

**EVENTFUL RESPONSABILITY**

**fifty years of dreaming remembered**

**DAVID HOLT**

**with a preface by Sonu Shamdasani**

*David Holt*

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## Preface: Of Dream Books

Sonu Shamdasani

This century has witnessed a plethora of new literary forms and ceaseless experimentation with the old. One of the most curious and least commented upon is the dream book.<sup>1</sup> The rise of dynamic psychologies, psychotherapy and psychoanalysis have brought with them an imperative to record one's dreams. Indeed, the dream book forms one of the key props of the minimalist scenography of psychotherapy. This semi-private genre has been a vital underpinning of this century's more public discourse of psychotherapy. As the sole 'public' presentation of the dream book is the therapeutic setting, rimmed with 'confidentiality' there is simply no way of knowing how many have been written. This is not to suggest that individuals in earlier epochs did not record their dreams.<sup>2</sup> Rather, it is to reflect upon the transformations in the why and how of the recording of dreams. A social history of psychotherapy and analysis would be glaringly incomplete without such reflection. Whatever else they achieved, they turned many into dream scribes. Besides, without dream books, one wonders how the semi-mythical 'self-analysis' of Freud and 'confrontation with the unconscious' of Jung could have taken place.

In nineteenth century works on the philosophy, physiology and psychology of dreams, it was commonplace for authors to use their own dreams as a basis for their explorations and to publish them. Introspection was the preeminent method in psychology, and the vast taxonomic study of dreaming which took place towards the end of that century required thick and detailed descriptions of the sensory, mnemonic and temporal aspects of dreaming. Thus in the twinly titled great works of Alfred Maury and Joseph Delboeuf, *Le Sommeil et les rêves*, one finds both authors reporting their dreams in detail.<sup>3</sup> In this regard, Sigmund Freud's reliance on his own dreams in *The Interpretation of Dreams* followed a well-established genre. The

rewriting of the history which has gone by the name of the Freudian legend did its best to obliterate the very existence of the psychological interest in dreams before Freud.<sup>4</sup> At the same time, *The Interpretation of Dreams* marked the close of this genre, whose end it hastened. With the rise of the conception of dreams as disclosive of the hidden secrets of the personality, psychologists became increasingly reluctant to publish or publically present their dreams, except, that is, in a disguised form. Thus in his 1907 *On the Psychology of Dementia Praecox*, Jung adopted the ruse of presenting his own dream as that of a friend whose 'personal and family circumstances' were well known to him.<sup>5</sup> Subsequently, a virtual taboo on the reporting and publication of one's own dreams by psychotherapists and psychologists arose. Henceforth, the dreams in the psychotherapeutic literature were those of patients, as reported by their psychotherapists. Dreams detached from the dream books in which they berthed, rewritten and renarrated by their privileged recipients. The genres in which these dreams featured were the theoretical paper or case history. In the first, one meets with the anonymous dream as the support for a theoretical exposition. In the second, with the dream as a key for finding the way into and out of a patient's neurosis or psychosis. In these genres, dreams were not presented by themselves, and rarely, if ever, without interpretations of some form. It was by passing through the passage of interpretation that dreams were made public. After interpretation, the dream could be discarded like a banana skin. Consequently, published dreams were filtered by prevalent theoretical conceptions. The nineteenth century interest, for example, in the 'lyric dream,' or dream pervaded by a single mood, did not survive into the twentieth.<sup>6</sup>

In the twentieth century, the publication of dream books and the exploration of the stylistics of dream reportage were left to writers. One pseudonymous work, *Authentic Dreams of Peter Blobbs, and of certain of his relatives, told by himself with the assistance of Mrs. Blobbs*, would probably have been completely unknown if it was not for the fact that it attracted the interest of Jung, who was so taken with it that he based a series of seminars on it in 1920 at Sennen Cove in Cornwall.<sup>7</sup> The interest of writers in dreams and dreaming is by no means new, as detailed in Albert Béguin's classic study, *l'âme romantique et le rêve*.<sup>8</sup> Dream books were published by Michel Leiris, Jack Kerouac and William Burroughs (both Burroughs and Leiris had had extended bouts of psychoanalysis, and one of Burroughs'

analysts, Kurt Eissler, makes a 'guest appearance' on several occasions in his dreams).<sup>9</sup> A few excerpts, culled at random from these works:

### Undated

My friend André Masson and I are soaring through the air like gymnasiarchs. A voice calls up to us: "World-class acrobats, when are the two of you finally going to come down to earth?" At these words, we execute a flip over the horizon and drop into a concave hemisphere.

I'M LOOKING IN THE MIRROR at my back molars and I can yak out my whole toothiness jaw so's ya can see like the skeletal hint of what's to be, the leer of empty bone teeth - the Molars are huge and have a single verticle dirty line running down em that makes me sick shudder to think I've grown so old-&-decayed & am such skeleton - I snap my jaw back in

A very realistic dream about a hotel in the Land of the Dead. All the doors are open. I am going somewhere and there are customs agents in the hotel room. Can't find my luggage. One very small suitcase in gray-color cloth. They open it and take out my single-action .45. It looks like bad trouble.

I walk out looking for breakfast. Is there room service? It seems not. The dining room is deserted... a few waiters sitting around but no sign of food.

In 1973, Raymond Queneau wrote a text entitled "Plenty of dream narratives." The first (of fifteen) ran:

I go to a lunch of mathematicians. The first one invited who arrives carries a cello. Although we were in a suburb of the town, we find ourselves in front of a stream where waterlilies grow. One of the mathematicians present remarks how Heraclitus was mistaken in saying that one cannot bathe twice in the same river: when one drinks a glass of water there are certainly several molecules of H<sub>2</sub>O which have already passed through our body. The others agreed.

At the end of the sequence, Queneau added:

Naturally none of these dreams is true, no more than invented. It is simply a matter of small incidents of waking

life. A minimum effort of rhetoric seemed to me sufficient to give them an oneiric aspect.<sup>10</sup>

An exception to this bifurcation of interest is the work at hand. It is the only publication of a dream book by a psychotherapist or psychologist that I have come across. In his introduction and afterword, David Holt presents his rationale for publishing this selection of his dreams without associations or interpretive comment, and speculates upon the manifold ways in which such publications may serve a future psychology. At the same time, this book serves as an occasion to reflect upon the genre of the dream book. What may be recalled and remembered then, is not only fifty years of an individual's dreaming, but also this semi-private subterranean genre that psychology and psychotherapy have bequeathed to twentieth century literature and society. Traces of their effects upon our intimacies are etched therein.

<sup>1</sup> Antoine Prost and Gérard Vincent's *A History of Private Life: Riddles of Identity in Modern Times*, tr. A. Goldhammer, (Cambridge, Belknap Press, 1991), contains no mention of the subject.

<sup>2</sup> See, for instance, Emmanuel Swedenborg, *Swedenborg's Journal of Dreams*, ed. William Ross Woofenden, tr. J. J. G. Wilkinson (1860), (Bryn Athyn, Swedenborg Scientific Association, 1989). In the 1918 translation by Carl Theophilus Odhner, the sexually explicit passages were translated into Latin.

<sup>3</sup> Alfred Maury, *Le Sommeil et les rêves: études psychologiques sur ces phénomènes et les divers états qui s'y rattachent*, (Paris, Didier, 1861); Joseph Delboeuf *Le Sommeil et les rêves et autres textes* (1879-80), (Paris, Fayard, 1993).

<sup>4</sup> Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, Standard Edition 4/5, ed. & tr. James Strachey, in collaboration with Anna Freud and assisted by Alix Strachey and Alan Tyson, (London: Hogarth, 1953). The justification Freud gave for this procedure was that none of the dreams already reported in the literature were suitable for his purposes, and he couldn't use the dreams of his patients due to the added complication of the presence of neurotic features. Freud admitted that he made a number of omissions and substitutions in what he revealed about himself for reasons of discretion (pp. xxii-xxiv). André Breton reproached Freud for succumbing to "commonplace self-interested motives," and then proceeded to present and analyse one of his own dreams, without such censorship (*Communicating Vessels*, tr. M. A. Caws, Nebraska, University of Nebraska Press, 1932/1990), p. 22ff.

<sup>5</sup> Jung, *On the Psychology of Dementia Praecox*, *Collected Works* 3, ed. Sir Herbert Read, Michael Fordham, Gerhard Adler and William McGuire, tr. R. F. C. Hull, (New York/Princeton, Bollingen Series, London, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1960), § 123-33. To Freud, Jung wrote on 29 December 1906, "I know the dreamer intimately: he is myself." Concerning his procedure, he added that "the analysis and use of one's dreams is a dubious thing, since one is always again defeated by the inhibitions that stem from the dream, even if one believes oneself to be objective." *The Freud/Jung Letters* ed. William McGuire, tr. R. Mannheim and R. F. C. Hull, (Princeton, Bollingen Series, Princeton University Press; London, Hogarth Press/Routledge, 1974), pp. 8-9, tr. mod.

<sup>6</sup> See James Sully, *Illusions: A Psychological Study*, (London, Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner, 1895), pp. 164-8.

<sup>7</sup> (London, Longmans, Green, and Co., 1916.) 'Peter Blobbs' opened his book explaining why it was being published pseudonymously: "The man who tells his dreams in private is generally an insufferable bore. The man who has the temerity to offer them to the public is, obviously, one who ought to be killed: - and buried secretly." (p. ix). Nevertheless, for those interested, he added that "the real name of the Chief Dreamer can be easily found in the official Medical Register... It should be added that he is a teetotaler, and that his dreams are not the result of any drug-habit." (*Ibid.*) Like Freud, Blobbs stressed his normality. Information about Jung's seminar from Barbara Hannah (who in turn got her information from Esther Harding), *Jung: His Life and Work. A Biographical Memoir*, (London: Michael Joseph, 1976), p. 141. Jung's seminar was unrecorded, but I have been able to locate some fragments of notes of it in Constance Long's diary (Countway library of Medicine, Harvard Medical School). From her notes it emerges that Jung gave an extended analysis of Blobbs' dreams and used them as the basis for an exposition of his new theories.

<sup>8</sup> Albert Béguin, *l'âme romantique et le rêve*, (Paris, José Corti, 1939/1991).

<sup>9</sup> Michel Leiris, *Nights as Day, Days as Nights* (*Nuits sans nuit, et quelques jours sans jour*), tr. R. Sieburth, (Hygiene, Eriadnos Press, 1961/1987); Jack Kerouac, *Book of Dreams* (San Francisco, City Lights, 1961); William S. Burroughs, *My Education: A Book of Dreams*, (London, Picador, 1995). An imaginary construction of a dream book of Franz Kafka was compiled through drawing together dreams from his diaries and letters. *Träume: "Ringkämpfe jede Nacht"*, ed. Gaspard Giudice and Michael Müller, (Frankfurt, Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag, 1993).

<sup>10</sup> Raymond Queneau, "Des récits de rêves à foison," *Contes et propos*, (Paris, Gallimard, 1981), pp. 273-8, tr. mine. In a once much celebrated theory of dreams, cardinal significance was accorded to the so-called 'day-residues' in the dream. The significance of the corresponding dream-residues which would interest an Oulipo psychologist (if there were such) was not realised.

## Introduction

I have been recording my dreams, under the influence of Jung's work, for fifty years. Following a minor stroke, the question of what is to become of them when I die is growing more insistent. The original notebooks will be destroyed. But I can't let them all go. They belong beyond me, with the dreams of others.

For thirty five years I have been listening to, reading, talking about, other peoples' dreams. Much of what is in them belongs only with the dreamer. But there is also much that is like my own dreaming. Dreams may be personal, but dreaming is an activity we have in common. In sharing that activity with hundreds, even thousands, of others I have come to feel a sense of urgency. There is something going on in our dreaming that is urgent. It invites research.

We should be doing that research together. Kept within the privacy of breakfast table or consulting room, dreams can seem more special than they are. When more dreams are available for comparison research will be able to move beyond personal association with *content* to the *activity* of dreaming. In deciding to publish my own dreams it is research of that kind which I have in mind.

There are cogent arguments against publishing. They go in two directions. Dreams are boring, and they reveal too much. Both are true. They are indeed boring, and they do indeed reveal too much. But I believe that it is just this combination which we need if we are to address one of the most urgent challenges to our imagination today: how to relate new understanding of our evolutionary inheritance with the eventfulness of everyday.

Dreams know about evolution, and they know about history. They know about entropy, the running down of systems. And they know about adaptation, the gift of originality. In being both boring and revealing they combine the two kinds of knowing. If we had more of them out in the public domain, open to comparison, we could put that knowing to work in the eventfulness of everyday.

My title is chosen with such work in mind. I want to play with the words responsible and responsibility, so as to allow for both past and future as impinging on the present. We are responsible in the sense of being in debt to the past. And we are responsible towards the future, in the sense of being able to respond now so as to create the future. I use the spelling 'responsability' to keep those two different but related meanings in play: responsibility as a past burden to be carried, responsibility as future opportunity, an ability to be exercised as well as an obligation to be met.

A time is coming when dreams will be interesting in ways we cannot yet define. Research of a kind we cannot yet identify will welcome the raw material of dreams for purposes that are not yet current. Disciplines as various as biochemistry, neuroscience, history, theology, aesthetics, will find in our dreaming that they have responsibilities in common.

Future generations will have their own surprises in the play of imagination between figure and ground, narrative and closure, metaphor and metonymy, suggestion and concealment, which we experience in dreaming. As we come to understand more about the evolution of the brain we will be able to incorporate dreaming into behaviour better, assuming responsibility to and for connections between evolutionary inheritance and present living. Society will develop an interest in dreams as evidence of how private and public allow for each other while also making demands on each other.

If others will follow my example and publish their dreams, boring yet surprising as they are, the whole climate of social imagination would change for good.

What I am publishing is as close to raw material as I can get. I have been urged to arrange the dreams under themes. But I believe it is the raw material of our dreaming we need to share.

In so far as that is possible. Because even to select is to begin to interpret the raw material, and I have been selecting over years. My first notebooks were a mess, with almost illegible scrawls in pencil. Gradually I changed into ink, and began to transcribe the rough notes made during the night into a more legible format. Then, after about ten years, when there were eight or nine such books, I began a loose kind of indexing, with one line summaries of the dreams at the end of each volume.

When training at the Jung Institute in Zurich in my late thirties, I made this indexing a more regular feature of my records, bringing it up to date whenever I started a new notebook, and marking with an asterisk those dreams which seemed to 'last', to continue to hold my attention and to say something fresh when I read them again months or years later. Then, from the 1970's onwards, I began to type out the dreams so highlighted, irregularly, over a period of years, with a new impetus after I acquired a word processor in 1992. It is this accumulation which I am now publishing.

The selection is therefore not consistent with any one temporal judgment. It has been made over forty years, and is not designed to prove any one point. It is fuller for some years than for others, and my sense of what was interesting and what not has varied a lot over the years. Examples of how this affects the selection can be found at January 11, 1973, and on March 19, 1994. Dreams that held my attention in one year might not have done so earlier, or later.

This inconsistency of selection may be a weakness. But for me it belongs with how I have been working over these fifty years, as those readers who are familiar with my writings on time will understand. Dreaming or waking, time is given into our keeping. We are responsible to, and for, a beat. In being selective, memory helps compose that beat. (See my *The Psychology of Carl Jung: essays in application and deconstruction*, Edwin Mellen Press, 1992.)

But in publishing my dreams as raw material I am aware that there are real problems with privacy, with association, and with what Jung might call their 'feeling tone'.

Dreams often refer to other people. In what sense they are 'about' these others is of course open to question. They are only my dreams. In preparing them for publication I am not at all sure whether it is friendly or polite to name the others of whom I dream. It feels intrusive. They've had no say in the text. So on the whole I have chosen anonymity, especially in the later years. Some may want to play personal hide and seek with them, but it is their impersonality which I have in mind in offering these dreams for publication.

Similarly with association. If I were offering these dreams as a kind of autobiography, the associations to which they have given rise would be essential. But that is not how I see their interest. In so far as it is possible, and allowing that it is not altogether possible, I want to leave what was written down at the time to speak for itself. I am

therefore including only those associations recorded at the time as inherent in what Freud taught us to think of as *dreamwork*, the dreaming *together* with the remembering *without which* there is no dream.

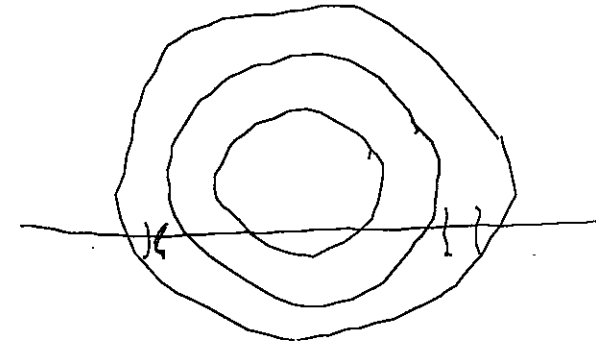
As to the feeling tone: there is no getting away from the problem. Dreams are not works of art. A dream that leaves the dreamer bathed in sweat or cold with terror is tedious when told at the breakfast table. Dreams which make the world new for the dreamer are simply banal for others. We must acknowledge the problem, allowing it its full weight. If we do so, we shall find that it can assist rather than prevent shared, social, responsibility.

Because the feeling tone of dreams, the mix of tedious repetition and unexpected surprise, is how responsibility socialises itself. To talk about it we have to allow that the boringly familiar can be constantly surprising. Dreams give us direct access to a common human responsibility, access to what is now being called 'the coevolution of brain and language'. Our feelings about them belong there, within a more sociable curiosity as to how that coevolution works, as to what it is like to be caught between nature and history.

**February 27, 1948**

A story which I am telling second hand.

I have shown to person to whom I am telling it a plan of the story. A certain number of circles dissected by a straight line. Not certain whether the line went through middle of the circles. The line is marked with segments showing two days of the week (?Tuesday and Thursday).



Story: a girl and I have been living together in some open country, say South African veldt. We have been living together since birth or since extreme youth. My sex early on seems vague – the boy says to me cynically:

"Anyway, I'll be seeing you more and more with less and less clothes on". I chide him for this.

A lot of old women in the tribe begin to get suspicious of our 'goings on'. One night we ride out into the veldt, turn our horses loose to graze, then walk into some trap set by these women.

I am now male definitely. This trap is very sad. We were living beautifully and then all is wrecked by these spiteful hags, two of the ugliest of whom are sort of chief judges.

Girl and I are left alone – she now seems to be on the side of these hags. We are inside a tent. In order to lull her suspicions in order to

escape, I – or another older man who may be Father – talks. He says after something else:

“In that case, O is the most important vowel, letter”, and later says many words with O in them. Then “Move”. At this, I catch the girl by her throat and bend her head back to the ground so that she cannot speak while I – or other man – escape.

But I, or he, only gets short start, and when I am caught and brought back the girl is definitely hostile and I fear she may hurt me in some way.

#### **April 5, 1948**

Rocky, moon like country.

I am left alone at sunset with girl/sister, who is very precious whom I must try and protect. I am expecting danger from rude and lustful men. Instead a beastly immature boy of 15, over interested in sex etc., comes by and discovers me. He feels me all over, talking back to his Hag Mother about what he finds. This being felt is hateful, but I keep quiet in order not to put him onto the track of my sister. Overtones of 52 schoolroom and lawn.

My anxiety for sister – I am prepared to do anything, but with visions of battle at sea in Pacific and twisted gun turrets, I ask myself: “Am I prepared for anything?”

Sudden excitement of this foul creepy boy, when he finds tucked away up my rectum a ring.

“Oh, look Mummy, he keeps a ring hidden in his very inmost being”.

This scares me. He is not hostile to me, just creepily inquisitive and if he finds sister he will besmear her with his lecherous crawlings. I think: “Well, this crawling boy was not what I was afraid of”, but he was in league with Hag Mother.

Some remark about: he is 15 now, only three years to go, with that over then when 18 he would have ceased to be a danger.

#### **April 8, 1948**

Dads and I are left alone in 52. Dads sends everyone away. He goes into Mother’s bedroom, and gets some papers. It is night. Then he takes me upstairs into an attic. On the way up he talks loudly about the extreme importance of these papers, and how the police and Foreign Office and all authorities will treat them as highly confidential. I am anxious least there should be someone in the

house who should hear these statements. The house is in its present stripped and empty state. As we go upstairs, switching on lights, I am anxious least someone should be there and take these precious papers.

On the top floor, we go into far left hand corner room, sit down. A wireless is playing in the room at the top of the stairs. We settle down and Dads begins to tell me about 1848 merger of OSSCo, China Mutual, Anglo Saxon Line, etc. This is all very important. I am finding out about the origins of the firm and it is filled with a real and deep personal significance.

I then interrupt to go and turn wireless off. I am scared there is somebody in the wireless room, else why the wireless on in this empty house? But there is no one in the room.

#### **April 17, 1948**

Scene is two houses next door to each other, 224 and 226. Somebody has got Power over the atom bomb, and the secret of this power is in something very like a dog lead. There is some Power from whom this secret must be kept. This Power is outside the house, but sometimes inside the house with strange creakings. Most of the time I am alone in this house, but later on Dads is there, and I try to get him to make friends, to stop being aloof and uninterested in me.

At one stage I lose the lead and have to go outside to get it. I have dropped it in jumping over the wall into 224 from 226.

General atmosphere is of loneliness, my attempt to find somebody: anxious about this ‘power’ though not frightened.

#### **May 12, 1948**

Somewhere in China at the end of the war. A great ceremony to hail the victorious American general. I am one of the Orientals – very very hungry, and at one stage I go and queue outside American army cook house for scraps.

There is a very old wise man there: a sharp contrast to the American pomp and uniforms. He is a sage out of the desert. When we Orientals are being split up into two laagers, one European and one Coloured, for feeding, he or I say that this reminds us of our experience when we have been flying from the Japs, or just flying, across the thousands of miles of desert interior, and the American civilised authorities have herded us into a huge camp for feeding. And then all these poor ignorant peasants suddenly wondered why



they began to go round and round in endless meaningless circles, instead of straight. I have a picture of this in my mind, of great clouds of dust in this back of beyond country, and this huge crowd moving round in lost circles, and, outside the laager, myself moving on a camel. But throughout this I am mixed up with this old sage telling his story.

Other incidents: the death of an American soldier in the ceremony. He is thrown from his horse and I think trampled to death. When I already know this is going to happen, there is a sort of flash back to earlier on when he is riding one horse, leading one, or two, others, which are very restive, back view, the two led horses sort of curving inwards on him.

A woman, or women, come into it somewhere. Also at one stage this rather frightening dwarf who moves towards us from left front, when I am sitting on some wooden gate.

#### **June 21, 1948**

Various unsuccessful attempts to establish a relationship between myself and a woman.

Now I am as it were one of the women with whom I have tried and failed to establish such a relationship. Oldish woman. I am partly identified with her, partly objective.

Lured by a woman into a house. I have often gone by the house before but now I barge carelessly in: on the first floor stand a terrible man and woman. Try in vain to knock him down. They are murderers, and it turns out that over a period of years they have killed many hundreds of women and have their heads/skulls pickled. Always women because they are both 'masculine' in their desires. The woman puts a sharp blood red finger nail into my mouth, gashes me under the tongue in this way I could bleed to death.

Now becomes increasingly objective. It is reported on mid page of Times. I have to read hurriedly on to see that it did in fact work out. The shop in which 'I' worked had wanted me to go out to a sick woman especially to do some skilled watch or clock repair, so they set enquiries on foot. Thus it ended up that I was 'saved', before all my blood had drained away. I can taste my blood in my mouth.

But I think that I – the woman – would have done better to have accepted the revelations of this mad murderer man more calmly, and by her friendliness soothed his mad suspicions and so ousted the terrible woman with red nails from his affections.

#### **June 22, 1948**

Girl friend X at Scala, dance, with her family, very lovely and moving.

52, cycling across to entrance, very moved at such a return. Workmen are in occupation of the house. I crawl somehow into the underground passage round the house. Root around and get hold of Zimmern's *Greek Commonwealth*. Cannot cross to house across a field because school children are playing there by arrangement with the office. So I go back – crawl out through fence with Zimmern's book. Once out I seem to be with X again. We have been dancing. Then she has to go. I am preparing to leave when I see 'her' up in the air – transformed, so that only her head and feet are human, her middle is a great egg (Roc bird in Sinbad the Sailor). Her head is saved because it is 'intelligent' – her feet and lower legs because they had been dancing so beautifully, the darling girl.

Down on earth there is a great mix up. I am now watching objectively. A representative father and mother with their children. One of these children – me I think – is become a snake, a nasty brown snake, part sort of nastily flat. 'Man' has never seen a snake before. Father wants to cast it out – Garden of Eden. He has no idea how *dangerous* the snake may be. There now seem to be more than one snake – dry, leathery frightening things. There is one big one. When 'Father' throws them out in disgust – (note Mother also angry at her son for being changed into snake, disowns him) – this big snake says "Very well, I'll go. But first let your daughter move closer to you" (not exact words).

The daughter moves up closer to the Father, and thus falls into the snake's trap. For it now begins to curl its huge coils round and round the girl's body, not strangling her but shutting her out from her father. This is frightening, and though I know it is happening I do not like to look because to actually see it happening would drive me screaming mad. Father and daughter and rest of family fall into this trap because they don't understand about snakes – snakes are new to mankind, they have just become there before the eyes of this family. At some stage a picture which I had sent to be framed is returned to me framed.

**end June, 1948**

This is a dream about the analysis – deeply disturbing.

Mother, I, elder brother, old family friend X (*the* analyst) and perhaps others. We are trying to link up a recent dream with past series of dreams of my own and of mother's.

When I was 4, 6 or 8; 5, 7, 9, some such age, I came to someone in the house and asked anxiously:

“Does there grow in/near this house any tree with blood on its leaves?”

Mother telling this I find very frightening. It was recognised by others as terrible that a boy of my age should be able to ask such a question.

This is connected with the number 28 and white mice. My mother and I have had strangely and significantly identical dreams – it is as if we are now working over with these other people stuff we had known for a long time.

Mother's dreams have been about some 'illness'. X points out that it should have been about *cancer*, and it is significant that it is *not*. He cannot understand why she dreams about this other disease. But I can – I recognise that it is not a personal dream but a collective dream of deep significance.

Very deep train journey. Frightening.

Mother's remark to me about brother, who is listening with absorbed interest: “He gets so much more interested when it is about *people*”. I am afraid he will let out the secret before these other people that I – as well as Mother – am being analysed. If he does so, and asks me what significant dreams I have had, I shall pretend complete ignorance and say “Me?, why, I hardly ever dream”.

Really significant thing escapes me. It was the similar dreams Mother and I had had – connected with that story about blood on trees, and 28 and white mice.

This is directly connected with my stammer. It is frightening.

**end August, 1948**

An older man. I discover that his son has not been killed in the trenches after all in the 1914-1918 war. We are alone in a country house – the man attacks me and mutilates me terribly.

The return of sister and her baby – Pencraig dining room. Emotional scene.

I am escaping – I am a soldier deserter. Catch a train at the last minute – wait till it is moving fast, run alongside just manage to open a door and throw myself onto floor. Guard's van, hose coiled on floor. I wriggle in and just manage to get my legs in before we get into tunnel out of station.

Guard fortunately away. I go along to hide in WC. Mirror door – man comes along, throws up mirror and peers at me with terrible eyes. I am discovered. I go along to his compartment. Distinguished – HE IS A FAKE, false eyes, false nose. I shout it out, strike at him with a rope. He is the man who so mutilated me – he says:

“My son really was killed at the Front – I had to mutilate you so that I could pretend I was my son in the army”.

(In typing there was elision in the word mutilate: the syllable mut(e), and running m into u.)

**October 8, 1948**

I am at a railway station. A porter offers to help me with my luggage. We examine an immensely powerful compressed air machine. It makes a sort of knot. One last knot is needed to complete the row (like tie knot, also picture hanging fixture). He asks me if I would like to work it. I say No, it seems dangerous to me. He gets on it, and works it, but it doesn't work – the huge vast force of the suppressed air seizes hold of him and flays [note confusion/substitution with 'flails', see next sentence] him around until he is terribly dead, beaten to a pulp. While he is thus powerlessly caught in this terrible machine we all rush round trying to save him, hopeless to catch hold of this hugely powerful irresistible flail knocking around. I rush around shouting, to Father among others, to “Turn off the electric power”, but we cannot.

I run out of Lime Street station to get the police. But they arrest me for murder. Why they think it is murder I never find out, till right at the end when someone begins to tell me: it is because traces of poison were found in the porter, and I am supposed to have poisoned him so that he was powerless to manage this colossally powerful and dangerous machine which he had previously managed ok in the course of his job.

The events leading up to my trial are vague, but it is as if I were caught in an irresistible power carrying me on. There is a girl whom I am supposed to have wronged by committing the murder, and it is

as if I were being sued by her. Her uncles are behind her – but they are out to get their hands on her money. To their anger, the lawyer conducting the prosecution for the girl, a sinister but very able man, managed to get through a lot of her money himself.

Remorselessly the process goes on and I am so so frightened of dying. Yet this fear of death seems to be intensely *natural* to me, it seems to come up from the deepest essence of my nature. It seems to be the most valuable thing in my experience of life. I spend many days trying to accustom myself to the approach of death: at one time I find myself thinking of the Crucifixion of Christ. I begin to understand – what was important was the complete fear of NOTHINGNESS, of non being of utter non existence a gaping VOID – Christ had faced that fear in utter solitariness and come through. I begin to understand.

In this process at one stage I am confronted in the dock with the man I murdered. At another the scene is Balliol. There is some sort of meeting of ex officers to be addressed on preparing for another war: not being an ex officer I do not attend – this is very remarked and I feel guilty about it. All through I am a dominating, public figure – I am conscious of living in front of great numbers of people all watching me. As a famous criminal I am a public figure.

The day of execution moves nearer – general scene Dragon School. I am to be hung. Then in last day for some reason my guards relax their watch on me – I am ‘allowed’ to escape with a friend. He offers me the opportunity, I at first refuse, but then agree. We are standing on an open plain, and to the north lies Russia and limitless expanses of country into which to escape. So I go – first on a bus, and I tell people who I am, threatening to shoot if anyone gives me away. I still have on my criminal’s clothes, a sort of dungarees, but it is slipping off my shoulders and under it I am naked.

My friend is a sort of magician. We leave the bus, and go off through strange land. At one stage I am turned into the boiling tea within the cup which he is. Child’s fairy tale come to life feeling about the whole thing.

But instead of remaining in hiding I am driven out, from Dragon School, to look for a girl on the streets. Do not find her – instead I am ‘seen’, recognised as the escaped criminal and the net closes on me again. Remorselessly, I must go to my punishment.

### **October 14, 1948**

I am secretary to some important international organisation, UNO. Enter a public building – part Bodleian Camera, part Liverpool Cathedral – for meeting just before 7.30 pm. Collect the minutes book, written in French, then lose it. It is stolen by some very sinister Chinese very dangerous.

The search becomes increasingly dangerous. At one step ‘we’ are sleeping in an underground room – might be in a pyramid – then entrance is cave like open to the air. There are strange magical and very meaningful symbols on the roof – one great foot. Also writing: an inscription over doorway which I do not remember having seen before – it occurs to me that this may be a clue in our search. I suggest this to my father – a ‘typical’ father, but he pours scorn on the idea: the inscription is millions of years old.

But then I point out it includes the word Psychoanalysis, that is modern enough. It is a magic religious room. It occurs to me it may be dangerous – the whole atmosphere is so pregnant with magic.

Later four of us are in a very dangerous house – on this search. Dangerous dockside Chinese sailors ready to knife anyone. At length we get out – on the way the woman of the house, who is good and helpful, stops us for a word of warning. Increasingly frightening: one of us, man friend X, has not come from that inner first floor room with those dangerous coloured men.

### **November 25, 1948**

Three of us – I think sister, younger brother and I, are on a terrible razor edge ridge. This is somehow connected with the AORIST tense [Greek grammar]. There we inspect the genitals of our father’s aunts – which are sort of extracted and in metal – and find that one of them has VD. This is a terrible discovery.

### **December 1, 1948**

At finals examination. The paper for my special subject.

After 20 minutes or so discover I have wrong paper – on Modern Germany. Invigilator Southern gives me a new one, writing out on cheque a large sum in figures, about ten or twelve figures. This is connected with a Beethoven sonata. I feel that the only way I can answer is write something on Augustine-music-value, connect here with ορουμοι

[written in Greek in original, with aspirate over initial letter]  
relate to sexual relations with X.

First paper, the wrong one. Introductory advice not to answer question five, with its interesting Crocean aspects, because some man is writing a thesis on it, so that although examiners will be able to mark it, they will not be able to comment on it.

I am faced with second paper in bed – lying on the bed is Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious*, and a Latin dictionary.

### December 12, 1948

The Rocks – immense age. Talk of their crumbling. Someone connects with an Asylum, but the authorities say "Oh, not merely asylums, but all buildings made of this rock in England".

The print of a human foot in the rock.

### September 8, 1949

It is as if I am living, and hearing for the first time, a Dostoevsky novel. Travelling long distances by car. Somewhere there is a boy criminal and a girl is tracking him down. Also it is mixed with X and I anxious about her parents' attitude to our immediate marriage.

Then we arrive. The story reaches its climax with a description vision of a scene so terrible that no words can touch it. The return of this boy criminal to his home his parents go mad. His sister is sane but involved in his unmentionable suffering. After reading-seeing this scene I have to be revived. I feel that here is an experience more hideous in its hellishness and human suffering than anything in Joyce or Dostoevsky – I think that if modern man has courage to face the full hideousness of his situation then he faces possibilities of suffering of altogether new quality. It is suffering distinctively Christian, a more refined and spiritual hell than was possible in worship of pre-Christian nature gods who always demanded human sacrifice.

As I begin to wake up it is as if I had been deliberately drugged by some people in order to have this experience of unmentionable hell.

### September 24, 1949

I am in Russia, with girl, X.

New, strange country: a young vigorous people. Sort of student congress. I am surprised at the books, pamphlets on sale. Criticisms of Marxism by Sartre and Jaspers – also, most remarkable, a book by Stalin called 'Christ looks at the pound'. In this connection one of the Russian girl students, in discussing 'the party', refers to it as 'the party in the blood of Christ'. I understand that the communists are combining their faith with a new interpretation of the fleshly sacrifice of Jesus, and I feel that here is a 'container', a faith to include and recreate our wild nature.

(Next morning: news of Russia's Atom Bomb.)

### December 3, 1949

A train journey – leaving the train one station too early and hence missing/losing the very attractive woman I was travelling with.

Sequence as from *The Third Man* film. English power kidnaps/rescues a child of the Austrian royal family from the Russians. Russians realise who is doing it – allow it but say it must not happen again. Tension: harmony between the Powers, Four Powers: working together with tension between.

The number 'one' knew what it was doing when it stood still for so long.

Fear of some small biting animal again. Three little dogs, two belonging to A, one to B. B sets his to chase, in fun, those of B (sic). Fear, because they rush in the direction of this biting little creature which may kill them, hurt them. I fear the possibility of the bite on my own body.

### December 10, 1949

The rock on which I am standing has split vertically – out of the crack long thin snakes come out, dangerous. I am frightened – but I know I must be bitten by them. Wake afraid.

**December 25, 1949**

I am with a company of Englishmen who are ambushed and captured by Jews. Feeling of Imperial British – representing Empire and UNO, caught by cunning of these Jews who do not accept our authority. Rather foolish: as if beaten by a younger boy when a child. We are marched off to prison. The cheek of these Jews managing to capture and hold us. On a plaque in the prison we see an inscription which we recognise to have been erected in our memory some years later – time sequence involved. This refers to us, and says that of our company captured by the Jews on such and such a date, the survivors escaped and arrived at Alexandria some months/years later with one dead and five wounded. Feeling of relief that even in this dangerous situation we shall all survive except one. One of my captors – association with boyhood beating fantasies – walks me off somewhere, standing taller with his hand coming round my face stroking my cheek. Fearing homosexuality, I am about to warn him that there is nothing doing here, when my face is bristly under his touch, and he pulls out a pocket knife with which he shaves me as we walk along. I am to be promoted to a position of authority over the other prisoners.

**January 23, 1950**

I am walking with vague Father on the sea shore – the tide is far far out, unusually far out. There are islands and expanses of sand – feeling that these are the eternal isles of Greece – the Aegean where history began. Among the islands are large rocks or small islets which on close inspection appear to be vast sea animals/plants, like huge sponges. I dread being touched or touching one of these things: they would dissolve me to chemical substance, utterly destroying my individuality. I must fight these things. Over in the cliff is a huge cave which we recognise as Daniel's cave (OT Daniel) which we are looking for.

**July 15, 1950**

Disintegrated world – 1984 Orwell. Shades triumphant. Structure of industrial back streets is in our soul.

Around the shattered city, a moat – empty. I walk round by the shaken foundation – garbage and rats. The evil beneath the surface, refuse and dirt, are triumphant

**July 22, 1950**

I attend great ceremony – after falsely cheerful religious service – between the rulers of the two halves of the world.

English and Hapsburg (Austrian-Hungarian German) emperors, with Japanese looking ruler of 'Russian' world. If only we could meet and talk with this Jap regularly – I feel he is dangerous only because he is shut off from the world. Tendency is to agree to differ. The look on the faces of the central European royal families – madness – my father's family.

**August 30, 1950**

Family on a Blue Funnel ship sailing up the north east coast of Asia – no particular locality, but where Asia comes down to the Pacific, and the ocean stretches away to the south and west. Father very keen to repeat just the route he did in his youth. To do this he sails the boat very close in to the shore.

I become increasingly frightened that it is *too* near, especially as the coast is Russian, enemy. Then we do strike the bottom, are stuck, taken prisoner. Feeling of being caught on the vast ever westwards stretching continent, all the advantages of sea power are lost. But I feel strangely happy – I feel that here I may *do* something. And am disappointed when the picture dissolves into unreality.

Mother and I in paddock at Pencraig, in corner by corn stack. I am making desperate efforts to catch a small bird. I have it in my hands once, it lies there all quiet against my palms. But then it escapes, and becomes quite terrifyingly alive, vital – so much so that although I go on to try to catch it, I am now too frightened really to try.

**September 21, 1950**

On a visit to Soviet Russia – somewhere East and South of the Urals, high. Being shown round their new city by a group of Russians. Look east, and someone says:

"Think of the land, the earth, rolling for miles and endless miles to the Pacific",

and I see great cities of eastern aspect. Then in this developing group, there is a magnificent negro man, black with rippling muscles, who takes me and gorgeously rapes me.

**September 29, 1950**

Mother telling me about Lenin/Stalin figure, to show me how his original 'goodness', honesty, naivete, had been perverted. In her enthusiastic youth she had been very keen on all that Stalin stood for, and a great ceremony had been arranged at which he was to be officially recognised by the leader of the State. Mother had a big part to play in organising this 'recognition' (she was 16 at the time). But then the arrangements were spoiled by her grandfather and her mother, who, while allowing her to go ahead with the plans, insisted that in the bus on the way to the ceremony the men were often so rude and strong that ...(and I didn't get the consequence), but the result was that, through this SB/OLJ interference, the youthful enthusiasm and honesty of Stalin came under the influence of cynical power besotted men.

**October 4, 1950**

A dream with a sense of 1984. It begins vaguely, all as it were centred round cross roads of Baker St and Marylebone Road, ends in half nightmare waking. It is the attack on the central fortress of the will. Two victims, with the whole force of outside pressure, all the written 'word' demanding acceptance of some error as 'truth'. Terrible pressure to the point of utter fatigue, control slipping, towards an acceptance of the authority of 'this other' which knows best, which can distinguish truth from error and not 'I'. Then the relief of half waking and knowing there is a way out, another car in the garage which allows another way out. I know that in this waste of loneliness, awful utterness, one must fight alone to the end, and that only an external grace can redeem – yet one can never rely on that. The uttermost effort is demanded of I, knowing that alone it is of no avail, yet – oh this is the horror and mystery of the paradox of faith.

**February 21, 1951**

I am driving father in the Rover car. Stop in the country, but even with the engine off, and brake on, the car goes on with convulsive jerks and leaping. We scramble out, but the car and I roll down a gully into a stream among rocks. What is the matter with me? Father comes jumping down after realising I am strangely ill.

Coming to myself in some house I am half grateful for his affection, half horror struck at his strange features and those of the other two – mother and a doctor – standing round my bed. I cannot bring myself to look at their faces... If I could....?

**November 5, 1951**

Terrible realisation that my employer father (52 atmosphere) is a most unspeakable drunk, the essence of drunkenness, and that he has long been blackmailed by his lowest and basest employees who know that he enjoys torturing small children and animals in a frightful meaningless way. Knowing he does this they have blackmailed him for years.

**June 7, 1952**

I hear that old college friend X is engaged – to a rather strange unsuitable girl. He introduces her outside my Holborn bank. Then I am in a noisome and shuddering awful house in the centre of London with my mother. There are terrible people in the house, revealing in secret rooms terrible things, and I turn over a book which my mother – now part old man Jew – has written, a book out of the despair and horror of her soul, full of emptiness, plague, burning towns, whole peoples diseased. Comparison with the prophecies of the Old Testament, and of the disasters that would befall the Jews – So it was this horror that lay behind the years at Liverpool!

**March 10, 1953**

I glance at myself in the bathroom mirror, start back in horror and flee in terror, for my reflection is a man with raven black hair and the shape of my face is much changed.

**March 21, 1953**

I am involved with others in an attempt to create the world. We are in the confused inert matter of which the world is to be made, and are working desperately to grasp it, to seize by some sudden lightening gesture of hand or imagination, the order of coherence which could make an understandable world out of it all. Every now and then it is about to come, and we heave a sigh of relief, then it collapses and disintegrates again. So we have to start again.

**July 29, 1953**

Down by the north bank of the Thames.

The wife of a brilliant scientist decides one day to impersonate him, as he is ill and is confined to bed. She is brilliantly successful with her impersonation.

Now I am she being successful in her impersonation, walking with her, and deluding even her. My magical power is such, thanks to the secret scientific power which has made the impersonation a success, that I could at any moment kill her.

The delivery of coals, perhaps with some silver and gold hidden among them

o the old magic

o the concealed crime

the ring of old people successfully greedily lustfully concealing their crime from the young

Waking with a tickling pain on my penis, and knowing my mother is anxious to kill me.

**July 24, 1953**

I am having to do some exam in which I have to say something significant about a straight line and a circle.

About a straight line: any spot or point is just a point until you see that by drawing a line through it it acquires some characteristic (that of being a point on this particular line) in common with an infinite number of other points. Thus does the human mind begin to impose the idea of structure on its experience of the world.

**August 24, 1953**

On a bridge, two opposing flocks of sheep have been drowned.

I am intending to wash my hands of them but an old farmer says I ought to be offering my men rewards for their meat, so as to encourage them to rescue the corpses. For instance, I should offer so much a yard for a certain tube or artery or vein running from under the tongue to the stomach.

So as to show that I know what he is talking about, I begin to pull mine up my throat. I feel that to break it with my fingers would be painless, but am very doubtful about cutting it. But as I try and break it with my fingers, I notice it is also connected to the underside of a cat's tongue and it is pulling on the cat. Being anxious not to hurt the cat I stop, but wake with a shock. Would it hurt terribly to cut it and thus avoid these jerks?

(I connect it with the tube that brings semen from testicles to penis, and my recent talk with young doctor friend in which he said the cutting of this tube is a conceivable operation for killing male potency as an alternative to castration, e.g. in Indian middle classes). Also umbilical cord.

**October 9, 1953**

Mother tells me with horror in her voice that Father has got the most terrible disease, one which perhaps 24 people in the whole world have, very rare: it is a developed variation of rheumatism-arthritis, a normal complaint of elderly people, but it takes the form of small fundamental and essential rotting of the bone. The bone becomes as it were *wood*, so that the sufferer becomes progressively part of the old forest and must bear intolerable pain without the saving grace of human individuality.

**October 25, 1953**

In some office basement, near and under Athenaeum Club, excited by erotic pictures. I persuade one of two tart like office girls to let me screw her. With my hand on her tender small of her back, I have my orgasm, and in the act I find myself thinking

"If this were girl friend X would I at this moment be giving myself unselfishly rather than acting in the completely self centred way I am?"

Doubtful.

It is then as if I am a powerful company director being told on the telephone that never has the company had such a powerful orgasm-

dividend payment (picture of striking immensely rich oil well) and that to have had such an orgasm I must have been acting not alone, but geared to the whole complex of my company's efforts, and to other financial institutions in the City as well, to produce such a rich paying of dividends. The company secretary is very excited because this payment has made City news: the powerful effect of years of successful trading, this wonderfully integrated organisation with its world wide trading system, has resulted in profits which enable the company to pay out sensational dividends to its anonymous, numerous, widely spread throughout society, shareholders who have placed their capital in its keeping in trust and faith.

I have been asked to a French publishing party in the City – near the Bank. I go with colleague to a place where there often are publishing lunches. After a few minutes we find it is a mistake. By the time I find this out, he was gone. I ask the cloakroom attendant who gives me my overcoat and jacket in one, where the place off Avenue Road is, and he tells me it is round down by the river quite easy to reach by taxi.

I rush out of the building shouting for a taxi. The pavement is a long flight of steps down to the street, with a fairly sharp drop over rocks at the end: the street is water.

As I get down to the street-water edge taxi driver gets out and comes to meet me. He is French, can speak little English. Now the taxi becomes a yacht's dinghy-canoe (the canoe in which the Americans explored their continent, or indeed the French *voyageurs*), and I remember my host had told me over the phone that there would be two of us, and that a boat would come to fetch us at this point at one o'clock.

The French sailor is asking me if I am one of the guests he is to fetch and, suddenly remembering, I say "Yes, only I am the only one now", (the other, X, having disappeared). But at that moment a barefooted girl dressed in gay peasant's costume, very colourful, comes down to the water's edge. She is the second – now I remember that of course the second guest my host had told me to expect was a woman, not X. The French sailor hails her, appears to recognise her, asks her if she is "Marie la fille de Pierre". She is, and it turns out they are from the same French fishing village. The sailor is very excited and kisses her feet, holding them in his hand.

I wake with my hands heavy with the weight of her feet.

**November 3, 1953**

I have up to now been one of the princes or captains of the East, in the eternal conflict between East and West. The Eastern host has overcome the West in a series of masterful campaigns, and is in process of settling down to occupy London. I realise that it is dangerous to go on like this, because if I am too completely identified with Rajputana my armies will ultimately kill me. So I take the unprecedented course of breaking away, of slipping off and escaping, become a deserter. I slip into No. 5 John St., house on left of No.7 [Secker offices], and go up in the lift to No.3. There I will be temporarily safe – they will never think of looking for me so near No.7, the HQ of my armies. Having made this decisive and terrifying break, I must lie low, then get into touch with my friends. I shall be living dangerously from now on, moving among familiar places and faces in hourly danger of betrayal to my armies of the East. Only my closest and most loyal friends (perhaps younger brother) can be trusted to help me.

On waking to the feeling of terror and excitement at the irrevocable break, I find I have my socks on. At some stage I put these on in my sleep, switching on the light to do so, so that I might not walk in bare feet on cold bare stone. Compared to the vividness and clarity of experiences like this dream, my life appears to be a somnambulist dream!

### **Second sleeping.**

I, a young man, a sailor back in wartime navy. The theme of the story is the attempt of a young man to find peace among birds and fishes and flowers, the natural things of life, amid the discipline of war. The boy has been killed by accident.

Someone is discussing the event with the captain, and blaming him. The captain answers that it was not his fault – the boy had been given a great degree of freedom and allowed to go his own way: he had in fact been treated with great kindness and tolerance. (Rather like my father helping me get my feet in my present job.) At one time the captain had not preferred a mutiny charge which he could have done. The death had been some shooting accident.

I, as the young man, am discussing it with the captain, at the end, and say: "It was actually my fault, sir. I convert everything into an *area of discipline*".

There is a feeling of strong contrast between the freedom of walking in the hills, swimming, and naval discipline.



**November 23, 1953**

Man encourages, rock discourages.

Myself and two new spaniels and dog Betsy (also Father, Mother, and younger brother) hunting hares and deer in a wood. The dogs are uncannily excited. I wonder if we shall see a white hart? That would be a goddess. The dogs chase a wonderful red roebuck. One spaniel's foot is hurt. Mother and brother take it off to vet. Father and I go out from house and return to wood.

At this stage I am slightly sick or hurt, and am taken to hospital. Sent away to a strange hospital for a day of two. There I meet and am close to a terrible man who writes poetry – like very modern pictures, full of despair and horror and the hideous disintegration of the world. The poetry is interspersed with music, and I am compelled to follow his line of experience, to sing the very high and very low notes. I hate him, beg him to go away and leave me, for while he is there I have to follow the experience expressed in this terrible poetry.

**January 17, 1954**

A third is given.

I am riding in Hyde Park my own horse because I am now a member (like Hurlingham Club). Very fast, too fast. Approach high fence. Because I *know* this is a dream I can make my horse clear it. But that is not fair, so I go back and lie in the enclosure inside the fence as if I had fallen from my horse. By so doing I get covered in shit – it pours down on me from above. Then I want to hurry off and wash. In connection with the secret service job I am offered in Paris which is the real life side of 'the third is given'. Wake on that, as important.

**February 7, 1954**

I am on trial for murder. It is the first day of the main trial – there has been some sort of preliminary hearing before. The murder took place at the top of the Persian Gulf or Red Sea, some arm of sea in the Middle East, below the land. One of the other witnesses is a small, tight witch like woman, of whom I am suspicious. She is causing a fairly good impression on the court – sort of char figure. She seems to have her story taped and I have the impression she has learned it much more thoroughly since the first hearing. I feel she is rather afraid of me. I say: "What an interesting face you have. It is a long time since I saw you".

I feel the court are asking her too *factual* questions. What is important, and what may catch her out, are questions like:

What colour do you associate with particular days, e.g. Friday?

(It was Friday the day of the murder, wasn't it, I ask the judge.)

She actually reminds me of this question, this sort of question, which I had asked her at the first hearing. Her attitude to me is ambivalent – part not wanting me to expose anything there may be to expose and part wanting me to ask those questions which will reveal most.

**February 10, 1954**

In a community in some fairly cold primitive place. A man is killed while making bread. It happened like this.

A richer, aristocratic man went to talk to this bread maker while he was working on his 'machine', a rotatory flail like wheel. This distracted the man, who got entangled in the machine and beaten down to his knees. He was not killed immediately – but as a result about ten days later many small pieces of egg became an essential intrinsic part of his body, and we knew he was dying as a result.

It was at the wedding, very simple in a primitive hut, of the aristocratic man and the girl that this egg condition was first seen by the other. The girl was terribly upset – it quite spoiled her wedding day.

**February 20, 1954**

In a fairly close family social group I have committed a great range of murders – and later encouraged others to commit murder, 'others' who are like old school friend persona types. Another 'murder' has been discovered, and I put on my traditional and most deeply ingrained act of not knowing anything about it.

But the feeling of tension, anxiety and worry as there is yet another crime to conceal is typical of my whole way of life. But as the whole routine of deception is about to start again, Mother asks me if my attitude to this murder is at all connected with my attitude in 1929, when I had not fully cooperated with the authorities in telling all I knew.

This link with 1929 suddenly decides me to confess. I ask everyone else to leave the room so that I can confess all to Mother and as an afterthought I ask Dads to stay too. The feeling of being able to put the loneliness of this guilt off onto the understanding shoulders of

Father and Mother instead of nursing the intolerable burden of guilt myself alone, is one of great relief. It is similar to the feeling of getting out of a difficult situation by just not facing it, like India, or if I ran away from this wedding. I wake as the others are leaving the room and I am about to tell my parents that, incredible though it may seem, I am and have always been a murderer. They will understand – will they be able to fix it with the police and society outside the family? For as their son, they will treat it as a crime-disease inherent in the family – they love me and they will accept my guilt as conferring on them too a task of penitence and redemption to be fulfilled.

**February 24, 1954**

At home, Penraig. I insist on the horse Tommy being shot – he is becoming too dangerous – almost killing in play another great ape like horse. Also dangerous to us humans.

Father and Mother agree – but Father insists that I recognise that it was he who drew my attention to Tommy, that he as it were ‘found’ Tommy.

Before he is killed there is an operation to be done on me – Father’s hand comes in under the bed clothes to grasp my penis – it is a sort of draining of some part of my body, two compartments – below my penis. A small knife cut will have to be made. I am willing for this. Father drawing my attention to Tommy is connected with return of boss from States in very aggressive mood.

**March 12, 1954**

I am with a girl. I show her some small guns and the bullets. She is desperately anxious that I should put them away. I will not. She has been told by her mother of the pain and terrible agony of these bullets searing through flesh. “It is an awful thing to put out quietness” – and that is what you do when you will to bring a child into the world, the reverse of masturbation.

**March 14, 1954**

A group of us have taken a lengthy and very dangerous journey into the heart of enemy Spain and after long journeyings first through open country and then through the rooms of a vast palace, have reached the ultimate recess and heart of our enemies (three of us).

There we show our hand – and in revealing ourselves do terrific damage to a girl. When she ‘comes to’ after some terrific blows on her head, she appears to accept our mission and to be ‘on our side’. She is however permanently ill, and I am given the job of getting her out to our/her country. This will be a terrific job. The actual words in which I am given the job in some way liken me to St Paul and his relation to the Hebrews.

“Hebrew, I give thee this Hebrew as thy unique charge, to restore again to the Hebrews”.

This is a task which I must do, without reducing it to words as in the Epistle, but yet in doing it I must remember that Paul’s Epistle is one of the root documents of our world, and I must not shirk producing such a ‘work’.

**March 22, 1954**

I am sitting with the Kings of the Round Table. Unbelievable gold and precious stones. Great rivalry among each other, so much so that there is great fear of death by poison, knifing. Each in turn are making some invocation which shows their power and strength in calling down divine power. In great majesty and awe one of the most magnificent kings causes heaven to speak – no one can catch the magic words, something thunder. One great knight unsheathes four swords in a revolving swastika to see if in their scabbards he can by chance find concealed the lost words.

Finally a small group of us are surrounded in a house against overwhelming odds. We know our opponents well – they are delightful people. But in the necessity of the situation they are going to come in and we shall fight for our lives, but we have no chance in hell. I confess to the others that I am afraid, that I have been through the worst hours of my life. But now I appear to be reconciled to the fact that I must die. I shall go out onto the doorstep after firing my last shot, together with all my memories, all my desperately clung to evidence of ‘I’, and this grave man will raise his gun and shoot me dead. Waking I am filled with an awareness of that moment as one of the most essential moments of my whole being and life.

**April 10, 1954**

A long murder story bad dream sequence, whose point and function is to persuade the hearer that he is a murderer in imminent risk of being tracked down. I have had this dream untold times before – it is indeed at the root of my worry and fear of life. But this time in having it, at the crucial moment at the end, I 'alter' it by altering the end in such a way as to show that its grip, hold on me, is gone. It is as if at the crucial moment which contains the whole 'point' of the story, my mind turned the other way and said No, this is not real for me, – a hand unclenching.

As a result of this I have a vision of a great design, as in a repetitive Chinese mandala. A world picture. Made up of an intricate arrangement of an endlessly repeated theme – a tree in a formal courtyard, standing at the top of some steps, with a square pool of water at the foot. Although the water is still, there is immense energy generated within the pool. Between the tree and the pool there flows a narrow red stream, though it is not clear in which direction, and this stream is the life of man. This theme of the tree and the pool is repeated an infinite number of times. It is as if everyone who had ever lived spent their life painting one such picture. All the separate pictures are arranged together to form parts of a great tree, the Kundalini tree. But I see that in one of them 'the direction is reversed'. This means that in one of them the direction of flow of this red stream between the tree and pool is reversed, and this reversal of direction 'spoils' the whole picture, and seeing it I feel an indescribable horror; it has something to do with the reversal of direction in masturbation, (by which I mean the feeling that I am driving something up my penis into myself, rather than giving something out), which is connected with the locking of my stutter.

**April 20, 1954**

Equal upwards movement, equal downwards movement. Pressure up and down equally balanced. Mysterium magnum.

**May 5, 1954**

In the symbolism of Christianity remember that there appears five times in the Gospel story the figure of Christ encircled.

1st – the ring on which a bunch of keys is hung (Joseph in prison and St Peter)

2nd

3rd

4th

5th the circle of thorns crushed down over his head

(Joseph cast into *pit* to die – brother returns to sell him for silver – Judas and Christ. I feel that one of the other 'encirclements' was connected with the water wine miracle at the marriage feast in Cana.)

**May 23, 1954**

I am far more ill than I had ever thought. Lying in one corner of a room in analyst's flat – at night as when a child and someone in the room while sick. Waking in the middle of the night, analyst and his girl have cared for me. It is comforting and somehow very important that his girl sleeps in the flat even if he goes out at nights. Expert care is always at hand however desperately ill I am. It becomes clear to me that only in contemplation of the mystery of the four persons of the Trinity, in the symbolism of my tree and pool dream, can I ever find a vessel strong enough to sustain my energies.

Living through again some episode concerned with three dark sinister characters. Start with 'shot' of hand knocking on door of Charing Cross Road, knocker like hoof of animal, perhaps goat (association with apothecary's shop in Romeo and Juliet). Then the three hooded figures sneak out in the dark. But this time instead of following them, I laugh a high pitched menacing laugh. They whirl on me, confrontation expecting a torch to blaze, and wake petrified.

**July 4, 1954**

At the office tomorrow – realise I have completely forgotten and missed appointment with WHSmith. Must telephone to apologise.

Strange man in my room demonstrating to a vague girl behaviour of a rather revolting worm. He brings its tip together with inanimate metal, in shape of pencil. Worm grows round the metal very quickly. Circles begin to show themselves. Finally it splits into four, but it is now as if a strip of worm covered metal were so splitting.

He explains how after so splitting the worm will slide quickly off the metal, glad to be 'free' on its own again. For this, both worm and metal will be punished for 'quarter sessions'. Man offers to leave these worms, but I tell him to take them away, they would disintegrate the whole office. Association with my penis.

Forgetting the WHS appointment brings home sharply fact that I am losing my grip badly on office work. Note from boss in circulating tray warning that since there is so much strange thunder around, great care should be taken in committing ourselves to any important publishing decisions.

### **July 31, 1954**

Meeting with young and coming author. Discussion with him, feeling of not being so alive as he.

Crouched up in corner of rocky little harbour watching water, waiting for favourable moment to crawl round into open without getting wet. If a big wave comes every now and then I manage to get my feet hooked over rocks and just keep clear of water.

Then I see a crab-monkey of fair size – about half my size – clambering lifting itself over rocks. I going up with another one. I am terrified. It says, or someone says, that these animals now want to try tackling something larger than in the past (as food, prey), and I feel that it may be coming for me. I doubt if I can clamber away from it without it seeing me. I wake terrified.

### **August 2, 1954**

I dream that I am down on the south side of the Thames with Mother. We climb over strange piers, dangerous that we may fall into water. Then with others as dawn breaks, and fisher boatmen stir, and I go back towards my flat for bed. As I get to north side of river it is much earlier, about midnight, and I wonder whether or not to go for a tart.

I wake from this long and complicated night to find myself at Pencraig in the boys room. I am alone in the house and I begin to be afraid. There is noise and life and movement in the rest of the house. For a time I lie paralysed with fear in bed. Then I get up, go out of my room and into other rooms. These are empty but not yet stripped bare. My mother's room is as if someone had left in a hurry leaving

some odds and ends scattered around. Even in my terror I wonder whether to stop and masturbate. I go downstairs, the same strange live emptiness. Then into the garden, crying aloud:

"Who is there in God's name?", and it is empty. My fear grows yet empties. It is a lit darkness. Betsy the dog is there rather aimlessly. I wake deeply moved and soaked in perspiration.

### **August 13, 1954**

LDH being very slow and difficult about preparing for a car journey 'home'. I feeling angry for having to go with family in car rather than by train. While waiting for him, Mother and I go for short drive. I feel very impatient with her for wasting time like this – we should be waiting there for Father to be ready, so that we can go at once. We turn with difficulty to drive back. We get out and leave car to run on along the straight road by itself.

Now we are three – plus a sister figure. We pass statues in middle of road, first of a very beautiful girl following yearningly after a man. Then of the man with his hands behind his back, not looking back at the girl who is his daughter. This is partly Lot and his daughter – Lot striding out of a destroyed city, the girl seeking attention but not getting it. Partly Bolivar type Victorian statesman figure striding out of past to make something new. Statues are right in centre of road facing in direction we are going.

Come upon car which has run off road, and hit tree. Three workmen, garage hands, are checking it over. All that is wrong is something with clutch. As we watch, they test it. Car bounces over tree trunk, rears up on its rear, and falls back a huge very heavy rubbery swan. It is alive like some protoplasmic jelly – and both Mother and sister are caught in it, and it is reaching out greedily for me. Sister identifies this swan-rubber as Father.

Coming out of this dream into another. I am looking at photos of a holiday – wonderful colour shots of vast old temple in the jungle I had visited – Incas, Sun God temples – huge gold plates on wall. Lovely.

**August 20, 1954**

Outside Paddington Station, vaguely. Difficult approach owing to piles of soft jelly black stuff being pulled out of mid 19th century vast block of houses now derelict slum being pulled down. Must have been terrible for the children. Kurt Hahn had got in, written to The Times. This had compelled authorities to send in a young girl – dressed in red – architect into the buildings. On her report they are being pulled down. The workmen are delighted.

**August 26, 1954**

Elder brother and Mother pay visit to the office. Boss's wife introduced to mother. Mrs W completely at a loss before mother's unkind emotional competence in managing the situation. Unkind because she starts from being untrusting of Mrs W and is determined to show me that she can manage her.

As a result, a sterile, pointless, valueless atmosphere in the office. Everyone including young X seems dissatisfied, almost threatening. A young American to whom I am in the habit of giving a lift in car, or horse, down to Kingswood, begins to 'turn nasty'. This takes form of rather too much arm patting, etc., a kind of homosexuality?, brother? I tell him to get out on road to Kingswood, it is the end. He is very angry, threatens to 'do' the car-horse: tyres slashed or fetlocks cut. At end it seems to be definitely a horse that is in danger from him. I think that there is really nothing I can do to protect the horse, since the American can always make it look like a complete accident, i.e. by sending a trained hawk to pounce on this snake (snake=horse?). It is just an occupational risk the horse must now run. After some unsatisfactory attempt at relationship-intercourse with a woman, I burn a small china cat to ashes in a bright flame.

Immediately following the row with the American, I think perhaps I should go and fight it out with him now. I return rather rolling up my sleeves, only to find he has apparently completely forgotten me, and is discussing animatedly in a bar, the possibility of a Cape to Cairo journey up Africa.

**September 7, 1954**

My family has received the private secret papers of the Hohenzollern royal family of Germany, through Kurt Hahn. They are in twelve large silver coloured tubular metal containers. They have to be unpacked and very carefully listed. Then when we have a chance to go through them we may come upon the secret that will enable us to understand German history, the fatal flaw that poisoned Europe. It is tempting to think of these papers as 'mine'. But I must remember that though my parents let me work on them as if they were 'mine', it is only because of my parents that I have that opportunity.

The Jews in Germany. When the pogrom was at its height they grew some fatal poisonous herb in their gardens in the bombed ruins. It was a not uncommon sight to see Jews in the streets with one leaf of this herb between their lips, another two between the fingers of their hand. Instant death if the Gestapo came for them.

I am a Hitler figure at the top of a tower in the centre of Germany. It is as if I were a prisoner of my own guards, and I realise that I cannot now retrace my steps down the tower to the ground. Realising this I throw a glass of water over the tower edge. My guard gaoler shows me the divisions of my German people. In one sector are those within reach of positions of effective power – a handful of men whose only concern is with power. In another are 20,000 odd destined for extermination camps. Such is the soulless horror of my totalitarian hell. There are twelve divisions.

**September 18, 1954**

A Napoleon figure has wantonly killed the horse of someone I know well, and of whom I am fond. The horse is carried out on a stretcher to be buried. We bury it in the private grave of the Napoleons, by way of retaliation. But that grave is also supposed to be in the wood of the True Cross – which is why the Napoleons had picked it for their grave place.

**September 20, 1954**

My father and I together with a vague girl, go out and lie together. The mere imagining of the excitement of the relationship gives me an orgasm. In some way this is connected with either seven or twelve colours. In order to prove to me that I did this with him when I was 5 or 6, my father takes me to some rocks, to show me where I had written to this effect on the rock. The pattern, drawing, he shows me, in very porous black rock, does not convince me.

**September 22, 1954**

At a hotel about where my childhood Latin teacher's house stood in Queen's Drive. I come out with other to find my car moved or gone. Search all up the road. It is dark although mid afternoon. Cannot find it. Then begin to suspect it has been hidden by some friends. Search their rooms with growing indignation, fury, frustration. No sign. They are indifferent. At last I go round to back of hotel to garage, and one of the assistants tells me he moved it to a side road. I want to feel angry with him, but know it is pointless. Feeling of such intense irritation with these friends of mine, that I think I will break with them altogether. (But it is not their fault.)

Analyst tells uneducated girl in the hotel that she must prepare herself to take part in that mystery than which mankind knows no greater, or no simpler (paradox there) – that of Easter in the Christian Church, the inner mystery of man realising he must die to unite irreconcilable opposites.

**September 30, 1954**

An unbelievably terrifying end picture to a film – trick, horror, photography. I break in at end, into house where two youngish key figures are 'caught' – girl and man. They are sort of committing a concluding suicide together. Standing upright through an arched entrance on left is girl, cast in some dark metal, a sort of black bronze. She is turned across herself to touch her left foot with her right hand. With a devilish blaspheming cry the lost soul of the man calls to her to join him, and he falls down across from left into the right, where he is similarly but oppositely lying on ground, touching left foot with right hand. She falls, and he calls to her to do so, across a red patch, rather as if he is stretched on bars, or is himself the bars,

over a fire. In their final position she is lying fully on him, and the feeling is that they are both now touching with both their hands not only their own opposite foot, but each other's as well. In the moment of horror he calls her DENZIL and I feel that her other name is BATCHELOR, but that may be his. A supremely terrifying vision, of the horrible end to two 'criminal' characters. There is in their cry the sound of a lost soul finally delivered up to Hell.

The feeling of terror is due partly to the fact that since I have in some sense brought these two to their end, killing them, they will in return demand that I 'come in with them'. To experience the metal death in symbolic marriage of dark metals.

**October 17, 1954**

I am shown that there is some relationship between present attempts at self-identification, and a visit we paid when I was a child to the house of family friends in Liverpool. They did not want to let us in, there was a struggle at the door, and I shoved my foot in the door to keep it open.

Sitting round a table to eat as a symbol of self-identification. Golden treasure from Spain.

Grandfather comes to visit Father and Mother, while I go out alone, into the night. They are good people, but what makes them tick as it were will never be sufficient for me, will never have value. I am walking somewhere at night. A father figure somewhat like the figure of the King in alchemy is bewailing the loss of a lamb which has been eaten by black crows. I casually wonder if these crows could ever go for anything bigger than a lamb, but think I am completely safe from them. But suddenly I hear them talking to each other, and it is obvious that they are looking for *me* in the dark night to attack me. Terror, awake.

A young Irish man with a cold dedicated suffering but not fanatic look, saying "Mad dogs and Englishmen lose their *blood*", cuts at the root of my – a man's – penis.

**October 18, 1954**

A series of visions in which the whole of Western or the behind side of Ireland is experienced as filled with the drifting malignant (possibly kind if one understood them) power of fairies.

And in the village wild I saw them bring the naked fair body of a maid mad with the horned grinning one, at moonlight night, to the door of the priest's house, and he came down and joined in their wild rites, taking the girl, which was a kindly thing to do, for he helped save her soul with lust from inside the Church, so help me begorra Mary mother of God!

**October 24, 1954**

We heave to in a boat for night off somewhat exposed point in north east Scotland, near Maryport. I join the boat. Discuss whether or not to go for help in securing the boat. Man in charge says quite frankly that the reason he doesn't want to is that he would have to surrender his accumulation of Irish saving certificates – sweep lottery tickets.

