead come home to the living, and nest in the roof of their warm houses, and twitter and tell old tales, and new tales, and fill the living mind with unborn facts.—But for heaven's sake, don't believe me. You may want to know how and why and where, and reduce me to my magnificent Om! of ignorance. *TS* see also the following three entries
- 70:32 re-enter *TS_{2R}*, *E₁*] reënter *A₁*
- 70:33 living:] ~; *E₁*
- 70:34 is always our affair *TS_{2R}*] <never ends> *TS_{2R}*
- 71:1 long thin] ~, ~, *A₁* ~, ~ *E₁*
- 71:2 He had . . . ghost *TS_{2R}*] Then a fly walked up the twig and on to the caterpillar. So the caterpillar shook its posterior, and the fly made off as if it had seen a ghost *TS*
- 71:8 this *TS_{2R}*] the *TS*
- 71:15 commune! *P* However] ~! ~ *A₁*
- 71:17 And I . . . moral! *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS*
- 71:19 that's . . . statement. *TS_{2R}*] nobody contradicts *that. TS*
- 71:20 *Nem con*] *Nem con A₁* *Nem. con E₁*
- 71:26 bird's eye] bird's-eye *A₁*
- 71:28 duck's-eggs] duck's eggs *A₁*
- 71:32 down *TS_{2R}*] ~, *A₁*
- 71:32 go *TS_{2R}*] you come *TS*
- 71:33 with rods of our own *TS_{2R}*] and {as *TS_{1R}*} fortunate *TS*
- 72:2 The Holy Family *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS* Father and Mother and Child *TS_{1R}*
- 72:3 pleased with *TS_{2R}*] grateful to *TS*
- 72:3 eternal *TS_{2R}*] artificial *TS* external *E₁*
- 72:6 getting drunk *TS_{2R}*] being broken *TS*
- 72:12 I am I] *I am I A₁*
- 72:12 And that . . . remark. *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS*
- 72:25 opening and shutting *TS_{2R}*] being defiled *TS*
- 73:7 harmony *TS_{2R}*] horror *TS*
- 73:8 Jews' Harps] jew's-harps *A₁*
- 73:11 naturally *TS_{2R}*] to me *TS*
- 73:13 What *TS_{2R}*] The! What *TS*
- 73:14 piece . . . lunatic *TS_{2R}*] plate *TS* slice . . . lunatic *TS_{1R}*
- 73:16 under your navel] *Om. A₁*
- 73:21 said] ~, *A₁*
- 73:22 damn *E₁*] dam *TS* damm *A₁*
- 73:26 palisades *TS_{1R}*] gates *TS*
- 73:28 cur!] ~. *A₁*
- 73:29 him Michael] ~, ~ *A₁*
- 73:30 Biff on . . . hoper.] *Om. A₁*
- 73:40 we are *TS*, *TS_{2R}*] we are once more *TS_{1R}*
- 74:1 I think . . . these silly bells. *TS*, *TS_{2R}*] I think . . . my bells. *TS_{1R}* *Om. A₁*
- 74:9 more] ~, *A₁*
- 74:11 in the middle . . . your navel] behind your stomach *A₁*
- 74:14 you] to you *A₁*
- 74:15 willy nilly] willy-nilly *A₁*
- 74:18 Now] ~, *A₁*
- 74:20 when *A₁*] when *TS*
- 74:22 in the . . . belly] behind you stomach *A₁* behind your stomach *E₁*

- 74:25 There, in the middle...the navel,] There *AI*
- 74:30 *voilà AI*] *voilà TS*
- 74:31 *Eccomi*] *Ecco mi AI*
- 74:33 quiet *TS2R*] closed *TS* latched *TS1R*
- 74:40 surrounding, or contiguous,] ~ ~ ~ *AI*
- 75:8 where,] ~ *AI*
- 75:9 gestating *TS1R*] rich gestating *TS*
- 75:10 bloodstream] blood-stream *AI*
blood stream *EI*
- 75:15 They say...[75:21]And, *TS2R*] This is the centre that connected you with the mother, immediately. And in a less immediate way, *TS* They say... on born babies... dear reader. Think how you can save appearances, in the next generation. *P* Yet, dear reader, under... connection with your mother. And there, *TS1R* see also following three entries
- 75:18 appearances. *P* Yet *TS1R*] ~. ~ *AI*
- 75:19 under...the solar plexus,] *Om. AI*
- 75:20 not. There] ~, there *AI*
- 75:21 the father still lies *TS2R*] your father still lies there *TS*
- 75:22 therefore that *TS2R*] that *TS* in that *TS1R*
- 75:23 under your navel,] *Om. AI*
- 75:23 still has *TS, TS2R*] you still have *TS1R*
- 75:24 subtler but still *TS2R*] kind of *TS*
- 75:35 place? *TS, TS2R*] place? Unless the doctor has smoothed it out.— *TS1R*
- 75:37 intrinsic *TS, TS2R*] intrinsic than the father-child relation *TS1R*
- 75:40 male spark] male-spark *AI*
- 76:12 direct *TS, EI*] direction *AI*
- 76:33 there *TS1R, AI*] these *TS*
- 77:1 half-born slaves: ... potatoes *TS2R*] half-born slaves *TS* nowadays just mixtures of previous ingredients, never struck into new oneness *TS1R* see also following entry
- 77:2 organism] organism emanates, the new self, the new soul, the new *AI* see notes
- 77:10 emanates, *TS2R*] ~. *TS*
- 77:13 of race *TS1R*] *Om. TS*
- 77:20 Marconi-stations] Marconi stations *AI*
- 77:35 from the primal *TS1R*] by the great primal *TS*
- 78:5 needs *TS1R*] knows *TS*
- 78:5 mother. *TS2R*] ~; *TS*
- 78:7 voluntary *TS2R*] abdominal *TS*
- 78:27 renew *TS2R*] establish *TS* maintain *TS1R*
- 78:27 allow *TS1R*] cause *TS*
- 79:2 Plexuses... So On *TS2R*] *Om. TS* The Four Centres and their Behaviour *TS1R*
- 79:8 in the...abdomen] behind the stomach *AI*
- 79:11 is instrumental...of living. *TS2R*] a mechanical reality, a finite, finished reality, ending in itself. *TS*
- 79:13 rise *Ed.*] take rise *TS2R* take place *TS* see notes
- 79:16 our *TS1R*] your *TS, AI*
- 79:23 thought: only known. *TS2R*] ~. *TS*
- 79:27 knowledge *TS, TS2R*] dynamic knowledge *TS1R*

- 79:34 new assertion *TS2R*] a retraction *TS*
- 80:1 nucleus born *TS1R*] first nucleus *TS*
- 80:2 system, which . . . individualism. And *TS2R*] system. But *TS*
- 80:5 independence, first-born from *TS2R*] recoil, the first-born of *TS*
- 80:6 have our . . . universe *TS2R*] have, as it were, the moon which corresponds to the sun of the solar plexus *TS*
- 80:12 It . . . identity. *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
- 80:13 separate identity *TS2R*] recoil *TS*
- 80:15 distinction from *TS2R*] defiance of *TS*
- 80:17 of singleness . . . identity *TS2R*] in division *TS*
- 80:18 at one *TS, TS2R*] in sympathy *TS1R*
- 80:18 other than *TS2R*] against *TS* divided from *TS1R*
- 80:19 It is] It is now *TS1R*
- 80:22 separateness *TS2R*] division *TS*
- 80:32 the single . . . surroundings *TS2R*] its independence of the mother, and its power over the mother *TS*
- 80:34 pride . . . own being *TS2R*] will, which recoils and kicks *TS*
- 80:36 masterfulness *TS2R*] cruelty *TS*
- 80:37 mastery . . . to infancy *TS2R*] cruelty, this mocking look of defiance, of self assertion in recoil, of laughing repudiation of unison, this is seen even in the gentle {smiling wickedly in *TS1R*} Lippo Lippi's Infant Jesus *TS* see also following entry
- 80:40 belongs] belong *A1*
- 81:1 independence *TS2R*] recoil *TS*
- 81:3 pride . . . existence *TS2R*] independence *TS*
- 81:16 the unchanging . . . function *TS, TS2R*] sympathy and violence, assimilation and excrementation *TS1R* see also two following entries
- 81:17 and the *TS, TS2R*] and in the *TS1R*
- 81:17 structure:] ~; *A1*
- 81:19 psychological . . . of *TS, TS2R*] psychological duality and physical duality, within *TS1R*
- 81:22 collision *TS2R*] coition *TS*
- 81:28 the great *TS2R*] this great *TS*
- 81:29 this *TS, TS2R*] *Om. TS1R*
- 81:29 same *TS, TS2R*] same as it was in the first egg-cell *TS1R*
- 81:30 nerve centres] nerve-centres *A1*
- 81:35 wall *TS1R*] great wall *TS*
- 81:36 separateness and power *TS2R*] recoil and powers *TS* will and power *TS1R*
- 82:1 our selves] ourselves *A1*
- 82:7 the delightful revelation *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
- 82:16 North *A1*] north *TS*
- 82:17 Northern *A1*] northern *TS*
- 82:18 touching . . . opposite. *TS2R*] after the Southern child. They are not the opposite. They are another thing. *TS*
- 82:25 Memling *A1*] Memline *TS*
- 82:26 Northern *A1*] northern *TS*
- 82:27 all wonderful] all-wonderful *A1*
- 82:28 Southern *A1*] southern *TS*

- 82:31 revelation of the *TS2R*] blissful *TS*
- 82:37 child-wide *TS2R*] child-dark *TS*
- 83:5 unfailling.] ~ *AI*
- 83:16 under-world] under-/world *AI* underworld *EI*
- 83:22 wonderful . . . duality *TS2R*] direct . . . opposition *TS*
- 83:24 a further . . . [83:29]shattering. *TS2R*] not opposition but rather difference: a great difference of goal. On the upper plane “the arrow is beyond thee” { : attention travels outwards, towards the object and away from the self *TS1R*} *TS* see also the following entry
- 83:29 beings] things *AI*
- 83:29 shattering. *P* The] ~. ~ *AI*
- 83:32 then *TS1R*] when *TS*
- 83:36 odd, curious *TS2R*] cold, abstract *TS*
- 83:36 imp *TS2R*] mathematician *TS*
- 83:36 is spying her out *TS2R*] has reckoned her up *TS* has reckoned her up. It sets her apart and sees her objectively, perhaps with a touch of derision *TS1R*
- 83:38 scrutinising . . . eyes *TS2R*] cold knowledge, apathetic {or derisive, *TS1R*} in the eyes of the child. And this is the child’s recoil from sympathetic communion *TS*
- 84:1 The mother . . . observed. *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
- 84:6 insistence . . . love, *TS2R*] pitiful weeping *TS*
- 84:10 And then . . . triumph. *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
- 84:11 recoil *TS, TS2R*] demonstration *TS1R*
- 84:12 obliteration *TS1R*] denial *TS*
- 84:16 headstrong temper and masterfulness *TS2R*] temper *TS*
- 84:17 nervous . . . [84:25] ganglion *TS2R*] inert relaxing, the cold, calm, {objective hostility *TS1R*} devilish negation of the spiritual love-connection, the {dreadful *TS1R*} greedy wistfulness and the plaintive bullying of what we call love, these we are not so anxious to recognise. Because they are our own disease. {*P* Whether we like it or not, however, we have this fourfold relation, from the four primary centres, with all our intimate kith and kin and friends, as long as we are intimate at all. So we may as well know it. It may help to make us all more endurable as kith or kin *TS1R*} *TS* see also following entry
- 84:23 out”], ~,” *AI*
- 85:2 Trees . . . Mamas *TS2R*] *Om. TS* Trees and Parental Behaviour *TS1R*
- 85:4 Oh damn . . . [88:19] round, anywhere. *TS2R*] *Om. TS* To hell with the miserable baby and its complicated ping-pong of a relationship to its mother. I’m sure, dear reader, you’d rather even have it howling in its crib in the next room than hear me going on about its solar plexus or its thoracic ganglion. As for mixing those babies up, I’d do it with joy if I’d anything to mix him with. But since

he's my own pet specimen of the theoretic infant, he's an incommensurable quantity. *P* But I feel this morning I can't be bothered with him. Here I have solemnly come with a pencil and a scrubby book, and perched myself like a gnawing squirrel at the foot of a big fir-tree, deliberately to write about him. And the nut's hollow. *P* It is a half rainy morning: a fascinating morning to be in the woods. This particular wood is a piece of the German Black Forest—with a sense of bigness and of a radical primevalness which all the careful combing of praiseworthy forestry can't quite comb out.—So, it is a morning with rain in the sky, and the wood all moist and quiet, brooding its own secret. Big fir-trees, and big beech-trees thrusting rivers of roots into the ground. And cuckoos—and silence—and me sitting preparedly by the side of the road, the grassy wood road, hoping to scribble more things about planes and plexuses. *P* And not a bit of it. Planes and plexuses won't come off my pencil end. I look at the big trees standing round, and listen for noises, and smell the damp moss. The big trees, so straight. Big, full-limbed, straight trees, with a certain magnificent cruelty about them. Or barbarity. I don't know why I should say cruelty.—But it almost seems

to me I can hear the slow, powerful drumming of the sap within the magnificent erect trunks. Strange blood of trees! *P* Trees, that have no hands and faces, no eyes. Yet the powerful, scented blood surging, a vast life, and a strange will that thrills you and frightens you. Suppose you want to look a tree in the face? You can't, it hasn't got a face. You look at that great body of a trunk: you look at that matted body-hair of boughs and twigs above you: you look at the soft green tips. But you can't look a tree in the eyes. You keep on looking at it in part and parcel. *P* It's no good looking at a tree to know it. The only thing is to crouch among the roots and sit with your back to the trunk, and forget. Even write about planes and plexuses, crouched among the toes of the tree against the great ankle of the trunk. And then, as a squirrel is stroked into its wickedness by the faceless magic of a tree, so are you also stroked into a strange forgetfulness, and a remembering. *P* I can so well understand tree worship. All the old Aryans worshipped the tree, apparently: the Tree of Life: and later, the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. One can't help being a tree-worshipper. Fear the greatest ingredient. *P* I tell you why. This marvellous life-<presence> person,

so powerful, yet without a face, without eyes. This giant of life that has never had a face. Here am I, curled up, not much bigger than a mushroom between the great hard knotty veins of this massive life-monster. He has no eyes but he looks both ways. He has no eyes, but he looks down in the darkness, in the damp denseness of the under soil, and he looks up at the sky. Whereas we have eyes on one side of our head only. *P* He has his roots in the black humus, where we can only rot dead, and his tips in high air, where we can only look to. And all the time he has no face, no mind: only a huge savage soul. Say, where does a tree keep his soul? No answer. *P* A huge, proud, savage soul. And no mind at all. He towers round me, and I feel safe. I feel safe with him now, his vast mindlessness. I used always to be afraid. I was always afraid in woods, afraid of the huge primeval enemies. But now I hide myself among the trees, so glad to have found powerful, self-contained persons with no face and no eyes. I can understand why Jesus was crucified on a Tree, the tree of mindless life. *P* I can so well understand the Romans, and their terror of the great Hercynian wood. Looking across the Rhine plain, it is Rome, and the legionaries of Rome that fascinate my soul: and Germanicus.

It must have been wonderful to come from the south, from Italy to the shores of this sea-like forest: this dark, moist forest. Now I know, coming myself from rock-dry Sicily. *P* To the Romans and the Greeks, everything was human. Everything had a face, a mind. Their whole landscape had a human voice, and was fulfilled with human consciousness. They spoke, and it answered. *P* But then they crossed the Rhine, and met the faceless silence of the Black Forest. These trees had no faces, no answer. The vast, powerful array of non-human life, bristling with non-human, intense energy. The indomitable Hercynian wood. The vast inhumanness of collective tree-life. *P* No wonder they were terrified. No wonder they thrilled with horror when, deep in the woods, they found the skulls and trophies of their dead comrades upon the trees. The trees had devoured them: devoured in mouthfuls the mindful Romans. The savage, preconscious trees, the indomitable. The essential German has something like the sap of trees in his veins even now: and a sort of savage pre-consciousness, underneath all his extreme mentality. He is a tree-worshipper in his being, his gods are not human. He nails the skulls of horses and the sacrificed still in the depths of the forest, upon the

- sacred tree. The tree of life and death, the tree of good and evil, the tree of immense, mindless life. *P* After bone-dry Sicily, and after myriads of gibbering people, I am glad to be alone with these <great indifferent> non-mental <Barbaric> trees. Do you think they care for all our carings? They have no faces, no minds nor hearts to care with. But they have life: vast, lissome life, and a great, shadowy, terrifying individuality, each one. You can sacrifice the whole of your mind and spirit upon their altars. You can nail your skull on their limbs. They have no skulls, no minds nor faces. Their vast life dispenses with these. But they will live you down. *P* The normal life of one of these full-grown trees is about a hundred years, so the Herr Baron told me. *P* And if they won't let me write about planes and plexuses today, they will tomorrow. I mean the trees. Even give me the impetus thereto. One has to go beyond people, to find one's inspiration. And there are trees in Germany. Otherwise it would be a lost land of bobbing skulls. *TS1R* see also following entries to 88:16
- 85:4 Oh *TS2R*] ~, *A1*
 85:6 crib, *TS2R*] ~ *A1*
 85:17 baby, *TS2R*] ~ *A1*
 85:18 wives, *TS2R*] ~ *E1*
 85:19 half rainy *TS2R*] half-rainy *E1*
 85:21 a pea-bug *A1*] pea-bug *TS2R*
- 85:24 Ah *TS2R*] ~, *A1*
 85:34 silence. Big *TS2R*] ~—big *E1*
 85:36 cruelty.— *TS2R*] ~. *A1*
 85:36 strong *TS2R*] ~, *A1*
 86:4 Trees, *TS2R*] ~ *A1*
 86:4 eyes. Yet *TS2R*] ~; yet *E1*
 86:6 will. The *TS2R*] ~—the *E1*
 86:6 tree. Something *TS2R*] ~; something *E1*
 86:8 trunk: *TS2R*] ~; *E1*
 86:9 boughs: *TS2R*] ~; *E1*
 86:11 tree, *TS2R*] ~ *E1*
 86:14 plexuses, *TS2R*] ~— *E1*
 86:19 tree worship. And *TS2R*] tree-worship. And *A1* tree-worship and *E1*
 86:27 me. And *TS2R*] ~, and *E1*
 86:28 ways. He *TS2R*] ~: he *E1*
 86:29 undersoil, *TS2R*] ~; *E1*
 86:30 air. Whereas *TS2R*] ~; whereas *E1*
 86:33 dead: *TS2R*] ~; *A1*
 86:35 time, *TS2R*] ~ *E1*
 87:2 enemies. But *TS2R*] ~, but *E1*
 87:21 Rhine, *TS2R*] ~ *A1*
 88:13 this, among *TS2R*] ~. Among *A1*
 88:16 — *TS2R*] # *E1*
 88:24 Please . . . wood. *TS2R*] *Om.* *TS*
 88:28 activity in *TS2R*] recoil into *TS* pride and separate *TS1R* function,] ~ *A1*
 89:1 psychical *TS1R*] physical *TS*
 89:1 impose our will *TS2R*] recoil *TS* withhold *TS1R*
 89:4 nuclear *TS1R*] nucleus *TS*
 89:7 proud *TS2R*] unsympathetic *TS*
 89:12 hate . . . swarm *TS2R*] are {wilfully *TS1R*] not themselves *TS*