As we discuss, a boat with three people comes near, one woman with her man (American) and a local fisherman. They circle us once or twice, wondering if they can heave to near us. The three? of us go on board their boat to help.

Magnificent stormy sky with full moon. American woman is photographed. Then comes back to stern, sits next to me, while she photos fisherman and her man. Dark night suddenly becomes light as day.

I look sideways at the outline of her breasts, firm conical, wondering if men desiring her know what it is they desire in that breast. Imagine feeding at the breast. There is something rather frightening in that thought of dependence on ANOTHER for food. Was it once suddenly interrupted for me?

**November 1, 1954**

At post war Liverpool house. Mother, Father, woman friend from office, old pre war family cook and I. Others are going away, and while away Mother wants me to sleep at 52. I refuse absolutely. 52 is so built into the very structure of my inmost being that to spend a night alone there would be madness. Anyone wanting to destroy me would only have to stage something in that terrible empty house to send me mad. I do not altogether trust my parents' attitude to the

house: if they do not like the house, why do they insist on going on trying to live in it?

Invasion of England about to take place from continent. Bombardment along coast. The fearful expectation of war. Shells falling behind. War between White and Red Indians. I am on side of Red Indians, victorious. A terrible sacrifice is decreed – not only of all white prisoners, but also of the weaker on 'our' side, including a Mr X figure from printers. I slap him repeatedly over the face, saying to myself with each slap "That is in return for..." and mention some service he has done me in the past. Terrified attempts of some of us/ them to escape. In many instances the living heart is torn out of the unhappy victim and thrown onto the fire or into the cauldron.

**November 7, 1954**

A terrifying vision, itself far worse oh so infinitely worse than any vision of ants or snakes or octopus. A vision of the nearly reached limits of intellectual exploitation of the expanding universe, so that soon suddenly man will see the final aridity of the mathematical equation which, in exploring all in terms of mathematical physics, will empty out of the universe the last drop of human significance.

We are on west coast of Ireland, holiday, going down to end of beach to bathe. Somewhat frightened by big fish which every now and then jumps clean out of the water. Then the fish is flying, with rotating thing on top like helicopter, and two struts beneath rather like skis on snow plane. It comes towards us – I am very frightened wrap my coat round my head as protection. Wake.

This vision can be elaborated. First, there is the earth's surface, where is human significance. Then the process of mathematical division begins, and in the same way as the instinctive division of cells, it spreads, out of all control, ever upwards and outwards into the sky and the abysses of space.

There is something curiously akin in the horror of this mathematical division, the intellectualising of nature in terms of mathematical formulae, and the horror of instinctive chaotic proliferation.

I am on top, cut off from EARTH.

**November 14, 1954**

Someone has won a competition (a coloured man) for a film part in 1984, by getting the dots right in 'serial time'.

That which has been done in the square must now be done in the circle.

**November 24, 1954**

Father Mother I have returned inside a furnished (partly) 52. It is because we have Father with us that we have managed to get inside the house.

Two men in a closed garden are struggling. One has a drug which kills pain to which he is attached with his whole life. The other wants to get it, or to stop him having it. Struggle on edge of pool. The drug is broken lost – they each strike the other cruel blows and I wake exhausted suffering and in pain from the fight.

**November 26, 1954**

I meet some invisible people. They became invisible some time ago in Turkey through some confusion over a drug. It is an ambiguous condition – they partly want to stay invisible with all its advantages, and partly want desperately to be visible.

When we first come on them we rescue them from a rather sinister quartet of men who are going to kill them. There is a particularly vivid scene in which I carry one down a steep black greasy slope where a great ship is against a wharf, to get them on board.

**December 12, 1954**

With girl friend, darling X. After a long time of strange difficulties between us we grow close this evening, and go to bed together. Marriage is a problem – she is Catholic, will feel differently about children to how I do. But I love her very much, my penis is heavy and thick and huge with passion at her service. She merges into sister, and I realise that in my love I shall commit incest. I shall marry my sister. Whole mood of lack of confidence in potency.

Family scene with coming incestuous marriage. Brother furious. Old tutor figure (introduced by Hahn, as was analyst). Mother upset. I know she will fight this marriage. Regretfully I shall have to tell her to mind her own business.

Before going to bed late at night, I am having pee. I see that the sun is still up, at midnight – red gold. I shout this out to mother. Together

we run out into open to see this colourful beautiful sunset the better. She draws my attention to fire burning on top of hill over to left, and a figure walking up to it from the house. This figure is like me going out to get the best view of this wonderful sight. I now almost deliberately wake myself to avoid dread horror of the numinous experience, as I realise that all round the house other members of the family will be similarly orientating themselves on holy fires at this sunset at midnight moment.

O, my love, strangely like a nurse

You say I have been strangely cold

Hold me in thy redeeming passionate arms

Fair nakedness sweetest heart

A long performance of a story of three Englishmen in Spain. The theme of guilt following a crime, and of choosing one of two girls as bride for chief of the 3.

It is X who takes responsibility for the fact that we have not been able to get together earlier. She has been too intent on her acting. Now that she is better off (car etc following death of mother) she is giving up the stage to marry to become fully woman. She comes warmly eagerly kindly to my arms naked.

**December 19, 1954**

I go to a public 'film' performance designed to present imaginatively all the physical, material, moral, spiritual horror of the modern world. The disintegrating vision of modern pictorial art, the lonely unrelatedness of the literary nightmare, and perhaps worst of all, the failure of the imagination of the man in the street to apprehend the significance of fusion and fission bombs. At one stage there is produced a long telegram which has been sent from Jews in Eastern Europe and Israel, Jews who have been through all this hell, to their 'more fortunate' brothers in England. This telegram is written in strange oracular form containing 44 allusions to Jewish prophecy, mysteries and Law, and it appeals to English Jews to recognise the unique demands of the present.

After reading this telegram one like university friend X takes me as on a pilgrimage to show where Kafka worked/lived when he was in England, Liverpool. It is difficult for X to find his way because of the devastation, which may be the devastation I myself shall witness in the world after atomic warfare.



The desolation is indescribable. Desert, and foul smells in the ruins of a city, people grubbing around. Finally I come down to an electric power house set alone in lovely countryside. Inside the power house is horror. The dynamo is not at work, but somehow very sinister. I climb over the machine, taking care not to stand anywhere where, if the machine began to work, I should get caught in the machinery. The machine is set in dark green oil. Outside the windows it is reassuring to see the crisp beauty of a lovely country day. I don't damage the machine in spite of the horror it exercises over me, because I do not know whether perhaps the power it produces may not comfort the lives of the unhappy people I have seen, although it is wielded by a sinister (1984) power.

But I feel increasingly that if I am to cope with all that this machine symbolises, then I need the help of the supra personal, 'other' power suggested in dreams. On the machine near the control switches is tied a blue and yellow bird, rather scruffy. I remember having seen the blue-yellow colour in a dream (the sea side homosexual scene in novel?) and guess that silly and meaningless though the bird, that doesn't even seem to *want* to be freed, looks, it may well be just the sort of help I need.

So I break the thread that holds it, and carry it in my hand out of the machine house. There I release it, and also the hen which I have in some way pinned to the ground when I entered the machine house. I look over to the farm house place where I feel the sinister keeper of the machine lives – he will be furious when he finds the bird gone. Can I escape without being seen? But as I think this, a figure comes in at a sort of gate and I wake before I have a chance to see whether it be man or woman, friend or enemy.

I cannot get away from the idea that where I had seen the sky blue yellow symbolism before was in the full face view of an owl god, one side of whose face was blue, the other yellow.

#### **December 28, 1954**

Boss's flat, NW frontier of India, Pakistan. All sorts of races and coloured people coming together. Three fields running together into a corner, one worked by a European white, one by Indian, one by African negro. Great efforts to light cigarettes with very poor quality matches – cigarettes that have to be smoked in some particular way

owing to bad drug in them. Women conversing in silence by rubbing against each other so no one can hear. Towards an understanding of the psychological basis of coloured peoples' attitudes to modern world. Violent orgasm, associated with idea of metal structure like Unknown Political Prisoner.

#### **December 29, 1954**

'Return' into ARMY for training for limited period.

Meeting with partner of father after being abroad. He tells me of wife's illness, a pressure on her brain.

Vision of a lonely hill in Spain, where are still crucified some of Franco's political enemies, permanent martyrs. Members of a secret Francoist inner elite – the greens – go there to pray.

Aldous Huxley – Jacquetta Hawkes type explaining that there is in man an inner ability to judge, to evaluate, corresponding to every external possibility of action. Now that man has become able to use the atom's energy, he must learn the corresponding interior vision.

Woken by a knocking at the door of my soul.

#### **January 8, 1955**

England is part drowned in a flood, part disintegrating after being bombed with hydrogen bombs. It is very difficult to regain contacts with other bits or groups. The huge effort to try and recapture that principle of consciousness that had previously held the country together. There is also the feeling in the air that animals are establishing a conscious contact with each other, and that this will be superior to human consciousness, so that they will come to dominate men.

#### **January 18, 1955**

I and another man are travelling the roads as tramp gypsies for our holiday. My companion has a dilapidated old car which he has hired for the occasion. During a rest/meal we discover wrapped up in a container like fountain pen, a poison drug. This is great discovery which we shall report to the police. Obviously 'they' from whom the truck/car was hired, have been smuggling.

But as we prepare to leave, we at once run into a group of 'them'. Tramps, navvies, repairing the road. They are suspicious of us, and we are imprisoned by them in a large house with courtyard. It is

important to prevent them finding out we know of the poison. They serve food on three-coloured plates: dark blue, chocolate, gold. This is a trick because it is a colour combination that might remind us of the poison (through the colours, and association with a snake/tie). I am allowed to go out into the yard to obtain water. When I return, a girl captor points out I have hot water and takes me out to cold tap/pump/well. There she announces herself as a friend, and suggests ways of help. 'Others' photograph us together as evidence of our complicity (Peter and girl by well after arrest of Christ) –

New Holt birth announced in Times. Twins – “sexual organs found on one”, as circumlocution for saying one is a boy. Childhood suggestion that girls have no sex.

### January 23, 1955

In the United States in the middle of the 19th century, at the time when the only modern state to be founded fully on *consent*, was establishing itself as a unity.

A party of three peace commissioners from the party of the whites loyal to the idea of a united country, are visiting a party of Indians and renegade whites (who will do anything for personal wealth irrespective of their country). The meeting ends in an atmosphere of continued armed suspicion, but the Peace Commissioners are allowed to leave unharmed – or is it only a trap?

I am then with a group of loyal patriotic Americans looking after a herd of cattle. Renegades attack the herd to steal. We go after them and catch one. He points out to us a scene far far below (or as if we were full sized humans looking down on ant sized peoples), and shows us the three peace commissioners going back to 'their' people through a great mass of Indians and renegade whites. They are now dressed in red, and our captive tells us that they are being lured to their death. The Indian and White party is only kidding them along preparatory to a ritual murder.

We – I and a woman – are furious. (I'm also partly an American soldier who will die fighting as a soldier of fortune in the Canaries in 1849, and the woman will die in England.) Taking my knife, I place the point under the right ear of our captive, and drive it home into his neck, killing him. I am also partly the killed man. Awake.

### January 31, 1955

I am helping younger brother mend his bicycle. It is a more intricate, difficult job than I had thought (involving among other things jellied meats). He says something which irritates me, and in a flash of blind rage I stab him in the chest with a knife. And then the terrible remorse – have I *punctured* his lung? Why do I have these sudden fits of wild uncontrollable rage that spoil life so utterly? I give an 'inexperienced' girl my rigid penis to suck, and have a wonderful orgasm with it in her mouth. Wonder if she was *surprised* at the experience, lovely girl. Lord Montagu arriving at gaol at Northolt. At entrance he meets Governor, and other prisoners. Sensing their feeling (one of honour to him) he orders champagne for all and a toast is drunk. It is explained that Northolt used to be by the sea, heather covered and what is really happening is that a Greek goddess, possibly the Mother searching for her dead son, is drinking a votive libation by the edge of the sea. In course of tracking down an international criminal, a large number of photographs reveal him in various disguises and places, behind Mussolini in an open car, and in association with a severe and terrible woman.

### February 4, 1955

X's mouth is small, tight and mean: the lips drawn back as it were on toothless gums. A selfish ungenerous ungiving mouth. Between her lips is a cigarette smoked down till it is level with her lips. I am trying to light it for her with the end of my cigarette, but it is apparently impossible to approach the burning end close enough. So I think I must get a match or lighter, a full flame, to light it. But shall I not then burn her lips?

### February 8, 1955

Wet dream building up to orgasm with thought of X suddenly changes its course, the whole 'point' and drive is gone, and the power turns back into myself.

### February 13, 1955

I go to big party given by X (friend of my parents) to celebrate her appointment to very senior post. At her party are a number of people I have not met for four or five years (there is a feeling as if I am going back behind the conscious position built up since I was at Seckers). I am sitting at foot of table: talk of two people next me

comes round to the dust jacket of *The Fool Killer*, which they praise highly. Also they praise the book. I am also being given a copy of *Coming Age of Wood*, by my hostess.

Among the people at the party whom I used to know are two girls, one called Yvonne (cp Mitchell of 1984 TV). In meeting them I am transported to early America.

I and others have gone away from Baltimore where our ship is, into the interior of this strange foreign partly hostile country. Having to get back to coast, ship, from interior, I ask way of some labouring brothers, Indians, by the road side. They take us into their house for the night. They themselves crawl in at rabbit hutch like entrance, through cramped space full of muck. I am afraid we shall have to also, but they go round and let us in by another door, to a house bare and simple but clean.

There we become involved in party, and a particular dance, quite new, with a complex rhythm. I dance this very badly with a largish peasant woman. The girl I am with dances it with a peasant man, and picks up the rhythm more quickly than I do. I then find myself with young men and women by coast (Cape Cod) not far from New York. There are very much the girls I used to know at X's party, and are out from New York for the weekend. Atmosphere of companionable intelligent interests, with heightening overtones of eroticism.

### February 15, 1955

Excited at night I go into room of X (colleague's assistant at office), also part nurse, married, and lie with her. Room is like best spare room at 52. Relieved to find myself maintaining fully adequate erection. She is not entirely willing, and afterwards I am filled with vague anxiety that she may be going to have a baby. She clarifies her anxiety by telling me she was already pregnant by her husband and that she had not yet had the blood transfusion necessary at a certain stage in pregnancy. As a result, my intercourse had probably killed the baby – it is as if my seed were a type of poison.

An aeroplane on a long journey, which in some sense is being pulled by a horse, is slowly disintegrating with some terrible disease. So is the horse. Little bits are falling out, and being found by Australian/English in middle of test match, provide evidence of the coming disaster. News is flashed 'up the line' to try and warn plane crew at a

fuelling stop. Picture of horse/plane coming in to refuel (feed horse) in heavy rain. Horse very bedraggled, with mane and tail especially falling out. Part of refuelling process involves catching a bull which at each feeding stop has to be harnessed in with the horse, or sacrificed.

### February 25, 1955

I am trying to escape from West Berlin into East Berlin. At the border this involves walking across a wide stretch of open ground watched by the police. I have a dog with me and pretend I am exercising the dog. A large policeman comes up to me and questions me. I end by going to bed with him in some sense as a woman myself having an orgasm by touching his penis.

### February 27, 1955

1. In 52 garden with Father and Mother. Because of the 'changed times' the garden is now restricted to a strip and corner near the house. I think how good it is of Father to accept so well the changed circumstances in which he must now live working in the restricted garden with the wider lawn behind him which used to be his.

2. A negro has arranged some clever method of getting water to flow from the earth into a large bowl in which we are trying to grow some rather special plant.

3. As children playing a game which involves cropping bare with our teeth various patches of grass.

4. At a small theatre with Mother. It is the second act of a play attended by a number of publishing people, people who know a lot about European books, Central Europeans. The play is reminiscent of *Midsummer Marriage*, by Tippett. In this second act the principal man and the principal woman dance, with two others supporting. Simultaneously they leap into air, are caught by the two lesser characters, and placed into a cauldron, as if their legs and lower trunk are joined, and their upper bodies bend out from each other in a sort of Y. I tell mother that this is the moment or process known as 'be-furnacing', which is the English rendering of a German word ge-something or other. In this cauldron their clothes are stripped off, and when they are again dancing on the stage, they are naked and there is great excitement among the audience.

After that scene there is quite a pause, and Mother is wondering how it is going to end. We presumably discuss it, because as the curtain goes up she says: "I expect we shall both be wrong". The scene shows 'the family', including the pair who have just danced, seated at breakfast, very conventionally.

### **March 4, 1955**

X, very successful friend of father's (half way between us in age) has asked me to be his guest at a luncheon party. It is to be held in a West End men's club. I go there at 12.30, and am shown up to the private room. It is then apparent that the party is being given by a very elderly and extremely vague female relation of my father. There are other of the stranger members of my father's family there. She plainly has no idea who I am. I try and tell her I am X's guest, but she does not appear to be interested.

When there all wait an hour and longer, a fantastic time, for the others, men like X, for whom she gives this annual luncheon, and who are the whole point of the party from her point of view. But they do not come at all. The time we wait becomes out of all proportion long. It is fantastic. Normal social small talk breaks down completely. I spend a lot of time looking out on the central London square below to see if 'they' are coming. A dark storm comes and goes, and it is sunny again.

I prepare various questions I want to ask her, when X and the others arrive, questions connected with a family legacy I expect to receive from this lady.

All the time she has wanted to 'show me her flat'. which I gather means her various treasures for she was once fantastically rich. Now at last I go to her and say I should love to see them. She looks at me oddly and says: "Good - I believe there is only one left. I have sold all the rest", and this one treasure left is a priceless violin, a Stradivarius.

The manner of the other people now rouses my suspicions. She looks for the violin, but cannot find it. Suddenly it dawns on me with the force of an inspiration, that the whole point of this extraordinary invitation that has so queerly gone wrong, was some thief's plan to steal this violin. I wake with the shock and terror of this revelation.

Waking: Did I once stay at 54 as a child, while my parents were away? The blood curdling vision in the hospital.

Sleeping again: I go to a tea party with the Archbishop of Canterbury. The question of the nature of the Church comes up, and the Archbishop asks me just what I mean when I talk about the Church? I reply that in all fairness I should say that I was brought up in a tradition very hostile and critical to the church, and that though my ideas have changed and developed since, I am still inclined to think of the lay Church as a group of men round Lord Hugh Cecil who brought the Liverpool controversy to a head. The Archbishop is I think impressed to find one of his guests taking the subject so seriously.

### **March 5, 1955**

I am with others on a long and arduous expedition. It is part feat of endurance like climbing high mountain as a team, part visit to Barcelona which is in first flush of confidence under Republican government, part sea voyage on one of 'my father's' ships, sailing with lower deck, tough as any man there and able to fight for all my father stands for with men who from many points of view are violently opposed to him.

At one stage in this voyage I am asked if I shall not make the sea my career after all. I say that though I have no interest in navigation etc., I may. I can sail a small boat - but I shall wait and see how I get on with the men first, because that is the really important aspect of the situation: healing social wounds by toughly getting to know the hostile opposite elements in society.

In all this great undertaking however, there is within our group a hostile set, personally hostile to me and also to our whole undertaking, which is now like a long distance car race.

At one stage this hostility shows itself openly when I identify the chief opponent and say in front of all, friend and foe alike: "I am going to kill you KLEE just as I tear in half this book", and I tear in half a book (of Klee reproductions?) [Front page reproduction in TLS yesterday]

Approaching the end of this race, we in our car *know* we shall win. Because we have two vital things which the winning car must have and which our opponents do not know we have. We have kept to the rules about not taking in more fuel, while we have checked the four tyres' pressure in such a way as again not to break the rules. We also have English translation of a foreign book, and this reveals hitherto

unknown book as a masterpiece. As we approach the winning place some one throws what I think will be an explosive at us, but it is only confetti.

Changing now to the motif of coming to grips with the enemies in our midst, we are in Cheshire/Collins bookshop in Melbourne. A learned doctor member of 'us' makes certain that the manager of the shop identifies the owners by saying or showing written their names. This is essential if we are to force an issue here. He does finally show us the owner's true name written on a filthy dirty little scrap of door mat on the floor – man and woman.

But I have my personal ordeal to go through. Half unknowingly, even though we are about to finally deal with the enemy in our midst, I fall into the trap they have set me, and go in answer to a summons to a room, rather like station waiting room. There he is, the terrible arch enemy, his stooge helper, and a woman. I am alone with them, and they come for me.

I fight – great noise. My friends hurry up outside the room and sit looking over the wall. They are not going to smash in the walls, but they are sending to get the key to open the door.

Meanwhile my chief friend tells me from over the wall: "We've got our guns and are watching them. They cannot kill you. But the key will be some time coming. So you've got to take it, after all YOU HAVE GOT WHAT YOU WANTED". He means the isolated confrontation with these three, the terrible pains they inflict, leaving me all but dead by the time my friends get in.

### March 7, 1955

1. Senior partner X of Father tells me of his business dealings with bookseller AH. This gives me the feeling that the great X cares for my type of business. LDH in old 52 dining room.

2. Seeing small child disciplined by nurse. I remember how utterly *small* one was as a child.

3. Mother tells me how before birth a baby is a hint of *white* flesh amid the dark *blackness* of pubic hair. That if you want to brand a child for good, you brand it while it is still nestling within the pubic hair.

4. The Holy Ghost has accepted the Son's experience too: which is like all others at office accepting colleagues' view of book jackets.

5. I am both of two brothers, both the killer and the killed. For I am killing my brother, so that I may have both his wife and fortune. Peering into the bed where he is ill, I work Death and Plague upon him, terrible, terrible crime. As such twin brothers I am close to daring to look upon the Face of She who is both Good and Bad, that white fury in whom is HORROR and FUROR (teutonicus).

6. I say to a girl: "How nice that you leave your breasts bare". Mother, also with her breast bare, says: "That is the sort of naughty thing author X says".

*Waking.* The idea suggests itself in a pictorial manner of myself with my guide/analyst approaching a large tree which is cleft in twain so that I can pass through it, but not my guide who must stay outside. Beyond the tree I am inside a small enclosure in which a vast snake is coiled round an egg (baby in pubic hair mixture).

### March 9, 1955

In Palestine on a crusade (Cornerstone novel). I am seeing people who have come from Western Europe to seek salvation from their personal hell in that place where Christ suffered for all mankind. I take the place of a slave as one of six who are making a vast wooden chariot go, by rolling over little bales of wood with their palms. It makes my palms very sore to do this, especially as I am not a worker with my hands by upbringing.

There I meet a man from Normandy, England, Ireland, who is praising three foodstuffs, including the potato, which are barbarous to these foreign, civilised, orientals. I am told that he is here to seek redemption for his wife/mother who is terribly ill with uncontrolled eating. I have a vision of a truly mountainous woman taking up the whole of one side of his house, a woman with a great number of mouths (rather than breasts) endlessly concerned with voracious eating, a terrible slobbering monstrosity of horror, a quivering mass of jelly.

Then it is as if I were back in this man's country, by his house, which is an overturned boat, womblike and unconscious of the individuality of human personality in its poor near to earthiness. I go outside at night, and call up to the infinitely distant stars: "Jesus Christ, Son of God, can you not help us?" – the poor who are lost in the loneliness of this earth.

Then this man calls me in to see his wife. It is *before* she succumbs with this hideous disease, and she is at present only very pale and ill looking, but a normal size. I suddenly realise that she is going to develop this horrible illness, and accuse her of it, make to escape. But she and her husband cruelly, revoltingly, make me captive so that I shall have to watch for years while she grows huger, huger, huger, huger, huger – oh the unutterable foul horror of it. I wake shaking, sweating: so this is the endless hunger gnawing at my sexual guts!

This whole sequence is close to one in which I lie with girl friend X (part younger brother) in 52 nursery. I have huge erection, penetrate, but apparently give little pleasure, and get early partial orgasm that makes me withdraw.

I am then increasingly worried that someone from sister's bedroom, or from the night nursery, should discover X/brother out of her bed, and discover us together. So I urge her to return to her room. She gets very angry at my so wishing cowardly to dismiss her. As she gets angry, I get increasingly afraid.

### **March 10, 1955**

In a community of young children I discover that I have been slowly poisoned to death by the nurse/mother. It is only a matter of days before I die. The thought of non being terrifies me. I feel that if I cling desperately to consciousness, symbolised by a packet of Players cigarettes, surely *I* cannot die?

But also there is conviction that I shall. There is a feeling that the other children must be partly to blame for having let Her so poison me; also that they are all threatened by Her. This dual feeling creates deep deep distrust, and they/we start fighting, with guns, grenades. The dying, maiming, shrieking, injured is altogether terrible. This is modern war, and behind it all is this only dimly understood maternal poisoning.

### **April 3, 1955**

A large black dog, which may be hostile. Nevertheless, more important than fear is to try and make friends with it. So in some anxiety but in order to prove my trust in it, I put my head in its mouth. [Anubis?]

### **April 6, 1955**

A slovenly tart asks me for a light for her cigarette. I am partly embarrassed at being accosted so, and ashamed at my friends/family seeing me talking to her, giving her something. And yet it seems only elementary kindness and human decency to give her that for which she asks. So I give her a light for her cigarette, and also give her my box of matches to keep, knowing as I do so that now if I want to light my own cigarette, I shall have to ask her for a light.

### **April 13, 1955**

I am spending a weekend – 72 hours – leave with sister. I get hold of a horse, and we go riding together, a wonderful return to the freedom and happiness of youth. She rides, I walk, barefoot, then I slip into sandals as some slight protection from the possibility of being bitten by an adder.

Then we have hired a room from X (prostitute) and the other is all male, a huge man, whom I am kissing distractedly all over, including long deliberate caressing kisses of his penis. He seems to be less excited than I am.

### **April 22, 1955**

At Liverpool, I have arrived to play the cello in a small quintet. It is a public performance, small audience, with my parents in attendance. As the concert begins, I realise that I cannot play. I have accepted under false pretences. I have to say to the leader of the orchestra that I am terribly sorry but I just can't play. I am a sham.

He is furious. He 'remembers me'. I have done this once or twice before, and am now getting a thoroughly bad name (India, teaching). He takes my cello, so valuable a present from mother, and breaks it. I feel desperately ashamed, but the other members of the quintet are friendly and shake hands. I am shown up in front of my parents, but they and the rest of the audience go, and I am left alone to leave the building.

It is no conceivable good to pretend to be that which I am not.

**April 23, 1955**

Though staying with the charming sexy X, and half wanting to sleep with her, I am unable to do so because I also want to have a passionate homosexual affair with Y (wholesale buyer of books, who knew school friend Z in the war, confused also with teacher from public school).

Office colleague comments to me that the only Knot I seem able to tie is the noose knot for a halter with which to hang myself, and I feel that this is related to the cord which tied me to my mother.

**April 25, 1955**

The established social order in England is breaking up. Things are in confusion, and everyone (including my mother acting on my advice – as with farm) are seeking to establish a new relationship with the government of the future.

I am driving down across London, north to south, down St Martin's Lane. I note that it is now being used by traffic, including post vans, both ways: so it must have officially ceased being one way. Raining – using windscreen wipers, extreme right hand side of street towards bottom, just beyond road works, which have effect of narrowing the street, and get out to clean window.

This proves to be a mistake since it gives an opportunity for Communist rioters to open other door and pull out my passenger, a tough leathery middle aged Frenchman, whom they begin to beat up. I rush to his help, but at the same time police (French) appear and rout the Communists. The Frenchman says: "My brain is good enough to suffer anything my body can or has to", and then, as if this were comment on the action, seizes a communist, forces him down into the gutter and gets his head in a grip bending the head down as if to break the man's neck. At this the police leaps forward and with a knife slashes the Frenchman from the toe of his boot right up his body and across his face. This cruel blow is the police reaction as if to say "o.k., if your brain is good enough to suffer anything your body can, here it is". The cut affects his whole body as if it were so bent back as to take the knife point like a rounded fruit might, and though not deep, the pain of the blow is terrible. As the policeman goes off, the Frenchman puts his hands to his face and looking at me lets out a cry which as an expression of horror, of personality wounded by the insane cruelty of impersonal brutality, echoes and re-echoes in the ears of my imagination as a terrible comment on the age in which we live.

**April 30, 1955**

I am with a negress whore. Nervous as to potency. She has a vestigial penis, that is, a penis she, or woman in general, may have once used, but it is now almost completely atrophied, and I feel it will be no hindrance to our intercourse.

In a room with others watching a series of sketches to illustrate the life and nature of Jesus Christ. They are as it were contemporaries of Jesus talking about him as he might have appeared to them at the time. He is referred to as a poor carpenter, also in terms of a popularised Platonism, and then university friend X, whom I remember was going to participate, comes on to stage – the previous 'actors' have as it were been sitting on my level with their backs turned. X is the first to appear facing us on the stage, and this change serves to emphasise the importance of his act.

He is very much man X is, yet he is as convincingly woman as a male actor playing one of Macbeth's witches, and he is wildly raggedly dressed, holding a contraption, a sort of triangular metal container supported between two brass bed posts. He speaks of Jesus as the Mother within the Godhead might have spoken of him while he lived on earth, of how "his father and I have willed to give him life, to give him to you (mankind) and we shall have to suffer the upheaval and destruction that follow the release of our Son in whirlwind and power". This insight into the attitude of the Female Godhead to her Son is terrifying.

**May 23, 1955**

In my small bedroom off the nursery in 52. Feeling sexually aroused, I go into nursery where, over near window, lover who is also my younger brother, is in bed. I take her into my room, lay her over the bed, and reassure her that she need not fear a child, since I am only going to masturbate over her, and do so, ejaculating over her stomach.

**June 5, 1955**

In company of parents and girl, who are worried about something which they do not understand, some power of which, since they do not understand it, they are vaguely afraid and may destroy. I know that it is good and valuable and say to them "No, leave it, it is Osiris, it is Osiris".

**June 18, 1955**

Back in the navy. Familiar dream sensation of return to discipline, child vis a vis animus ridden mother? But in this navy service I am given a job that is more suitable, natural, worthwhile: I have to seek out the widows of twenty three navy men who are dead, and whose widows have not been properly informed of their husbands' deaths, or paid marriage allowance. This will need great tact and sympathy – and perhaps among these women who have suffered I may find a wife.

Talking to ?lover, about my father, I suddenly realise why it is that so many people, including Liverpool bookseller, have deeply hated him for many many years. This dawning knowledge is wonderful, exciting, and we see over the sea clouds breaking and a radiant sky reveals a new dawn.

**June 19, 1955**

Scene: Pencraig, Hereford, visits round London with S. I am with S, who is also X. We are seeing the devastation that was London in wartime, the startling growth of nature in bombed sites, the uprush of nature when humans were so concerned clinging to their lives that they could not continue to impose their will on nature.

Then as a contrast S-X shows me a small house of startlingly modern design, built in 1939. The dream takes on a more personal tone as she tells me that she has 'found' this house to live in alone. It is very cheap so she can afford it. I make brief insincere love play on bed, her thighs cool and willing, then go, arranging to come back at 7.0.

Then I am with 'country' doctor, not intelligent like analyst, but suddenly he tells me he has had three associations, which I write down eagerly, seizing on them as a gift from his intuition which may help me understand my own dilemma.

At this stage I am filled with realisation that for months now S, unmarried, has had a child. She has been accepting the burden of unmarried motherhood with quiet dignity. I have often played with the child. Can it be mine? At least I ought to find out, so as to be able to look the situation clearly in the face, and decide whether to marry her or no.

The first association of the doctor's is:

"My dog refuses to go near..." As I write this down, uncanny terror seizes me, some awful crime must have happened here, something

awful must have been buried in the ground. Can it be S's child? At this moment a woman calls me: "David, I have a message from S. Go at once to her, it is desperately urgent". I wake in terror.

[Association noted at time of writing dream. The "....." may refer to a pool, called "Lucky Jim's pool", which is named after The Wily Lad.]

**July 11, 1955**

I become aware of a man who has been living in my parents' house for many years. I feel it is necessary to make contact with him and the rest of the family agree. I do so, my father in particular and the family in general, leaving it entirely to me. When I am alone talking to him he becomes a girl, wild unspoiled thing of the woods like Rima in *Green Mansions*, and I am reminded of childhood playing in the shrubbery at 52.

**August 12, 1955**

I am shown a bull, mother cow, which plays fondly with its young. They catch hold of its ear with their mouths, a square ear, and pull it. One pulls too hard, tears it, and opens up in blood the whole face of the bull. Behind and beyond I see the sun broken up, the round red gold disc torn and scattered. Is this Osiris? Reverse ejaculation, wet dream in which semen seems to flow back into my system.

**August 15, 1955**

Somewhere with a Pencraig setting, and with atmosphere of return of sister. I go out and severely reprimand a negro who in digging a hole has, or has not, mixed soils that were not meant to be mixed.

I take over the job because I want to prepare a trap for those connected with some ritual sacrifice to the Earth Goddess. The point of my trap is that I have discovered that the surface of the Earth is only a sham, a crust with hollow beneath it. So at a crucial place I cut away a small square of earth, also like linoleum, and then put it back. The ceremony begins. A naked girl with breasts lightly covered dances before king and queen or priests, telling them that the sacrificial son of mother comes. Erotic, cp all my fantasies. I watch from one side slightly withdrawn so that, to my disappointment, I cannot actually see the dance before the throne or altar. In her address to the king, this girl praises him for all the wonderful big



beautiful shirts he has (LDH – that which hides penis when changing?).

Then dance stops, and I slowly wake knowing that when they commence the sacrifice the basic sham of the religion will be exposed when someone goes through the crust where I have cut it, showing that the earth is not final (New Zealand earthquake story).

#### August 19, 1955

I am in the company of people who are all in some way tainted, rotten. One man especially is very short of money, and in an attempt to raise cash, he involves everyone he knows in a lying false dishonourable and utterly inhuman relationship.

On a deeper level these people are Frenchmen, and this man exploits some 'thing' they have all seen during the 'time of horror', which I associate with the war, the German occupation and the concentration camps. I am now watching on a film. This peculiarly poisonous man persuades these foolish rotten people that in their experience of horror, each one of them had seen the only true value. So they return, feeling under the compulsion of some religious pressure, to a rocky hilltop which is significant to them because it is shaped like the beast of horror that they once saw. When they are all collected there, there comes the hideous apocalyptic end of the world. First of all the monsters of the prehistoric primeval swamps before man had evolved pour over the hilltop. Then in hideous power of wind and fire and cold black ferocity the Beast itself, the Apocalyptic Beast, tears raging across the screen. I am now partly lying on the ground in the scene on the screen, cowering in terror. Everywhere there is shrieking, the terror and obscene fear of men after the hideousness of atomic war, blaspheming in their irreligious error. French sailors pour over the darkened plain yelling in their terror that there is 'aluminium in the bug' – as if their bodies were involved in chemical change by which they were becoming one with the metals of the earth. As partly an observer of this scene of utter physical desolation and human bereavement I feel beside horror that the only hope is to believe in God, however painful, who comprehends within the Godhead both the Beast and humanity.

#### August 25, 1955

With my parents at Glasfryn – 52, in country. Also staying are two uncles, and their wives. Younger brother and I riding, he is badly thrown, also three children, sister's and brother's. Two of the small frail children have bones broken, also brother. I pick up one of the pathetic little mites and carry it in to Mother, who is cooking supper. (Feeling of having to go upstairs for pre supper bath at 52).

I tell Mother, showing her the faintly stirring pathetic bundle. She says: "O dear, Dave, that is nothing. Something far worse has happened. The break up of your sister's marriage is rumoured".

Tone of her voice of all family crises. My feeling that this is something from which I *must* protect Mother. Not altogether surprised at the news, but disaster nevertheless. There is in the kitchen also a cheerful red faced rather fey (Percy Lewis – Nanny) figure, cooking his/her own supper. Mother talks freely in front of him/her, apparently because he/she cannot understand.

#### August 26, 1955

Watching Wooden Horse of Troy being built. Carved figures on breast bone/keel of Horse. The 'trick' for penetration into the Asiatic womb.

Inside a car engine. Strong sexual overtones – three spiralled vests/metal bars, one on top of cylinder block, others lying by either side.

#### September 14, 1955

Three of us, three Pembray, are in a boat on the Mersey. We see a great sailing ship under way for the oceans of the world. Unaccountably, our boat sinks, and we are in the water. In the water, under sort of bridge, our concern is to get out, and when we do I urgently write down the key word PEMBRAY on a turf of grass.

#### September 25, 1955

Onoma (Greek spelling – ονομα) cp Odessa = end and beginning, name, on the mark, onomatopoeia.

And in the course of an Italian futuristic film with 1984 atmosphere, in which I am involved, the hero who I am to a certain extent, is identified as an expert photographer of antelope and a bird that is near to the 'green falcon'.

This identification reminds me half waking of the Pharaoh who might have been an expert shot at the antelope or falcon which to a degree are identified with him, the Pharaoh, and this is 'on the mark', hitting the target, the opposite of the Greek word 'to sin', and reminds of early dream of circles bisected by straight line.

The film is concerned with a world, a people, a nation who are preparing to completely reverse the established decencies and values of this world – within and on a mountain, licentiousness prevails, reaches a climax in an obscene travesty of the public saying of the Lord's Prayer – it is in this context that my name is being identified.

### **October 8, 1955**

Establishing myself in a new name or flat in an identity associated with the worldwide issue of general war, I come into inescapable contact with someone – German – who is after me and my girl. The name Luneau, Linear, Lux, applies.

### **October 17, 1955**

A labyrinthine dream in which I am seeking to bring to a point the tracking down of a crime or criminal, a task in which I am frequently impeded by the law. At one stage a great crowd of us are surging into a big house, and I am with X, and I feel that this is at last an opportunity, which I must go through with, however filthily unpleasant, to confront the horror of my father's family. It comes to an end when a girl goes into a lavatory and I have not the courage to follow.

Then finally S and I come from behind Buckingham Palace and I insist on going back down Birdcage Walk rather than to Green Park area, whence we have come. Birdcage Walk is a toll way. We pay a florin and are paid a florin to go in, and the exact charge is 1 and 3. But when we are only just starting to walk down, it is 7.0, which is closing time, and various gates like French railway crossings bar our way. I feel it would be disastrous to go back, 'they' might get at S, so we follow the example of a man, and push on in spite of the gates.

Then coming to meet us is The Criminal with a few friends. Those of us who are trapped in this toll road cower to one side. There is a hope that if he knows we have not seen his face, and hence has not seen our faces, he will not kill us. Then he is mad, dangerous man, talking to me alone, of how men must realise that there are times in

history when the great forces are incarnate in man, and that even now the Age of the Swan or Goose is incarnate in him. S snuggles up round another woman at my side, and I am afraid that seeing her face may sober Hitler – for Hitler is the criminal – up, into realising he is with enemies.

But at that moment a woman comes with a fish knife, pulls aside the clothing over his heart, and stabs half heartedly. The knife is blunt, she is not strong enough. We *must* seize this opportunity to kill him. I seize the knife from her, plunge it desperately home and in the effort wake myself.

### **October 22, 1955**

I am involved in a world house where an endless succession of sex is practised as a deliberate defiance of the ordinary world, as an endless rite of orgy, sex being associated with sadism.

At first I am frightened, but gradually I come to enjoy it. Finally the morning comes when I can go. A few days ago I should have loved to be able to go, but now I want to stay and practise these sexual rites with a girl like X (cp previous dream where X had become a wife available to all men as a promiscuous whore).

Though I know it is a terrible thing to do, I ask male friend Y to keep S occupied for an hour or so, and I wait impatiently in my room for the sex-rite girl to come. As I wait I see the swollen vastness of my penis and reflect that I am beginning to understand what it was that the ancients worshipped behind the symbol of the phallus.

The girl doesn't come and it is because she is taking so long to prepare 'them', the powers of this realm, to allow me to stay. I dress, and once dressed feel less obsessed by sex, and go up to the station, which is the link between this sex obsessed world and the ordinary world. Here 'they' come to catch people off the trains into their sadistic power. One of 'their' messengers, not knowing I am already a convert to their sex worship, tries to get me to come with him. I do whatever it is that I have come to the station to do – I think leave a huge tyre, cp the almost living fender tyres at Liverpool Pier Head which S liked – and then return to the orgy world. On the road I pass this messenger and he is glad to be able to come back with me, looking as if he had 'got me' at the station.

We arrive just as a great public ritual commences, in which the sadistic priests announce and ritually 'make' me free to stay and enjoy the pleasures which were once pains of this realm.

At this stage, someone new who has come off the train and whom I 'met' at the station, is recognised as one of the celebrants, and a fight starts. This is a signal for everyone to pair off for a fight, and I am compelled to join in.

Naked I fight with naked figure (from Winchester). Finally I get him over my shoulder and seek to bash him to death against the wall. It is then that I notice he is without testicles, and wonder why it is. S says it is because they like sex to be painful at this place, and sex without testicles is painful because one feels an immense desire, one achieves a massive and agonising erection, but one can never ejaculate. This I understand to be of the essence of this sex obsessed pain in sex worshipping world. Wake.

#### **November 12, 1955**

I am trying to get away from wife to indulge in private fantasy of sexual orgies. But impossible. For instance as illustration, I see a cinema showing film boosted as very sexy – pictures outside show that woman in the film displayed herself more naked, more wantonly, than has ever before been done on screen. Crowds outside in feverish excitement to get in, and men crowding round the pictures to stare.

Then our excitement increases as a great procession, in oriental, ritual dress, emerges from the ground. We feel that this procession will introduce the real life orgies of this film, and soon the voluptuous woman will be nakedly wanton before our eyes. As the procession emerges, excitement develops, but at end a police car is drawn out of the ground and hurriedly disperses the processional crowd like chaff in a wind, and waits at the curb while the woman, darkly veiled, slips out from the cinema shyly and discreetly, to leave in the car. This vision of the woman is very significant. The police are same as in previous dream:

(November 10. At a traffic lights, stopped. A youngish dark girl gets in behind (open car) and puts her hands over my eyes. I shake her off, and take her along to two policemen, and report her dangerous behaviour. The police are light hearted about it. One of them wraps his hand in my hair and pulls out with complete ease a vast handful of dry rotten hair. I have unpleasant oozing sores all over my body.)

#### **November 14, 1955**

At last minute I consent to play Lear in amateur performance. I am quite sure of the part except for some Latin line which I have to say at the end, just before I am killed. The line is to the effect that "the gods, when they have driven you mad, then kill you" – it is a cry of resignation and holy acceptance of the most terrible divine wrath. I decide to say the line in English since as a stand in actor I am sure people won't mind.

Very worried as to how 'real' my death may be.

#### **November 18, 1955**

With my family, with wife, in Australia, 'the other side of the world'. I suddenly have a child. Though only just born this child makes exclamations which though not recognised as speech are nevertheless recognised as of considerable significance. This is indeed a startling child.

In my wife's absence I am learning to manage the child, and have to give it a name, because, since it is so intelligent, we cannot wait until it is say two or three, when wife may have come back. I insist to my family that the name should only be temporary, and that when wife returns she must be allowed her say in naming him – the child is a boy. There is some doubt as to whether this is possible since by the time she returns from Australia the child and the name may have grown together.

#### **November 27, 1955**

A fine early winter Sunday afternoon. I am out cycling in country. Lovely. I stop to feel nearer the countryside, not cut off by cycle/car. Hillside with huge dog, spaniel, a few slow moving rabbits, all that is left after myxomatosis. Then the huge dog comes up to me, bounds up. I try and smack him down, wonder why one is so frightened of dogs. Is it because one sees them eat flesh, and that they therefore symbolise the being taken back into the animal processes of nature? The vast dog stays with me, waiting to force itself upon me again. I wake in terror.

**December 9, 1955**

Having to sleep alone in parents' room at 52. I am in their room, bedding myself down, feeling the rest of the house full of life. I am frightened, recognise the fear as one of the oldest experiences of my life. The fear of someone is connected with fear of sex and science. I feel this abstract fear now vividly connected to the 'place' of the house, and perhaps if I can understand it in those terms my haunting fear might go, in which case life might lose much of an unnecessary terror, like living in this house alone at night.

**December 18, 1955**

1. On sea voyage, of great danger, sailing ship. Great difficulty of maintaining contact with helmsman. Dangerous procedure getting to him.

2. In Arab Jewish group in Middle East. Extreme hostility – I am a despised Englishman, opposite to ruling power. Young Jewish boy makes to throw at me some object I dislike on religious grounds at Easter, Good Friday. An apple.

Third time of pretence, with me with head in hands, he comes right up to me and shoves it into my face. Wake with extreme shock at intimacy of gesture – personal disgust. He became real in that moment.

**December 24, 1955**

A girl has for many years been told to avoid a snake creature. She has done so, but now is trying to know it. She is as it were blind, and after searching to come near it, she has now got up to a ledge that might be the breast of a huge statue of a god, and is told (so as to guide her in her blindness) that the snake is three or four hundred yards away.

This gives her the guidance she needs to bear down on the snake. Partly a terrifying process.

**January 2, 1956**

1. I have been offered, and have accepted, to act professional in new play which the agent man tells me will be a long term success. The main woman actress is some name like Elizabeth, Elvira, Elijah. She is old, a great lady of the stage. I wonder if X will be in the play. The play is published by Heinemann.

2. I go after a 'bad debt', very small, down in Somerset area. Get to hotel place. Try shooting it up. But proprietor comes on scene and I am utterly overpowered. I am soon reduced to state of others, mesmerised by magic power. Lost in endless corridors like Kafka, unable to break through glass into reality, caught to suffer his beatings, his mockings, but above all the horrible loss of purpose, individuality in life. At the end, which is 7.30 pm, as I half begin to break out, half begin to realise that I never can, he says the reason for the power of this imprisonment is that we are too much loved. I wake feeling that surely no human being can be too much loved. But is it perhaps self love? Great analogy with Circe and the boars who were Odysseus' followers, in early part of this sequence.

**January 19, 1956**

1. I get a single room for myself in London so that I can continue masturbatory fantasies in spite of marriage.

2. Instinctive creatures of Quatermass film are being taught to like milk. I feel this will involve terrible draining of all my and the world's supplies of milk from our Mother.

3. Acting of some sort of Gilgamesh epic, which is also like childhood torture fantasies. Woman is going to torture/tempt two great men. They know she will attempt to separate them by her torture methods, and forestall her by opening the veins in their arms so that their blood is joined, and they become blood brothers, to be almost identical. Even so are Gilgamesh and Enkidu one.

**January 23, 1956**

Starting with whores, I move into a world saturated in the mood of all my sexual fantasies. The whores become men, two and myself, one man with breasts and in all respects woman, the other flat chested, virginal, narrow cunted: women yet wholly men, so that the passion of the act is homosexual. With immensely swollen rigid fork I make to penetrate the virginal man-woman, then in an ecstasy of lust put him aside to seize the more fleshy richer woman-man, and wake as I am about to penetrate his aching vagina.

**January 24, 1956**

1. At the centre, which is a great place for circulation of traffic, and should be free for all, two of the girls are trying to charge people money to see the other two girls, who are at the centre.

2. I, as an old and young man, return to a French-Greek island at the centre of the Mediterranean. It is some sort of secret aristocratic priestly community, and I as the old man have to relate to another (opposite equivalent) old man who has never left. These old men are called Thrones. As young man, I also have my opposite-equivalent. There is great tension and friction in this attempt to relate again. We go at one stage through a dark winding upwards labyrinth within a mountain to the Holy Place: there is a blaze of jewels and gold and silver, and princesses of desire. Someone knows of all my women while away, and names them, the latest being Ophelia, to whom I am Hamlet.

**February 7, 1956**

1. The small yellow bird of Power House dream is kept in a cage at side of road – on which vast huge traffic rumbles. A glass cage. How long will the bird survive such noise?

2. One of these huge lorries has as it were become a huge man, following me and girl down out of the narrow closed hills where we have been. When our path runs in narrow defile he gets overlooking us, has us at this mercy, to throw stones. These all miss us, but some come with such terrible force that they could kill. He goes off to get something of priceless value to break before my eyes. MING China, and I wonder desperately how this will end?

The idea comes that it will be by activities of an American airman who has just 'landed', with his rather silly fluffy wife (? the bird).

**February 11, 1956**

Scene: London centre, Sunday afternoon. Sir Brian Robertson alone checking on his trains. A mysterious unknown bridge crossing the Thames, central flow. Planning to hear special select performance of little played Beethoven music, seats at 26/- each (52/- the pair). Pre war family cook, 52 pantry, overtones.

At culmination, through papers dealing with shipment of Jewish goods across this central river bridge, I am initiated into a central secret on which the world is based – "Guard this secret with thy

Breath, O human sinner". Shown how to link my hands together backwards, curving the knuckles round each other, and making the small finger a ring through which grains of corn can be poured. This most wonderful sign is the making of all the KNOTS – the joined knuckles are the KNOTS – of Lime Street station dream. The small finger is the final knot.

Having been shown this, I and woman/girl and others are in group, in the Presence of Mephistopheles: I then wake in grandeur of terror and horror. But doze half awake, when men bring to us bills of lading for this Jewish shipment to persuade us to return it. I send others off, saying I must deal with this, and with a feeling of almost unbearable constriction, say to him, in French because in English I cannot get it out, as with stammer: "Tu es le Diable Chrétien – Gaberwocchus", and with this act of identification of the Christian Devil seeking to take back my/our hidden knowledge of this sacred secret, in back entrance, 52, I wake in great awe.

**February 26, 1956**

Playing an A major arpeggio on the piano, I realise how the alphabet within the piano shows me language within the being and structure of music, and that chord reminds me of DATIVE and AORIST, the conjugation of verbs and the declension of nouns – the form within the word.

**February 27, 1956**

Wife and I being shown over 52/ship/England: my father's essential England. As great mystery and value Father tells her to look at sort of compass/microscope into heart of ship. It is as if an unending supply of golden treacle had been released. A jewel has been born – extracted from this substance, and with the birth of the jewel which was the organising 'form' within the substance, the opposite too is born, an unending proliferation of this rich stuff.

Chalk cliff crumbling into the sea – the essential England.

**March 5, 1956**

Mother, two brothers, and I at Pencraig. Feeling of the delicious peace of the closed family circle. Then I am out in the yard and it becomes apparent that something terrible is happening in the house – into our midst, moving as it were in the very essence of the family

atmosphere, is the Devil, and on the doorstep of the house my brother lies dead, killed by the Devil (strange, Devil = 'D for I' + evil). I realise that he is killed by the Devil, and that if we 'recognise' the Devil, and as it were come to terms with him, then the dead body will be restored to life.

**March 22, 1956**

After being on the run from recognising my own identity on the run on the run, it focuses on the house, on the centre. It is as if the 1984 police made real in history as the Gestapo of the 30's had called me awoken me in mid night. Book trade and Secker friends are there, so is wife.

With sickening foreknowledge of what is to come I hear one after the other deny me, reject me absolutely. I know it is useless whatever I may say. They will compel my denial of my I ness, the awful utter renunciation of personal identity of the torture episodes in 1984. My closest friends reject me – this is a faint hint of the horror of isolation and desertion of Christ on the Cross when the terrible cry was wrung from him, Father why hast thou forsaken me?

It is no use, knowing what is to come, I don't try and argue or deny their charges: I accept their desertion their attacks on my identity, wake in shaken horror.

**March 24, 1956**

The scene is partly Oxford, partly a primitive Pacific island, where are gathered together the modern magnificence of the British Navy and a whole civil service ministry from Whitehall (query testing an atomic bomb). There is a lengthy process by which I return to school in my adolescence for sexual initiation, and then am joined by present-day publishing colleagues to be taken into this ministry place. There is a book showing the conjunction of a ceremony of these Easter Island primitives (eighteenth-century British opening up the Pacific) in their mythological paint, and the marvels of the modern navy. At the entrance gate there is a huge snake, with its vast tongue spread out on the ground in front of it, a three-pronged tongue. I am told this is an ant catcher, and 'because its forked tongue is rooted under the tongue and not on the roof of the mouth', it is safe. It is not dead.

Various pornographic books show pictures of obscene rites associated with Osiris. Almost all these pictures show the god-goddess as a figure only partially carved out of rock, so that the figure of obscene majesty is as it were only half emerged from rock. As the conjunctive ceremony of primitive and modern comes to a point, it is set now in Oxford, near the martyrs' memorial, the day before a seasonal holiday ceremony rooted in the tradition of English soil. George Orwell has written a book in which he describes the abandonment of the people in the streets to wild licence during this Maypole-Easter ceremony. With my publishing colleagues I am now at the centre and top of the ceremony, and realise that I am being broken up, my legs and arms, so that I can be tied to the weathercock or clock hands or crucified, so that my utterly broken body will be a sign to the assembled peoples that both the primitive Easter Islanders and the British Navy and the Oxford crowds will understand at once a man of broken limbs crucified and telling the time to a whole city as the hands of the clock move and the weathercock turns with the wind.

**September 6, 1956**

A clash between an English and American girl in India. The American girl behaves in some way very badly deliberately breaking all the conventions. She is furious with the English for continuing to behave like the ruling race whereas the Indians are now in fact boss in their own country. The English on the other hand take the line that the American girl's behaviour is equally odious to the Indians as it is to them (the English).

The climax is reached when the American girl is in some way dead, finished, and is taken, resisting bitterly, to be buried. This involves separating her physically from the English girl: it is as if their two bodies had been joined together down the front, and they had now to be prized apart. At the pubic hair it is like picking the pieces of a broken saucer out of the American girl's hairs before she is clean to be buried: a picking process that is difficult and painful (to me) since the pieces are stuck to the hairs, and beside pulling them off it is also necessary to cut the hairs so as to free the saucer pieces.

**September 8, 1956**

I am arranging to trade my present car for a second hand two seater sports car, with some disreputable people, associated with criminals and pornography. In dealing with these crooks I am anxious lest they do me down, by selling me a car which is damaged in some way. As the process of dealing goes on, I am taken by them to a club – drinks and dancing, and later on some pornography and sexy pictures. One of these particularly fascinates me, and it comes to life so that I am looking at a living wanton girl flaunting herself. She has her breasts covered by what seems to be a huge pair of spectacles, and she pushed these up as someone might push their spectacles up over their eyes, revealing her fruit like luscious naked breasts. This gesture seems to be the ultimate in sexual provocation.

**September 11, 1956**

On what is known as cance-test [sic] hill I stop my car to come to terms with foreign looking man throwing little stones. He is not at all frightened. He has big jam jar full of a sticky thick stuff. I come to understand that this is some poison associated with death. Maternal nature wisdom, the food of immortality which will nevertheless kill me. To help me, a policeman eventually sticks a sword through this chap, but he is unhurt. It is me and him alone. I realise that he has probably been intercepting proofs sent out – not only those associated with 28 days – the closed circle of the month, but also any days on which he had wanted to hurt me – 31. I touch my lips with this greasy stuff.

**September 29, 1956**

Alone walking to top of a hill, with Mother and another man coming behind. At the summit I turn and wait for the other two – strange heraldic Tyger Leopard animals come towards me in the strange half light. We are three, and I turn and there is another behind me, man with the tenderness of line in his face of woman. Him I have known before, ages ago. Mother has begun to go about with this other man who is more her own age than Father who gives her such inadequate companionship.

**October 2, 1956**

I go into porn shop near Kings Cross with £1 lent by my wife. The owner tells me I need not bother with all those pictures, he'll take me to actuality. He takes me downstairs where I am to see enacted all the ritual fantasy I can need. After seeing some rather tame sights I return uptop, tell him I am disappointed.

This sets in train a further sequence in which I am terribly in his power. I can no longer escape in any way. He takes me terribly cruelly and practises and threatens hellish things.

I am taken into place at end of my life to fly to purgatory hell or heaven in after life, and I know that I am to be confronted in eternity with the consequences of my living fleshly lusts, and the thought is horrible and yet unknown so full of possibilities. X and Y tell me South America is a place full of interest, and it follows from there this scene.

I am in part of procession processing through huge horrors, and I begin to intone and shout the Sacred Christian Things, first in English and then in Latin – In the name of the Father Son and Holy Ghost and all the saints and church fathers, then In nomine Patris Filii and I can't remember Ghost – I get it mixed up with saeculo – aevo – egg? – and as I intone all horrors fall away, but I reach a stage where in order to keep them fallen away I have to go on desperately intoning.

Then we pass through and down the majestic Gothic cathedral that is beginning to rear itself out of the horrors that were there before, I see to one side among the congregation this hideous loathsome devil man who has had me so utterly in his power. He gets me and in front of all this apparatus and hugeness of Christian triumph takes me off again.

**October 9, 1956**

First chapter of a detective novel. Hero introduces in small flat south of bombed site just north of Fleet St, Holborn. He describes his situation – a wilderness with many many railway lines. He makes a great point of there being another kind of railway besides London Transport and British Rail – the special service trains in which you have to sign something before you start accepting full responsibility for anything that may happen to you on your journey. This contrasts with BR and LT in which responsibility is taken for you.

Story then starts. Wife and I go into small shop with clothes dummys. We are very poor and rather cold, and want to get some clothes. There are two women in shop, serving, queer lesbian cruel perhaps. The older woman serves us. She asks wife, who is not wearing a ring, where it is, and as if in explanation we say we aren't married, and in further explanation I comment very casually "Modern contraception is so efficient you know". This remark offends the older woman, whose nails are terribly bitten as if her own feelings were eating her back. She gets us two short coats which we are to have free, and we go. A distinction is made between two sorts of clubs, city sordid life, which explains why young girls of 12 or so have to castrate themselves and so suffer great pain: castration = having an abortion, but involves something also like female circumcision.

Return to our party proud of having got these clothes free: I am afraid to go on reading this detective novel at night because it is creepy. Wake afraid.

#### October 16, 1956

With wife figure I enter large church at low descending door that involves going 'down into' the church. In front of us is a stooped odd figure, after whom the attendant goes through the church so that when we reach it we are alone and it is plunged in deep dark. I leave wife in central square, and go round behind big pillar and climb a few steps up a small platform almost like a colossal pulpit. I find switches, one low on left, two on right, and switch these on. For a time I think they will put on light throughout the cathedral and I wait. But though lights begin to come on they go off again, and I realise that the switches have started a lift mechanism so that the whole platform I am on is rising.

There is now a girl attendant with me. She is familiar with the church and yet equally unable to stop this terrifying rise as the lift gathers height, goes up into a dome right at the very top of the cathedral, through sort of valve that keeps this dome shut off, from whence it could be possible to see all over the surrounding country, but I am much too terrified to look. The girl comments that we have gone beyond one roof or ceiling into the ultimate chamber or height, then we go 'over the top' as it were, right over the huge wheel on which the lift depends, like a bell high up in the belfry of the church,

metal tongued bells braying out the church's summons all over the country, and we are hurtling to the ground on far side at terrifying speed.

The girl shares my terror. We are all right but it is a dangerous thing to have done – happened, and there is going to be a lot of explaining to do at the other end when we reach the ground.

Wake absorbed in fear.

#### October 24, 1956

I meet boy from Dragons, rather flushed, nervous I remember him as. He has just finished a thesis on the Hussites. He is very anxious to talk about it and asks me to go along with him in such a hurry that I follow without shoes, protesting a bit. I insist we go slow or perhaps stay still. I ask him if he has a spare copy that I can show to Norman Cohn, since he has done original work and found out new facts from the dark welter of untouched sources, that Cohn may find of use at the proof stage in *Pursuit of the Millennium*. He doesn't really seem interested in this, but goes on talking obsessively about how he wrote it, how his mother's knowledge of the subject – all unpublished, purely personal, was quite fabulous, and how they had discussed almost every point together exhaustively. In particular his mother had used her detailed knowledge to suggest creating new words for people's names and for concepts, along the lines of Egyptian pictograms, word pictures which went behind the European languages to express things in a more accurate and much shorter form.

#### October 28, 1956

I am reading difficult and little known work of St Augustine describing in the style of the *Confessions* how he came to be taught by God to create music, by learning how to make the tension between opposing things harmonious. In some sense this meant extracting opposed tension out of metals, metals being the very stuff of transformation. This is linked with the idea of analysts's book on how to play the cello, and one of the great difficulties in publishing and selling it will be that it is only of interest to those who have cellos: it is almost as if we have to sell a cello with each copy.



**November 14, 1956**

I am with three others, one is sales manager X of publishing firm, others are 'as close as people can be' – parents wife or children. They are close to psychological background, like previous analyst, doing very advanced and important analytical work. I am driving a car with them all, on a main road. At some stage I leave the car for a moment, and at that moment they are all involved in a bloody fatal mortal accident with huge lorries, that kills them all.

I totter back shattered to the scene of wreckage. Police and authorities are there. I cannot look on the horror of the bloody bodies, but identify X on their description. Return to 'home', that is much like memories of Liverpool as a child, and know that I shall be intimately involved in police attempts to fix responsibility for this horror. I must begin to write down every conceivable detail of a scene which I alone witnessed in its fullness. Can I, I wonder, have the help of an 'intelligent educated ladylike, sincere, decent, unsensationalist girl short hand typist' in writing it all down?

Strangely, to my mind, police and press and public have already decided that the man responsible was a little loutish servant man. He is to be the scapegoat: perhaps a sort of chauffeur. I know him to be entirely innocent. He is almost an ape. I meet him going for 'exercise' with his keeper warder, and he comes up to me and says, referring to our meeting at the scene of the crash, and almost as an accusation: "Why is it that no one thought to associate me with this until *you* turned up?" (as if I had accused him). I start to say to him in front of all, speaking with all my authority as the nearest surviving relative for whom police press public feel conventional sympathy "You had nothing to do with it at all", when I wake with a shock as wife digs me in the back in her sleep in an indescribably suggestive movement.

**November 19, 1956**

World atomic war in western Pacific. I see an American soldier discover in Jap Russian dead a yellow telephone directory that is in such a state that it reveals a terrible disease among the enemy resulting from atomic weapons, which may spread to 'our' side. He gives it to his general, who recognises the significance and looks at him meaningfully as if to say "This must be kept secret between the two of us".

Then I see/hear a journalist commenting on and interpreting the war communique. There is one which describes American victory, but he points out, though they overran the Jap lines, they brought nothing out of them at all. Why is this? The implication is that they could not, because what they discovered there was too terrible.

**November 27, 1956**

Ichthys (Greek spelling) as the name of Christ is interpreted as the Grain or Corn bringer.

With my father I call on a senile mad Aunt (Father's sister). Father talks to her with a terrible emotion I have never heard in his voice, telling of the horror he felt for his father and of how something in his father's dying had forever alienated him from his brothers and sisters.

I am in 52. See out of upper window (as mixture of nursery, my small bedroom off the nursery) two men climbing in by ladders that will not quite reach into wing of house. Burglars – I call out to them, addressing one as 'sonny', to get down. I'm going to put the police on them. They make off but I cannot get through to the police, cannot dial in some way.

**December 5, 1956**

I am working at Seckers in same office as rival Andre Deutsch. Have long conversation with him over telephone, though he is at my elbow, asking him for his advice on basis of his experience, on current sale of big 'war' books (Andre Deutsch shortened to AD in original).

Then I am watching film in which I and others break loose from some such set up, only office has turned into sort of wild west set up, and I am like Gary Cooper, breaking out of enemy camp, or out of camp guarded by my own people. After terrible bayonet fighting, we overcome vastly superior guards, and though all my companions are killed, I stride alone through the flooded fields. The whole camp, field, has become deeply flooded during the struggle: indeed the floods are partly responsible for Gary Cooper's success against such overwhelming odds. The shafts of defeated carriages, chariots, stick up out of water.

Years later the victor, I – Gary Cooper – now old, small man like Chinese peasant dressed in sort of knitted garment all over (like

wife's slippers or baby clothes) are shown among my fields, won and made mine in this bloody fight. They are now of immense wealth: rich crops and in background huge factories and oil refineries. Perhaps my/his tenure is weak because it was all won in this terrible battle.

A vast horde of poor out of work people from the great cities arrives, looking for work. Acting as sort of feudal seigneur this old man puts them on to collecting acres of beautiful brussels sprouts, already picked. Also to collecting a small nut, like a peanut, rich in oil, growing from low plants in water logged field next to sprouts. As the hordes of poor set to work, I/the old man runs his hands excitedly through these nuts. Never have I seen the crop so rich and abundant. I am glad that these poor people in their myriads do not know that the nuts are sold, not for food for the poor, but to perfume and toilet manufacturers as the basis for exquisite scents and oils for the beautiful svelte women of the rich. This crop of immense richness will be more valuable for this purpose than any before.

**December 12, 1956**

At Winchester, with wife, trying to get a job. There are two profoundly pornographic books which I get hold of. I am concerned to reconcile my thinking and my body, and try to do so by putting a clock right. I suspect that it is only possible if I crucify my dismembered body on the hands of the clock (the time is *out of joint*).

**December 13, 1956**

Interview with analyst: trying to find *the* subject to talk of – trying to find pornographic dream as starting point.

War between the two halves of the world: the ultimate horror, the destruction that disintegrated all in its end. How to describe how this horror will appear to those of humankind who suffer it? The words Toast, Mould, Taste.

**December 19, 1956**

I am with wife partly looking for, looking after, a young brother/sister who does not yet know the way and problems of the world. I get increasingly irritated with wife who does not seem to me to realise what is involved in our responsibility to look after this child. Finally we see a young figure – girl – in blue in the distance who may

or may not be the child we are looking for. At any rate we must call or go after her to make sure. Wife does not want me to shout as it would make us conspicuous.

In sudden blind fury irritation I shove throw wife into a deep clear lake river that is by us to the right. She falls in with a scream, a cry of desertion and isolation and ineffable sadness. I see her body through the clear water lying in a bundle at the bottom, and I hear her cry of desolation through the waters and I must plunge in to help her out. That cry makes me deeply unhappy and aware of the brutality, unthinking cruelty of what I have done. The shock of recognition awakes me to a realisation of man's recurring unkindness to woman. This is what I am doing every time wife accuses me of not showing 'feeling' or of being heartless. This action is a type of all my and Man's unkindness to woman, an unkindness that amounts almost to betrayal.

Earlier on my own I find biographical details of analyst's wife that show her to be older than we had thought, and to have been married before in 1925 to another man. I think I must tell wife this as she will be very interested.

**January 2, 1957**

An utter horror. In a sense I come in at the end and it is all to be enacted, a horrible and loathsome play which brings us to an end, a consummation of horror that is hardly redeemed by the fact that it is 'only' a play.

I am asked to join another 3 in putting on this play. I accept. It is long, and there are infinite sweatings, and dreads, and tortures, and horrors. One of our number is blind, a huge guzzling beast, who yet leads us since much here depends on an instinctive sense of touch and on a blind man's uncanny sense of hearing. We are returning to a centre, which is the house of a power that has wronged us intolerably, and at the some time the home in which we have suffered all these ills. We know that He is now virtually alone, but we fear death by his hand. In the house is a room, a cell, where for years within moments I have spent unending nights of loneliness and nightmare dread.

But when we enter the house, He is finished. I see my blind and so sane companion guzzling a great meal, while in the hall I see in a huge fire over half the hall spreading up to the rafters the roasting

End of Him and his lackeys – they are being consumed in flames and he himself is turning like a huge spit in agony. I call out to Him, to ask what it all really is, and He explains Himself as ‘Jacobean’, and points to a roasting (human) trunk beside him and says “That is a Jacobean trolley”. I turn away in final exhausted horror and say to one of our Four, as explanation and summary of the whole affair: “It is all a Question of Taste”.

Who wrote it, I ask? They explain it is their (Young Conservative association) courageous adaptation into contemporary English of a bitter French play/film/poem written some time ago, perhaps 150 years ago, violently attacking the whole standard and categories of Jacobean/Jacobin taste – in art, furniture, etc.

### January 3, 1957

With extrovert type of friend, like X or Y, at 6.0 in the morning, before the shops are open, before normal people are about, with X/Y as ‘leader’. I arrive at the porn shop in Old Compton St., the only such shop where I know the proprietor even slightly socially. I think it brave of X/Y to go up so firmly to the door, but he does, is apparently known/expected, and we are ushered in. I am stranger, welcomed warmly by group of coloured men – negroes – playing jazz instruments, strange rhythms. Shyly I sit among them. These are men to whom pornography is so *natural* that they are no longer concerned with it, but with these savage rhythms that I know and understand not.