- 89:15 us, if we must, *AI*] us *TS* ~
~ ~ ~ *TS2R*
- 89:16 men. *TS*, *TS2R*] men, if we
want to. *TS1R*
- 89:25 given *TS1R*, *AI*] gives *TS*,
TS2R
- 89:27 counterbalanced *TS1R*] held
in check *TS*
- 89:28 plane,] *EI*
- 89:28 self-willed . . . masterful
TS2R] rejects connection and
seeks independence *TS*
- 89:29 In] *P* In *AI*
- 89:31 likes to . . . obedience *TS2R*] hates to be commanded or even
instructed *TS*
- 89:32 may be destructive . . . any cost
TS2R] is greedy, determined
to get what he wants, to have
his own way { : even to bully
other people *TS1R*} *TS*
- 89:33 From] *P* From *AI*
- 89:35 is *TS*, *TS2R*] being *TS1R*
- 89:37 away, . . . freedom. *TS2R*] away. *TS* away, the exultance
in recoil. *TS1R*
- 89:38 watches *TS1R*] waits *TS*
- 89:40 mother's attention *TS2R*] mother
- 89:40 centre too] ~, ~, *AI*
- 90:2 This cold . . . centre. *TS*,
TS2R] And from this centre
he observes her objectively, as
a thing apart, outside his pale.
TS1R
- 90:3 passive, but cold *TS*, *TS2R*] passive attention, critical
TS1R
- 90:13 to awake to *TS1R*] *Om. TS*
- 90:14 hearings; all *TS1R*] hearings:
TS
- 90:15 its impressions *TS1R*] all its
impressions *TS*
- 90:17 switch-board] switchboard *AI*
- 90:25 frictional and independent
TS1R] resistant *TS*
- 90:29 remote,] ~ *AI*
- 90:30 infant] infants *EI*
- 90:31 For in the male . . . and care.
TS2R] *Om. TS*
- 90:39 instinct *TS1R*] business *TS*
- 90:39 crude *TS2R*] hearty *TS* impa-
tient *TS1R*
- 90:40 sensual centres] ~ centers, *AI*
~ ~, *EI*
- 91:1 Well] ~, *AI*
- 91:2 mine".] ~." *AI*
- 91:3 darling".] ~." *AI*
- 91:4 the check *TS2R*] rough *TS*
- 91:5 brat *TS2R*] mountebank *TS*
- 91:8 enough and robust *TS2R*] *Om.*
TS ~, ~ ~ *TS1R*
- 91:9 it can . . . bottom . . . father
Ed.] he can occasionally
spank its bottoms soundly,
TS it is the father's duty to
see that occasionally it has
its bottom spanked, *TS1R*
it can . . . bottoms . . . father
TS2R
- 91:13 reaction *TS2R*] interchange
TS
- 91:13 spanker *TS1R*] father *TS*
- 91:14 react . . . educated *TS2R*] {react intensely, and *TS1R*}
are thus educated *TS*
- 91:16 generally *TS*, *TS2R*] coarsely
TS1R
- 91:16 hard or indifferent *TS2R*] in-
dulgent *TS*
- 91:19 mode. The sad thing . . . sensual
self. *TS2R*] mode, and he must
combat deliberately the exag-
geration of the lower mode.
Undue greediness, selfishness,
grossness he must just knock

- out of the child, one way or another. *TS* see also following two entries
- 91:22 poison] a poison *AI*
- 91:23 adjustments, and] adjustment, and, *AI*
- 91:28 real *AI*] read *TS*
- 91:28 sound] ~, *AI*
- 91:29 And let . . . take . . . costs. *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS* see also following four entries
- 91:29 take *TS_{2R}*] blithely take *TS_{1R}*
- 91:29 full *TS_{2R}*] whole *TS_{1R}*
- 91:29 half humourously, *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS_{1R}*
- 91:30 Let . . . costs. *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS_{1R}*
- 91:31 costs. *P* Real] ~. ~ *AI*
- 91:37 are crueller . . . [92:2] perfectly. *TS_{2R}*] there is not much good in them {are much more poisonous than a box on the ears. *TS_{1R}*}. They are more cruel as a rule than a beating. *TS*
- 92:6 The flashing . . . to growth. *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS*
- 92:14 And have . . . emotions . . . soul. *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS* —The greatest crime is to act from a fixed idea, shelving off all responsibility on to some precept or principle. *TS_{1R}* And have . . . emotion . . . soul. *AI*
- 92:17 brothers] ~, *AI*
- 92:21 possible] ~, *AI*
- 92:22 absolutely *TS*, *TS_{2R}*] judiciously *TS_{1R}*
- 92:23 true *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS*
- 92:23 But *TS_{2R}*] And *TS* ~, *AI*
- 92:24 for myself and *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS*
- 92:24 Always, . . . impulse— *TS_{2R}*] Not love—that I have no control over. Love is in all things, *TS* see also following two entries
- 92:24 Always, *TS_{2R}*] ~ *AI*
- 92:26 is in all *TS_{2R}*] ~, ~ ~, *AI*
- 92:34 Sensual *TS_{2R}*] Pure *TS*
- 92:36 Bullying . . . for them. *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS*
- 93:2 ideals] *ideals AI*
- 93:8 voluntary *TS_{1R}*] islumbary *TS*
- 93:9 in us an *TS*, *TS_{2R}*] seen in our *TS_{1R}*
- 93:9 one] the one *AI*
- 93:11 Thence, *TS_{2R}*] ~ *TS*
- 93:14 lungs, *TS_{2R}*] ~ *TS*
- 93:16 retaliates *TS_{2R}*] collapses *TS* pays us back *TS_{1R}*
- 93:17 active;] ~, *AI*
- 93:24 a high *TS_{2R}*] an *TS*
- 93:27 that] the *AI*
- 93:35 sophistry *TS_{2R}*] criminal sophistry *TS* weak-kneed sophistry *TS_{1R}*
- 93:35 criminal cowardice *TS*, *TS_{2R}*] cowardice *TS_{1R}*
- 93:38 The only thing . . . [94:35] if we *bully. TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS* No ideals to be thrust on the child. No—"you love mother, don't you, dear?" No—"you *must* love poor pussy." No—"the poor little children have nt got a nice warm fire like you have, have they darling? You'll give them some of your pennies, won't you?" *P* No more of all that.—"We must try and love everybody."—No more of that. *P* But if we must have words to go by, let us try honour and pride and simplicity: words which apply to our

- conception of a complete soul.
 In our completeness we are
 honorable, proud, and simple.
 But love is only part of us.
 And in urging children to love,
 and love only, we drive them
 into fragmentariness, we strain
 them in one direction, and
 damage their native, nascent
 wholeness of being. *P* If we
 must have guiding words, let
 them be always words which
 apply to the soul's complete-
 ness and singleness, not to the
 stickiness of some enforced re-
 lationship. *TS1R* see also fol-
 lowing entries to 94:26
- 94:6 A man ... say it. *TS2R*] *Om.*
AI
- 94:9 pussy!" / What *TS2R*] ~!" *P*
 ~ *AI*
- 94:13 it." / Then *TS2R*] ~." ~ *AI*
- 94:16 it." / And *TS2R*] ~." *P* ~ *AI*
- 94:21 lie; *TS2R*] ~: *AI*
- 94:25 not *TS2R*] not *AI*
- 94:26 point. It ... and the *TS2R*]
Om. AI
- 95:2 The Five Senses *TS1R*] *Om.*
TS
- 95:3 wretched *TS2R*] puerile *TS*
 hopeless *TS1R*
- 95:6 machine:] ~; *AI*
- 95:6 machines:] ~; *AI*
- 95:8 God] god *AI*
- 95:21 evolution *TS*, *TS2R*] self-
 evolution *TS1R*
- 95:22 spinning wheel] spinning-
 wheel *AI*
- 95:22 itself!] ~? *AI*
- 95:23 machine,] ~ *AI*
- 95:25 be] ~, *EI*
- 95:29 highroad] high/road *EI*
- 95:31 doomsday!] ~. *AI*
- 96:1 existence ... miss *TS2R*]
 young miss *TS* exist-
 ence ... lady *TS1R*
- 96:9 *Revenons*—] ~.— *AI*
- 96:10 Self] self *AI*
- 96:14 say—] ~: *AI*
- 96:14 "Here *TS1R*] ~ *TS* *TS2R*
- 96:20 air:] ~; *AI*
- 96:22 saddle:] ~; *AI*
- 96:28 highroad] high-road *EI*
- 96:30 me.] ~! *AI*
- 96:34 relaxes—" *TS1R*] ~— *TS2R*
 ~. *AI*
- 96:38 steering gear] steering-gear *EI*
- 97:3 sun ... "—] ~ ... " *AI*
- 97:6 Well] ~, *AI*
- 97:14 and when] And when *AI*
- 97:15 Lord] ~, *AI*
- 97:15 me,—] ~— *AI*
- 97:16 Moses,] ~! *AI*
- 97:18 the masquerade *TS1R*] mas-
 querade *TS*
- 97:23 nightmare.] ~! *AI*
- 97:26 Well] ~, *AI*
- 97:28 plexus *TS1R*] plane *TS*, *TS2R*
- 97:29 ganglia *AI*] ganglion *TS*
- 97:29 steering gear] steering-gear *EI*
- 98:5 anaemia] anæmia *AI*
- 98:6 diarrhaea] diarrhœa *AI*
- 98:9 or circumambient universe,
TS2R] *Om. TS* child and cir-
 cumambient universe, *TS1R*
- 98:17 living: or ... geographical
TS2R] ~. *TS* ~: or be-
 tween him and his circum-
 stantial, geographic, phys-
 ical surrounding *TS1R* ~;
 or ... geographical *AI*
- 98:20 plexus *Ed.*] plane *TS*
- 98:26 discover *TS1R*] establish *TS*
- 98:28 Consciousness-centres]
 consciousness-centres *AI*
- 98:33 nerve-nodes *TS1R*] modes *TS*

- 98:33 dynamic poles *TS₁R*] poles
TS, *TS₂R*
- 99:9 repudiation] repudiations *A₁*
- 99:10 love-contact, *TS₂R*] love contact
TS
- 99:14 talons.—Thus *TS₂R*] ~.
There *TS* ~.—And *TS₁R* ~.
Thus *A₁*
- 99:22 of exit *TS₂R*] *Om. TS*
- 99:25 communication *TS₁R*] Com-
munication *TS*
- 99:28 loins *TS₁R*] reins *TS*
- 99:29 lips too] ~, ~, *A₁*
- 99:30 sensual *TS₁R*] general *TS*
- 99:35 depends] depend *A₁*
- 99:37 diarrhaea] diarrhoea *A₁*
- 100:2 spiritually *TS₂R*] mentally
TS
- 100:5 to defend and devour *TS₂R*] avid to devour *TS* defensive and devouring *TS₁R*
- 100:7 spirit-rotten, and idea-rotten *TS₂R*] spirit-rotten *TS* spirit-rotten: idea-rotten *TS₁R*
- 100:9 mouths.—] ~. *A₁*
- 100:10 more meaningless *TS₂R*] thinner *TS* more shapeless *TS₁R*
- 100:12 resistant *TS₂R*] gnashing *TS* healthy *TS₁R*
- 100:19 pinched, *TS*, *TS₂R*] *Om. TS₁R*
- 100:22 an intake *TS₂R*] the result *TS*
- 100:34 ganglion, . . . deeper *TS₂R*] ganglion. *TS* ~: . . . deeper *TS₁R*
- 101:2 enough:] ~; *A₁*
- 101:4 benevolent . . . control. *TS₂R*] effective attention. *TS*
- 101:5 sensual-sympathetic *TS₂R*] sensual sympathetic *TS*
- 101:5 nose:] ~, *A₁*
- 101:7 smell, but . . . authority. *TS₂R*] smell. *TS*
- 101:11 lives.—When savages . . . a more sensitive and a deeper *TS₂R*] ~. *TS* ~. *P* When savages . . . a deeper *TS₁R*
- 101:15 a bird *A₁*] bird *TS*
- 101:26 sympathy, but . . . outwards. *TS₂R*] sympathy. *TS*
- 101:27 objectivity *TS₂R*] negation *TS*
- 101:28 curiosity, as . . . fly. *TS₂R*] curiosity. *TS*
- 101:35 *our TS₁R*] our *TS*
- 101:35 vision, . . . Northern vision *A₁*] vision. *TS* vision, . . . northern vision *TS₂R*
- 101:36 *seeing. TS, TS₂R*] *seeing*. But look at the black eyes of dark people, like fathomless pits. These are the wells of the sensual centres. *TS₁R* seeing. *A₁*
- 101:37 desirous *TS₂R*] glancing *TS*
- 101:39 yearning *TS₂R*] gratification *TS*
- 101:40 Then his eye . . . But there *TS₂R*] There *TS*
- 102:3 outside: . . . prey. *TS₂R*] outside. *TS*
- 102:4 danger *TS₂R*] magic *TS*
- 102:4 need . . . object. *TS₂R*] intense desirability. *TS*
- 102:5 eye *TS₂R*] look *TS*
- 102:5 wide open *TS₂R*] curious *TS*
- 102:7 The savage . . . he has not. *TS₂R*] *Om. TS* The look which notices, but which never, in our deep sense of the word *sees. TS₁R*
- 102:18 The wonder . . . him. *TS₂R*] *Om. TS*
- 102:21 in the solar plexus *TS, TS₂R*] and in the immensely powerful ganglia of the lower spine *TS₁R*

- 102:22 teeth] ~, *A1*
 102:25 which] ~, *E1*
 102:26 chiefly *TS1R*] never *TS*
 102:27 visionless. Sight *TS2R*] sightless. Vision *TS*
 102:30 very *TS*, *TS2R*] so very *TS1R*
 102:31 scent. *TS*, *TS2R*] scent: the cruder contact. *TS1R*
 102:37 And we...[103:3] self-protection. *TS2R*] So our vision grows short, and begins to fail us. We only half see—only in one mode. We are half blind all the time. {Because we see too much. If we had a little more of the intense isolation and rapacity of the hawk, we should see further, and see less. *TS1R*} *TS*
 103:4 Hearing is *TS1R*] Hearing *TS*, *TS2R*
 103:7 the wonderful... in it. *TS2R*] oneness, one identity, as Turner saw: the world fulfilled with one light. *TS*
 103:8 in the terms...[103:23] of choice. *TS2R*] the mould of the dark unknown, the *other*. Those are the two sympathetic modes. But again, we can see in terms of ugliness, repulsion, as many modern painters do: ghastly flesh with green shadows. Or we may see as a hawk or a tiger sees, the one concentrated spot where beats the life-heart of our prey. There are four modes of sight, and we can more or less choose. So we can choose {and refuse *TS1R*} taste and smell, and even touch. *P* But in hearing we have no choice: or not much choice. *TS* see also following entry
 103:15 starting point] starting-point *E1*
 103:28 Nevertheless] ~, *A1*
 103:33 are] have *A1*
 103:36 christian] Christian *A1*
 103:37 is analytical... it has *TS2R*] has *TS*
 103:38 Like *TS2R*] Even *TS*
 103:38 it *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
 103:38 like *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
 103:39 These act... ganglion. *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
 105:2 First... Mind *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
 The Mind's Awakening *TS1R*
 105:3 education,] ~ *A1*
 105:5 nature *TS1R*] stature *TS*
 105:7 final *TS1R*] *Om. TS*
 105:8 risky *TS1R*] fatal *TS*
 105:8 *thyself*. You've... yourself. *TS2R*]~, you cannot know yourself. You can only *be* yourself. And the more you get yourself into your head, the less you will *be* yourself. *TS* ~. you... yourself.— *TS1R*
 105:11 "Be Yourself... last *TS2R*] *Om. TS* "Be Yourself... final *TS1R* "Be yourself... last *A1*
 105:16 nicely-conceived] nicely conceived *E1*
 105:17 But we... impulses. *TS2R*] *Om. TS* see also following entry
 105:21 impulses. *P* Now] ~. ~ *A1*
 105:23 plants *TS*, *E1*] plans *A1*
 105:28 mistake. *P* Mental... living. *TS2R*] *Om. TS* ~. ~... ~. *A1*
 105:34 brain] ~, *A1*
 105:35 hardly an *TS2R*] no single *TS*
 106:2 ideas *TS2R*] ideals *TS*
 106:3 closed,] ~ *A1*

- 106:8 But if . . . sure enough *TS*₂*R*] *Om. TS* Only, if humanity does not act upon its own responsibility in some such way as this, then such disaster will come upon us as will perforce shut up our schools *TS*₁*R*
- 106:14 But this . . . very low. *TS*₂*R*] *Om. TS*
- 106:19 with the *TS*, *TS*₂*R*] into the *TS*₁*R*
- 106:20 definite reality *TS*₂*R*] fixed quantity *TS*
- 106:22 Of course . . . are, it *TS*₂*R*] It *TS*
- 106:25 Now *TS*₂*R*] But *TS*
- 106:31 her.] ~ ? *AI*
- 107:1 almost *TS*₂*R*] just *TS*
- 107:4 concept, but . . . sounds. *TS*₂*R*] ~. *TS*
- 107:15 a lovely oneing *TS*₂*R*] identification *TS*
- 107:16 independent . . . objective *TS*₂*R*] recoil, the recoil into separateness and individuality *TS* recoil, the assertion of separateness and the great positivity of individuality *TS*₁*R*
- 107:18 motion *TS*₁*R*] notion *TS*
- 107:19 consciousness *TS*₂*R*] self *TS*
- 107:19 in *TS*₁*R*] on *TS*
- 107:22 fulfilment *TS*₂*R*] embrace and recoil *TS*
- 107:23 consciousness. *TS*, *TS*₂*R*] consciousness. The mind which he has pumped into him by education is another affair. *TS*₁*R*
- 107:24 fourfold interchange *TS*₂*R*] meeting and the recoil *TS*
- 107:27 and this . . . two parties *TS*₂*R*] and this causes at once a diminution in the dynamic polarity between the two parties *TS*
- 107:34 a very *AI*] very *TS*
- 107:38 Nevertheless] ~, *AI*
- 108:10 mother] ~, *AI*
- 108:18 repudiated complete *TS*₂*R*] recoil from *TS* recoiled from *TS*₁*R*
- 108:18 even *TS*₂*R*] even from *TS*
- 108:19 asserted . . . integrity *TS*₂*R*] towards individual development *TS*
- 108:22 doubt] ~, *AI*
- 108:30 bowels] ~, *EI*
- 108:32 wanes *TS*₁*R*] ceases *TS*
- 108:33 be fully . . . a static condition. *TS*₂*R*] be revived. *TS* after be fully revived. But yet, as long as life lasts, there must be *some* dynamic correspondence between parent and child. *TS*₁*R*
- 108:35 full *TS*₁*R*] true *TS*
- 108:37 live ends *TS*₂*R*] live-ends *TS*
- 109:10 will:] ~, *AI*
- 109:13 hence *TS*₂*R*] and hence *TS*
- 109:13 terminate *AI*] terminates *TS*
- 109:14 very *TS*₂*R*] terribly *TS*
- 109:16 gate-ways] gateways *AI*
- 109:16 flow:] ~; *EI*
- 109:17 gate-ways] . . . gateways *AI*
- 109:25 and the remembrance of sensation *TS*₂*R*] *Om. TS*
- 110:10 visually, objectively, *TS*₂*R*] visually *TS* *visually* and objectively *TS*₁*R*
- 110:11 he *TS*₂*R*] as he *TS* so he *TS*₁*R*
- 110:18 activity *TS*₁*R*, *AI*] ~, *TS*
- 110:29 *desire* *TS*₂*R*] desire *TS*
- 110:33 poles, *TS*₂*R*] ~ *TS*
- 111:5 signpost . . . before. *TS*₂*R*] hair is to the head: just an outcome, which may be much or little. *TS*

- 111:7 proportion *TS2R*] relation *TS*
 111:7 There may be . . . poor *being*
TS2R] Knowledge is only the
 transcript of the result of being
TS
- 111:8 even in wisdom *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
 111:9 often *TS2R*] usually *TS*
 111:9 of living, *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
 111:11 consummation . . . dying
 down. *TS2R*] recapitulation
 and the registering. *TS* order-
 ing and arranging and register-
 ing. Solomon was dynamically
 spent. *TS1R*
- 111:14 That is . . . *interfere. TS2R*]
Om. TS
- 111:17 At last . . . to do that. *TS2R*]
Om. TS
- 111:21 Education . . . [114:37] hands
 and feet. *TS2R*] But before
 we can learn how not to know,
 somebody has got very thor-
 oughly to {*know TS1R*} know:
 to know what's what. {In
 the world today, we know an
 amazing lot about an amazing
 number of things. But as for
 knowing what's what—why,
 we haven't begun even to try.
TS1R} *TS see also following*
entry
- 111:35 those who cannot divest
TS2R] *Om. TS those who can-*
not divest A1 see notes
- 112:2 First Steps in Education
TS1R] *Om. TS*
- 112:6 equilibration *TS1R*] walking
TS
- 112:8 Baby] ~, *A1*
 112:10 dear!] ~. *A1*
- 112:14 talk has any . . . of rea-
 son. Yet . . . more impor-
 tant. *TS2R*] talk, to a non-
 comprehending infant, is fool-
 ish? It is by no means foolish.
TS talk has any . . . of reason.—
 But rhyme it has. And rhythm,
 much more important. *TS1R*
- 112:25 understanding. Damn under-
 standing. *TS2R*] wisdom. *TS*
 reason. *TS1R*
- 112:29 rule *TS1R*] dull *TS*
- 113:8 But always . . . the adult's.
TS2R] *Om. TS* Always have
 one aim: to bring it into ac-
 tive development as a single,
 integral little creature. *TS1R*
- 113:13 bearing, an *Ed.*] ~, a *TS* ~ and
A1
- 113:15 love *TS1R*] morality *TS*
- 113:16 emotional reciprocity *TS2R*]
 morality *TS* emotional rela-
 tionship *TS1R*
- 113:20 Love *TS1R*] Morality *TS*
- 113:21 As a deliberate principle
TS2R] First *TS* As an idea
 or ideal *TS1R*
- 113:21 Also morality *TS2R*] The
 morality *TS* The morality
 moreover *TS1R*
- 113:24 Honor . . . instinct which . . .
 alive. *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
 Honor . . . instinct, not to be
 defined. *TS1R*
- 113:29 Pure morality . . . no law.
TS2R] *Om. TS* But honor
 means a sense of wholeness
 and integrity of being. *TS1R*
- 113:32 law. *P* Therefore] ~. ~ *A1*
- 113:37 upper or] upper *A1*
- 114:5 there is . . . [114:8] at once.
TS2R] of our now fatal exag-
 geration of this one mode, *ide-*
ally. In practice, the material
 for readjustment dies hard. *P*
 This is why general education

- should be suppressed for a period. Because we have fallen into a state of monomania, *idée fixe*, a state of automatism. A state of idealism is a state of automatism. We are in a helpless state of idealism, and we continue in this state automatically like machines wound up, that will run till they are spent. Now the main-spring of this fatal idealism and automatism is in education. Education is our death. If we have any life-sense, we shall stop it at once. By education I mean school.
TS
- 114:24 closed . . . period. *TSIR*] indefinitely closed. *TS*
- 114:28 gymnasia *TSIR*] military gymnasia *TS*
- 114:29 military training] training in primitive modes of fighting *AI*
- 114:34 months] months' *AI*
- 114:38 labour] labor, *AI* ~, *EI*
- 114:40 months] months' *AI*
- 115:2 presumptuous *TS2R*] self-occupied *TS*
- 115:10 psychologically *TS2R*] vitally *TS* artificially *TSIR*
- 115:11 race *TS2R*] realm *TS*
- 115:13 compulsion,] ~ *AI*
- 115:20 divine *TS2R*] honor of the divine *TS* love of the divine *TSIR*
- 115:21 very very] ~, ~ *AI*
- 115:23 them *TS*, *TS2R*] Dulcineas *TSIR*
- 115:25 own tails *TS2R*] own, tales *TS* own tails—or tales *TSIR*
- 115:25 That is . . . quite mad *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
- 115:34 grind grind grind] ~, ~, ~ *AI*
- 115:38 people *TS2R*] nation *TS*
- 115:39 epileptics, *TSIR*, *AI*] ~ *TS*, *TS2R*
- 116:8 finished:] ~; *AI*
- 116:11 neurasthenia, *TSIR*] *Om. TS*
- 116:14 fresh] afresh *AI*
- 116:22 ideas and infallible motives? *TS2R*] ideas. *TS*
- 116:24 few, few people *TS2R*] few, few people *TS*
- 116:27 The modern world insists *TS2R*] We insist *TS* We moderns insist *TSIR*
- 116:27 every individual *TS2R*] all *TS*
- 116:31 men,] ~ *AI*
- 116:31 know . . . very far.] reason. *TS*
- 116:32 make a pretence of it? *TS2R*] reason. *TS* reason? *TSIR*
- 116:35 Tom] ~, *AI*
- 116:38 person and responsible for *TS2R*] master and operator of *TS* master and man of *TSIR*
- 117:3 activity? *TSIR*] ~. *TS*
- 117:5 outside,] ~ *AI*
- 117:6 stumbling-block] stumbling block *EI*
- 117:7 psychic *TSIR*] physic *TS*
- 117:12 we all *TS2R*] many *TS*
- 117:16 life. *TS*, *TS2R*] life, with his implement of ideal equality. *TSIR*
- 117:23 If] <The only principle is the principle of honor, which means the soul's own sense of integrity and self-responsibility.> If *TSIR*
- 117:23 women *TS2R*] woman *TS*
- 117:27 Ah] ~, *AI*
- 117:29 sinned. But] ~, but *EI*
- 117:32 since. *TS2R*] ~; *TS*
- 118:2 speaker:] ~; *EI*
- 118:2 then] *Om. AI*
- 118:8 hell *TSIR*] ball *TS*

- 118:16 better!] ~. *Ar*
 118:25 the disease of "spirit," *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
 118:34 *The . . . never.* *TS2R*] *The . . . never. TS*
 118:39 out *TS1R*] and *TS*
 119:1 understand. But *TS2R*] ~ that *TS* ~, but *TS1R* understand. But *Ar*
 119:3 for the mass of people, *TS2R*] *Om. TS* for the masses *TS1R*
 119:4 Even twelve . . . [119:17] is possible. *TS2R*] At all cost, try to preserve a girl's mind from self-conscious concern with herself. Give her an object, and assume a *rule* over her girlhood. Let her learn the domestic arts in their perfection. Let us have again *quality* in our homes: the living quality of hand-made, self-made utensils. Let us have the life-quality in our surroundings. Let the things we see, as far as possible, be the products of our own living hands. Let us abolish the stupid death-quality of machine-made things. Let the girls work, and play, and obey. And keep them from too great intimacy with the boys. The ideal intimacy between the sexes is in the end utterly sterilising to profound spontaneous sex-life. *TS* see also following two entries
 119:6 evening.—] ~. *Ar*
 119:13 home.— *TS2R*] ~. *Ar*
 119:19 Make them . . . machine-units *TS2R*] Make the boys soldiers, but proud Lacedaemonian soldiers, not machine units *TS*

Make them . . . machine units *Ar*
 119:24 of individual men . . . [120:17] a beginning. *TS2R*] and sacredness of life itself, that which issues indomitable and sacred in the souls of every man. *P* We should at once begin to train our boys in true *individualistic* military training, severe and thorough as in Sparta. And then they must learn to make and mend what the home needs. And then each must have his own craft. *P* And no more of this grisly farce of {popular *TS1R*} thinking. The mass of the people must *not* think. It {must know that it cannot think. The pretence of thinking *TS1R*} blasts all their life and their fulness and their happiness. Only a small responsible class must think—the born thinkers. {And with these it is a stern and sacred responsibility. *TS1R*} *P* Does a hawk {have universal ideas, *TS1R*} think or a weasel, or a stag, or a wren when she builds her nest! Yet these creatures live a living life. And we, poor damned {idealists *TS1R*} thinkers, we live a life of grinding self-consciousness, and die, and have never lived. Tortured, we come into life, and tortured we are torn out of life, sullen because we have had no life. *P* But we can alter it. {The first blow, the very first, must be aimed at general education. The masses

must have no compulsory education. They must not learn to read and write. Only those who are born to read and write and *think* must carry on pure mental culture. We must stop as soon as possible the poisonous gibbering of an idea-infected populace. Those who *can*, by nature, think must assume responsibility for thought, and for putting an end to universal gibber. *TS1R*} Our heads are too big for our bodies. But it will get right again in time. Even if we only begin, we shall have peace in our souls. The head of the vast majority must lie fallow. It must go to sleep again, and let the soul wake and live, let the body act and be fulfilled. *P* So, to put the distracted Brunnhild to sleep again, within the ring of fire. If only we would begin. We have a choice. We can let death wipe us out and make a great hiatus in our living consciousness—bring an end to us, as Egypt and Greece and Rome were brought to an end. Then life will start afresh in some other {other *TS1R*} unknown race. The old orient waking up, perhaps, into potency. *P* Or else we can {take the responsibility into our own hands, and turn over a clean leaf. If it comes to love, do *I* love the people, or does President Wilson or Karl Marx? In my eyes, President Wilson or Karl Marx are the cruelest enemies of the

people, urging them on in a disease which is already rotting them. Do I hate the people? I don't, at the true bottom of my heart I wish them well. And so I would say to them: Throw away your books and your newspapers, and try to forget. Vote for closed schools and no newspapers and for really responsible leaders. An end of demagoguery. *TS1R*} die the death of our own old way, and still live—we can finish, and yet carry on into the new restored mode. And I cannot but think that this is our duty and our life destiny. *TS see also following entries to 120:17*

119:25 As a matter . . . [119:32] pledged to lead. *TS2R*] *Om. A1*

119:33 military training, *TS2R*] training to fight, *A1*

119:34 society.—Put *Ed.*] ~—~ *TS2R* ~. ~ *A1*

119:37 comrades *TS2R*] followers *A1*

120:2 Whatever else . . . [120:6] Because we *TS2R*] *P We A1*

120:10 leaders of tens . . . let these *TS2R*] leaders, *A1*

120:13 the leader of ten *TS2R*] leaders *A1*

120:14 But *TS2R*] *P But A1*

120:17 then— There *TS2R*] ~— there *A1*

121:2 Education, and Sex . . . Child *TS2R*] *Om. TS* Education and Incipient Sex *TS1R* Education, and <Unconscious> Sex . . . Child. *TS2R*

121:5 so-called *TS1R*] *Om. TS*

121:7 self-consciousness *TS1R*] reason *TS*
 121:7 All that we do . . . [121:23] him to see. *TS2R*] What in the name of fortune has a child got to do with {<discovering the> <imagining the slow development of reform or the geological formation of their district> understanding? *TS1R*} imagining the altitude of the Pamira or the slow motion of the Gulf Stream. Why stretch the young brain forcibly over the {whys and wherefores *TS1R*} surface of the Globe and away to the stars. It is unnatural. It is utterly unnatural for any child under sixteen years of age to discuss, for example, the watershed of Europe, or even the watershed of England. It is criminal to try and make a child talk jargon about Magna Charta. It is the ruin of life to teach children {to *understand* things. It just substitutes a mental trick in place of spontaneous apprehension. *TS1R*} the hows and whys and wherefores of everything. It just blasts the power of living. *PA* child must have things its own way. The eyes develop their vision slowly. When a boy of eight sees a horse, he doesn't see the pretty and finished object we insist on his seeing. He sees a dark living presence of no very particular shape with hair dangling from its neck, and four legs. If he puts two eyes in the profile, he is quite

right. Because he does *not* see with optical photographic vision. The image on his retina is *not* the image of his consciousness. The image on his retina just does not go in to him. His unconsciousness is filled with a strong dark, vague prescience, of a powerful presence, a two-eyed, four-legged, long-maned presence looming imminent. *see also following entries to 121:21*

121:10 in] into *E1*
 121:12 arithmetic] ~, *E1*
 121:17 soul.—] ~. *A1*
 121:17 way.—] ~. *E1*
 121:21 *mustn't*] *mustn't A1*
 121:23 big *TS2R*] dark *TS*
 121:24 particular *TS2R*] very particular *TS*
 121:24 neck,] ~ *TS2R*
 121:26 optical, *TS2R*] ~ *TS*
 121:28 into *TS2R*] in to *TS*
 121:29 prescience *TS2R*] ~, *TS*
 121:30 And to] *P* ~ ~ *A1*
 121:32 seeing *TS2R*] apprehension *TS*
 122:2 *Cuyp TS2R*] *Gayp TS*
 122:5 adult. *TS1R, A1*] ~; *TS*
 122:6 correspondent. *TS2R*] ~; *TS*
 122:6 horns,] ~ *A1*
 122:9 ox-tail, *TS2R*] ~ *TS*
 122:11 ideal-image *TS2R*] brain-image *TS* ideal image *TS1R*
 122:12 correctness *TS2R*] sympathy *TS* <understanding> *TS2R*
 122:13 or least *TS2R*] and least *TS*
 122:13 distorts *TS2R*] abstracts *TS*
 122:16 that *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
 122:19 orange".] ~." *A1*
 122:20 say,] ~ *A1*

- 122:20 poached egg in a frying pan
TS₂R] poached egg on a
 wooden dish *TS* frying-pan
TS₁R poached egg in a frying-
 pan *E₁*
- 122:21 The only thing . . . [123:12] the
 lot. *TS₂R*] But this damned
 flattened sphere is just a death-
 bullet. The child must pro-
 ceed by means of dynamic di-
 rect impressions, which are not
 to be “corrected” (curse the
 word), or even to be “asso-
 ciated”. *P* Will we never re-
 alise that the whole mode of
 life, in a child, is different
 from ours; non-mental. The
 world! The world! The world
 is what is all round about,
 darkly, vaguely, passionately
 apprehended. Of course the
 correct thing nowadays is to
 set the child of seven making
 a relief map of his own neigh-
 bourhood in clay. Hideous ab-
 normal business. The child has
 not the faintest idea of the
 total hill on which his own
 home stands. Something steep,
 and a house called home. Dy-
 namic apprehension of steep-
 ness, something to be faced,
 and of squareness—a house—
 and warmth and strange pow-
 erful life sympathy. *TS* see also
following five entries
- 122:27 balked] baulked *E₁*
- 122:31 need.] ~? *A₁*
- 122:33 exaggerations.] ~? *A₁*
- 122:38 relief-maps] relief maps *E₁*
- 122:39 example:] ~, *E₁*
- 123:11 And . . . being educated.
TS₂R] *Om. TS* And under-
 neath this ideal superimposi-
 tion the dynamic creature is
 crude, deformed, and very
 dangerous. My critic may
 well say that men are savage
 enough. Distortedly savage
 they are. *TS₁R*
- 123:17 distortion *TS₂R*] suppression
TS
- 123:18 A nice . . . of us. *TS₂R*] *Om. TS*
- 123:23 fair. We *TS₂R*] ~:—we *TS*
 ~.—We *TS₁R*
- 123:24 understand *TS₂R*] know *TS* un-
 derstand *A₁*
- 123:24 Understanding is a fal-
 lacy . . . less to understand
TS₂R] *Om. TS*
- 123:25 I don’t want *TS₂R*] I don’t
 want *TS*
- 123:27 don’t *TS₂R*] don’t *TS*
- 123:27 If he . . . will ask *TS₂R*] It is not
 the business of a child to know.
 A child asks *TS* see also *follow-
 ing entry*
- 123:28 fives, *TS₂R*] ~ *A₁*
- 123:29 “why”], “~” *A₁*
- 123:30 he *TS₂R*] it *TS*
- 123:34 says “why” ~, “Why *A₁*
- 123:35 implies “is” ~. “Is *A₁* ~, “Is
E₁
- 123:35 And we . . . owls! *TS₂R*] *Om.*
TS see also *following entry*
- 123:36 Oh *TS₂R*] ~, *A₁*
- 123:38 true *TS₂R*] *Om. TS, A₁*
- 123:40 activity, and] ~ ~ *E₁*
- 124:3 been starved . . . years, *TS₂R*] been starved . . . years. *TS* had all their mental excitements already, and are finished in that way, and to achieve this fine end they have been starved at the roots, systematically, the whole way through. *TS₁R*