### January 14, 1957

London is on a circular island reached by bridges and a tunnel. The tunnel has been blocked for weeks like the Suez Canal: early one morning I watch the first great rush of vehicles after the blockage has been cleared – which involves persuading blockers not to detonate explosives laid in tunnel. Punch Hart is naval officer commanding first coming through.

Scene is then transferred by analogy to great luxury liner crossing Atlantic. I am with small scholar/publisher Jew. We want to lunch but it is far too crowded. He shows his influence by getting private room. Does this by going to steward and asking as a sort of challenge: “Is this the centre of the world?”. In a newspaper he has the claim is made by the ship or shipping company that the ship is

the centre or hub of the universe. Steward corrects him by saying “Self centre, sir”. Self centre in sense of self centred, very selfish.

I am then in private room with Jew who is wife, copulating. Prolonged connection. She has shaved her pubic hair so that her mound looks like breast bone of plucked chicken. I penetrate somewhere just above it – hole left by Adam’s apple?

### January 29, 1957

I and others are waiting in London for a possible end of the world air raid just before dawn. It is now about 3.30 a.m. I am more afraid than I have ever been before – it is fear not of death, but of change of state, of an utter reorientation. The astonishing terror that somewhere They, the Lords who control our fate, may already have dispatched the weapon that will destroy us utterly and *make us something else*. I ask others how it will feel to live with our senses in Einstein’s Space/Time. How shall we ever be able to understand the normal necessary space/time of our present world? I am told that specially trained physicists have been taught this faculty in a week at Columbia.

Then I find myself at the heart of ‘our’ defence, our organisation, our country. As in the book *William Conrad* secret agent is talking to our rulers. Amazing feeling of being at the centre of whatever plans are being made to restore ourselves and keep ourselves whole after the possible enemy devastation. Then it is announced in awed secrecy that of 800 volunteers who have been given the ‘disease’ with which we are all threatened, only 730 odd ‘took’. Some of us will not be transformed. There is statistically the certainty of biological continuity, that for the individual is only an element of chance.

This is an evolutionary development of a quality comparable with some of the most unique mutations in the limbo of archaeological and geological time.

### February 14, 1957

A nauseating horror that tells me, I believe, something of what I do in my fantasy life.

1. I am alone in some empty bare house structure on a hill top acting to myself. The structure is white, roughly in form of a cross, and the acting is up and down the four arms of the cross. The acting involves *pretending*, and it has in it an element of horror as if there is

something so terrible at the heart that all my acting is an obscene and terrified attempt to avoid this horror. At the end I seem to leave a dummy figure of a policeman which has been part of my fantasy, propped in a stone chair, to be discovered by those who may or may not come to find it.

2. I am with wife. Living out some scenes in which we come together in a novel. It is a harsh, unreal, contemporary homosexual novel, and our encounters together are barren and unkind. In the end she is asking me to scrape a sort of thick scab, or peel a rind, off her breasts – a sort of leprosy or mould. It is also in part as if this mould were in strips. I am filled with utter loathing at this task. I reject her cruelly, screaming at her to go, to leave me, saying “You should never never have asked me to touch your breasts like that”. This is in some sort what I do of horror and inhuman unkindness when I reject wife’s feelings.

**March 20, 1957**

Long dream of horror, in which I/criminal am being tracked down. Climax comes when I suddenly realise and say “Oh God, I have no memory”, which means that the police were right after all, I may/did commit the crime and I have been denying it because I had no memory. And the memory of crime is a desperate battling with mother, a terrible being held as a small and powerless boy while they cut my penis – and hate hate for that which I should love most dearly.

**March 22, 1957**

A long sequence of testing between two opposed parties. One single girl, the others a team of schoolboys. They each have to answer a question in turn, the scoring is like cricket, and they have reached the end of the second innings and it is so close that all depends on the last question.

The girl has to answer it, and the correct or winning answer involves identifying herself as some sort of princess in need of a husband, a bride to be. She refuses, knows the ‘correct’ answer but will not give it, and runs wildly alone away.

I realise that she has no need for a human husband because she is forever ‘married’ to some maleness outside time. She is the perfect virgin needing not men.

**March 28, 1957**

The deep, oh so deep thrill of a man’s body. In surroundings like Winchester yet familiar today I am with a young man exploring the folds of his body and feeling transported into a deep and transforming delight.

**April 3, 1957**

I have gone down from house which is like Pencraig, at the suggestion of office colleague, to the river, to follow up or trace a small ball/capsule of promotional ideas that I have thrown there and which is now drifting down the river without being much use to anyone. When I get there I realise that whatever is happening involves a complete lack of cooperation between the Apostle Paul, the other half whose agreement ‘in the beginning’ was the contractual basis of my/our existence. In a terrific voice I call to him “Paul, Paul”, and then to make sure: “Paul the Apostle of the Gentiles come here you lazy bastard” – there is movement and he is present and I am dumb paralysed utterly dumb at the confrontation – and out of the horror and dilemma of my dumbness I wake shaken with revelation and with the roar of my call of Paul Paul still in my ears. The feeling is almost that I am Peter – the other party to the contract.

**May 15, 1957**

I have a long talk to analyst in which we seem to get deep into my present pain and dissatisfaction. It seems that we are more honest with each other than usual, there is a greater opening up and surrendering. He shows me how I need at present a willingness to suffer intelligently, and he tells me how in his own work he spent a long time learning to reenact the suffering of Jesus at the Brooke Kerith: the shape of hands cupped over a face.

**May 24, 1957**

Coming out of the office late one evening I coincide with X at the door of her flat near office. Go in with her and she is immediately frankly wanting to go to bed. There is an exquisite peace about holding her in my arms, feeling her body beneath her clothes. She has a sweet breath and mouth like honey as we kiss. Her waist is so small that I can get my two hands round it. I am only too willing to

undress completely and get into bed but ask if her husband is expected back. She shrugs indifferently. She doesn't care. I am filled with terror of his return with me in a compromising situation, the terrible degradation of it and dress in an increasing agony of confusion, with X watching me contemptuously. I feel am failing her, failing myself, but oh oh oh the relief of waking and knowing that her husband is not about to walk in on her and I.

**May 30, 1957**

X has had a baby, a girl whom even a man like myself recognises as being quite lovely. I am at her house about 6.0 before her husband comes home and she shows me the baby. Then I am taking X in my arms, loving her, and she responds saying that she has never been able to show me feeling before because I had not 'done' or *acted* towards her. It is as if she needed my *action* to break the position in which she is imprisoned. I tell her, as if it were a confession of great importance, that I am deeply afraid of hurting her husband, and for that reason I cannot go on now to complete intimacy.

(This follows, on same night, a long dream about OSSCo, father's senior family partner, shareholders and share sales, that carries overtones of 54.)

**June 5, 1957**

1. Wife and I are approaching a church. We are given some very old archaeological remains as genuine offerings to the pagan god ?Hephaestus, to offer up in church.

2. The service: it is a childrens' service about Easter, explaining the meaning of Easter. Wife behaves impatiently, restlessly. I insist on leaving.

3. The re-enactment of a very familiar sort of play acting. On board a small ship. But this time it is being done with quite hideous paranoiac cruelty (concentration camps). We are shown 'miniature' lions being released from miniature cathedral to chase juicy 'knights' (Roman circus and Crusades theme). Commentary by sort of guide says that this is obsessive. The 'owners' then turn on him in fury and begin to devise a horrible pointless hellish torture for him. I foresee horrors, compel awaking as only reasonable escape.

One of the utterly irrational tortures is to force my long 'loofer' sponge into this man's mouth, and then bend its ends back so as to make it a gag almost tying at the back of his head. This gives me

feeling like the binding pressing down of my thick penis in masturbation.

Lying half asleep afterwards and feeling the hideousness of the mood of that dream all round me, I see that the pores of the sponge opened into a sort of biochemical lattice work which became so huge as to represent and be the whole *material* world in which we are caught up: a huge jelly fish of containing feminineness.

**June 28, 1957**

By entering into and so changing the nature of the water, Christ has broken the vessel which contained it.

**July 22, 1957**

Science fiction attack on the earth by tiny organisms that are of FISH structure.

Only way to cope presents itself as getting them all to feed on Petrol, then put electricity through them which will become a closed circuit because electricity has an affinity with petrol.

**August 16, 1957**

I am at the back of a large house. I have a big dream and I go to the high garden wall and I call to the people in the house the instructions for them which I have learned in this dream, instructions with which they are to meet a crisis that is upon them at 2.0 or 3.0 in the afternoon of an English summer's day.

"Open the window on the stairs at the back of the house and gather in the garden room".

It is as if at that hour they will realise they have lost one of their number and there is a danger they would run all over the place searching. The hour is come, and they do as I have urged, and I go round into the house and gardens myself seeing the open windows at the bottom, full of terrifying meaning. I call out "Where is the garden room?", and they answer and I go to them and they are sitting waiting for me, waiting for my guidance. The mother who is old and wise like X says to me, as I stand baffled, in awe and terror: "Do you know what is meant by The Desired Woman?", and I look towards the open window, through at the back of the house on which stairs that lead from the ground to the first floor, through which She must come, and I know that for each member of this

family gathered together what is wrong is precisely that The Desired Woman is absent, and I say this and say: "Even the child is crying for her to come". I tell the daughter of the house she can go out now and tell the son to accompany her to protect her, and I wait filled with a terror of expectancy and wake as my daughter cried to be fed and my wife stirs by my side.

My mother shows me a letter she has written to her analyst. I explain how earlier in her life before she decided to go to an analyst she had been interested in similar things and had gone to a fashionable seer from Cyprus. Across the page a flap of flesh/blood joining two blocks of words – umbilicus, tongue cord, my wife's wrist watch given to her by my mother/father (I and wife at this stage are son and daughter).

### September 6, 1957

1. Recollection of being whipped, spanked, brings recollection of some very early horror of pain somehow round top of back and neck while over someone's shoulder. Feeling of hating mother desperately for letting father do this.
2. Homosexual – with other men I am wanting to be homosexual with me. The only one who comes is hard cruel hurting terrifying. I realise I am *terrified* of homosexuality because He is so cruel about sex. All my childish torture, prep school whipping, seems to tie up here.
3. Endless scenes of cruelty where men and women hurt each others' genital organs cruelly. I understand that it all stems from a terrible HATE of sexual organs because being different between the sexes they imply a root differentiation at the heart of sexuality which is terrifying.

### November 18, 1957

I come on deck of sailing boat: whole family and wife. Dads calls to me, what am I going to do about the sun? I say for time being I'll leave my head bare and he says quite right, but mother says No, cover it up.

Mother then says something to suggest that he doesn't give her any peace in the afternoon. I think that she doesn't give him any peace in the morning. Collectively we as children think how the parents quarrel.

Then I see an extraordinary angular bird, stick like, like some ultra surrealist sculpture, or like a rose branch with huge jagged thorns. I

call out to mother to identify it. She isn't so impressed, says she thinks it may be a kangaroo bird. Then it flies off, and we see it has a mate in company. Then the mate settles and fastens with agonising pain in the soft flesh of my right buttock. I scream for help – is it laying eggs in me? It will have to be cut out. Wake.

Feeling of fear that the men who buy/sell pornography will catch up on me and be very cruel.

### December 4, 1957

A very long science fiction sort of story. At various times while travelling with wife over Ireland and West of England we have a recurring experience when another level of experience altogether tries to break through and possess our minds. (Wife's description of John Cowper Powys book). It is also like a terrible disease, and is close to cancer, hydrogen rather than oxygen as source of life – there is much *more* hydrogen – herring which swim in January from Rome to Grimsby to the dogger bank and are not fish but a rock thing associated with the KNUCKLE joint and although Man is catching more of them than ever before and they are as always being noiselessly devoured by some time-principle beneath the sea, their rate of breeding is such that there are still plenty – the South Pole, seen as a map of...

The humans in the story are divided into two, We and Them. We are normal, They have 'had the experience' and as a result are under the domination of this Other force. We want to get close to the experience but yet not lose ourselves in it.

As story moves to its climax I am alone in a house, left even by wife, the only intelligent We among a number of They. Thinking to make friends I caress a dumpy, frowzy quite unattractive woman of They. She is on my knee. I am talking to her. Then I say something about the South Pole and she realises that I am a suitable subject or victim for the Experience.

So she tells me frantically to *empty my mind* and let It come in so that I am taken over by It. She is shaking with passion, witch like invoking her terrible god. But I realise that sometime in the past *I too have seen It*, and because I have seen It, I am different to all these Them and do not need or want to be taken over by It. I want only to be face to face with It. So I deny her, and her face becomes distorted, is shoved close to mine in a paroxysm of rage, and I wake with the shock, and the word Hydrogen swimming all round me.

**December 12, 1957**

A context of search, Liverpool Manchester expensive restaurants, and always search. As the search seems to reach its denouement, the searcher who is not altogether I sees an extraordinary sight beneath the water at the prow of a sunken ship – a woman with an umbrella propped in front of her like a mirror and she is knitting, knitting perhaps the umbrella – 8 sets of 2 or 4 sets of 2 making 8 objects in all.

He/I know that if we make the effort we could see the full face front of this woman but instead we 'confess our weakness', which is wise and at times the only way of keeping alive, and decide that this time – not yet shall we insist on the face to face. It is like resisting fascination, and in so resisting I wake with my mind filled with my mother's hands knitting, the *knuckles* and the thread held within the hollow of the hand and a face of oh such terror of knowledge. How can she breathe beneath the water, and is she not partially limbless? This 'confessing our weakness' is very close to masturbation. It involves a knowledge that there *is* something other and terrible to be faced (a knowledge denied perhaps to many people) but at the same time a realisation, springing from the very hugeness of this horror, that I cannot face it. The act of refusal can be called cowardice but it also implies doing honour to the 'otherness' of that which is encountered.

**December 28, 1957**

I have been having all my sex in company with two other men, three of us in all. It has mainly been with three women, whom we have recently found less and less attractive, less interesting sexually. Then one day with great shyness I let one of these women know my secret, my secret craving for pornography. Telling her of this is in some way associated with being at the end of a valley, path, house with her.

Now that I have told her I go back to the end point with my two companions. When we get there in heavy rain there is a moment of terror that she has gone. But no, she is there by a huge shelf of huge books, crucified in fear that we shall not return, waiting for us/me as she has never waited before. She feels behind this huge book and brings out a collection of pictures identical with mine, and it is breathtakingly clear that she shares my passion. All three of us are with our women then, my woman's cunt is streaming with passion and she tells the other two women how these pictures and the like

are to be used as the necessary incense of desire in the worship of their Goddess.

As I am about to penetrate her I realise that it is dream and wake with rigid penis, and analyst seems to say: "Now wait, I'll go and get you another woman like this one you're with now, and we'll see if you find *her* attractive" – this will in some way enable him to understand better what quality it is I find attractive. But all I want is to be asleep and pounding into that inspired cunt.

**January 22, 1958**

I am in some way leaving or seeing someone else off on a journey to the East. I have been closely and deeply involved sexually with a woman. Recently sexual relationship with her has been less good. As story develops it is as if there were two women – the one with whom sex was good, and the one with whom it was now not good. The night before the final departure on this tour of duty in the east, I am with the present, less good, woman, trying to reenact the times of success. All the old things are done, but I do not get an erection. There is great kindness and sympathy. As this present woman works on me sexually, we suddenly both start with fear as we see that the previous woman plus her husband have come in by the window.

She is cruelly delighted at our quandary, by my impotence, and with real hate for my penis takes the other woman's hairbrush and hits, scratches, it partially erect. I say "Now we see you as you really are, you cruel bitch". I feel I must get at this woman, and also no less her husband, and fight them, but am restrained by fact that she is dressed. Then I make great effort to shake off clothes and say "There is such a thing as a *naked* lover after all", and start violently, waking.

**February 12, 1958**

A trial is taking place, with great publicity, of a man or woman who has deliberately misled people by pretending he was other than he is, someone of importance like a religious prophet, teacher or healer (as I write that I find myself thinking of Copernicus or the Polish originator of Unitarianism).

The trial is almost a farce, because the man in the dock is playing with the court, making fun of them, proving himself to have quite extraordinary powers of pretence, so that people say: "He can't be found guilty, because he believes it himself. He is mad".

The trial is now felt to be high in a big house. As observer I now feel myself to be very closely linked with the accused. It becomes clear that there is no outside support for this trial: it had no validity outside our thinking, our imagination, in the court room at the top of the house. This thought is frightening because it means we must face the emptiness of the house, a terrible emptiness in the middle of the night.

I am persuading the others to go outside, which means they too realise that the emptiness of the house – the empty house which is filled with homeless spirit – is the prime fact of the situation, not this crime they have thought up or imagined. In some way I deliberately frighten a girl of the emptiness she has to go through by rubbing something in her face, into which she might bump in the dark, a purposeless unkindness that I feel to be a type of masturbation.

I wake in terror – the house is become 52 and we are on the attic floor with all the black covered floors beneath us, midnight empty and dark.

As I have been writing, I have felt peevisly: Why does analyst ask anything so naive as why I feel sex to be guilt? The answer is perfectly clear: to have sex is to recollect that which is forgotten, that which my fathers and their fathers before them had known to be better forgotten. But where sex is, there is that memory.

Why man, what have you been doing all the years of your life to have no knowledge of that which my fathers' fathers have known as best forgotten from generation to generation, the unhoused spirit?

My body is broken, my bones and flesh are mangled with terror. If the girl is to feel flesh in the emptiness, if that is the meaning of my obscene and unkind gesture, then perhaps there is an insanely terrible memory that the unhoused spirit is in the flesh, Yeats' beast. Not the memory, the terror. Not the memory, the terror. Not the memory, the terror.

#### **February 21, 1958**

A deeply comforting vision of days of old suggesting how the wisdom of the Church which is the understanding of a woman, slowly dawned to a realisation of the coming of the incarnate son. Before a chapel door at evening in snow (complines) the woman touches some object and prays to Father who is Abba, and already knows of the word which is Spoken by Him but abides still with him in Heaven, and I feel as she enters the holy place – which is also the

top of the hills we called the Rivals (the one we named the Father Rival) with its black shell rock so like coal – that it is the evening before the indescribable knowledge of the sacrificial FACT of the Son on Earth becomes hers.

The snow is an intrinsic part of the dream, and the almost divine horses who besides carrying the greatest of warriors Achilles also kill, moving with superhuman speed over ice and snow. At the forgotten centre where blood was spilled on the trodden snow were the churned hoof marks of stallions and mares.

The sacrificial duel between two warriors. Abba, Abba, touch the sealed casket Portia, the door the secret guessed that opens thy lips to the suitor.

#### **March 12, 1958**

I am staying with wife or sister as companion with mother and father in Southampton/Bournemouth. Breakfast for 4 in their bedroom – a bedroom rather like the clean small country hotel bedroom of the 1930's. While breakfast is being eaten I wash as in early morning. Analogous to shaving or teeth cleaning. I do something to be my penis (NOTE: wrote 'be' instead – being substance and penis).

It involves drawing out something pencil like as a thermometer or corkscrew, and scraping, cutting, the tip so that it is clean though it may bleed a bit (like tooth gums), then reinserting it in its 'place'. I do this without any trouble but at end place whole thing in water (to cool?). When the bleeding makes huge hissing noise like hot horse shoe placed in water to cool, this makes me think it will go on bleeding always, attracts everyone else's attention, and wakes me with a shock.

#### **April 27, 1958**

How are two nouns, subject and object in a sentence, related to each other?

"The preface of the one passes through and becomes the parface of the other".

By this is meant that something which is adjectivally attributed to the first, is verbally attributed to the other.

Memories of early learning of grammar. Children are being asked the question. Examples are being given.



**May 14, 1958**

I have been persuading a community of young girls in a very proper girls school to do all manner of obscene and strange things for me. They have not realised exactly what, because they are too young, but they are beginning to, they have got together and told the authorities.

As a result my extremely antisocial behaviour is unmasked, and I am revealed for the first time to friends, acquaintances and office people as what I am: an almost criminally sex obsessed man. This is both horrifying and a relief.

The whole make believe structure of my public persona is shattered, yet it is a relief because the long years of make believe are over. The world can see me as I am.

**May 21, 1958**

In a dream of horror, articulated into much detail, involving a series of brutal crimes within one family in France, one episode stands out with sharpness.

A small girl, perhaps five to eight years old, has been killed along with I think her father. The family, distraught, have lost interest, but the police discover the bodies and find that the girl was in fact a boy: the detective explains kindly to me that in the moment of killed [sic], the boys penis had erected. (Thus the whole question of sexual differentiation is focused on the penis.)

I realise that this fact must add a quality of horror to the family which is altogether new. At last I manage to get the mother to listen: the child she thought was her little girl was a little boy. I realise it is immensely important how she reacts to this news – how the shock is seen to be registered.

It is described thus: like that old dream about the man's face being slashed round like a round orange: a line of pain all round her face-head is revealed and is knitted up. Knitting is the action of the gods.

**July 16, 1958**

Closely related to feel of woman ill, is vision of myself in dream state recognising that a man is being fed with worship to nourish his ego sense and learning to reject this worship so that at some central point I look into the face of red headed man in triumph and a voice says: "Your home is truly grounded squarely in the earth but that is not enough your garden is undug".

Mother, sister, elder brother, discussing my wife's illness in library at 52. I come in out of the garden at night to join them. Mother refers to twice when she has come on wife without pyjamas at night and how afraid she is that a chill so caught may have started her illness. I say I am sure it is something more general (almost like a germ) which she picked up from 'the general' and did not give to herself in isolation.

**July 26, 1958**

A cave or loft in which a small group of 8 to 10 Jews live/hide from an enemy outside: like Jewish underground in the war. One lot are left, one right: or young/old, progressive/reactionary.

The young lot have the advantage of being tacitly accepted by the older as leaders, but both sides are deeply suspicious of the other (very intense homosexual overtone: at one stage I am holding and kissing and fondling homosexual ideal from school passionately: a wonderful deeply exciting and satisfying feeling). Then the leader of the young set says "There is one way we can find out if you're genuine" and seizes one of the old set and proceeds to do something continually painful and terrible: this is a cruel and agonising test for everyone in the room: will it compel them to polarise into opposites or not – because underneath this sharp division there is a desire/need to stay together if they are to live in face of hostile outside world – masturbation fantasy overtone.

**August 6, 1958**

I am lying awake with wife rather nervously in big house – frightened of night – like back side of 52 overlooking kitchen area. There are things outside.

Then it is as if woman colleague X is leading us two into something she knows about, a story game into which she is initiating us. Window open, game through it with others. Those of us inside – 52 kitchen overtone – are finally caught outside, and they bite off small toe and turn it as result into something rubbery like those attachments to daughter's elephants that join them to each other.

This stuff is We-ness. It constitutes something other than I-ness, and spreads remorselessly – vegetable science fiction comparison. 'Them'. Once inside the room it spreads remorselessly – X already has it – sister. How does the story end? Are we saved from 'We'? Awake – shock, but not so afraid as I'd expect.

**August 13, 1958**

I discover an island to which women (and men?) have been carried off for sexual purposes for years. When I discover it the feeling is of sexual fantasy excitement – now I shall get into the world where all my fantasies actually *happen*, an island of naked wantonness.

It is a low island almost covered by sea, but when I get there I find myself in sympathy with the people there whose lives I see have been unjustly distorted by the evil men who placed them there. By this time I am no longer merely I, I am become also another, a sort of mixture of Punch and wife's neurologist. I-he arouses these people to an awareness of their position, an awareness of the way in which the course and purpose of their lives has been violated by selfishness and greed. Among them are agents of those who imprisoned them (one like Dr Giordano at the Genoa hospital, also like photographer X). There will be a battle with these traitors, but they will not show themselves until the big battle comes which approaches as the prisoners hear that their island is rousing to revolt.

One of the ways in which these island people have been deceived and misled by their gaolers is this:

In certain winds the sea comes right over the island, and the people become underwater people. On these occasions their prisoners sail over them in boats, and make them believe that the keels of their boats cutting through the water over their heads are some kind of divine presence. (The keel beneath the water, to people in the water, is cutting, male, masterful, an edge that divides and points a course, that which makes a straight line where there is no line. Knowing nothing of the other side of the boat, the rounded whole, and the openness to sky and dependence on the unpredictableness of winds, they see in this black shadow the purposeful visitation of some dark angel of god. It is like the bold purposefulness of a man's hands doing, carving, making – it seems so direct, so masterful, yet on the other side is the round receptiveness of mind open to all kinds of moods and inspiration that may affect the hand most completely most unexpectedly).

**August 20, 1958**

I dream of *The Third Man*, a story which is seminal to the entire 'post war world', the adult world that is *mine*, it is the story basic to all my terror, all my grown up years, all my adult anxiety fear blind anxiety.

In centre of post war horror – Nice (Genoa), 52, – when all is upside down, when my previous original loyalties to left are renounced in disillusionment and my previous colleagues and friends are all my enemies. I am one of 3 (white men among blacks, westerners among easterners, Allies among Enemy) who are caught by some cruel woman and men agents for their torture = sexual delight.

It starts by being fun that I look forward to: seated at some kind of childrens' school desk I look forward obediently to being aroused to an erection/fantasy by negro dance of some sort. Then there is a growing element of compulsion and fear. This cruel woman rouses an erection, but will I have one when it is needed at the crucial hour of midday to 2.0.pm? – and if I don't will she be angered and what terrible revenge of cruelty will she wreak on my penis and genitals? She accepts that my first erection goes down but I have to be operated on – the doctor comes to give me anaesthetic at 12.0 and then if I don't do as they expect, if my body does not respond and produce the erection sustained as they need it as she needs it this cruel agent, then what horror will she do to my penis in anger and disappointment and wild rage?

52 drawing room to library I go, crying in terror: through conservatory door hear and feel that catch on the door and the sound of it closing, into the library, hiding. I have a spell, a breather – but at 12.0 I shall have to be ready for the terrible test and if my body does not show me a man, what then? – o horror terror blind basic central terror.

In this post war situation I am a man without friends, hated as a renegade by my former comrades, and in some way the reason I cannot escape this terrible operation is because if I do then this other who is close to I, he will suffer in my absence. This is the basic story, the *Third Man* motif, the myth which I have to live blindly again and again and again and again round blindly again and again – it is the inevitability of the root structure of my body which is also my life, *in its story my flesh and blood body is identical with the temporal process of my life* – I hide in the 52 library, hide from something in 54, from the cruel woman, from doctor coming with the anaesthetic: but gradually as I wake the possibility that I can refuse, that I can escape, that I need not surrender myself to their greedy cruel lust hate experiment – this possibility dawns and I disintegrate into wakeness and relief.

**August 22, 1958**

There is a state of complete confusion on earth. No one knows what to do. The principle of reason seems to be lost – no one can do anything coherent and interrelated to meet the situation. One person however seems to know what he is doing, and though it doesn't make much sense he goes ahead purposefully.

It is partly an exhaustive search on the Israel-Jordan border amid endless tribes for one man who will be the principle of order and coherence in the region: partly it is the creation of some sort of balloon by which to catch a large black bird. Emphasis focuses more and more on this bird, which is becoming trapped by the balloon. Instead of being quite aloof and superior the bird has begun to notice mankind.

Tries to catch string of balloon in beak.

Then I am this person, and bird is in basket attached to balloon, coming down to my height to feed me from the balloon. This is quite terrifying because it suggests the dominating role, determining, of my endless hunger which everything in me would deny – and I wake in fright.

**October 1, 1958**

Story film told by small girl through her vision into water, part knitted out of jewels and money. Boy/girl, getting smaller and more near babies as it progresses are inviting tragedy and destruction on themselves by doing away with proper religions and reverting to older archaic forms. I watch with greedy excitement, culminating in wet dream ejaculation with big hands – baby hands – holding my penis.

**November 2, 1958**

In tears of awe and emotion I discover the words of ultimate meaning written on a box-cylinder. It is like seeing the Grail. But I do not understand them and as I cry in passionate emotion I realise that at this level of revelation there is no 'understanding', there is only 'being' – (wife's muff – hands conjoined).

**November 28, 1958**

1. Return home (to mother) with wife ill in her present condition. Mother blames it on a car accident I had had. I say "The connection had never occurred to me". It seems to establish an important link. Mother presses the blame: I slam angrily out of the room.
2. 3 women, 2 men. One girl expresses interest in being painted or drawn nude. Rather embarrassingly it appears that she wants this for sexual excitement. I am rather shy about it – others including X who strips to excite her, take it more naturally.

**December 9, 1958**

Analyst reads me a dream of his, in presence of a strange woman who is some kind of servant or assistant. It is an extraordinary complicated dream stating an abstract philosophical argument but putting things together in a way I had never known before, a way that is convincing. He says at the end: "Isn't that interesting? Wouldn't you have said that analysis was a process of refinement, yet here we are being shown that is is a process of spreading out, of coarsening".

**December 19, 1958**

I meet a man who introduces himself as having been brought up with me. He explains that he was a painter and used to work at 52. When I ask him how he recognises me he modifies it to say that it was his son whom he sent to be brought up in 52: a boy with a hare lip who was so cruelly treated in the outside world because of this lip that he found it better to place him with us, privately, the kind rich. At talk of the hare lip I think I do remember him. While I am talking with him I have left my car on a main road: I get back to it and find it badly smashed down one side. I go back inside where I was talking to the painter to collect my things. I am oddly dressed sort of swathed in some white sheet (childhood torture dressing up). Come back to scene of smash for confrontation with police.

They are in process of building/making a new road to avoid scene of crash. The lorry driver who hit my car has been found and acknowledges it. Much deeper twist as his 'confession' involves some person who is at the same time a stone bust like Og, Gog and Magog outside Clarendon building in Oxford, falling with a crash to terrible hideous death. I cling to some almost too hot to bear bars to save myself.

This death takes me into house with a nice attractive woman who has in some way survived awful disasters over the years and loss of husband and one child. She is there, also a man, her surviving child and an ape 'who has been put to rest, put to sleep'. I am now leaving 'because it is all over' but as I climb up from house to road I feel uneasy about the man and ask him to accompany me (asking brother to cooperate on family trusts). He does. I make some joke about his Zhivago stockings: they are the colour of the book jacket. I realise he is very touchy on the subject – a closed mind communist. As he goes ahead of me I notice a bulge in sleeve, a knife. He is going to murder me. I grapple at once, seize knife stab him again and again and again. He is dead.

I look back into window of house at terrifying woman who must have been in the plot – I use the knife slicing on the windows. I know she is thinking of staging some mock up scene to delude the police, getting the monkey tied up in the bedroom stabbed to death attacking the child sort of thing, more stabbing of flesh, and I hear police release saying that the girl's husband appears to be the murderer and he is roaming the world with one hand like a club foot *clenched* (April 10, 1954) permanently in some distortion of guilt. 52, 52, 52 – wake in stupefaction.

### **December 28, 1959**

We are on boat crossing ocean. Strange illness breaks out which to begin with attacks the very small. It would seem to be fatal except that it is hinted that there may be some eventual cure through a mutation in the species removing some very sick from a sort of coma and starting them living on a new line of direction. As we approach end of voyage I see a dog stopping, ?to die, and I am myself terrified of a tightening constriction in the chest. I warn my wife with desperate seriousness that it may only now, when we thought ourselves safe, be going to start on humans. It has begun on humans in the form of a take over of the planet by outside hostile forms of life. Messages of command are flashed before us: they start innocuously but become more intimate and more terrible as They learn to understand us and how we work, and approach more easily to the core of our functioning. I wake as I realise they are like science fiction imagination. Sister asks me if I don't remember how proud she was to dance with me as a child when I was noticeably taller than other boys of my age.

### **January 9, 1959**

Old girl friend and successful painter husband and two children come. They are 'Su and Tom' and we asked them unknown. Picture they had given my wife just before we went to Italy. Her husband knows about pictures. I am filled with immense self pity at my lot. Dream is riddled with it – because of wife's illness. And this reflects some much older self pity. Inhibition from her illness = stammer.

Fish ceremony. Strange unwest type with boats and fish fish fish. One in particular, tiny. Test it in hot fat because if it is X very dangerous. Thrown down on blue clad coat-houses. Wake in terror as it rolls down my clothes.

### **February 6, 1959**

On board navy ship.

In town faced with end of the world, science fiction end. Realise that now that I am limited by my wife and daughter I cannot escape from the peril to come, but must wait and adapt myself to it even if it means annihilation.

### **March 15, 1959**

One or two old women have died/been killed. I am afraid of the investigation which seems to threaten me: I do not want something uncovered. So I knife the judge at night in the train in which he is travelling to make the investigation: stabbing him with a stiletto which was fixed to the outside of the carriage by some sort of clip.

There is now the weight of a further death this time clearly more premeditated and deliberate murder than the two women. A big funeral at which I am to 'take the service'. Titled author preaches starting with the sentence "I want us to think first of a good old nanny who has died..."

### **March 18, 1959**

Some financial trust or foundation which has been supporting certain works – academic, church etc. – is withdrawing its money from these fields. I have to try and find out what is the intention behind the withdrawal, where the money may go now. Involves deaths – one painful operation on brain with metal wire separating out pieces of brain.

**March 23, 1959**

Having a great set to with boss. He is conceding much more to me than usual: at one stage says "I've always played second fiddle to your mother" (meaning that he is as difficult as he is because he has never been able to be himself because of mother). He says this in apology for and acceptance of my rebuke "You have not one jot of generosity in your nature".

AH&Co annual report published in The Times. Chairman says they have no intention whatsoever of making a public issue of shares or of so increasing the dividend as to sharply increase their value. The feeling is as if both the developments – resulting in a great increase of wealth – which could be foreseen as a result of the becoming public, are not going to take place. Instead the chairman is holding the company in complete control like riding a horse with great skill.

**April 4, 1959**

Wake at night and find house full of a huge wind. Fear. In particular door of childrens' room is open with wind blowing up stairwell and through their room. They are lying undisturbed asleep. Thank God. Read recent dreams, realising it is not 'tonight's' – something to do with deuzia, where the z is root of rhizome.

Then downstairs with conservatory break through into house. Seize phone and after bosh start at dialling 999 police come through to me. I give detail and as I finish hear burglars return and rush through with wife into conservatory to confront two men: really harmless types – associate with those trousers of my cousin's I got from LDH. Will the police arrive in time to help me tackle them? Wake in terror.

**April 16, 1959**

Secretary tells me that our London rep X would like to tell me sometime about his great concern over some great occasion which is only taking place at *one* end of a huge Gothic cathedral. I am surprised that he should want to talk to me because he should know that I am not interested in the kind of *seriousness* implied by his children joining the Aldermarston walk. Quaker. The old man (X) who is staying with the firm feels both responsibility for and devotion of a servant towards the young man who is going on.

I find myself in afternoon service in a huge half empty (Liverpool) cathedral. People are about to walk in pilgrimage, a pilgrimage for which society and mankind have been preparing themselves for

years. The Time has come. Yet there is an awful feeling of fiasco – the empty church suggests that belief in the End has died and we are acting in our unbelief. There are young and old people with looks of painful doubt on their faces. I sit below and watch them stand up and begin to file out to the pilgrimage – so few and to such a hugely indifferent world. I feel sorry for them yet cannot believe in their pilgrimage.

I am standing with a group of men, church ministers, watching the people go. Then I am in an adjoining church and am accepting the role placed on me by the Dean. I am sitting in a central ritual chair become in some way the focus of the congregation's hopes, attention and expectation. I consciously yearn to be filled with power and I allow a huge air to come into my lungs and stomach and 'cheat' by looking at a Latin text in front of me and allow myself to breathe out the huge words of simplicity that are some question involving the first differentiation between the first and second person singular, uttering as a man filled with the Holy Ghost, but it is not real.

I go out with the Dean limping slightly (Oxford man friend in earliest Cathedral dream) a marked man of the congregation, dedicated.

The question is: what to do in life with this sense of dedication? Job hunting. Outside by the huge sea shore which is also the Liverpool street of bottle man confrontation of earliest dream I meet Victor White and Vera. They say that the relationship a Catholic praying in a monastery has with God is more real than anything in the new pottery/metal (wife's new vegetable dish) of which a jerry is made. I look at them with respect and understanding that follows from my recent longing for dedication that was never quite sincere and then say with all the concentration with which I resigned from Seckers: "That pot which you admire aesthetically and also use for the most natural tasks of your body is the product of the sustained application of a *kind* of thinking, developed over 300 years, which Catholicism has consistently ignored, denigrated, turned its back on, and shown no understanding of whatsoever. You are admiring something which you have no right to admire if you would seek to be consistent with your own heart".

What I say constitutes a complete truth from the heart of my intuition feeling rejection of a fundamentally untruthful attitude, and I see the face grow hard with shock and turn from me in rejection and refusal to meet what I am saying, the very type of the

hard heartedness of the Gospels. (It is at this moment that I seem to come closest to the bottle man in the street who poured out the water on the pavement KA F KA).

Then with a truth from the heart altogether different from the deliberate emotions of the ritual chair with the high back and crown of thorns that is also like an electroencephalogram I weep tears and cry from my bowels: "Can't you see the dilemma we are in? Can none of this hard hearted age see it? Am I alone – am I alone? Oh can you not see that here is a dilemma of the soul which is suffering so real that it is the wholeness of your life?"

It is I believe a dilemma that is epitomised by this fact: out of Christ has come the holiness of the Quaker as well as the holiness of the Catholic monk.

#### **April 28, 1959**

I am marrying again, an ill defined girl whose strongest feature in the dream is that she is energetic, purposeful, and strong enough counter pole to me – all that wife is not – and therefore sexually attractive exciting. We have some small reception in a basement flat with night club atmosphere. I am between two wives – one of whom is heavy with the unchangeable past the other quick with the life of the future.

#### **May 15, 1959**

A series of events partly in old Liverpool 52, partly in big block of flats in contemporary London. A crime has been committed and is being detected, and is complicated by strange level of mutual dependence of police and criminal. The two series of events, one Liverpool, one London, are connected not only by analogy but also by fact that they are both dependent on the same source of energy to keep them going.

As they both reach climax, there is talk of a book called *The Haughty Son*, in which a son has written an autobiographical revelation of the part played by his mother in crippling him, which has offended the mother beyond all belief. Emotional attention then focuses on Father/boss and in a group of people, police, secretary, etc. I am slowly having the courage to see how some action of this fiend man is the initial cause of both series of events. Finally boss/Father goes up in lift to flat, and is carried down by police. A seated paralysed figure like some Egyptian tomb figure, hands on his knees,

paralysed by his discovery, his vision of his own horror which is at the same time a guilty experience of his own horror, and I am trembling with the as yet unrealised possibility of the hate and feeling I have for this murdering man.

#### **June 7, 1959**

As culmination of long frightening and dangerous period of adventure, I am talking to some elderly woman like Miss McA, old governess, about sex, and her complete inability to accept what I am concerned with. As I am planting some seed in barren ground in the Spanish waste lands of Don Quixote, I realise through her mouth that she will accept almost all teaching, but that which is finally difficult and inadmissible is analyst's teaching: and the reason why I have reached such an inhospitable impasse with the world is uniquely and only because of my excessive identification with analyst's teaching. I wake stiff and saturated with fear as it strikes midnight.

#### **July 1, 1959**

Distance not as a thing to be covered, but as a quantity or degree of hunger, dependent on me for its quantity and degree, so that if I decide to go much further, from A to F, in the same time or quicker, then I make of that something much more hungry. Space as the ground of hunger – the speed in which I desire to cross it as my hunger.

Related to the way in which un-thrombosed girls who I like give me a feeling of almost intolerable rest and hunger-removed, compared to wife.

#### **August 20, 1959**

I woke from this dream with an extraordinary sense of imprisoned strength at the root of my tongue, as if all the generations were caught up, folded back and entrapped in the cavity beneath and at the root of the tongue. This is the enfolding back of the word as distinct from its waste and expense in a desert.

In the dream I am distinct from younger brother and the whole world of hopeful blind people who 'refuse to face it', in realising and saying that what They intend is to use our corpses, our bodies, as sacrifices to a greedy Moloch. We are in a long passage underground, planting tree cuttings in a narrow cleft. We have been

doing this for ages, and there is a pretence kept up by some that soon, sometime, They are going to release us. Brother and those he typifies dare not accept the truth because, in Mother's words, being unimaginative people, if they did they would go mad – as who wouldn't imprisoned in the earth to be made a sacrifice? (the boy hunted at the end of *The Lord of the Flies*). But I know, and as I watch the narrow tunnel ahead become smaller as I go on planting these strangely enfolded trees (cp the ignorant millions in the ground nut, China, Gary Cooper dream) I ask myself in conversation with Mother: "Won't I go screaming mad too when my knowledge of what is intended for us becomes being-experience of it?"

Here is my ultimate sense of being cut off from and different from 'the other': my terror: the sham I need to expose: the power of the word, destroyed, the headache in the seized up artery. If you, analyst, were married to a man with such a vision, wouldn't you escape by a stroke from fully conscious realisation of who you were living with?

St Peter and the Jewish fathers at Jerusalem who did not accept Paul's mission to the gentiles, but wanted to hold back the Spirit in check, and have ever since been lurking, waiting, to catch the expanding explosive Western Christian world and trip it up by its shadow.

### September 12, 1959

A distinguished scholar (Entreves) has written a book on Roman Law in its relationship to the idea of Holiday. It shows how Roman Law as the foundation of all Western human relations within society, can only be understood in relation to 'holiday' – the idea of days which are in absolute different to others. On his shelves I see Jung's works including new, huge 3 volume I've not yet seen. Feeling of Jung's thought comprehended by a man whose knowledge is immense, scholarly and wise.

### October 7, 1959

Something new to my awareness. Dreams of 52, mixed with sense of the strangeness of Observer editorial and weight of union thinking and the vast hugeness of the power of sexual feeling. I penetrate for the very first time into direct experience in my own body of the 'beyond pleasure' realisation of the power of sexual experience to transform but also to hurt abominably.

This is the power that dwelled outside in the dark of the garden at 52. Journalist X – powerful raddled face.

The power gathers in my loins, and exposes me, opens me up, to the huge ocean of power that is non me. The vastness of the extruded, alienated spirit that resides hostile in its exclusion in the metaphysical scholasticism of union thinking.

### October 17, 1959

At home, nude model X lives with us as sort of help. I leave nude pictures that I have taken of her on her bed to show her how I admire her body. Then I fuck her gorgeously on her bed. Wonderful. At office I am doubtful whether to go home immediately after work or to go off looking for girls or nude pictures. In fact stay at office hesitating then go out to get car to go home. Can't find car, can't remember where I parked it. Search. Get more and more worried that I am in fact going to be late home, *guilty* that wife will think I am out with a whore. So I try and telephone her. Can't get through from old fashioned call box so go to beautiful modern post office with stream lined communication system. But even there I can't make it work. So I call superintendent woman in authority to help me.

This call to expert for help shifts whole pattern of dream. Trying to get into touch with wife is now like looking through a sheet of double paper (like what I am trying to write crucial staffing memo on – gymkhana cup and spare bedroom at 52), in which are punched small holes through which a bright light shines and trying to see a pattern in these holes. The expert helping me to do this then becomes a nurse person trying to help me put nappies on baby boy.

My inability to get through to wife and the frustration of not seeing a pattern in these holes then becomes feel of suspicion against expert authority, now doctor and nurse, that they have in some way castrated or prevented the boy getting on and out to his goal by interfering with his penis: they admit they have in some way tied a tight ring of cotton or something round the tip of it, but not made it impossible for him to get out to his goal by castration. This makes me very angry and I say I shall take him away from their care (analyst). At once they are dangerous.

(Supposing the thought of the pain across my mummy's tummy identified itself with the circle of pain on my penis in circumcision...)

**November 6, 1959**

1. With wife and others on a platform, having to conduct a meeting/ceremony. I have to read some lesson/passage from book, King Lear. Wife had given me an early English text. I get the feeling that here I am expected to do this for them, the audience/congregation, and they just sit there utterly passive expecting me to do my bit with no help from them at all. I lose my temper, shout furiously, the authentic Holt at last expressing his utter HATE of father. Wife bursts into tears and faced with that typical post thrombosis behaviour I have to be reasonable at once and control my anger.

2. Trying to get out figures of Saturday night warehouse working. X raising difficulties. Same blind rage as above with them, the union-labour force, who just sit there battering on my intelligence, and I have to look after them in the long run, with not a word of thanks. Rage. Oh my father, how I hate...

**December 24, 1959**

The most immense nightmare I have ever had. It embraces in every minutest detail the whole field of science fiction imagination of the future of the world: the destruction of human personality in its present form as the dominant form of life on the planet, and its replacement by the most horrible mixture of plant/animal and the present artifacts of man (machines). All is there packed into my body into every corner of it, like a filled shop with stores on every shelf, a filled newspaper page – I am entirely filled with it so that no space is left.

This is the only kind of vision of absolute horror and finality that makes *complete* sense of my fantasy falling away of reality. Surely even analyst must see that Christianity has no place in this world. My body is filled in every interstice with the future evolutionary history of mankind, and there is no room left for doubt. The absolute nightmare terror of today's consciousness confronted by the certainty of tomorrow's creatures.

**March 22, 1960**

The most confusing thing, which explains much of my present exhaustion and skin disease, is that in some people, in a part of me, hunger expresses itself as a desire to be ingested yourself, to *be* eaten, rather than to eat. Connected with this vision is the struggle between

two opposed ways of understanding and controlling life: one is by trying to grasp, take a bite of, hold onto, things: the other, to be part of a stream and to try and guide the stream by being part of the stream to the fullest extent.

Wandering in strange fairy tale like forest.

**March 25, 1960**

Both my ultimate tummy worry and anxiety, and the deep greed of sadistic cruelty at the root of so much sex erection lust come together as one in this dream from which I wake shuddering and sex hard: after days and weeks of torture of a man – I am both the man and the unseen torturer, the inflicter of the pain – he is pushed into an even more extreme degree of utter pain and endurance. He is pushed out into a complete desert under burning sun, waterless, to the full horror of exposure to the sun with no refreshment, made to wander without shelter till he/I forgets who he is/I am. In pain at the edge of endurance, the sense of identity is almost gone.

**July 7, 1960**

I get pushed into a pistol duel in drawing room with girl to whom I feel as I felt to elder brother as boy. A lot of people are there, mainly women, and I decline to shoot. The actual climax never comes, but I anticipate it very vividly – the girl's shot, if I am not hit I stand and fire into the floor or ceiling, and I never need feel afraid or subject to her again.

(Thinking this over vaguely in the bath I came to the feeling of treachery, betrayal, of a close friend, almost of betraying a brother, and I suddenly say [?see] that in order of our birth my brothers' and my names spell out JU – DA – S.)

**July 27, 1960**

The time sequence is reversed: so that though we start with the last movement, in working back through 1 to 2 to 3, we are working towards the origin and beginning.

1. I turn to secretary X to confess in a final desperation that it is I who have hurt various girls in and around the office, 'got them into trouble', some with child and some just driven frantic with my interference. All my great sham and pretence is dropped. I expose myself. To begin with X is sympathetic, but when the whole



hugeness of my necessary confession becomes apparent she has to hand me over to the military authorities (I am a soldier). I am put on trial for my life. Asked to defend myself, I the accused say "I realise that in confessing I signed my death warrant". I/he is condemned to death. But 36 hours before dying I am reprieved when

2. An American sergeant (coloured, like Rutledge in the film?) with whom I have been friendly in the past makes a confession from his cell which brings in new evidence, takes me back to an earlier episode, and by putting my crime in a wider context, exonerates me. I watch Kurt Hahn and ?my mother trying to control from 'the heavens' (an upper floor loft like place) the last surviving remains of a new species of life. This species has been almost all destroyed as a threat to mankind, but this remaining core cannot be destroyed. So Hahn is trying to think himself into their minds so that he can control them. If we cannot master them, they will master us.

Up in the heavens all the stars have been destroyed except the planets, sun and moon (those that, seen from the earth, move). This destruction of the stars is related to the destruction of the new form of life, and the surviving planets to the indestructible core. Gradually the new life below us begins to realise that Hahn/we have killed all the stars (a strong overtone here of the 52 shrubbery near back door) and they turn on us in rage. Turning and rushing for safety towards the planets/sun/moon I barely stop short in time to prevent myself running madly into an all but invisible barrier. We are then

3. Like parts of the thawing of a glacier turned into the various parts of a thundering river cataracting down – I imagine pretend fantasy myself out of it into a scene with this American sergeant, in a boat, ending in my seizing, and stripping and brutalising but ?not fucking a girl.

#### August 2, 1960

1. Starts in Moscow. Together with an underground agent I return to England. I say "The trouble with me is that I am..." Girl looks at me incredulously as if she can't believe I am so ignorant about myself, and says "The trouble with you is you have no Oath" (anthropological sense).

2. Travelling in car with parents, Uncle S. Lorry in front rolls over into ditch. Uncle and I get out to help. Groans of trapped driver.

Uncle tells me about keeping lorry in first gear when hand brake on. I go to phone police. Encounter with girl who prevents me phoning, will not put call through. Attractive but I realise her name is Death. She knows nothing about life because she knows only about thinking. It is for her I masturbate.

#### August 4, 1960

Learning to sail on my own.

I have planted the seed of new child. It looks more like the root of a plant, two crocuses. But it is not twins – it is explained to me that only one will live. Even that is problematic because the doctor in delivering the child, which is the same as the moment of planting the root, carelessly touched it against an electric switch or point, which is like the woman's clitoris, and this may have killed it. This is somehow associated with my beginning my division and my death.

#### September 24, 1960

1. The death of a Swedish doctor/lawyer figure in road smash. He had just persuaded me – his wife – to adopt a third child. Talk of my driving over to Bishop Auckland to fetch it. He had just altered his will leaving all he possessed – he was a rich man – to another woman. It is cruelly unjust. Inversely, it is a woman who has died leaving her husband so. And inversely it is my danger of driving too fast without sleep to fetch the child that makes the car smash.

2. Sitting talking to a younger analyst at the head of a loch. I point to and realise for the first time that among three great statues of symbolic figures there are 15 deaths represented – sacrificial deaths of man, woman, child and beast. And I think of behind me over the shoulder of the hill there is the Other statue of Perseus holding up the severed head of Medusa.

The man I talk to encourages me saying that once I have learned to understand – and he mentions in particular the 15 different words for peppermint, chewing a root/leaf – then I shall have power and will come with him on the Floral Dance. I see a young man near him who has done even so, and looking up into my teacher's eyes I see that he has strength and healing on his brows, garlanded, a veritable Pan healing God. The statues are all black, washed with raw rock.

All shot through with *Man on a Donkey*.

**September 28, 1960**

Sexual extravaganza/orgy in two parts.

1. Personal. Every whore or fantasy girl I have ever had rolled into one, visiting, telephoning, excitement before visiting, writhing, she actively enjoying sex longing for it, provoking – penetration on occasions, others not, but never orgasm. A string of their evocative names.

2. General, associated with a pre 1914 (Edwardian) Olympic games at other side of the world, Australia. Every event turns into sexual orgy, every athlete man and woman dedicated to sexual experience and stimulation.

A world feast to the god Priapus with all people dancing and committing their sexual bodies to his worship.

**September 30, 1960**

After many years college friend and I admit to a strong homosexual attraction one for another. The admitting is more difficult for him than for me, but for both of us it represents a great surrender of pretence. But alongside our admittance of the fact to ourselves and each other there goes a fear of *anyone* knowing, and a close caution. So when we begin to plan to see each other alone to enjoy a physical sexual time together, we go to great lengths to avoid discovery.

In the end we never seem actually to do anything together: we don't kiss, or get into bed, or begin to use each other's penises. The end comes in two ways.

First, as a tale of our discovery by the police, and how the police set fire to where they were after heavily doping them, so that the men died in the flames without ever becoming fully conscious of what they were suffering.

Second, we are escaping by saying that it is really too dangerous to practise homosexuality the forces of law being what they are, and that we had better stop our relationship therefore. In this I am being helped by mother in her car to escape from further questioning by the police.

**December 2, 1960**

Elaborately contrived night or weekend without wife to spend night with other girl. Turns into sixsome – 3 men, 3 women. Inconclusive sexually. Ends with me seeing huge spiders running around. One chasing thumb sized Lilliputian figure outside in street garden. I

turn my back in disgust at the intolerable thought of it catching the homunculus.

Then realise that son is in danger from one, caught as it were in web in corner of the room. In my violence to break the web I wake – so shockingly horrible that it *must* be unreal so I wake.

**January 3, 1961**

I leave office to go and look round porn shops, see what is new, haven't been in lately. Get to one sort of between Empire and Warner theatres in Leicester Square where there is an old, closed down tube station. Go in. I am immediately aware of whispering among the men in charge, and one telephones saying "He is here. Come along at once, possibly bringing a priest (catholic) with you". Aware of being an object of special interest I leaf over various magazines. Then the man telephoned arrives (without priest) and they all whisper together.

I then realise that they have on the counter as one of the things to be looked at by customers some of my own hand written porn. Immensely exciting to see it there. They have found out that I am 'one of them'. They talk to me, asking if I will come in with them, lend them my imagination in exchange for sharing their facility to arrive at the *real* porn minded girls. After doubt and hesitation I say firmly: "All right, I'll come in with you, I'll join you". So this is it, the reality at the root of the groin stirring that fills my chest with stupefied excitement and sets my ears roaring.

**January 5, 1961**

During a dream permeated with feeling of the decision being taken at the office, I am offered a nipple to suck, and pull away in disgust. Deep inside enemy territory. Every AA man an enemy in disguise, riddling the communications system of our country.

**January 11, 1961**

I am amazed by the most huge erection that seems to fill my whole body and being with a phallic vastness, and I see many people standing by the vast erect penis as it lies powerful and throbbing and turning among them, like the shaft of a ship's propeller huge and powerful and central down the floor centre of a ship's engine room.

**March 13, 1961**

A great deal of time is taken up by the opening scenes of King Lear, setting the stage for the revelations of Goneril and Regan's hate. It is as if this preparation had been going on for very very long and now at last the turning into all the bloody reality of tragedy were about the begin.

**May 21, 1961**

There has been no actual declaration of war, but nevertheless it has come, and the Russians by exploiting our paralysis of will have pushed almost without knowing it themselves into astonished occupation of some of the UK. They have not reached my wife and I yet, but I leave our house somewhere in the country to go (in 5 minutes, I am already late my brother tells me on the telephone), to a meeting at the House of Commons where Cabinet Minister cousin is going to tell us, the family in its broadest sense, what the position is. How *will* resistance develop? Will there be resistance? When will the planes go overhead? How quickly will the planet be saturated by destruction when once someone decides? Is there some way by which I can kill the children and wife and myself to avoid the horror and pain on their faces in their little uncomprehending eyes as the fallout spreads? But even to give them some painless pill is to do something intolerable to LIFE – yet what alternative is there? With this present presence of death and *racial* as distinct from individual finality (or is it just an underlining of the utterness of death?) is not the body and activities and delights of a whore truly the Hell of Dante when compared to the permanent and inescapable realities of my/our human dilemma.

**June 16, 1961**

1. Analyst's house being rebuilt to give them access from the side in same top floor as themselves, not from below since access is now being refused by those in the flats below.

2. I am shown how swans/geese really enjoy not so much bananas, as the stripping off of their skins. An important distinction is drawn between big bananas and small ones more like French courgettes. I try this new knowledge out, throwing bananas to flock of the birds (overtones of schoolroom at 52 and Daddy's desk). They get hugely excited, fluffed up.

Afraid, I slip out of room, close and lock door. But one swan just knocks down door in his excitement. I wake terrified.

**June 26, 1961**

A search that starts as a search for my personal identity – as expressed in the right job, or in right sexuality with right woman – in London, ends after every possible irreverence to social 'norm' – prostitutes, job changes, adultery, unfaithfulness discussed with wife – on the sea shore among rocks of great age near Abererch.

I am with another man. I have been his guide to this temenos, but now we are there he seems to take the lead.

Great bird foot marks on sand where a large sea bird has been fought to death by another (sky) bird. The deserted huge nest, with other dead young. The corpse of its mate.

Then a gun, a sudden chase armed confrontation gun to gun to chest, with a third man. Is the dead bird victim of the great crime, radioactive leak? Are we at the place of guilt of the whole age? Am I the criminal? He makes some test with living birds' reaction to me, from which I come out well.

**July 6, 1961**

I am seated with others round a table: they include wife, solicitor friend, Observer boss and others, and X from the advertisers. Discussion is directed vaguely but insistently towards my future. X says suddenly: "But how about David's Jungian analysis?"

Wife looks at me to see how I will take this forcing out into the open of my hidden psychological side. Boss hugs himself with delight at this confirmation of all his self explanations that there is something 'wrong' with me. I am exposed, but my reaction under wife's glance is acceptance, an open recognition that this is indeed me.

**August 4, 1961**

Watching some revue show that begins by being funny, ends cruelly serious.

Intelligence clothed in human bodies so that they are indistinguishable from humans come out of certain materials, shiny surfaces in machines, and take over control. To begin with they do a dance, then sort of retire or return whence they come. Then they stay longer, and there is terrifying possibility that they will reduce humans to nothing. At end one of them says in awful power: "No, I/we believe in mind".

It is clear that all 'ordinary human considerations' are as nothing. As he says this, someone has finger on inside of my groin just between penis and thigh. It is as if he is pressing on a pulse, nerve centre, gland at tip ?top of penis in which all sex sensation is.

### August 21, 1961

Wake from dream within a dream (and still sleeping) write down key word APE of dream that has in part been analyst's. Feeling that meaning is that we are not in fact 'descended' from Apes, but from some collateral cousin/brother line. What I really want to discuss with analyst is the source of the fascination of flesh.

(? part of dream or later comment –

Man's body is no longer the crown of creation. It is only the intermediary vessel or passage in the life and death struggle for reconciliation that is going on between God the One and the virus life within the metal.)

### September 5, 1961

Ned to me fearsome – "lest you rage against my heart but touch no further than my lungs".

With two others in empty house. 'Fullness' of the emptiness. My rejection of the apocalyptic in Christian thought, with impatience. So we go down into the Garden. Everywhere in the emptiness is fullness.

### September 8, 1961

Horror – Horror. As I lie now my body is still congealed with horror. The flesh burns, rots, as the radioactive horror creeps over my blood and nerves, my body and my innocent clean children. Horror, horror, horror REAL. Apocalypse is NOW. This is the self willed END NOW. Breathing stops. Congealing of life.

Atomic testing is violent, hourly, tangible. Yugoslavia is in it. China, America explodes them hourly. The air is shaken. A doctor and person of great authority tells us that though he doubts whether we are yet contaminated, it can only be a matter of hours. This is HORROR. My baby's rotting burning flesh. The air is filled with death. Death is above and with us. With the Yugoslavs doing it, 22 nations are affected with each of their explosions.

In some cleansing station two German girls are told to do something – theirs is the guilt, the divided country over whose prostrate criminal body the burning tension of opposites burns to create Death. One hesitates, refuses. The man counts ten.

Now it is life and death for all – he shoots her dead, she falls into a cauldron that is both to clean yet a cauldron of the seething death. She is killed. He is distraught, yet such is the no choice horror of this imminent danger of all. As she dies he leans over her, *insisting* with all his will that she, dead, take her body to the place of disposal, the place of decontamination, and as he speaks and I wake he rolls his own body into the bath to be cleaned, even in the liquid that may already itself be poison.

### September 15, 1961

Driving home at rush hour across some bridge near Camden Town I have a smash when small car in front squeezes me against the wall. We both get out to take details about each other. It takes me an immensely long time to get down all his details, and by the time I have finished we are on a bus some way from the scene of the accident. I begin to go back to the accident but find that as I get closer (by bus) I am running into a wild scene of mob violence, French Revolution picture like, men carrying burning torches. I see a man tied to the front of a train engine then driven hard against a wall so that he is squashed to pulp, amid savage glee of his brutalised murderers.

I realise I am in danger, because if the mob senses that I am 'different' they will set upon me and destroy me. Though it is dangerous, I catch hold of an oily wire rope, like a lift rope, and climb up it, climbing as if to get out of one level to another. At the top where I appear to be emerging onto the level of the earth, just as I am about to heave myself out, there is a sweet faced sexy girl, who tries to push me back, persuade me to go back with her with the promise that down there in the heat amid the blazing torches we will have intense sexual pleasure of one another. I refuse her, and instead catch hold of her to pull her with me up out onto the ground and wake exhausted with the effort.

**October 3, 1961**

1. With wife, gathering together to organise return of sister and college friend from NZ and Australia.
2. Film play lecture on man with huge penis object – half vegetable – growing from centre of forehead, and source of power from generation to generation, which most dangerously attracts his son who is also his proper penis also a cudgel of wood held in one hand.
3. Lectures on new biological discoveries of some extremely small insect, fly, parasite, which seems to show evidence of a breeding/development out of inorganic tar/dirt/dust material – TAR. The Times pamphlet publication on notice board in Covent Garden/Aldwych.

**November 5, 1961**

1. We are at centre of Spain in 19th century war with self, two camps divided against each other, in and through country. Feel like look of Austria in prewar school room map. In Madrid station I am a kind of defeated criminal prisoner on the ground while the people, poor, who are indifferent to the war in which I am imprisoned pass by me, over me.

Lunch: give it first to the soldiers, then the remains for us servants. Have we left enough says elder brother.

2. Central disarming (in Pwllheli?) between the four on Berlin. I am especially aware of Khrushchev and Macmillan. Unsmiling M old, like Dads at end. They drink tea. K says finally "Well, we are going to regularise the situation and if you want to react by fighting I am very sorry because it is quite unnecessary". He looks very reasonable.

M drinks tea out of saucer, replies at length in French. I wait to go and pee, go through their group and say to K that reasonable though he sounds he is false because there is nothing bad about an untidy messy situation to make it necessary to 'regularise' when he sees how strongly people feel about it. But I cannot, because it is as if my wanting to pee breaks up the situation, the polarisation, and I wake slowly with floods of relief.

**November 11, 1961**

A long process of search for identity, police by waterfront in Liverpool, New York. There are two apparently 'simple', ill, men, one whose body is hideously turned into half vegetable. One of them is found by police. Man in charge begins to cross examine him but a junior tells him not to waste his time as he can recognise the symptoms, this man has been so beaten up mentally, neurologically, sexually, physically, that he is no longer of any use in the investigations. For instance, he has been subjected to some quite hideous electric torture, involving somehow the electric rails of trains or trams. But he does manage to say something of huge significance as they find, or follow, half animal trail of his other half: "They – these animals who have destroyed his personality to use it for their own purposes – have given your (the police) car to another".

This fact that the police car has been used by an opposite power to the police is of huge significance and I wake with shock and terror. I associate the revelation with sense of Jacobi's 'coming to meet me' last time over the Heydt/Victor White dream, and I am afraid because if somehow the criminals feel that I am now penetrating their disguise they will turn very dangerous.

**November 25, 1961**

I have gone too far with something. I must start again this time with her help and doing what Napoleon recommended – dead Horse.

**December 4, 1961**

No, an eye is not a circle. It is a straight line drawn round on itself, to make a joining point.

**January 19, 1962**

Man cutting out lettering on expensive glass in West End. Atmosphere of comedy thriller. Is he burglar? No – letters when finished read something about 'Please do not disturb, signed freely and put here at our own request', and they are on the door of a small childrens' lavatory, and the meaning is that in some story in future children will be locked in there unable to get out and no one will help them because of this sign and they will die.

Surely nothing so silly can happen. But it does, some days later. But not quite like that. Like this. Children with mother/nurse maid. "Don't leave Jackie all alone in there", order to other child. "How would you like it? Not old enough". Gets down and out safely. But then goes back into shop. Follow, both the children. Where are these two children? Increasing tension, excitement. Many many people, evil, deathly, in rooms, no interest at all. "Where are those children in the name of the police?" Gone, vanished. I open one door and there in a cupboard is a hideous corpse, no, old person in chain/chair sick to death. Door closed in disingenuous shock by man. "That is a necrophyllic case" – deadly disease of some kind. What can I *do*? How can I break this conspiracy of *silence*?

Then I suddenly realise that I need not be polite to these people. I can shock them, they are concealing a hideous crime, the swallowing up of these children, and their destruction.

### February 13, 1962

1. Two of us men seduce two girls – much discussed first, as if fantasy coming real. My girl has orgasm before me, collapse on my touching her clitoris. Feeling of debauched satiation.
2. Discussing with builder putting in of some kind of automatic pump. Pump control will be fitted in some piece of furniture inherited from mother. Decide against, we don't really need it.
3. Trying to probe, within the dream, into meaning of 'I'. Cross examining maid of a mother as to whether she debauched the daughter. As she realises finally what I am accusing her of, she lies broken on the bedroom floor, with her clothes/flesh falling off her like the flesh from off a golden plum, so that only just her stone is left bare and exposed.

### February 18, 1962

Poor Dutch Protestants who have been suffering quietly under Spanish Catholics gradually decide to play it rough, fight back with their own weapons of violence. They begin to burn and throw grenades into huge stores of food amassed for them – the Dutch – by their oppressors. Equivalent to breaking the dykes. This is the *reverse* of the poor people of Gary Cooper/ground nuts dream. Vast explosions spread patterns of disintegration right across the sky.

The oppressors give food. The stores are for the poor. If the poor destroy the stores, it is they who will suffer. Yet it is the only way in which they can bring pressure to bear on their oppressors. The oppressors cannot let them all starve to death.

They have been well fed to keep them quiet about religious/political issues. As long as they are content to be treated as animals all is peaceful. In terms of the incestuous circle, they are attacking and destroying the breast, setting on fire the great mountains of food stuff, so that they will no longer have the strength to fecundate again: they want to control their own food supply.

(Last two paragraphs seem to be waking commentary.)

### March 5, 1962

Showing a group of children through a house from attic to ground floor, filled with shit shit shit, and abandoned childrens' corpses, as the many times repeated ritual vision of the shadow of America's technological help to the poor of the world.

Now, I do this again, *knowingly*, for the first time – a beginning at last. Not in whole – we get out too quickly. But at least it is a start.

### March 11, 1962

A dream of almost unparalleled physical pain.

It starts in my being marooned in some strange tropical, coloured town. Great danger of being beaten up and killed in street. Finally in desperation I return into almost equally dangerous bar (Alexandria in war) where I have been earlier, and throw myself on mercy of people there, telling them what I am going to do – "do you know about these doctors who help mad people...?" Because they are akin to mad people, this begins to reconcile them to me, because they feel I am on their side, interested in them, prepared to commit myself for them (Farrer's sermon on Lent and what Jesus gave up 'so that he could pray and what he prayed for – us', read night before).

With this beginning of a new attitude on their part – 52 atmosphere as I write – I begin to get in touch as it were with first analyst Irene, she is one of the people there. With new courage I go out into street with someone like two close friends from Balliol, get into a small car and drive around almost deliberately badly in front of (Algerian) police. Arrested. "Oh, if only I had been content to be the passenger, then it wouldn't be I but X who would have been arrested". X is put

to cool off over night in a narrow cell, whence he can see all night a half naked woman wantonly and provocatively exposing herself. How I would like that!

I am taken off by my captor who is now man with whom I am in homosexual relation – the initiation I have never had before. Feeling of acute distaste as his hard penis pushes at my rectum, which I associate with my repulsion with wife's vagina – wet – smell, and the hairs being steel wire or cut glass and the pain I feel from pushing penis in homosexual position, fear of homosex, is at the same time pain of the penis pushing at such wire-glass.

X is of course a deliberate intentional reference back to other occasions I have dreamed of him – first very early dream of Cathedral and later 'Mother within the Godhead' dream.

Now I am with this homosexual position which is associated with being in touch with Irene also with Y as a referee for going to Zürich, and, as if I am with woman analyst of power and authority whom I have never met before.

The real physical pain now starts, when I am subjected to endless sharp knives and cuttings and prickings and sword points. As this intensifies I find myself looking at one of the pain instruments – fork end of the kitchen tongs – and saying to myself: "Now, if I could only see things properly, pray properly, then this pain inflicter would go soft like the petals of a flower". While it grows in intensity, I become aware that my suffering is being discussed by a small group of analysts whose understanding seems to 'include' me – a literal under-standing, what I never had at 52 and so have never been initiated – and that within their understanding I am being made whole by a sort of return to the beginning point of my analysis. The thing which gave me that *painful* stammer, which is now tightening and almost paralysing my right arm so I can't write, the brutal sadism of these coloured foreigners, the sexual sadism of the homosexual who attacks me, the 'understanding of the woman analyst' which seems to entail the sharp prick of a sword into the swollen with poison endlessly inflated huge breast of woman (Samson picture of childhood fantasies) – all these are part of one whole.