- 124:4 and fed...from the head.
TS₂R] Woe-begone personal-
 ities they have, but no self. *TS*
see also following entry
- 124:6 Blasé *TS₂R*] Blasé *A_I*
- 124:8 fourteen,] ~ *E_I*
- 124:8 taught *TS*, *TS₂R*] taught di-
 rectly *TS_IR*
- 124:19 tales *TS_IR*] stories *TS*
- 124:20 get in *TS_IR*] get *TS*
- 124:21 altogether *TS_IR*] and in-
 evitably *TS*
- 124:24 *mentally TS_IR*] mentally *TS*
- 124:25 forget, but *TS_IR*] forget, *TS*
 ~ ~ *A_I*
- 124:25 never to forsake *TS₂R*] never
 to forget *TS never* to forget
TS_IR
- 124:29 Relativity] relativity *A_I*
- 124:31 understand? *TS_IR*] ~. *TS*
- 124:31 It is... understand *TS*, *TS₂R*] *It is the business of very few to understand, TS_IR ~ ~...~, E_I*
- 124:32 not to bother, but *TS*, *TS₂R*] give reverence where it is due, and *TS_IR*
- 124:33 responsibilities.] responsibili-
 ties, and proudly to possess
 their souls. *TS_IR*
- 124:33 To give... natural pride.
TS₂R] *Om. TS*
- 124:39 means,] ~ *A_I*
- 124:39 says] ~, *A_I*
- 125:2 co-relation... co-relation]
 correlation... correlation *E_I*
- 125:7 percepts] precepts *A_I*
- 125:13 landscape,] ~ *E_I*
- 125:13 fancy... drawn. *TS*, *TS₂R*] impression, not for any pur-
 pose of *understanding. TS_IR*
- 125:15 Oh] ~, *A_I*
- 125:16 chimneys?"] ~?— *A_I*
- 125:17 The particular...that is all.
TS₂R] *Om. TS* There must
 be *some* vivid record of real-
 ity in this clay landscape. <But
 it depends upon the child's
 own individual nature.> What
 a child *knows*, it should know
 and should execute honorably.
 But don't drag in understand-
 ing. Let it be a *real* serious game.
TS_IR see also next entry
- 125:18 vivid,] ~ *E_I*
- 125:20 so, *TS_IR*] ~ *TS*, *TS₂R*
- 125:25 And... anyhow. *TS₂R*] *Om.*
TS see also next two entries
- 125:26 older..."—*A Ed.*] ~--."—
TS₂R ~—" ~ *A_I ~—"* ~
E_I
- 125:27 adult's] adult *A_I*
- 125:30 sex,] ~ *E_I*
- 125:34 nature. And] nature, and *E_I*
- 125:39 Or... W. C.] *Om. E_I*
- 126:4 their *TS₂R*] these *TS*
- 126:8 Refuse its... occasions.
TS₂R] *Om. TS*
- 126:9 *business*] business *A_I*
- 126:16 Of course... sick." *TS₂R*] *Om. TS* Of course today many
 children are born so unnatu-
 rally mentally awake and *aufait*
 in adult affairs, that the only
 thing left is to go on and tell
 them everything. It becomes
 simplest in the end. But it is al-
 most fatal. By the age of twenty
 or twenty five the same child
 has had everything, known ev-
 erything, and is sterile: nothing
 left.
- 126:20 To return...sex] But to re-
 turn... natural sex *TS_IR*
- 126:20 sexed *TS_IR*] with sex *TS*
- 126:21 female,] ~; *E_I*

126:25 the indeterminate . . . the issue. *TS₂R*] the {indeterminate sex, *TS₁R*} hermaphrodite, is just shoddy maundering born of a weak head, and having {no *TS₁R*} a basis in vital reality. *TS*

126:27 Biologically . . . [127:19] As a matter of fact, *TS₂R*] A boy may be girlish. But this doesn't mean his sex has changed. It means that the centres of will and of sympathy are in him receptive rather than positively active. It is merely a question of the dynamic flow. The female, in the dynamic flow between herself and a male, is supposed to be the recipient pole, the male is supposed to be the active or exerting pole of the circuit. This does not apply only to functional sex, but to the whole range of sympathy and communion: mother and child, brother and sister, friend and friend—all. In every vital relationship there is a vital current dependent upon a dual polarity. This polarity is inevitably positive and negative, recipient or exertive. It is a law of love, that between two lovers, there is one who loves, and one who is loved. It is a law of communion that one is the Host, the other the communicant. It is a law of all vital relation between two people, that one party is the initiator the other the responder. It is purely a law of polarity. And the law holds good in

every single vital relationship. *TS* {True, in every individual exists the basic formation of both sexes. And when persistent idealism has perniciously perverted or exhausted the great affective centres, any individual may begin to posture as having both sexes, or the one not his own. But it is a posture only. The gulf between Helio-gabalus, or the most womanly man on earth, and any actual woman is so great, that it is just the same old gulf between the sexes. These men-women are only men posturing as women, and the very pose is male, absolutely male. The same with our masculine women of today. They are women right enough, for all their palaver: only too womanly. *P* Again, we may find a boy girlish. And girlish he may be—and at the same time, more male than the crudest of males. Girlishness is, in a boy, largely a question of the direction of the dynamic flow. The male is supposed to be positive at the great volitional centres, the female at the sympathetic. This may easily be reversed—and it reverses the dynamic flow. The male nowadays is very often the sensitive, sympathetic nature, the female the active, effective, and wilful. Under the circumstances the male acts as the passive or negative or attractive pole of the dynamic flow, the female as the active, positive pole. It

- is a reversion of mode, but no reversion of sex. The female becomes the initiator, the male the responder. For the law of dynamic polarity holds good for every possible relationship. *TS₁R*} *P* Now we are accustomed to regard woman as passive, man as active. We are accustomed to regard the female as the recipient, the male as the initiator. Hence we are accustomed to think of the female as the passive pole of a relationship, the man as the active or positive. *P* But if we look a little closer, we shall see that we mean more than this. This *TS* see also following three entries
- 126:29 either] ~, *AI*
- 127:4 woman] women *AI*
- 127:17 round] around *AI*
- 127:24 voluntary activity *TS₂R*] motion *TS*
- 127:25 goes,] ~ *EI*
- 127:25 sympathetic activity *TS₂R*] emotion *TS*
- 127:30 lives up to it *TS₂R*] responds *TS*
- 127:31 Naturally *TS₂R*] But *TS*
- 127:37 the lord] lord *AI*
- 128:2 creative, *TS₁R*] *Om. TS*
- 128:16 re-birth] rebirth *AI*
- 128:17 re-born. Which] reborn, which *AI*
- 128:25 fetcher *TS₁R*] pitcher *TS*
- 128:26 the crucified, *TS₂R*] *Om. TS*
- 128:26 re-born] reborn *AI*
- 128:29 feelings,—nay] ~—~, *AI*
- 129:14 North . . . South] north . . . south *AI*
- 129:18 sincere, passionate *TS₂R*] active *TS* active, *TS₁R*
- 129:19 positivity in disinterested being *TS, TS₂R*] impersonal, disinterested positivity *TS₁R*
- 129:23 spurious divinity;] ~, ~; *AI* ~, ~, *EI*
- 129:23 picks *TS₁R*] packs *TS*
- 129:24 Rag-time] rag-time *AI*
- 129:28 evilly *TS, TS₂R*] treacherously *TS₁R*
- 129:29 cost: and wives still more. *TS₂R*] cost. *TS* cost: and wives still more so. *TS₁R*
- 129:30 Of course . . . [130:12] all failures. *TS₂R*] *Om. TS* There must be a great balance between the sexes. Man, in the daytime, must maintain his priority, his pure, disinterested life-activity. It is not woman who claims the highest out of man. It is God, or the man's own inward soul. Acting from his own soul's deepest impulse, man goes forward, creatively and recklessly, and may not pause to remember that he has a life to lose, or a wife and children to leave. He must carry forward the banner of life, onwards, though seven worlds perish, and all the wives and mothers and children in them. Hence Jesus' "Woman, what have I to do with thee." Once on the way, man may not pause to remember woman. *P* But again, when he comes home, to the life of intimacy and domestic love, then he must yield the woman her precedence. In love, in the emotional world, and in the desires of love,

- woman is leader. Man, denying this woman's world, becomes a Kant, or Napoleon who puts aside Josephine, something anti-life and hateful.— But woman invading the man's sphere is a more hateful tyrant still, more anti-life. *TS1R* see also following entries to 130:11
- 129:31 day-time] daytime *AI*
- 129:34 on,] ~ *AI*
- 129:38 Jesus'] ~, *AI*
- 130:8 mate.—] ~. *EI*
- 130:9 clock-work] clockwork *EI*
- 130:11 thee?"—] ~?" *EI*
- 130:11 now."—] ~." *EI*
- 131:2 The Birth of Sex *TS1R*] *Om.* *TS*
- 131:4 Is the . . . relativity. *TS2R*] *Om.* *TS*
- 131:5 relativity. *PA*] ~. ~ *AI*
- 131:7 inter-mingling] intermingling *AI*
- 131:9 maleness and femaleness *TS1R*] manliness and womanliness *TS*
- 131:15 effect. *TS, TS2R*] ~. The only wisdom is to ignore it. *TS1R*
- 131:22 reverse] ~, *EI*
- 131:24 unmanly *TS, TS2R*] female *TS1R*
- 131:25 And women . . . *purpose.* *TS, TS2R*] Not even Tolstoi. When Tolstoi writes Natasha he is only giving his own creative apprehension of woman. And since man has the highest powers of creative utterance, no doubt he speaks the truth at its maximum. The female truth remains and must remain forever unsaid. Men learn their feelings from woman, women learn their mental consciousness from men. Women, when they speak and write, utter no word that man hasn't taught them. And man feels very little except what woman has taught him to feel. Women live forever by feeling, and men by an ineradicable sense of *purpose.* They may change rôles, but never natures. *TS1R*
- 131:32 Epicurean *AI*] Epicurian *TS*
- 131:33 Maupassant *TS1R*] Heine or Maupassant *TS*
- 131:33 Women] Woman *AI*
- 131:34 man;] ~, *AI*
- 131:35 men] man *AI*
- 131:36 apart. *TS, TS2R*] apart. And each will play skittles with the other's most sacred nature. *TS1R*
- 132:3 themselves. *TS, TS2R*] themselves. Purity means purity of man in maleness, and of woman in femaleness, not ideal sterility. *TS1R*
- 132:4 familiar *TS, TS2R*] too familiar *TS1R*
- 132:4 in being "pals," they *TS2R*] they *TS* girls and boys *TS1R*
- 132:5 integrity *TS, TS2R*] purity and beauty *TS1R*
- 132:5 polarity, the dynamic . . . on otherness. *TS2R*] polarity. *TS*
- 132:8 And a polarity which *TS, TS2R*] It is a vital polarity upon which all adult life depends. And this polarity *TS1R*
- 132:24 biological *TS1R*] dynamic *TS*
- 133:3 free *TS2R*] *Om.* *TS free TS1R*
- 133:11 other,] ~ *AI*
- 133:29 *Schwarm*] *Schwärmerei AI*
- 133:30 friendship] friendships *AI*

134:4 Now sex... [141:32] of life. *TS₂R*] *Om. TS* Now we can see that a sexual motive, even given the largest definition of sex, *cannot* be attributed to all human activities. The spontaneous impulses from the four primary centres of consciousness are not in any sense sexual. *P* We must, of course, reckon with the strange submerged activity of the true sexual centres, even in early childhood. Even in a child of three, actual sex is *sometimes* shadowily, uncontrolledly conscious. There is no free activity at the <great> true sexual centres. The hypogastric plexus, and the immensely important and immensely powerful sacral ganglion, these are only submergently active, they have no *individual* activity in a child before puberty. The curious sexual squirmings that often occur in children do not belong to the individual. They are an uneasy intrusion from the as yet uncreated, unready biological centres. The great sexual centres are slowly prepared, developed in a kind of pre-natal <quiescence> gestation during childhood, before puberty. But even an unborn child kicks in the womb. So do the great sex-centres kick in a small child. It is part of the phenomenon of childhood. But we must be *most* careful not to attribute these rather unpleasant phenomena to the individual

boy or girl. We must be most careful not to drag the matter into mental consciousness. Shoo it away. Reprimand it with a blank face and an understanding soul. Just set the consciousness blankly against it. Introduce no motive of horror or great shame. Just have none of it. Make the whole thing unconscious again—till the time of puberty and true awakening. After puberty, a child may as well know in full. *P* There should be some form of true initiation into adult consciousness, at puberty. The mind *should* awake to sexual consciousness, at adolescence. But it is not the parents' business to tell a child facts about sex. Far from it. It should be the business of the priest, or mother-superior: some person invested with some sort of sacred, half-secret authority. And the whole thing should be a true ritual, an initiation mystery. The child should be made, ritualistically, to die, to die from childhood, to creep forth from some difficult aperture, to be born again into manhood or womanhood. There should be a time of seclusion, fasting, pain and festivity. *P* There should be the great *dynamic* reaction: the dramatic realisation deep in the affective soul. The mystery, the terror of sex should never be explained away. I think the mass of mankind should never be told plain

biological truths about sex. The taboo of dark sensual secrecy should be kept—but admitted in the fullest consciousness. We treat sex now as if it were a mixing of test-tube contents. It is a bad mistake. The reality of sex lies in the great dynamic convulsions in the soul. *P* And so, at puberty, it is a bitter and sterilising thing to take children and tell them viciously about the test-tube scientific processes of coition and procreation. I say viciously, because it *is* vicious thus to kill the great dynamism of sex, and to substitute the worthlessness of scientific fact. Scientific fact of sex is no more sex than a skeleton is a man. You would think twice before you stuck a skeleton in front of your child, and said “This is what you are, dear.”—And yet, with a lot of cant about purity and reverence, you “explain” sex to a child. It is criminal. The whole business must be a ritual, a form of dynamic initiation, to which the child reacts at the great dynamic centres, or it must be nothing. The business of inoculating sex into the head, as a mere scientific biological apparatus business, is a sin, a crime, a sin against life and the Holy Ghost. *P* No man should know the barren facts of biological sex, unless he has the living education within him which will keep alive the great dynamic knowledge of what

sex livingly is. Knowledge, indeed, should be put into the hands of the highest individuals only. The masses should have symbols once more, and ritual. *P* With our dangerous poison of knowledge we have almost killed the masses. The period of actual death and race-suicide is not far off.—We could have achieved the same results by insistently dwelling upon the skeleton of man. If we had insistently persisted in instilling the fact that man is in his most enduring nature a bony skeleton, we should have produced almost the same effect of barrenness that we have now reached by insisting that he is a thing of scientific cause-and-effect and biological process. *P* We must go back on our own lies, anyhow. And men who can assume conscious responsibility must try with all their might to save the half-conscious masses from the peril into which we have led them. They are drifting inevitably into mechanical self-destruction, owing to the system of mechanistic lies which we have established in their very souls. We must now take the lies away again, give them back the magic, the potency, and the truth of life. We must undo all this damage of a “little learning.” There must be no such learning: but endless true initiation. *P* There is no danger of the masses ever reading

my books. Far be it from me to give <the masses> them any more weapons against themselves. Knowledge, the more intrinsic it becomes, should be restricted ever more and more to the limits of the few who *can* know. But what is one to do, in this world of critics such as those whom I faithfully reprint in my introduction. *P* And sex?—Sex, the strange force, the new life that comes upon us at puberty. Sex, that makes a man's voice go deep and mellow and male, that shapes the half-baked legs into beauty and manliness, that makes the lovely roundness of woman: sex, that gives us strange feelings, and infinitely strange sensibilities: sex, that suddenly sets a whole new world of life before us, involves us in a whole new <set> course of strange and vivid relationships with man, woman, beast and flower: are we going to put it in a test-tube, or a psychoanalytic theory based on coition-impulse, which is only one clue to sex. *P* If I say that sex <follows> occurs with the bursting awake of the hypogastric plexus and the sacral ganglion, I am not trying to put it in another pill-box. I only try to take it out of the fog of the ideal and functional. If I say God is in the burning bush, I don't mean that <any> a certain particular gooseberry bush is the divinity. But every miserable critic will

say that I *do* mean this—or that I am talking vague and repulsive mysticism. *TS1R* see also following entries to 141:18

134:30 possible *TS2R*] ~, *A1*
 134:32 meet, or *TS2R*] ~ or like *A1*
 135:4 re-created *TS2R*] recreated *A1* re-/created *E1*
 136:30 temerarious *A1*] temerious *TS2R*
 136:38 individual: *TS2R*] ~; *A1*
 137:6 individuality *Ed.*] individual *TS2R* see notes
 137:20 Of all... [137:33] or mother. *TS2R*] *Om. E1* see also following three entries
 137:20 anarchy: *TS2R*] ~, *A1 Om. E1*
 137:22 classes. But *TS2R*] ~, but *A1 Om. E1*
 137:29 Well *TS2R*] ~, *A1 Om. E1*
 138:1 long, *TS2R*] ~ *A1*
 138:8 life *TS2R*] <men> life *TS2R*
 138:17 real *TS2R*] <true> real *TS2R*
 138:20 uneasy intrusions *Ed.*] uneasy intrusion *TS2R* an uneasy intrusion *A1*
 138:24 childhood] ~, *E1*
 138:38 more: *TS2R*] ~; *A1*
 138:40 go into her and *TS2R*] *Om. A1*
 139:2 you have... penis. *TS2R*] what is happening to you. *A1*
 139:26 mother] mothers *A1*
 140:10 creative-convulsive] creative-conclusive *E1*
 140:10 soul.—] ~. *E1*
 140:12 see *TS2R*] ~, *A1*
 140:14 then *TS2R*] ~, *A1*
 140:15 love.— *TS2R*] ~. *A1*
 140:16 child).—] ~). *E1*
 140:18 you *TS2R*] ~, *A1*
 140:19 his *TS2R*] ~, *A1*
 140:20 you dear. *TS2R*] ~, ~? *A1*
 140:21 do you. *TS2R*] ~ ~? *A1*