### March 15, 1962

The experience of anger.

Some story game in my home. People are mainly me, wife, my mother, all heavy readers.

At climax, children come into darkened drawing room to frighten us really *dangerously*: I tell them not to be silly, deflate their huge fantasy – which is what I once saw\* mother do very successfully – and pack them off downstairs again for a two hour rest.

After this climax fiasco, wife is very angry with me. But then it is mother who in some way is trying to sit, lie on me, hugely and aggressively *heavy*, and I sense suddenly her huge suppressed *anger* behind it, and wake with some shock at the thought that here is a truly vast place and centre of suppressed power, of emotion. Such *power* must explain a lot.

At some state, Mother tells me, warns me, that she has heard that OSSCo are reducing their dividend by one third this May, and next time. This must mean a complete rethinking of my, the rest of the family's, plans.

[\*Was it that Mother deflated my vision of reality, my *making real* as children do in their play, when she returned and recovered and *was again* after the Gambia terrace occasion? Is that my bitter resentment, now projected onto my wife, that she still was, when I had both experienced and created a moment in which I was *without* her?]

### April 2, 1962

1. Fantastic initiation into gambling place of *huge* dimensions, all the horror of brutalised modern city youth. Hundreds of thousands of people, mainly men, but also some women, are taking part every evening. It is a sort of contemporary picture of the Orwellian proles. I am being initiated, shown *how* – there is some sort of radical shadow acceptance here, ?related to X's gambling allusion of March 21. I don't like it: but I am learning how to partake of this experience that is as it were the birthright of city youth.

2. I am having lunch with a *modern* Dean of Liverpool. Does he know my father is dead?

3. Penetrate down deepest pit to reason with young mother who under influence of second girl who can only understand things 'literally', legalistically, is destroying her two children in some

hideous fire death, gloating over their burning flesh. I try to persuade her she *must* confess all.

This is the emotional core and hot heart of the dream.

Because she is totally unable to accept the shadow side of marriage, its destructiveness, its metaphysical collapse as a result of the dissolution of the incestuous marriage between Christ and Church which is the archetype of human marriage, therefore she must destroy her children. She has no understanding, therefore relies on this *literal* minded 'idoltrous' companion of hers to tell her how to react to this uncomprehended situation. This second girl counsels this revolting cooking of the children.

Deep down in this vastly deep hole in the earth – hundreds of feet down – I come upon them by a glass fronted stove, with the children inside heated almost to their destruction. The mother seems a bit distraught and uncertain of what she is doing. I feel the unbearable pain of the tiny bodies. Trying to persuade the mother that she '*must* confess all' means trying to persuade her to pour out to her father confessor how totally destructive is her experience of marriage: her vision that marriage is not one of the essential foundations of society but a centre from which the Spirit of Destruction works its demonic power on men and women as individuals and as members of society.

#### April 4, 1962

Implicated in building a ship (LDH) or treating a sick person, without having any proper knowledge of what I am doing – this is my creative work, never so closely defined before. It is as if I have failed to stand up to Jacobi and say: "No, I shall *not* do something that I haven't got the real practical experience for" (sensation v intuition).

My guilty behaviour when I think I see police car arrive during furtive night open air (Dragon School?) treatment of prostrate body, waked me with the *shock* of what I am doing (this is the seven minute drugging of the child).

This takes me to the frozen heart of my father, to the hidden frightened unavowed centre of my 'work' that is my creativity and my life (and note in fear analyst's very negative appearance).

And these two extraordinary bits, associated with violent physical discomfort, a striving of the *body* to do something to resolve the

impasse, but unable to conceive of the appropriate physical action to resolve the tension.

1. God could only create the world by keeping his right hand in ignorance of what his left was doing, and vice versa. Creation is only possible by separating right and left. If they are brought together, then creation ceases to be.

2. Something to do with two women, a channel, narrow between two banks, and ?church. I have forgotten it – it was culmination of sequence involving trying to get established in digs or furnished house in North Oxford, exposure of some kind of crime plot blackmail. It is as if I had to use my body in some way to compel these two persons to admit something, renounce something.

#### April 6, 1962

Complete failure: public disgrace as I fail through total speech dumbness in my exam to be analytical psychologist, to say some crucial opening words in play, as it were referring in English to Italian attitude to German language psychiatric doctrines. In front of all Secker world (Observer not present), male colleague X much in evidence. My *pretence* is broken.

Afterwards, young (45-ish) forceful Malcolm G type from the past asks my advice on his friend X who wants to put money into small publishing firm I had myself once considered.

At party I hear that Jacobi is late because she has just 'broken through' into a myth she has been needing to discover for some time and is painting hard. I have to tell her of my failure.

#### April 7, 1962

I have been given job by President Kennedy vital to preventing East taking over complete control of West. The East have some secret understanding which if we cannot also 'understand' it, will give them utter power over us. This understanding is not so much Marxism as a deeply mater-ial insight into the fleshly implications of modern mathematical physics. I am chosen for this key job because I am already some way towards such a non intellectual understanding.



**April 8, 1962**

Two women – like child minder Mrs X and my wife – each with one child, more boy than girl. First I am to fuck Mrs X in presence of her child, then I leave her for my wife, also in presence of child. It may be unfair to child to fuck with all its violence in front of her/him, but I want to too much to care. O the blissful comfort of being unfaithful to wife.

**April 11, 1962**

The unloading of a shattering Guilt. Solicitor friend X – the second, the other – turns to a complete *confession* of error, of wrong doing, or responsibility, to David Astor and to whole Observer situation, also Seckers.

This must involve my confession of that which was far worse, which I did *at the beginning*, when I was 21, 22 (beginning of analysis), the deliberate, ruthlessly planned and conceived, *murder* in cold blood of a parson (Rev W, at the beginning of Win Coll) that another might have his job. This is something I must tell to London analyst that I never have, the awful, actual, terrible crime I have never dared to confess, and thus involve him in *actuality*, before it all comes out through X's confession. I tell my wife I must go out to analyst to confess this before the police come for me, and I leave at 10 p.m. (ship, and naval Captain's scorn at father's interference) to unload it all on to him at last.

Then flying overhead to see sea birds over S Atlantic (Darwin and the Beagle, in *his* beginning) in their actuality, Darwin, Erasmus, LDH's woman, the beginning of analysis murder of the 18th and 19th century priest.

Did the murder of the knife-scissors, that old woman's *look*, compel man to create the Origin of Species myth as a huge and vast escape from personal responsibility for ...?

**Second sleeping**

Mood of confession of previous dream repeated with theme of my confessing to homosexuality in a society (Army) that disapproves. Involves as great a humiliation and a facing of Trial, as the confession of murder. Army and US Army fighting Indians. Scene of six people – or 3 people and 3 other things, plants, animals, skewered by a wooden stake, pathetically moving along like some

six sided creature of the sea shore. One of these people was originally transfixed by this stake, then rescued and had it taken out of him but then re-skewered by his rescuers.

This is all connected with the huge confession of homosexuality, and also with a strange bit about man needing to become animal. Picture of a man-horse out of Hollywood epic about Caligula, and someone with taste who would normally disapprove of such 'epic' films, saying it is a moving account of how men in high places had to suffer when the Spirit – the third Person of the Trinity – was being first borne into the world.

**April 15, 1962**

Rude behaviour of grandfather in refusing to tell part of favourite story of reminiscence.

Fantastic dream of first initiation (the early days in navy) into hardships of life of fisher men battling almost as part of the waters against/with the denizens of the deep. The apocalyptic sweep of the dark black waters.

Against this and naval background of bunks and places to stow gear, discovery of padlock/key engraved locker of distraught large nostrilled bird like Sea Swallow Tern woman's/man's face, that seems to have some relevance to long buried corpse padlocked three coffins remains of evidence leading up to conviction for murder.

Three small boys playing on muddy beach. Two alone – o terror, o shiver of ghosts and terror, one sneaks onto me(?) with knife WAS IT LIKE THIS THEN?

and a fantastic o fantastic fantastic here is locked up Feeling scene of a religious service to rehabilitate the wrongly convicted and executed – judicially murdered – person, three of us, I and a woman and a priest, invoking in huge voice with shattering power the Three Persons of the Trinity emerging as our salvation from out of the black waters of oblivion. She, the loving strong nurse mother puts a hand over my mouth, or I over hers, to silence the fantastic claim made in power and still made in spite of the hand over my mouth That I am God. The flashback scene as the boy, the trusted brother, comes in to the foul deed, the kill.

The greed, as I wake, of the woman who drinks too much red wine (communion wine) and presses under my penis (the masturbation of April 10, 1954) "so that she can have exciting dreams". The empty room.

**Second sleeping.**

The will to cease to become, that is the end result when marriage which is the begetting of children which is the perpetuation of the race is made the crown of life (this is what is meant by saying that marriage is the most destructive thing in society. To make marriage the crown of life is the opposite to making death the crown of life).

Such is the meaning of a dream which shows me and my family starting off on a sea voyage to the other side of the world. To begin with there is the violence of a huge storm, and running aground. There is the question whether we may not have to take to the lifeboats. I call up from among the throng of passengers to captain: "Shame", for his utter incompetence.

Then woman, old, tells us about six fake New Zealand (where we are going) £5 notes. Will we surrender any we have? Will we take it more seriously – the voice of command. She photographs me as part of the enquiry – close up almost pushing the camera through my face. Then she pricks me, and I know it is an injection of a drug, and I know she is not merely investigating police but an active power for bad against me. They, she, captain, authority, are going to use us, the passengers, for their ends. But they themselves are not immune to their pricks – tiny surface pricks.

Then see as in a dream the whole ship under the spell of lassitude from this drug – my precious children too, all. What is to be the end? Shall we be saved by the madmen, fools and children?

No, not even that. I see from the blurb of what is now a book about the facts I am *living*, that we all die except two chinese/japanese men, who survive and defeat this drug-got-out-of-hand by learning within themselves through suffering the truth that I have obscurely put at the beginning. Connected with the cannibalism of *Fires on the Plain* (and with Eucharist cannibalism, death, resurrection, X as my Beatrice, the girl who alone bridged the wound, and thus *had* to die so that she could help me from the jenseits (?Jenseits)).

**April 27, 1962**

A dog blowing a whistle, its tongue over top (like clip to attach typewriter ribbon to spool) as a sexual symbol. Only this recognition that I have been deeply evading the sexual issue to penetrate a total fog of maniac failure to understand the dream within which I am embedded like a fossil within a vast strata of geological rock.

**May 6, 1962**

Pencraig – in my teens again.

Nude model X there: in bed with her. She asks me with great passion and need to kiss and suck her breasts. They are lovely, and what is particularly significant is that whereas a young girl's breasts would be so tilted up as to bring the nipple just *above* some edge/line like the fold across a newspaper page, X's are just *below* this line – she is 21. Bending over them to suck, this marginal distinction between above and below the line or fold makes me think of *blind* puppies.

Is a part of the fascination of breasts this feeling of their being *blind* (cp. dark glasses provocation dream), and that the inexhaustible hunger they represent in me from under my tongue into my heart and lungs and stomach, would be resolved when these eyes open and see. Feeling is blind. My need to be 'tasted' by Her.

**May 20, 1962**

I am out alone in a small sailing boat. I see two boats coming in from the open sea, each with the bodies of exhausted or dead men on board: like life boats in the war, drifting in with the survivors from some torpedoed ship (Dads). I go over to them, to try and fix their sails right to catch the wind and bring them to land, where they can perhaps be revived. But strangely, although there is quite a good breeze, none of it seems to touch these stiff, hard, canvas sails. In some way I am walking on the sea which has something of the stiffness of these sails.

**Second sleeping.**

I am at some glorified brothel or call girl establishment, down in West Country, Cornwall. To begin with there is just *one* woman, fantasy type, big breasts. Then I see an elephant excrete, arch its back hugely in the process, so that with his excretion also his hind quarters and back legs fall away and it breaks in half. Then there are a lot of women and girls, much more like those I meet in everyday life. The elephant is 'putting itself together' again.

**May 21, 1962**

There would be no sun if it were not for the dust that catches and holds the light and warmth and power for us.

May 29, 1962

The world is coming to an end. We know that in the vicinity of the Earth is a form of life more powerful than man, and that it is about to take over. We shall all die, as if from a deep sleep, but absence of oxygen. After being terrified of it I begin to feel that it will not be so bad. There will be moments of choking for breath then oblivion: not really anything as unpleasant as choking – the life power in the air we breathe will just fail, and with it man will 'fail' as if the power had been shut off from a host of myriad electric light bulbs. Waiting for the moment of collective ceasing to be the whole world is tense. I begin to feel that if I had been more active I would have gone to meet my father and my son, so that we could have had each other's companionship in a moment that specially involves the life that is passed from fathers to sons.

The end doesn't happen, yet also happens. When it happens, we 'come to' after a period of unconsciousness and realise that it is not oblivion, but something both more dangerous and more interesting. The other form of life has taken over, and certainly would not tolerate us, man, if we tried to regain the position of ruling authority implied in language communication between the members of a species. But if we can learn to live without speech, as the substratum of this other species, as the containers for the new form of life, then we shall continue in a very interesting new form of life.

July 3, 1962

1. With Walder's diagram of the 12th or Genetical aspect of dream interpretation in mind, I see that what is the heart of my neurosis is that when I took something like my soul, or my fate, to be weighed in the balance of the world, the tiny central pin on which the whole balance depended was lost. I have been paralysing myself by taking responsibility for that loss.

2. I comment to an Institute lecturer who knew Jung very well that he did not seem to me to have had much evidence for some hypothesis which he derived from his alchemical studies.

She agrees, saying that in fact the intuition in which the hypothesis is really based came to Jung from reading *The Turn of the Screw* (Mother, Tu es le Diable Chrétien) and Leslie Brooke's *Johnny Crow*. I see how this helps to explain something which I had never understood and I suggest to my analyst that because of my family

insight into the genesis of the Johnny Crow books, I might make these, and their relation to this particular hypothesis of Jung's, the subject of my diploma thesis. (There is some connection between alchemy and Hamlet.)

August 4, 1962

Real terror, Power. The sap rising in a tree is a thing of power and terror.

I am with a close 'other' – my wife or brother or even myself who is not I – in a place that is familiar though I have never been there. We take too familiarly, too casually, the mortal danger that makes our lives so precious, so infinitely valuable.

There is a three level method of controlling the instinct power in mankind. I have in my hand a tiny living creature, kin to the cold blooded creatures of the earth. Through this creature I am in touch with the power and life of the warm blooded creatures of the earth; and through those with a third stage which is both the 'intelligence' of man also at the same time the chemical 'difference' that separates organic from inorganic chemistry. This is what distinguishes I from the terror, the numinous terror, of the non I.

But the touch of the power in my hand as the tiny frog like Thing stirs is frightening me. I let it drop, thinking that I can always recover it. But at the same moment something happens to my companion, my 'other'. It is his/her job to keep in touch with the life within the stars. A life from the stars has touched down onto the earth, and threatens mankind. The life I have let go out of my hand, the tiny, quick, cold, slippery key to the instinct power of all that lives on our planet, is 'loose' at the same moment as the star life that my ka has seen come to earth.

Because we are careless, because my 'other' is without a proper understanding of the process in which we are involved, we do the wrong things, and the two unite.

At least we then understand the danger. We have precisely five minutes to escape before an intelligence plus life power takes over. I leave dressed as I am, only in my night clothes and the open sandals of a small boy. We get into a vehicle (?like my parents' car when I was a small child) to escape.

But in a sense we know already there is no escape.

We take a strong drink to encourage ourselves, but this only serves to make us conscious of the fact that we are already losing our

identity into the impersonal collectivity of this new life: that all our life I have been the preselected bearer of this new life, so that every thing I have ever done, every word I have ever said, every thought I have ever shaped into words, has been a 'choosing' to be one of the few channels through which the star life could flow into the instinct power life of our planet.

Even so does every parent have to choose to die so that a new generation can have I-ness. Perhaps our children may learn to live as 'I' with this joined power of star and instinct: but only if we have first knowingly given our lives for it.

Thinking in words cannot save me.

Because this is the terror, the power, whose movement through the void leaves words behind it as a comparatively unimportant creation: the casual sparks thrown off by a huge and original friction of power against nothing.

This is my work.

### **August 6, 1962**

Starting at the centre, I make an outward spiral. It is broken where I tried to kill my brother, where wife had her stroke, where I am tense with my children, where my speech is affected.

### **September 1, 1962**

People become suspicious of some world wide conspiracy against mankind as a result of certain poisonings associated with a market garden.

I and others are committed to the search, to uncover the hidden reasons, causes.

Finally I confront a dangerous elderly man (like my mother's father) who is involved in organising this conspiracy, this poisoning. We fight with our bare hands – his fingernails in particular are dangerous as they are sharp and under them is the sediment of poison. He could tear the palms of my hands as we struggle. I seize his hand and take a tiny bite out of it to eat. It is a huge effort and one way to overcome him. Having taken one such bite, it is easier to take another and another, bigger bites – taking his strength into me thus I am overcoming him. This is my mother's animus.

(Anger – cp on waking to emotions after talk with SAP leaders at IAAP conference.)

### **September 27, 1962**

Virgin young man who has always 'kept himself clean from sex' falls for and is seduced by dark skinned latin girl working in restaurant where he has his meals, alone. Sleeps with her outdoors in a sort of hammock with many other poor people sleeping around. Boy cleverly, and with a new *man's* intelligence, conceals himself from the girl's landlady.

I meet an American film actress, a woman of a kind of intelligence I have never known before: shrewd, earthy, quicksilver. She is attracted by and interested in me because I belong to a world so 'outside' her own, that from my world one can see all round her world. Similarly, I am attracted by her.

Out of the tension of this mutual attraction develops a vision into the founding realities of a world, a vision of battles and conquests like those in which El Cid helped create Spain. As if many thousands of men have to die, and their blood soak into the earth, before a 'country' can be born. I am shown the inner working by which these deaths were 'allowed' – an intelligence, which is my boy intelligence pitted against my all powerful parents, tricks the parents into allowing the sacrifice of 'one hundred of the king's sons', and then at another time 'one thousand of the queen's sons' and so on: this trick involves separating with a clean so sharp knife the discriminating thrust of sexuality from all feeling whatsoever. In this sense the country is founded on the 'keeping separate' of the power of sex that pushes into tomorrow, the power that forces today to become tomorrow, from all feeling altogether.

Wake weak with physical longing to surrender to homosexual ecstasy my body to a man – mother's animus? – and anger and resentment against the two SAP leaders.

### **September 28, 1962**

My first analyst Irene is playing an active part on the Curatorium. She comes to see us at our house – it is like showing my home to my mother should be, if it were not for all the things that make it impossible for me to talk to my mother. Irene tells me how important it is for men like myself to be 'brought out of their isolation'. She gives as an example a Japanese/Korean who is analysing with her, and has developed strongly since she introduced him to a girl of 19-20 who is now living with him.

This reminds me of a dream I had 'through Irene' that involves her as much as me: a dream of a murder in an ordinary, plain, north of England family. The secret to understanding it lies in realising that not *one* person, but the *relationship between two persons*, was responsible for the murder. But my hour with Irene is almost finished: what I really want to ask her is if she knows anyone who will come and talk German to me for two or three hours a week. Surely Irene can help, for whom language is no barrier?

I ask her: she goes upstairs to look in her coat pocket for an address. Home is now in London. Children come down to greet us. Irene is now youth looking through age, one breast bare, an extraordinary vision of the loveliness of a woman's youth and age combined.

#### **November 10, 1962**

Huge panic, which is also a huge power of sexual erection, as the world splits into two, both ways, destroys utterly all we know.

#### **December 2, 1962**

Going about complicated labour of tidying up financial affairs on death of my father – all seems to be going well.

But at same time on deeper level, back in navy, father world. No one seems to like me. Comrades look at me with the almost crazy dislike of a madman. I feel air of heavy suspicion. Finally, explosion, three of them running at me together, including my younger brother who is also a part of my wife, and he of all men, my brother, has something in his hand, some sharp pointed thing, he is going to put my eyes out – oh, I wake in abominable physical shock. How they *hate* me – so this is the reality of the shadow I project and will not look at.

#### **December 27, 1962**

I am trying to find my way back to 'home' – which is where my mother lives. I am in the car, alone, near Pencreig. I know the house ought to be somewhere near, but somehow it is all quite wrong. Then I try hard to picture where she now lives. There is a sudden break or jump, and I see mother's house: between the two houses is a total difference. It is as if I have for the first time seen a schizophrenic division in myself.

#### **December 31, 1962**

I have a priceless eastern porcelain or china figure, of some eastern God or Goddess, an hermaphrodite figure. I have this partly because I am my father's son, and have inherited it from wealth founded on trade with the Far East: he brought it back with him from China in 1906; and partly because I am studying at the Jung Institute, and therefore have access to Jung's insights into the meaning of eastern symbols.

I am very proud of, and pleased with, this possession. But now I see that it is not 'dead', inanimate, and therefore merely aesthetically beautiful. It is in a sense alive: it eats, needs to be fed, and is also made of some sweet substance such that children like to eat. It is therefore something which both eats and is eaten.

This discovery is disgusting and disquieting.

#### **January 5, 1963**

I am trying to 'wish' something terrible, like murder or rape, to happen to my daughter so that I can at last feel and express an anger and misery which will also be expected of me by society.

#### **January 16, 1963**

I am involved in a process of unravelling the knot of responsibility for some crime, some 'bad thing done' in the past.

A man has deliberately confused the pattern so that instead of responsibility there is guilt. But then it is suddenly at quite a different level. A family, or rather a mother and children, 3 or 4 or 5, is watching a fantastic and dangerous fight between three animals, an elephant, a rhinoceros, and a sort of cross between elephant and hippopotamus. This mixed animal is pink, and as such it is sacred, very rare, unique member of the species. The fight is terrible, disgusting. I am deeply afraid.

#### **February 4, 1963**

I have been persuaded to take part in a great deceit, to persuade the world of a reincarnation of Christ. To this end, we will steal a corpse from a poor person's funeral, cut off the head, hang either the head alone, or trunk alone, in a fire, in an out of the way boiler room or some such place in a Cathedral, so that it is 'discovered' there to support our claim, that He is Risen or has lived again.

All goes as arranged. The cathedral is in a large modern city. The hanging the corpse, and the starting of the fire so that it will be unrecognisable, goes well: it is a peculiarly revolting task (Question of Taste – the hidden horror in the empty room). Outside in the city a huge war is going on, and as the outward sign of this inner fraud: German, Russian, Chinese troops, exploding and killing. As arranged I break into the Cathedral to 'discover' the planted evidence of Christ's reappearance (which is also the Church's eternal *cheat* that he is Risen).

As I approach the place, I see people coming towards me with looks of horror at what I have done. I begin to 'act'. But then it is all new. There is a mother *bear*, and young one. To begin with I am afraid. Then realise here is 'evidence' I need of a miracle: the young bear is playful, unafraid. So I overcome my fear of its mother, to make out that now animals are not afraid or frightening, because of Christ's reappearance.

But then hunter comes. I see him strike bear with knife in neck. Now bear will again be deathly. In a sense, I am struck down. Bear comes after me: we must fight to death. (This is the payment, the atonement, for what I did in stealing, burning that corpse.)

I see the blood shot face of old man looking down on me. How can I resist his intention to kill? Blood is pounding in all my arteries. Then – almost as two opposed old men – in the moment that he sees my arteries/veins flood with vivid *blue* in the death of a sudden stroke, does his likewise flood congested vivid *red* in death, and I wake exhausted, in horror of this twin death.

### February 26, 1963

Wife has killed someone in Amsterdam. My father finds her out, becomes therefore dangerous. We take him for drive into local town like Pwllheli at 8.0 pm – to go to evening cinema. At the town we park, and wife kills him stabbing him with a knife again and again in his stomach.

Then we both leave the car, each going separate ways for evening, to meet again at the car at midnight. I get back to the car about 11.40, but find the car gone. The police must have discovered it. I wonder how I can find my wife so that we can agree on a 'story', that will prove our innocence.

Then I suddenly realise that if I give wife up to the police as the murderer, it is the answer to all my problems. I will be rid of her, the millstone round my neck. And if she tries to say it was me, I'll denounce her also for the other murder in Amsterdam which will prove that she is the murderer not I, as I was never in Amsterdam.

I am hugely excited at the thought of the coming freedom. I am climbing up a steep slope, to get to the police. Then by my path is an abandoned car, with a sort of broken gramophone mounted in back, and sounds as of a man groaning, needing help. I don't want to stop in case it hinders me in getting to the police and getting rid of wife – yet to leave another human being in distress is something terrible. I wake with the indecision.

### March 12, 1963

A number of us are in a flat bottomed shallow boat, made of metal and a little wood.

Suddenly this is dropped an immense distance and very hard. As we fall we expect to be killed, but in fact we are merely turned round, frightened and shaken.

There is a huge rock which is both

(i) a vastly enlarged *flint*, such as used by stone age men for cutting, sharpening, a primitive stone knife

(ii) a *fault* in the rock, showing where in the distant past two continents moved against each other, slipping – a psychotic 'break'.

### March 29, 1963

Preparing to watch performance of King Lear. First we seem to meet at great party. It gets later and later. Then I realise we shall be seated as for a banquet while play is performed. I don't like this. Anita Ekberg is to play one of Goneril or Regan.

I experience Goneril and Regan almost entirely *through* my mother. Also trying to get me to sit at dinner through Lear is like trying to get me to walk on the half lake still frozen – I won't have it.

**May 12, 1963**

All night festival or party. We have a 'rehearsal'. Hours long fuck of girl like X - Y. It is also my son I am fucking. No orgasm.

Talk of prince v king. I remind someone that in early days of two party government in England, the Prince headed anti court party. Hence in father son polarity we see beginning of representative government splitting of powers: associated by Ehrenfels with matrilineal system.

Now preparing for 'the night' of the real festival.

Expect huge sexual commitment. Give Ann-Jackie-Jenny-Jean girl to understand that I am coming to 'serve' her (fuck her like horse) all night. She is delighted. But my car?/ear has been disturbed.

**October 2, 1963**

Have already made contact with the sick man-son in a family group. Now the first contact with the parents, who want to keep him sick so that their own illness can remain unconscious, projected on to him.

This first confrontation with the parents polarises a huge and dangerous new power. I feel that they may, behind my back in direct contact with their son, destroy the work I have already done to give him confidence, to heal him. So I take the risk of appealing to him direct, of appealing direct to his new consciousness of his illness. I call out to him from downstairs, he is upstairs, to say:

"Is it not right that you know you are ill, and that next Thursday you are going to talk to a nervous mental disease doctor?" He agrees.

This open mentioning of nervous mental disease is the key confession/challenge: it is the terror of my father at last brought out into open (= thought since return from Köln that I am being in some way destroyed by living with wife).

As a result, I am aware that parents - especially mother - may now try to scare son back over the edge of society. I am lying in his bedroom to protect him as he sleeps. If I get up now and go out onto landing, I shall confront her coming to drive him mad, and will finally be face to face with the destruction and evil intent in the mother. Wake in high tension.

**October 16, 1963**

Driving car: windscreen shows signs of being about to go all opaque as when glass smashes.

At party: many people, women unEnglish, good contact. There is a story which is somehow my story of a boy being sent to climb a tree by his father, and in the tree he looks down into a raven's nest and the raven burns out his eyes with beak that is hot like sun.

**October 29, 1963**

Here and there the same.

This is the nightmare anxiety behind everything. This explains successful disappearance of ?, and endless loss of money/memory out of our control.

American-Swiss physicist asks me, shortly after launch of new space rocket:

"Well, do you think now that Dr...(the man in the rocket) has now safely reached Columbia major - (some constellation)?"

I answer: "I dare not even think of it, least any thought of mine alter it, affect it".

He says: "Nonsense, there can be no connection between your thoughts and the very complicated calculations that have put him on his flight".

"Really? really? -", then I wake in sheer shattered relief.

**November 28, 1963**

In house like ?, big, country. All my family are there, sister, wife, Mother, my children. Also sister and another girl when much younger. I am in their room: sex play of some kind. Anxiety associated with being found out either by wife or Mother or to less extent my children.

In sister's bedroom I unwrap beautiful child's toy gold crown, which is Christmas present also peak of sexual excitement play. She is now too tired for full sex, wants my penis between her thighs. This crown I have also unwrapped in my children's room, then run along corridor to sister's room to give it to her with kiss, as part of sex play very intense, telling her I'll leave it with her, as it will help to explain to children next morning why I have been in her room.

I am here close to a deep forgotten root of my sexual fantasies.

As I leave the room, front door rings. My children come running upstairs, they have put the light on, daughter saying:

"Oh Daddy, you frightened us", they had seen me go out of our room with crown, followed me, thought I had gone downstairs as would not have suspected I had gone into sister's room, put on lights and rung front door bell game.

I take them back to our room, saying we'll leave lights on downstairs, because I don't want to leave them downstairs and turn off the lights in case they cry and wake my Mother to the 'goings on'.

### November 30, 1963

Scene at Dover in 1940, under German bombardment.

A four funnelled ship is sunk, someone points out to me through a telescope how young officers on the bridge are controlling the attempt to rush off the ship by shooting those who are out of control. These officers will themselves go down with the ship. They are acting purely 'for the rightness of the moment', with no thought of the future.

Our present, my present, is built on countless such acceptances of death as part of the necessary pattern of the then present moment. Their attitude to life is the reverse of mine which seeks to see a meaning in a developing and continuing line.

### December 17, 1963

Climbing Rivals with sister. We give up at 4.30, knowing it'll be six before we are at the top, and dark. Back across farm yard, through home of performer. Run to avoid a dog usually there.

Seeing William Golding's *Free Fall*, or other book. Someone is trying to poison, kill, someone else. Suddenly I realise that they could be trying to pin it on me. The thought that there might be *another*, who is trying to make *me* the guilty one, wakes me with violent shock.

The thought that there is 'another', who is trying to pin it on me is somehow involved with argument with wife of previous evening, talk of the totally unknown in her that must somehow be enabled to live, that odd episode/feeling after she said she had been prepared to divorce me.

At Institute, lecture by ?von Franz about psyche body relationship under conditions of great stress. It is last hour of term and at last I can *express* doubts I have felt growing, take a personal stand against

the collective agreement. She has been saying that in such conditions of extreme stress to survive the human being must believe totally in what he stands for.

I say: "But surely there are well attested examples of men under great stress who have survived without believing that they are pure white and their enemies black". Then I quote Nansen's book – my voice is almost broken with emotion as I speak, I am speaking slowly at a level at which I do not stutter

Scene in fjord harbour as Nansen's daughter brings her father's yacht back. She gets off onto rock. Some other men catch boat and moor it. I am now her. Look out over sea. Time to climb up over rock.

### February 20, 1964

The bitter humiliation of asking for a divorce.

Have been on family holiday in Wales. Returning to Zurich. Stop for night at parents' house on Welsh border – young and active mother and father (40), sister and perhaps one of my brothers are there. Many servants, grand house. I have slept well, but other members of family have slept in their clothes downstairs as in wartime emergency ready to help with wife who is ill. Particularly impressive is active, helping attitude of young father.

It is now breakfast time. I cannot go on covering up for wife any more. It is obvious to all that she is sick, mad. In dining room she talks to butler as if she is quite verrückt. I go into drawing room (?54) and say with my voice broken with tears: "We'll have to send for the doctor and have him give her an injection. She is unmanageable. But I must get the children back to Switzerland up to Kinderheim so we can have time to think out what to do about S".

I ask au pair if I can rely on her, and she says Yes. I ask sister to check on planes from London to Zurich.

Mother says apropos wife, that she has talked to the old family GP, and he says it is obviously caused by the long term effects of injections she has been having for years – it is something organic, a sickness having nothing to do with her mind. I feel how this practical wisdom of the GP makes nonsense of all the Zurich intention to see a 'purpose' in illness.



**March 4, 1964**

1. I am with a group trying to live between man and animal. We are trying to insist, prove, pretend that there is a middle way, instead of having to choose which to be. We have also agreed not to have any kind of arms, in case we use them on man or animals. If we were to do that, they could so easily destroy us. We are looking for, needing, a person to come to us who will 'seed' our 'preparedness to be between man and animal', like a crystal one drops into a retort in the chemical process of crystallisation, who will constellate the new thing, get our movement going from a state of potentiality to actuality. Someone suitable seems to arrive.

I have found a very sharp sickle, that Zeus used to castrate his father with. I hide it up to its hilt, so that it is ready if I need it. I am prepared to break the ruling against having weapons.

2. Meeting publisher X, homosexual blackmail picture. US Navy. A huge carrier comes in to the Friendly Islands (in Pacific), populated by the descendants of the crew of some English ship which was wrecked there in 18th century. They are seeking to be Christ, but also have 'lost all direction', are mad, reduced to the level of beasts, feeling us with their terrifying, inquisitive hands. Then we - the crew, not the officers - are shut down below with these people for three hours. It is awful. A girl woman is responsible: if she can do that to me, then I cannot marry her.

Then even worse horror: other 'men', normal like us from the ship, begin to be tricked down into this cage of horror, by drunken party above. The girl working the lift to bring them down on orders from above is rather like X from the Institute (?also wife). The men above, officers our hosts, are playing some awful game with us.

**March 24, 1964**

On US Indian border, when Indians still posed a real threat. Various hostile engagements, feeling that Indians are working up to a major 'trap' - money flows in ransom from white to Indian (Kreuzlingen fees). Desire to masturbate is wish to save girl from this White-Red division threat.

**March 29, 1964**

I am going down a river. Start by stealing a boat, or rather taking it without telling anyone, intending to return it. It is like a blue Citroen car, goes down stream very fast. At the next hotel I stop, leave the boat and go into the house to try and find someone to rent me a boat properly, instead of having to 'steal' one. But I have forgotten to tie up the first boat properly - it has drifted away down stream. Can I ever get it back again, and if not, need I admit myself as the thief, won't the owner just think that it drifted off because *he* had not tied it up properly?

There is a great to do trying to find someone in this hotel. Finally I get down into a sort of basement room. There there is a man and boy: with them I squeeze through a hole or valve in the wall. This brings me to the top of some steps running down to the sea. There on the mud is the remains of a wrecked boat, with in it the crew. They make no effort to come up. I go down to them. It is terrible, this utter passivity of theirs. There is a boyish girl, a bit like X or Y, who is the only one of them with any life, any interest to speak. She tells of fire, fire, of the fire extinguishers not working, of the water sprinklers going peep, peep: and of madness, madness, not wanting to live, the love with the strange woman called death. I catch the excitement from her, it has a sort of frenzied sexuality to it, decaying vegetable life, the dream of the 18th century madness, the ship at two levels: I *married* my wife, is not my role to stay with her in her madness?

We get into a motor boat. I realise that I do not know how to work it. Ask man to show me. Then decide not to risk it, too inexperienced, have already lost one boat.

**May 4, 1964**

A young woman is in hospital. In her room is a nurse, responsible for looking after her properly. Her man, husband or brother, comes in. He is evil. He seeks to persuade the nurse that he really knows what is best for his wife - an injection of something from a plant named Edge or Hedge or Ledge.

Gradually he begins to undermine the nurse's professional position: the wife looks on helpless and terrified from her bed. Once he had persuaded the nurse to trust him, then he can use her helpless position to kill her. I wake with a fright as the man repeats three times with great emphasis the name if this drug: edge, edge, edge.

**May 10, 1964**

On ship. A Wednesday. feeling of great tension in stokers' quarters. I hear tough, responsible leader of stokers saying to RPO's that he thinks they should keep out of the way and give them something of a free hand this evening, since if they are kept under too rigid a control there is danger of an explosion. RPO's had already decided to do so. Talking to elder brother about beating fantasies. He tells me these are nothing strange to him: in his time at sea, school, he's had practically all the corporal punishment one can have: and he shows me one kind of being tied to a board and then bent over it. Making contact with a kind of schizoid matter of factness.

**May 16, 1964**

I am writing my thesis: this involves learning by heart the part of Richard II or of the Prince in Henry IV. In order to do this, I am in communication with Professor Willey, instead of the solicitor, about uncle's death.

Then I am in bed, as a sort of maid servant, in the house of uncle who has recently died. There was something strange and suspicious about his death. Then I am woken by him, or someone else, coming into my room to tell me that they have discovered the reason for his death. His fingers and hands hidden in his pockets were found to be heavily stained with a chemical for removing ink: he had been trying to eradicate the words written in ink inside a German detective novel: these words somehow revealed his guilt.

Then it is as if I am listening to a conversation between two others. I lie rigid in bed, rigid with fear, unable to speak, dumb with my stutter: then very quietly, as a whisper, and in German, because in English I could not get the words out, I just begin saying over and over again: *Lüge, Lüge, Lüge*.....The other two people hear it. I am saying that it is all lies what they are daring to say about uncle, and I am terrified by the thought of how they will react. How angry will they be? What will they now do to me?

Then it is as if I am *agreeing* with uncle (who is somehow still alive), agreeing that what has been discovered is that he has been lying.

This means I am saying two opposing things: that it is lies that he has committed some crime, and also that he has been lying to cover up his guilt.

I wake, within the dream, whispering in the dark room, against the huge weight of my stammer, the sentence: "Ja, ja, Mr Jacks, es war so, es war so. Es war Zeus, es war Lüge, Lüge, Lüge, Lüge".

**May 31, 1964**

Flight from some situation involving X, with two others, in Rolls, I driving.

Down road in direction of childhood family GP's house. Coming there for security.

Abandon car that goes ever slower – hide in ditch.

People and dog come out. They don't yet realise that a man (father) is dead.

Wake in terror as the au pair's car comes home, mouth throat stretched in speech dumbness.

**July 31, 1964**

I have been asked to be Lord Mayor of Liverpool. Arriving at induction ceremony I realise that for this, the most important occasion in my life for 'following in the steps of my father', I have not thought of one word to say in my speech. This unpreparedness saps my determination to continue – I slip out of the situation and the role.

This is somehow related to a situation in which I am using my position of ?authority to steal. Mother is there and she expresses a hope that these things are being *lost*, not *stolen*. To avoid upsetting her, I concur.

Wake very tense, realising that here I had had a chance at last to be honest with the mother, and I had missed it.

**August 31, 1964**

Sequence which ends with 4 rope snakes coiled and sitting on their coils. Wake with fear – thought of wife as mad, and me *having* to commit her again.

Begins with my noticing car accident, stop to help. 3 other men gradually collect. I won't drive. Another one does. Exults "My first real car". I sit at back, lean forward and press out my cigarette onto his bare neck.

Then he gets violent. We stop car by force. Bind him, but at end it is just suddenly pointless. I am somehow terrified that they could do the same to me, the other three: rather than face such bindings, *me as mad*, restricted, I force myself to wake.

**October 10, 1964**

Various people are plotting together to end the world through a series of atomic explosions. News of their plot begins to leak out: the first evidence is a murder of one of their number by one of his fellow plotters.

We – 10 to 12 people – begin to smell danger. Dream shows various short scenes of us, separately, confronting situations of unexplained crisis. Then we all by chance come together on street corner, 4 or 5 pairs of us, and ask: "What is all this about?"

There is also a criminal figure attached to the plotters, but not knowing about the atomic destruction plan, who is working to amass a huge fortune through criminal speculations in various currencies. He gets a smell of something terrible wrong when he finds his credit with the banks drastically reduced: 'the banks' have scented trouble, and reacted by stopping all credit. Without credit this man's whole financial position collapses.

**October 20, 1964**

Investigation and dance going on all night. There is dark pretty girl, temperament like X at last evening seminar, but younger. In her presence I have clash with Y, tell him to his face I cannot bear him, he is a shit, attacking me homosexually: I ask her afterwards, if I did right, she says, laughingly, but impressed with my explosion: "No". (She means what I said was in vain, no way to have an effect on him.) I tell him to come round the corner so I can kiss her. I am being unfaithful to X. I shall ask this dark girl, ?nurse, out to a meal, she has some powerful quality for me that X has not.

Then we meet young psychotic(?) girl who could be of decisive help to us in our search. She has *seen* the act, but won't talk, is too shocked. I hold her strongly by the arm, talk directly to her: everyone else has tried softness. I tell her I've been up all night on the search (actually I've been up all night dancing): she is pretty, but a blocked, almost paranoid look in her eyes.

Go upstairs. On stairs meet young (5 to 6) Victorian girl who greets me with some reference to fact that I know her grandmother Harriet Martineau: I thank her, it is the nicest compliment I've had today, and kiss her.

Then on landing, the psychotic girl pushes against a cupboard. Door flies open. It is either in bathroom, or in woman's/mother's

bedroom. I realise this is as it were a re-enactment of what so 'shocked' her. Will this chance reawaken her memory?

No: her face is a blank terror of refusal to remember, and I too force myself to *break, cut*, the train of association, because I am too afraid of the horror that would come if she/I saw IT again.

Wake trembling: with association of experience M had told us yesterday with woman analysand, optical illusion of seeing her as tiny, like through wrong end of telescope, her two minutes, not answering the question: And how about your mother?, and I had said: "She will have seen you suddenly *huge* then, as Mother".

**December 4, 1964**

The whole of this dream was in some way a fight for ownership of my body.

There are a group of us, various nationalities, touring in a foreign country, working to establish a new identity for ourselves. Feeling of how I have become much more at home in Zurich through knowing E, who is also a foreigner here. But we are threatened by a Fremdenpolizei man, who is French, and who challenges our right to stay here: this also challenges our new identity. But then a man in our group tells this Frenchman that we are working to try and persuade some Italian film producer with a name like Feltrinelli to move to Paris. This satisfies the Frenchman, who now joins our group instead of threatening it from outside. Scattered among the group, linking them together, are television magazines about pornography: it is as if my most private fantasies have become public: feeling of relief.

**December 8, 1964**

One of those hateful navy dreams. Haunted by the o so familiar feeling of ....?

I am back on board ship. It is however present time. Various scenes: we are having lessons in mathematics needed for navigation. Also standing round with a group of other men, some from Institute, boy from my school age 10 to 13, also man at university who read geography what was his name?, mixed with elder brother as small boy. They are standing round me admiringly, as I talk about something, and I say as if to shrug off their admiration: "But this ship is so much cleverer than that in which I was on before (in the war)".

At stern of ship: come across horses. Grooms have hung heavy blankets in front of them to keep off wind and water. Association with uncle S in first world war. In place where we sleep, difficulty in finding anywhere to put my clothes. Find boy/man sleeping with another in my bunk. They leave it to me.

Then final scene which wakes me: daughter running down an alleyway screaming: "Someone has made an awful mess of my dressing room", with which I associate the mess in my bunk made by these two men sleeping with each other. The feeling is as if her 'dressing room' was the small central place that she had made her own, and now someone has interfered and messed it up so that she has no place of her own left. The feeling is as in the prison dream: this messing up of her dressing room is what I was afraid would happen if I allowed wife to get at her.

As I hear her scream I am in doubt as to whether to hurry to her to comfort her. But I feel: "No, that is how the world is. She must find out for herself that we have nowhere except our bodies which we can call our own".

It is as if I wake myself deliberately and consciously because I am fed up with this hateful navy atmosphere of pretence.

### **January 1, 1965**

Night after son started chicken pox.

In a flat with the X's, son ill. I very anxious, relying a lot on BX for feminine-mother support with anxiety about child. The flat is in some sense shared between us - Xs and Holts. Not alone - a lot of people invited in.

Then son under bed clothes, a small baby, with my sweater that I've been wearing in bed while having flu, wrapped round his face. I manage to get it off before he smothers. Then he is even smaller, and B has got him wrapped up like a tiny digit (penis associations) under an arc lamp, being kept alive in the artificial exact right temperature. The lamp is smoking, black smoke. I shout at B angrily, rush to get it away from him. She is also angry, it is only the lamp and would not have affected him (Isis story - burning a child to give it immortality).

B at another time pushing me against cupboard, inserting her knee between my thighs, in very raffiniert, sexy, caress.

(Waking feeling of small son baby as object, of being again myself as tiny against the breast which is object, but living insofar as I can

project myself into it, swallow it whole into me. All the Kleinian stuff - deeply exciting sexually.)

Later in dream: I have itching on my buttock. Scratch. I have son's disease. And as I then shake/move my hip, watery fluid jets out of each little hole I have scratched, like milk from breast in that famous Renaissance picture.

### **January 5, 1965**

Atmosphere of almost pre-sexual divide sexuality between boy and girl.

Myself and sister undressing. She has spot on throat/breast, centre. Chicken pox. Also atmosphere of Althea and shepherd boy at beginning of Noel Langley's *Cage me a Peacock*. These two in Spain, in power of some higher force, going towards some rendezvous. Also like going towards ice wall barrier of Antarctic. It is warm now, but will be bitterly cold. Those who have already been to 'the pole' have something special about them - (Mother's tummy: the Scott expedition). Someone tells us that to reach the rendezvous the sort of submarine shaped ship in which we are will have to rise up a height equal to the diameter of the Moon, and that is 17 to 18 thousand feet. How cold it will be, and how difficult to breathe.

### **January 11, 1965**

In south west Norway, around Christmas, New Year.

Have been sent there for a purpose. Part of the purpose is to investigate murder of my brother. The man in charge of the investigation seems to be getting uncomfortably close to me. He is great friend of mine. In order to safeguard myself, I say to him how I feel threatened by the investigation: how it makes me wonder if, although to my knowledge I have never had a psychotic episode, perhaps I have, and forgotten it: and that in such a psychotic episode I could have killed my brother.

He reassures me, and I am safe. But nevertheless I know that it *was* I who killed the brother.

**January 17, 1965**

We are engaged in tracking down a criminal. Every 'lead' seems to break off just when we are getting near the wanted man. Then the person in charge of the investigation is standing with others in a court room, talking, but also watching to see if he can intercept signals being made among others present – signals which would be the 'hidden' language which is holding together those forces which are again and again successfully blocking the investigation. Suddenly the chief investigator identifies a tall distinguished man, about 50, sitting with other officials in an enclosure like a box in theatre. This man is himself a policeman of high rank. The investigator points at him, says he must speak to him in his office.

Witness is now dressed in exotic uniform, rich yellow frock coat from some sort of silk brocade, much gold braid. The uniform underlines fact that he is himself a high official of the powers responsible for the investigation. We go towards the investigator's office: I have the witness by the arm, he makes as if to get away. The investigator tells him that if he makes an attempt he will be handcuffed, and calls up additional three police to come behind us. We go through court room, up winding stairs as if into church balcony. Rounding the stair at the top I tense, feeling danger. I feel my grip on his arm tighten (but it is also as if a grip is tightening on my own arm: this feeling is so vivid that it persists for some time after waking). At the top of the stairs are two figures lying, as if asleep or dead. They are clothed in brilliant shining silver clothes. I sense a trap, see someone signalling with morse lamp as in navy, then these two silver figures uncurl themselves, flash up two silver swords as if they were huge silver birds and the swords are their silver beaks, and bury them in one movement of devastating swiftness and sureness right through the bodies of the witness and of the man holding him (who is now not me: I am standing immediately behind, watching). Sickening feeling of yet another possible line of evidence destroyed. The two silver figures are bowed, crumpled, as if they were two giant birds who had plunged their beaks into their own breasts to kill themselves. It is the man holding the witness who has 'betrayed' the investigating authorities to the powers frustrating the enquiry, and thus made possible this ambush. I wake rigid with shock and fear.

**January 20, 1965**

I am with daughter, London analyst and his wife, in London. Feeling of anxiety associated with seeing daughter back to school, and all the essentially woman's problems about her clothes, hair, etc., which I do not understand and yet still seem to have to look after.

Then I notice that she has a penis. It is like a baby's erect penis, but much longer, with a bend in it, no testicles, just the penis. She doesn't seem to notice at all. I am horrified: she is some kind of monster. I ask analyst about it: what to do? He says: "Don't say anything to draw her attention to it".

He seems to be of the opinion it will go of its own, with her growing older. I am terrified that she could notice, and thereby get feeling that she is different from all other little children, in that she is neither a proper girl nor boy. But there is also a feeling that if the matron and authorities at school have not noticed anything, then perhaps it is only my imagination. I must ask analyst to look at her, if we can manage it so that she does not realise that she is being examined.

**February 6, 1965**

Three of us analysing a woman. I get increasing feeling that it is ridiculous and a cheat to pretend this is the way to analyse – there is no personal confrontation. I break off. Expressing my true feelings and walking out is like expressing my true feelings about Institute and about Jungian psychology. It is also an expression of my true feelings about X, which is like attacking my father – I am afraid to attack him lest he crumble into nothing.

**February 26, 1965**

Aged about 14. Picked up by police in Liverpool, just below St Luke's church, for minor parking offence. Taken to police station – feel that policeman, plus a friend, is going to make a homosexual attack on me.

How terrifying if through my analyst I was to dream of father making some kind of sexual advance on me as helpless boy child. (Time I failed to go to dentist, in war.)

**March 5, 1965**

Wife says in front of daughter: "The poor girl has no chance: the mental weakness she will inherit from me will be too much for her". I am almost sick with anger. I don't like to shout at her in front of the child, but I hate her, desperately: doesn't she remember that the doctor said her brain damage was not hereditary, and to say that in front of the child is to try and pass on her own poison to her daughter.

**March 23, 1965**

In a bay, beyond a strip of rock, lies, I believe, millions of pounds of gold treasure. I am engaged to find it, with an expedition.

1. I am using this expedition as a camouflage and plan to kill the leader of another expedition who is working alongside us. I am telling my chief lieutenants the plan – the whole lie of the land falls steeply to where this strip of rock cuts off the softness of the sandy bay: it is like the bone of a woman's vagina/crutch/pelvis, that one pushes against in fucking, and also like some barrier across my mouth in my speech anxiety, and also my guilt feelings at leaving the children for ten days this holidays.

My plan is to get the other leader down against this rock in an attempt to blow it out of the water, and then open up some flood gates so that a rush of water will break his body against the rock – he will be crucified, spread eagled against the rock by the weight of tons of water.

But a 'junior' man hears the beginning of my story – there were four of us in the secret – now I tell him to go away, but he could be dangerous because he knows the intention.

2. I now start to try and make the numerous children in the exhibition (sic) understand that I am conducting it *like a military operation*. I shout this phrase, two or three times, in icy words of command, trying to penetrate into childish imagination, and that I shall shoot to kill at anyone, including a child, who comes too close to the secret that only I may know.

The tension grows, as some dark girl child tries to sneak by me under cover of night: I am shooting at her, trying to aim to kill, but somehow the gun never seems to fire straight, but as I realise the murderous quality of my selfishness, I wake sick with shock.

**April 7, 1965**

I am wearing a pair of shoes on which the sole is specially thick – the edge of it I think of as a *weapon*, for kicking, digging: it is connected with sexual potency, erection.

Walking down covered street by shops, rather like Feldkirch or Limmatquai: see woman about to get out of largish car, a German Arab number plate. She catches sight of me, makes no effort to conceal her interest, we have already seen each other once before like this, there is a sort of unspoken exchange between us: "Surely this is more than a coincidence seeing each other twice like this?". But I am too nervous to talk to her – I feel later that if I were to talk to her I should be free of my speech anxiety.

**May 18, 1965**

I am in adjoining room to man and woman – the woman a very attractive actress, prostitute. I pass through their room, looking at her, feel she recognises I want her. She may come to me when this man is gone. Excitement.

At another time I am seeing a wizened old woman, or child, playing erotically with this actress' breasts. I feel in dream: well, these are really the most excitingly phallic breasts I could imagine – with thick prominent nipples.

**May 24, 1965**

Back in London. X tells me she wants to ask my advice. I feel very flattered. In her house, she is surprisingly old, moves like an old tired woman. I am expecting her to ask about her marriage with Y, and I wonder what on earth I shall say.

Childrens' books in their house about their family as somehow 'private life of a public family'. Through Y's job, idea of public family, there is feeling of my being head of some *state* enterprise that looks after wood, forestry, the working of wood. This I/we decide to make back into private enterprise, private initiative – leave it to the individual – and I get rid of the tools, by leaving them surreptitiously at odd places. When dropping off big double saw in a farmyard, I ask man there, to distract his attention, what the condition of the *peat* is (I see great wall of peat, and it is soggy silvery as if infected with a kind of mildew radioactive mercury: looks quite

unusable as fuel, and indeed I fancy that as a 'public' official, civil servant, I have already heard that there is a sort of infection of the peat sources of energy rendering them unusable). Man answers he doesn't know about peat, i.e., he's not that primitive.

### June 20, 1965

The full force of the ambivalence of my attitude to S, E.

I am with E. Go into a cafe. S is there with that older woman from the hospital. She is lying down on a bench seat, dressed very unusually, smartly, ?like a chinese man, blue silk trousers. Somehow I cannot just ignore her. It has happened, i.e. we have all met in public. I go to her and ask her what she wants to do, am I to introduce them?

She doesn't seem to answer: E goes home, I take S for a walk to discuss the situation. I want her to 'understand'. It is as if I want her to agree to my leaving her. We walk past the house where E lives. I mustn't be too long with S, or E will be furious. Among other things I say to S: "If I were to give up E and return to you as before the breakdown, I would within a week so hate you that the situation would quickly become quite intolerable".

We turn round, I say I haven't time to take her home in the car, since I must get to E quickly.

All this is mixed up with trying to thread fingers with each other. Half way down each finger is a hole like eye of a needle, or like warp and woof of threads – trying to thread fingers through each other.

This reminds me (in the dream) of the Tu es le Diable Chrétien dream.

### July 28, 1965

"Thomas Cromwell, liar, murderer, thief".

Wake with splitting headache, shouting (in sleep) this, with hands on Balliol friend X's throat.

X has tried to pin responsibility on me for some mean crime. I react by hitting him – he is much stronger than I thought – and then fighting with him desperately, and wake shouting this.

### August 27, 1965

Confused dreams, come clear round Kleinian analysis. I am thinking about breast and object world, distinction between I and object, also reading with great interest Klein's *Envy and Gratitude*, decide when I get back to England I must do Kleinian analysis as part of 'work' on breast fantasies – obsessions. Feeling of great relief – giving up one sided 'faith' in completeness of Jungian analysis.

### November 26, 1965

I have opened up a system of extraordinary open sexual relations with a woman. But there is also a young man involved. I see as in a vision how a problem, or a tension, is solved, when I finally listen to the pleas of both the woman and the young man, show myself naked to them both at the same time, so that they too can, through my acceptance/exposure, be naked with each other, and in a sort of perfect state of sexual licence, we are three together, heterosexual homosexual participator voyeur.

But on level of reality this is not so. I send the young man/boy to his room: the girl goes to hers, and I am alone. Then I hear how suddenly the young man/boy, unable any longer to bear the tension, comes running to me, somehow wanting to constellate this perfect sexual licence. I am at first somehow cruelly pleased that at last his self control has broken – then I see in his look to me something of my son's look for me, something of my male patients' look for me, and the shock wakes me in a glow of numinous horror.

This is the numinous heart of incest, ego and shadow and anima dance together in an incestuous circle, brother and sister and I, and then there is the sudden hint of another and subsequent generation of father-son, and I wake with the horror, and mystery, and awe of incest.

### November 30, 1965

Twice I enact something sexual never before dared.

First time, some kind of butler figure plays role of man beating me. I am on some kind of circular thing. Also girl gives running commentary. I am tied down, arse exposed – it is the beating of my arse ritually that is so exciting. Then coloured girl, Indonesian, comes on to roundabout. I come from sexual excitement at her being there. My arse is dressed in some costume of glass beads.

Then repeat in somewhat different set up, with X doing the honours. When it is over he is delighted that I have 'opened up' at last. African Indonesian setting. Deposed white rule. Waiting for stone age slaughter with flints to begin. Don't talk about hanging: the word is numinous and could be the spark to set off the latent madness.

### January 7, 1966

Talk of trying to turn X's book on some end of war escape attempt (POW camp) into musical. X getting irritated with my 'coyness'. Then someone trying to sneak up to a house – my bogged down outside, mud. Try to shout warning, try to shout Help – no sound will come. Wake rigid, desperate, afraid. Whole body involved. Lying on my back as though pinned there.

Also at that stage: arguing with Chinaman about Vietnam. He has killed two white girls. He is so full of hate that he cannot bear it when I 'get at him'. Says, grinding his teeth in a kind of desperation as if my harping on war and question of right and wrong will make him explode: "Can't you *keep off* (the subject of) war, damn you?". He is 'our' enemy, yet somehow untouchable because the war hasn't yet 'touched' us: it is still out there in Vietnam. He is servant of family?

In writing, X suddenly felt as a side of father or father's family with which I have never had contact.

### January 21, 1966

I am waiting in a room with Dr von Franz for the examination in fairy tales. The waiting is very 'atmospheric', as in house of my uncle where we stayed as children when my mother was having that operation. Then von Franz suggests that, in order to fill in the time while waiting, we have a 'trial' exam.

She reads me out some story, very short, and then gives me four minutes in which to 'answer'. I had been expecting four hours. I am paralysed by the shortness of the time allowed. It does not even give me time to take in the story.

Desperately, I start to write something purely automatically, without any meaning at all, then give up, and 'confess': "I've gone into abaissement". I tell her that I had received such a *shock* from her saying four minutes instead of hours that I had broken down.

### February 18, 1966

I have been given the job in England of 'ambassador' or contact man in England, with DDR. England has 'recognised' the DDR, but as 'criminal'. It is my job to establish contact, but always to make it clear that I am dealing with a criminal.

I say to E: "This will be very exciting work. I shall have a chance to use my German, and she can help me".

### February 21, 1966

Detective story writer is going mad. Has begun to 'identify' with two of his figures, man and woman, who are pulling apart. How long can he stand the tension in himself?

### February 22, 1966

Connected with willingness to play some 'homosexual' or feminine role, kissing a 'mother' who is a step mother, and saying how pleasant 'it' is *so*, huge erection and great sexual excitement.

Elder brother a bit envious (friendly) of what I achieve thereby – makes vaguely homosexual advances to me which I treat as if from a child who hadn't quite got the point.

### March 3, 1966

Nkrumah Foreign Minister (Quaison – S...?) trying to get back to Ghana. I am pleased. Feeling that Nkrumah alone will not be able to stage come back, but that Ghana needs his previous supporters. Nkrumah the saviour...

and a pattern of stress lines making a knot, somehow associated with mother's stomach and the knot at the root of my speech. Feeling that this must be the 'constellating' dream now that I have left analysis and finally have no one to tell it to: if I had to courage to let it come, I would remember. But I am too lazy/afraid, and want to get back to sleep.

### May 22, 1966 .

An attempt is being made from 'our' side to make contact with a huge, dangerous, instinctive force, like Vietnam communism (taking the risk of letting them into the government), also elephant, monkey, alligator, insect creature. At the climax, which wakes me with revelatory feeling that this is confirmation of all my recent hunches



of April 10, 1954, cybernetics, Marx, etc – that we are taking *out* of a system without knowing how to put back, and in this dream I am being shown how to put back. It is to do with 'spirits' (alcohol, in particular brandy) and sex.

We are in an extraordinary tropical setting: the 'floor', or surface of earth, on which we stand is in fact matted vegetation, laced close together near tops of immense trees, like a woven mat. We see or fall through this surface and below, a huge distance down, is the foetid jungle, and hanging on the trees are huge dates/coconut fruit.

The alien, 'other', power is beginning to identify itself. Both sides are trying to establish contact with each other. Someone on our side *tries a short cut*, which would blow a fuse, short circuit (wife's stroke?): he offers one of these creatures alcohol to drink. This is the crux of the dream – the animal sniffs at it, is about to drink, and then from somewhere comes a huge warning, like a groan or moaning, or roar of thunder, from all these creatures, and the animal doesn't accept the alcohol, and I realise suddenly in same instant (my realisation and its rejection are belonging together) that *that* isn't the way to make contact, but we have to learn to use our sex to give them spirit. We must learn somehow to make our sex a medium through which spirit can be passed to them.

I shout a warning. 'Our' man who had been offering the drink has now got the message. As an expression of gratitude and warning I see one of these great monsters, an elephant-crustacean, putting up an arm on the shoulder of 'our' man, who is now also a huge monkey, and it pees – a huge, archaic breaking of the waters, which could under other circumstances destroy the world in a flood of urine, but it pees, then stops: it is a controlled expression. What we have to learn is that our sex can be converted into a kind of 'spirit' which is what 'they' are looking for: something distilled from our sex, not wine. Links to Graves' 'sexual worship of women', kissing cunt, pee/semen identification of child, and breaking of the waters at birth.

At the beginning of this process of mutual approach, my son/daughter/E, someone 12 or 14 years old, boy before voice breaks, who can sing. He is taking part in a religious service connected with this search. He/she can do something (singing the solo part in some church rite) that I could not. A von Franz/S figure is there, link to S's walk, bad leg, also son's walk (leg in plaster). Something which I had

thought incurable may be cured perhaps. The voice is singing – this leads into the search for mutual contact described above.

This search for contact also linked to the fancy (in reading about latest Chinese purges), that the totalitarian power based on everyone having to identify with his *public* image (public/private antithesis, Marx's civil and political man), will break down of itself, because there must come some expression of the *private* pole.

Also connected in some way with my decision that it is not up to me to fight X – that is the job of the Trustees, and if they do not want to, then I am not going to get involved. What does that mean psychologically? Trustees are somehow 'legal-spiritual' power, ego is accepting a limited role.

#### October 4, 1966

In middle of night, under some open place not unlike ?Glastonbury. The issue between X and her group and 'us' comes to a head.

Miss Y going up into an attic with someone (Miss Y a man?). I shout madly, trying to insist on recognition of what is going on by the violence of my shouting, that she needs unlimited sex.

Then the breaking of glass, many glasses thrown, while drinking some sort of wine – alcohol. When will we people turn to fighting with the jagged edges? All the hate fear of the woman out: like a trying to be conscious – wake up – put on a light, against smothering darkness. Surprise, shock, that Z is *on her side*, against us/me.

#### December 10, 1966

##### First

Waiting at ?Brussels airport for daughter and son. Plane coming from ?London. Brussels somehow associated with X (lover of ten years earlier), who was at convent there. French speaking with German overrun, Christmas: wet streets, shopping. From start, expectation, with some unpleasant shade of Schadenfreude, of disaster.

Plane is announced over Calais – something had gone wrong. Comes in to land: one tyre is flat. Lands, bounces – somehow pilot can't get it back on the ground, tries to climb again – then noise of some disaster. Flames.

The realisation that the children are almost certainly killed grows. In corner of airport lounge I see dark figure, go closer, S (not

disabled?). Tell her I have terrible news. 'Our' children – we belong together in this horror. I must confirm. Hurry to reception desk. Girl confirms – yes, a crash. Most of the people are dead.

"It was because of the monks" (vision of ?16 monks, link to X and the convent, moving to one side of plane and unbalancing it). Beginning to show my horror in huge sobs, I say my children were on board. The girl begins to show more heart – we'll go and see for ourselves. Can S and I bear it?, I wonder – then, yes, we must see for ourselves. Feeling that this is the awakening to the horror that has been too long suppressed.

### Second

A horrible awakening. Terrible.

A long journey. Somehow I am responsible for someone else's child – male doctor friend X's 'only son'. A tiny baby. Something happens to it, some slight fall, drop, on the back of its head, somehow my fault, and it is dead. Like monkey – ?rhesus money [sic].

Appalling sense of horror. The realisation that it isn't dead, but lost. This realisation is like waking from a dream. How on earth can it have been lost? All of us, in two or three different compartments, will have to stand trial. X – what will he think, especially in view of our estrangement.

The investigation begins. One of my fellow suspects asks me how I understand what has happened? I say I can understand it only as a) either a conspiracy by a number of the other suspects against me, to throw suspicion on me, or b) as a terrible mistake: somehow the baby is mislaid, not lost or dead.

Various investigating doctors in a leather furnished room, old fashioned smoking room atmosphere.

Then, through the half crazed daughter of some terrible man servant, suspicion begins to focus on him. Then somehow he is identified as the obscene murderer – but the others aren't there, and he is going to destroy the knowledge by killing me. Somehow I/we manage to secure and hide the 'evidence', but I am still in danger. The others are now here, but he goes for me none the less, he is kneeling on me, he is dressed in some long coarse robe, like monk or priest, in blackish material. His eyes are insane. I am trying to goad him into confession. Someone, perhaps even he!, asks me what would be the most terrible word to remind him of: which would touch the most tender nerve of fantasy/insanity. I say: "Breasts" –

and repeat, repeat. It is the right one: his fingers are somehow at my throat, he is hugely heavy on me, but he begins to talk – something about how when he was a boy men used to make him pose for nude photography: gloating over his body, and this was somehow the entry into the insane world of the psychopath – somehow their (men and women: ?parents) gloating over his boy's body, reached into him so that he became someone who wanted to tear, cannibalistically, at breasts: to murder because of breasts, because of his hate/fascination of breasts.

### February 11, 1967

I/we have got a girl away somewhere so as to marry her by force to a maniac. This raping of a girl by this maniac is to be the first act in some new *church*, somehow dedicated to the evil mother. The founding ceremony of a new church. Garden at 52.

This realisation by the girl is a realisation of betrayal. I use some phrase like "You wouldn't have thought that I/we'd get you here, trick you away here, to force you to marry a madman", a betrayal of daughter by father.

In dream, feeling "if this is a 'right dream', if this is in the line of necessary development, then have *reason* to be very afraid..."

### March 27, 1967

I am holding a shot/dead bird in my hand, pigeon, chicken. Notice remarkable and attractive small bird hopping around, big wedge shaped beak in profile, very large in comparison to head and body. I want to observe this bird more closely. Notice it is fascinated by the dead bird I am carrying. This fascination, which is to do with hunger for grubs/fleas in its feathers on underbelly, overcomes its shyness: the fascination will sort of hold it in my field of attention for long enough for me to study it. Then I throw the dead bird I am carrying, and perhaps others, over a wall to a place below (?that sunken garden at 54), and watch with fascinated disgust whole flock of various birds fall on them greedily, so sharply probing for the fleas that it is a cannibalistic feeding off the corpses of one of their own species.

**July 2, 1967**

The exposure of a paranoid murderer.

A small, bald headed man, with bowler hat, about 50. He has a mannerism of bouncing up and down with indignation over sex things associated with young girls (their jokes, giggles, clothes), then suddenly gets seized with the conviction that he is some kind of avenging angel of death and kills (people, girls?) with a murderous blow to the neck by edge of bowler hat.

Man friend X is just about to 'realise' this murderer. This realisation could be either that he exists, that he has these two faces, or that he, X, is the man (the paranoid sickness of my extroversion?)

This whole theme is mixed with another: that I have missed an appointment for 10 a.m. on a Saturday morning at Martins Bank of *Sloane St*, at which I was to discuss mother in law's money. I must make another appointment. In the bank when I arrive late are people connected with Liverpool, office, bank.

**February 16, 1968**

Visiting senior colleague X somewhere in North West: Liverpool, Hampstead, Mossley Hill feel.

He has read some paper I have written. Says: "If that is what you stand for, then I am always going to dominate you: there is no negative in it" (by last sentence he means that it all flows in one direction).

I turn to my wife with a sense of triumph: the point I had long felt to be latent has emerged, that to X I represent a power threat. But she seems to take a more diffuse stand/reaction. Perhaps the flow is too one way, and then there is doubt growing in her which spreads to me, whether he *wants* to 'dominate' me: the tone of voice could be felt as more neutral, as much regretting as satisfied: simply telling me.

**March 6, 1968**

Driving back from England to Zurich, somewhere in Kent, S/E, and I park the car for the night alongside a huge silver airship airplane aircraft carrier. It is also as if a flock of birds/aircraft are parked alongside this huge mother one. While there, there is a Russian attack. Something is dropped, accident perhaps, that ignites the atom bomb/hydraulic brake fluid in one of 'our' parked planes, or at one end of this giant 'mother'. This is terrifying. Feel of it goes back

into my own childhood or into my feelings for my own children. I curse wife/Mother bitterly for having been instrumental in my parking there.

Though possibly contaminated we go on. It is then as if we were listening to the news on radio at night, 24, 36, 48 hours later, and abroad. A column, or stream, of the 'leak' has reached 'the foot of the A 34' and everyone 'whether sick or well' has been caught by it – i.e. is fatally affected. There is a sense of utter doom. I am astonished that we have forgotten about it for so long. There wasn't anything about it in this morning's Times. I am alone listening to the news: go into room where S is, who is listening to it on a little radio set, I think of it as a 'crystal' set. She is somehow sick as a result: her stroke directly connected. She turns off the news – a kind of grey horror. I want to take a photograph of her reading about it, in the prayer book. The room is now the 52 library, and she is sitting in one of those big chairs, under mother's picture, to left (I think of it as right: to the right of the room as mother looks out of the picture). Fitting a flash light into old Brownie Box camera – perhaps ring mother up in Pencraig, like in war. It is as I prepare to take the picture that this present scene in 52 somehow fuses with the Kent aeroplane camping attack scene of say 36 hours before, and I wake with a kind of sick relief/horror to realise it is a dream...

**June 26, 1968**

I am living with wife, and two man friends X and Y, past and present, heterosexual and homosexual. One morning, early, as we are getting up, X half playfully begins patting wife's bare arse. Then it gets more serious, wife enjoying it, losing herself in it. I am furious and hurt. I put on my coat over pyjamas and rush out of house.

Later someone finds me, and tries to reconcile me. I remain furious, and enjoy my anger. It is somehow 'real at last'. Then the situation gets gathered up into a play, a Shakespeare play with the name 'Love's Labour Lose', but another story: more *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It*. The betrayal and anger are now within the play, and some kind of reconciliation is to be enacted, within one of those brother/sister, change of sex, plots. The plot seems to be drawing me back to wife and X – it involves feelings of homosexual *sacrifice* of pride in my attitude to X, but in my heart I know that I can never forgive wife for having enjoyed, with another, something so private to us.

I say, either to her or in soliloquy within my role in the play: "I can, or one can, never forgive, but one can tell stories", by which I mean act plays, by which I mean take up the whole issue of forgiveness into a wider frame of celebration.

Other themes: I'm sure it links to my 'dumbness' as child. The wound that drove me from the house: the hurt that goes too deep for personal forgiveness. And then in the 'play', when I had been speaking my part ok, there suddenly came a moment when I had no more idea of what my lines were. I just said something like: "I do, I do...", or "I didn't, I didn't..." and the other actors and actresses ad libbed to carry us over.

Also my book on patient Z – this is akin to 'telling stories', and the criticism Q reported yesterday from superintendent at her hospital. Guilt at taking money from someone already well. Somehow that comment links the work put into that book back to my Father.

#### July 4, 1968

The dentist (not my usual), and his girl assistant, to whom S goes for her teeth, have found out that she is disabled. They react with defensive aggression: is she 'responsible' enough to have a 'right' to come to them for her teeth? I feel very angry at this attack on S.

#### November 21, 1968

There is a huge old tree. The trunk is of hard, healthy wood, but has been hollowed out, a huge hollow enough to make 2 or 3 rooms inside. The young man inside, who has been doing the hollowing, says excitedly that he has discovered something terrifying: the hollow tree has been somehow swept clean (like gospel story of one devil – seven devils), and this cleanness is the cleanness of *madness*. A madness that has to do with women's collective terror of balls, testicles. It is as if we have found out something important about a general human condition.

#### March 13, 1969

Long sequence in which I felt I was at heart of my stutter anxiety. Someone had deciphered the name of some very old Welsh name for the ultimate devil. It has been 'secret' for thousands of years. In dream I know it clearly: something like SIRCAL, SURVAH, ...

This I had to say, to shout at the top of my voice, but the 's' stuck me in stammer. I remember surprise that I\* consonant that did not usually trouble me should be so crippling. This strong feeling of being at the heart of all the speech block panic.

[\*Note: the 'T' instead of 'a' is in the original text]

#### October 25, 1970

I am Cohn-Bendit. I have some papers that connect with de Gaulle's memoirs. I have to get to Paris to show them to him on the occasion of publication of his memoirs. Because of my changed relationship with de Gaulle I don't want to be recognised by my left wing student friends, so I travel first class. Just get to station in time to get through the barrier, buying First Class ticket by throwing 2 or 3 English five pound notes through the ticket window, not waiting for change.

On the train, first class is like some private drawing room train of pre 1914, or on ocean liner. Much space. It is a 2 or 3 day journey. Interesting erotic feel, that this is the kind of journey on which a 'beginning and end' love affair, is possible. But though interested, I don't want to get involved in case it interferes with getting these papers to de Gaulle. But guard puts me in room with two women, as if it is the only place left – I was too late.

Then I am observing, rather than identifying with Cohn-Bendit. A picture/diagram of the journey to Paris. As soon as he is alone with these women, they all enter into intense non-stop conversation with one another, like excited students, or as if I were ever to meet someone with whom I could talk for 18 hours on end about my work.

Picture of them sitting round a table talking non-stop, then schematized as one line of heads all facing in profile to right and mouths open talking out, emitting talk, and then second line curving back of heads still facing right, but now all *silent* talking, taking in talk rather than giving out talk.

(this last associated at once with baby feeding, at once a giving out and taking in: and on writing it down mid morning, the 'non stop talk' motif associated with night time anxiety at life once again geared to a remorseless hunger noise of baby).

**November 27, 1971**

At some kind of conference or ceremony to hear Jung's will read. A huge list of small bequests – thousands of them. The impression was of how carefully thought out a knowledge of and interest in a vast number of activities and interests the will bears witness to. I remember for instance 50 francs or pounds to some engineering research journal – this was somehow typical.

Meeting then turns into something more like a Guild conference, or Rabbi X's Manchester do: taking note of the will merges into discussion/argument that centres more and more on me personally. Not the actual persons, but like them, in whom I have felt and feel antagonism towards me and my ideas far greater than they express. At long last they are expressing this as personal: not just criticising my ideas but coming out with it as a personal criticism – as in analysis. I was immensely relieved to be able to be angry: to react person to person: and woke in this state of huge excitement/anger, with the main theme of my argument shouted at them being that they were not listening to what I said, they were not paying attention to what I said – that they were arguing against their own projection.

**December 13, 1971**

At the time, a thoroughly unpleasant and 'shocking' dream.

Wife and I returning to 'our flat' in London. Confusion as to where it was, which one: don't have the key to the 'new' one, so have to go to the old one. Bus to get there.

Get back to the flat. Not Montagu Square. Mansion flat, 5th or 6th floor, 'gracious', large rooms interconnecting. Like Zurich analyst's flat, but round corner of the building. As soon as we get in, I see coming towards us a couple who I know are burglars, have 'broken in'. I am furious: lose my temper, shout out loud, grab man so he can't get away, and take woman's spectacles to prevent her going off.

Then I take them outside flat to group of friends, including wife and others – to expose, identify this man as burglar. But they pay no attention. In some way he 'wins'. He can get a key for anywhere: admiring the taste of the flat furnishings, of far more antique genuine quality than we in fact have.

Finally, I concede he has 'won'. But even so, when I offer him a drink of brandy, our glasses are dirty, he is not interested in the taste, but

takes it with soda and ice. Last picture: him languidly 'dipping his beak' in the glass.

I walk away feeling I can have no contact with him – only thing to do is to leave.

Is this about death?

**July 25, 1972**

1 a.m. in the morning after the first signs of a national strike when five dockers are sent to prison. My head, my whole body, the place in my throat where I locate my stutter, are weak, open, like I associate with sentence "I am homosexual".

It has to do with elder brother and Heath association. Also I am just back from the week in Arnoldshain.

I woke violently from this dream:

I was reading a Chandler type modern action detective novel spy story. The tension was growing. As it grew, two possibilities of getting away from the tension present themselves: either to look ahead, to reassure myself that it all comes out right, or somehow to get into the action myself [what is so terrible about the political crisis is the fact that there is nothing I can do as I watch this grotesque clumsiness of Heath with whom I have so extraordinarily identified myself].

The pull to get *into* the action proves stronger than the pull to look ahead to see what happens. It is about two thirds of the way through the book: the hero detective spy is involved with, or threatened by, some woman. I see, as in film/novel, him in his room when she comes to the door, ringing at the bell. The room is dark – light coming in only from outside. He goes to open the door, and she comes in, standing inside the room greeting him.

It is here that the tension becomes somehow intolerable. I cannot bear to wait and see whether he is able to cope with her, whether she is friend or foe.

I am now in the room, in a far corner, and to break the tension I sort of groan or shout aloud (the Gestalt group experience in Arnoldshain) somehow to show they are not alone, and rush forward grappling her to me, holding her desperately tight – a sort of erotic fusing.

And wake, with shock.

**October 3, 1972**

I have arranged to go back to school, Winchester, at Christmas, December, to take some course or exam I 'missed' (?because of the war).

I am aged 19 or 20. Son is there at his present age, 13. So it means going back as already just beyond the right age, and also as father of a boy there.

Housemaster knows of my plan, and is expecting me.

Then in dream, gradual realisation that this is wrong. I am due back at the weekend (Sunday-Monday, now equivalent to December-January). Feeling of growing relief shared by housemaster and myself, that it would be impossible for me to do what had been planned, associated with Oxford seminars: am I wanting/planning them for the wrong reason?

All this related to an altogether more sinister theme of an evil 'oriental' political force, slowly being recognised by the poor and outcast whom it has been exploiting, anaesthetising. As it is recognised, efforts develop to throw off its power. These efforts focus on the secret leader. If he can be 'got', the power will be ended. Someone draws a gun and shoots at him, but in same moment as the shot – the same act – the leader enclosed himself in an opaque protective 'thickness' – a kind of cloud – so his oriental cut offness from our modes of feeling is transformed into a kind of magical cut offness.

**October 15, 1972**

I have had this dream at least once before.

A builder's foreman coming up to my wife and telling her again that the builder-employer wants to see her because at the end of a recent job she had got three bottles to drink with the labour force and he didn't approve.

My anger at the request because (1) it wasn't any business of the employer anyway, (2) it had been *I* who had arranged the celebration, my wife was sharing, (3) in any case they were saying that *three* bottles had been drunk, and we had only used *two*, (4) the air of guilt about the whole thing, for instance, the bottles had been 'found' thrown away in a dust bin; and the feeling was that the boss wanted to take advantage of an erotic 'weakness' revealed by this drinking with the men.

**December 8, 1972**

Being shown the essence of the Oedipal situation. Feel the daughter-son's inability to get away, knowing about it, but somehow whatever he does, he can't *move*.

This was the essential feeling: spellbound. I cannot move. (Clermont story).

Then I realise that behind it all is a witch. Can hardly believe it. But a huge white cat comes fleeing from the witch, jumps onto my back and digs in claws to hold itself, not to hurt: for comfort. The cat is too terrified, which somehow proves that it is a real witch. The witch now comes, flying out over us like some huge white bird.

**January 11, 1973**

Walking across St James's Park to WPF, I associate the dream of November 21, 1968 – the sterilised clean hollowed out tree trunk – with the dream after India, about moon and raven which Jacobi found so psychotic. Both, with whatever it is in me that has such a 'totalitarian', 'annihilating', effect on people.

So I look up the old dream.

*It is from March 22, 1950. It reads:*

Scene, Pencraig.

There are a group of Cilicia-India people there. They are scattered among house and grounds, with distinct jobs and tasks.

The moon is somehow very 'weak'. I undertake to change it: the method of change being both an invocation-prayer, and also some sort of surgical operation: cutting out the tongue by its roots, and fixing in on in a new position. This I do, and the moon is intensely vastly changed: it is in first quarter but gleams with strange coloured power and pride over the scene.

My face, passion-charged with my magic task achieved, I fly over and round, I being personification of some wind, to indicate my task done to the others – in tree tops and at their various stations around the place. My face feels tugged and transformed by the power of the wind that I am – a screeching power I have revealed – and am a black crow (not raven, as I had remembered it).

**March 3, 1973**

Links skin of throat with flesh of penis, cancer fear and circumcision. Because of my fear of cancer, some cutting of skin has been taken from the back of my throat. Painful, but the cuttings are so fine, so thin, that it is not dangerous. They are prepared under slide for examination in a microscope. This preparation somehow makes me aware of an identity between skin-flesh of throat and penis. The cut on the throat, back of the mouth, is the same as the cut of circumcision.

This somehow links with dream of 21.11.68, the scraping of the throat cavity and the hollowed out tree, also with the many mouthed cancerous monster of 9.3.55.

Thus linking idea of women's fear of men's balls with my fear of blind proliferation of cells into some understanding of the 'Malthusian' vision/truth behind contemporary world situation (ref. my coming paper for *Aims of Industry* ).

It would help me take this further if I understood difference between body cells and sex cells.

**September 1, 1973**

Piccadilly Circus rearranged: much more space, like one of those Zurich tram stations, but even bigger. Large 19th century Grecian building in centre, which is Piccadilly Theatre.

Traffic goes round the silent area in middle, but there are alternative routes through the silent area for traffic in an emergency – like Marble Arch. Trees in middle area, but mainly marked for parking, and big arrows for alternate traffic schemes.

Told that the theatre has long lease on this strategic central site, on condition that, as long as, 'the first bullet proof theatre in the world' is built there (which means, the theatre is to be rebuilt, converted inside).

Actor client preaching/lecturing/political speaking to morning audience of mixed men, from hippy drop out types to conventional business men in bowler hats. His easy manner.

It feels like building an experimental 'modern' theatre. Bullets can be expected to fly about (it is after all the age of the urban guerrilla) not only between audience and stage, but among audience, on stage too. So what can 'bullet proof' mean? Glass comes into it. But you can't put glass round every single person. (Previous day's Guild

conference: seeing, hearing, projection.) It is more as if a medium has to be developed, a *resistant medium*, which is able so to slow down the bullets as to prevent them killing.

What is such a medium, and how is it related to the other dimension of the dream, in which the long lease is made conditional on the building of the first ever bullet proof theatre? Is it 'patience'?

My first association is with Barbara Hannah on animus and amber.

**October 30, 1973**

I return late at night, having already made an assignation with elderly, 'father', solicitor. Montagu Square, 52. I phone to tell him I'm back and to tell him, with the assurance/arrogance of the one who knows himself to be desired, that he can now come round. He is angry at my taking it for granted that he'll come at my convenience. It is late. He'll come tomorrow.

I say: No. Tomorrow I start work at 8.30. If he wants to come he must come now – take it or leave it attitude.

He says he'll come. Triumphant feeling, turning to growing sexual excitement as I wait his arrival. It is in a way revolting, this old man, and I can't imagine that it will be physically pleasant. But the realisation of the power that gives me over him. I can feel into his body, into his need for me.

**November 15, 1973**

'Thyroxic growth'.

I go to meet a new dentist. He looks in my mouth – I feel there is a problem with my inability to open my mouth properly (TV interview with Princess Ann and Mark Phillips assoc.).

But he takes one look and then it as if he is a doctor – my new GP – who has just taken one look at me for the first time, and he says:

"Well, of course, someone of my experience can see at a glance that you ('this body', almost impersonal, professional competence) are suffering from thyroxic growth".

This I take to mean some kind of thyroid growth which needed immediate operation.

Feeling of: damn it, damn it, that I have to go into hospital; why am I trusting this man so completely?;

and, will it make any difference to other bodily pains/complaints?

**November 20, 1973**

I have been involved in some car smash or loss of hired car, through no fault of my own. Gradually waking up to fact that instead of passively accepting the loss as my own, I may merely have to claim the damages incurred to recover them.

But as I am writing the necessary letter, three men call on me, demanding that I go with them.

First I pretend not to understand, though I know all too well that it is a repeat of the former 'involvement' that led to the car smash. It is like beginning of a Bond type film when an 'amateur' is being pushed/tricked/pressurised into involvement in the public world of professional counter espionage.

Then I go with them, resigned.

Their office is on top floor of some old 19th century building, near 'Royal College of Music'. Through window I see on roof extraordinary instruments/insects/animals. They are like huge double bass/cello/French horn, but I think of them as huge crabs, also the spread of the human hand, or like an airplane or earth moving machine 'parked'.

Ends with uneasy/tense waiting about for my 'assignment'.

**November 24, 1973**

Noel Coward. Dream of invasion of 'my' flat – a bachelor flat, unlike any I've ever lived in, invaded by large number of strangers.

They just cannot understand why I intend/expect them to leave.

I have to accept that it isn't 'mine': somehow what makes it acceptable is the realisation that the flat once belonged to Noel Coward, and they are behaving as he would have expected people to behave.

**December 31, 1973**

Three points – no, four.

1. A general feeling that this is what is meant by fear/wonder that there *is* anything at all. As if all my talk about ontology has come home to the small hours of the night. This is what 'worship' of a 'creator' is about – this terror/wonder. Religion as incomparably more powerful than psychology.

2. Our present home is in Hampstead, near where daughter's first school was (St Christopher's). Someone tells me that 'St Dominian's' – a big 19th century Catholic school/training college – is going to be

pulled down, as there is no more demand for places, or for what it has to offer. Its site, a large one, is to be developed for flats.

It will change the character of the whole neighbourhood. Do we intend to stay, as perhaps the only family house in the area, or pull out?

3. Father X – 50-60 ish, different build – as priest in Notting Hill type parish, conducting funeral of late teens boy drug addict. Asks me to help him.

I go, nervously. It is expected that the funeral will be used for some kind of demo by the boy's peers against 'our' failure to save him from himself. He is a suicide. X starts the funeral service, in large old Victorian Gothic church: gradually dark 'underworld' 'addict' figures come in. Respectful, but unbelieving, congregation.

X in great preaching effort to 'get over to them', strips off to waist: strong physical working man's torso – exposes great weals on muscled back, result of penance. This picks up strongly the feeling in (1): how much more seriously 'religion' takes prayer, fasting, penance, than 'we', 'I', do.

A girl/woman in the crowd makes some kind of tentative sexual advance towards me. She is perhaps 'egoless'. I feel the danger of giving her any response, least it be somehow 'swallowed' by an egoless irresponsibility. I say to her, gently: "There is a time and place for everything, and this is not right for sex".

4. In waking, feeling of being back in the navy. But, unlike all the other dreamed of 'returns', this fits with my present status. I am a petty officer, perhaps a chief, properly dressed, and I know my job/place. I am competent, at ease. Most satisfactory feel.

**December 18, 1975**

On waking I felt this dream was important in having to do with some admission in relation to my father, which I have never managed to make. Whether it is my admission, or an admission which my father should have made but didn't, so that I have inherited it unconsciously, is a question.

The dream.

I, a husband, am travelling with my wife on train from London to north: Liverpool or Scotland. I, he, am trailing some object out of the window, part large bolster, but also sense of being made of wood. Passing through a station, another train coming in opposite direction hits this object, tears it out of my (his, or her, the wife's) hand, smashes it to fragments, and is derailed/damaged by the impact.



Something similar happens a second time.

Both times I/we feel terrified guilt at what we have done. Strong sense of 52 here. But if we deny absolutely any part in it, how can anyone prove we were involved? No one saw me, us, trailing it out of the window, and surely it is so smashed to fragments that no one can reconstruct the bits to establish any connection with me.

Nevertheless, this is what happens.

After the journey, the police are collecting masses of detail, and also constructing a kind of character/behavioural profile on us. There is a growing conviction that the two kinds of reconstruction are remorselessly growing together.

Would it not be simpler, easier, to confess that it was indeed I who was responsible for the smash and the deaths?

### October 31, 1976

Double father-son, three generations.

The father as businessman-tycoon-grandfather figure, who is instructing hired killers to waste (kill) his son.

Simultaneously, the son, who is grown man, perhaps rather younger than myself, has succeeded in finding *his* son, a boy of 4 or 6. This boy has been brought up believing he is an orphan, foundling. Having found him, the father (some ego identification here) is explaining to him, helping him to realise, that he now has a father.

Feeling that this needs time, as the boy is reluctant to let himself believe, as if the relief/comfort would be almost too much for him.

But what will happen when the two dramas/plots come together?

Will the first father, the grandfather, perhaps have mercy on his son when he realises that a grandchild is involved?

### January 22, 1978

I should have got up to write down this dream when I woke in the middle of the night but was too lazy. It raised a curtain on things unseen.

All I can now remember is that it was about the horror by which a father 'needs' to eat his son – the son's body as meat. Much hinges on the sense of the word 'need'. The word is not quite right. He *chose* to because in some way he was *obliged* to. How choice and obligation were combined...

### December 18, 1978

Two overlapping 'scenes'.

I am on some kind of cruise on a luxury yacht/ship of private millionaire. While eating alone at a table in crowded saloon, we realise the boat is drifting – as if the crew may all have gone on strike. This confused with big concert, and break for an interval.

In this interval, scene of some 'fat' man/boy (assoc with asp bringing messenger in *Antony and Cleopatra* RSC production) telling/showing how the bodies of some 'native' tribe are being 'cooked', and cruelly/obscenely played with, sort of 'flicked' with giant fingers, on the wires of electric overhead pylon transmitters.

What had happened was they had offered themselves in innocence, unconscious like animals, for sexual intercourse with 'white' colonisers (also sense of difference in age between 'innocent' younger son and 'knowing' older son) and the 'knowing' white colonisers/scientists had been so provoked/shocked/angry at this 'innocence' that they were castrating, maiming and then cooking/electrocuting the bodies in this way, the bodies sort of wrapped round the cables, lying on top with arms and legs loosely gripping.

### November 9, 1979

Four scenes, episodes.

1. At some date in past (c.650 AD?), 'the East' had chosen dirt. A book on implications of this, in four parts. Title of first part: Depot.

2. Egypt – mixture of now, 19th century, ancient. Many pictures. One of the late 19th century, customs officials, in horse drawn early motor car in shallowing water, arresting some smugglers.

3. Suitcase with 3 or 4 mummy dolls in them, of grown persons. They begin to move. They are coming alive. I don't want to see. It is going to be unutterably disgusting. One has been so hurt – 20th century torture, or organism with top cut off – that it never wants to feel again.

4. Man who can 'take over' others by sticking a 'persona transparency' on their bodies – any part, like a patch on jeans.

**December 1, 1979**

I have been invited on a US lecture tour, to share platform with Lionel Trilling.

In dream, Trilling was known to be dead, so confused a bit with J K Galbraith. Also in dream, Lionel was Lion + 'L' (=father). *Middle of the Journey*.

Then a man with a peculiar foreskin, which is important for mutation. Now there is a new kind of growth on the foreskin – he is being rushed to the UK authorities (?from the East).

**December 14, 1979**

The sentence 'nearer my father's madness' came to me while lying in bed, trying to remember this dream.

Two parts, both connected to the reconstruction, recognition, of some unspeakable horror from recent German history, Nazi.

First, is set back in Germany.

Some contemporary investigator (assoc with TV interview of ETU General Secretary Frank Chapple evening before) is trying to piece together the past crime. Besides investigator there are three persons: A mother-daughter pair: one or other of them is the Doer of the Deed, some abomination from the worst of the camps. The other left Germany in the 1930's, and is now meeting her mother/daughter again for the first time, and is virtually unable to speak with the revulsion of horror at it. In the dream, I see this figure, the other I do not.

The third person is man. Possibly the 'son', but also an outsider. Thirties, honest, straight, on the side of the investigation, but himself evidence of the Deed, in that he is (permanently?) damaged by it, as if he had been turned upside down, or left against right, or twin cut away from other half, in the womb, before birth, at birth, 'in the beginning'.

During the investigation, someone says that all the writing, printed signs, somewhere are written, printed, upside down in case the victim begins to 'come out' and could get the message, thus remembering that he was once whole/upside down, the other way/left/right (assoc in dream with my printed Blackmail Model, 'the response which works').

The only 'action' I remember is of the returning emigrant, either mother or daughter, addressing herself to the other, in her faltering,

unbelieving state that it could be possible, attempt to ask some such question as:

do you remember doing...?, how was it possible that you could...?, do you now feel that you did wrong...?

Second part is in UK.

Same search, now featuring Sir James Goldsmith (association through patient who sees him as 'evil', and recent TV interview as somehow likeable in a repellent way, some feeling here between LDH and elder brother).

We, the investigating team, have got 'the daughter' who is now good, the bearer of the future, over in England as witness. But 'they', who are concerned to cover up, have smelled out her presence and are determined to get her, to destroy her (assoc with Khomeini's hounding of ex-Shah). We have to keep her hidden while continuing our search for further evidence.

The action is now at a big public dinner, at somewhere like Royal Academy. And also in some private office of mine, off the public rooms. Also a street, with pornographic shops, and Goldsmith featured in ads (as for his new magazine *Now*), and also himself in a shop entrance reading an old, printed, pornographic book (associated with father's book of Memoirs of a Protestant Galley Slave), as the man who had 'liberated' pornography, made it legal.

In a talk in the private room, I am concerned to conceal pornographic magazine I have, first in breast pocket of jacket, then in bottom drawer of filing cabinet. Then at the the dinner, with my wife.

I have been taken on to read to, act as companion to, some elderly male homosexual literary figure, and have stood out for £10 fee. Others have 'done it' for £4 or £5. This seems to be evidence that I don't need 'it' like they do, that is, am not a secret homosexual (or is it the money that I don't need like they do?).

Someone asks me about this, and I suddenly feel the time has come publicly to challenge/expose this elderly homosexual.

I get up and walk over to the high, centre table, where this man is sitting two away from Goldsmith. I am about to challenge him, when my wife whispers to me that she can't go through with it, and we leave the hall, building, through heavy glass doors (?recent thoughts of resigning from WPF).

Out in the street there is momentary relief at having got away from it all, but then brushing against a lurking figure in the shadows, all the

other story of the hidden daughter and the German horror comes back and I wake in terror, realising that what has been going on round the whole Goldsmith episode has given 'them' fresh, closer, evidence as to where we are keeping the daughter hidden.

### **January 3, 1980**

Selena Suhrkamp – a name,

Two strands, which were felt half waking to be related to recent dream of Nazi horror, Goldsmith etc.

First, in London. 'We' are on tracks of some kidnap victim, perhaps this 'Selena Suhrkamp'. We get to place where victim is being held, or where at any rate we can expect to be in touch with the victim. The kidnappers come back, are not at all worried to find us there, being as they are in a much stronger position than we are. Our presence is a nuisance which they seem able to ignore.

Son there, looking more 'breakable', younger, than he is. I feel looking at him that if I can bring off this challenge successfully it will help him with his speech – help him, help me.

I say to one of the kidnappers that they won't be able to keep this quiet, it isn't just 'us', now that – (and into second strand of dream) – some journalist, I think a woman, is uncovering a spy scandal within the Establishment, which will make the Blunt affair and all the others seem child's play.

First major story published in some influential newspaper. It is written from Berlin, and is in some way about, or related to, this Selena Suhrkamp.

### **February 12, 1981**

Setting: dormitory, navy, family holiday. Large hall/room with many double beds, combining sense of communal living with families living close to strangers in holiday quarters/camp.

Small group of young adults, involved in some sort of initiatory game. One is sulking. Others are making light of it, teasing her/him. But I see the look on her/his face: I realise that for her/him it is a matter of desperate urgency, of intense religious faith/possession. If we try to ignore or shrug off the sulks there will be terrible violence.

The only way is to go along with him/her in the ritual, hoping that from within the shared and participated rite, she/he will realise the

wrongness, almost evil. So I/we do so. It is something to do with brother/sister love that can become incest – association with beginning of that nasty detective story *The Chelsea Murders*: masked baby faced man killing and decapitating girl.

### **April 6, 1981**

Calling out "The mirror man – terror – he's committed suicide to save himself" (said either of the mirror man, or about one of 'us', who has committed suicide to save himself from the mirror man).

Long sexual sequence, set in American small town, exploring sexual excitement. S/m, groups.

Then it is about 2.0 a.m., and I am going to bed. But also at sort of cross roads, one of four detectives out to catch criminals preying on those caught in, enjoying, sexual activity.

We are high, first floor, outside building on the intersection, looking, watching. I get feeling I am being watched. I say so, to others. I am sure I am right. It is as if I have reputation for this sixth sense.

We get very active, looking for the watcher. I realise he is here, just behind me, hidden in tall, old fashioned, strong wire mesh public waste paper, rubbish, basket. Call to others. One comes. What to do with him? My companion says he knows what to do: borrows either match or egg from me (assoc with WPF woman asking man for cigarette at a meeting, so she won't have to roll one of her own and make a disturbing noise), and breaks the egg into the basket, dropping match after it. This will smoke him out, be very painful. I say: "That's a bit much, isn't it?"

My companion goes to look how watcher, spy, victim, is getting on. Hand suddenly comes up and seizes him in vice like grip, by throat. We both realise at once from power of the grip that this is one of the key men we are looking for. I run, call for help, to other two of our foursome, and call words at beginning. One of the men, either the one with the grip, or the companion of mine caught in the grip, has some appalling burn, eaten away, patch on his throat.

Also sense of the mirror man – presumably the figure from the metal basket – as almost headless, in some way terribly disfigured (assoc LDH story of nightmare of ferret at his throat). Equally terrifying if it is the mirror man who has committed suicide to save himself from himself almost, or if it is my companion who has killed himself to save himself from pain either of the grip (on his wrist in the first place), or is it the awful wound on his throat?

**April 20, 1981**

Three strands:

1. Break in to London flat. Some time after my arrival on a Monday morning, I notice that the front door has been violently forced, and almost broken through. There is a great split – as in wood, heavy planking – down the middle, and the whole door frame is loosened and nearly dislodged. It is as if the strength of the door has withstood the thieves this time, but next time it'll be easy for them. I'll have to take time from my work schedule to arrange for its urgent repair.

2. Sexual. Whoring says [sic] in London, mixed with WPF supervision, transference, eros. Someone most unexpected is going to bed with Huggy Bear (TV series). It is as if the existence of a net work of free/paid sexuality is being recognised. Ends with my returning home through empty streets in early hours of morning. I hear an early rising woman come out of her home, walking behind me. Naughtily, maliciously, I turn to frighten her with my 'attentions'. But the tables are turned when she eagerly jumps at the opportunity, invitation, and I recoil in near panic at what I may have started (this is what woke me).

3. Psychiatric. Eminent Moscow psychiatrist, one of the 'great' ones of the world, of history, is beginning to realise value of my work with schizophrenics. Association with Fierz story of 1938 Berlin hospital. That there should be this quality of insight, compassion, penetration, in totalitarian state like Russia... He says he is sending someone with whom I have made initial break through to colleague X, because he thinks X's unconventional/creative ideas make him best therapist for her/him.

**June 28, 1981**

Monday at the Foundation. There is a post to be filled, in some way important in a power struggle. I am at a small meeting, early, before the main one, when colleague X is offering it to a friend of his. The young man is hesitating, may not take it (it is, after all, not an intrinsically interesting post) – shade of 54 as I wrote that.

As he hesitates, X, anxious to ensure that he does accept, offers a number of guarantees, as if for life, to make it much more attractive: that the man will have a free hand with this, all the time he needs for his private practice, etc. I am furious, empšrt, out of myself, at the

*exaggeration* of what X is doing. I stand up, confronting him, almost as if I am drunk, and completely break all the conventions, rules of behaviour, of such a meeting, by sort of mocking him, exposing the excessiveness of what he is doing, ridiculing.

The relief of this public expression is terrific for me, and the effect is like a bomb in the committee. X is unable to believe what is happening, terribly hurt (shade of 52 conservatory then, as I wrote). After the meeting, it is between times, before the big meeting. This is to be an exceptional big one – new initiative of the Director, a lot of old members, graduates there, and to be chaired by someone from some years ago, a student now established elsewhere.

Word has got around that something of extreme violence has happened, between X and myself. Colleagues talk to me with kindness, not knowing what has happened but knowing that in some way I've been involved in violence which belongs to the wider group/family. People are assembling. X comes in. I feel I must 'own' what has happened between us. I address him, saying we must talk about it. He is sort of in shock.

He agrees we should talk, but cannot, or refuses to, find the time for it. His face looks hit, ashen, bruised, in tears (my self at Winchester, crying in fear of that beating, memory as I write). I offer today, after the meeting. No. Well, at least can I sit by you now? Yes.

We do so, at this very large meeting. 40 to 50 people. X sort of collapsed in a chair, his face now bruised, in his hands.

The meeting gets under way: general awareness that 'something has happened', but no public statement, or owning of the kind I am. a bit dreading, a bit hoping for, certainly prepared for. I get sent out to find out something for the meeting. When I get back, X has gone, as if too ill. Others also, the numbers are down.

**August 30, 1981**

1. Very powerful meeting with Devil, evil. I wake myself with effort of naming, accusing – feeling that this naming, the difficulty/terror of doing so, is directly connected to the stammer.

Associated with Egypt, Napoleon, horse, Bellerophon. On waking, linked to Osiris dream of long ago – a sense that my christianity is meaningless, without any inside, unless grounded in Egypt, Osiris.

2. Have accepted TV appearance, to talk in panel on recent book about Tavistock (TV – Tavi, note). Will I stammer? Why on earth have I accepted?

And also, to chair radio discussion afterwards: that surely was *mad* given my stammer. Am I mad to have accepted? Should I get out of it? Slow lead up to the time: idea of opting out weakens, seems inevitable. Strong sense of support from wife.

3. Discovery, joy, power, of talking to myself. Give myself a different name, so that this wonderful, powerful, sense of other be increased?

### September 13, 1981

Two episodes remembered.

1. Political-cosmic nightmare. Living in society in which time has been abolished, stopped, 1984 type, to prevent people being anxious about time. No dates are printed in newspapers. No clocks. People know roughly what part of the day, the year, they are in, but no more.

I speak out, with sort of possessed, ecstatic, visionary, voice (felt as opposite to stammer): "But time has started again from yesterday evening", a sort of awful 'second coming' sense, full of power, but also without comfort, fear-ful, because no one can know what this entails.

2. The home of my wife, (first wife), but place more like Montagu Square, has been messed up, dirtied, invaded, by her nurse, childrens' nanny figure, starting as woman but becoming male.

I come back, arrive as at start of week in Montagu Square, go out in street to find the intruder, calling him by name: Harris. Suddenly he is there, young man, squatter associations. He asks if I am from some Social Work department. When I say I am not, he is reassured. I then cry out, forgetting the 'reasonable' tone I have been intending, again the passionate voice:

"You have *hurt* my wife" (more like: "Oh, oh, do you realise how you have *hurt* my wife"), to which he says: "You have hurt your wife".

### September 21, 1981

Wake feeling terrible, must have some terrible sickness, from difficult to remember nightmare.

Three supporting, contexting, fragments.

1. Liverpool Cathedral, anglican, helping 'Dean' with prayer books. Carrying two pairs of black shoes for cleaning, one shoes, one slippers. Some 'special offer' for flour from Dublin bakery, for making bread, cake. Priced at four levels, depending on size to be made. Highest price for *second* largest (because people won't want the largest?)

2. With party going bathing. Long walk out to end of estuary. Undressing by wire railing. Other party behind us with 'working class', 'poor', undressing, with conspicuous skin disease, psoriasis, chafing, eczema, just poverty? – something about my psoriasis.

3. The central and climactic theme, that is so difficult to remember. Start from 'end' what I woke up from.

I am in foyer of some theatre, cinema, in interval. I am with my wife, or something vaguer: a woman to whom I *should* be true, perhaps some sister/mother, even political party/patriotism (as I write that: LDH and 'Britannia', and 'the ships', assoc). There is a vague sense of danger, from earlier in the dream, some sense of having to be on my guard, on the alert, about something. Then suddenly, it is extreme. I realise that one, then another, then many, of the young men around have been brain washed, programmed, religiously convinced, to believe in my guilt, so that I have become for them the evil one who must be removed, destroyed, to save the world.

What I am guilty of is what I can't remember. 'What I did to S', is near it. But it is more than that, something much 'worse' haunting in the background (thinking now of recent 'talking through my Jung-Marx thing'). I am there with my 'wife', and a third person, friend in whom I, we, can rely, as these young men begin to converge on me, to kill, blindly programmed to save the world, to revenge 'S', impersonally (like terrorist, squatter: nothing against you personally mate – brings Navy assoc of the marxist-socialist who believed my class was finished by history), overwhelming in their numbers.

I am horrified, not so much with the thought of death, as with the suddenness with which a/the danger I had known of, but not thought of as immediate, imminent, had come upon me, also with the *unnecessary* quality of what was happening: they don't know the truth, 'it wasn't like that at all'.

As 'my wife', and the third, realise something is up, and stand by me, I call out to 'the third' to 'get X: she knows what it's all about', feeling that X has already gone back into the theatre for next act with her family/party.

**September 24, 1981**

In bed with wife, who is as it were 'wife' in inverted commas. Another man joins us, wiry, 'jockey' type, no hesitation over erection, penetration.

I think: here is what I've imagined happening, and I feel rather excluded.

Then 'wife' comes along, outside bed, and is suspicious of what is going on, prods bedclothes. Man curls up small to hide – but the 'outside' 'wife' then pulls off bedclothes, and he is exposed.

associate with a 'mother' discovering evidence of masturbation also: see a picture of some mother of two boys, criminal/terrorist type, suckling them, naked breasts – and also some material made like a 'sea' of breasts: thought (in dream) – importance of Klein.

**October 19, 1981**

Staying with X figure at her home in Woodstock for night before journey to Wales.

But the house is also that of Secker colleague X's brother, an older brother. He is homosexual. Some assoc with a John Fowles' novel. Woodstock a place of sexual experiment, where 'anything goes'. After a meal, this brother makes sexual advances to me. I find it revolting. His *need* in the greed disgusts me. There is pity for the need mixed with disgust at the greed. The mixture and confusion between the two is repulsive. Is this what women feel? And behind it, waiting to be awakened, the thought of what it will be like if he uses force. I can fight him, but he is in his house, his place, and could probably get help, ?from his brother.

In repulsing his advances, I threaten to leave his house, not to spend the night. I feel great relief at making the suggestion, at the fact that I am able to make the suggestion. I could, can, just go. It is a threat he cannot take. Rather than lose the pleasure of at least having me under his roof for the night by persisting in his advances, he withdraws (assoc with LDH getting me Christmas leave in 1943 to be with my mother, with mother carrying the affect here attributed to the homosexual).

I am then discussing what has happened with the younger brother, X – half thought of as old man, retired, still active as an editor, but

physically much younger, like one of the young homosexuals at WPF. I 'explain' my distaste for the older brother's advances: he agrees they were nasty, not in being homosexual, but in the need/greed. I kiss him lightly on the cheek.

**January 5, 1982**

An image: the world, including its atmosphere, is split in two, with a gap between the two parts. It's like being both on (the earth) and inside (atmosphere as room, contained space), and both are split. In the break, violence, the violence of volcano or earthquake, the earth is broken, and also the violence of people, terrorists, White Hotel novel, myself, frightening, terrible, violence, Poland, strikes...

I think: with this to come, or as a possibility, how could we ever have found ordinary life difficult, unpleasant? We must realise how lucky we are.

**February 23, 1982**

Son is about to go to prison for some misdemeanour at school. Events have been building up to this over some time, with a sort of grim fatality, like the closing down of The Times, some seemingly inevitable mini disaster. It is because of some rudeness, cheek, for which he has not apologised, and we, his parents, but I in particular, the father, have encouraged him in not apologising, or otherwise owning to what he has done.

It is the Saturday, and he is due to go to prison on Monday/Tuesday. I am getting ready to run/compete in some sort of race, athletic contest. There are six of us, my age about, mainly parents of the school. One of us is an outstanding, Olympic quality, runner, two others are good, and the other three of us untrained, ordinary. In changing, showering, beforehand I come to realise that it is wrong, mad, wholly unnecessary, what is going to happen. I mention it to the others. To my surprise, (and also relief?), they know all about it. No doubt son's school mates have talked about it at home. These other parents seem to agree, and be pleased that I have come round, at last realised, that it is ridiculous.

I realise that it all the fault of my pride. It is all wrong and ridiculous that I have left the whole issue between son and his teachers, not making any contact with them myself. All that is needed is for me to get into touch with the headmaster, or the particular teacher involved, and myself apologise, take the parental responsibility on myself.

**March 13, 1982**

Long sequence in tracking down pathological killer. The killings have been widespread. Including four boy brothers knifed in Australia.

I am closely associated with, nearly identical with, the investigating journalist. The last murder is when he is attacked. He is found hanging/draped over the inside of a bath, shower. His face/head is horribly beaten, to a sort of jelly of flesh. But he is alive. He is rushed to hospital. I see him on a stretcher being carried to ambulance, his face swathed. We know he will live, and his face heal to a tolerable normality.

As a result of this attack, the killer is caught. Police surround him as he waits in a large, rather old fashioned, red/maroon car, outside a field, gate, country scene, waiting for news of the result of his murder attack (implication here that he had not done it himself).

I sit with him, and the questing detective in the car taking him to the police station to be charged. He is slightly older than me, sort of respectable reliable superior working class type, pre 1939 Liverpool assoc. I take his small finger to break it, to inflict pain in revenge for the abominations he has perpetrated. But I don't have the courage to break it: (that's what it feels like – but also, as if I don't because it is somehow pointless).

He explains, somehow genuinely though also with a hint of dissociation, that he hadn't been able to help it, *he* hadn't done the murders, something had been doing them through him.

**April 7, 1982**

I am taking part in a sort of Hawkwood weekend, on King Lear. It involves a sort of mixture of group reading papers, and acting. I have prepared my presentation: a short one, with readings from two or three texts, or passages in the same book. But when it is my turn, I just can't find the passages I've marked. As I search frantically for them, people drift away, impatient with being kept waiting. In an attempt to hold them, and also asking their help, I say that this is a perfect example of what Jung meant by *abaissement du niveau mental*, and it shows that I must have some powerful complex which has been activated by the work/theme, thus drawing all my attention away and causing me to forget, like Lear's impatience, haughtiness, blindness, and eros tied up with his daughters.

**April 16, 1982**

A dream which brings together my current work on *Riddley Walker*, with my (obsessive) identification with the Falklands crisis. It is about someone 'on the run', from a smooth, 'totalitarian' society. He is both outlaw, escaped criminal – hence picking up both on the 'lost persons' in Argentina, and the sort of tramp, drop out, Margaret Thatcher has no place for – and also in some way an outcast, unclean, sick, alien, in a way that picks up science fiction ideas of a being from another world (*Riddley Walker*), together with associations centred on S after her stroke, one of 'us', 'ours', who will never get well, never be normal, whom an affluent society would eliminate.

This person has a friend helping him. The friend is also an outlaw, but is not 'incurable', as the other is. He is a social, political, outlaw, but not biologically 'variant'.

And there is a third person helping him, who is on *this* side of the law, someone who has not dropped out of society, but is sort of politically-socially active for the excluded.

General atmosphere, rather than a story line. Secker, India Buildings, office feel. Something about a machine for monitoring length of telephone conversations (some hint of stammer here). But clear detail: I, as I, had/have received a very large telephone bill, biggest ever, £200+, for London flat/Secker office. Connected with extra calls to Germany over wife's hysterectomy, but also sense that someone must have broken in and used our phone, must get a lock put on it.

At one moment, I am strongly identified with first, or second, figure, with son being the other. This is when we are trying to get into somewhere, that needs payment. The only money we have, as aliens, is some we got 'given by mistake', as 'change', on similar, previous, threshold (assoc with childrens' idea when small that how one got money, was to go shopping to buy something, and the change given was how one got money). I am wondering how I am going to pay – almost standing outside the story here, digging in my pocket pretending I expect to find money there, and then do find the previous change (US bills, a 20 and a 4 and 5), which I had forgotten. Son says to me, son to father, very moving: "But it would have been alright anyway, you know Dad, because if you hadn't had any, I would have lent you some of mine (or, you could have had some of

mine)" – with sense that 'his' would also have been the same change from previous occasion.

But what seems to be my last recollection, is of the second figure saying to the third, that he's about ready to give up, that the first is really hopeless, the biological, medical, dimensions of his alienation are too unreachable,

a saying which is associated in the dream with reading yesterday in *The Times* an article about the extermination of the Left in Iran under the Imams:

"At one point last year, it transpires, inmates were told to demonstrate their repentance by hanging their friends. There were, apparently, three stages in this purgation: they could strangle their fellow prisoners, they could cut them down from the gibbet, or they could merely load their corpses into coffins. Prisoners thus emerged from Evin prison with their souls purified and blood on their hands. This grisly business has almost wiped out Islamic socialism, the only serious armed opposition to Ayatollah Khomeini's regime. Political movement – and rivalry – now take place within the parties which allegedly support Iran's religious hierarchy"; and with exchange also yesterday with colleague when I asked: "why does 'mourning' carry the weight it does in psychoanalytic thought?", and she answered that perhaps it was carrying the religious idea of repentance.

### **May 9, 1982**

Two images associated with Falklands crisis.

1. Some modern 'loner', a bit like Robinson Crusoe, who has been living isolated for a long time, on an island or in a remote place, is now being visited, under investigation, by 'us' who are connected with but not identical with hostile/enemy/police investigators. They are digging up the floor of his hut, house.

He says to us, that it is unfortunate, and will make things worse for him, be liable to misunderstanding, that 4 or 5 bodies are buried there. He will be suspected of murder, but it is not as simple as that.

2. More specifically the Falklands. We are on the island, being warned that on another group of islands, where the enemy still are in force, there is a specially trained, fanatical group of soldiers. In their training, they have been photographed again and again, hundreds of times (old fashioned cameras were used), which has

served to give them the feeling of being very special to their mothers.

This is both a subjective feeling and also an objective political fact: the photographs serve to bind them to their motherland/mainland in such a way that they are integrated into the will of the mothers, the powers of the mainland.

And they have all been issued with personal cameras, also old fashioned, which they will use against us, their enemies, so that we are in danger of being in some way paralysed by, or trapped in, a kind of reflection back, or throw off, of the same power with which they are possessed/imbedded as a result of their training.

### **May 21, 1982**

General scene linking Liverpool, both pre and post war, with Pencaig. I have to drive son and a friend down there for a weekend. Strong feeling of the two 'places', as both being home, and the need, bind, of the journey between.

Then in a large house like 52, with outbuildings divided from house by a road, lane, country rather than town setting. I am downstairs in the outbuildings: evening. I become aware of goings on, activity, in the upstairs loft. As it is getting dark I feel nervous about investigating now, but call out, so 'they' upstairs, and also 'my people' across in the house, can hear: "Let it be known that tomorrow morning there will be a full investigation of this building".

In calling this, or immediately afterwards, I am lifted up high, so that I see over barn like partitions down the full length of the building, to where some men are digging a hole, tunnel, in the floor/ground. One is just climbing out of it. I call, struggling to get the words out as one does in sleep, but also reminiscent of the stammer: "Look, look...", and am woken by wife, my body panting and trembling. The men look up and see me.

### **July 4, 1982**

X and crocodile/snake monster: 52 service lift.

1. I meet lover from twenty five years ago again. I remember the recent conference talk about her, in connection with her new book. But here all the old sex is back, and plus: we are our present ages, her experience is far greater (hint of elder brother as I wrote that). She is



trying to seduce me. I don't want it, but am slipping. Shows me sort of leotard front cut out of paper canvas which has been sent to her, with teeth marks on throat breast, as evidence of witchcraft attempt to kill her. She moulds it to her body over strange half male clothes she is wearing, very provocative, some association with horse or pony. Also, she has gone through all her money. I think she says "we have". I ask why that's a disaster, surely she is a professor now? No, that ends this summer (it's early spring), it was only a three year appointment. When I hear the money news I think: oh no, I don't want to get involved in that.

2. In some large house, 'north of Sefton Park'. I've been working with others over long time to open up and sort out 'other side' to the house, sense of 52 attics, but on every floor of the house, a parallel 'shadow' house, sort of space 'through the wall'. But we've always got access at basement level: we've never made the connection between the two halves at the level of the other floors. I am working at first floor level, and suddenly think quite easily: why not just clear the way through here, it'll make it much more convenient. I do so, it means pushing aside old trunks etc, which haven't been moved in years. I make the connection, shove down a bit of wall, plaster, and we're through.

But from under one of these trunks moves, oozes, slides, a huge flat (as if rolled, squashed flat) crocodile shaped but snake-jelly like consistency, creature, and makes for the open garden. It is revolting, but hugely important. I call to children playing to come and see: this is something very important in history, evolution, politics – like an adult trying to get playing children to appreciate an adult 'event', which is somehow 'beyond' them. But they aren't all that interested. I chase after it, outside – now like Pencraig field, where hens are, also orchard. It has gone into some bales of straw. We move these – it comes out again, an evil something just looking for somewhere to go, to hide.

I am reminded of the 52 service lift: where on each floor, basement and ground, did it come out?

3. Driving car, Blue Funnel and London Transport association, rail strike beginning today, and feeling that I have something I should be saying about capital/labour politics.

July 24, 1982

Connection between some wrongness in my family, marriage, and some public wrongness: Queen, Buckingham Palace intruder, drunk while driving. A wrongness which links the two is going to be discovered.

August 2, 1982

Long sequence ends with my seeing 'my mother and father in bed', two painted wooden dolls, and both mad. The face of 'my mother' in particular – like some child's drawing. The wooden doll, about 15 inches long, the staring, silly, look on her face.

Begins in some kind of factory, works, where I have been sent for. Like some consultant come down from London. I'm kept waiting, like from 8.30 to 11.30 ish in the morning. Various distractions, but I am suddenly aware of how badly I am being treated, and say, loud (like speaking successfully against the dream experience of the stammer) "The person who sent for me has been murdered". It is as if I'm saying the most shocking thing which is going to get attention by shock. I say this to large, bluff, no nonsense, so well meaning as to be impervious to feeling, man. He *is* shocked into paying attention. Then I say, to increase the effect: "And *you* murdered him". He seizes me in anger.

Dream is then like a long film in which I am trying to prove my point, while he is trying to show that I'm wrong, general diffuse association with AJA and its 'immeasurable nastiness'.

Various images on the search. Long column of journeyers, in vehicles, my 'evidence' would be a *single* person (52 atmosphere as I wrote that), but they are all together, in small groups, then *one* man, soldier, does drop out, to rest, reaches down into pocket in inside thigh of his trousers, some evidence there.

Then asked to meet someone at lunch time, city office break feel, odd code word to recognise each other, with vague sexual ring, something about hugging time. I accost woman with it. She moves off.

Man comes, he is 'it'. Challenging him to 'admit' the murder, he's like initial figure. I'm really struggling with him, feel for the first time I'm realising what 'denial' means: he is *listening* to me now, but still can't, or rather won't, admit there's anything wrong. I say he must have something radically wrong with what Jung calls his anima relation.

Then the encounter gets suggestively homosexual. The 'film' shows another couple of men, watching, dark, Latin types, laughing. Then the woman I accosted is 'in' the act, it's as if she is playing at being a horse, her buttocks are being rubbed by the man I've been talking to. She smiles, acts, her enjoyment. Vague memories in the dream that this was how 'it', sex, was in my early days, 52, before puberty, and that took me into final scene of the two dolls in bed, both mad.

### August 19, 1982

1. "Perhaps I killed the baby". This statement seemed to be about how adult life 'rests on' childhood, while analysis....

What does that .... imply? That analysis disturbs the 'resting on'? Whatever it meant, it was felt to be the essence of the 'time' question on which I lecture.

2. X strongly supporting, encouraging me to claim more for myself.

3. At one stage, wake myself in calling "Now", in an effort to *wish* myself present at some time/place I have never managed to be 'at'.

### August 29, 1982

1. Discontinuity between heights, on a vertical. Breathless: episodic, jerking, breathlessness, seeming to be all about the breathing element in my speech.

2. Without any reason, completely inconsequentially, I have walked out on a patient in the middle of a session, just left. (It was a child, about four, with its/his mother, and the woman friend who had given her my name; so, three of them.) I am in Bristol, haven't a chance of getting back to session in time, before its ending. What can have got into me? Must realise that I am far iller than I had ever imagined. Banging my head on the ground: how could I have done anything so irresponsible, thoughtless, dissociated?

### September 9, 1982

Set in Zurich. Two scenes.

1. In tall block, hotel. Go in lift to top floor, which is kept as prison, hospital: dangerous inmates, heavy chain and padlock on the lift doors.

2. Someone has gone down to the basement, underworld, to impersonate someone who is said to be dead, and thereby in some way reverse or challenge the saying. He takes with him a cane, walking stick. Some woman with 'us', exclaims when she hears this:

"Oh dear, whoever uses that cane takes a step which needs another to complete it, and that other takes much longer, is far more arduous, than anyone expects/realises" (as if the cane is some kind of family heirloom or curse). I see the man below stumble, miss his step as it were, fall into a hole or gap in his path.

### September 23, 1982

Party being given by my parents.

They are old, perhaps even so old as they would be if they were still alive. They are living in a small flat like room mother had made into her room, when we moved to Riversdale Road after the war, above a hotel.

They are giving a big party, eighty people or so. But they have made no preparations. They are behaving completely irresponsibly, dissociated in the way the old can seem, like King Lear. Sister and her husband are there, perhaps it is in their house even. They are just realising how totally inadequate Mother's preparations are. Sister is furious – a slow to realise, strongly sustained anger. It is this anger of hers which is the focal affect of the dream. In the dream, I am both relieved and impressed by it. Relieved to find mine shared, affirmed. It encourages me to own my own bewilderment and almost panic at what is about to happen: the fact that she, the daughter who is also herself mother and knows what duties a hostess has, feels so.

Besides expressing anger, sister is also talking about how we have to cope, how one copes on occasions like this. This is very condensed: it is as if she is *blaming* mother, describing how she, mother, will cope, but also recommending the same behaviour to us as our only way of coping. The key words are something like 'manic defence' – the sense conveyed that she/they (the parents) will ride over it on a high, and that's the only way we can.

Guests are beginning to arrive. A sense that things just aren't prepared, that something is radically wrong, is spreading. It is more than the hotel is able to cope with. Their public rooms are being invaded by all these guests so irresponsibly invited by their 'staying guests' upstairs. They are resentful: half prepared to try and get tables ready, half feeling it is just not worth trying, it is too much. Waiters barely polite.

There is also a scene with brother in law about a helicopter crash outside the hotel in large open air swimming pool. Sound of engine in trouble, then the crash, as small toy size, a fragment of hot metal hits me, burning, scalding. This crash is something exciting which he can tell about inside, at the party reception.

### November 13, 1982

Mixes present house and 52, Pencraig.

Kitchen. There is a lot of washing up to be done, the result of party, many people to lunch. Others are supposed to be helping me – Pencraig memories, younger brother and son confused. But they don't come. So I decide to get on with it. Go to back of kitchen door to get apron. There is also hanging up woman's black night dress, long, sexy. I try to unhook it, but it sticks in some way, like the black sticky stuff on anoraks. It is also in some way too long, hangs down onto floor, so could get caught, torn, when door opens.

As I am getting apron, notice bright yellow bird loose in some plants growing as on top of fridge. Not a canary, wild but not of this country. It is in danger, from the cat. I reach out to catch it. As it is fluttering in my hand, I think of the other bird, our bird, Tommy. Turn, not to where its cage usually stands, but to look at floor beneath map, to right of washroom door. There is the cage, with whole front gone, broken in, smashed, wide open to the cat. Tommy, a scraggy, bedraggled sight, little, like new hatched chick, also tiny bantam cock, is standing on edge, stretching as it were, looking out on this new world, wondering whether to try it. I call out to the others, imminent danger from cat, it's going to be killed/eaten just like that, like the guinea pigs. No one comes, they are terribly slow, as if they won't *move*: a cat is there, not ours, bigger, tabby, hasn't yet seen the bird, but any second now.

Wake in the desperation of the calling. Stammer feel, but not blocking in the dream. As if my stammer has to do with 'their' *slowness* in response, movement.

### December 2, 1982

Much lost of important dream. Too lazy to wake up properly and write it down. Even in sleeping the thought that this laziness was evidence of the importance/resistance ratio in the dream.

Overall theme: realisation that a team/group engaged on what appears to be a common task is in truth divided. The common task is of finding out, exploring (analysing) some (family) secret. But at

least two of its key members have set up, programmed, the entire scene/story/dilemma we are investigating.

This realisation carries a lot of indignation. It is as if two levels of awareness, two kinds of perception, are separating from each other. What they had done was to allow a family of three to think they were involved in some guilt, when they weren't. Sort of writing their 'text' for them. When 'exposed', they show and feel absolutely no contrition. They justify what they did as necessary 'to get something going, to start a story going, to put something in movement'. But they are oblivious to how *utterly terrified* the three of the family were. I have huge sense of indignation. So do they. As if they, as in charge of the group, are saying: "Well, if you feel like that, you'll have to leave/resign (from club, political party, firm)".

I take care to say that I can't serve on such and such a committee, not that I'll resign.

### December 6, 1982

Wake exhausted from dream of 'force field'. It was on two levels.

First, on the earth, as it were. Conventional crimi type story, about getting some industrial complex going, which involves harnessing or tapping either water or oil power, or both. Various strange, sinister, characters, who have not yet 'declared' themselves: are they for or against us? I particularly remember one bearded man, standing close to church buttress, his face becoming feminine, is he homosexual or about to turn into a woman...?

Second, on some 'upper' level. We are trying to penetrate to some upper world connected with harnessing this source of power. It is a world of blue god/goddess powers, protected by a force field, gravitational, electromagnetic.

One particular scene stands out at beginning. One of our party, like specialist oriental karate expert, is told off to force a way up a waterfall, against the force of the falling water, by turning himself into a sort of high voltage shock troop: like some cross between a science fiction robot, and a large insect. He thrashes himself around on a mat/carpet/sleeping bag, injecting himself with thousands of volts, and then blindly hitting out at some switch, propels himself up the 45 degree rock face against the water: he gets so far, bouncing up and off rocks, then seems to be stuck.

The two or three of us seem to go round the impediment of this rock face. Groups of the blue clothed priestesses of this upper region,

disturbed by our incursion into their world, pass, coming down, like disturbed birds.

Feeling that below us, in the valley, earth people who respect these sky people are coming to overrun our base camp.

Then we have penetrated to the summit, to the bridge of the ship as it were. Our leader is ahead somewhere. I am trying to reach him, to find out what he intends to do now, to go on, or back. I push through into a sort of gangway, leading to farther end of the bridge, and as I push through sort of heavy hanging canvas door, I disturb the second in command of the sky women, a sort of blue wasp/bee/chrysalis/hen roosting/sleeping/hibernating on an upper ledge. She falls to the ground, wakes, disturbed: what is it? what is happening?, and I wake with this huge feeling of exhaustion.

### **December 25, 1982**

1. Having homosexual affair which I am anxiously trying to keep from wife. Setting is flat bedroom with old white painted mahogany chest cupboard room, which was in Mother's bedroom in 52.

2. Man in bus station who has won a great deal of money, as on pools, by some chance pull in slot machine, or combination of numbers. He is showing us how he did it. He is a bit 'simple' – uncoordinated fingers playing on piano or typewriter keyboard, like S after the stroke.

3. 5.0 pm programme on TV, not radio. Starts straight off with shots of 1930's and 1940's Russian concentration camp: among the anonymous faces someone has identified a particular individual, either Andropov or some brother of close relation: this is somehow a major discovery which could herald the 'recognition of individuality' by the state monolith of Soviet Russia. One of the leaders is intimately related to, if not the 'double' of, one of the lost ones, the forgotten ones.

4. Intruders in our house, Oxford, Hampstead. Young boy trying to escape over the wall. I rush out and grab him. Others, more adult, outside, also involved. I am furious with them. This fury somehow matches the anxiety of the homosexual part of dream. As I start to eject them, they go quietly but scornfully. I am being unnecessarily old fashioned, insistent on private property.

Then I notice broken window frame in dining room of Hampstead house. No, that is too much, I think. I'll have to call the police. Wake in violent state of tension, anxiety.

### **January 5, 1983**

Various homes, Moreton Road, Hampstead, 52, together: mainly Hampstead. Going to house next beyond next door, to investigate, complain about, some problem to do with water. It is rain water, roof, guttering, but also water from the mains, that is causing the problem, as if in some way rain water and mains water were the same. We get to the house. It is one we've not been into, neighbours we don't know, people who keep themselves to themselves. Go into the garden, without going to the house (54 assoc) to look at 'where the trouble is', realise we have been seen from the house. I go to the house to explain what we are doing. Middle aged woman comes out, various children, nanny or governess, 52 – 54 assoc strong, friendly, no man around, talkative, then it is suddenly as if she could hold me captive, smother me sexually in some way, and struggling out of her arms/deep pillows, I wake kicking.

### **January 6, 1983**

The word 'simultaneous'.

If the child suddenly, and immediately, experiences the simultaneity of the whole causal field impinging on himself, wouldn't that be too much?

Because to recognise, spell out, own, all the causes operating now, simultaneously, takes time – time must be able to pass, but in the seizure of simultaneity that cannot be.

### **February 1, 1983**

Within long, painful, somatised, dreaming, one reflection 'held': that is (although, or even if) I came from the inside of my mother's body, I couldn't be made of the same stuff as my elder brother strong, vivid sense of 'stuff' – bits of flesh, blood, liquid, chemistry.

### **February 25, 1983**

Zurich hotel, money, travel theme, yet again!

Sunday, in hotel in Zurich. Travelling back to England. No cash to pay hotel bill. Will have to go to bank. How to get money out on a Sunday? I say I/we haven't yet decided whether to go now or tomorrow, Monday. If we leave it till tomorrow, no problem.

But I am told that in Switzerland one can get money out on a Sunday [as I write, 52 assoc with weekend shops closed]. There's a special

person on duty, and without needing to go into work, into the bank, he can check from his home by computer into the bank records [film Tron assoc here, and subsequent thought that Tron was a sort of theology or angelology], to see the balance of your account, and then pay money out from a float at his home.

Some argument about setting this process in train.

Then the scene changes/sharpens to something more like an agreed handover on a very fraught political frontier like Berlin wall: I/we are ready to 'go across': will it be allowed? Guards jostle me, preventing. I have to go up to a suddenly huge figure, threatening, he/she is going to turn. I shall not be able to bear looking at his/her/the face.

Wake myself partially, to protect myself. Immediately regret having done so, try to get back to sleep, sure that the figure was somehow my father when I was very small, father as woman, and dream half waking flood of eroticism, self as one of three large women about to have sex with each other, strong erection.

#### April 18, 1983

Trust between different ethnic communities has broken down in a city (only it seems also like a small village, Chicago, yet England). The two persons or families who have been at the centre of negotiation-breakdown, decide to call in, call up, all their clan (now *Romeo and Juliet* assoc), respectively the Germans and Poles. Neither side is quite clear *how* seriously the others intend it, but to observer-participant me it becomes clear that something terrible is going to happen. Someone speaks the word Genocide. What they are prepared to do is to wipe out the others. The Poles show themselves much more *numerous* than expected.

Reaches its climax in some large institutional buildings like hospital, in which the victim round whose murder 'it', genocide, will begin is, either as patient or member of staff. Round corner white coated figure with stretcher trolley waits, with some kind of vicious pointed needle stiletto fixed to his middle finger.

At some stage I speak strongly of need for homosexual love. We are being driven to genocide, to murder each other, because we were afraid to love each other's bodies.

#### May 3, 1983

Point of this dream is the sudden terror at the end.

Scene: Liverpool, Moreton Road. Seeing X, woman doctor patient at 6.30, also trying to get to theatre with visiting family from Germany. Patient arrives. I apologise for being distracted. She has brought a male colleague, who she introduces as potentially valuable contact. This man speaks about the north of England, but on leaving shakes my hand in formal German manner.

They have gone. I am leaving for the theatre. Scene now London. Lot of activity in the streets. Soldiers with ceremonial horses, uniforms, after some funeral. Horses deploying, cantering down streets, arcades, woman officer in command. Hose pipes spraying water like beautiful fountain. How to get through?

I am now with another woman, unidentified 40 to 50, Hawkwood assoc, calm, introverted. I am already late for theatre. "That'll show them" (the visitors from Germany). Perhaps it would be better just not to go now. Road seems blocked with water, so try to get through some shops. Hold door open behind me while peering ahead, to make sure 'they' don't lock it, as part of whatever operation they are mounting.

Then, at right angles, see this woman's figure, standing facing away, on a plinth (Hermione from *Winter's Tale* assoc). She turns to face: terror, totally different feel to anything that I have felt in the dream before. I say: "Let's get out of here", (or it may be my companion speaking: perhaps I am speechless with terror), and I wake flooded with adrenalin.

#### May 13, 1983

Posting plants, shrub, in London. Tying up the parcel by a pillar box. Helpful postman in van, who is clearing the box, offers to work out cost and take payment for me, as I try and make it fast with piece of army webbing found in street. In trying to tighten it to get enough slack to make a knot, I pull on contents so much that it tears jacket off the back of corpse which is now in the bundle.

The corpse changes to recently dead, rather than skeleton.

Shouldn't I report it to police?

Someone, the postman, now more my companion, perhaps a woman, says No, I'd have to explain why I hadn't done so before. Dump it on a waste tip.

But you can't dump, or post, a corpse.

Then I notice that it is alive – a man, about 40, in some way paralysed. So shouldn't we try and get him to hospital? He is trying to speak. I ask: "Would you prefer to be taken to police or hospital" (with feeling that police might be safer, some people are afraid of what a hospital will do to them). He is struggling to articulate. I wake with the effort – he has shaken his head to police, and breathed out something like 'hospital'.

### May 21, 1983

South Africa – (port, old Blue Funnel ships).

Apartheid tension in streets. I am trying not to be involved, as an outsider.

An old, beautiful, hunting rifle. Old, like the machinery in *Riddley Walker* – its old 'use' to be 'remembered'. It works sometimes, but at other times just snaps like toy gun.

In dream, associated with projection, remembering projective identification, some getting back to 'madness' of very early.

Projective identification = act of creation.

### July 1, 1983

1. We are looking after two small children, different parents, while their parents are away. I am alone with them. Playing with them on upper floor, windowsill, balcony. The two of them are dangerously on the edge. I get hold of one to pull it in, make to reach for the other, and accidentally/on purpose knock it off the ledge, so it falls. Reaching out to catch it, will its grip hold?, fatalistically knowing it won't. It falls the two or three floors to ground.

Feeling of terrible responsibility to others – process of grief-guilt-recrimination that must now begin. Also that I have somehow done this on purpose. But who could be so mad as that?

Someone reassures me, standing on the ground, holding the child. She seems to think it is nothing serious, small children fall like rubber balls. But does she really know what has happened? Can her reassurance be trusted?

2. Mad 'terrorist' game. Someone is passing some sort of lethally explosive device into public circulation, parcels or coins, which will circulate fairly quickly, so that various people will be holding it [?"left holding the baby"] during a day. Whoever happens to have it

at the time set for going off will be blown up, together with those nearest.

Feeling of nervous panic, combined with feeling of unlikelihood that it'll be me – but it could. What a totally crazy thing to do. Compared to it, terrorism is rational, understandable.

3. Divorced wife of very rich man. I am talking to her about the settlement she finally extracted out of him, through the courts: large house, 3 or 4 cars, including chauffeur, also two or three children at expensive schools. She is lying back in some big car, rich, bored, when another car blows up. Her ex husband is trying to kill her, to stop having to pay out, but it is the chauffeur who has been killed.

The woman's accountant/lawyer/personal secretary, a man, who manages everything for her, also severely wounded, perhaps with his legs blown off, 'comes to' with words: "Aren't I dead?", said as if wishing he were, rather than have to go on, maimed, with the pointless and exhausting job of looking after her. But on realising he is still alive, he at once, compulsively, begins to take charge.

### July 18, 1983

Long exhausting dream, of being in charge of 4 to 5 tiny children, about the size of fingers, on some outing, picnic. I have lost them.

What is going to happen when it is found out? They are probably dead, fallen down a hole, mislaid, they are far too small to survive on their own.

Some woman suggests it doesn't matter at all: they are so small no one will notice their loss. I'm not so sure: after all, their parents will surely mind?

But even here there is a doubt, that perhaps having to take special care of such tiny children may be such a nuisance that they will be glad to overlook the loss.

So waking feeling, which is so exhausting, is between extreme anxiety at the weight of anger, condemnation, outrage, when the loss is discovered, and a half hope, which feels both light hearted and totally irresponsible, that the loss will be simply ignored, that they are so tiny that they can be just written off (wartime visit to dentist in Liverpool, when I just didn't go).