- 140:22 inside, etc etc." *TS2R*] ~ ~.,
~." *A1* ~," ~., ~. *E1*
- 140:23 given *A1*] give *TS2R*
- 140:30 stuck *TS2R*, *E1*] stock *A1*
- 140:31 said: *TS2R*] ~, *A1*
- 140:32 yourself."—] ~." *E1*
- 140:34 else] ~, *E1*
- 140:35 into *TS2R*] to *A1*
- 141:18 blood and being, *TS2R*] ~, ~
~ *E1*
- 142:2 Parent Love *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
Parent-and-Child Love *TS1R*
- 142:4 there *TS1R*] this *TS*
- 142:4 a perfect transition *TS1R*] *Om. TS*
- 142:8 powers; *A1*] ~., *TS*
- 142:12 sympathetic . . . "understanding."
TS2R] sympathy. *TS*
- 142:13 this, *TS1R*] ~ *TS*
- 142:13 love, *TS1R*] ~. *TS*
- 142:15 And . . . mean? *TS2R*] Let us
see what this means. *TS*
- 142:17 upper *TS2R*] first *TS*
- 142:18 lower centres . . . swift sensual
self is *TS2R*] first voluntary
centres. The centres of reac-
tion, of violence, of instinctive
repudiation of love, of wilful-
ness, pride, and a certain reck-
less independence, the pri-
mary centres of all this human
feeling and passionate breath
are both *TS* see also next
entry
- 142:21 swift *TS2R*] ~, *A1*
- 142:22 denied *TS2R*] checked *TS*
- 142:23 And by . . . bullying forbear-
ance. *TS2R*] Love, and love
alone must exist for the child.
The child must know, as far
as possible, nothing but hap-
piness and sympathy, and any
exhibition of power, pride,
- defiant recklessness is made
abhorrent to it. *TS*
- 142:28 centre of upper sympathy is
TS2R] centres of sympathy are
TS
- 142:29 deranged *TS2R*] weakened *TS*
- 142:33 strange whims *TS*, *TS2R*] blind obstinacy *TS1R*
- 142:34 And we . . . a child *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
- 143:4 and all "higher" emotions,
TS2R] *Om. TS*
- 143:6 upper centres *TS2R*] centres
of sympathy *TS*
- 143:7 unnatural acuteness and reac-
tion *TS2R*] sickness and in-
flammation *TS*
- 143:9 either *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
- 143:9 lovers, or of two love-
appearing . . . another *TS2R*] lovers. *TS*
- 143:13 and spiritual love-will, *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
- 143:14 it, on the . . . other plane.
TS2R] it. *TS*
- 143:17 spiritual *TS2R*] sympathetic
TS
- 143:17 second *TS2R*] deeper *TS*
- 143:22 cervical plexuses . . . and cog-
nition *TS2R*] hypogastric
plexus, the centre of profound
sensual sympathy and the cer-
vical plexus, the centres of
the higher dynamic cognition,
these *TS* see also next entry
- 143:24 cognition *TS2R*] ~, *A1*
- 143:25 love-emotion and love-will
TS2R] love-emotion, *TS*
- 143:28 idealism *TS2R*] ~, however,
TS
- 143:34 upper *TS2R*] sympathetic *TS*
roused *TS*, *TS2R*] inflamed
TS1R

- 143:35 precocious action *TS*2*R*] artificial action *TS*
- 143:36 precocious in "understanding." *TS*2*R*] precocious. *TS*
- 144:3 only, *TS*1*R*] ~ *TS*
- 144:6 What sex-instinct . . . parents. *TS*2*R*] *Om. TS*
- 144:8 also *TS*, *TS*2*R*] alas *TS*1*R*
- 144:13 upper centres only . . . sensual self. *TS*2*R*] sympathetic centres only, {bound up in an intimate mesh of love and love-bullying, from which there is no release *TS*1*R*] without real dynamic effective resistance from the voluntary centres. *TS*
- 144:16 child—Schools *Ed.*] child—Schools *TS* child—schools *A*1
- 144:19 There is . . . entangled. *TS*2*R*] *Om. TS see also next entry*
- 144:20 understanding," *TS*2*R*] ~" *A*1
- 144:26 bound] ~, *A*1
- 144:27 love-will *TS*1*R*] love-will *TS*
- 144:32 adult *TS*2*R*] *human TS*
- 144:35 further *TS*, *TS*2*R*] adult *TS*1*R*
- 144:36 sacred *TS*2*R*] pure *TS*
- 144:37 higher *TS*, *TS*2*R*] later *TS*1*R*
- 144:37 spiritual *TS*2*R*] pure *TS*
- 145:1 repugnant *TS*1*R*] repugnant therefore *TS*
- 145:3 love-will or love-sympathy *TS*2*R*] hate or love *TS*
- 145:4 plane, *TS*1*R*] ~ *TS*
- 145:5 incest *TS*2*R*] actual sensual incest *TS*
- 145:9 activity *TS*2*R*] relation *TS*
- 145:15 consciousness *TS*2*R*] relation *TS* activity *TS*1*R*
- 145:16 And then what? *TS*2*R*] And this means actual incest. *TS*
- 145:17 parents can . . . [149:3] marriage affair. *TS*2*R*] we can

resist for ever the logical and physical conclusion of our mode of spiritual love. But it does not effectively help us. It only divides us against ourselves. Particularly is this the case in the mother-son and father-daughter relation. A woman can never reach her goal of fullest self-realisation save through feeling: and moreover, of the deeper, sensual feeling. That is of completed connection at the lower centres. That is, finally, of sensual connection pure and simple. Without this connection a woman cannot reach her own fulness of being. It is this which accomplishes her wholeness: this bringing her to a completed circuit of dynamic flow with a male correspondent, at the deeper sensual centres, the hypogastric plexus and the lumbar ganglion. On this circuit the whole life of an adult woman rests: as the earth rests on its orbit: And this is the reality of marriage. *P* But to-day, there is no marriage. For the man and woman are playing reversed rôles, and in this way only curiosity <exists> rules. There is only curiosity and experiment. The woman is never prepared to relinquish her rôle of dominance and dynamic positivity, except to herself or to that which she can know as herself: namely her son. With her son she is willing to be the true mother.

For her husband she will never be anything but the modern woman. Which is the boot on the other leg. *P* It is a rather boring French truism—"On revient toujours à son premier amour." On the face of modern evidence, this is not true. Nowadays it would be much truer to use the negative.—"On ne revient jamais à son premier amour". And this is almost inevitably true if the *amour* was actually sexual. *P* But it is the first saying which is really true. One always goes back to one's first love. Or better still, one never leaves one's first love. This is obvious. One never really leaves one's own kin. They are kin to the end, even though they be detestable and less than kind and all that. There is the bond. There is the old bond, the old primary circuit of dynamic connection, superseded, but never really annulled. *P* How much more serious then is the establishing the dynamic circuit between two individuals, on the further, the second plane of consciousness. {we can assert that there is no actual dynamic connection between parent and child on the lower sensual plane. And it is true. But that does not help. The lower centres of sex are willy-nilly excited into activity by intense sympathy on the upper plane. Our psyche is so framed that the arousing of any two

polar centres on one plane automatically stimulates the corresponding pair of poles, on the other plane, into activity. So the intensely conscious *pure* love-relation between parent and child inevitably arouses the deeper sensual centres into activity in the child. These deeper centres, once aroused, should find some sort of correspondent, some answer on the same plane in another individual. This answer is spontaneously impossible between parent and child. It can only be formulated from the reason, by analogy. Spontaneously, it does not take effect. *P* And yet, what have you? A child precociously aroused to adult intense sympathy, chained in this mode of sympathy to its parent, and with its lower centres of sensual sex also aroused, but without correspondent, acting wildly on their own. Hence the almost inevitable intensity of secret, solitary sexual excitement in children today—a child and its own roused sex. *P* The parent is to blame. And more than the parent, the ideal. We have an ideal of love, love, love. Every frenzied individual is told to find fulfilment in love. And there is no fulfilment *in* love. There is fulfilment *through* love. But fulfilment really means that an individual possesses his own soul in peace and fulness, deep within him. A full, rich aloneness, reached

through love. But it means, strictly, a passing beyond any quest of love, and an arriving at fulfilment, a state of fullness in being alone, and of quiet equilibrium in the relation with the beloved. *P* Now this state of fulfilment is made impossible in us by this ideal, the monomania of more love. At the time when a woman should be seeking her own fulfilled soul, she turns rabidly to seek a new lover. At the time when she should be coming to peace and equilibrated rest with her husband, she turns rabidly against rest or peace or equilibrium or husband in any shape or form, and demands more love, more love, a further lover, one who will *understand* her. And this lover she frequently finds in her own son. *P* It is true, a woman reaches her goal of fulfilment through feeling: and more, through deep sensual feeling. That is, in a full perfection and completion of the dynamic flow <at her lo> with her husband at the lower sensual centres, the hypogastric plexus and the sacral ganglion in each of them. Now this fullness and completion can never be reached until her husband, deeply fulfilled through his marriage, and full of faith in his own soul's purpose, takes upon himself the silence and perfect responsibility of maturity. Till a man withdraws into his own fullness of

being, and takes his quiet responsibility for the living future, there is no rest. Till this time, the frenzy of love-craving continues. If the great resolution of singleness in being and living purpose is never made by the man, the love-craving will run on into frenzy, particularly in a woman. *P* Seeking, seeking, seeking this fulfilment through passionate love, foiled by this very loving weakness and irresolution in her husband, who cannot gather himself together into the last singleness and stillness which should be the goal of love, the woman beats about still for her satisfaction. And she finds it, so often and so disastrously, in the perfect response of her child. The son seems to give the last perfect response for which the mother craves. For he is flesh of her flesh. So she gives him that last final and fatal devotion, the great unquestioning love which should be a wife's supreme gift to a husband. And she gives it to her son. *P* "On revient toujours à son premier amour." It would seem like a cynicism today. "On ne revient jamais à son premier amour" is more the mark. But wait a while. One never really leaves one's first love. That is the top and bottom of it. But you must know what you mean by first love.—Once a youth establishes any full dynamic connection with

- any girl or woman on the second, deeper plane of being—once this circuit establishes itself, it is final. It can never be altered, never done twice. And what we all seek in love is the perfecting of this dynamic relationship at the four-fold poles of the second field of our psyche. *P* How serious this is, we can never know too well. Establish a full polarity . . . the pact of marriage. *TS_{1R}*] Establish a full polarity between yourself and another individual at the four further poles of dynamic consciousness, and nothing but death can break the connection. This is the pact of marriage. *TS* see also following entries to 148:20
- 145:18 maybe *A₁*] may *TS_{2R}*
- 145:26 roused *TS_{2R}*] aroused *A₁*
- 145:27 impossible *TS_{2R}*] <utterly absurd> *TS_{2R}*
- 145:30 sexual *TS_{2R}*] sensual *A₁*
- 146:4 get *TS_{2R}*] ~, *A₁*
- 146:8 longing to see . . . ornaments. *TS_{2R}*] pornographic longing with regard to the self. *A₁*
- 146:14 and licking, *TS_{2R}*] *Om. A₁*
- 146:16 Hands . . . agents. *TS_{2R}*] *Om. A₁*
- 146:17 the sexual activity into *TS_{2R}*] sexual activity and *A₁*
- 146:38 adult,] ~ *E₁*
- 146:39 distresses . . . blame *TS_{2R}*] <calls on us to act> *TS_{2R}*
- 147:12 purpose *TS_{2R}*] purpose *A₁*
- 148:27 *On . . . amour A₁*] *On . . . amour TS_{2R}*
- 148:28 *On ne . . . amour A₁*] *On ne . . . amour TS_{2R}*
- 149:6 connection . . . made *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS*
- 149:15 love-and-cognition circuit *TS, TS_{2R}*] circuit of pure love, pure intense sympathy, *TS_{1R}*
- 149:16 provokes *TS_{2R}*] evokes *TS*
- 149:16 centres into action, *TS_{1R}*] circuit, *TS*
- 149:17 there be . . . concerned. *TS_{2R}*] the {connection *TS_{1R}*} evocation be never {made with any correspondent *TS_{1R}*} admitted. *TS*
- 149:22 This is . . . [149:30] and daughter. *TS_{2R}*] Now the genuine old polarity of man and woman is set up, with the woman as the positive pole of feeling, the man as the positive pole of cognition and purpose. It is this wife-devotion of a passionate mother which stimulates even most genius into consciousness. Woman is now herself: powerful in her positive and unreserved love, happy in her negative submission to her son's mind and conscious aspiration or ambition. For the first time she is wife. But wife only to that which is part herself. *P* The same is true of the father and daughter. It is the higher form of incest. *TS* She asks of him nothing, except that he shall accept her love, and that he shall be himself. Which is precisely the beautiful feeling a woman should have towards her husband, when the time of fulfilment and maturity arrives: when the husband is at last ready to undertake the

- responsibility for the creative future—not mere provision—and then the wife is sacredly at one with him. It is a wonderful last gift a woman then makes to her husband. But the same gift, offered to the son, is fatal to both him and his mother. Obviously so, since the son must marry, and does not choose to draw the incest conclusion from his head. *P* The same is true of the father and daughter. The same disaster. *TS₁R*
- 149:31 what? The son *TS₂R*] the son. He *TS*
- 149:32 necessity *TS₂R*] activity *TS*
- 149:34 mother-supported, *TS₁R*] ~ *TS*
- 149:34 Everything... [150:3] ever know. *TS₂R*] But then sex itself becomes imperative. And then what? He must love and marry a stranger. And he *can't* love and marry a stranger. For two reasons. First, he is already dynamically polarised. And second, no stranger will ever give him what his mother gives him. *TS* He feels and he understands miraculously much, mother stimulated. A great flush of glamour, his youth. *P* And then what? Then he is faced with the problem of sexual love. He has got to make the great sexual connection and adjustment, with a stranger. And then torture. How can any girl or young woman give a man that miraculous, unseeking, rich, ripe love which a mother gives him? How can she, poor thing. And how can he accept, as his highest, that which is less than the love he already has? How can he, poor devil? *TS₁R* see also following entry
- 149:37 boy! *TS₂R*] ~. *AI*
- 150:6 a husband, *TS₂R*] *Om. TS*
- 150:9 Of her blood-kin... [151:22] brazen. *TS₂R*] Her near blood kin she will love, positively, and serve negatively. If she marry, she will insist on *being loved*, positively, and she herself will assume the positive sway, the control of life and affairs. *P* The attitude of woman to one she loves, in blood kin, and the attitude of woman towards her actual husband, is exactly a reverse. *P* And this is why marriage is again a fraud. The son tastes the real beauty of wife-response in his mother or sister. He marries a stranger, and is supposed to do all the responding himself. He quite enjoys it for a time. Then he kicks, remembers the beauty of the lost relation, and goes back to mother or sister. His wife hates him and his mother or sister, and proceeds to devote herself to her own son, to make him her little husband, and carry on the old game. *TS* In her blood-kin there is always *one* whom she can love devotedly. And why? Because from the first days almost, in our modern families, the intense adult sympathy is provoked in

the children by one parent or another: or, if not the adult sympathy, then the peculiar adult sensual consciousness, sex-consciousness which the Italian stimulates in his child. One way or another the adult perceptions are provoked, the adult sympathies are linked up, there in the bosom of the family, between <father> parents and children, brothers and sisters. Then adieu to the hope of a real adult life. Everything is forestalled. The cream is licked off the great adult relationships by the children today—and the result is chagrin. *P* And the cause? The cause is always the same: that the parents will not or cannot come to rest in themselves. And it is not so easy, either. It needs a man's profound faith in life, and in his own activity towards the living future. It needs a man's profound faith in his own purposive being, his own purposive striving for the future of life. By which we do not mean bread and butter. But the sacred, the deepest feeling in a man's heart, that he is living for liberty and for the next great move of creative unfolding life. Liberty means no more than living from the soul's creative impulse: not votes. Liberty today, for the vast majority of people, lies in obedience: a beautiful glad obedience which the soul gives when it at last recognises a

life-leader. *P* Now there is no belief and no purpose, only a vicious scraping at the old ideals and a frenzy for sensation or for bullying. Particularly spiritual bullying. Neither father nor mother comes to maturity or to peace or to sincerity of inward purpose. It is all a frenzy of self-insistence, self-assertion, a craving for more, for more, when it is already more than enough. And so parents turn back to devour, by love, their own offspring. *P* And so the failure of marriage. Young man or young woman, each has tasted the highest and perhaps purest, if partial sympathy in the home. The son has tasted the real beauty of wife-response in his mother or sister. He marries a stranger. At first it is a nice game for each of them. And then? Then each one seeks the beauty of the lost, non-sexual, partial relationship. In this sexual relationship of marriage so much unexpected enters, while the loveliest thing, already tasted both by man and woman—lovely mother-devotion or brother devotion—is missing. The best is missing—the other things are a conflict and a tangle. Goodbye marriage. *P* And then, dear young parents, repeat the old trick. Make lovers of your children—and so *ad infinitum*, or till the skies fall. *TSR* see also following three entries