July 23, 1983

World War has broken out, between Japan and the West. No sense of Russian involvement, or indeed of Russia not being involved: more as if Russia weren't there.

War seems to have started because of something going out of control, proving unworkable, in international money markets. This failure had then transferred, jumped, or sparked over, into sense of: "we can't go on like this, we've got to find out who is technologically superior", and the news seems to be that Japan is winning.

I am back in the navy. Small boat, almost like fishing ketch. X is there. He is in tears – the pacifist whose whole world is falling about him. He is clutching childrens' picture book, which he reads to comfort himself, like how I enjoyed reading to the children when they were small, losing myself in that world.

Somewhere, there is also sense of the war being of science fiction kind, with machines, persons, operating in different sort of space-time. Am I man enough to go out and die? Feeling of having been recently called up again for six months or so, but this is the real thing. Our ship hasn't got near where the action is, in Pacific, round the other side, but when it does: will I?

Stammer, reading Goldstein, Kleinian idea of facing death at birth, and some 'cowardice' which I have never owned.

October 28, 1983

1. I have booked two patients for 5 or 6, or 6 and 7, on an evening when we are having a big family party, 52 type family, plus present. Growing sense of ridiculousness and *wrongness* of the overlap between practice and family. I shouldn't have done it. I am not keeping enough distance between patients and family. The two patients are one from 15 years ago, an anorexic, and X from now, who I'd seen the evening before. X's dream which she had brought in the session was somehow caught up in my dream, as if my dream were in some way about it. Her dream had run:

"There was a television programme about a baby which had been exposed to radar messages. The baby had actually picked up these messages, although it had no mechanism for transmitting what it had received. The television commentator said something like: 'It has been exposed to the negative, to a large NO, when all it knows is the Mother (meaning, I think, a sort of one sided positiveness), and

although an instrument could detect what was present in the baby, what it had picked up, the baby couldn't express it'. The commentator likened this to the planet Earth, in the sixteenth century (?), when there was no 'knowledge' of the 'west' on the Earth, but an instinctive pull towards it".

P, the first appointment, hasn't come. Perhaps she has forgotten. Or perhaps I've made a mistake in my diary, and have not made the appointments, in which case X won't come either. For this waiting period, there is association with 52 'sewing' room.

2. Waiting for possible X, and time tension round the family party, passes over into different sequence about a concert I've promised Y I will conduct (post war Liverpool assoc).

The time is getting near when it is to start. I must get ready. What to wear? Then suddenly, the realisation of what I have let myself in for. I have *no* idea how to conduct. How can I possibly go through with it? It is a big concert, Covent Garden type. Y might not mind my incompetence, but the orchestra would know at once, also the audience. Conducting isn't just like 'stirring the soup', thought of knowledgeable cook, mother figure, saying to boy 'just stir the soup for me dear'. Terror: what *have* I let myself in for! 52, Sudley, assoc. Then: But I needn't go. I could duck out of it, like Mercers school in 1949. But I can't let Y down. Yes, it'll be terrible for her, but someone else will take over, the concert will happen, even if Y is made to look a fool through my failure to appear. The sense that I am going to run out on it grows. Cowardice perhaps, but it would be pointless, insane.

Then, on second level as it were: a new sense of obligation. Even if I don't go, I must phone Y, expose myself to hearing her voice, her anger. Exhausting search for phone begins.

November 2, 1983

As part of long sequence:

after saying good bye to someone, I put my finger in my nose to clean out snot. Come out with bigger bit than expected, and attached to it a thread which pulls out more and more. I pull on it, surprised and pleased – almost excited – to be cleaning out so much stuff, till I realise I am pulling against something stuck or firm: perhaps where the thread is organically joined to bone or flesh inside me. If I go on pulling it could hurt – sense of already bad headache. So looking for

scissors to cut thread, holding it and the attached snot stuff bunched in my hand close to my face so people can't see. I try to break it, too hard. A tough, almost cord like thread, with coloured marking which reminds me of the Mikado in Spillykins game. By now the thread is coming out of my ear, not nostril. So feeling of the pull, the danger/pain of the pull, is through ear straight into 'softness' of the brain, rather than through 'harder' stuff of nose.

**November 14, 1983**

Some sense in waking, that 'the twins' to be born are 'the actual' and 'the potential' – as if actuality and potentiality now have to co-exist as they have not done before.

**November 21, 1983**

Two cars manoeuvring for position, on narrow road, sea front, also railway train. They are going in opposite directions. In some way they/we block each other. The driver of the other one jumps out and very quickly adjusts some window, top and bottom, which seals it tight. This shuts us in hermetically, causing sort of electric/magnetic field inside. He/she then 'connects' this field to an outside source of power, like electric plug, which blows us into fragments with the explosion.

Sense as I wake trying to remember, of this being the 'incredible' violence in me, and in the world outside.

**December 8, 1983**

Bunuel type nightmare.

1. With someone like mix of two male patients. In analytic hour, I begin to feel that 'nothing is going to happen'. There is something untouchable, unmovable, in him, a psychotic area (like Winnicott in *Use of the Object*). I say so, something like: "I don't think there is anything I can do for you..."

The look on his face, some shock, leads me to wonder if perhaps I can get through to him. But also, I have hurt his pride, he could be *very* dangerous.

2. With woman patient. She has half bottles of wine 'because she lives alone'. My sister's wider family, daughters in law also, an extended 'other' family in which I have no part. My wife is angry with me for saying something to hotel proprietor, meant as a joke,

about this patient's children, I think of just *four* of them, when they were small.

3. The nightmare.

Developing out of previous, driving through foreign country in fantastic extravagant car, with eccentric/mad millionaire, father and son, and one other (chauffeur), and self, four of us. One of them is all blond and gold (gold metal, rich, Nazi youth). He lies on roof of the car. "When are you going to order the car to speed up, Dad?" Some sense of danger. Distant puff of smoke, from some explosion. Feeling we are in a country in civil war, Lebanon like. Then suddenly, we are surrounded by police, in green uniforms, on motor bikes, hunched little men, droopy, like some large 'sloth' animals, but definitely human.

They are protesting at our unfriendly, insulting to their country, manners/behaviour.

Woman police like a senior officer, complains at some remark I've made back in the town which has somehow been against 'their' women, which connects with whatever my wife has been angry with me about in the previous section. As if Iranian Muslims, or Central Americans, complaining at Western journalists criticism as insulting to what they feel to be (religiously) important, we take as something to be criticised by outside armchair values.

The attitude of the police is hard, dissociated. Like the male figure in first section. They could do *anything*.

I get afraid. Like watching a film, but being in it. Assoc with intention to watch "Day After" nuclear war film on TV next night.

I say, think: "I was warned it would be unpleasant, terrible, to watch, but I don't have to submit to this sort of thing, 'they' have no right to expect me to go through with this..."

these police could kill, cut bits off me/us, IRA talk of 'executions' (but somewhere there is also memory of *Candide*, sexually exciting sadistic images of cutting pieces of breasts, arse, to eat), sharpening into realisation that they *will*, which is where Bunuel effect is strong, *Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*, *The Obscene Object of Desire* (Winnicott also uses 'Object'), and I make myself wake to get away from it: which is cowardice, but sensible.



**December 15, 1983**

1. Waiting at station, ?Oxford, to meet daughter or son, to save her from kidnap, at her wish. Train comes in. I see her not looking at me, but going apparently of her own will to big limousine, to 'them'. She is being terribly silly: son is also there, with her, the two of them sitting in the back. How could they be so foolish? I want to call out to her, how crazy she is being. Can't stop them, rush to car, can't stop it, but plunge head first into the car myself, am pushed in, so that I am myself 'caught'.

Wake myself trying to call out, mixture of help (to outside), and how crazy you are (to inside, son and daughter).

This is what the stammer is all about.

2. In Liverpool, outside Lime Street/Adelphi, as on recent visit. Looking for 'The Temple', asking other woman who is also searching for it. It is the area between ?Renshaw Street and Bold Street, pedestrian, steep area, like Zurich Altstadt, an area I've not been into in all my time in Liverpool. Lawyer's offices, etc., look down on big hall, almost dug deep into ground, in which some degree giving, graduation ceremony, is taking place.

**December 30, 1983**

Early in night: violent kicking in attempt to break out of some increasing confinement.

Dream - married to sister. She is definitely, obviously, naturally, my wife. As she always has been. It is admitted. It is so obvious.

The Queen is visiting, without Philip. Sister receives her (as sort of leading woman of the community). Receives her on a large boat in river. I am not presented as her husband. I am just one of the others.

Long sequence about my 'forgotten' flat in Notting Hill. I am cleaning it out, preparing to leave. There has also been a burglary. At some stage in this sequence I have to pee. Find lavatory, relieve myself - and do in fact pee extensively in my bed.

**January 9, 1984**

Someone with dreams of foreboding. I am working to interpret them, as if by interpretation, by successful interpretation, 'it' need not happen (interpretation as in some way preventive). Then I begin to realise that the dreams are so repeating themselves, that 'it' must happen. Indeed, the only way to respect 'it' is to let it happen.

With wife. I have come in car to pick her up from somewhere. Unable to get car to stop. Brakes just don't work. Even when I get gear into reverse the car goes slipping on forward. Finally, I manage to stop it by turning the engine off and driving it up a hill, turning it up a bank at side of road. This enables me to collect my wife.

Someone is to have an operation, myself and/or a child. With myself, being prepared for it. I am afraid. The surrender of myself into the hands of the nurses. A fairly major operation. But mainly it is my child. Feeling for the child is as for son, but it is a girl, four to five. Wife is there, we have brought the child together, early in the morning, about 8.0.

She has been taken away by the nurses to be got ready. It is now between 10 and 11. My huge relief when I hear that she is already in the theatre, already undergoing the op. I shout out in my relief: "I do not think I could have born it if she had had to wait through till tomorrow". The extreme of my relief, my tears, the way I break down in expressing the hugeness of it, surprises the others.

**January 27, 1984**

An 'ultimate' solution is to be invoked. There has been, or there is being, planned, world nuclear war. Some people are, will have been, left over, on both sides, still alive but bound to die within six months or so. So no one has won. No one need fear being defeated. All are equal in death - a sort of complete entropy with no 'opposition' left. But then there is doubt. Although those still living are blind, and therefore unable to see each other and realise that 'the other side' is still there, they may *smell* each other, smell the other human bodies. This could lead them to continue fighting, with the risk that one side might win, and the other have to face defeat, accept defeat. This risk must be prevented: so the ultimate solution, some order given, some button pressed, some programme activated, which will annihilate all remaining human bodies. This will make certain.

**February 6, 1984**

[I only wrote this dream down, recalled on waking with alarm clock, from deep sleep, because wife told me that much earlier in the night I had woken her with violent kicking and groaning, trying to speak. She'd held my hand, tried to comfort and to wake. I had held her hand tight, as if seeking reassurance, opened my eyes and looked at

her, but not woken: "you didn't seem to want to wake up". I had and have no remembrance of this. The thought of a child reaching out to a hand for comfort, but not wanting to be woken, eyes open, looking, but "please, don't wake me", I find extraordinarily moving, exciting, suggestive, apprehensive. I associate it with saying yesterday "the only way not to go mad is to masturbate", which lifted a self destructive mood, and stays somehow as far more significant than I thought when saying it. Also with talking to son about the Creed, I got on to my Clermont story. His response: "isn't this something you should be preaching about in church, Dad, instead of in psychology?"]

Now the dream. On a journey from London to some destination west of Reading, in a coach bus, as if to airport for charter holiday flight. We've left early afternoon. Around three I fall asleep. Sleep fitfully.

When I wake it is almost dark, about seven o'clock (that is, early summer). Where are we? The coach is driving fast along minor roads. Someone explains there is a diversion. We are almost coming into a town. But which town? We are completely lost. We ask the courier in charge of the bus what is happening. S/he replies that they have been in touch with the office in London and that they can't explain what went wrong, but s/he is sure that it'll be put right (but in such a whisper that I have to ask two or three times) "we are in South London".

I feel the explanation is useless. The driver must be crazy to have come so far out of our way as this. Yes, people agree, he must be. Feeling that the tour operators are trying to protect him decently from too much exposure for being crazy. But nevertheless that doesn't help us. Why can't they just hire another coach? "Yes, we could do that...", but they don't, because to do so would make it necessary for them to take some action about the crazy driver.

### March 5, 1984

I am on the executive of the IAAP, newly elected. We are discussing some question of personal competence, reliability. I begin to realise that the committee is not competent (almost 'physically able') to act as judge in such matters, as the way people are elected to it does not preclude mad, or seriously immature, people from getting in. Others are also realising this. I say it. Although in a way very obvious, it

sounds like a revolutionary insight, the *saying* of it makes me feel hugely relieved.

On board a ship, upper decks, towards uppermost which is almost like top of a tall building, used for storage, water, lift mechanisms, etc., crew have access but not passengers. Looking for incriminating evidence, or even a murderer, an active agent or force.

*Hair* is what we are looking for. Is it perhaps a hanged person, a sort of wisp of hair suspended in the air, like a thin old man's goat beard, or is it sheep's wool? I comment on various bearded, long haired men around. Are they 'it'? No. then through an upper hatch which one of the searchers opens, I see a lot of wigs hanging up. Huge excitement floods me, waking me. *That's* hair alright, and how!, exciting sexually and also to do with death (scalps of Red Indians). To go up into that place will be frightening, necessary, exciting.

### May 29, 1984

Preformative Carmelitism.

In hospital ward, as patient. Many of my clients are also there, as patients. X in bed next to me, in tears, asking the doctor result of some test, investigation. "What do you suspect the illness is? What is the worst you suspect?" S/he answers: "Preformative Carmelitism". I hold her body, shaken with sobs.

This leads into: Crowded store, with risk of pickpockets. Young girls are exploiting, using, their sexuality, hands, groping round trousers in the crowd, so if you accuse them of trying to get at the wallet in hip pocket they can counter accuse that you were inviting/enjoying them groping at the prick.

This associates with radio joke yesterday, about 'palm fringed beach', meaning 'beach circled by beggars', which I found nasty, but it stuck. And through that with Palm Sunday. So, to be safe from them, I stick close behind two men, a priest/rabbi and another. Some pickpocket is caught, by trickery, by older man who planted temptation easily as it were, which has Dickens, childhood reading association, and leads into -

A big meeting, party, of AJA, SAP, IPEC, people. We are all involved in watching, enacting, a long *Rosemary's Baby* type story, about 'the god has been born', the god expected has come, made known by fact that someone has said Happy Birthday to someone on a Friday the 13th, which is also linked to Ulysses' birth or the Bow scene from the *Odyssey*.

Ends in my saying, from heart of the stammer, something which affirms recognition of some idolatrous wrongness in both Jungian (H G Baynes' *Mythology of the Soul*) and X's faith, both as having misled me and the world. I make this statement to my son, who is standing next to me, saying: "Listen to me now, listen like son has never listened to father before".

#### August 6, 1984

Two generations after my father, in the business. The first generation had taken over from *inside* as it were, and found how different/bad things were compared to how it had been supposed.

Then a complete *outsider*, Clive someone, had bought control, and as an outsider with no personal involvement in the past, has stated just how financially rotten/wrong something was. (Assoc with miners' strike.)

I say: now is the time when my real friends (who are they?, is X one?) can help pull me out from this gaping hole that has revealed itself in the rock on which I stand – feeling that one rock is revealed as various rocks with deep 'into the centre of the earth' cleft between them, into which I am falling, could be sucked down, without the helping pull and heave of other hands – just the muscular pull.

#### September 2, 1984

Intense anxiety about journey from holiday abroad, with wife and son. Also journey from home to abroad, Italy, somehow between the north and Rome, but more strongly to Africa, central Southern, Rhodesia approached somehow across from the West. Arriving there, the huge unknownness, immense cultural gap, but with English as the received language on the surface.

A lot of the feeling and forgotten action seems to turn on the father son relation.

Out of that, in waking, there emerges the sentence like: "We are learning, or, we have to learn, a language which the dead can also understand", with the sense that learning involves speaking, and that in speaking a language there is a *making*, a language is made in being spoken. And this sentence is telling me something about how I and my father, as a relationship, relate to history, with immediate associations with the Ricoeur work on Testimony, and on the 'prophetic' Micah which I have to read in church.

Also, in that African sequence there is a very special image, of myself in some way enjoying the powerful thighs, hips, of a man, binding something up between the buttocks, with sense that smell could spoil the excitement but the excitement is too great to be spoiled by any normal smell.

In (original) writing down, I remember that the dream in which the Clermont story originated, was set in a similar area of Africa.

#### September 13, 1984

A man is imprisoned, waiting execution, to death. Inside the prison, which is windowless, there is a snake, also various 'flesh' – dead rats, other pieces of meat. The snake and the rest of the meat is dormant, static.

I am in some way the gaoler. He wants something, hungry. I don't 'like' to refuse, because of my reputation as a 'carer'. So I give him a half used jar of Danish fish roe, somehow sort of squashing it on to his nose/mouth (soldier giving Christ the vinegar on the cross.)

But this is a cruel joke, and intended by me as such. Because the smell of the fish eggs attracts huge flies through the tiny grid holes which is the only ventilation. As they crawl through, they arouse the snake: the hunger for flesh, the greed for flesh, is activated.

Now the snake (and other flesh eaters among 'the meat'?) will have its appetite whetted on the flies, then the dead rats, and will then turn on the prisoner's body (rat torture in 1984, Pit and the Pendulum story as a child).

I wake into thinking about what I am going to say on October 11 about Ricoeur and the hermeneutics of suspicion and faith.

#### September 23, 1984

1. East Germany, rescue/escape, from the body of the whale. I am travelling *round* East Germany. At north east, feet in the Baltic. Then south, Poland, by some sea there. Then with two companions, I get lost in the basement of some huge factory or power station, or beneath the engines in engine room of a ship, or beneath ship in shipyard. I get separated from my two companions. Crawling among wires, pipes, have lost the way, questionable whether I can squeeze through.

Then, by a synchronous bit of luck, just the right encounter, I meet a man with a party of friends, some kind of old friend of mine or my

family (Kurt Hahn), who begins process of rescue from East Germany, like Hitchcock film.

2. Coming home to house like in Hampstead. We are walking round the much bigger garden, clockwise (like round E Germany). We have been away for some time, perhaps a whole season, but someone has been doing work in the garden, weeding, cultivating, they are there with their family, with huge, celebratory meal, having won a £20,000 insurance appeal.

3. Extraordinary personal attack on me by X, though it is a younger man, more my own age. It is at a Jung Congress luncheon. X is sitting opposite me at a long table. Towards the end of his speech, paper, I realise with astonishment that he is going to name names and go into personalities, in a personal attack of extremely offensive/hostile kind, worked out in detail. In particular, on two counts related to my use of language:

a) its involutions. This is familiar, but his examples are detailed, devastating;

b) drawing on a novel by Evelyn Waugh, something Waugh says about how the leisured rich can afford a certain way of selecting their vocabulary.

I stare at X with incredulity that he is giving me the importance of such an attack. In a way, it is a huge relief, that it is at last being said in public. X can't meet my eyes. Not so much as if he is afraid, as that he is so angry.

My wife says: "Aren't you going to reply?". I say: "No, the issue is personal between us, and also belongs with the group dynamics, it's not about my use of language. If he won't face me and own the personal issue between us, it's no good trying to answer on the verbal issue he's chosen" (52 association, imagining myself going in to LDH and not being able to speak, contrasting 'schoolroom' with father's library, and thought that before he married the 'schoolroom' was called the 'morning room').

#### October 4, 1984

1. Returning to 'my' house in Ullet Road. Ullet Road has been moved, as part of major reconstruction of Croxtheth Gate, as a Rome like square, much traffic, activity, more southern effect. There are six houses, terrace, old fashioned, which belong to the Holts, or trades associated with the company. My house has my name in old

lettering over the door. My father is there. I introduce him to man at gate of one of the houses. Rather fulsome response.

2. With son in foreign city. Man speaking English, about coming trade fair, amusedly about British presence there, refers to "There'll be some of those nice young English stokers (naval) in their pretty uniforms". In passing, I say: "I was a stoker in the war, we did a good job" (by implication, "You Swiss should be grateful").

He takes this as a possible homosexual invitation, and follows me. I walk firmly away with my son, a bit anxious I might get involved. I ask my son if he realises what has happened, the implied homosexuality. He says Yes.

3. I am being told by doctors that there is something wrong with my wife sexually, which will need operation, possibly terminal. And always has been. Why haven't we noticed before, in sex? Male doctor is talking to me, in Zurich or Genoa, also more eastern city, minarets, Kremlin type building in background. He is feeling deeply for me. I feel I could love him. There has never been feeling like this between another man and myself. About 40 to 50, reddish hair.

A woman doctor joins him.

Why hadn't my wife and I known before? She is both indignant that we hadn't, and also sorry for us: as if we had been wilfully stupid, blind. My wife's first husband was a doctor, an anaesthetist: why hadn't he told her something was wrong (as if it might have been treatable if started when she was young).

The woman doctor describes in anatomical detail what I must surely have missed in sex: some sort of abandon + clitoris/penis coming out of vagina. I am incredulous.

I say (with a slightly bogus laugh) that I can only compare with a few other women, but I just can't believe that our sex wasn't normal, good (pretending to be 'better' husband than I am).

But alongside the incredulity is feeling that the *relief* could be huge, once I began to believe... But: "I don't want to begin to believe you..."

The relief would be huge. It would explain so much. She is also mother: the explanation would go back to my beginning. Part of the relief would be that I could *blame* her. But there is also the suffering to come. The mixture of feeling there is extraordinary.

**October 18, 1984**

Prolonged 'search'. 'I' (not complete sense of identification, some sense that it is other), am disabled, perhaps without legs, needing help always.

At end some dog is given a bone, end of meat, also called 'pug nose'. It is the bone of a dog – so, cannibalistic? – The dog has never had anything like it before.

The man on whom I've relied (as 'Minder', to carry me) has turned against me because of my role in the search, which has turned against him?

He says, watching the dog, that I will never have a bone, meat, again. I am to be punished.

Something terrible is at stake. Is it that dogs could eat me? But also feeling that he is about to lose his hold over me because of the 'the search' reaching its climax.

(Assoc: Company of Wolves film. Also reading *Homo Necans*.)

**April 22, 1985**

Powerful atmospheric dream that seemed to explain a lot about the paranoid possession in my experience, the excessive? affect round Jungian institutions etc.

It centred on an experience of the real evil in woman, a woman I think in particular of X/mother, an unbelievable quality of intentional evil. What seems important to record and to try and keep hold of, was this realisation that I found it all but incredible, and thus realised how natural it has been, and still is, to suppress or deny it.

Evil and mischief: mischief as evil.

Also, in half waking, sense that this was powerful enough and virulent enough to explain something 'fixated' in my sexuality, the compulsion in the sado masochism, and that the realisation was connected with working on the Hawkwood hermeneutics papers, which was somehow fraying away the edges of the 'unable to believe' skin covering the immediate experience of this unmitigated evil.

**May 1, 1985**

Humiliating. With woman who is my secretary, I have taken her home to my mother's house. Embarrassed/afraid of suggestion of sexual relation or attraction. I am increasingly anxious to get her out of the house before I am discovered 'with' her. End by almost pushing her out of the front door (now my present house). This haste is counter productive because it pushes her into resisting a bit, and thus slowing her departure down. I hear mother on stairs coming down, so sort of brazen it out by calling out: "Would you like to meet my secretary?", and almost compel the two women to meet. Mother is not particularly interested, as if she would 'rather not know'. She looks tired and ill, and I realise she is dying of cancer.

The humiliation on waking is powerful. I feel this explains the failure of so many of my relationships with women.

**May 27, 1985**

Two connected scenes: the crucial question is, how are the two bits of the dream related?

1. Acting in performance of play, mix of *Comedy of Errors* and *Measure for Measure*. I do not know one word of my part – nor even 'who' I am (others in same position?) But I am enjoying the acting, and up to a point seem to be carried by the movement of the play. Perhaps I'll get through without the audience noticing too much. But in future I *must* learn my part.

2. In a community, society, where many believe in something like magic. I witness someone gathering their power to curse another (both women). I say to the victim: "Don't believe she has power to curse. She may hate you, and hate is very powerful. It is bad to be hated. Hate can do terrible harm. But it is human. It does not have the power of a curse".

**May 28, 1985**

Encounter/fight with karate trained girl/woman. She's been around, as harmless onlooker, someone's daughter?, when I see her moving in a different scene. In a moment of recognition I point at her: "you, it's you, you are the...", and she turns her stance, moves towards me in trained, coiled spring tension. I tense to meet her, we circle, am I trained for it?, tension builds, we are almost in reach. I strike out with my hand and hit plate glass between us: we are divided/protected from each other by plate glass. Wake in hitting my hand against table next to my bed.

**May 30, 1985**

1. Daughter ceremony. Like wedding, but it is for the birth, baby christening. Family there. Why are we having it when the baby isn't born yet? Surely we ought to wait until it is here? The men together. Four women come in, various members of wider family. One says that there is uncertainty about the birth. The consultant's wife has just had twins, and this takes him home a lot. He isn't at the hospital so much, can't look after his patients so well. And there's been bleeding. But surely she is having the baby in the GPs' ward?

2. Freud in London. Long sequences (with 52 in the 1930's overtones, also with grandfather studying in Germany), about two big names who had taken Freud's thought further, but not broken like Jung and Adler did. Feeling that it had been a possibility that Freud could have offered himself as (sacrificial) Jewish victim to Nazis – strong 52 assoc here – what would have happened then? A 20th century Christ?

3. With X, wife of friend, and others, in bed, half dressed. Links with both the other sections of the dream. Relaxed, exploratory, sense of extraverted potential.

**June 5, 1985**

We are being hunted down, part of game (52 childhood), part as adult for real. We/they are tracked into cave/cupboard where they are hiding by pack of furry, 'sweet little' white animals.

But they could be deadly. They are mink. "If David...had been bloody at all, they'd have gone wild with blood lust..." The main image being of these harmless, almost toy like creatures, when there's no blood around, that turn into pirana like furies in the presence of blood.

**July 16, 1985**

A major dream, that has eased the black depression of the last few days, and also speaks into the sexual frustration, though just what it's saying I don't know.

A seeing through a gigantic hoax, of science fiction kind.

Three images I remember.

1. Bits of fish bone which are also dog's tooth are in my flesh/blood. They are illness/madness, and also my purpose. Dogfish, but rather Fishdog (I wrote Fishgod at night) bone.

2. I am having to keep up pretence under questioning of being simple/retarded/of an inferior species (like in Golding's *Inheritors*), so that They don't realise I could be dangerous in that I am more aware than they realise.

Dribble of semen from my penis as evidence of what?

Also hurt on my knee, a blood/water/silvery fluid, is some kind of give away and could lead to me being identified as a threat to Them. I am sent for treatment back into hospital where they may find out (by doing chemical checks on my blood). But once there (assoc of being in the navy) I manage to get them all, patients willingly, doctors more dubiously, to 'come out' with me.

They do so in a rush, past Their guards/front men, erupting outside into visitors from another place (assoc with visiting US lawyers in London seen on TV), thus showing that something was wrong, not as it appeared.

On the breakout we manage to give three books that have been written by 'prisoners' inside, describing in circumstantial detail what goes on there, to three of the visitors, thus getting evidence out. Knowledge in advance/retrospect that they will hunt down, and kill, the two men to get the evidence back, and then all will depend on the third, with a woman (in her 30's).

Now They know we know, so repression will be more thorough, clever. But we have got some pass code that enables us to get inside the chemical brain computer in a new way. Picture of us all defiling through a door into new part of the great complex of buildings, before They can prevent us. As long as I remember that life is about dying, and don't try merely to save my life, but let the images/memories/realisations come, we may be able to undo the huge fraudulence in whose spell the world is caught.

**August 16, 1985**

Set in Liverpool, London.

Live play, TV film – American power in England. Great power, little power, comparison, with memories of time when England had been a great power. Some plans to stage an American musical with strong 'political' tone – of American democratic successful racial integration tradition, disliked both by English left and right. Also sense of powerful organised semi secret crime (Mafia) and similar undercover police, FBI.

But there is resistance to the 'strategy'. At one moment in the preparation, one of the principals ('I') is told that he has gone too far, presumed too much: "You'll have to die", and the time is set: within the next 24 hours.

Fear and ?despair. But preparation goes on. Then, almost in the play, the dreaded moment arrives. Tall hooded figure with no face enters on Sartre/Ionescu type stage. This is/could be the agent of death, doom, retribution, but speaks out of no face, it does not kill, but reminds of something of 'horror'.

'I' place my hand on 'its' top, where the head should be, as sign that I have heard, but also as sign of comfort. And I feel the protuberance of a knob/head, and realise that the figure has got its effect of headlessness by withdrawing its head into and between its shoulders (like tortoise), and I say, or it is said: "I have never been so afraid in my life" (being aware of fear, but not *such* fear, that is being aware of a discrepancy in the saying even in the dream, and yet meaning it, it was true what was said).

#### October 6, 1985

Terrible row with my wife. The marriage breaks into pieces. I 'break open' after she directs a sustained jet of pee – like man from penis, small boy playing with his jet – at me. Then we are going to church. Have got the time of the service wrong. People flocking into church opposite, ?Methodist. Our Anglican church empties. Then we have to move because of a wedding. My son and I get separated from my wife who is with the car. Then we come back into the church, to a wedding or childrens' party. Son's terror at thought we've lost Mummy.

#### November 3, 1985

Story, book length novel, of circular plot between childhood violence and adult recollection (that makes it sound too neat).

In the beginning, a boy who was 'mad', controlled, apparently normal, but in reality 'round the bend', had been involved in a killing in which dogs had been used to kill (or possibly more) human beings. The 'remembering' of this, at the adult stage, is summed up, contained, encapsulated, in a scene between an adolescent boy and his mother (father in the scene too, sense of boy being an only child?). The mother is ineffective in some way, can't really relate to

her son. (*Who is she reminding me of?*). But she is challenging him, taking him to task, for some naughtiness. In reply, he tells her something, and the story says this:

"It made all the difference between...", and gives various examples of: between bad and extremely bad, and between making a reasonable profit, and making a huge fortune ('a killing?'), and others.

All examples of scale, how something unimaginably, unrelatable-to-ly 'big', excessive, altogether too much, absolutely on too big a scale, could be seen as itself on the same scale as something we *can* relate to, and therefore 'rememberable' –

and this thing he tells her is something about this horrific killing long ago: for example, it could be that he told her he had been in the company of, in some way contaminated by, but not identical with, the boy who'd been involved in the killing with the dogs.

#### November 13, 1985

'Inside' disaster movie about takeover by huge rats, 'Russian Blue' variety (picture of one, set against ugly mid Asian Russian city by river, huge modern buildings in background). Someone has left two neighbouring openings in a house, electrical fitment into wall and plumbing round loo, and the smell/spark between them will be what starts the rats pouring out of their world into ours.

A weekend on Hamlet. How much I am going to enjoy leading it, but/although my notes on my opening talk are mislaid.

#### November 27, 1985

Organisation, profession, in which I work has finally got round to recognising that I am in some sense false, phoney, a pretender. It is also like a political decision. *They* are giving up the pretence that I and They can work together, that we do in any sense share the same beliefs, principles. So they are dismissing me. I am both relieved to go, and also feel lost, defeated, they are demanding that I sign a complete recantation of all my beliefs, teaching, the things I have stood for.

This might mean I could stay on. I am in a way glad to do so, because I want out of 'the pretence' too – the pretence that They and I belong together. But then I begin to think: why recant? They are trying to cover up a 'political' disagreement. Why not have a row?

**November 28, 1985**

Some Jungian meeting, like Congress, held in Japan. Sense of the Jung political scene set in context of world international scene (that makes it sound too grandiose). Somehow it picks up atmosphere of previous night's dream. Word goes out that Japanese scientists, electronic wizards, have almost developed a system of listening in to secret radio transmissions from all the separate Russian (and US?) submarines, and somehow beaming them all in on *one* central recording place, which could then broadcast them back on to each other, thus deafening/jamming their whole system. Sense of Japan as potentially *between* Soviet and US superpowers. If they were given, or if they took (again, assoc with last night) their military freedom/independence of the US, it would destabilise the whole system. But if it also released their technological listening wizardry into the system, what might not happen?

But there is a sense of death and apocalypse. If/when war breaks out, enemy soldiers (Japs in World War II) do shoot to kill. There is no time to reason. They just land on our beaches, guns blazing, and I imagine/enact the convulsion of the suddenly killed body as it crumples under machine gun fire.

In the Jung bit of the dream, I've mislaid my wooden plate with which we were all issued.

**January 5, 1986**

52 – most vivid dream of, for many years.

It is night, very bright moon, 'like daylight'. I am walking round front of house from conservatory side, sort of 'rejoicing' (it seems the right word) in *actually* being there, the brightness, the sheer actuality of it, the lawn underfoot, garden well kept. It is the house where 'we' live, my present family. Many downstairs windows are open, drawing room, dining room (different windows, more modern). I think we must remember to close them at night, before going to bed. I/we must have been forgetting how many rooms, windows, there are in the house. Coming round to side entrance. House seems in darkness. Are there lights in stable block? I go in by side door, big modern glass swing door, anti draught? – inside passage, I call out to let them know I'm home, dark, sense of figure ahead of me in the passage. I wake suddenly in fear.

**January 9, 1986**

Inside 52, which is also a book, like Eco's *Name of the Rose*.

A big *round*, like a giant fruit? It is 'psychotic': in the dream there is a sense that the word is used loosely, without a proper meaning. Heavy head cold: my head as the 'round'. Blowing my nose as a practical way of dealing with the psychotic?

**January 29, 1986**

Travelling west down M4 with companion who tells me how s/he got out of prison some years ago, and has never been caught. Assumption that 'they' have long ago given up being interested in catching him/her: he/she was only in for a minor offence, a few days. Then our car is involved with a lot of casual, rich people walking down the middle of the motorway without a care in the world, as if walking back from forced landing of plane they were holidaying in. Blowing my horn angrily.

Then with my wife, at country house hotel, where they are becoming suspicious.

We are separated. I am shut in a room, a private hospital, sinister. I am going to be 'treated' against my will.

Making myself feel/go mad in order to escape somehow, escape the treatment?

My wife comes in, not like her. I feel relieved, then terribly disappointed and afraid as she says something that shows she is persuaded of the properness, o.k.ness of these doctors and nurses, and of course I should submit myself to the treatment.

**February 6, 1986**

Zurich Institute, WPF, APCC, OPS. I have taken initiative in bringing together (English) 'members' and visiting Americans for discussion about some theme (but I have lost/forgotten the original memo/history on which it is based). Twenty to thirty of us. An American emerges as wanting to address us, about recent visit to East Europe, ?naive shock, political feeling. We Europeans know better.

Theme of climbing down from heights, scary.

Then group of Indians: two older, parents, two children, crying, in pain. General sympathy for the children. I go to help them, then



choose instead to go to one of the parents, an old 'mummified' figure, wrapped up in plastic, protective film over face, and accuse: "Why is the child crying? What is wrong with the child?"

I tear at the plastic wrapping to get at the person behind, and expose woman's withered face, the colour comes back to it (with the exposure), and a look of revolting senile/young sexual greed.

### February 11, 1986

The nuclear bombs have been dropped. Not as final as people had expected. We are in a small tribe/community in the country, and life seems to be able to go on, if we cooperate. But fears of what will happen when the gangs from the cities come, though the environment seems to be free of radiation, the fabric of social authority has surely broken down, and with that there must follow social chaos. Also fear of whether to eat: someone has got a large supply of milk. Can we drink it?

In the dream, sense that this may be about after the psychotic 'worst', in psychoanalytic sense.

Also scene set in Jordan, with King Hussein, both Bedouin primitivism and modern war planes, cars. French planes, bought in assertion of independence of British. His English wife is dead: question of disposal of her English personal possessions. (Assoc in dream of Hussein with London whipping pros.)

### March 9, 1986

I wake with the decision that we *have* to report an (accidental) dead body, killed Army officer, to the police.

With family (of origin, rather than now, but also fictional: this was night after enactment of *Girl without hands*), staying in some place near RAF, and also Army, camp. We've got the help of Army stores people, who've come in to our home, quarters, to help fix something for us. Two army officers have come, I think a captain and a lieutenant, though the word *corporal* is also around. While with us, something has happened to one of the officers, ?the junior. I *think* what happened is that his colleague hit him in some not very serious fight, and he fell, hitting his head, and was killed. Anyway, he is dead. We all decide to hush it up, to ignore it, including the other Army officer. Somehow it is his agreeing to, more than that, taking the initiative in suggesting that we do so, that seems to make it alright, initially.

So we go on as if nothing has happened, with the body shoved under a bench, couch, bunkbed. Some sense that 'the children' don't know it's there. And the story goes on, with us getting help from an RAF camp to come and check up on something else. While they are organising themselves to come out to our house, I get increasing feeling that we *can't* just leave body there, it's *mad* to do so. Though all sorts of other reasons have collected round it for *not* reporting it. Like in that strangely absorbing though highly unlikely series of novels about the psychopath Tom Ripley, other deaths/killings have happened round us, and if we open up *this* one, won't the police then start suspecting us of all the others? Nevertheless, the need to report it, the conviction that there is no alternative, grows. I tell the others. In the shock of their reaction, protest, arguments, I wake – realising then that as continuation of the dream decision I must get up to write it down (I wrote 'right' for 'write').

Two other scenes remain. At one stage, I am burning the corpse of a dog, with feeling that I have done this before. Why burning it? Someone else we know has recently buried their dead dog. Again, assoc with Tom Ripley stories, two lots of corpses burned. Also somewhere assoc into heart of family, and what happens to dead pets. At another stage, we are in India, in some huge encampment of drums, musical celebration, where the houses/huts/buildings are themselves the musical instruments. I am exploring with my son, also some sense of myself being boy of about age of pre war holidays in Norway, that is 12 or 13, son and other boys running ahead naked, in some way showing off their penis.

### March 10, 1986

1. Very long and detailed dream culminating in our realising that what we've been working to mend, save, we are to destroy. Sense that if I'd had a record of the whole dream it'd be a record of my life.
2. Return to our car in a foreign town to find it smashed, flat tyres. I ask garage workers if they saw anything. One suggests it may have been done by someone I'd made redundant.
3. My son saying, with tears, "If only our/my bridge could be made to work just once" – picture of suspension bridge that boy might be trying to build in home garden.

**March 15, 1986**

Statement made by myself about myself, as summation, end of a dream: "Perhaps the strongest criticism that can be made against him/me, is that he/I seek(s) always to let the master down".

**March 23, 1986**

I, we (self and wife) are involved in a long running 'war' or antagonism between two 'sides', like Protestant and Catholic in Northern Ireland, or two families in Italian gangster war, something that's been running for centuries, to which there is no end. At one stage, our side is in the ascendant. The member of our group who is most clearly identified with it, belongs to 'the family', is ruthless in his victory.

Somewhere about this stage I am celebrating/enjoying/participating in one of the central rites of the 'cause' for which we fight – a magnificent piece of music is being played (Faur•'s Requiem), and I am carving up a fish, salmon, but also it is I who am being carved, opened up: the crescendo of ecstasy as the main backbone is lifted out, but then the last and final lifting, prising out of a smaller, thinner, secondary backbone from the bottom layer of the skin on the plate, which I do not participate in completely, too 'painful', or is it that the fish is too rich, I have already had, eaten, enough.

Then the war is being renewed. The other side (visiting football team violence) are coming for their revenge. We are surprised, gather upstairs in a house, upper deck of a bus, to repulse their attack. They are particularly after the member of our group who is 'of the family'. At some stage it is like Jung Club. I call out: "Why this insane violence? Where does it come from?"

Both sides are then celebrating in shared ceremony, as if there is some formal level, polite, at which we pretend that we are all civilised, like Cardinal Hume at Westminster Abbey funeral service for Mountbatten killed by IRA. Catholic friends X are now there, as members of the other side. We are setting to our partners like in some formal dance, when the 'family' member of our side, 'wanted' by the enemy, is brought in to be dumped in his 'place' terribly, completely, finally, beaten up. No one, but no one, will ever come back for punishment like that again. It is the sort of punishment that breaks the will to fight.

Now that they have finally won, the other side are sending out invitations to the rest of our side to a party, to which we'll come as vanquished, accepting the facts of life, agreeing to live with the situation. I'll be given a job if I'll accept the situation.

But I am feeling a sense of utter outrage at what they've done to this man (childhood, Sefton Park, 'feel'). I can never forget it. How could anyone trust, believe in, cohabit with, the people, man, responsible for that? I am declining the invitation. My wife on the other hand is inclined to accept, with sense of 'what's the point: the war is over, they've won, the sensible, polite, thing to do is to settle'.

We argue, to which is added anxiety that our argument/disagreement will draw the man X's attention to fact that I (and some others) are refusing the invitation, and this may make him angry, liable to insist we come, join, or he'll want to eliminate us like he's done with the other man.

So I'm not only arguing with my wife but trying to get her to see that by disagreeing with me she is liable to reopen the old violence and have it directed on me this time, so that my retiring into obscurity, like Dubcek in Czechoslovakia, won't be allowed.

**April 7, 1986**

Embedded in long sequence with a lot of (?infantile) sexuality (woman vastly taller, huge legs), there is this phrase: "It is inevitable that there will be times when [the] milk will resist the downward flow of the body", with a ? over downward: could be upward as in dream of 10.4.54, with its uncertainty as to direction of flow between tree and pool.

**May 9, 1986**

1. I am in Moscow with another man, collecting details of support for some leading dissident(s) received from outside Russia. We are there with the knowledge of the authorities, working on papers which give the evidence: listing names, dates, amounts. When it is all collected it is expected to show a 'pattern' that could be an important 'secret'. How long will the authorities allow us to go on? Strong familiar sense of the strangeness in the streets. Some very rich, bizarre, clothes are being worn. I comment this must be because Moscow is a metropolis like Vienna, and can't be typical of Russia as a whole. We are staying at a comfortable hotel, and have been given an apartment with separate single rooms. The women cleaning my

room speaking English, one fluent. I ask myself about one of them, would she respond to sexual advance, would it mean she'd want to marry me so as to be able to leave the country, would she be able to meet my masochistic needs.

2. Attending some huge international second hand book sale. I say to my male companion that although I've been so long connected with books it is the first sale I've ever been to. Set out in various rooms of large international hotel. I am on the staff. Early buyer brings me large pile of books he's selected, to wrap. I'm looking for where the wrapping paper is kept, as in Bumpus.

3. Linked both to this hotel, and to Russia. In the exhibition hall, a ship that's been used for ?Arctic exploration, ice/rock breaker, with hundreds of dead birds sort of stuck to it, their feathers. Same sort of effect on smaller scale in my coat, an oilskin. I, we, are climbing over rock by water's edge. The rock is moving, like some man in terrible torment, a thin layer of it, perhaps like a wing of a bird that's wounded. If I got caught in the movement of this living rock, I could be pulled into a fold of the earth as in earthquake. I am trying to climb over the moving rock to the safety of firm rock. Which is closer to 'life': ice or rock?

### **May 30, 1986**

Father, mother, and self, and repulsive snake that we've had around too long. Father wants to change places with me at a meal, it's his birthday, and he doesn't want to be close to it, the snake, on that occasion. In changing places, question arises why don't we kill it? All start hitting at it: why not really hard, to kill? It slips off tree where it has been sort of hanging, so now we can't see it. Is it dead/safe?

I/a man has been threatened for years by maimed criminal who has some grudge against me. Now some funeral/birthday is about to happen. Will he strike then? I, with my son, confront the maimed one. Seeing his face, not so terrible as I'd thought. We talk. His anger comes from time when they lied to him about his operation/disfigurement/life after death. That is what he can never forgive. Somehow the telling of it eases the tension.

Ends with my introducing him to man he's been hunting, at some lakeside, riverside, landing for boats, London parks near Bayswater Road. Also perhaps leaving him alone with my son, risking he is no longer driven to kill.

### **June 3, 1986**

I am one of young (American) group/gang. On an outing I/we accidentally kill, or are involved in accidental death of, young boy/man (not one of our group). No one can trace our connection with the body, so we leave it, and go on.

Later, doubts begin to arise. I have left my fingerprints all over the scene of the accident (broken pottery, pieces of?). At present, my prints are not on record/file/computer. But suppose at a later date my prints are taken in some quite other, perhaps minor, connection, and run through computer and matched with these? Won't that cause the whole thing to be opened up again? So I begin to feel, and it is an extraordinary feeling, that it may after all be better, the only way, to go now to police and report/confess to the accident (which is not yet known of).

Theatre sequence, set in some way in West Africa. A lot of us, as audience, suddenly find ourselves 'on stage', exposed to half empty auditorium, with stage hands, theatre staff, as audience. Embarrassment at reversal. Then reference back to previous story, where someone has died so as to close the case. Someone says: "He has laid his dead body across, to give them their ending". To which I reply, with some sense of 'narrative' theory in mind: "But isn't it possible that he has also given them the beginning of a new story/investigation?", so this death will need looking into in its own right, and that will necessarily take the investigation on.

### **June 6, 1986**

Wake with shock from very unpleasant image.

In garden, after absence. Our dog has been shut up while we are away (cat, guinea pig, assoc). Barking to be let out, hoarsely, tiredly, as if it may have been barking all the time we've been away. I go to let it out. I hardly need to touch the latch of cage/kennel before it is out, far larger than I had expected, almost full grown labrador. It frisks around. But a sort of echo of the barking goes on inside the kennel/cage. It is 'from', or associated 'with', a bird which now escapes, a bird which has been being worried by the dog all this time, sort of teased to death? But instead of flying away it stays around. I give it a push with my foot, thinking it's in a sort of stupor. Still it doesn't fly away. Is it hurt, unable to fly? But then I realise it *likes* what it's been getting from the dog, and it is now more like a miniature version of the dog, and its tail is sort of sucked/chewed small. Wake with thoughts of masturbation, penis, clitoris.

July 6, 1986

Set in London and Glasgow, with Liverpool overtones. Visits to Glasgow bookshops, with wartime Clyde memories. Mixture of world of stockbrokers, affluent capitalism, and whores. How they are connected: car journeys, down a river by boat. Also at one stage a detailed lengthy section about going down a coal mine, somehow very familiar the initial descent through narrow lift entrance, sense of great pressure all round, down below the social work, atmosphere like Navy. One scene in hall, smoking room, of men's club (also 52 hall), where two or three of these affluent types are recognising me, getting me drinks. I ask them to stay and help me with the amount and mixture.

Ending sequence is about whore world. Some kind of blackmail which has to do not only with exposure of connection with that world, but also with threat of pointless and terrible maiming of someone in the 'other place', the south as compared to where we are, if I do not comply. This threat of the pointless maiming, not just of one person but of two or even three (Liverpool family assoc) is somehow too much. It makes the threat of the exposure in a way irrelevant, the very violence threatened is so excessive that it becomes somehow numbing rather than a spur to compliance. As I wake, sexual feeling with sense of the woman's body which was my mother's and the pleasure it may have taken in the baby/infant, extent of some continued *identification* of my body with hers, in sense/awareness of my arse, thighs.

July 23, 1986

As part of long, extensive, complex dreams – a theme with two colleagues, man and woman. I am to do a joint day, workshop, with the man. I begin to realise that he is going to charge me, expect me to pay him, for working with him like this.

To begin with, I am prepared to go along with this. But then I realise more and more that there's something *wrong* with the expectation. Why should I pay him for doing work with him?

I am going to have to tell him I won't pay him, and if that means I don't work with him, then that has to follow too.

In the dream, as I and others (is this where the woman comes in?) realise this, someone says and I agree that it possibly has something

to do with the whole complex of the stammer, and is therefore of great importance to me, so I must remember it when waking to write it down. It speaks out of the texture, meshed logic/force, of the whole structure of the stammer in my life.

August 14, 1986

Violent, frightened, waking. Set in Norway, Liverpool. Breaking relationship with one time client X, and threat of madness in some retaliation from her/her woman servant. It comes at end of long sequence I have forgotten (but insistent assoc with recent letter I wrote about 'theatre of behaviour', in which I had dropped a reference to this client from the first draft).

I am staying with this client at her home, Liverpool, but also Norway. Discussion about maps, assoc with son's planning of cycle journey in France. Culminates in dream I have had which tells me very clearly, it is written, printed, on a page, with some kind of map, diagram, assoc with feeling of my 'identification' with son in the planning of his journey, that I must break the relationship with her. She comes in, realises that something is wrong, challenges me beseechingly. I cover the book to prevent her reading, she increases wildness/desperation/fury of her challenge. I break silence, attempt at concealment, tell her I won't answer, she has to give me time to respond. She says: "If you can't answer me now, you must go". I have huge sense of relief, as she and this younger woman servant begin to show me out, collecting my little baggage, I sing (grotesquely, badly). It is offensive to them, but somehow irresistible.

I have sense that X is heartbroken, but the other woman implacably furious. As I leave, this woman says: "I wish you'd never, or, that she'd never let you, come back into the house", as if my recent return, two or three months/years ago, had begun a new, more intimate stage in the relationship (strong 52 assoc).

Out in the street, they take me to a car, with two other men, Norwegian, in it, that'll drive me to Oslo, from where I can arrange my own passage 'home'. One of the men is X's husband, tough Norwegian business man type, like in Bergman films. I ask about length of journey – four hours. We speak German. I speak of our pre war holidays. I am then put down from the car.

Sense of being hounded by the deadly hostility of this servant woman, or X herself. I am going to be labelled mad, caught by/in madness in some way.

I am in some hotel, house, hospital (assoc with S, cancer, in Bristol), and have sudden outburst of bitter, wild fury against some woman, that could be labelled 'insane', used against us.

I am afraid, then I am going mad, almost seeking safety of being 'labelled', confined.

Now back in open street area, Liverpool, also 52 lawn, garden. Fear of meeting X again, also the thought, both fearful and full of relief, that she might 'forgive', such is her love, is it a terrifying thought of being pulled back in to an awful sick relationship, or is it comforting?

Then beginning to wake, there is a street corner and something to do with stamps on a letter, or various letters, stamps of different colours, 1st and 2nd class post, old stamps, prewar. These stamps seem to stabilise the fear of madness, round thought that if I *admit* I can be, or may be, mad, then (perhaps) I do not need to be mad.

### **August 29, 1986**

Disgusting image I've avoided writing down all day.

Various bodies, like thalidomide/genetic aberrations, or statues half carved, or with limbs broken off, are 'feeling' themselves, pulling at their 'protuberances' (masturbation assoc), and in pulling at themselves (for reassurance, comfort), they are making their condition worse, reducing their shape/form to more of an inert, shape-less mass.

Growing fear that as they do this the various bodies will run together, merge together, into an increasingly undifferentiated mass.

### **September 28, 1986**

Story/film about ?psychopathic sexuality in a family (Liverpool, Egypt). One image that is used more than once is of someone looking into a mirror which is in fact two glass doors, so that as he/she is looking the reflection/mirror cuts itself open down the centre and somebody comes through, or is revealed standing behind.

### **October 1, 1986**

Scene of burial of young woman, who is only asleep not dead. Will she be 'saved', 'discovered', 'recognised', in time? Tension builds. Assoc with Shakespeare, *Romeo, Much Ado, Winter's Tale*, but heavier, more religious, towards the sado masochistic.

Connected with that: great religious argument, confrontation. I am challenging Christian world view, across the table from my foreign adversary (Zurich IAAP meeting), with theme of torture. The Christians torture. Comes to a head as I say, something to effect that "to inflict pain is Christian", but I hesitate over the word Christian, and am aware of German adjective/noun confusion, say "Christ" - short 'i' rather than long.

### **November 8, 1986**

Something 'snaps' between my wife and myself about the gas central heating in the house.

1. Coming downstairs in house that is Moreton Road, but also many more that I have lived in. Electric fires are on in various rooms, left on all night. I begin by being furious, but as I find two more on in another room it somehow becomes so ridiculous that it is not worth saying anything, well, hardly worth it (52 assoc).

2. Some church/cathedral ceremony. I am outside with others, as the congregation begins to come out. It has been for various special groups. One is of parents/families of children born with some permanent, drastic, impairment. I see the procession of infant babies carried out, in cots rather like the incubator type container in UCH special care unit. They are in some kind of medical protective fluid or jelly. Their heads/eyes look up/out at us as if they too are wondering what life holds for them, why we bother (or the state bothers) to keep them alive.

3. Back on job at Times, also Navy. Similar to other dreams with this theme, but also different, in that The Observer is now post Wapping Times, and sense that there *is* work for me to do if I can only identify it. Yesterday when I was away (my non working Wednesday, the committee meeting I missed?) the editor/captain had come on Captain's rounds. Mess round my desk, need to clear up a lot of dirt, plaster, find bags to put it in. Man at next desk being helpful.

4. In streets of London, Regent St., Regent Palace Hotel. Sense of all order having broken down. Police out in groups, small crowds drifting aimlessly, dangerously, around. They could easily turn to killing. Think I'm glad we live in Oxford, but then that it is really the same there.

**January 8, 1987**

Sinister Powers taking over. Time for a final challenge has come. I am the last against them. Have to stake my will against them, be prepared to lose. I do so. Challenge to a duel, with swords/batons. But it takes place between two of them, and they try to wound/kill me by bouncing blows/metal off their fight at me.

Then suddenly it is over – a grain of corn has fallen through some metal/machine: it is the grain of corn from famous dreams – and 'they' are all vanished. (Pencraig, and Pip in Satis House, Miss Havisham, assoc from *Great Expectations*).

**January 27, 1987**

Confusion between my two families, wives, also 52. Son about four or five. He has slashed his wrists, after exposure to some family 'secret'. Doctors investigating are astonished to hear that we had 'tried to do without toys' in bringing him up as a baby (Pencraig assoc). Boat: on some large yacht (family holiday, LDH assoc). After being born: I, or other, am being told to put my hand down between my legs to find out what sex I am.

On waking, think of my seminars on *Great Expectations*, and the sentence occurs: "The point of the whole thing (life, story), is sex, but not the sex we know, the sex we do not know".

**February 15, 1987**

[Night after workshop on *The Sea Hare*, and sense of public contact with 'lust/incest' theme, and idea of infinite regress of denial into denial of denial ad infinitum – as meaning of the all seeing gaze of the princess]

Long sequence of some evil powerful male resisting 'discovery' by murder, blackmail, threats. This has been directed at others, wife, mother, rather than myself. But I am now 'in the front' as it were. This man has 'taken out', as from prep school, my young son, age about nine. I see them driving along in small three wheeler, like

those post was Italian car/bicycles, obviously an exciting ride for the boy. I seize the man, lift him out, he is somehow small though very dangerous, and start hitting him around, shouting at him for having no right to be doing this, finally challenging him with my/our hostility and exposing myself/us to his. But even as I do this, I know he has a revenge/defence prepared, because he has got the boy over to his side, and the boy will say to the police that he wants to be with him – then picture of underground rooms under roots of huge tree, with flickering white flames of 'black magic', and realise that to really get at and challenge this figure I'll have to tackle him there (assoc with taking cat to vet, because of bladder trouble, compulsive need to pee, pressure somewhere, compulsive sex).

**February 21, 1987**

Some powerful theme of radioactive madness/danger. Learning to live with nuclear power stations, containing radioactivity/madness, a long term process.

Strong sexual feelings.

And scholarly discovery of link between modern predicament and some number mysticism of Jewish Old Testament tradition.

**April 16, 1987**

I have arrived for weekend course – assoc with Lleyne/Rivals

I enquire of leader, large man, also of participants, if they know what is involved, something like being led into experiences in which the body as *eatable flesh* and as something that can work/play and so be sociable, and as sexual organ/agent, becomes confused – how dangerous and exciting this is.

Then I begin to doubt the leader, he will 'lose' us – I express my doubts, risking his anger/revenge, and say I will withdraw from the weekend, I run courses myself, and I know how important it is to be conscious, and he is unconscious.

I am afraid he will not let me leave, but he does, and I pack and leave, the others being content to stay.

**June 15, 1987**

I am talking as analyst or friend to a husband or wife, separately, about their marriage difficulties. The setting is reminiscent of Secker offices in John St. Both sides are complaining bitterly of the other, sense of the marriage going to break up. Then I realise that they are *both* really 'Nazi', which means that they are happily married to each other, the pretence that the marriage is in danger is just a cover up of its Nazi basis, grounding.

This is a very dangerous opening into psychosis. Nazi as the social realisation of psychosis, and I wake in fear at having discovered something which puts me at risk. Now they will want to 'get' me.

Later: I am near to waking, and have shat in my pyjamas. Yes, there it is (assoc with cleaning up cat shit yesterday). Then I am looking into someone's eyes to admit, to own, that psychoanalytic (Kleinian?) theory on importance of shit is true (childhood assoc of Glasfryn).

**July 30, 1987**

Realisation that there is a 'second' unconscious. The language as it were of the 'third world', much more primitive, alien and difficult to learn (that is, no 'grammar' like ours or the 'first' unconscious). (Assoc with wife's visit to China, the number of *Chinese* tourists in Beijing).

Waking, the sense of how incomparably more comprehensive Jung's psychology is than Freud's.

**July 31, 1987**

With a weekend conference group. Talking to people to 'get to know' them. One small group are expressing some apparently fairly reasonable but potentially fanatical opinion about ?racists, jews, blacks...

I am half prepared to 'agree', in order to get the weekend going. But I then realise they truly mean it. This is how the Nazi extermination of the Jews began. They are willing/intending to do away with these people. Terror grows in me. Will people realise soon enough that this must be said NO to? It can be stopped now in its tracks, before it builds up into an irresistible movement, if people will simply have the (bad manners 'spoil the mood of the party') will to refuse to go along with it.

**August 6, 1987**

Desperately needy person, ?woman, child. Its/her need is so desperate that I/we are equally desperately afraid, afraid of it almost to the point of being prepared to kill it, or else to escape from it somehow.

Wake in fear, slow to realise that it is dream.

Sleeping again, another dream as a kind of 'link' with this desperately needy 'it' -

I have mistakenly given three people the same appointment at 9.0:

1. A young woman patient, a bit like X from fifteen years ago, but more contemporary in my practice, the closest link with the desperate quality in the need.
2. Male colleague, who is asking for my help in some way as equals.
3. Some man teacher/bookseller who wants to talk about Nietzsche.

**September 6, 1987**

Sense of being *hated* to point of annihilation by others, for reasons that are wholly impersonal, class, social, generic. Whatever I do as individual can make no difference at all.

Frightening feel of absolute impersonality of some 'shadow' side to being.

**November 29, 1987**

I am lost, Midlands, trying to get back to London from Didcot - Birmingham, also via Shrewsbury, away to the right, late at night.

Parting from someone, ?friend/colleague, Mother, on station platform, who is travelling in another direction. Last train, sense of being lost increases, no money, lost my ticket, then find last resource, my credit cards, have been deliberately broken. This produces moment of insight and declaration, and I say

"offering oneself as a sacrifice is no way to get food", or

"making oneself into food to be eaten is no way of satisfying one's own hunger",

and this declaration is accompanied by wagging of some erection type object/being.

**January 12, 1988**

Shattering effect of dream.

With present family, at Pencraig, house much larger. We are sleeping there – ‘our’ house, country home. Wake at about 3.0 a.m. Noise in other room, go through, the house is invaded/settled by large ‘squat’ – many respectable families, who have been planning and executing occupation of the house in our absence since April (it is now autumn).

Utter shock – they are completely unrepentant, unabashed. Include people I know and like. How to get them out? My huge indignation. Feeling grows that it is better to get out, mobilise help from outside, go back to London, Someone says that the courts may well decide in favour of the occupying families. My utter inability to get any hint of apology.

So leave the house with my wife – relief immediately, go down to village, have to find our son (much younger), my wife also carrying my baby grandson.

Wake with the physical, shattering shock.

**January 13, 1988**

Whose is this place?

On cycle tour/motoring holiday, with ?family, some friends. North Wales, also France. It is soon dusk. I realise I have no lights on my bike. Turn left to get to town rather than other way. Will the cycle/electrical shops be open? Luckily first place I ask is very helpful man who finds large bike lights in his big store.

I go off, with the others, to get tea/meal while we wait. English market town, built round square, old hotels. When I get back for lights everything closing down for the night. Someone says the man has now gone off, angry that I had vanished, looking for batteries. I find the lights he has put out and wait for him, by road side. Lot of local people coming to evening party in a pub.

Begin to realise that the person I’ve been lucky enough to ask is big proprietor, Lord or Lady something, who owns whole town and is liked. As night draws on, question begins to arise of staying the night, finding rooms, go in search of others.

This then develops into different story line. With another person as local guide, going into large city derelict areas, he is taking me to

show me something. Shows some kind of press card, is passed on, (like Dickens’ London), climb through narrow trap door, up on to cat walk, scaffolding, then find horrible sight, place.

A coloured very poor young man, coloured/white mixture, is looking after room where people are being starved into littleness (gingerbread men). One man is still recognisably human, whole body emaciated, but also withering down into extreme miniaturisation (Pencraig assoc). Then I realise that all round the table are other such desiccated ‘people’, the size of hands or smaller, still alive. He sticks pins into ‘them’ and tiny squeak, barely audible, shows there is still sentience there (assoc with *Killing Fields* film).

Horror grows on me as I realise the monstrosity being perpetrated. I go through from room into next one, top floor in four to five floor house area, like looking from Westway flyover in London, and I begin to call out: “Whose is this place?”, loudly, again and again. Next room opens into grander apartment, a lot of striking original furniture, signs of wealth and taste. Various people come out, I realise they will be very very angry and very dangerous if this abomination is being found out. I think of pulling out telephone so they can’t warn their superiors (Dubcek in Prague 1968 assoc), but perhaps better for it all to blow up.

Wake in calling out this “Whose is this place?”

**January 21, 1988**

Long pageant type reenactment of events/story going back three or four generations, to time of end of the Napoleonic wars (with 1914-1918 war resonating with 1812-1815). It is about family, and haunted by memory/uncovering of some sexual deed which was/is equivalent to murder (which means that something wholly private has become wholly public, and has to be answered for in public) – strong assoc with Liverpool, Rodney Street, Parliament Hill, Cathedral, as I write. Part of the scene is set in ornate hotel, very grand in old fashioned way. My involvement is intimate, detailed, but sadly I forget the detail: it could take me inside ‘the forgotten’.

But the feeling remains clear: in confessing/being exposed to my part in this deed ‘so long ago’, will ‘they’ really have to punish me now, or can it be treated as ‘belonging to history’?



**January 28, 1988**

1. Some alien, extra terrestrial power, is about to take over the world – a power which can demobilise our machines, enter into and dismantle all our computers. World that is about to suffer this is in two 'classes'. First, 'we' are the rulers (though 'I' don't understand the power by which we rule: 'I' as capitalist belong to 'we', but not knowing maths/science/computers don't understand the power my money commands). Second, the majority are ruled, *happily* so, glad of the fruits of our power, like contented children/second class citizens (without either 'capital' or the power of 'the knowledge').

But this new extra terrestrial power is simply hugely greater than ours. The take over has started, near sea coast, through ships, submarines.

2. Extended confrontation with senior colleague X (but younger man, reddish curly hair), in 52 atmosphere. Some meeting of the Jung Club of which I have not been advised, X to speak. The assumption that one will be just there to be talked at.

I say something. He answers back with far greater affect than I've used, a bit bullying. This is a trick I've got used to. I am not abashed – gather myself to do the same. He replies by leaving, as it were – I don't accept his withdrawal but continue arguing right up to the door. Older woman colleague of his, and another, protect him, try to field my "there you are, that's how he behaves" protests. They are uneasy, embarrassed.

At one stage I say in eye to eye contact (assoc with Sudley, Liverpool, walk up to Mossley Hill): "I've experienced you over the years as a 'brush off' kind of person, refusing engagement – and I've been the poorer because of it. I want to be able to argue my disagreement, your position is a fruitful one with which to argue, however much I disagree with it".

**January 30, 1988**

Long violent crimi.

I and two others towards end, man and woman, working towards death, eastern Karate type killing. Some trick to save ourselves/myself/himself by dazzling the killer in eerie moonlight. But that man is killed.

Then empty town, old Welsh, beautiful furniture. Also science fiction atmosphere. Scene of Russian smugglers discovered with vast consignment of caviar.

Then we reach, find, the ultimate ruler, powers behind it all. The 'girl' as leader gives over to Chinese eastern family:

her sister, lovely young girl, naked; her mother who looks like man until I see her breasts approaches us sexually; another woman, or is it the same, in childbirth, though through stomach in some way, a lot of blood, and sense of open flesh as in butcher's shop, large erect nipple thrust in my mouth; and a father, incredibly hard, tough.

**May 31, 1988**

Liverpool, London (Baker Street), setting.

Older man, father's colleague/psychiatrist father of client, is starting process of divorce from his wife on grounds of her adultery.

I am involved as 'witness participant'. I have not been the sexual lover, but I have been in bed, close enough, with her/them to know about it. I sit in the room where the legal hearing is being held – judge, two lawyers, the man and wife, playing with bundle of smooth sticks, like chop sticks, but same thickness all the way up.

Feeling of exposure/tension in presence of the man, who has asked me to dinner that night, and I am wondering where I shall get an evening suit, dinner jacket (I'll have to hire one), and also whether they will all be business types (father's office assoc), or whether 'the doctor' (side of the figure) will have included people from the hospital with whom I might have more in common.

Strong sexual feeling in waking. Sense of having penetrated into some 'place' that is important, gathers together many different strands and areas of feeling.

**June 1, 1988**

The start of civil war. The difficulty, excitement, of the first outbreak of violence – a smashing of glass, furniture, fittings, bulkheads, between two smart 'cruise' ships.

The younger taking on the older, assoc with American Civil War, a 'splitting' which was also a 'founding', and also with Jacob and Esau story.

**June 2, 1988**

Journey into religious past of some family, like old fashioned novel. Scene of 'mother' facing me, looking over my head, in congregation and commenting on new paint on figure of Madonna on altar behind me (eucharist at Fairacres this morning).

The 'mother's' side of the family: two levels of pain, manageable, and then third which goes right up into (left) armpit and is much closer to being unbearable.

And on 'father's' side of family, explicitly in the dream my maternal grandfather: he is shown driving his wife mad, or out of her invalid's bed, room, house, by in some way releasing a swarm of bees on her, round her.

**June 15, 1988**

Hero of the story is held at some garage/cafe in South of England – to be killed next day. Much background of children going back to school, riding lessons. He/I plan to escape. But his captors are ruthless. Social class, IRA, associations. To attract attention I/he calls from window as dawn breaks – "Mac" (navy assoc) to figure(s) in the road.

Concurrent, scene in Scotland, to do with Home Rule campaign. Strong political protest associations, of all kinds of antigovernment. I am connected with the I-hero of other scene, but separate. Know that connected with the 'public' political campaign of protest, demo, ?disobedience, there is an underground of more 'religious' feeling, women's movement leading into witchcraft, intending the sacrificial killing of children as part of the campaign, to shock, stun, into sort of 'unnegotiable' state of mind. This is what I, and the other I/he, are working to prevent.

At one stage I say, with power: "These islands are one, you cannot dissolve the kingdoms of England and Scotland and Wales...", realising in the saying that I am leaving out Ireland (what does that imply? – 'islands'), and also that 'you cannot dissolve...' is the kind of statement that wise politicians don't make.

Talking to woman leader of the Scots, trying to warn her of the danger: she begins to realise that more may be up than she thought, in saying that "yes, she has appointed an Englishwoman – who had made the Scots' cause her own – to do so and so": this is the leader of the 'religious' undercurrent. The public leader and I-we find various

'altars' prepared, finally rescue two small children about to be slaughtered, the fanatic, hysteric/sobbing/gibbering women with them being pulled down from far 'north' towards the 'south' (or centre) by their feet – unceremonious rather than cruel.

**June 26, 1988**

Large group. X, sitting opposite me, says something, also circulates a letter in her own hand, about having planted anti-British bomb in some foreign place, Mediterranean, which hadn't gone off.

Everyone taking it very 'maturely'. I say I am shocked. Massive silence as I thus wholly 'spoil the mood of the party'.

Someone tries to go on, but no one has in any way dealt with my statement.

All that X has meant to me falling away into a new perspective.

Earlier: meeting with son. He wants to talk. Feeling that some long term family feeling, pain, anger, is at last about to be sayable (son carrying association of elder brother and self).

**June 28, 1988**

I have committed two murders. One is so long ago that it is no longer under investigation. The other is under investigation.

Something I said some time ago to my bank manager has been reported to the police, and as a result I am being cross examined. They don't suspect me yet, but they do feel, are beginning to feel, that I may be, am, a material witness.

The cross examination is more to do with sexual unfaithfulness than with murder. A woman is being questioned about her affairs – in her flat, (distracted) husband present. She denies it completely. I feel she is 'safe' because I know I have destroyed *all* the 'evidence' (strong association with *Unbearable Lightness of Being* film: smell of other woman's sex in man's hair), of clothes, books etc. But also assoc with Hawkwood type weekend, and my commitment to 'getting things out', 'into performance'.

Feeling grows in me: wouldn't it be best to own to the murder? (should they realise the two murders are *connected*, then I would be immediately suspect, as the only /obvious link between the two). Murderers aren't hung these days: if I cooperated, I might not get more than 10, even 7, years.

But then: what could society *do* with it?

**October 1, 1988**

Passionate threesome sex with woman and boy from school days. He says I can't fuck him till next weekend. He says/asks jokingly whether I make any difference between his hole and the woman's. It is in a hotel room. We are getting up, and packed to go to Seoul (Olympics) or Liverpool. Listening device in room which if we've left it switched on means that everything we've said to each other in our sex could be heard on phone switchboard. Strong associations with comforting friend at scene of her husband's fatal accident, my arms round her. It being alright to hold and hug another man's wife in the presence of death.

**October 28, 1988**

Long sequence reading some novel by a (male) George Eliot type 19th cent writer – like *Adam Bede* or *Silas Marner* (under tuition of male colleague X).

This also involves living in flat in modern small 'block' and trying to communicate with the people in the other flats, calling out "I can't see into...but...". This involves big danger.

Scene in cafeteria of this block.

(First) journey to Zurich: confused with Malta to Catania journey in 1956, morning rail journey up eastern coast of Sicily.

Draws to climax with theme of powerful men in argument over jobs, sacking being made redundant years ago, looking across room, down passage, at 2 or 3 men talking about this past sacking, one says it would have made a difference if a job could have been found for him even in charge of the bees, some sort of promotion sideways. This remark triggers huge explosion of anger, either the person saying this or the person addressed, reacts with incredibly violent kick at other, face distorted with rage so that white becomes black, male female, or vice versa, and the kick like a projectile cannon ball sends the other across the room down the passage, perhaps decapitated (as if the head becomes like football, cannon ball, the projectile itself). The violence of that kick is what wakes me, and gets me to decide to come down to write it up.

**December 30, 1988**

On holiday with family, friends – in Greece. Visiting Athens from country hotel where we are staying. I just cannot speak to anyone, have brought no map, no phrase book. Separated from others. How will we ever meet up? Eating place for lunch. I speak to no one. Will never be able to order. Better leave, get back to hotel and just go to bed, curl up in bed, doesn't matter that they'll be looking for me.

Climax when I get out of Zurich type tram at front (wrong) end. Find myself in danger of being squeezed between tram and wall. Squeeze round, then down low to be safe, into hole/compartiment under tram, which then is parked over me (for hour or so). Some sort of companion, male, is aware of my predicament but can/will do nothing to help. So I am imprisoned like in a cage till the tram is next taken out.

Wake with terrible sense of my self destructive introversion.

**January 15, 1989**

Group of us, country house, Pencraig-ish but bigger, for a week.

One of us, or possibly someone from outside, is going to commit a murder. But who, when?

Tension mounts as days pass. Includes street scene, Holborn Theobalds Road area, with suggestion that what we are expecting is that some public person will be assassinated.

More intimately, the waiting is in bedroom, dormitories. Sex overtones. Women's clothing.

Then I have thought (52 dining room assoc) that I could be the one who is going to kill. I don't know my own shadow. Terrifying thought. I tell others, referring to my sexual behaviour.

If I could be the murderer, then perhaps others could see that *they* could be the murderer in waiting.

Then male colleague and friend hears in what I say a reminder of the harmony between the underlying recitatif continuo and overlaid solo/duets in some French Viennese end 19th cent farce/sex/tragedy (assoc with Old Vic programme with Feydeau and Wedekind, also Strauss *Salome*).

He is right. I hear the music being played in the next street in some seaside suburban estate: the music *is* exciting, sexually exciting.

I go towards it, the opera is about a cock(ere)l being castrated – so is that what it is, I am, all about?

I wake in saying "Yes, Yes" = yes, it *is* about me.

**February 8, 1989**

Nightmare. 1. We are moving to a new house. As if from country space into town. The brown stone house is larger than I'd expected, close to a park. I am pleased and, passing my wife in the street, tell her so.

2. Then I am inside. The house is now like a very public hotel, or apartment house, with a lot going on in the public areas, foyer, stairs. We have a large flat in it somewhere.

I am trying to find it on my own, but can't. Everyone so busy. I can't find anyone to ask the way. Increasing anxiety.

3. Now I am in the flat, in bedroom with a woman. (Also sense of myself as woman, man's body with a lot of hair on it: will I be able to find it attractive?). There are complicated tubular metal and glass contraptions all over the place, as in hospital.

Growing sense that she is keeping me prisoner.

Then she becomes sexually aggressive, ritual with clothes, very powerful. I am excited but not genitally aroused. Prick feels quite impotent. She is going to hit me. I fight back, using her own body like a rag doll to hit her with, in some way. Try to smash windows to call for help. But it is no good, all the people outside are 'hers'.

4. Wake (in dream), to call to wife for help. Go into next room, bedroom, to fetch, call her.

I call "(my sister's name, twice), you must help me, you've got to help me". But she is not there, or is indifferent, will not stir. I wake in terror – real nightmare.

**February 18, 1989**

Prince/brothers, heir to a throne, in competition. One is to be killed for the other, by the other.

At some stage, as part of procedure making this possible, a young woman, who is their/my mother, offers me her mouth in a sexual kiss: more than offers, she kisses me –

I find it horrible, pull away in disgust, waking myself: so this is what incest is like.

**February 25, 1989**

Two linked sequences.

1. Some training, preparation for counter-terrorism movement. It is important that we learn how *deprived* terrorists feel. I am driven through hill country area with such people firing wide barrelled,

mortar like guns. Arrive at 'headquarters'. Siblings, Mother, there. Younger brother felt to be incongruous, because he's dead. Mother not (though as in many other dreams, there is the sense that she has been very ill and it is somehow remarkable that she has recovered like this). She sings – as at concert for troops. Her voice has 'gone off', old. Later, the dedicated young male organiser is speaking about workers/recruits having to have the right attitude to poverty – i.e. to live very simply.

2. A patient of mine, with his 'keeper', at Moreton Road kitchen door. Has seen into lighted window, how well we eat/live. He is envious, hungry, wants to join in. I shoo him away. Then at end of garden he is involved in a terrible fight between three (two others) like animals: a horned animal, beautiful, at bay to dogs?, is ritually, sacrificially, killed. Sense on waking that if this is what my sex is about, no wonder women find it impossible.

**March 30, 1989**

Back at 52 – now. Both father and mother alive, which is felt to be odd. They are entertaining a huge party – more guests keep coming in. I feel they can't afford it, their pensions aren't adequate for this kind of free grandiose expenditure.

Then I hear that they – my mother in particular, younger, active, party-ish person, are going to charge all the guests. I feel this is wrong. The charge will be high (£16), and many of the guests wouldn't have come, joined in, if they had known. I say I will take it on myself, as a member of the family, to say this. As a member of the family, I will be heard. They – mother – have to be willing to make distinction between two classes of guest: those that can, and those that cannot, afford the charge [splitting? but sensible...]

In going to make my point, scene changes. Two unpleasant figures, one an older man, (assoc with Dr Manette in *Tale of Two Cities*, which I'd read yesterday on the plane). He has mask like, 'lugubrious spaniel': face, head and shoulders, not much else to him. As I challenge him, he exposes, shows me, his penis (?as threat. response), which is large, unerect. Lays it against me in some way, ?my arm, and drips down honey out of hypodermic needle (?into penis), so as to make a sweet, golden trickle of connection.

**April 17, 1989**

Talking friendly in group, but also sense of being prisoner of these others (like at end of the Waugh novel *Handful of Dust*, trapped in Brazil jungle reading Dickens to mad man).

Sudden cue, opportunity: I/he escapes by diving into water, river, to escape by swimming (image of boy/self/young man swimming like fish under water close under bank, hiding from observation from the bank)

But this is just what 'they' have been waiting for.

To hunt, to fish: that's the *excitement*/purpose of their lives, that's what they've been waiting for, wanting, because they can only kill by shooting their spears/harpoons into the open mouth – it makes a bigger 'hole' than the eye, and their spears/harpoons need that size to penetrate the 'armour' of the skull /bone.

**May 10, 1989**

In Israel (at time of British mandate?). But also today. The whole situation is about to go up in flames. My family, a large party, more than immediate family, leave early in the day, by plane. I am following later (in the evening). But as I wait, atmosphere gets more ominous minute by minute. The friendly cafe in which we have been used to eat (we have been residents rather than visitors) is going on as usual: are they Jewish or Jordanian?

Then I see anonymous figure throwing a grenade in through the window – violent explosion and smoke. The disintegration (as in Beirut) has begun. I am deeply afraid, really, humiliatingly, scared. Waiting to be rescued, pulled out of this by British power. Truckloads of ?Jordanian police, old fashioned uniforms (sense of its being 'from history') in street and searching the rubble, buildings. On the stairs I call out "British subject" again and again, waving my passport. I am taken, with a few others. We squeeze into small Fiat type car, 3 in back, I + driver in front. Another car too. We are being driven to a safer place outside the area which is about to split into Jew-Arab, but the feeling is that it is already impossible to leave the country altogether. A relief that the family got out while the going was good.

On waking: the relief. But also, the shame.

**June 12, 1989**

I achieve some decisive break through by biting off the tip of someone's long, sharp nose – almost 'pencil sharp'.

Working in some part time capacity for The Times, I am invited by editor/owner of Independent to join him as key adviser in his, the paper's, fight against someone who is seeking to destroy, undermine the paper, by argument. It is felt, recognised, that I have an expertise in how to counter this attack because of my 'outside' career.

But there is a question: does some of my know how come from what I have been told in my consulting room, and if so, am I entitled to use it?

**June 19, 1989**

A large metal nail has been *bitten* unto two, by a woman or myself.

This is very important. It is my speech. Also, the separation of subject and object, the broken word.

But what makes it so 'new' as an image/achievement, is that it is *teeth*, the strength of a human/my *jaw*, which has done the biting into two.

**July 27, 1989**

Son has had an operation, while my wife is away. The surgeon and the nurse in charge are kind, friendly, but are unable or unwilling to answer any questions: in particular, how am I to look after him, what dressing does the wound need, what food should he have?

(sense the operation is on the penis/abdomen)

What will my wife think when she gets back? Will she be able to get more sense out of them?

**September 10, 1989**

Coming to the end of the road/story with the material of some patient, female: mad, dissociated, animus, on top of some deep infantile/sexual/gender trauma.

Sense of 'she' as 'mine': sense of madness as located between some 'chakra' centre in groin, and in head: between the two, a place/area of complete dissociation.

The madness, sex thing, which wife and I had been talking about so much, with such pain, exhaustion, during the day. In dream associated with three parts of my life, of which I remember only one

- 1) Lindo Wing, St Mary's: daughter's birth, her mother's labour
- 2)
- 3)

Later in night.

Chaos at London flat, with lift. Will have to get my wife to help. Then tall, dark, 40-ish man is there. Who on earth are you? How did he get in?

"I am Robert Speight, and come to see if you can see me in a family setting (in some Scottish place) for therapy".

Sex begins to get out of control. I eye his arse. Start hitting it playfully. He lowers his trousers. I spank more obviously: tight hairy arse.

He begins to touch me up. Mixture of huge excitement with sense that he ought not be doing it, I ought not be allowing it.

### September 23, 1989

(Violent) break up of some system – my/our unpopularity is such that we are stoned as our car drives somewhere. (Question in dream: when stoned in a car, does one drive on and at the stoners, perhaps escaping, perhaps hurting even killing some of them and thereby making them even more implacably angry?)

Confused with this breakdown, and important to distinguish from it, other theme of anxiety about my 'job', teaching at some school where I am on 'placement': will the disturbance prevent me getting to the school? But it is not a real job: the placement is just that, and better drop the pretence that I in any sense really 'belong' there. Must keep the two issues separate. The first is serious, important: the second almost silly in its ability to generate anxiety.

### October 26, 1989

In some work/publishing context, there is talk of George Kennan's *American Diplomacy*. I feel sudden need to take credit for publishing it, and hear myself claim that it was I who spotted it in a US journal and saw at once it was a crucial long term book – and even as I am making the claim I feel how silly/crazy I am being, saddling myself with a lie which (though not easily exposed: who is likely to challenge my claim? the others at S & W involved are dead) I shall have to support, live up to, keep afloat as it were, for the rest of my life.

[Night after first acupuncture, with her talk of finding out whether energy circulation had been short circuiting.]

### November 28, 1989

Returning from a visit to 'the North', on which I've been sexually unfaithful. At station, trying to prepare my story, lies, to conceal my unfaithfulness. My car, which is also someone else's car, has been stolen. Or is it that the man who has stolen it has been killed? Either way, the car or the dead man is missing. But how can we trace the missing car if the man who stole it is dead? Or the other way round: how can we find the missing man if the car is lost?

### January 4, 1990

1. Group experience: self and X [who is dead]. He is trying to talk to me (?my 'medical' shame about my work). I am distracted from our conversation by looking for my coffee and piece of cake. I make issue of getting them: then suddenly realise: "Good God, who is it I'm talking to". (No sense of his death in the dream.)

2. Digging up root of a huge tree. It is unexpectedly easy. There are other things in the ground – cross between root veg and eggs – 'yams'?. Sense of gradual opening up of something, like a tunnel through mountain to a secret quarry. This is the 'big' story.

3. I see man killed by car. Stop my car, flash my hazard lights. The body is horrible: part flattened in a way that makes it unlookable at. Others arrive. He is identified. I say: "Thank God", feel huge relief: at least he is recognised, so there can be a response-in-context, a taking-the-matter-on.

I begin to howl, to keen, as I've never done and long to do.

### January 14, 1990

My madness.

Various friends. Also a lot of children. Son, small. The grandchildren, many of son's friends but younger, self and siblings when small.

Theme centres on problem of going to sleep in middle of the night: I 'snap'.

My wife and I have been up (?because we can't sleep) watching a TV film: a good modern study of adults, with many many 'stars' – small parts of just a line or two taken by famous actors. Children then adults talking so I couldn't get to sleep. I go into next room where some of these friends are talking, and I abuse them violently for talking. I call to X: "You absolute bitch", which is the moment I go mad, snap.

The madness is both glorious and terrifying.

I compare it to Italian film producer and his film, ?Fellini and *Julietta of the Spirits*.

There is no pretence any more. Like this, in this state, I won't ever stammer.

### January 20, 1990

'Discover' a village, old church and other large buildings, beautiful in open country off the Cornmarket (as if down 'Golden Cross' into the market). It is completely cut off because its only access road is blocked by a lorry that has broken down and is lying across it. Will take days to clear. (cp Noke off Islip road, and also with the village in film of *Midwich Cuckoos*).

Then: burying alive, as they did in the Middle Ages.

Someone is choosing to be a priest. He is left to prepare himself, at the bottom of a steep stair running down into the ground.

Then I hear him trying to come out. I go down, to keep him there, somehow pressing down on him to keep him down. Wake in shouting, resisting, he has to stay.

I, we, will bury him alive if he tries to get out of it.

Is this how they made Christianity 'stick' in the Middle Ages?

### January 28, 1990

In house, door shut. I push open. Man sitting on loo. I pull him out (sister and boy, wartime army story) and immediately am kissing him wildly, like crazy. 'Moon faced', 'Asiatic': could be dangerous, psychopathic killer, and I am risking that (also ? 'the breast' = moon faced), but he responds. I feed off his mouth, prick rigid, hurting it is so hard.

And later in sequence: repeat. Found again after all this time.

### February 5, 1990

Long and extraordinary dreaming, about complete turn round of world and my position in it, on change of 'function' – from thinking to feeling?

I turn on hosts at university, Christ Church/Pembroke, music evening, hearing modern (?my composition) chamber music played: accuse them of huge rudeness to me (in attitude which wholly denies reality of my type).

I call out "the heavens are open, and there is green in the beyond the opening", in ekstasis, but then am myself again, in control.

Riding a bullock down a road, standing on its back, balancing beautifully, and with perfect control sitting again.

### April 7, 1990

A nightmare, thought of as such *in* the dream, and as a nightmare from which I couldn't awake.

We, many of us, are abroad on holiday, like perhaps Majorca. As we get ready to return home, there are delays. At first it seems they are unintentional, but gradually we realise that they, the locals, are not going to let us go. The atmosphere gets less friendly, more like a prison. And as the numbers of us grow, where will they find room for us all? Thought that they don't keep us all – earlier lots are 'miniaturised', so they can be kept, stored, in much greater quantity, in smaller space.

Then movement of revolt. Starts round dance, movement: great energy released, the energy builds, surely this will be so great that it will burst out of this forced confinement.

But no. 'They' are prepared.

As the large numbers of dancers move in their powerful patterns suddenly a grid comes down like a trap from the ceiling, fixing them each in a tiny space of their own, unable to move, knife sharp edges between them.

### April 20, 1990

My mother, alive, is being attacked by small insects/virus, en masse. They are getting a hold on her system, in a shape like a handle with a screw attached to it, sticking out, and they are beginning to 'set' or 'lock'; once locked they will be unbreakable and unstoppable, somehow a part of the system they are attacking. I managed to break them up in time.

[This followed day of very heavy mood. Sense in dream that it was insight into some terrible instinctual parasitic driven incubus sort of thing.]

**August 12, 1990**

Wake, looking into 'the face of hell' – three distraught women, yet mockery, triumphant.

I am desperate for a sight of X. She is there with others in room on the left (Winchester, Hoppers, assoc very strong). I return to the house, go down corridor looking for her. It is rather like a train corridor. A man stops me. "Where do you think you are going?" I make some excuse, explain, that I am looking for X, saying I'd worked there and known her well. He sees me off. I have no right to be there (and the place is closing for the night).

I protest in outrage.

This is one of the feeling high points of the dream. My protest, indignation, wells up/bursts forth from my heart and diaphragm. I say how much I have put into the place. He has no right to speak to me like this. He begins to weep under my outburst, with regret, shame. I comfort him: he is new, he couldn't have known otherwise.

Now X says to me:

"It seems as if our love is entering a new phase". To which I answer distraught:

"How can you use the word 'love' after all that has happened?", but am also happy, so happy, that she has spoken to me. Strong assoc of Winchester, Hoppers loo, here.

We return to talk, to back of Primrose Hill, and decide to find hotel room at once for our talk, or even perhaps, oh excitement, for sex: four of us, self, two women, and another man.

But as we are getting into our rooms, I hear/realise that the women are leaving.

I rush out: the three of them are in a car or high carriage, leaving. All are in some way distraught, but particularly the Y figure, with Z comforting her, sort of Pieta position, or perhaps Lear with Cordelia, and X grouped with them (a bit like the icon of the Trinity), but turned looking out, a look of distraught but also somehow triumphant/mockingly:

my face torn with horror (to stammer throat – breathing), as I name what I am looking into

"the face of hell" –

the three women locked into their suffering and refusing to allow any man 'in'.

**August 15, 1990**

1. With another man – the priest, bishop, through whom he can stay in the church, and *tears* at loss of church, and move into outside church, worship alone.

2. Criticising man who has been throwing out of window into crowd all his 'excess' (Oxfam stuff), a grandiose gesture that avoids the person to person admission that he has too much.

3. Woman saying something which *admits* her sexual desire, refers to word like 'stalk' (?= clitoris), begins to touch herself 'there', which puts her in power of another woman (because 'society' allows of no shared recognition of that 'place'), associated with recent dream of the three women.

**September 10, 1990**

Terribly familiar dream.

A Friday morning. Have postponed my patients to the afternoon, in order to go shopping with wife (?plus a small child) and a woman friend. But have to get car which has been left in underground car park. We leave 52: kitchen entrance, for servants. Back door into that lower level yard place, then climb stone steps (somehow it seems of major significance that in all my remembering of 52 I've never visualised this entrance, or remembered those stone steps down into that yard. I've remembered the *side* entrance, and that slope of grass into lower level window there, but never this back, servants', entrance).

I then leave the two women to get the car, present car, parked it seems quite close by.

But then this nightmare familiar search begins, for the entrance to this underground car park.

First, in a large house, it is past (down a passage, or the floor below) a steaming men's shower room, Turkish bath.

But then it is on London Underground, somewhere up the Central Line, which I think of as running up north on the line of the Charing X Road – the 'stop' needed for the car park is just short of a junction station at about where Cambridge Circus/Tottenham Court Road might be. But I can't get there. Turning back. Ask policeman for help. He identifies the right stop for me. Of course, how could I be so stupid as to forget (this is where nightmare sense of having been



here *so often* before becomes very strong), but I am still trailing along after him, doubling back.

I'm going to be hopelessly late, it's already after 12, I'll only have time just to get home, 752, for first patient at 2.0 p.m., the women will be furious, ?anxious, wondering what has happened to me.

Then my guide stops 'to have a quick shave' – it is then that I begin to wake feeling how ridiculous it is that I have to wait on him, being so dependent.

And then on waking, the other theme, seemingly independent but yet connected:

of mother and small daughter, and the daughter switches back into her 'crazy', blackmailing, mode of acting up in some impossible-to-bear way in public unless she gets her way exactly, but it goes physically straight into my body, chest, speech, sex (also assoc with that TV film last night of man having a baby),

and perhaps making the 'link' between the two themes, sense that I'm going to tell my wife that I'm looking for Charing X Road and if she says "Where's that?" I'm going to scream at her "Oh for God's sake, you *must* know where that is"

(on waking, the historical origin of the name Charing Cross seemed very important).

### **October 22, 1990**

[After TV programme which showed 50 year old man having stroke saying "Mummy" as he tries to say how terrible she had been]

1. Long sequence of travelling from UK to Middle East disguised, in pursuit of 'foreigner', who may well have seen through my disguise. Scene on Turkish/Iraq/Iran border (?Erverum), efficient looking armed uniformed guards, at two adjacent frontier posts, local young man and girl walking arm in arm, this is home to them.

2. Connected: with another, I have to witness return of homosexual father to his two children, 9 and 11 about. I/we are in bed, tucked in like drawer or box with end folded over, watching. He returns. Sense of his wife, ?the person with me, and I am female too, and her feeling of rejection. But the children are glad to see him. His lover, a fat middle eastern spectacled man. The father pushes his face into the other man's groin, kissing greedily, says something like: "This is such a lovely place", or "You can't beat this geography".

### **December 29, 1990**

Wake in disgust, terror.

My wife and I finding our holiday house, in some sort of smart holiday village. Getting into it, realise that the other people are unspeakably sinister in some sexual way (only clue, something about Winchester).

I say to my wife:

"We must leave at once. This is Hell. Leave your luggage – just let's get out of here",

and with doubt as to whether they will let us go.

Waking: real horror and disgust.

Hell meant literally.

The framed quotation from Bible "Lass Deine Augen..." hanging in hall downstairs: can't get it out of my mind, as sort of denial-that-contributes to this hell.

### **January 22, 1991**

My two families. Some outside ?terrorist group has wired up a powerful bomb in our electric light system.

Warning one wife, who is in a different part of the house, and bringing her to us, to be together when 'it' happens.

What do the terrorists have in mind for us? One is making uncertain, ineffectual sexual threats towards 'my wife', uncertain as to which one, trying to touch her breast.

They have transferred the bomb to a different light fitting. We tread carefully so as not to trigger a switch. While they are around us like this they surely won't explode it?

See the figure of a hanged man. It is a monk whom they killed last night, hanging dead in his brown robe.

A reminder that they are indeed killers.

### **January 29, 1991**

In an attempt to conceal myself from sexual oversight by wife I eat an egg (?hardboiled). Yoke and white separate. I remember swallowing the white whole in haste to conceal evidence.

Riding a powerful motor bicycle, with one brake faulty. Dangerous, but as long as I go slow perhaps it will be alright.

On a journey with two or three others. The decision is taken to kill (sort of 'finish off') one of the men leading (in sense of being ahead).

Someone says he'll shoot him up the anus, he knows how to get that aim. On this journey we see a wild boar/bull attacking to gore and kill and eat a small calf/lamb/baby. This is the worst thing that tribe ever expects to happen to them.

#### **April 3, 1991**

We have moved house, into a sort of terrace house, and I am beginning to realise that I have no room private enough for a consulting room. "I have allowed myself to be persuaded" that it'll work, but it won't. Hour of first patient in new house is approaching. The house is full of people, a bustle of activity, shops, cafe, there is no private space. I reach point of absolute confession of failure of a kind I've never been at before. "I have no sense of reality at all", a kind of total, confessional surrender, linked to the "I have allowed myself to be persuaded", and as some kind of evidence of how 'lost' I am, I step out of car/bed into puddle in socked but shoeless feet.

Long period of waking up, gradually realising that though we have moved I do have a workable space: is this another example of extroversions/introversions problem?

#### **April 5, 1991**

A prison. Long term accused of crime, been waiting for years for their sentence to be carried out. In despairing impatience, they change their plea to Guilty, so as to bring it finally to a conclusion. But they are told that won't work. There is all the evidence *for* them which the authorities *have* to take into consideration.

I am now one of the prisoners. We are preparing to be shut in our rooms for the night. Afraid of what can happen at night, when the prisoners are left alone. Down a corridor I see a man with a dangerous three pronged fork/knife enter a room. The man I share my room with is 30-40's, very compactly built. He is sexually aggressive, and I can feel some response in myself. I say: "I'm a very sexy person too, and I am quite willing for us to fuck each other, but I'm afraid you'll want to kill me too". He replies that he can't be sure what he'll do, he may want to kill, he gets taken over, it is due to some congenital 'infection from chickens', and as he says this he is already beginning to sort of pulsate with sex, and I can feel it in myself too, but I am frightened of what he is going to become and wake in terror.

#### **April 6, 1991**

Embedded in some detective story. I say: "I can only participate like a Raymond Chandler detective, not like a Hercule Poirot (that is, by becoming caught up in the action)".

And, perhaps the thing which we are most afraid of, which makes sense of the whole thing, hasn't happened (so we can't expect to make sense of it, or, we can't be expected to make sense of it).

#### **April 9, 1991**

Rowing in test race between two crews, not together, but separately over timed stretch, very aware of my age, danger of harming myself. Can I do it well enough to be respectable without either collapsing or ruining myself? We do, and I seem o.k. Now it is the next crew: who will be the winner? (assoc with riding in Sefton Park, in the 'row', play on the word).

The supply of time is inadequate, 'short', as in 'in short supply'. Problem caused by separation between long term (deep 'river' effect), and short term (more 'stream' or 'wave' effect).

To get them back in interchange will need some 'fudging' or dishonesty – but it needs doing and is quite possible.

#### **April 13, 1991**

1. Utterly exhausting journey, to funeral in Brighton. Various routes: from Oxford to London, then which station for Brighton? Or is it more direct to go by bus? Tube, traffic, ticket queue, hold ups. And even if we do catch this train, we may not get there in time. In one version we are just in time for late departure of the train. In another, we arrive too late. It has already gone.

2. First World War officers. There is some young homosexual who draws them like a magnet. They almost queue to book him. He is described to one of them, his fascination, attraction.

3. Tribe, group, society, with choice or clash between two authorities: a religious one, with leaders as medicine man or priest/king, and a sexual one, with political or military leader. There is alternation and confusion between the two.

**May 2, 1991**

In a community committed to 'therapy', assoc with Hawkwood, APC. I am unpopular as person exploring what goes on in the night as well as the day.

Big example: discovering woman, known in day as vegetarian, anti blood sports etc., has let huge eagle type bird into hen house and is herself inside it, lying like beautiful 'serpent', watching what then happens – the slaughter of the helpless hens by this huge bird of prey.

(Heavy sexual assoc with LDH. Also with 'face of hell' dream of last year, with the eagle, hens, serpent 'three' picking up the three women locked into their suffering and refusing to allow man in.)

Climax comes with X, woman ME sufferer of many years. She begins to break down. I say: "This is what they mean by 'animus'". She is surrendering to possession by a huge power. I 'meet' her (others there too) as therapist, but then decide to meet her in my own 'possession': this is an opportunity to get at, own, my own split offness. It is dangerous. I must hold on to ego also; dangerous like what I do in introducing patients to Hawkwood. As I begin to 'answer' her with my own howling, wife wakes me with her foot. Relief *and* disappointment.

**May 13, 1991**

I have been 'set up' for the murder of an old lady, school teacher. All the work I've done in searching for her has somehow been used to set me up, to implicate me. The long search to help her (abroad, assoc with travel dreams, also bread baking) ends when I return to her car (old Morris Minor, present and 1948 assoc) and find her dead. Police are standing there. I am immediately incriminated. The detective personally in charge is sadistically delighted that he now *has* me. I am arrested and taken off. But there is a strong sense of help being available, this is not going to happen to me (too strong, too easy?). I appeal for help, a sense of invoking what is due to me, to some homosexual musicians. They hear me. Then I am on bail, free to move about, to raise support. I talk to group who are receptive, but realise that one of the arch plotters against me (X! – introvert/extrovert association) is among them, listening. I mustn't speak in front of him.

'Merc' or 'Murc' house (Mercator map projection assoc). Some kind of 'escape' house, like 'safe' house for spies, terrorists.

At Observer, editor present. My credentials as therapist are being looked at. Feeling of: at last I am being listened to in a way that does justice to the 'political' front. (But also some doubt: are they going to be too sympathetic in an 'enclosed' sense? Isn't what I really want more of a blowing up and opening out of the issue?)

**May 17, 1991**

First wife having major surgery to her brain, also confused with hysterectomy and caesarean (the sentence used about "I was able to leave in the ovaries" – its abiding effect on me). It is the repeat of an earlier experience (also assoc with dreams of my mother still being alive).

I have intense feeling of *participation* with her, having to go through it with her.

The surgeon I assoc with man who operated on X.

When they open her/it up, they will surely want to look at the results of the last op, the area/bit they were working on last time, to see what it looks like now, how it is lasting.

As he prepares her for it, the surgeon speaks with great feeling of her present damage, handicap – is he so effective/clever/powerful (almost magic) that he can do something now about that, something retrospective as it were?

She is taken to the theatre. Others waiting with me include children, daughter, son, siblings?

The participation continues, very strong.

Oh, she won't feel anything, I know about that, but her *body* must feel it, the incredible violence of what is happening, being done, to her. Will she be any 'better' for it? (assoc with Sefton Park when I write that).

Strong sexual feelings, with unfocused, free floating assoc with the 'face of hell' dream.

And overall, assoc with ordering at Bodleian yesterday of *Chemical Theatre* book by Charles Nicholls.

**May 30, 1991**

Taking over job of some public figure, editor, who has been lying (Times – 1938 appeasement association). I have to both assist him or her 'own' the lying, while also covering up. More than cover up: also 'own' that in such a job lying is always going to (have to) happen, and I shall/am lying too.

(Assoc with Good Friday car crash, some years ago; and also with the splitting of desire.)

**June 3, 1991**

Shortage of air threatening (like drought), associated with shortage of water: the two go together.

To prepare people, warn them, Ted Heath has made his double bass, which he has in some way also become, into a huge gargoyle with horizontal *mouth* across where the 'belly' would be, and the mouth is flowing with water (like in gargoyle as water spout). Hold this next to your ear (drum) and you'll feel the (heart) rhythm that makes breathing possible.

**June 6, 1991**

Exhausting and exhaustive search of top floor (third) of house, Pencraig attic, Moreton Road flat, after neighbour tells us in the middle of the night that they've seen someone moving there. This happens in two houses. And links to Secker offices in John Street, being left there with another (on first floor) and a third person on ground floor reception.

But the 'real issue' is getting a poor woman to admit she has a small baby as well as two older children, about 8 or 10.

Someone has written an excellent book on Angus Wilson.

In the process, he/she has *identified* with the book's subject matter [which doesn't seem to mean the same as saying 'him', or 'Angus Wilson': is it because 'he' is an 'author'?), and therefore gone schizophrenic, or is in danger of doing so. This can only be treated, got at, if he can realise the identification.

**June 29, 1991**

Son starting to be able to say 'No'. Sense it could be the beginning of a critical turn in his life, like S's stroke, my stammer.

Looking at picture which colleague has been drawing as part of a psychological 'work'. X is excited by the fine detail of what has been drawn in and over some picture already there. This is reassuring as to the artist's depth, balance, integrity.

**June 30, 1991**

Riding horse like in teens.

Its (or her) nostrils are cut by someone, releasing dangerous power and energy, which I could feel in myself on waking as sexual, genital.

**July 4, 1991**

Arranged to go with mother, aunt, X friend from university days, to Shakespeare play in London, Saturday matinee. Having to get there from ?Reading with X. Haven't left enough time. All the coaches are full. So: ?give up the attempt. Mix of relief, and let down.

Then I am at the theatre, just in time, without X. Squeeze in next to mother and aunt. But the performance isn't there, we are all being taken to Trevor Nunn's home over the river, where there is a specialist theatre. But when the play begins, it is not Shakespeare. More like contemporary US film. Outside the theatre, now at Victoria Station, foreign tanks are now in position. When we come out, we form an active group, energised by theatre going, who could fight them. "Is this when I'm going to die?" (or am I going to slip away, it won't be noticed). Must stay around to see what happens. This is unique in London streets (Yugoslav military take over threats).

**July 6, 1991**

Some male analysand of von Franz who has had history lessons for a whole year from a man she recommended (as condition of his working with her), gives me a (history) book written by this man.

I feel uneasy about accepting the gift. von Franz talking on penis and balls. Importance of men, in 'showing' their sex to women, to 'show' both penis and balls (very close: more like tip of penis with a ball immediately beneath it). This is a very important *differentiation*. I already know about this, and give examples from my life, practice.

**July 19, 1991**

Staying 'abroad', or somewhere strange, at home (UK). Difficulty in getting to grips with, owning, some confusion, some contradiction – (food + sex), in that something is both soft and hard, sweet and sour, easy to chew and hard to chew, tasty and disgusting.

The confusion of sex and food: how to get into words. Prick as both hard and soft, and what is equivalent when it comes to food, to *chewing*, to *tasting*.

**August 15, 1991**

Long 'healing' dream about enactment (of *Henry IV*, recently seen at Stratford), and in context of such a weekend gradually recognising danger posed by adolescent girl who is in some way mad. Thought, in dream, of how it would be received in some circles if I were to say publicly that very senior analyst X was dangerous. Coming down to breakfast next morning with that decision taken (to 'come out' about her madness) I see evidence of her luggage packed: has she/have they got the message and is she leaving? Greeting people at breakfast, I seem to be last: shaking woman by hand, paralysed, some sort of housemaster's wife. Odd drink looking like sherry: surely not for breakfast? and on leaving breakfast, do I meet the girl going off for a walk with a young man, apparently no longer dangerous?

**September 2, 1991**

Moving towards open talking about sexual unfaithfulness with two women. Place turns out to be mother's house – Pencraig, 52 library assoc. And in the room is another, unknown, woman, a Miss Hamney, Hammer. Two or three others join us, including at least one man. I say I won't join discussion till I'm told who Miss Hamney is – I'll just go on being rude, and in any case I'm going to have a pee first.

The loo is at end of large corridor like room, with dividing wall not to ceiling. Lock myself in. Standing peeing. Someone tries the door. It is mother. I call "I'm having a pee". Then she comes through as if door isn't there. I wake *terrified*.

Journey to Pwllheli from London. Get lift at end from diplomatic 'stringer' attached to Greek Embassy, in old fashioned big car.

Garden etc., we've planted. Someone under huge turning vehicle, calls for help to passers by. He is safe, but terrified. They pull him out after hesitation, when they realise how terrified he is. There are some jobs that are always much more frightening than we realise, and the people in them just have to get used to the fact.

**September 4, 1991**

I make statement about Dante, having had a dream about his work. This is in reply to some Christian comment or interpretation that a woman has made.

I say I see it (the *Paradiso* rather than the *Inferno*) as the mother's body, and I have a vision, need, call: I fear it leads me to feast off the body of my son and I am afraid of what this will mean for my body when 'they' (men rather than women) who serve the feast are finished with me (will they feast off me?).

People are talking about the Spanish civil war. I say I was 10 – 12 at the time, too young to be directly aware of the issues, but I was aware of how much it meant to those a bit older than myself. In retrospect one can now say that

(i) in the short run of history, it was right to have sided with the Government, the Republicans (when the enemy that mattered was Fascism and Nazism),

(ii) in the longer run, it was right to side with Franco against the Communists (when the enemy that mattered was Communism).

Sequence with patient, that evokes sense of father's shame of son, son's shame of father, and my failure to engage.

**September 28, 1991**

Imprisoned in some large military – industrial complex or region (Iraq). Trying to find way out, to escape. Give up on attempt to find way I came in, and instead approach the perimeter fence. Surely if I appeal to those outside, make them realise it is a prison, they'll get me out.

But as I approach two small women come up, They seem harmless, but are incredibly strong. They won't let me get near the fence, and those outside will never think they are evil, they look so harmless/normal. One of them seizes my arm, wrist, in a vice like grip holding me so I am unable to move.

**October 8, 1991**

Terrifying. I am travelling on holiday with man who has killed his wife, left her 'at home'. (Assoc with 1920's, 1930's, North of England, tradesman. Also with TV play of Ruth Rendell story: did innocent man hang 30 years ago?)

I am helping him cover up, pretending that she is simply 'away' for a few days.

One scene in which he gets me to unpack her 'excess' toilet stuff, lipsticks, soaps, etc, and stuffing them in top of cupboard – like my oak one from 52: they are discovered there by her daughter, visiting us in our hotel, a grown woman, 30-ish.

Also flash backs to historical scenes of terror, villages with witches about to be 'gone for' and burned, modern Jews.

In particular, 19th century mill town Luddites, factory warehouses, a mob breaking in where man and his family are cowering. The mob all have handfuls of telegrams (the telegraph has just been invented), and it is these that are inciting and inflaming them.

The running, hiding, lying, is becoming more and more frightening.

I wake myself saying:

"The police must be told – it is against the law to sleep with another man's wife", which is a kind of 'cover' for the murder, and I am lying next to my wife, who is some hideous man (?elder brother assoc), and I can't inflict this on her by waking her. Speech, breathing: how to get it out. Some terror of my father's caught in history.

**November 25, 1991**

Intense feeling for 'forbidden' woman. She had befriended African student/refugee in London, who has now returned to his country and become leading figure, prime minister, following independence, end of apartheid. He now no longer keeps up with her even not owning their relationship. I say to her: "Doesn't this make you realise the hurt you cause me in disowning our past together?"

**December 14, 1991**

Double conspiracy, linked. Navy, military, research establishment merging into society as a whole, and the neighbourhood priest, children being sold, given over to, 'the power'.

**December 24, 1991**

Long reconstruction, renewal paper submitted to the Club (Guild) by two African (male, negro, ?Christian) members whom we had hardly noticed. New committee structures, and members willing to serve on the committees. This paper is already known to, and discussed by, others on the continuing committee, but only now, just prior to the AGM, being made known to me. Wonderful feeling of energy, know how, and vision, flowing from an unexpected, unrecognised, quarter.

As it is presented (or my reading it on a display board, with diagrams of proposed organisation and structure), it is either signed by or read out by two names, brothers, very short, three letters. Then someone else takes over the presentation, a woman, European, addressing the central point of religious belief, revelation, calling.

She is presenting it to a younger than myself 'me'. She says: "I am nothing" as if that is what (her) God is saying, and she leans over to emphasise the point (I am behind her) and she is 'met' by the man she is addressing coming to meet, engage with her, in a (combined) gesture which is a mixture of

1) single hand cupped under tap to catch water to rinse mouth (assoc grandson staying)

2) cunt kissing

3) the obscene Christmas card of marzipan figure, a bit like an Xmas bird, but also like human body lying on its back with legs up and over to expose the arse and anus.

In this shared gesture, which is like some kind of intercourse between them, he can somehow take her (God's) 'nothing' and turn it into tremendous affirmation.

On waking the great feeling of relief that, independent of myself, there is such life to come in the Club.

**December 29, 1991**

University friend near death with wasting cancer. He has been for check up, and just been told that he has very little time left to go. Sitting there looking exhausted.

Through that into hospital sequence, involving self and wife. Doctors' 'denial' of feeling about what is going to happen, what is happening. One in particular, wearing smart expensive white suit and his face completely masked in white, with no eyes at all, terrible.

Seeing/meeting him, I cry out that this is *proof* of madness, of an insane cut offness, also more general sense of professional cohesion, covering up (in the face of death, pain?).

Visiting someone, ?wife, 52 nursery assoc, determined to break the conspiracy of silence, I insist on having the names of the four or five doctors (?all male) sitting round table. They all refuse, evade. Again, the sense of almost unbelievable *proof* that they truly are engaged in cover up, denial, and are afraid.

### January 22, 1992

Journey 'home' with wife and others. Money anxieties allayed: more than I had expected, interest has been paid on remaining travellers cheques balance. Then meet sister, in Italian beach setting. Pleasant surprise. She shows way in her car.

Changes into end of war return through enemy occupied third party country (like Italy in 1944-5), dangerous, but sense that end is close, one more river to cross, bridge to build (last chapter or two of book to read).

I am officer (very junior) in charge of our small group, all young (boy-men, + ?girl-woman) in this neutral third party (Italian) village. Enemy around (like Germans at end of war).

Then am told by old British soldier of presence of another British unit, all older seasoned men, under command of pathologically sadistic officer (naval), who has worked his way up from the ranks, and because he is senior to me will take precedence, and will give us/me a terrible time, humiliation, bullying, brutality.

Wake without having met him: half wanting to, half wanting to skip the last chapters so as not to have to face him.

### April 12, 1992

Frog newly changed into from tadpole: it shits (?into my hand) so that I let it drop, throw it away.

Someone says that is a bad thing to do, since it is from their shit, and its smell, that they 'locate' themselves in their new 'world', environment, after the change of state, so that if they are deprived of, or separated from, their shit (their own produce, making) they are lost and won't be able to find themselves, and so will be lost, die, not be able to start their new life.

But this seems to have fallen together with its own shit, so that it is (may be) all right.

It falls onto ?water ?grass, and with some 'companion', perhaps another insect/animal, perhaps a leaf, seems to be looking for and finding a shady spot under big leaves where it can collect itself, rest, get adjusted.

It is lying on its back (almost obscene in the way it opens, exposes itself). I think it even waves encouragingly from its recumbent position, as it drifts into the shade.

### April 15, 1992

It is 6.30 p.m. The time has come to *inflate* the balloon (in fact, two of them) that will take Eisenhower and his No.2, ?Vice President, from us to ?the White House.

'Us' is a foreign land, where he is at risk. These balloons have been shipped in secretly, so as to enable us to get him out, also with sense that this is his inauguration, and the 'move' is not only from 'alien' to 'home', but also from private citizen to (huge) public office.

The actual doing of the operation seems to be my responsibility. I wake him, addressing him as 'Sir' (school navy, memories, anxiety about stammer, but also the comfort/satisfaction of acknowledging true authority). But he doesn't want to watch the preparation (which would also somehow reassure me that I am 'getting it right'), leaves it to me, rolls over in his bed to get a bit more sleep. I wake my younger son to help me, uneasily, ?guiltily aware that I choose not to wake my older son (assoc with self and older and younger brothers).

### April 16, 1992

Hideous image relating anti semitism and cancer.

Hate of Jews is growing. Not only Arabs, but it is spreading into Southern Europe, all the countries round, near, Israel.

Then this picture like a rock wall, but prison, people behind iron grille, hands reaching out:

each 'nation' is kept apart in separate 'cell' (play on the word cell), but as hands reach out through the bars (?for food) they are in danger of touching. One hand pulls back in terror after touching hand from another 'nation', in fear of having got infected, contaminated. But as the numbers grow, it will soon not be possible to keep them separate, they will overflow into each other.

May 20, 1992

'Trojan War': the effort becomes increasingly exhausting, mad, pointless.

I, as one of the subordinate leaders, am discussing it with my peers. Suddenly I realise that I can't just talk, complain, about it any more. I must act, and I can. To decide is to act – simultaneous. I go to the chief and tell him so to his face. It is 7.15 p.m., he is in his bath (getting ready for evening feasting, meal, with his lieutenants?, but also perhaps preparing for battle).

He is LPJ (grandfather). At some stage I name him so (but also like David Jason of *Only Fools and Horses* TV series, in his dual role of Miami Mafia boss as well as simple tourist: Edward G Robinson in that early film *The Lady in the Window*, and James Cagney).

I tell him: it is utterly mad what he is expecting of us.

It is my moment of truth. His anger is terrible, his face seized with fury, and says:

"You are letting me down when all that is needed is one last shove", and he believes it.

I stay with my conviction.

It is my conviction against his. I am not saying I will no longer fight for him, obey his orders. I have sense of family, of historical obligation binding me to him. But he now has to consider whether it is worth going on if I, (and by implication his other lieutenants for whom I have also spoken), disbelieve so wholly in his enterprise: isn't it simply inviting defeat?

But out of our exchange I do get something which I can 'take back' to the others, the 'little' achievement:

that now we can wear two kinds of helmets (like second world war infantry, fire fighters): one, our usual, of the warrior fighting to kill, and the other, new, of the warrior who can take prisoners, i.e., is not committed any more to victory through annihilation/death.

Following this there is a scene that seems to make the point that the war IS about something worth while.

Beneath the 'walls', 'gates', we see the enemy Trojans, very primitive, dragging away a captive Greek, one of us, to sacrifice him (their prisoner), cruelly, obscenely, to their matriarchal goddess.

We move effectively to rescue him, to take him away from them: but even in doing so I/we feel the truth, it is a felt truth, of their

passionate conviction against ours, that theirs is the true religion, the cause truly worth fighting for.

Also: a sense of knowing how the story does come out (the Greeks do sack Troy).

It now moves into resolution/ending, in which it is revealed as a huge 'musical', involving host of characters and sub-plots, with youngish woman as compere/chorus, introducing the grand finale of bow taking, beginning with various people taking their bow for performances in earlier acts, now half forgotten.

Thunderous applause: what will the applause be like when it gets on to the end sequences with 'us' in them?

But we don't get there, with the leader/king somehow drawing it to an earlier close since the point of the conclusion is somehow collapsed/already known.

In particular, a couple, fresh paired off as boy/girl, dancing beautifully.

There is talk of the text at some stage: the beauty of how the language of the Bible has been mixed with that of Homer.

(LPJ in Autobiography: "to complete the Reformation").

May 31, 1992

Two dreams separate, but felt on waking to be connected.

1. Hurt child as grown up expresses her hurt. Unconditional love as response, surely. But older woman, mother, wife, responds in controlled anger: the world can't go on looking after you, it/we have problems enough of our own. Will that 'finish' her, destroy her (the child)?

No: she begins to 'adjust' immediately, needs the other woman *more* than her hurt.

2. Social political. Spanish Civil War of 1930's, Yugoslavia, Ireland today.

Documentary on a community with strong, contained, internal tensions. Then some national figure makes a speech, which instead of assuring and playing on overarching 'synthesis', appeals to all the 'let's have a fight' instincts. The village people return, looking at each other with new meanness, suspicion. There is going to be civil war.



June 14, 1992

Huge nightmare vision of why it is I get no hearing.

Through X (also university friends assoc), I get a 'public' job at last, with university in Birmingham, also US (?David Lodge novel assoc). I fly there (to US) with X. On arrival it is 'wrong': not the place X expected: more a sinister secret Government research station than a university.

We have been trapped, tricked. But why? It's crazy – why? Do they mean to kill us? But why? It is like being swamped, immersed in huge feeling of 'but this is mad, incredibly mad'.

Then begin to realise that the whole building/campus/country is 'taken over' by a force/spirit of death, like inhuman automaton. So it is a job after all, but quite different to what I had thought. Though the 'powers that be' don't want me, have indeed tricked me in giving the impression that they did, the people/country as a whole does need me. There is a desperate, in-expressible, un-publicly ownable need for my/our help. But how to give it when the alien power is so overwhelming?

June 15, 1992

On long two year, 'course', travel, health, round world. Arriving at eastern, down under, place where people for one to two weeks/months get themselves up as huge snails, snakes, tortoise like joke creatures, and wallow in mud. It looks both disgusting, also perhaps funny/enjoyable. Somehow as a result (?from the mud) I have got AIDS, but am told that everyone gets AIDS in this stage of the course. And most don't worry, but go on with the course/treatment/journey and often, but not always, get better.

July 18, 1992

'Impossible' job position. Is this the meaning of what mother was saying, trying to say, when she said, six months before she died: "Your father was a coward"?

An application for a job has somehow gone wrong. What had seemed to be, been assumed to be, agreement has unravelled. The job application is connected with, the same as, getting a contract through. And the aim, purpose, of the contract is surely good: some kind of very hard wood tree is going to go extinct, but if the contract goes through, to use this wood for printing blocks (old fashioned,

'original' printing press sense), then the tree/species will be saved (the implication being, that if the commercial need/use for the wood is established in this way, then the human interest will be there to keep it cultivated).

Surely that makes sense? – but, in context of the dream, a doubt arises.

Trying to find another 'job' that'd suit him/me (room of ten to twelve men, board members, involved in the interview appointment process). I/he make suggestion of what I could do. Looking for support I appeal to colleague who had come with me/him to the interview. But he replies that "I/we came expecting a simple, straightforward, nine minute operation, and it's all got crazily drawn out. Can't you see, quite simply what has happened is that your 'friend', the man you assumed was going to offer you the job, has put a knife in your back...?". As he speaks, the simple, unwanted version/truth, the room begins to empty: people get up and leave, dissociating themselves entirely from what he is saying: more than that, from the whole situation, literally, "we don't want to hear what he has to say".

Another similar sort of situation. I/he am/is 'head' of some large organisation, perhaps a department store. Something is going wrong at the 'top', at the 'centre'. We are trying to find out what. I see a senior colleague (perhaps my/his deputy), short circuit a wire causing chaos and panic (so I now know 'what' is wrong), but I won't say who it was (out of personal loyalty perhaps, but also for a different reason, sort of 'in defence of sanity', guarding something, because what he was doing in making that short circuit was in protest against 'shit', against some absolutely shitty behaviour that is going unchallenged, so 'unchallenged' that to protest against it would be to be laughed out of court, to be defined as oneself mad, insane, alien).

But my refusal to say *who* it was (the implication is that I do say, have said, that I have seen the shorting being done – here I feel very close to stammer, something part said part unsaid) makes it impossible for my 'board'. They just can't work with me, trust me, and I must surely see that (I do): it is an absolute impasse. (This is equivalent to the 'not getting the job'.)

Stay with that sense of absolute impasse: then a dawning sense that perhaps if we were all to sleep on it..., but even that hope is very dubious, I don't really trust it (in the dream and in waking).

Another version of the same. What should Israel do? On the one hand, all the arguments for compromise, diplomacy, being clever (Jacobi use of word = German klug). That is the received 'sense'. Then 'I', he, begins to tell the 'truth'. As I/he speak, I/he becomes inspired with increasing energy, power, conviction: "No, take the land, seize the 'corridor' from the Syrians that is needed to gain control of the north (the Polish 'corridor' in 1939), get what you have to have and then negotiate from strength". But as I/he speak, growing realisation that this ('such a course of action') would only work under leader of conviction, as he/I becomes 'empowered' and the others are about to be convinced, will therefore give him/me the job (the outer power to match the inner conviction). But then what? The other side, like ebb and flow of tide: won't it mean war, world war, the end? Have we/I the courage to believe in it, go through with it? Is it not perhaps really madness?

### July 19, 1992

Terrible war of good and evil. Powers of evil personified by male, like film actor Ernest Borgnine (name, face?), or David Jason of *Only Fools and Horses* as Mafia Boss.

Many scenes: London, Trafalgar Square, I am making a speech to try and rouse people from acceptance of their evil rulers; inside some midday 'alternative' ?pornographic film show.

Key phrase at end, when discussing with a film producer how this war could be reconstructed, represented, portrayed, when I say: "I don't know if I believe in it as a child", or "I don't think I believe it is a child", meaning that the figure who can represent, carry, the principle and power of good [see note] can be, is [see note] a child, and as I say this, hearing myself say it, realising what I am saying, I say/cry: "Oh God, what have I said, what am I saying", and cross myself and cry and cry and cry. I have let the cat out of the bag.

Note. I had written it down as given here. But, three hours later, surely what I'd meant to write was 'principle and power of *evil*', and 'can *not*, is *not*'. Or?

### August 2, 1992

Wake feeling horrible. Something like school, also Jung politics, my father ('19' Ullet Road?), important figures. Also Hungary: ?Olympics, no, earlier, politics like 1956. I have been a bad member of the 'side', let the rest of my team down (all the old school dread of

seeing my name posted as in the team). I just haven't played my part, opted out somehow, and feeling of huge shame, hiding myself away.

Then group stand round me, seize my arms, pinion me, in the dark, so I can't see the faces of my accusers.

They question me, jeer, attack. I protest (at least I do that!), struggle back, call out that theirs is a 'Fascist' attack. But they won't let me see their faces. Then they all suddenly melt away, and I wake, trembling, feeling horrible.

### August 3, 1992

Retuning to live in London, Liverpool, quite a group or family of us, in two different places?

Involved in this is the need to distribute a small inheritance properly among those to whom it is left – this is difficult to do accurately.

As I wake, associate with recent newspaper article on Japan, title "who rules?", and avoidance of responsibility by dividing it up into small bits: "when something goes wrong, blame rarely comes to rest on an individual, but gets chopped up into ever smaller pieces until it disappears in the fuzzy concept of collective responsibility".

### August 16, 1992

Looking after John and Norma Major's children, aged 5 to 7, or early teens. Sense of trust, being trusted, liking each other: but we must surely tell them something about ourselves if they are trusting us with their children (news yesterday of six month old baby stolen by unregistered child minder, and Government reaction about must only use registered minders, assoc with Standing Conference on Psychotherapy).

All overlaps with my daughter, her age now, but also younger.

She is functioning normally on one level, but at same time sort of singing, throat noises. She is going to see some grim film about IRA and graves, tree growth on them like some kind of desecration, because that mood picks up her own, matches it.

We must have her to a meal afterwards so she can talk after being with so much misery.

She must find a way of talking about sex, assoc with man neighbour talking over dinner after death of his wife, and with son's urinary infection.

**August 17, 1992**

Going to meet some doctor at the SAP (assoc with Dr. X and wife, so into publishing past: also with the Dr. at Jim Home group in 1968) for a talk (?about differences), at an address in Woodstock Road, near university psychologist's house.

Good feeling of expectation, likely to be a fruitful meeting (and isn't it about time!).

On way there, 3 or 4 large cars parked; Z and his wife in one of them? – cars of size to allow extra row of seats in the back, wedding/funeral/Lord Mayoral – but the back seats are all down, leaving space for corn storage, and for large corn grinder, with associations of 'between the thighs' ('back seat down' assoc with lavatory, coffee grinder at Pencraig which we used to hold between our knees, also with our German corn grinder)

This extraordinary image is some kind of break through 'revelation': about work on preparation of food, work on the pre-eating storage of food, with emphasis on idea of work

(assoc with Eucharist 'work of human hands', and patient's mention of baby's hands at breast bringing up the flow of milk, and the effect this had on me)

which is about the connection between food and time.

So that an altogether more significant possibility of 'talk' opens up between myself and the SAP.

**August 29, 1992**

Comfort of 'fighting', even old man (myself) with young man, lovely homosexual comfort. He goes to fetch my clothes. When he brings them, they aren't mine. But I wear them. Dressed in them, I return to wife/mother, feeling of guilt. I, someone, says: "Men show themselves through their clothes", or "Men tell about themselves through their clothes". He goes back to room, to fetch the right clothes (why don't I? I'd recognise them at once). But what he brings are still not mine.

**August 31, 1992**

First thought, from 'end' half of dream, as I tried to remember the various bits, was "the very strong and the very weak", together, and assoc with letter from woman patient of twenty years ago.

1. Llanellhaiarn: in a beautiful village in hills behind it, called ?Llanwnda, far more green and southern and lovely than ever

possible in Lleyn. It is where the rich commuters who work in places like Pwllheli live. Sense of folds of the hills behind, a 'beyond' that isn't in fact there.

2. Journeying back somewhere (52, Lleyn), with big 'car' as 'luggage'. In a vehicle that is mixture of a train on the road, and very large Land Rover. How comfortable and secure it feels to be driven. I say to my wife: perhaps we could take a coach holiday. She says No, and I agree.

3. Wife and I receive card, from woman acquaintance, celebrating/sharing/owning interest in sado masochism. The card is from/about San Francisco, where this friend has gone on to after we separated on joint holiday, and is a kind of collage, including bits of both our own handwriting, with wife's handwriting looking a bit like mother's.

**September 17, 1992**

Night after the pound comes out of the ERM.

Two themes/scenes of terror of woman.

1. Sexual. 'Wife' is determined to 'get me' sexually, and I can feel how easy it would be for me to give in, to myself 'want' her, and if I did 'take' her sexually, I would be lost – she would not be satisfied, she would be 'insatiable', and in realising that she could not be satisfied she would turn absolutely murderous. Sense of an afternoon occasion being set up by her, or 'arising' of its own accord, with her 'husband' knowing, and either not minding or not being able to do anything about it/her, and I kick out (like in karate) violently, wildly, at her to protect myself, to signal my absolute refusal.

2. Something 'insane'. There is a danger here that few people are trained, or have the 'sense', to recognise, to 'sense' (like a 'sixth' sense) the reality of the madness. I reach out to touch, shake hand of, a man who does (assoc with younger colleague, older brother) and some old Liverpool figure. The fact that this composite figure does recognise the madness means that I am not alone, and therefore not mad as I would be if alone.

The woman's insanity was like her mind is cracked, Geist/Ghost, Aghast.

**September 18, 1992**

1. 'Documentary' of my father's life, with my father 'live', playing/showing his part. Watching it very much *with* X and her husband. Father's pain, suffering (medical, dental), shared with sympathy, he comes over as 'one of the people', but references to other aspects, like 'Territorial Army', make me feel self conscious, as if father here comes over as 'needing to defend property'.

2. Tory party, after the devaluation fiasco: a big shift when leading figure finds, identifies, admits, the need/possibility of response to opinion polls questions about some specific fact/issue, which government *can* usefully take into account.

3. The Prince of Wales has made public something about his s/m experience; the comfort, insight, breakthrough it had been for him, at the final stroke of a whipping – feeling that he has given away too much, gone too far, unnecessarily far, in his 'owning'.

4. Journey, very familiar sort of background. Male companion shows me/the group of us, the way to get out of our imprisonment, enclosure, by using, breaking, no *using*, a film of spider web which is between us and outside like a curtain – it 'works' because it is both inside and outside. He 'knows' this because of the story it originated in, the four crows/black birds, and sense of some Grimm Fairy story

**September 27, 1992**

Key word: Trachis Women (Women of Trachaea, Trojan Women, Thraxis, Aulis, Naxos)

Dream set in world of bad experiences with lodgers, tenants, and a firm of down market estate agents, who are also publishers, with a homosexual culture among young male tenants.

I am in bed with one. His lover wakes us, with tea, and lies naked 'on' him. He doesn't respond. He is going to give it up, leave the scene. At one stage I go 'next door' to ask group of other lodgers or young employees of estate agents, who the Trachis women were in Greek literature/mythology. It will help him (is his name David?) understand. A black girl, with naked breasts, asks how it will help.

**September 30, 1992**

Nuclear submarine is being tested, shown, above ground on railway through NE London. It is huge and hideous, with immense superstructure, like vast cased in box, of lead. Woman colleague is said to be on board. We look for her on the deck, expecting to see her taking the air, looking, but no one is there.

Someone in authority says that the 'results' of this testing show that they can no longer claim it is 'safe'. There must be public admission that there is 'leakage' (of radioactivity?), and that more work, perhaps a year or more, is needed.

One place where the 'results' have come from is the measuring of reaction time of men in their 'danger' time, particular days (like birthday or menstrual period) during which they are most liable to 'pick up' whatever it is that leaks.

**October 5, 1992**

Long taxi journey from London/Oxford to Pencraig. Elderly driver, unreliable car. It finally breaks down near or at his home, in depressed area, long straight streets of terraced houses.

How am I to get on? Doubts as to his competence or even good will. Resting in his home, could 'they' be going to rob me, even 'do away' with me? I get them to phone Chwillog with message (to mother) that I am delayed. It turns out that we are in Runcorn: "I have a brother living in Liverpool, I could visit him for the evening, weekend".

**October 12, 1992**

Wife and I are hosting a 'sex party'. Guests are being invited by friends who know 'the scene' (homosexual). It is to be at our house (which is unlike any I have ever lived in). We are getting ready. *Very familiar* feeling, of tension, excitement, fear (it is this feeling that gets me to write the dream down). The guests begin arriving. There are many more, twenty to thirty, than we had expected, including (Indian) woman with children. Will I be able to perform? What do the young think of me? One young man: I could get hot for him alright.

**October 17, 1992**

I/we have a huge snake, which we are taking to some exhibition, show, to 'show' – a garden, animal, farm, 'show'. We arrive early, at house of woman organiser. She asks if our snake has arthritis. No – it is still young, sinuous, beautiful. She says that when they get arthritis, and they come or are brought (as to vet) for an injection to ease the pain, you can see them 'longing for the needle'. This image, of a creature like a snake 'aware' of the pain easing effect of anaesthesia injection, I find extraordinarily powerful, comforting, revealing.

**October 19, 1992**

Past pain, physical and mental, both, of an extreme kind, which would explain s/m desires as a 'pleasurable cover' in psychoanalytic sense. A body, my body, being pulled over jagged 'circumstance', intolerable (jagged rocks, broken metal, glass). Sense of 'disappointment' that now, knowing this, I can't enjoy 'pain' fantasies any more.

**November 5, 1992**

In black Africa country still ruled by white colonial power. Know the end must come soon: angry, mutinous feeling of the black population. I sense their resentment is about to 'coalesce', run together into action. I go into room where other whites are to tell them. Somewhere outside there is a table by tents at which leaders of the insurgents/new government are seated. I 'come before' them. One or two whites among them.

**November 9, 1992**

Terror of Muchi (our cat). Some scene is being reenacted. I am sitting (with others) with Muchi on my lap. The cat is watching, following, the scene. End of one sequence, the next is about to begin: and will involve 'superman', 'spiderman', type of 'advent', in form of some human/machine intervention, appearance. Muchi, who was 'there' the previous time, is absolutely terrified. Her terror is instinctive, inaccessible, utterly beyond comfort, as she flees.

**November 20, 1992**

Expensive and 'special' (diet, religious/alternative) health hydro/farm which is also involved in murder and dismemberment, using the bodies/flesh of its victims/patients in various ways (?including for eating). Long film/story in which its secret operation is or is going to be discovered, exposed, and when that happens, the management/owners will turn/are turning terrifyingly vicious (in self defence). Scene in dining room, evening meal, as evidence of cracks in facade begin to be noticed, barking of (killer) dogs, heard as vaguely menacing.

**November 21, 1992**

Sitting for some exam. Manchester. Crowded hall, badly lit (no electric light, as man in charge has not managed to repair generator), sitting very close to others at old school desks. The exam papers aren't at all clear as to questions to be answered. I am not so much anxious, as 'cluttered' in my mind.

An adult, 'mature student' exam: sense that it is the 'sitting' of the exam which matters more than the answers I write, that I've had the necessary experience, what they are looking for is 'fit' or 'match' between experience and how I write, what I say about it (and this may well involve *not* saying anything).

**December 2, 1992**

S.America, Peru, Lima, between coast town and high in mountains town (also Colombia assoc: drugs, anthropologist friends; and S.America story quoted in my *Jung and the Third Person*). At one stage, an active volcano and talk of tomb of Tutankhamen as down inside it.

I am visiting with family of political leaders, in process of forming 'open' opposition party after time of dictatorship, but still a state of violence, criminality, which threatens new democratic possibility.

The daughter of the leader, late teens, is present in two roles or personalities

1) as consumer, like Brezhnev daughter (TV last night, her living on sex and champagne under father's dictatorship)

2) as ordinary citizen under democracy, where her needs as a young girl-woman consumer are part of what is necessary to get the economy going 'freely' of its own.

I have, or give someone, a post card with picture symbolic of this dilemma (assoc with man organising exchange of experience with

pornography, his card of Italian sex star-politician with school children, my Samson and Delilah card). A man in the group who has also sent some message warning of/recognising dangers, and he dies as a result, or is killed, and no one except the women will touch his body (for fear of guilt by association).

### January 7, 1993

King Lear theme in contemporary novel. I get some magazine essay on, exploring the application of the Lear theme to present day.

New kind of bus, with driver incorporated in body of seats. comfortable upholstery. Seems to be solution to public transport, can go forward and back like tram.

My one good suit: badly torn in trousers/jacket, as if one piece, like 'frock coat'. Have to get new one. Major expense.

Male friend, close/distant, guide, encouragement (a lovely feeling), reaching the *orange wire* that is in someone's eyes, a girl's.

I get hold of it, unwind it though it is so fragile I half expect it to break or even disintegrate into dust, his wonder, excitement.

It opens up, huge, the wire strengthening and thickening and becoming silvery, and I am lifted up, transported, but glad when I come back to earth.

This seems to confirm that the modern King Lear book is about country's present day economy, how to balance the books, not go on imagining that we can live off some huge deficit.

### January 18, 1993

'Portugal' setting.

1. Fire, volcanic eruption, about to come, also already happened, to our hostel which is like a castle.

2. Flood water/sewage held by border between freezing and not freezing water, and a fence/grass wall. It breaks, and we watch it sweep down, washing over lower slopes of hill on which our fortress/hostel stands.

3. First night over border into this more primitive country, walking in party. Stop at farmhouse for rest/refreshment. Beginning to realise we can't possibly get on to first town/village tonight. So where to sleep? Our host the farmer has already decided that we must, are welcome to, stay with them for the night.

### January 20, 1993

Terrifying unearthing of powerful slime monster as I dig over ground for new planting. Now that 'it' is disturbed, active, there is no stopping its growth, it coming out.

Desperate attempt to phone for help. ELM as Oxford City Council special emergency dial, more immediate than 999. How can we convince them of the urgency, we/I are not just mad?

### February 1, 1993

Botched fight between two rival clans leaves ten dead, five on each side.

Terrible skull with skin and blood spread over it (a 'survivor' or one of those about to die) seizes hold of me. He is from 'the other side', and howls terribly, terribly, at me, to the world:

"I can never tell (you) what we've suffered through the criminal idealism of (you) David Holt".

I hold my face as close as I can to his face so as to drink in what he is saying. I want it to really 'get to me', but it is terrible, terrible and in waking thinking, or was it part of the dream, I continue his sentence

"through his/your identification with the Holy Spirit" (with sense that 'identification' is being used in a strong sense)

[which is after all what the Clermont story is about, isn't it?]

### February 15, 1993

Someone is bringing us some pictures that we have been having developed. He/she also brings another film or set of pictures which he/she thinks might interest us. They are of a recent public execution, and show the head being cut off, held up, and the trunk of the body with bloody hole where the head has been.

Thought that we'd be interested because such a sight must have been quite common in Shakespeare's day.

### February 22, 1993

Close to the change of President in US White House. A family changing home goes together with change in 'most powerful job in the world'. Sense of last four or five US Presidents as 'present': back as far as Eisenhower, who is now 'revealed' to have been ineffective

and a failure as President. Also looking for evidence of, opening into, separation between head of state and head of government, a separation which allows for a certain 'play', then realise that under US Constitution there isn't any such separation, attention moving to relation between President and Supreme Court.

**February 26, 1993**

Shocked realisation of unbelievable carelessness of the sexual signals I have sent two women.