- 150:11 adores *TS*₂*R*] adores *A*₁
 150:27 intenseset,] ~— *A*₁
 151:6 first, *TS*₂*R*] ~ *A*₁
 152:2 The Vicious Circle *TS*₁*R*] *Om.*
TS
 152:9 motion of *TS*₂*R*] recoil into
TS
 152:17 But . . . moment *TS*₂*R*] But of
 this we have no intention of
 speaking *TS* But that is beyond
 our scope at present *TS*₁*R*
 152:27 circuits and *TS*₂*R*] ~, ~ *TS*
 152:35 lives,] ~ *A*₁
 153:3 interchange and intercourse
TS, *TS*₂*R*] unconscious inter-
 change and intercourse, like
 unknown electricity *TS*₁*R*
 153:12 soul-impulse *TS*₂*R*] life-
 impulse *TS*
 153:13 we *A*₁] what we *TS*
 153:13 worlds, or of what nature] or
 what sort of worlds *A*₁ see notes
 153:14 stable. *TS*, *TS*₂*R*] ~, and the
 sun's fire is nourished. *TS*₁*R*
 153:17 absolute *TS*₂*R*] universal *TS*
 153:22 Marconi-wires] Marconi wires
*A*₁
 153:28 anyone] any one *E*₁
 153:34 a pair *TS*, *TS*₂*R*] one of a pair
*TS*₁*R*
 153:35 string.] ~, <after having
 smelled the other.> *TS*₁*R*
 153:35 That is . . . leather? *TS*₂*R*] *Om.*
TS
 154:1 transferred vitality *TS*₂*R*] vi-
 tal vibration *TS*
 154:5 measure *TS*₂*R*] degree *TS*
 154:13 and is] is *A*₁
 154:15 always *TS*₂*R*] always—or
 usually— *TS*
 154:15 the activity *TS*₂*R*] the re-
 sponse *TS* activity *TS*₁*R*
 154:19 four-fold] fourfold *A*₁
 154:19 consciousness *A*₁] conscious
TS
 154:23 comprehending: *TS*₂*R*] un-
 derstanding: *TS* ~ *A*₁ ~, *E*₁
 154:27 the soul being . . . [155:2] is a
 pause. *TS*₂*R*] the individual in
 his pure singleness, in his to-
 tality of consciousness: what
 Jesus calls the Holy Ghost.
 When suddenly I say to my-
 self "I am wrong"; knowing
 full well that I *am* wrong: then
 this is no piece of mental in-
 ference. It is the soul utter-
 ing words which have no actual
 meaning to the mind. "True"
 and "false", says the mind.
 "Right" and "wrong" says the
 soul alone. And it means that
 there is some derangement in
 the dynamic primary activity
 at the vital centres. {A perva-
 sion of the soul's single inten-
 tion. *TS*₁*R*} Whereupon there
 is a pause. *TS*
 155:3 The mind . . . pause, *TS*₂*R*]
 But once the soul can collect
 itself into silence and isolation,
 then there is a fresh start, *TS*
 155:5 life-adjustment] life adjust-
 ment *A*₁
 155:6 being's *TS*₂*R*] soul's *TS*
 155:9 To submit . . . ruin. *TS*₂*R*]
Om. *TS*
 155:13 languages,] ~ *E*₁
 155:14 make *TS*, *TS*₂*R*] can make
*TS*₁*R*
 155:18 In the same . . . [155:32] A great
 trick *TS*₂*R*] *P* Idealism is
 to {institute *TS*₁*R*} sub-
 stitute one permanent and
 {predominating *TS*₁*R*} ex-
 clusive motion in the human

psyche. Our particular motion is to be the motion of love and benevolence. We try to automatise ourselves into little love-engines always stoked with the sorrows or beauties of other people, so that we can get up the steam of our benevolence or our adoration. Another way *TS* see also following two entries

- 155:24 China *TS2R*] ~, *AI*
 155:28 us. *P* Whereas *TS2R*] ~. ~ *AI*
 155:38 squeaks] ~, *AI*
 156:2 tue." / There] ~." *P* There *AI*
 156:4 Excuse me if I can't . . . burst. *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
 156:10 Onward] ~, *AI*
 156:17 love . . . *Ed.*] ~, - - - *TS* ~—
AI ~ — *EI*
 156:22 *Fatherland AI*] fatherland *TS*
 156:25 friction of eating *TSIR*] # of eating and friction *TS*
 156:31 *Fatherland . . .*] ~— *AI* ~—
EI
 157:10 'em] them *EI*
 157:14 And occasionally . . . It is done. *TS2R*] *Om. TS* see also following entry
 157:17 love steam *TS2R*] love-steam *AI*
 157:28 pause, and be alone. *TS2R*] have arrived. *TS* have arrived. *P* And to have the Missis near at hand, shall I add. Oh yes! *TSIR*
 157:29 And to have . . . self-sufficient. *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
 157:36 They say . . . [158:37] in space. *TS2R*] To travel is better than to arrive, they say. I have not found it so. I find that the best thing I have known is to possess

my own soul in a still fulness in the midst of trees and men. This is better even than love or power. Nothing is worse than to be alone when one is young and desirous, when one needs an answer, when one needs another being to fulfil the dynamic circle of life. So one starts, with this great need for {passion *TSIR*} conjunction, for love, for dynamic connection. And so this dynamic connection continues, till it fulfils itself. It continues through pure sympathy, through intense passionate desire, through the overweening recoil into pride and independence, through the increase of critical knowledge: it continues through bliss and delight and through fight and rage and storm, {all one after the other, *TSIR*} both alternately, until it is fulfilled. {And then you camp somewhere peacefully with the Missis, and possess your own soul in patience, and write words of wisdom which please you and occasionally please the Missis, and quite as often displease her, though she knows nothing about it. *TSIR*} *P* And when {—here we leap with the words of wisdom— *TSIR*} the great circuit of dynamic connection is fulfilled it is not therefore finished. When the dynamic circuit of parent love is fulfilled, at the time of puberty or full adolescence, of the

- child, this circuit does not suddenly break off. It only sinks into abeyance, into subordination. It is a stable equilibrium, it passes away out of attention, remains as the law of gravitation remains, effective but unconscious. *TS* see also following entries to 158:34
- 157:38 well-worth-it *TS_{2R}*] ~, *A_I*
 157:38 trees, *TS_{2R}*] ~ *E_I*
 158:13 self-consciousness *TS_{2R}*] self consciousness *E_I*
 158:14 sex-idea *TS_{2R}*] sex idea *E_I*
 158:21 self-same *TS_{2R}*] self same *E_I*
 158:29 adolescence *TS_{2R}*] ~, *A_I*
 158:34 orbit round *TS_{2R}*] ~, ~ *A_I*
 158:40 And,] ~ *A_I*
 159:15 diaphragm,] ~ *A_I*
 159:19 comrade . . . Comrade *TS_{2R}*] friend . . . Friend *TS*
 159:20 further *TS_{2R}*] upper *TS* deeper *TS_I**R*
 159:21 in the parent *TS_I**R*] *Om. TS*
 159:24 or at least *TS, TS_{2R}*] and almost fulfilled, *TS_I**R*
 159:25 fully *A_I*] full *TS*
 159:27 arouse *TS_I**R, E_I*] arouses *TS, A_I*
 159:29 conjunction. *TS, TS_{2R}*] conjunction. The parent is, in the living course of things, already occupied. *TS_I**R*
 159:31 alien *TS_{2R}*] alien *TS*
 159:32 corresponds *TS, TS_{2R}*] corresponds with the old *TS_I**R*
 159:39 mother-in-laws] mothers-in-law *A_I*
 159:40 father-in-laws] fathers-in-law *A_I*
 160:3 mind,] ~ *A_I*
 160:10 parent-child *TS, TS_{2R}*] true parent-child *TS_I**R*
 160:10 love-mode] love mode *A_I*
 160:11 love mode] love-/mode *E_I*
 160:15 parent love . . . adult love] true parent-love . . . adult-love *TS_I**R*
 160:26 responsible party *TS_{2R}*] doer, the thinker *TS* responsible being *TS_I**R*
 160:29 function *TS_I**R*] junction *TS*
 161:4 deliberate, and . . . provocation *TS_{2R}*] ~. *TS* deliberate and . . . provocation *TS_I**R, A_I*
 161:6 unthinking *TS_{2R}*] deep *TS* mindless *TS_I**R*
 161:7 deep *TS, TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS_I**R*
 161:14 Out *TS, E_I*] But *A_I*
 161:15 deliberate,] ~ *A_I*
 161:15 mentally-directed] mentally directed *E_I*
 161:18 finally obscene *TS, TS_{2R}*] fervently bullying *TS_I**R*
 161:22 breast. *TS, TS_{2R}*] ~: and are beautifully bullied all the while. *TS_I**R*
 161:37 self-conscious *TS_I**R*] pure *TS*
 161:39 made the idea . . . evil love-will. *TS_{2R}*] substituted the idea for the impulse. And we live by the {mentally-directed *TS_I**R*} mental will. *TS*
 162:1 great *TS, TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS_I**R*
 162:2 rejoicing *TS_{2R}*] recoil *TS* assertion *TS_I**R*
 162:2 into *TS, TS_{2R}*] in *TS_I**R*
 162:3 There is . . . parenthood. *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS*
 162:4 for everything *TS_{2R}*] *Om. TS*
 162:7 foul *TS_{2R}*] foal *TS, TS_I**R*
 162:7 good-will] good will *E_I*
 162:7 stinking *TS, TS_{2R}*] unclean *TS_I**R*

- 162:11 will:] ~, *AI*
 162:11 it] *Om. EI*
 162:15 poison-gases *TS, EI*] poison
 gases *AI*
 162:16 poison-gas. *P* Which] ~. ~ *AI*
 162:22 Oh] ~, *AI*
 162:28 benevolent] ~, *AI*
 162:33 pop-cornful *TS1R*] pop-
 cornfull *TS*
 162:35 Pompeii *AI*] Pompei *TS*
 162:37 newspaper] ~, *AI*
 162:37 Pompeii *AI*] Pompei *TS*
 163:37 Makes . . . silly! *TS2R*]
 There's an achievement for
 you. {The gods look small be-
 side us inventors. *TS1R*] Puts
 old Jove into the shade. *TS*
 163:2 Litany of Exhortations *TS2R*]
 Om. TS Interlude of Exhorta-
 tions *TS1R*
 163:5 poison-gas *TS, TS2R*] a tem-
 per *TS1R*
 163:11 Pompeii *AI*] Pompei
 163:12 How to . . . authors. *TS2R*]
 Look to your reputation, oh
 Vesuvius! *TS*
 163:16 Oh] ~, *AI*
 163:22 babies! Sing: *TS2R*] babies'
 Song *TS* babies. *TS1R*
 163:25 soul,] ~ *EI*
 163:28 Sodom vine] Sodom-vine
 TS1R
 163:34 Surely] surely *AI*
 164:5 minutes, *AI*] ~ *TS*
 164:6 but] But *AI*
 164:10 to her] ~ ~, *AI*
 164:12 looses] loosens *AI*
 164:13 self] ~, *AI*
 164:13 own"; and *AI*] ~;" And *TS*
 164:16 reproaches,] ~: *EI*
 164:18 yourself] ~: *AI*
 164:20 yourself,] ~ *EI*
 164:20 say] ~, *AI* ~: *EI*
 164:21 violated.] ~, *EI*
 164:25 on] in *AI*
 164:28 plot:] ~, *AI*
 164:29 my own *TS2R*] not here *TS*
 164:33 gathered beauty *TS, TS2R*]
 something better *TS1R*
 164:34 OOray] Ooray *AI*
 165:7 But my . . . gun-cartridge.
 TS2R] *Om. TS* The damned
 green brute! *TS1R* ~,
 my . . . gun-cartridge.
 166:2 Cosmological *TS1R*] *Om. TS*
 166:3 chapter] Chapter *AI*
 166:6 Well] ~, *AI*
 166:11 yourself: *AI*] ~. *TS*
 166:12 reader, *TS1R, AI*] ~ *TS,*
 TS2R
 166:19 Peace *TS1R*] Please *TS*
 166:19 still . . . ! *AI*] ~ . . . *TS* ~ . . . !
 TS1R
 166:19 still . . . perhaps *Ed.*] ~. *TS*
 ~ . . . ~ *TS2R*
 166:30 peripharia *Ed.*] peripharia *TS*
 periphery *AI*
 167:2 tree's] tree *AI*
 167:4 tree is? *TS2R*] ~ ~. *TS*
 167:7 or of Inertia *TS2R*] *Om. TS*
 167:7 says] ~, *AI*
 167:7 Inertia *TS2R*] Gravitation *TS*
 167:16 such a . . . throats. *TS2R*] such
 a lie. *TS* a cast-iron collar
 round our throats. *TS1R*
 167:20 aldeboronti fosco fornio
 TS1R] aldeboronti force
 fornio *TS* aldeboronti fosco
 fornio *AI*
 167:22 atom!] ~? *AI*
 167:22 Why] ~, *AI*
 167:33 Force, among . . . things.
 TS1R] Force. *TS*
 168:6 five-hundred] five hundred *AI*
 168:7 seven-hundred] seven hun-
 dred *AI*

- 168:9 foot-board] footboard *Ar*
 168:9 suddenly] ~, *EI*
 168:12 tale: that . . . horse. *TS2R*] tale.
TS
 168:13 one fifth of what *TS2R*] one
 word that *TS* one-fifth of what
Ar
 168:15 stars . . . hanky. *TS2R*] stars are
 other worlds. *TS* sun flung us
 all off in bits: by us I mean the
 astronomical universe. *TSIR*
 168:17 years,] ~ *EI*
 168:17 seemed *TSIR*] was *TS*
 168:20 Cassiopeia] ~, *Ar*
 168:21 even brought myself *TS2R*]
 tried earnestly, *TS*
 168:25 I know . . . No thank you.
TS2R] All the ideas and ideals
 and theories tacked on are only
 the ribbons and the horsehair
 of the wonder-working savage.
TS I know . . . ~, thank you.
Ar
 168:26 No] ~, *Ar*
 168:28 At length, . . . my *TS2R*] And
 now, . . . my *TS*
 168:28 only] ~, *EI*
 168:35 energies *TSIR*] souls *TS*
 169:1 re-enter *TS*, *EI*] reënter *Ar*
 169:3 individuality] ~, *Ar*
 169:6 re-enters *TS*, *EI*] reënters *Ar*
 169:8 not, *TS2R*] ~ *TS*
 169:23 but *TS*, *TS2R*] than *TSIR*
 169:26 is contrived *TS2R*] comes *TS*
 169:33 matter *TS*, *TS2R*] radiant
 matter *TSIR*
 169:38 clue to the substantial *TS2R*]
 soul of the living *TS*
 170:3 But it is . . . [170:25] through
 space. *TS2R*] *P* But as there
 is a sympathetic centre, so is
 there a sympathetic centre of
 the quick death-universe. If we
 live always in sunshine, we die.
 We must have our {apartness
TSIR} recoil, our darkness,
 We must have the peculiar
 {being *TSIR*} recoil out of
 sympathy. And this {turning
TSIR} recoil into darkness we
 call sleep: the sleep in the
 night. *P* And here again the in-
 evitable polarity is established:
 the moon. The moon is the
 cosmic pole of the {material
TSIR} death-volition of the
 universe. The moon sways all
 molecules of matter back, away
 in recoil from the conjunc-
 tion with life. The moon is the
 centre of the great sundering
 forces. She has a light, a radi-
 ance, a power of her own. It is
 not true to say the moon shines
 {only *TSIR*} with the sun's
 reflection. The moon shines
 in some way as phosphorous
 shines. Like liquid phospho-
 rus, she may *also* reflect the
 sun. But she has her own rays
 of death-force. But the sun's
 rays and the moons rays are
 rays from the death-realm. But
 one sympathetic, one volun-
 tary. *TS* see also following four
entries
 170:3 sustain *TS2R*] <nourish>
TS2R
 170:10 fiery *TS2R*] ~, *Ar*
 170:16 is . . . were *TS2R*] ~, . . . ~,
Ar
 170:18 then the *Ed.*] then *TS*
 170:32 here *TS*, *TS2R*] hence to us
TSIR
 170:34 circling *TS*, *TS2R*] swarming,
 circling *TSIR*

- 170:35 again. *TS*, *TS_{2R}*] ~, to fly
abroad like sunbeams. *TS_{1R}*
- 171:3 on to] to *A_I* on *E_I*
- 171:4 things-tumble *TS*, *E_I*] things
tumble *A_I*
- 171:34 infinite] ~, *E_I*
- 172:3 pole] poles *A_I*
- 172:15 Fire we say] ~, ~ ~, *A_I*
- 172:19 when *A_I*] whence *TS*
- 172:31 various things *TS_{1R}*] some-
thing *TS*
- 172:37 the sun-phenomenon *TS_{2R}*]
pure sun-phenomenon *TS*
- 172:38 sun mode] sun-mode *E_I*
- 173:3 in immediate contact *TS_{2R}*]
Om. TS
- 173:4 fire is the sudden *TS_{1R}*] is the
sudden *TS*
- 173:7 one] One *A_I*
- 173:11 our *TS_{2R}*] the *TS*
- 173:13 around] round *A_I*
- 173:17 moon pole] moon-pole *A_I*
- 173:21 his] its *A_I*
- 173:32 inert *TS_{1R}*] mist *TS*
- 173:33 re-smelted *TS*, *E_I*] resmelted
A_I
- 174:1 earth, *TS_{1R}*] death *TS*
- 174:1 human *TS_{2R}*] polarised *TS*
identical *TS_{1R}*
- 174:2 death, our grave. *TS_{1R}*] death.
TS
- 174:2 to which *TS_{1R}*] of which *TS*
- 174:7 We stand... our left. *TS_{2R}*]
Om. TS
- 174:7 death fire] death-fire *E_I*
- 174:11 two] *Om. A_I*
- 174:13 polarised:] ~, *A_I*
- 174:15 moon: or as... we die. *TS_{1R}*]
moon. *TS*
- 174:20 But... activities *TS_{1R}*] *Om.*
TS
- 174:22 The inanimate... beings.
TS_{2R}] *Om. TS* The inani-
- mate universe rests absolutely
on the circuit of life, is built
upon the curving arch of living
polarity. *TS_{1R}*
- 175:2 Sleep and Dreams *TS_{1R}*] *Om.*
TS
- 175:5 scientific *TS_{2R}*] white scien-
tific *TS* dead scientific *TS_{1R}*
- 175:12 sudden evolving *TS_{2R}*] evo-
lution *TS* sudden producing
TS_{1R}
- 175:13 matter,] ~ *A_I*
- 175:22 the individual soul. The indi-
vidual soul *TS_{2R}*] life. Life *TS*
the individual soul. Individual
soul *TS_{1R}*
- 175:24 Of course... soul. *TS_{2R}*] *Om.*
TS And even life only means
living individuals: amœbas and
newts and you's and me's.
TS_{1R}
- 175:33 and we *TS_{1R}*] we *TS*
- 175:34 earth's gravitation centre]
earth's gravitation-centre *A_I*
- 176:2 aggregate centre] aggregate-
centre *E_I*
- 176:3 our earth's *TS_{1R}*] the world's
TS
- 176:10 all *TS_{1R}*] *Om. TS*
- 176:13 do *TS*, *E_I*] to *A_I*
- 176:17 cosmos;] ~: *A_I*
- 176:22 Cosmos] cosmos *A_I*
- 176:23 declaration... in *TS_{2R}*] the
centre of recoil into *TS*
- 176:31 fierce *TS_{1R}*] force *TS*
- 176:33 combination and out of *TS_{1R}*]
Om. TS
- 176:37 universe:] universal *A_I*
- 176:38 always individual *TS_{1R}*] *Om.*
TS
- 176:38 which yet *TS_{1R}*] *Om. TS*
- 176:40 belongs] belong *A_I*
- 177:2 gravitation:] ~, *A_I*

- 177:8 death; *TS₁R*] ~, *TS*
 177:11 material *TS₂R*] gravitated *TS*
 177:22 soul] ~, *A₁*
 177:29 removed,] ~ *A₁*
 177:30 death circuit] death-circuit *A₁*
 177:36 behoves *TS*, *E₁*] behooves *A₁*
 178:2 street cleaners] street-cleaners
E₁
 178:8 upon it] ~ ~, *E₁*
 178:9 limbo *A₁*] limbs *TS*
 178:24 chance *TS₁R*] change *TS*,
TS₂R
 179:3 conscious centres] conscious-
 centres *A₁*
 179:24 wakes] awakes *E₁*
 179:33 most elemental *TS₁R*] purely
 material *TS*
 179:33 consciousness, our almost ma-
 terial consciousness. *TS₂R*] ~.
TS ~: our tree consciousness.
TS₁R
 179:34 material *TS*, *TS₂R*] elemental
TS₁R
 180:11 centre. *TS*, *TS₂R*] centre, on
 the other plane *TS₁R*
 180:13 starts *TS*, *TS₂R*] means *TS₁R*
 180:13 the whole activity *TS₂R*] the
 whole circuit *TS* that the
 whole circuit *TS₁R*
 180:13 at the lower centres. *TS₂R*] be-
 tween the mother and son. *TS*
 is provoked into activity in the
 son. *TS₁R*
 180:18 love. *TS₂R*] love. See a mother
 flirt with her grown-up son.
TS
 180:22 dreams. *TS*, *TS₂R*] dreams.
 But this is because the soul
 only possesses its own stock
 images. There is the stock im-
 age of the mother as the great-
 est emotional correspondent.
 The automatic soul mechani-

cally attaches to this predom-
 inant image the plungings of
 the roused, vagrant sensual
 sex. *TS₁R*
 180:23 The Freudians... [183:35]
 bull loins. *TS₂R*] Moreover,
 once let a relation of adult love
 be established between mother
 and son, brother and sister, fa-
 ther and daughter, then years
 after, when dynamic dreams
 occur which have no refer-
 ence to mother or sister, but
 to a wife, still, in these dreams
 the image of mother or sister
 will almost inevitably take the
 place of the image of the wife.
 Even when the whole dream
 obviously, palpably, by direct
 occurrence refers to the wife,
 still the image of mother or
 sister will be substituted for
 that of the wife, and the whole
 of the intense, painful marital
 relationship will take place in
 the dreams of the husband,
 not between himself and his
 wife, but between himself and
 his mother, or himself and his
 sister. This is a true signifi-
 cant dream. *P* For although
 part of the image-substitution
 is due naturally to the pure
 automatism of the dream pro-
 cess, still it remains obvious
 that the automatic connection
 with mother or sister persists
 through all the relation with
 the wife. *P* The other factor
 to consider is that the wife
 to-day does *not* give to her
 husband the true wifely con-
 nection. She is too much the

man, the cigarette-smoker, the independent and authoritative party. Hence the will of the unconscious soul substitutes for the wife the person who gave him the first taste of the beauty of wifely connection: which person to-day was his mother or his sister. *P* Corresponding dreams of terror also occur, having reference to the father. Once a son establishes a dynamic circuit of adult love with the mother, he willy-nilly becomes the fatal enemy of the father. And this results in definite nightmare images. The father may never appear at all. But there will appear some recurrent image which refers to the specific kind of dynamic hostility existing between the two. *P* For instance, the chief dream-fear may be a fear of powerful, angry horses. Now the horse is the sensual domestic animal. The great positive pole of power in a horse is in the flanks: in a bull, it is in the breast. So, the horse as an image of fear refers to the great sensual centre, subjected to domestic control, but flashing terribly into anger and hostility. This subjected sensual self flashing into hostility may refer to the father, or brother, or another person, a male person. But it has one main significance. *TS* The logic of the automatic, sleep-soul is terrible. But logic is not life or truth, it is mere automatism. And the au-

tomatic persistence of <the> images in the sleep-soul is also terrible. All his life through, a man may be faced with the image of mother or sister, in his dreams of emotional distress and passion. Even when the dream most palpably refers to the wife, still the figure is the mother-figure, or the sister-figure. And this is because mother or sister was once the greatest emotional correspondent, and the greatest cause of arrest in the living psyche of the man. The images of our dreams are usually images of those persons or those things which are in us centres of arrest and obstruction. Great mother-love arrests the sexual life in the son. So the mother-incest dream. But the dream is an automatic fallacy. Powerful dynamic dreams should be almost always read backwards. Truth in the automatic self is the inverse of the actual truth, the truth of spontaneity. *P* For the truth is, every man has, the moment he awakes, a great desire to get away from the mother or the sister image of his dream. It is to him a ghoul: a scotch: something that puts him under a great nervous stress. He is afraid of it, because of its automatic recurrence. It does not leave the soul free. It is a ghost, an incubus. *P* We must beware of putting ghosts and ghouls of ourselves into the automatic

sleep souls of our children. It is a devilish thing for a parent to become the great emotional correspondent of the child, and so to cause the scotch and the perpetual nightmare in the child's soul. But the only way to conquer a dream is to read it backwards. Dreams of desire mean actual, vital repulsion, and dreams of fear mean usually some stoppage in the sympathetic self, some inverted desire. *P* That which is lovely to the automatic soul is hateful to the spontaneous soul: obviously. The sleep-soul loves automatism, loves its own automatism. The wakeful living soul fears automatism as it fears death: death being automatic. So the image of desire to the automatic soul is the image of dread or repulsion to the living soul: obviously. And thus, to dream of a wedding means a funeral—and so on. *P* There are several principles to be recognised in dreams. First there is the automatic quality of dreams altogether. Then the principle of automatic persistence, the automatic presentation of stock images. Then there is the principle of inversion, dream-desire being actually soul-repulsion, the automatic night-soul being the malignant inversion of the spontaneous day-soul. *P* Then take the significance of specific images. This is a large field, and would require a book by itself.

But take a specific dream. A man has a persistent dream of terror of horses, great physical horses that rear above him and threaten to destroy him. The psychoanalyst would say that this means a father complex. And maybe it does. But let us try and find the connection. What is the dynamic passion in a horse, the danger-passion? It is a great reaction at the sacral ganglion, a reaction of intense sensual, dominant volition. The horse which rears and kicks acts from the intensely powerful sacral ganglion. The sacral ganglion is at its fullest intensity in the male. So that the horse-dream represents some arrest in the deepest sensual activity in the male soul. The dream presents the horse as an object of terror. Which means that to the automatic soul, fixed in the spiritual automatism, the great sensual activity is a menace. But to the spontaneous soul this deepest, male sensual spontaneity is probably the deepest desire.—The bull dream is almost the reverse. The positive pole of power in a bull is in the breast: the intense physical breast. The horns of the head refer to the great active pole of the breast. In woman, by nature, the chief centre of dynamic life and power is in the breast, and in the sympathetic, receptive mode. So that her automatic terror of

- the bull is a kind of sheer inverted sympathy, fascination. Her automatic self presents as an object of terror the creature whose passion and whose structure are in her own true mode. Horns are the weapons of power of the breast. They are just the reverse of phallic. They are the symbols of the immense power of passivity, woman-comprehensible, and so woman-terrible. The blood in its elemental, passive power. *TS₁R* see also following entries to 183:22
- 180:25 at its face value *TS₂R*] <as valid for the> *TS₂R*
- 182:4 fear image . . . desire image *TS₂R*] <reversed> image . . . *TS₂R* fear-image . . . desire-image *A₁*
- 182:13 dream-trick.— *TS₂R*] ~. *E₁*
- 183:1 What is *Ed.*] <Where> What would is *TS₂R* Is *A₁* see notes
- 183:1 horse, *TS₂R*] ~ *A₁*
- 183:2 intense] ~, *A₁*
- 183:8 terror. Which *TS₂R*] ~, which *A₁*
- 183:22 upper *TS₁R*] upper *A₁*
- 183:37 They *TS*, *TS₂R*] There *TS₁R*
- 183:38 geometry, or . . . of sound. *TS*, *TS₂R*] geometry or mathematics—a triangle, a rhomboid, a Euclid figure. Or they may have no visual image, but may recur only as a sensation or a smell. *TS₁R*
- 184:9 image. In . . . is fear. *TS₂R*] image, and always accompanied by some sensation of fear. *TS* image. In the dream there may be only a sensation of pleasure.
- But the waking sensation is fear. *TS₁R*
- 184:14 purpose *TS₁R*] purposiveness *TS*
- 184:24 past *TS₁R*] passed *TS*
- 184:34 restriction . . . fear. *TS₂R*] upper into the lower mode of life. *TS*
- 184:35 But naturally . . . unusual. *TS₂R*] *Om. TS* But <of course the direction> *TS₂R*
- 184:39 retrospection, or . . . Because *TS₂R*] retrospection. And *TS*
- 185:2 most elemental *TS₁R*] deepest *TS*
- 185:5 are swayed from *TS₂R*] sway *TS*
- 185:5 When . . . fire to the *TS₂R*] They sway the blood, in sex. The *TS*
- 185:9 but which also voices *TS₂R*] governs also *TS*
- 185:15 is *TS₁R*] *Om. TS*
- 185:16 It is . . . And blood-consciousness *TS₂R*] And it *TS*
- 185:19 self falls *TS₂R*] soul draws *TS*
- 185:28 a deep *TS*, *TS₂R*] an active *TS₁R*
- 185:37 final *TS₁R*] *Om. TS*
- 186:1 But even *TS₂R*] Even *TS*
- 186:3 blood-stream] blood stream *E₁*
- 186:7 place] ~, *A₁*
- 186:12 underworld *Ed.*] under-/-world *TS* under-world *A₁*
- 186:13 place] ~, *A₁*
- 186:14 own *TS₂R*] own *TS*, *E₁*
- 186:18 the man or woman *TS₁R*] *Om. TS*
- 186:27 thought mode *TS*, *E₁*] thought-mode *A₁*
- 186:28 thought-mode] thought mode *E₁*

- 186:29 life inside out *TS₁R*] night into day *TS*
- 186:30 into the night, *TS₂R*] obtrusively into the night. *TS* into night *E₁*
- 186:30 and spreading . . . the day *TS₂R*] *Om. TS*
- 186:33 superficial *TS₂R*] actual *TS*
- 186:34 and upper sympathetic *TS₂R*] upper *TS*
- 186:35 submission . . . disintegration. *TS₂R*] obey. All a mistake. *TS*
- 186:40 sex reaction] sex-reaction *A₁*
- 187:2 conscious *TS₂R*] ideal *TS*
- 187:10 constitution *TS₁R*] sleep *TS*
- 187:13 The blood . . . constitution. *TS₂R*] *Om. TS*
- 187:15 half hour's] half-hour's *A₁*
- 187:19 We transmute . . . to worse. *TS₂R*] And we will do so. *TS*
- 187:22 half-shattered] half shattered *E₁*
- 187:23 newly *TS₁R*] clearly *TS*
- 187:25 wasted . . . inertia *TS₁R*] clouded and foiled *TS*
- 187:26 Then we . . . start with. *TS₂R*] It is then that we get our endless and harmful dreams. And half dream-harried, obscured, we go through the day. *TS see also following entry*
- 187:27 good] ~, *A₁*
- 187:29 when we *do* . . . and we *TS₂R*] and *TS*
- 187:31 hours *TS₂R*] hours a day *TS*
- 187:32 Every . . . diseased. *TS₂R*] *Om. TS*
- 188:2 The Lower Self *TS₁R*] *Om. TS*
- 188:4 this is *A₁*] this *TS*
- 188:11 moon. The] ~. *P* The *A₁*
- 188:27 this] ~, *A₁*
- 188:27 do not *TS₁R*] *Om. TS*
- 188:28 stars *TS₁R*] Stars *TS*
- 189:2 below the waist] ~ ~ ~, *A₁*
- 189:4 open,] ~ *E₁*
- 189:11 individuality, and . . . [190:11] the physical *TS₂R*] individuality. In the power of this great impulse Newton discovered his laws of gravitation, Darwin his theories, Edison and Marconi their inventions, Kant, Hegel, Spinoza, Spencer, their philosophies. They were all impelled by this one great motion upwards and outwards, towards discovery, towards the one recognised goal of life, infinite attunement with all things, infinite at-one-ment. Turner painted the same goal, Shelley sang it, Beethoven put it in music. *P* And then came the doubt. What about the goal, once it was attained? What about paint, after Turner? We get the mechanical jarring of futurism. What about music, after Wagner? Again the break into discord and dissolution. As for poetry, Swinburne becomes mechanical and Whitman {with a true new note of hope, is also *TS₁R*} an anarchist and a death-singer. Even mechanical invention at last finds its impulse in the desire to destroy. The new geniuses will be war-inventors. The arts of peace are over. *P* What then? What about the goal, once you've got there? Why, then it's no goal, but a prison, be it never so

infinite. *P* So we set about to readjust ourselves, and we become pragmatists—then finally we all catch fire at the word Relativity. The Einstein theory is hailed as something marvellous. Being no scientist, I fail to see the wonder. I am only staggered by the technical and mathematical skill with which Lorenz arrives at his formula for special relativity. As for the general theory—what does it amount to. As far as I {am concerned, being *TS1R*}, the merest of outsiders, and yet a man with man's intelligence, it amounts to just this: that there is no actual one absolute mechanical force in the *TS* see also following entries to 189:37

189:21 gradually, and *TS2R*, *E1*] ~
~ *A1*

189:27 mold] mould *E1*

189:28 so do *TS2R*] so *A1*

189:37 life: *TS2R*] ~. *A1*

190:20 theory *TS2R*] Theory *A1*

190:20 What I... [192:33] There is sleep. *TS2R*] And it is not so very wonderful, to my mind: nor even so very valid, for it *does* take the velocity of light through space as an absolute, to which every other force can be referred. {And is the velocity of light through space any more absolute than anything else? *TS1R*} And since light is apparently conceived as travelling without rotary motion, I don't see how the formula based on the velocity of light can hold good for bodies

which *are* travelling with a rotary motion {as most of them are. How do we know that light is not travelling with a rotary motion, even? *TS1R*}. *P* However, there we are, we have now got the famous word Relativity into our heads, whatever we may mean by it. To the normal mind I am convinced that the word conveys chiefly the idea that there is no one absolute force or principle in the universe, but that everything has to be referred to something else. {Which is a nice little excuse for nihilism—. *TS1R*} Whether you can find a formula for the equation of everything with something else is another matter. *P* But again, there we are. There *is* no one unique force, or one special case. And this holds true in everything. Lord Haldane says there is Knowledge in itself. That bores me. I say that the only thing in itself is the individual soul. And in this sense the universe is pluralistic: and yet is the clue one clue. *P* The only one thing in itself is the individual self. And this individual self has not one goal of activity only, but two. The tree has not only one goal: to rush its tip to the sun. It has the equally vivid and important goal: to thrust its roots to the earth's centre. And which of these two goals is *the* goal? Why neither, dear reader. The two goals are purely relative to

one another. And the only final goal is the same as the starting point: to fulfil the individual self: to become a full individual tree, vibrating in singleness between two extremes of the sun's heaven and the earth's under-dark. *P* The same with you, dear reader. You haven't one goal for your immortal soul: you've got two: and two at the same time: and two opposite goals, moreover, like the tree: and each exists only in relation to the other. *P* Which is hard lines on you, dear reader, when you would *so* much have liked to be a holy little express train with a locomotive engine at your head and a guard's van at your tail and whistle yourself out of the station of the womb on and on into the infinite nowhere of your consummation. And you can't do it. No sooner does night come than your engine of the head goes powerless, and your guard's van at the further end of you breaks into an incomprehensible and inadmissible activity, and away goes your train to God knows where, but anywhere rather than ahead. *P* Which brings us back to the moon. During the day exists the one pure polarity of the accepted infinite: seeing, hearing, and acting according to knowledge. Which is really very nice and simple: knowledge being the one real determining factor of all

your living and your acting. So that Lord Haldane isn't so very far wrong as far as your day-self is concerned. *P* During the day your whole self is polarised upwards. The upper centres of the breast and shoulders, the throat and neck and head, these are raring, glad, powerful in their racing positivity. But as the sun begins to wane—and remember, dear reader, it is life which has caused the sun to wane and set; the setting and rising of the sun is a gesture which life has established and made apparently permanent; as the sun begins to set in the sky, so does it begin to set in your eyes and mouth and breast. The great responsive centres of the upper body begin to sink towards quiescence. And as the sun sets the stars and the moon rise. As the upper centres sink to quiescence the lower centres rouse to strong and full joy of positivity. You prepare for your evening meal, for the pleasures of the blood, the cosy quiet, the reflective mind, or the vividness of festivity. Then, at that mid-way hour, the mind like a honey-comb is filled with the honey and the bitterness gathered during the day at the great receptive centres. *P* Till gradually the mind goes dark. And the solar plexus sinks from its sweetness of sensual satisfaction or its strain of anxiety into a quiet strong rhythm

- of sleep and digestion. And then the lower sensual centres have their hour. *P* This is life retreating towards the other goal, the other infinite, the other oneing. Now, deep in the sensual blood, the hypogastric plexus and the lumbar ganglion begin to gleam like moons. They are the two centres which sway the waste water, the urine, the bitter sea of our human body: and which sway the deep flood of the blood. They are the two centres which, in their positivity, call and answer direct, in direct dynamism, to the moon in heaven. *P* They call, they bear the individual soul towards a new far goal, a new rooting in the depths of darkness. They call moreover for a new oneing, a new meeting. They call for a new consummation towards infinity. For if we are perfect in our seeing all things, hearing all things, knowing all things, in the upper mode of our consciousness; we are also perfected in our feeling all things, in the great mode of the lower consciousness. If the tree develops into the glad air, it develops into the moist dark earth. *TS see also following entires to*
- 190:21 deus ex machina] *deus ex machina* *AI*
 190:36 false,] \sim *EI*
 191:10 step. *TS2R*] \sim ? *AI*
 191:16 thing: *TS2R*] \sim , *AI*
- 191:29 spiritual *TS2R*] <angelic> *TS2R*
 191:29 sit on . . . posterior *TS2R*] perform her natural functions *AI*
 191:32 Well *TS2R*] \sim , *AI*
 192:5 wife *TS2R*] life *AI*
 192:7 intense,] \sim *EI*
 192:12 extinction *TS2R*] <nakedness> *TS2R*
 192:13 men] \sim , *EI*
 192:14 falls. And *TS2R*] \sim , and *AI*
 192:16 outwards, *TS2R*] \sim *AI*
 192:31 mind *TS2R*] \sim , *AI*
 192:34 we resolve *TS2R*] we. We resolve *TS*
 192:37 last hour of sex *TS2R*] this hour *TS*
 192:38 blood. Which] blood which *EI*
 193:9 This then] \sim , \sim , *EI*
 193:15 night consummation] night-consummation *AI*
 193:17 It is . . . in intensity] One pure motion of meeting and oneing, *AI*
 193:19 one, and they . . . asunder.] one. *AI*
 193:30 actual sex connection] sex union *AI*
 193:31 This connection . . . recoil.] *Om. AI*
 193:34 sacral *TS1R*] lumbar *TS*
 194:1 Without . . . hearing the *TS*, *TS2R*] The *TS1R*
 194:2 hypogastric plexus *TS1R*] lumbar ganglion *TS*
 194:4 sacral *TS1R*] lumbar *TS*
 194:4 And then . . . fade. *TS1R*] *Om. TS*
 194:12 the male. *Ed.*] the males. *TS*
 194:14 once *TS2R*] one *TS*
 194:25 actual . . . [194:30] the woman.] the consummation is reached *AI*

194:32 There is . . . result] The result
is threefold *Ar*

194:34 of new refreshed . . . birth] *Om.*
Ar

194:39 of the procreative fluid] *Om.*
Ar

195:2 a successful coition] sex union
Ar

195:9 There is . . . [196:2] the end.
TS2R] It may be pure warfare,
with men—when men fight to the
death; it may be creative activity. But
the one and only pure and perfect
interchange is in successful sex
intercourse. *P* I say successful,
because so little sex is successful
now. In the first place because upper
and mental consciousness so powerfully
overlays the spontaneous dynamism
of sex, that this spontaneous
dynamism is almost entirely quenched
in men and women to-day. Mating is
to-day chiefly a matter of upper
sympathy-companionship and so forth.
From the basis of this companionship-
sympathy the sex is deliberately
worked.—with very poor dynamic
results. *P* Modern companionship-
sympathy is the death of spontaneous
dynamic sex. The woman's dynamic
activity in sex is that of sheer
dynamic receptivity and recoil. This
dynamic receptivity and recoil is
utterly beyond control. It is a huge
mindless flow of the living, dark
soul. And this is the maximum
flow in every free, wild female.

Man has his positivity in the head
and {shoulders and loins *TS1R*}
hands and shoulders. Woman has
her eternal womanly positivity in
the {breast and womb. Woman the
great source of sympathy, man of
volition. *TS1R*} loins and womb.
P But this can be recovered, of
course. Everything in life can be
reversed. Man can become soft,
soft-thighed and female. And
woman can become a Pallas, alert
and mental. And these reversals
must happen from time to time:
always, in the tragic periods and
periods of exhaustion and change.
TS see also following entries to
195:35

195:13 daytime] day-/ time *Ar* day-
time *Er*

195:16 sex-circuit] sex circuit *Ar*

195:17 circuit,] circuit *Ar*

195:17 intercourse] union *Ar*

195:18 intercourse] union *Ar*

195:25 Sex-passion] Sex passion *Ar*

195:35 everything *TS2R*] everything
Ar

196:13 For *TS2R*] Now *TS*

196:14 loins *TS*, *TS2R*] breast *TS1R*

196:22 then, . . . present moment.
TS2R] it is all sham: sham
efficiency, sham {then it is all
suddenly death: fatal efficiency,
false *TS1R*} intelligence, sham
sexuality, sham maternity, sham
everything. It is like strawberries
at Christmas: a dead failure, except
for the look of the thing. It is like
blossoms in February—a miserable
harbinger of famine.

Barrenness, sterility, futility and death follows the day of “intelligent, companionable, interesting women”. *TS* see also following entry

196:27 now *TS₂R*] *Om. A₁*

196:29 We *TS₂R*] However, we *TS*

196:29 Serpent’s] serpent’s *A₁*

196:36 You don’t . . . [200:36] tempo-
rising. *TS₂R*] *P* A great deal
of pleasure we any of us get
from the reversal of the poles.
Woman kicks her heels, but
it doesn’t become her. She is
jaunty, but by no means happy,
or at peace in herself. She
is by no means herself. Sly
Mona Lisa, and lovely self-
conscious Botticelli females:
they know all about it. It’s a
sad sad show for them, in the
long run. Even dimply plump
Rubens Venuses. They have
their nice intoxicating bout of
female self-consciousness, and
a sad time after it. The good
time for emancipated woman
is already over. Already she
is chewing her own fingers of
neurotic disconsolation. *P* But
get her to give up that apple
if you can. She’s got her free-
dom, and by Jove she’s going
to lash round with it. *Vogue*
la galère! Only I’m getting
out of the boat, somehow or
other. Let no woman offer *me*
her loving companionship—
I’ve had enough scorpions. Let
no woman *offer* me anything.
Too much of an offer. *P* It’s
all no good. It’s all absolutely
no good. The moon is the

woman’s planet: Hecate. It is
woman who relates us to our
own earth’s centre, and to the
moon: our special cosmic indi-
viduality. {Why *TS₁R*} What
in hell’s perverted name she
wants to go in for mentality and
universality and so forth, no-
body knows. Perhaps because
man is too knock-kneed to keep
her plumb and beautiful in her
place. The soul of man has
to be strong and *really* fear-
less, if woman is to rest deep
and serene in the beauty of her
own nature. *P* And by *really*
fearless I mean life-fearless.
Ready to burst new bounds
into new consciousness, new
activity, new being. Man need
not think that woman can rest
in the profound quiescence of
her receptivity, if he is go-
ing to sit down and make eyes
at her and tell her how won-
derful she is and how ready
he is to die for her. Man
must be ready to die for some-
thing beyond woman, and be-
yond himself. And he must
be much more ready to *live*
for something beyond him-
self and woman. You’ll never
make woman happy by try-
ing to. Woman is only happy
when man is away on affairs
which are beyond her, to re-
turn home to her soon, out
of his beyond. Man is a so-
journer by the side of woman;
not a tacked-on adjunct. And
woman’s beauty is the beauty
of the night, of not-knowing.

- P* It is man who belongs to the sun. It is he who is universal, ranging round. *P* It is for him to adventure, and squander himself. It is he who has traffic with stars and spheres and so forth. And who is to be the measure of his movement? Certainly not woman. *P* But woman is the root. Woman is man's root in darkness. To her he returns when the sun sets, and the night is hers. Night, and the moon, and the waters of the universe: these are woman's. Fire, and the day, and the sun, are man's. *TS* see also following entries to 200:35
- 196:40 Or *TS*₂*R*] ~, *A*₁
- 197:9 hot *TS*₂*R*] <generous> *TS*₂*R*
- 197:11 it her *TS*₂*R*] it to her *A*₁
- 197:11 even if . . . do it, *TS*₂*R*] *Om.* *A*₁
- 197:15 beat her, . . . blue, *TS*₂*R*] give it to her, *A*₁
- 197:18 husbands *A*₁] husband *TS*₂*R*
- 197:40 lovely *TS*₂*R*] <goody> *TS*₂*R*
- 199:26 goal. *TS*₂*R*] goal. That's what it is to have a wife. *A*₁ see notes
- 199:29 the nightfall *TS*₂*R*] this nightfall *A*₁
- 200:1 mistress, *TS*₂*R*] ~ *A*₁
- 200:8 sex-goal *TS*₂*R*] sex goal *A*₁
- 200:9 ahead:] ~, *E*₁
- 200:12 Karenin *TS*₂*R*] Karenina *A*₁
- 200:13 point] *Om.* *E*₁
- 200:13 returning point *TS*₂*R*] <goal> *TS*₂*R*
- 200:14 pike-staff] pikestaff *E*₁
- 200:14 Carmen . . . Anna Karenin *TS*₂*R*] “~” . . . “~ Karenina” *A*₁
- 200:21 No *TS*₂*R*] “~” *A*₁
- 200:21 death *TS*₂*R*] the death *A*₁
- 200:22 conclusion *TS*₂*R*] of conclusion *E*₁
- 200:25 Karenin *TS*₂*R*] Karenina *A*₁
- 200:29 As a soldier . . . ruin— *TS*₂*R*] “~ ~ ~ . . . ~”— *A*₁
- 200:33 death. *TS*₂*R*] death <: the sex goal.> *TS*₂*R*
- 200:35 No, *TS*₂*R*] “~,” *A*₁
- 201:1 Epilogue . . . [204:5] 15 October 1921. *TS*₂*R*] *Om.* *TS* <Chapter XVII> / Epilogue / Hail Columbia!—I wrote this book for you, whether you like it or not. I suppose Columbia means the States. I suppose, etymologically, it means a nest of turtle doves: Lat. columba, a dove. A nice nest of turtle-doves up a tree of stars and stripes. *P* Anyhow I wrote this book for you, Columbia, and if you don't feel flattered, you ought to. I'm going to lay it quite gently at the foot of your *Libertas* statue. If the lady doesn't <like> approve of it, she is not to kick it into the sea. I'll pick it up again, and put it under my arm, and set off to find old Uncle Sam. I have more faith in his sagacity. He once could read, and read <deeply> shrewdly. So I have visions of him perching his old spectacles on his nose. *P* It really is time somebody made a move. And it's no good just moving round and round. There's a pillar of cloud by day, if you really like to open your eyes to it, and a real tall pillar of fire by night. I have seen it in my own case. Let us come

down off our Pisgah eminences and set out across the wilderness again. For we're stuck. *P* Especially you, America. Do you think your democracy is going to last you much longer? It isn't. It's almost done. It was nearly at an end to start with. You only took it, a <little> half grown tree, from Europe, and made it grow into a great <big> sprawling tree, too big to last, under your skies. Now it is hollow, and you've got to plant new <slips> seeds. *P* I reckon this book of mine a real American book. If there had been no America I should never have written it. So now you needn't think you can get out of it. *P* I offer it to you. I'll let you look in its mouth, my nice gift-horse. It's teeth are quite sound. But because it's a pie-bald colt you're not to hit it on the rump and put hot cinders under its tail. It'll be woe-betide you if you do. *P* I intend to write you another volume later on, about still more plexuses and things. But not for quite a time. *P* Addio, Columbina, dear little Columbine of the west. I wrote this book for you. And I wrote it in the woods near Ebersteinburg, near BadenBaden in Germany, in the month of June of this precious year of scanty grace, 1921. *P* I know it isn't tactful of me, dear Columbia, to go and write a book for you in wicked Germany. But

I couldn't help heaping coals of fire on your head, for once, Carissima. *P* Don't be spiteful, dear! Or if you do feel that way, just turn the whole thing over to Uncle Sam: if the worthy old gentleman is still alive. And if he's dead, why, then, let Liberty kick the book, the pie-bald pony and all the pack of nonsense into limbo. *TS1R Om. E1 see also following entries to 204:6*

- 201:2 *Tutti . . . gloria.* *Ed.]*
Tutti . . . gloria. *TS2R*
 “~ . . . ~.” *A1*
- 201:5 Well *TS2R]* ~, *A1*
- 201:7 got *TS2R]* <waded> *TS2R*
- 201:14 softly *TS2R]* ~, *A1*
- 201:14 Columbia, *TS2R]* ~; *A1*
- 201:15 I quote in my Foreword. *TS2R]* of my “Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious.” *A1 see notes*
- 201:25 bray *TS2R]* brag *A1*
- 201:27 carrot-tops *TS2R]* carrot-tips *A1*
- 201:28 Columbia. *TS2R]* ~! *A1*
- 201:30 present *TS2R]* <gift> *TS2R]*
- 202:4 nobody . . . it *TS2R]* <and pretend you haven't got it> *TS2R*
- 202:9 you—*P* Whitman *TS2R]* ~—
 <Whitman—I have an immense regard for Whitman—
 > *TS2R* ~—~ *A1*
- 202:14 Schwarzwald *TS2R]* <the sap of German trees> *TS2R*
- 202:14 finally *TS2R]* <quite> *TS2R]*
- 202:16 *Chi . . . zoppica.]* *Chi . . . zoppica.* *TS2R* “~ . . . ~.” *A1*
- 202:20 I know *TS2R]* <I'm sure> *TS2R*
- 202:22 it's *TS2R]* it is *A1*

- 202:36 swagger *TS2R*] <fiery> *TS2R*
 202:36 moustaches *TS2R*] mustaches
Ar
 203:1 naturally . . . if *TS2R*] <they
 thought that> *TS2R*
 203:7 desire *TS2R*] <gold and silver
 bullion> *TS2R*
 203:8 and then *TS2R*] and *Ar*
 203:10 yap, yap, yapperty-yap *TS2R*]
 zap, zap, zapperty-zap *Ar*
 203:12 precious *TS2R*] <Columbia>
TS2R
 203:20 numbers. *TS2R*] numbers.
 <Hum.> *TS2R*
- 203:23 rapidly,] ~ *Ar*
 203:28 are good . . . ornament *TS2R*]
 <belong to the compositae or
 the ranunculae> *TS2R*
 203:36 Mars— *TS2R*] ~. *Ar*
 203:36 Pray come in *TS2R*] <How do
 you do> *TS2R*
 203:37 Moony. *Ar*] ~? *TS2R* see notes
 203:40 Highfalutin *TS2R*] High-
 falutin' *Ar*
 204:5 *A riverderci* Ed.] *A riverderci*
TS2R *A riverderci* *Ar*
 204:6 Taormina. 15 October 1921.
TS2R] *Om. Ar*

Line-end hyphenation

Of the compound words which are hyphenated at the end of a line in this edition, only the following hyphenated forms should be retained in quotation:

- 7:35 medicine-men
 9:35 stock-in-trade
 10:29 *sex-craving*
 10:37 incest-craving
 11:3 incest-craving
 17:10 cause-and-effect
 17:29 cause-and-effect
 20:1 creative-productive
 22:25 head-stream
 23:11 anti-maternal
 25:4 conscious-centers
 30:13 mystery-center
 33:14 soul-cell
 34:2 self-devoting
 36:11 at-one-ness
 36:24 objective-apprehensive
 41:16 blood-stream
 42:13 super-mechanical
 43:19 mental-consciousness
 55:39 sex-obsessed
 57:14 black-letter
 63:35 myth-story
 64:18 rainbow-change
- 70:34 re-enter
 76:37 mother-father
 81:12 egg-cell
 81:15 egg-cell
 81:29 division-wall
 86:4 sap-scented
 90:39 good-naturedly
 100:7 spirit-rotten
 105:12 pre-mental
 117:6 stumbling-block
 119:10 self-conscious
 121:30 one-eyed
 122:38 relief-maps
 123:33 half-sceptically
 145:3 love-will
 145:28 sex-aversion
 145:31 love-sympathy
 150:25 love-bond
 155:37 love-tanks
 156:17 English-speaking
 160:8 parent-consciousness
 161:35 love-will
 162:30 love-will

163:31 drawing-room
171:3 little-things-
173:1 sun-principle
181:6 dream-process
181:38 dream-telling

186:5 blood-stream
186:32 day-conscious
187:22 half-shattered
198:4 self-conscious
198:21 cock-sure

A note on pounds, shillings and pence

Before decimalisation in 1971, the pound sterling (£) was the equivalent of 20 shillings (20/- or 20s). The shilling was the equivalent of 12 pence (12d). A price could therefore have three elements: pounds, shillings and pence (£, s, d). (The apparently anomalous 'd' is an abbreviation of the Latin *denarius*, but the other two terms were also originally Latin: the pound was *libra*; the shilling *solidus*.) Such a price might be written as £1 2s 6d or £1/2/6; this was spoken as 'one pound, two shillings and sixpence', or 'one pound two-and-six', or 'twenty-two and six'.

Prices below a pound were written (for example) as 19s 6d, or 19/6, and spoken as 'nineteen shillings and sixpence' or 'nineteen and six'. Prices up to £5 were sometimes spoken in terms of shillings: so 'ninety-nine and six' was £4/19/6.

The penny was divided into two half-pence (pronounced 'ha' pence') and further divided into four farthings, but the farthing had minimal value and was mainly a tradesman's device for indicating a price fractionally below a shilling or pound. So 19/11³/₄ (nineteen and elevenpence three farthings) produced a farthing's change from a pound, this change sometimes given as a tiny item of trade, such as a packet of pins.

The guinea was £1/1/- (one pound, one shilling) and was a professional man's unit for fees. A doctor would charge in guineas (so £5/5/- = 5 gns). Half a guinea was 10s 6d or 10/6 (ten and six).

The coins used were originally of silver (later cupro-nickel) and copper, though gold coins for £1 (a sovereign) and 10s (half-sovereign) were still in use in Lawrence's time. The largest 'silver' coin in common use was the half-crown (two shillings and sixpence, or 2/6). A two-shilling piece was called a florin. Shillings, sixpences and threepences were the smaller sizes. The copper coins were pennies, half-pence and farthings.

Common everyday terms for money were 'quid' for a pound, 'half a crown', 'two bob' for a florin, 'bob' for a shilling (or shilling piece), 'tanner' for a sixpence (or sixpenny piece), 'threepenny-bit' (pronounced 'thripenny-bit'), and 'coppers' for pennies, half-pence or farthings.

Written in Lawrence's most productive period, *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (1921) and *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (1922) were undertaken initially in response to psychoanalytic criticism of his novel *Sons and Lovers*. They soon developed more generally to propose an alternative to what Lawrence perceived as the Freudian psychoanalytic theory of the unconscious and the incest motive. The essays also develop his ideas about the upbringing and education of children, about marriage, and about social and even political action. Lawrence described them as 'this pseudo-philosophy of mine which was deduced from the novels and poems, not the reverse. The absolute need one has for some sort of satisfactory mental attitude towards oneself and things in general makes one try to abstract some definite conclusions from one's experiences as a writer and as a man'. These conclusions form an illuminating guide to his works and therein lies their peculiar value.

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