It is now April/May. Previous August/September I had sent these women postcards, on occasion of my, or their, going on journey abroad. In my card to one I'd made some reference to man's jockstrap type pants, which was intended as flirtatious/sexual come on, and had been taken as expression of serious sexual interest. Now she, or I, are back, in some gathering (family group, large). We are left alone and she turns to me, comes to me, with this fatuous giggle of excitement of woman who has never had sexual interest shown in her, saying something like "Now you really must tell me what you meant by that card".

I am horrified (and repelled by her terrible giggly assumption of a sexual secret between us) and say there's been a terrible misunderstanding, I'm terribly sorry, I do appallingly careless, stupid things like that.

It is the vividness of the woman's face, appearance, manner which stays with me: for minutes after waking, and still now eight hours later, I feel I know who she is.

**March 11, 1993**

Journeying with family. Come to river, water. Wade in to climb onto boat, island, landing stage, with coloured man in charge. Still standing with our feet in water. Large, round water animals, between size of fist and small head, which are shy, frightened of us, but which can rush/move at great velocity. Not dangerous, but could knock us off our feet. Assoc with word 'bullet', and use of that word in ?genetic medicine, to describe minute bodies inserted in blood stream, cell tissue, that 'home in' on, seek out, sick cells to destroy, and then, in waking, with nipple of breast, and tip of penis.

**March 22, 1993**

I am responsible for sister's horse, which is away somewhere, like on holiday, from where it is usually kept, at home. Surely by now it must be so old as to be rightly dead? Some test involving woman trying to ascertain some truth about menstruation: are both top and bottom of the body affected, something like that: or, why only the bottom, and some 'showing'.

**March 29, 1993**

Long story about racially mixed society in South America, assoc with politics of the future: there is a choice, either mass genocidal solutions to ecological disaster, or world of racial tolerance, mix, friendship.

Leading up to young mixed race man being challenged by I to prove his identity, in which his face changes hideously into a rat. Prepared earlier in the dream by killing of a bird, a sea bird, its carrion carcass, poor hurt body, attracts rat(s), but is itself also rats (beak into rat. And assoc with L A G Strong novel *The Brothers*, and killing of man by having fish strapped to his skull and set adrift, for gulls to pierce his skull as they swoop to get the fish).

Final scene which I have prepared as testing denouement, down long tunnel, drain pipe, and the metamorphosing young man turns into ravening rat as he comes hurtling, jetting, at huge speed down the hole at us, wholly identified with this terrible new rat being.

I force myself awake so as not to witness it. This is sex. This horribleness is necessary to 'prove' what once happened, some crime, but also like elephant man or Kafka metamorphoses, some terrible kinship/identity of human and animal.

**April 4, 1993**

Huge fiasco in cathedral church (Glasgow) when I go to read prayer/lesson, and can make no sense of the words in front of me – they seem like recondite legal itemisations – nothing like prayer. I say: "This cannot be what I am supposed to be reading to you", "it is a great personal humiliation for me, a terrible let down for you, for the service", but I must just step down, there is nothing else for me to do, and I walk out.

Waiting in streets outside for my wife to join me. Gradually people come out of the church, and I begin to meet clergy who were there,

one by one, then in large group, very tall men, much taller than I, in heavy old fashioned suits. They are all extremely apologetic, amazingly, unexpectedly so. Various theories or explanations of what had gone wrong, how it had come about that I'd been put in such an impossible situation. But no one can produce the actual sheet from which I was supposed to be reading, though everyone had had one in the service, so it is impossible to bring the questioning to a point, to find out exactly where the fault had been. This is very strange, and in recollection remains as the 'message' of the dream, arising out of the sort of balancing of the huge humiliation and the huge apology.

One/the only woman in the group: when it is her turn to talk she presses heavily against me, as she says her bit: it is both sexual and smothering. I say "Please don't press on me".

#### April 16, 1993

A group of men: going mad. The old fashioned word which is madness: 'spare', 'bereft', 'dazed', 'amazed': it has power, it is madness.

1. I bite a man's hard skin on feet as he is about to 'ascend' through window. The terror of it. And why? Room full of hanged women/people: but one woman who is masseuse of some kind will *hurt* me, scratch, tear, and then we won't go mad. There is no reason why we have to go mad if she is allowed to do her thing.

2. Solicitor has lost us our new home through sheer inefficiency. At a party he tells us. I throw him out, never want to speak to you again, feeling of utter balls up, incredible and shocking.

#### April 19, 1993

'Coming out' of control of thought police dominating our/the world.

*First stage*, escaping from their power over mind and body. The possibility of such an escape first dawning, in sequence in which a research experimental group involved on space research realise that they have a chance to rush through a 'trial attempt' at a part of their space mission, well before everything was ready. They can do this by using just the tip, or front part or cabin, of their space craft, rocket, capsule, and leaving behind, unused, the main body.

It is their persuading the men/the man in charge of the lab/research station to let them in so that they can get started (on what is almost a 'prank') that starts the process of *risking* 'outing'.

[The logic/feeling of this is crucial. What seems to be happening is this. There is a *huge* investment in the whole programme. This hugeness makes it almost unrealisable, something that is always having to be postponed until they/we can be sure we have got it right, all the technology right. With so much invested we can't risk starting/testing too soon. In having the idea to try it out with only a part of the space craft/rocket we/they continue to 'believe' in the value of the research, but are also admitting that it is impossibly ambitious. This is what makes it a 'prank'. Our testing like this will achieve/show something, but it will be a very much smaller 'result' than what 'they' are investing in.]

But 'their' power is shown at once. A man with a spade who has begun to 'out' is called back by a suspicious guard, who puts him in his mouth, swallows-sucks him in and down, then regurgitates him, and he is now just a slab of meat/flesh with only the remains of human shape. This is 'their' punishment, and what we are all most afraid of, a disgusting death/elimination

(assoc with ?Blake picture of Chronos eating his children; also with sucked lollipop; also with man with big garden spade on the beach on Wednesday, and son's "isn't that cheating?", when he uses it to dig sand castle walls at water edge as tide [written 'tied' in my notes] goes out: and our whole discussion about the point or pointlessness of sand castles against the tide).

*Second stage*: as the idea of 'outing' begins to spread as a real possibility, there is an assoc with earlier bit of dream when I went to Berlin and talk with writer turned politician about 'the change', and totalitarian systems learning to live with, manage, opposition, difference. Other figures at this stage from practice, Hawkwood, but also strangers.

And as the 'movement' spreads I realise (as I begin to take the lead, to propose myself to chair first meeting, public owning, of our 'outing') that the process has not been initiated by us so much as 'seeded' by someone else.

This person (assoc X, note his hands, and his 'return' out of past, plus his 64 Quaker ancestors), who is woman/man gives me the 'texts' of the 'seeding': the various (anima) stories that were used to stir, move, spark, encourage, each individual into the possibility of outing. And as I speak, make my voice heard, I emphasise that the first need is for each one of us to remember, and to make our own, the experience which lead us to 'out': what is vital is to remember



the physical terror that held us in the security, predictability, of 'them', of their efficient bureaucratic system.

*Third stage, making 'converts', winning others over.*

Important to start by 'tickling' (babies, but also Collingwood on absolute presuppositions): the start has to come from the body. And sense that there is a key question about place: where to go (to be out of their control). Is there anywhere to go? Is there another world where They are not in control? – and then also perhaps that as a result of our having begun to crack the pattern of fear, terror, habit, even though our numbers are tiny compared to Them, their control may nevertheless be slipping, their messages of control may be unable to get through – and many assoc with contemporary East European political scene.

### May 7, 1993

Travelling, with younger couple, and another older man. I am being 'set up' by the couple in some way involving sexual provocation of a kind I cannot respond to (for instance, waitress in a 'cunt dress/skirt' who serves me food). Feeling that the person with whom I must have a quarrel is 'their father', who is the older man *and* another man not present.

Quarrel is a physical fight, and in thinking how I could get to grips with him, how I could get/ make him to engage with the issues, I had the 'gagging' feeling in my throat, nose, and breathing which belongs with the stammer, and sense that this is the closest I have ever been to being able to, or having to, talk about, and of, the cause/origin of stammer.

### May 8, 1993

Journeying, Switzerland or Germany. 'Plays' are being written, produced by Michael Hordern, as contemporary popular musical adaptations of Graham Greene novels, Shakespeare, Ibsen (*Ghosts*).

Meeting a people who eat the dead. They depend for their living on the flesh of the dead, and it has to be 'willing' flesh. I clutch the arm of one of them, a woman: it is very thin, and I realised how hungry, starved she must be.

(Half waking assoc with son and Tibetan Book of the Dead, and what he said up at the hospice about staying with his mother after she died.)

### July 18, 1993

1. I am with my MP, an Irish Republican, left wing. We have just heard, perhaps he is telling me, that there has been an historic break through in Northern Ireland politics: the Protestant leadership has shifted their ground in a way that is going to make change possible. My MP, who in spite of his otherness to me I quite like (and I think he likes me), is delighted. He says it has been a good year for him, this has. This is the second or third 'turn' in his favour that events have taken.

It has happened in part because of pressure from the US. President Clinton knew just where and how to 'lean' on the Protestant politicians. This shows he was/is tougher and more intelligent than people had taken him for at the beginning of his presidency. And I see, am shown, film of him with a soldier/minder as he comes under fire in some street shooting (though the film is shown to portray him as 'weak', he seems to me to be behaving bravely/sensibly).

2. Linked to first somehow, sequence of son talking about his car (recent MOT, and brakes needing working on), the problems he is meeting, it is involved with his step father/uncle, or is it father in law? Confusion between meaning of the two terms somehow the same as, or cause of, what is wrong with the car. He is not exactly desperate, more confused, and asking for/needing help.

### August 8, 1993

Two 'investigations' come together.

First: Us – self, older man (?childhood doctor), others, looking into some quarrel or complaint with supplier, tradesman, about goods supplied or work done (assoc conservatory roof).

Second: oriental (Muslim) family are investigating whether or not their daughter has lost her virginity. To do so, they are pouring very hot water under great pressure onto glass frame. If any comes through then she has, and is to be judged accordingly, expelled, perhaps killed.

We watch: at end, the two 12 to 14 year old boys doing the water carrying empty jugs over me, over my lap/prick (under clothes). I refuse more of an investigation, and my refusal is accepted.

Assoc. Watching *Wrath of Khan* TV film last night with son. The father/son/Genesis encounter. Father who 'cheated' in some test of manhood, the cheat saving the ship, and the son saying after the

exposure of the father that he is proud of such a father. Also with grandson peeing in his shorts while running/jumping, laughing his acknowledgment that he is now 'empty'. So the thought occurs: that it is the mother's memory which guarantees that Father is my father;  
and that the real terror is of confusion between my birth, and Genesis;  
a terror which psychoanalysis collapses into incest and the primal scene.

**August 29, 1993**

Son's partner is about to give birth with my baby, made pregnant by me.

Waiting in hospital for the birth. Thought that if it is a girl, I shall now have fathered two girls and two boys.

Sense of the incestual implications grows. The child will be my son's brother, and my son will be also in a way the father, in the position of the father.

Then through play with sound of names into thought of having a child by my sister, and as I wake sense I have never had before, of sex and money as being confused into each other, so that I have truly paralysed them in some way, magically encircled, with money-sex, a terrible terrible truth.

Sense of incest as both a secret enclosing, circle closed on itself, and also a hugely explosive potential, the baby about to be born as both confirmation, evidence, proof, conviction, and a breaking open.

**October 27, 1993**

My wife has persuaded me, suggested, that I should offer to help male colleague X by paying in his monthly cheques to the bank. X accepts the offer, with some slight surprise (he had not been asking for help, but is quite glad of it when offered).

I fill out pay in book with large batch of cheques. The total amount is very large, something like £19,000. Then I realise that in the bag there is still another thick wedge of cheques, an incredible number, he must be making a huge sum every month, and somewhere along the line I have torn them all in half, which means I will have to sellotape each one together before taking them to the bank, and as there are so

many of them the whole job is now going to take very much longer. And will the bank accept them?

I will have to tell X I've torn them, and then however reasonable he is, or my explanation is, it will be surely interpreted as evidence of huge envy, envy as incredibly huge as the sum he seems to be earning.

**October 31, 1993**

Lake District setting, with group of four or five, including Stephen Spender (assoc with Independent article on American homosexual novel, and plagiarism - the 90's into the 50's into the 30's: who 'owns' the story?, and ending with paragraph: "Maybe the solution lies in Leavitt's hands. Maybe a climbdown is called for, and a certain amount of sackcloth and ashes. If I were Leavitt I would say: this book of mine is utter junk. An author has the right to chuck his own book in the bin. That's what I would do. Quickly.").

One of this group either gives, or lets my wife have, a small piece of human flesh, almost like feeding a cat with tit bits. She tastes, eats it, realises what it is, is disgusted, ?sick and runs away (again, almost like cat making itself scarce). I look at the group for some recognition of what has happened, some owning if not apology for something which is at least extraordinary if not monstrous. But they are completely bland, smiling back with the kind of superior look which denies that there is anything unusual to be worked up about.

Looking back at them I say to myself: "This is mad. I can have nothing to do with these people. I must just go away, leave them". I begin to collect my things, but I keep eye contact with them. Somehow that is important, the only thing, (least), I can do to register that something of significance is happening, has happened.

**November 1, 1993**

Olden times, early 19th century? I am looking down from higher ground onto cobbled square, Italian sense, narrow streets, tall houses. In corner of square a couple are sitting, and the man flashes a brilliant silver sword, playing dangerously across the woman's body, the sword being 'wavy', more supple than steel could be. Not clear whether the woman likes or dislikes, or how usual or unusual it is what he is doing. But I look down *disapprovingly*, and I have modern gun, revolver, an effective modern action at a distance weapon compared to the old fashioned sword. I stare at them, and

my gaze is threatening, as is the directed pointing of my weapon. It has the effect of subduing the man. He ceases his play.

Then I have descended from my higher ground, into the square, as if trying to get closer to the couple. But they have gone. I ask others, where? No one knows. I begin to go down narrow streets, through archways, looking for them. As I do so sense of danger begins, of having to 'guard my back'. I edge into box like courtyard, then higher up on to a ledge, so that it is I who am trapped, as the swordsman and his woman (and others?) come into the yard, opposite corner, on ground, to where I am trapped high above on a ledge. All he has to do is to wait. I'll have to come down some time. Sense of complete reversal, of being a coward, caught.

### November 21, 1993

With wife and son at our previous home. They've been away for a week or so. Come back having bought a dog, with the dog. My shock, anger, mix of bewilderment, sense of presumption, violence – *huge* feeling: how can they do this to me? expect this of me? I cannot stand it. I will have to go. But the misery of it, breaking up the home, the discomfort, poverty. Many layered awakening, in which 'I realise it is only a dream', and then 'it' becomes real again. The type of dog is important: square, clipped, brown.

### December 2, 1993

Powerful sexual 'field' of involvement with 'addicts' – of sex, drugs, alcohol. Sense of relief, of being at home, where I belong, but also of being threatened, at risk. If this is what/how women experience 'my sex', then I can understand why.....

The end feeling, the result as it were, is that the lesson to be learned is that we must be freer in giving to beggars.

Connected with this, in large social group situation, in which private inside the marriage stuff of two married colleagues is becoming known, coming out: as if the group is so constituted in relation to them as to make it inevitable that their privacies become known.

Something very powerful and pervasive round a complex of association of the Muslim God, music, and Goethe, being taught how, or showing that it is possible to, mediate with the wholly transcendent, terrible, and holy.

### December 3, 1993

With son, and at least two cars, his and ours/mine, in south of France. Go into small, local garage. His car needs servicing; mine needs oil. Confusion of German and French. Not being able to speak French. Three or four mechanics. Older comes to help. He speaks a little, somehow odd, English. I ask for 'benzin'? – think I may have got it wrong, been misunderstood, got oil and petrol confused. And so it turns out. When he brings it, and we look/begin to pour, it is petrol/spirit, not oil. So the confusion is recognised. Now we have to ask for son's car to be serviced.

### December 12, 1993

Vision of the future (in the dream, I am *in* a P.D. James novel). After collapse of civilisation as we know it, some sort of life at very limited level being kept going by survival police state. Sense of my wife there, with a friend.

At one stage, we see the children of the society, who are still being taught (though what they are taught is strictly limited by the necessities of the survival police state). I talk to the teachers: surely they are 'intelligent'? Yes, up to a point: but their eyes, faces, glaze over; there is a strict limit/ control on the range of their imaginations and their ability to ask questions.

At another stage, see adults exercising (?T'ai Chi assoc). Their bodies are strong, but most/all in some way imperfect.

I am out on my own with one member of the community/society. We see an old ruined wall. I identify it as part of an old church. As soon as I use the word, there is a sense of release of 'spirit' into the community/world, and the powers that be are alerted to danger. The spirit of revolt spreads. 'I' use the word 'happy' (a forbidden word), and there is movement, a sense of freedom.

But the authorities act. They send The Thing Itself, which appears as a young soldier under orders. It comes, and its coming snuffs out the revolt.

The way it snuffs out the revolt: it pushes its chest/flesh against my face, disgusting. As long as I can say/feel "This is disgusting", then I am alive/conscious, but it goes on shoving ever closer, sense of my nose crushed up against the disgusting flesh, till I am smothered in it.

**January 9, 1994**

Wake scared. At bottom of drive at some school, weekend course house, I have been lured down and realise I have been 'set up': two young women are approaching who are going to accuse me of assault and others, friends, are waiting ready to punish me or take me off to the authorities for punishment.

**January 21, 1994**

On holiday in the US.

Some kind of adult initiation. It takes the form of a relay race; a short swim as fast as you can.

Should I? (doubt about my age, health, back).

I try it out. Shallow water, with weeds. There are dead and living fish in the water. Dog rocks/coral.

I am warned, or I warn others: "Don't feed – if they associate you with food they will eat you".

Why wasn't I warned? The friendly joke/danger of the race.

**February 6, 1994**

At 52: sense of wartime, with LDH there during week, weekends at Penraig with mother. I am with him. I meet him, with elder brother around. Dads is wearing a very uncharacteristically smart, expensively cut dark pin striped suit, but when I get closer it turns out to be made of knitted serge effect, rather than cloth.

Then I am down at river, docks area of Liverpool, trying to get back home to 52 by five o'clock, when Dads and brother are expecting me (?so that we can all go down to Penraig, Friday evening). Familiar journeying dream anxiety, desperation.

At first it is as if I have plenty of time, catch a bus. Then I get off to check the destination of the bus (scene now London), and don't seem to get back on. Because I am then looking for taxi, but have turned off busy streets and am now in warehouse area, no way through in direction I want to go.

Then I find entrance into a warehouse, with its other entrance up the hill (like Liverpool Pier Head, Water Street, Castle Street), in the direction I need to go, it is a way through. I go in: busy scene, a lot of activity, sharp contrast to empty street outside.

But I am going to be kept overnight (YMCA wartime feel), and will miss the five o'clock appointment. They expect me to give my

fingerprints, the actual skin off my finger tips, as payment, contribution: it is like giving blood as blood donor, to go in a 'bank' for people needing to change their identities, (no pain involved but sense it would leave my finger tips 'blank'). I associate (in the dream) with faces I have seen earlier in the dream which were somehow 'slipped', suggesting that the face, like the new fingerprints, could be grafted on.

But do I have to submit, to do what they expect? As I question it, I realise I am being tightly held (round back?), and begin to struggle, to try and break free, and wake in some fear, shock, associating with TV film night before, face of the leading role cop which 'slipped' as vulnerable feeling showed. Come to think of it, he spoke of his father having been shot when he was small: scene of his addressing tenants on right attitude, preparation, to violent crime.

**February 19, 1994**

Cold War spy drama. I am with man decoding, unravelling, clues/evidence of Russia having got control of world controlling secret. What he has realised is that the key is in the linking up of the stars (in photographs of the night sky) to show faces (like in childrens' copy books).

I say to him: "They will kill you" (meaning when they realise he has got their secret, or is it a question of which side gets to the secret first?), and I feel the basic disabling tension/anxiety/terror of my life.

Then our side demonstrating what knowledge of this 'key' enables us to do. Computer graphics of the weather, clouds/temperatures/winds/pressure, over three models of the globe (earth), moving at great and beautiful speed.

Then I see 'the Russians' come to find their man (scene, new Germany), who has failed, to be taken back to Russia for punishment, death. He is going with them, fatalistically. I say to the officer in charge: "Why bother? We all now know that in 20 years time the cold war will be over." – (making it late 1960's).

**March 10, 1994**

Living somewhere I am not popular. Night of fear of break in, noise, sense of threat. Next day talk to neighbours about it. They are absolutely 'correct', 'polite', but deny all knowledge of anything going on at all.

Fear of coming night: wouldn't it be easier just to move away, go and live somewhere else? give in to the 'dislike' which is freezing me/us out (like argument between Malaysia and Britain about 'bribery')?

**March 13, 1994**

Coming to 'moment of truth', point of confrontation, with whatever it is that has so impeded me.

At last I am going to be face to face with the person, who is both threat/power/danger and yet the only person to whom I can say what I have not yet been able to say, the necessary receiver of protest (52 top floor landing).

But when I meet him (her) he is only doing whatever he has been doing 'to orders'. He is a servant. He hears me, but it passes him by ('deflects?'). Sense in dream, as I wake, that this is important discovery, realisation. The value of the realisation makes up for the disappointment in not being able finally to confront 'the person'.

**March 19, 1994**

Penraig and Liverpool. Mother and younger brother as 'presences'. We have acquired an elephant, as house animal (between a 'pet', and like getting a horse), from somewhere 'beyond' Liverpool (associations: Lord Derby, 17th century Oliver Holt of Rochdale, son at present working at hospital in Burnley, Shakespeare in Catholic Lancashire family).

It has arrived at Penraig, and we have to get it back to Liverpool. Realising what an impossible job we've taken on.

We can't get it 'into' any kind of transport. Will have to walk the whole way, but have we got the time? Think of, try to, 'lose it', get rid of it, but also feel pity, responsible, as it follows, relying on us for its keep, food, drink.

Give it food, to drink. It's trunk has gone, just pronounced upper lip, nose (snout), as it sips carefully, learning how to, and in trying to get it the right food it is as if it is about using words.

[Here I insert two earlier dreams about elephant, which were not 'selected' at the time.]

**May 22, 1963**

Penraig. Mother seated on red cushions on elephant. I expect her to say thank you for planting I have done in her garden. Instead she gets elephant to kneel, then it rolls over, is in danger of rolling on her. Daughter runs across field, from right to left, to hide in haybarn. She is not hysterical as I expect.

Knife that has been used for doing prefrontal lobotomy not suitable for sharpening a pencil.

Lake going back into northern darkness. It has been disturbed with various excitements. I see swan come down bright light in darkness to land – like a duck not a swan – on the water. Elder brother, Balliol friend, Kennedy figure has shared this lake night with me, but to my surprise has not seen the swan, which seems to me the most important part of the dream.

**September 7, 1967**

Helping someone, called up to help, with an elephant one of whose (fore) feet has been lost – bloody, ragged, open stump end.

**May 1, 1994**

Guild lecture, OPS, general professional/social background context. Losing my car, trying to find where I left it, next day. Also version where car is there, but it has no battery. Then I have found it, and am driving it strongly to garage to have it properly inspected, overhauled. In the dream I think that this could be about my death. Then section focused on 'daughter and father': OPS, patient X, self and belonging: self as enabling or disabling people, groups. Three people, father, daughter, another. Daughter is trying to get free. Father comes in and sees her apparently about to do something wrong, damage herself or the third person. He picks up a gun to prevent her, but it would mean shooting her (or the other?) to wound, scare, stop. But she would see it as intending 'to kill'. So I want to stop what is happening, and wake with words "Remember the gun" repeatedly sounding, to remember that the father took a gun to the daughter, mistakenly thinking it would protect her from – what? herself?

**May 19, 1994**

Two figures: one a mass killer, blazing away with a gun from time to time, the other a 'goodie', superman type, who takes him on, comes out of normality and deals with him (by very much the same kind of unpredictable violence and killing).

I am friends with, sometimes mistaken for, the second. People are also fed up with him, for his unpredictable, 'show off' behaviour. Type like my elder brother, plus a friend of his, gets on to me for being superman, and therefore 'covering' for the mass killer. (Query: is there all through the dream a sense of myself and my two brothers, one older, one younger.) He tells me in his heavy threatening way that I have forty minutes in which to give the killer up (which has two meanings: either surrender him up, or stop having anything to do with him). In reply I spit in his face, a little spit, in my fury, impotence. He dabs a finger in the spit on his face, and touches my face with it, then goes.

I feel the spitting was wrong.

I should have been able to contain my rage. It left him 'superior'.

At end, sense that I (also 'he', as if I am now watching the person I was earlier) is doing nothing, prepared to wait and see what this type can do to expose, get at, the superman figure.

Earlier in dream there is episode showing superman's escape from one of his deeds, appearances, across high Himalayan landscape, changing from one donkey/camel to another on some rope bridge effect, slipping from one animal to the other as the earlier one collapses.

**July 10, 1994**

'Baroque'. At a two day conference (feel of recent lectures in Vilnius).

I am to give last talk. Earlier, contribution from senior intellectual figure whom I respect, anthropologist, philosopher. In discussion, chat, before lunch he tells of feeling in his community, university, when it is known that he is taking part in a conference in which there may be serious mention of Jung.

The feeling is one of intense suspicion. They suspect some kind of plot, Jung's name is associated with plot, conspiracy, like the name Jew in anti semitic propaganda.

(For first time ever I make the association of Jew with Ju – shortened family name for elder brother. This feels quite incredible, that I've never made that association before.)

This admission releases energy, hope, in me that I can speak of 'the erasure of Jung', and he will *hear*.

I do so, thinking of Ricoeur's hermeneutics of suspicion.

He responds by being interested, but obviously uncertain about my enthusiasm, doubtful of the extent to which I am caught up in something, and he replies that he needs time to react, he needs to get a sense of how 'baroque' my imagination, or the idea I'm putting forward (the erasure of Jung), is.

**July 19, 1994**

On a big lawn, like 52.

There is one small cat and many dogs. Feeling that the cat will be chased, teased, even in danger, from dogs.

But then there are 3 or 4 cats, and they copulate, eagerly, wild animal copulation.

The dogs sort of try to join in, gathering round the copulating bundle of cat bodies, masturbating against the heap as it were, masturbating because they can't copulate with the cats.

**July 30, 1994**

I have been elected, surprisingly, as ? Labour MP, at a by election.

Now that I am 'in' the party, I am much more surprisingly put up for, and elected as, leader, though the post is called something more like manager, mayor, master, matron (am I a woman? assoc with Betty Boothroyd as Speaker).

As result

1. My words are now eagerly listened to. When I open my mouth people attend.
2. I am exposed: the opposition is out to destroy me. Anything I say can be used against me.
3. I can't exist without loyal 'silent' friends to insulate me from too much exposure. Without them I have no privacy.
4. As I don't 'fit', class feeling, I must get that fact out into the open so that it is either the making of my leadership or its unmaking (this linked to speech).

**July 31 1994**

Signs of 'alien' life forms on earth. Some birds seem to have become very big. A man notices strange patches on his skin. Some plants with berries: movement, growth, in the green.

**August 7, 1994**

Long sequences about trying to have the truth spoken, set in Chinese context: sense of a whole culture, huge one, actively propagating untruth, indifferent to truth, so the fault of not being able to articulate it is not so personal or individual.

[Assoc during the night: I think the dream came out of these thoughts.

Son had been describing diving in the Red Sea, need to come to surface slowly to allow time for body to get rid of excess nitrogen in breathing, so that it doesn't go to bubbles in the body - effect on me during the night: convinced of some level of experience on which eating and breathing could be confused, perhaps with drinking, liquid as crucial middle term so that breath (and therefore speech) could be confused with breast/mouth activity and digestion, and ? so into sexuality].

**August 8, 1994**

Long sequence at very expensive clothes, fashion, store (sense of where the clothes are designed and made as well as sold). Ending with I/she going out into landscape of moon/volcanic but also beautiful rock, and vegetation, climbing high perhaps to commit suicide.

I look back. Two people following. Are they dangerous? No: they jump one after the other from height, ?suicide, showing it can be done. But it is not to their death. They fall in some specially trained way, with a loud thud, but not breaking their backs. They are o.k., some distance apart.

Both in very expensive yellow fawn leather suede suits. They begin to undress, as if for sex, can't get their clothes off quickly enough. Then man takes a baby, small child, to his breast inside his shirt/coat, can't wait, where it feeds greedily, and as it feeds he groans in orgasm, a noise I've never heard myself make. She masturbates, watching.

**August 11, 1994**

I fail in leading a service at St Michael's, in spite of good help from friendly 'curate'. There is a strong presence from St Edward's school. The service is in some way a special one for the school, to incorporate some music celebration of/for the school at the end.

I just can't find the 'text' of the service in the various papers I've been given. The failure stretches out through the service, getting more complete, more obvious, as the service goes on. I 'own' it, relating, admitting, sharing it to and with the congregation. Stammer is not a problem. Eye contact good. I feel satisfied with the way I'm doing it.

But it gets more and more complete till I leave the church in the middle of the service and walk away, defeated, up a long avenue. A man from the service (which presumably breaks up in some confusion after I just walk out) overtakes me. Feeling of social class 'difference'. I say something to him about being sorry., He nods, says something *understanding*. This seems important: it incorporates my failure socially in some way. It is as if he is saying: "These things happen", and in his saying it the world says it.

**August 22, 1994**

Challenge intruder motor cyclist by closing outer gate of courtyard to our house, as he is using it to turn in. He comes towards me challengingly. I turn the confrontation by asking him in, a sexual invitation. He accepts, and as we go in I am feeling very aroused. I/we share house with others. Inside the house he is suspicious, checks out rooms to make sure he has not been invited into some trap. I try to get him into my front room, for sex. Nobody on ground floor, so he goes out into garden, and is jumping up to get at the balcony to check the bedroom of the people I/we share the house with (where I know they are). Afraid (that they will be suddenly frightened, at what I've done in introducing a stranger?). I call out "Help, Help", and wake.

Later, in some sort of nature park, intriguing birds, small animals. Our cat is there. Suddenly, and a bit uncharacteristically, she darts into undergrowth to seize, catch something. Another black cat, incredibly vicious. The two of them are tearing each other to death, trying to pull them apart a man's arm is wasted, exhausted, by the effort. Our cat will be dead.

**August 23, 1994**

Eastern Europe, Moscow, with in-dream sense of it being different this time to earlier dream visits. I am more relaxed, like in Vilnius. Lost in huge block of flats. Finding my wife's mother in her flat. Open air park scene, waterfall, I get stuck, caught in the wet rocks. Lose my purse.

But then it turns to Regent's Park. Homosexual approaches me. I say No, and he begins to withdraw, when I add that I like what he is and does, I like him, and give him £20 note, finding that I have *not* lost my purse after all. He looks into the purse, sees I have a lot of large denomination French notes: "Why don't you give me some of those too?" I answer he wouldn't be able to use them, and manage to escape his importuning by getting on a passing bus.

**August 28, 1994**

I have made a simultaneous appointment for the dentist, and for some kind of psychotherapy/shiatzu/acupuncture.

I have known about it for a long time, and it has been no problem. But now the time has come to keep the double appointment. How can I? I can't. I can't be in two places at once.

Terrible, exhausting, pain/anxiety of getting – to which? Like all the journeying, travel dreams.

I do get to the dentist, 25 minutes late (out of 30 minute 'slot'). He/she says I'd better come in and he/she'll see what he/she can do.

Wife known as having been a singer. How do they know? Some identification with her?

Later sequence, trying to sew up skin round someone's groin, penis, a bit like doing up nappies, but it involves threading string through holes in the flesh. He lies still and patient.

In dream, it is said that this is the explanation of why I 'split'. Because I don't distinguish. Splitting caused by lack of difference.

**September 6, 1994**

Long, 'deep' sense of 'meaning'. Thought of referring to Meier (Franz?) for interpretation.

Image held: parents and child boy in top branches of a tree. Also high building. Wanting, needing, to come down to ground, ?to 'plant' the child. They are clumsy, in too much of a hurry: the child

wants to go first, they let it, or perhaps they are the ones who say it has to go first, so instead of carrying it, taking it, on their shoulders as they climb down, the mother lowers it, and somehow whatever she is lowering it by gets caught round the boy's neck so he is strangled.

Sense of the reality of what has happened, the pain, yet also realising that it is just *too much* to be felt (it has been 'seen', but the pain horror of it is still too awful to be real).

**September 10, 1994**

"The kinship failure that is taking the place of God", or

"The kinship failing that has taken the place of God".

I say this to a man with whom I am having talk aimed at reaching crisis point, his body thrown all over the place in homosexual pain, agony:

(assoc Kidney failure, and what son had been saying about renal failure and its treatment in Mauritius, family donors: diabetes.)

He says that I said this. I say: did I say that? He insists that I did.

I am/feel silenced: it seems such a huge saying that it says it all.

And on other front, with older woman figure, OPCS assoc, also wife's mother and recent comment on her time with family members: "There was no laughter". She and I have spoken in strength, pain, anger, and she has gone into print about it, the final note in her published book ends with an account of our talk, given as my saying something about transference, printing errors, incoherence, numbers breaking down and the nature of time.

Also picture of X riding, driving, horses, for some terrible show down.

**September 12, 1994**

Garotta.

Impressive Church (Anglican) dedication service, ?induction of woman priest, many women from WPF, OPCS. Background theme of 'Garotta'.

Trying to find Catholic picture of the crucifixion by that name, looking through a book, don't seem able to find it. But description of the 'meaning' of this Garotta picture as Five Wills, four wills working with themselves, one against itself.



**September 13, 1994**

('Comfort' dream after bad spell awake, and *fear*, oh fear....)

Scottish English border. Scots claim to large area, river valley. Abbey lands, seized by English in the 18th century, at the Union (also assoc with dissolution of the monasteries).

Story of faithful shepherd boy staying with, or more like trapped with, his flocks; and then going further and further back into pre history, tigers, lions, till Merlin is present, speaking. And with 'the memory' comes huge erection, so huge as to hurt, I wake with the erection and the hurt, and in the dream a more contemporary sequence about sex in London.

Also bit about my dog having stolen, taken, eaten, a bonnet, head piece, and now dog boy is to be questioned by visiting Lord Chief Justice or even King or Queen. Wigs worn only if you also wore a beard, and in those days all men were clean shaven (so how come so many wore wigs?)

**September 20, 1994**

Unbelievable violence of my anger in relation to my mother. Huge, long scene: she is a very old woman, visiting somewhere away from her home, which is a large old house, which my wife and I are watching, caring for in her absence. She returns, plus 'family', my brothers not my sister, and never sends for us (to acknowledge our work or presence as caretakers).

My rage at this ignoring (which seems in some way unbelievably rude, offensive). After a time I have to do something about it. I cross from the sort of converted coach house in which my wife and I live to the main house. There are a lot of people, a queue, waiting outside her door to see her. I push past, opening the door to go in, insisting on my right to priority not only as son but as caretaker. One of my nieces at head of the queue. But just over the threshold I stop and turn back: I am not prepared to intrude (I want to write 'on the bitch'). Somehow mother hears of my indignation, anger (as result of my attempt to get in, presumably). My wife and I are sent for. All rest of family are there, grandchildren, her brother as young man, many servants, huge old house, fires in the rooms. Her bedroom. I have nothing to say. What would I say, my anger is so huge? She doesn't say anything to me. My wife comes into the room with me, but won't join me on my side of the room, with my brothers, she is too *exhausted* with my anger.

Mother talks of reading some letter Freud had written (to her?: but then dates are wrong. It can't be true. Freud was dead by then, the 1950's. Is there confusion between F and my father's death date?). In this letter Freud had scratched out a word, amended it (assoc with 'Phylogenetic Fallacy'). She comments on the significance of this.

Then two women, youngish, who were involved in giving the letter to mother to read, come in, laughing as if in a game, ?knock me over, because I am now lying on my back. She looks into my eyes to see what is there: shouldn't she/they take off my spectacles? no, it doesn't make any difference. She says: "Funny, I can't see anything there. It is quite dead".

Such is my anger, my feeling for her is quite dead. Thought at one stage: growing old like this is ridiculous, the huge expenditure of money keeping up this huge house, all the servants. We are all exhausted by the process. It'd make more sense, be easier, more human, if she'd reduced her scale, style, of living.

**September 22, 1994**

Sexual accusation of some kind brought against father in relation to his six year old son. Picture of tree trunk, smallish tree, that has already been cut off about four to five feet high, now split down to root by axe. In taking an interest in the father's 'case', which is also in some way the son's 'case', I am in danger of getting drawn into and trapped in the split in the trunk. This danger is described as 'fiction': the accusation, and the defence against the accusation, as we get drawn into the court hearing, will depend on and generate fiction, the making of stories.

Another aspect of the accusation that leads into hearing involves a woman, also accused of some other sexual crime. The two parties in the two different cases are drawn together to support and help each other, and as part of investigating and preparing their defence they start a sexual relationship. This is dangerous: it could be used against them, unless they can themselves use it as part of the fiction, part of the making of story.

Bit of dream somehow involving woman colleague X: I go into court helping young male client (?accused of stealing). I am impressed by the expertise of the court. Come out with clothes only covering me to groin, penis etc just barely covered, trying to buy trousers on a Sunday, what shops are open?

Soon after waking, still in dream, associated with the Mother anger dream, idea that the *trap* was and is that she has caught me into her defence by pretending violated innocence, while also being omnipotently quite able to manage – the Adelman book on Shakespeare *Suffocating Mothers*. Somehow the being trapped in the split in the trunk is the being trapped between the violated innocence and the omnipotence of the mother, and out of that association came later in the day the thought that the tree trunk and its splitting is an 'alternative' to the wooden cross of crucifixion.

### September 27, 1994

Living on my own, new neighbourhood, small terrace house. In garden, child comes in after ball. I say, friendly: "Hello...", but it should ask to come in. Older man follows, invasive. Then three other men, 40 to 70: threatening, completely bullying, making it clear they are going to come in, whenever they want, like Mafia or some 'mob'. At one stage they sort of rear up over me, elongated, like some grotesque stage demon or witch, inhuman like. It is both threatening, extremely so, and ludicrous.

I end in childish *desperation* by biting fleshy side of hand of one of them. He freezes in terrible silence. I try to make my teeth meet through his flesh, to bite off a bit of his flesh, knowing it is not only a futile gesture, but also plays completely into their power, now they have good reason as it were to take their revenge, but the childish *desperation* is so intense it is all I can do whatever the consequences (I stopped myself writing 'and to hell with the consequences').

### September 29, 1994

More hopeful dream, at last!

1. I have job as accountant for navy ship, checking through with a commanding officer the figures for its income and expenditure. What sort of 'income' does a fighting ship have? It is a sort of 'costing' of a unit of sea warfare. I say, soliciting (and getting) the C.O.'s support, patience and encouragement: "I've not done this before".

This linked to being told how, insight into how, the turn of the year/day, and the availability of money, are related: how at 24 hours, or December 31, the 'turn' into the new year/day is marked by a) the clock, b) the US Congress which has some formal prayer, or short

religious ceremony, to recognise that the day/year has turned, and then, as a result c) released as it were by the ceremony, money already voted for the new year, this year, becomes available.

There is also a bit about discipline on board. It is very lax, peacetime. I say: "It needs some fear. When we/people are afraid, they are better disciplined, they see the point of it".

2. Come on father's papers about myself (and my younger brother?) at some transition in my life, between school, navy, university, job: evidence of the *care* that had been taken; advertising for a religious/philosophical tutor for me, some reference to the Epic of Gilgamesh.

### October 12, 1994

The Queen is abdicating: or is it her father, so that she can come to the throne?

She takes the occasion to offer her daughter full recognition of her illegitimate child – the daughter is like my niece X. The daughter is not interested.

If the mother withdraws like this, will the father then visit the son? Sense that the physical-sexual contact of father and son is far more terrifying/horrifying than we can imagine.

### October 20, 1994

Terrifyingly vivid dream of night time assault on our house by two psychopathically cold men driving a *huge* transporter lorry.

Oxford/Liverpool composite house. I wake at about 2.0 a.m. Wife, son, others are in the house too. I hear voices outside front door, look down on them with torch from above, then go down to confront them, a group of four or five. Some friendly man from inside comes down to support me. I open very elaborately locked front door, chain a bit like a costume necklace. I am unafraid. When I get the door open only one man is there, quite reasonable. But there is this huge transporter, dwarfing the house, manoeuvring, it goes into flower bed, the driver seems utterly indifferent to the damage he is causing.

Getting help, phoning police, but they go on. I make physical contact, I tweak his nose, face, know it is mistake. He just laughs, utterly inaccessible. Ineffective police come. They then manoeuvre the transporter to back into the house, shifting the wall. I think: "Now this is *so* bad there'll have to be some kind of redress". The

two of them are now in the house, through the gap in the wall they've made, and are beginning to rob.

I go indoors, getting others, supportive young men, to help me stop them. But the two are beginning to talk them round. A young policeman, boy almost, his first ever job, send him in to tackle them, but what good will he be?

It is so unbelievable. What could I/we have done psychologically to constellate cold ruthless hostility/indifference on this scale? Saying it's no good hoping/thinking one could just wake from a bad dream, this is real, my/our whole world is shattered/alterd for all time. Will they ever let us alone again, however we manage to sort this out? Have to accept that the *absolutely spoiling* has happened, is with us, and won't go away.

But then, snap, I'm waking up and it is a dream. Relief, but not 'terrific' relief, because somehow the horror is so convincing that it stays.

Later. T.S.Eliot lecture discovered in which he describes/admits/owns how in the 1920's there *was* brother sister incest in some family, ?double barrelled name, and this had rendered the male line sterile (Stoppard *Arcadia* play). Buying the text at theatre, where it is on sale in very many languages, e.g. Hungarian. Asking if they have it in English – yes, they have.

#### October 22, 1994

Liverpool, outside Adelphi Hotel, in a park. A 'young' Hitler: one of his mates throws him a gun for protection, someone intercepts it and begins to threaten the two of them.

I intervene, telling them the young Hitler is just like anyone else, we all have the same rights, and then, to the young Hitler: "and you start trying to make friends", which evokes from a 'heavy', older man, one of group of followers, guards to, the Hitler figure, a threatening "Just listen to the company he's getting into, who his friends are" (a sort of threat to the Hitler figure: you've got to choose between us, your followers and our violence etc., and this man, myself).

#### October 25, 1994

"Hamsey" as word that brings all the clues together to unlock criminal enchantment, at conclusion of long story, ending with 'us' trying to rescue, identify, four to five people being held inside apparently 'innocent' convent fortress in N France.

#### October 27, 1994

Playreading in preparation for some performance, small but public. Very able young man actor in lead part. He talks, we are fascinated. Two women, one older one younger admiring him. He seems not aware of them sexually.

I, and others older, three or four, as kind of chorus, but separate parts. In beginning to read my first lines I realise, and get others to realise, that we are supposed to be dogs. Big leather collar, with long 'double' lead, and I show the others what are surely kennels as part of the props, scenery, already in place for our performance.

Someone talks, explains, that as dogs it will be our part to be aware of all the *shit* the humans are talking. I say: "That's funny: I'd been thinking of all the *peeing* a dog would have to do, I would have to do as a dog, lifting its leg, and how would I 'act' that..."

Door of our meeting place opens, and a 'communist' comes to tell us to get out. He's one of a group we've known about, as not approving of what we're doing, tall, good looking, powerful intellectual face (a communist as one used to think of them). We answer: No, it is our space, theatrical space. He looks round, sees we are too many for him, goes off to get ' heavies' to support him in throwing us out, violence.

We realise we have to mobilise help, go outside the room to enlist support, and it begins to turn into social riot type confrontation, reference to Whitelaw, his voice on radio talking with man of the world distaste/realism about necessity, disagreeable necessity of talking to IRA, also some kind of childrens' choir, mobilising their numbers, noise, 'innocence'.

Later: RSC London, or National, theatrical 'day', with *Anthony and Cleopatra* as main attraction, other 'events', before and after, including a short play called 'orgasm'.

#### October 28, 1994

I am a member of a large group travelling to, in, Africa south of the equator. We know the 'story' we are in, it has happened before, it has its course to run, there are 'rules' to follow, like a plot.

Someone in the group is seriously ill, like a stroke.

At some stage he is going to need an operation, on the brain, very skilled work, with sense that it will only be ameliorative.

No one in the group wants to be the one who does it. Everyone has 'turns' [John Shotter on 'taking turns'] in positions of managing the

group's progress, activities, like membership of a committee which rotates every few weeks/months.

Then at 'furthest' away stage of journey, the doctor (man, older) who is ending his 'turn' as chair, secretary, announces that he is returning to the UK, and details who is next in various jobs – and suddenly he is saying to me that I am now the one who has to *do* the operation.

I am furious. I have again and again made it clear that I am not qualified, that I won't, that that must be understood, and my position has been accepted.

What he is doing is badly irresponsible. But he is going/gone. Someone has to look after, and treat, this very ill patient (a man).

So sense that I'll have to do it.

But then wake with huge relief, *shock* of relief, when I think: the thing to do is to ring woman colleague X (ringing Oxford from Africa), and tell her what is happening. She used to be on the committee of this group/organisation, and knows about it. She will know, as doctor and as daughter of a doctor, that something has to be done, she will realise how impossibly irresponsible the situation is, and will organise a response, rescue: someone to fly out to do the operation.

I tell my wife my idea: "Of course, yes, that's it", and wake on the *shock* of relief.

### November 9, 1994

Car journey comes to a stop out of a mixture of exhaustion (recent battery failure) and losing the way. My passenger, younger brother/wife, is asleep, or has lost interest in the journey. Getting out of the car, (?some sense of abandoning the car).

I/we are drawn to large group of people clustered round a gate into a field, and this seems to lead me inside a large old fashioned building/country house, which is being used as a boarding school or long stay (perhaps even permanent stay) 'Internat', internment school, prison.

The people there: why don't they try and get out, revolt? I make various attempts to rouse them, which is also like trying to rouse myself, but they've got beyond it: it is no longer possible for them to imagine what it might be like to get out of the 'care' of this institution.

### November 10, 1994

1. Film being made. Nearing scene near end, of fight (?to the death) between two animals, one big, like a tiger, one small, like a mixture of dog and snake. Though they are such different sizes, it is an equal fight. How will they film it? How real will the scene that they film be?

The fight starts: violence, ferocity, of the attack. The 'director' trusts, allows, it to go on. Before the head is crushed in its mouth, the aggressor animal turns to another potential 'victim' (there are now more than two involved). This seems to show that there is some 'balance', internal control, to the scene. At one stage one of us, my 'girl' or 'child', is threatened. Surely I must intervene? But the 'director' seems to trust...

After their ordeal under (?in the mouth of) the aggressor two of the small animals 'comfort' each other, an enchanting spectacle: one of them a bit like that frog which my wife made for our son.

2. Liverpool, sort of. A new transport system, with *very* quick shuttle like trains/buses taking us all over at great speed, also outside the city, to mountains, the sea. [This links to first part of the dream.]

It seems that the 'journey anxiety' dreams are altered somehow. At one stage the route is blocked. I look down on the blockage from a building onto the 'crossing' – all we have to do is to go down and *cross*, simple as that: assoc with meeting girl, woman, at frontier railway station, Spain into France, described in John Berger's *Rendez-vous*.

3. Theobalds Road junction, near Secker office. But much bigger, with ships, trains, huge lorries. Waiting for the lights to turn green: delay – then surge forward, brake, retreat again, like tidal effect. Someone says the ship (which I am now in) is being attacked under the water by some big fish, shark-dolphin, and this means we can't dock yet, this attack has to be dealt with first.

### November 13, 1994

London: a few people are realising that there is a plot by newspaper/media 'barons', combined with extreme feminists, to take over the state. Investigative journalist, activist, elderly white haired man. Still time to rouse the people if only he/we can get through to some politician like Churchill in 1940.

But the barricades are already up. The plotters have cut West and East London off from each other, 'taking advantage of the

(geographical) concentration of Crown and GPO communications', to prevent any attempt to raise the people. He/we turned back by polite but unreachable troops, police. I manage to get through when the guards are more like uniformed National Trust or St John's Ambulance men: they are not so 'rigid'.

Once in the big building, maze, I am trying to find a way through, come upon an elderly couple (like 1940's film stereotype of central European Jewish professor and his wife hounded by Nazis) tied up on their beds. This is evidence that there is indeed a plot afoot, that it is already being put into action. I release them, break a window to shout out into the streets (the Mall) that there is indeed a plot, that we/they out there must act, and in the dream it feels as if this has an effect, that it begins to gather and mobilise popular resistance.

But nevertheless, in a further scene, in the Cabinet Room, three to four women members of this feminist movement enter, dressed in stereotypical s/m, fem dom, clothes, and spray the cabinet with stuff out of big canisters, reducing them into half size 'dolls', 'mummies', once handsome features all blurred, disintegrating.

I think there was a sense at the end that even though the plotters had managed to eliminate the Cabinet, there was nevertheless some hope because of the way 'the people' were being aroused, alerted.

### January 15, 1995

The setting seems important: Wilts and westward, that chalky hilly open country. We, self, wife, son, are on our way to a funeral in some place beyond, like Somerset, Devon (*Four Weddings and a Funeral* assoc). We get lost, and as a result are staying the night before (but it may be *after*, the funeral may have happened, perhaps we are now on the way back to London) in remote farmhouse.

Sense of fear grows. We are now just the three of us, without the woman who lives there, and it is definitely *after* the ceremony/party. Responding to the growing sense of fear I suddenly suggest that we leave, we needn't spend the night here, it is too spooky, why subject ourselves to it? All agree. Hurry to pack. But won't *she* (our hostess, the other woman) be offended? Nevertheless, we are going to leave.

Then dream focuses on her, now there, in the scene. She is a witch, killing, a younger woman. I am now against her. She knows it. She has heard me identify her as a killer. But I am caught by her tits, can't conceal my fascination.

She is half loving – amused at the power her tits give her, but at the same time, like in the Jekyll-Hyde 'takeover', I see the killer side take over, although the other side *suffers* under it, doesn't want it, I *see* and also feel it as she does, the moment of exchange, turn, between one side and the other (in writing, the word 'cusp' occurs to me). Wake in shock, fear.

### January 30, 1995

Search, journey, with wife. Set in Southampton/Bournemouth. Big ships. Lot of cosmopolitan activity, crowds, far more vital than Oxford. Asking direction to the synagogue, people are suspicious (Auschwitz 50th anniversary assoc).

At synagogue: two or three expect us to join them in prayer. 'Us' now includes two men and women friends slightly older than myself. They kneel facing away from where I am standing, hands held in front of me. Father's funeral assoc. Formal prayers, involve marking off the page/paragraph in a book. I don't know how: woman does it for me (assoc National Lottery ticket completed yesterday for first time).

Then given an address. Wife also with secret precious message, must sew on three buttons to hide, guard, it (sudden childhood holiday assoc). Search for the given address, in German, Amsterdam. Finally find it with wife's first husband X driving us there. A dental practice, safe deposit. He goes in, many people come, queue, some go in. Looking in, see X collecting what he's gone for, some kind of legacy for wife, what he owes her, what she is owed. Efficient woman packing it for him, includes DM15,000: "will that be enough?", what a nice surprise.

Dream ends on theme of death and life.

Some of these people queuing are dead. I say that I/we are alive. Ask various people: many say they are dead.

One says: I am dying. I answer: Oh, we are *all* dying, and then when I realise the silliness of my 'joke' take it back with a: "No, No, No..." Then I ask woman. No answer. I repeat in German: "Sind Sie tod?". She answers (this is the key sentence of the whole dream): "Oh, how could anyone call it that..." (meaning that her state is so unlike anything associated with the word death that the question is somehow completely beside the point), and this statement is so powerful, revelatory, that I break into howling tears, of relief, comfort, and there is colour too in some way, and I think that the

maker/author/writer of this statement/whole scene, story, who was able to get this effect wouldn't themselves have been affected like this, but are yet able to make me feel/understand like this...

And I realise that I am inside the Author position and also looking in on (at) it, and wake feeling that: Yes, I am right about the Author position, and the dream is showing me that it is associated with death and life, being dead or not.

### **February 17, 1995**

Receive letters, through solicitors?, of wife's written two to three weeks before her death, when she knew she was going to die, and also knew that in some way I was responsible for her dying. Letters seemed to show her accepting my part in her death in a way that was beyond blame.

Also image of knight on horseback figure (Don Quixote, but powerful, sinister) crossing Hellespont, horse swimming, knight above, out of the water from seat upwards. The straits are very narrow, just a few yards, and he is riding straight into voracious claws of some huge giant crab-octopus-lobster, also Asian side he is coming from is also some threatening beast (Scylla and Charybdis).

### **March 10, 1995**

Setting: Oxford house, also 52. Come in from garden, after dark. Find we've been burgled. Go up to tell son. He hasn't heard anything, been having a bath, radio on, working: very laid back.

Then I'm living, married, to a working class woman. Her man, ?husband, is there too, and another woman. 'Playing' at their being bad to me, some sense of sexual excitement.

Then realise that it's not a game. They are psychotic, and are going to kill me. I call for help. I'm in 52 garden, banging on plate glass window, trying to attract attention from the numerous lodgers living on the ground floor, crying out for help. But they think I am mad with the others, and their response is to flee from house and grounds.

I rush to perimeter fence, railing, calling for help to people outside. (Am I carrying a child I also try and throw over the fence?).

I manage to get out, but they bundle me back through a gate in the perimeter fence, a gate which is being locked, sealed off, against the madness inside. I am pleading with them to believe me, they (the

woman and man?) will gradually reduce me to terror, kill me, eat me alive in there (writing I now associate with *Lord of the Flies*).

One of these people outside must realise, soon, later, perhaps when it is too late, that I'm telling the truth, and come to help me. But no one hears. There are a lot of them now, well dressed successful men. I am forced back in, and wake from nightmare, with immediate association with the OPS meeting evening before and my saying, in response to talk of all conquering love: "I'm shit scared".

### **March 27, 1995**

Things are coming to a head.

I am about to see what I have been so terrified of all these years.

People are gathering for the occasion, all those involved, as participants or witnesses (like at end of detective story).

Then there are these hands, more than one pair, perhaps detached from their arms, the fingers opening and closing strongly, convulsively, moving all over the place, like crabs or hands photographed on the piano keyboard, dangerous hands, murderer's hands. There is also a sense that one or more fingers are stained in black, like the fingers poisoned by the forbidden/hidden book in film of *Name of the Rose*, the parchment poisoned by the monk determined to keep it hidden, secret.

Then I know that male colleague X's hands are going to strangle, kill, my wife, and calling to her and others a warning, for help, I wake in terror. The name of my colleague is important, and sense in dream that it is to do with my father and mother.

### **April 5, 1995**

'Alploid'.

A small boy whose mind 'freezes' when we travel in vehicle, (like a lift?), with closing automatic doors, all round, in a circle.

How to get inside the fear? His sister has told him what 'alplloid' (a 'racial' term) men, war fugitives, had told her (of violence, rape). This is what causes his mind to freeze.

At one stage there is 'intelligent' prehistoric man, with long snout. It does understand. Follow it, it will lead us to....?

'Intelligence' of a kind associated with the idea of 'god'.

**April 9, 1995**

With a group of evolutionary biologists, etc. I comment on how they talk about architecture and skeletal structure as if they are the same, moving from one to another. They agree.

Adding liquid to a 'test', so that living fish that is trying to 'escape' the experiment, is caught, enclosed, stuck in the liquid, and so will be preserved 'for ever' as a fossil. I think as I see it happen, the fish 'relaxing' into stillness (of 'defeat'), that this is a sight I shall never forget.

Scenes of war and violence. Gang moves in to destroy homes, cutting down shanty type houses for complete destruction, elimination. An Indian, Sikh, (but looks 'white', bearded), tells of how in the war a whole plane/train load of Germans that surrendered, were taken prisoner, were killed – one who escaped/survived surrendered himself after years into medical care, and he was killed too. He shrugs: knows 'we' feel it to be shocking 'now', but 'then' it was just war, wasn't it?

**April 13, 1995**

Wake in terror from long sequences, wholly forgotten except for image of woman killer, prepared to kill immediately, without mercy and for no apparent reason, who has guns set into her clothing over her hips/arse, so that she can fire in all directions, even where she cannot see. I am low, ?on floor, eye level to the (?smoking) double barrels, at least two sets, side and more central (but not 'anal', not in cleft of buttocks), knowing she could fire at any moment, blasting me out of existence. Waiting, tense (?the blood pressure 'thing'), but surely she won't, *why* should she, wouldn't it be crazily (stupidly) over the top, excessive?

Wake, partly to escape from the waiting, terrified. General sense that I am close to 'meeting' the thing I am so absolutely terrified of.

**April 15, 1995**

Visiting young woman in Bristol. I have forgotten her name, and what she looks like. She lives in a huge block of flats, all communal living, people only have bedrooms of their own, everything else, kitchen, loos, communal.

Find her, but also another woman, more attractive. But still nameless. Large group of young men and women. I feel a different

generation. Goes on a long time, but I'm going back that night so no question of staying overnight, where to sleep.

At end, people are talking over the visit, weekend, occasion. One young woman 'confesses' that early on at first party, group get together, she'd shat in her diapers – 'a' pronounced long – and not done anything about it, just left it there, not liked to own that anything had happened.

I feel hugely relieved – weep with relief, say thank you, thank you, thank you... It makes me understand why I'd been feeling so awkward, embarrassed (which I can now confess to) as if something to do with the age gap has been owned, dealt with.

**April 17, 1995**

Seeing into heart of extreme paranoid system. Story is like TV 'X Files' series: government that cannot, will not, admit that it is engaged in systematic spoliation of the ecosystem/population.

Layer after layer of investigative getting inside 'the baddies'. At final denouement, moment of penetration/exposure of the secret workings of the criminal intent, precisely the people who are to recognise, judge, act on, what is revealed, are those who are now going to, and always have been, destroying the evidence, cover up (momentary assoc with 52 dining room, Dads and some kind of lunch/dinner party), a moment of incredible violence, erasure.

Afterwards, as 'it goes on', various 'moments' or 'scenes'.

1. Realising that woman investigative agent from previous sequence has got herself a job as secretary in office of arch government cover up boss – the fight goes on. In what danger she is!

2. When someone asks me "how did you get on with ..?, what did you make of ... the bit where they tried that path back to the farmers...?", and I realise I/we had missed some important clue or lead in the story /plot already told.

3. Coming to vantage point where we, and other 'locals', can look across valley at burnt out black ruins, shell, of buildings that had 'gone up' in the final act of violence in which the evidence had been destroyed, I look into the face of one (or two) of the bystanders who had been there, involved, witnesses of what had happened, what had been done in that incredible moment of betrayal, and realise that they are so shocked that they can/will never remember, own, what they participated in, and I cry out, in tears, remembering that I too

have been so shocked, traumatised, and some memory or image or idea to do with Dads and 'business'.

4. Walking down country road, householders coming out to pick up broken flowers, bits off trees, things that have fallen from the sky, 'evidence' of the environmental spoliation going on.

5. Someone, ?I, commenting on the new story now perhaps beginning to unfold "at least we/you now know the extremity of the paranoid system we/you have to deal with".

### May 5, 1995

Small group process opens out into politics of *Heart of Darkness* Africa. UN and Christian church and tribal animism.

What in the group had seemed like stupidity of daughter 'letting cat out of the bag' (myth of Greek girl, hope out of bag, forgotten her name), is now seen as beginning of process which allows for containment, processing, of what could have been disastrous, destructive, terrorist intention.

Association in dream with TV news item of John Major and Sirn Fein 'confrontation' in Derry, and with patient's talk of 'Stalinist Greek': the group of us in the dream which 'processes' the realisation would have been dismissed as Stalinist Greek if we had not been able to show that...

Wake with relief, sense of daughter's 'stupidity' now being shown as leading to this.

### May 7, 1995

Exhausting double booking of patients, for first session after the holiday. Scene seems to be flat of my previous analyst X, who is himself present. I've booked 1) a mother and grown up daughter, whom I've already seen once before the holidays, and 2) a woman referred by male colleague, whom I've not yet seen.

I ask (2) to wait. Can I send one or other of them away? I ask X to see her. He says No: he's had too much to drink. I go out to (2), the single woman waiting in her car, to tell her she'll have to go. But see cloud, or rubbery mass of 'stuff', envelop the car, smothering her and it. I pull it off with my hands, get her out, pummel/resuscitate her (assoc with masturbation, 'bashing' the penis). She comes round, recovers completely, seems ok. I can't leave her to die. I'll have to see her.

Another woman therapist in the block agrees to help, and the mother/daughter couple seem able to cope, as if they've learned, or got the knack, of 'working on it' themselves, they are talking of coming every day for a month, so I start with the endangered new woman.

### May 11, 1995

Woke trembling, mouth sagging open, how terror could express itself, a whole system just *trembling*, trembling, trembling.

Various scenes to do with extreme violence, men locked away in high security prison, sense of absolute danger in trying to 'reach' them by sympathy, therapy. Can it be done? Or better not to try?

Last scene as if it might happen. Large queue of women caught, trapped, in historical/social fantasy generated by lesser royalty figure, round the word, or idea of, 'Godman', but written as 'Woman' (or 'Godwoman' but written as 'Man'?)

Will they ever be able to admit that it is madness? Sense that the whole column of them is beginning to tremble, tremble, and so on into admission, or is it only my wishful thinking?

### May 15, 1995

1. Members of a Mafia type community are exposing their organisation, with humour, public ridicule, to the public.

2. Revenge of the organisation: they capture (this is expected: what else *could* happen?) the four or five group ('I' included somewhere) who exposed=betrayed them, and possible pain, torture even death to follow.

3. Then the Mafia body meets Government troops in the open. The troops are small built, embarrassing racial assoc: oriental, South America - 'pretence' soldiers not to be taken seriously against power/ruthlessness of Mafia.

As in the past when such a meeting has happened, the troops deal with the situation by surrendering.

This has been the accepted 'game rule' between them and the Mafia. But this time the Mafia, who have 'disguised' the captured 'traitors' to look like them, dangerous, suddenly turn their guns on the government troops and mow them down, killing en masse. What will happen now? Presence of the Mafia now 'really' exposed, by themselves.



**May 21, 1995**

Talis and qualis are the same. The 'tale' world and 'quale' world a perfect fit. What one has always wanted, and also the end of all interest, death (entropy). Mother world (either qualis or talis) is identical with own world (the other).

End of war. Meeting of prisoners, taken at various stages in the war, earliest in 1940 Norwegian campaign, also later. At last minute old friend X gets there, to join us, through some door that is then sealed. Journey home theme, as part of group, tour. In Austrian city, have arranged to meet group leader somewhere, at 1.0 pm, but have completely forgotten the name of the place. Ask taxi driver, to suggest possible names: some sort of male aristocratic war leader's name, memorial, square.

**June 11, 1995**

As foreigner in Muslim city. Foreigners tolerated, but will never be anything except foreign. There is a minority who want to expel, even destroy, foreigners.

On bus/tram with companion, young man of this minority starts to shove stuff into my companion's nose, ears, to hurt him, perhaps badly. I call out to traffic police/wardens to intervene. They do, by separating us, but do not criticise or punish the molester: that is how they have learned to live with this minority. Sense of (hopeless) danger of the foreignness issue, but somehow the *physical* contact being made seems better than nothing.

**June 12, 1995**

Very tall man, seven to eight feet, quite exceptional. Distinguished figure, stooping (naturally!) graciously towards people, being treated with respect and admiration, almost adoration.

I look up into his face (?under sort of cowl), and see that there is no body, no flesh, there, only a sort of wire or cane structure.

I just manage to say, as if dragging the words out of myself, and others are saying it too: "Get out of my life for ever, and never come back".

**June 17, 1995**

Caught up in Mafia style 'out in the open' social group, while on holiday in Norway, but also more vaguely this country. My extended family with me, scene with grandsons, but mainly aware of self.

Large building, public hall, filled with these sinister figures (all male? – certainly maleness the predominant sense), verging on edge of really dangerous. Indeed some killing or maiming is going on, but I do not feel immediately at risk. On the contrary, I seem able to risk mockery of the pretensions of this criminal world to their own inherent self constituting legality.

In one scene, we are being shown the childhood, growing up, of the Boss, an unpleasant almost evil man: the 'innocence' of his childhood, and I risk (feeling daring, but also that I am testing the water as it were as to how far I can go) mocking the whole show (assoc with OPS showing of 1926 film about early psychoanalysis *Geheimnis der Seele*).

At another stage, an internal 'opposition' reveals itself as there, and operative, a counter culture existing alongside the dominant criminal culture. It is very long, full of detail, crowded with scenes and personalities and towards end, it is as if it is Monday, the whole 'imprisonment' has lasted from the previous Thursday, and we are coming down steps in an art gallery, knowing as we do so that as we step onto the ground floor the last vestiges of the long weekend imprisonment in this other world is ending (for the time being).

**July 1, 1995**

PenCraig, but also contemporary. Lot of cows and horses, get jammed in the lane. Their presence excites our horse, normally quiet, to gallop up and down, approaching us dangerously, demandingly. Strong image of its head nose nostrils teeth bared (TV programme on Asiatic origin of bit and bridle in horses mouth, and its effect on history).

I say to someone that it, they, can do a lot damage with that: sense as it presses close up against me/us that it was this hugely powerful, familiar yet strange, presence pressing close on me which caused, causes, my stammer.

July 3, 1995

There has been a killing, experienced by the group, society, as unkind, hurtful, spoiling. Those responsible are to be expelled. They are expected to resign, to accept expulsion. Their letters of resignation are expected to be 'in' before the big meeting to decide on the future, after this killing (like shareholder's EGM, or present Tory leadership vote).

But I am going to fight, or I am being encouraged to fight. The grounds I am given, shown, suggested, are in a pattern, drawing, circular series of (?12) pictures of various stages in life of crab (compare Zodiac, and cumulative effect of reading Matt Ridley's *The Red Queen*). The crucial point (have I understood it right?) is that in killing this crab person/being at such and such stage in its life (i.e. the particular place in the series of pictures, the particular astrological 'house') what I/we have done was to introduce killing into the cycle, and this was comparable to way Napoleon Bonaparte had emerged from, taken over, subverted (destroyed?, or was it completed?) the French Revolution. In other words, the really significant thing we've done is to introduce killing into the cycle, not to kill a particular being. As I make my speech in my defence, in rejecting their vision of what had happened, I have to speak with conviction, that what is now called for is not my/our expulsion but that they should grow up. Can I? Can I feel the necessary conviction? Have I understood the point that has been made to me?

July 11, 1995

Nightmare 'plague' which 'we' have started in some way, carelessness about food, imported meat, vegetables, tins. Scene is set on journey across border to Scotland, or back entrance, kitchen, to 52. Trying to control the plague. People do recover if it is controlled. But there is resistance. It needs *force* if control is to be made to work. One scene: an older Jewish woman retelling, with satisfaction, story of Jewish self destruction even right at the beginning of their history, after about 200 years. A terrible madness.

In another scene, I speak to Mother, urging her to take up the 'call' of this plague. It is 'medical', her chance to take up the calling she laid aside to marry my father, and also, since I and mine were in some way responsible for it breaking out, for her to take it up would be an

opportunity for us to work together, be committed together (Church-Christ incest assoc).

One reference to Bhutan: even the 'pure' food from Bhutan is infected with this plague.

July 26, 1995

Terrifying nightmare. I/we visit some Government office on routine, to get new licence of some kind. After doing whatever we've come for, as we are leaving, we are detained. Politely, just some questions to be asked, obliquely - what are they getting at?

Sense that while they are holding us, they are checking up on everything about me, computers. They seem to get more suspicious. But I am released.

Then almost immediately detained again, more seriously, but still very polite, the politeness of a completely anonymous bureaucracy (like worst fantasies of Home Office). The questions seem to get more hostile, as if drawing on all they've now found out about me (through computer search). I tell my wife they are out to destroy me, my identity, my reputation, who I am, and she'll have to get our friends with Government influence to help, but have we any?

One line of their questioning in particular seems to be mocking at/destroying any sense of 'Jungian' meaning.

It is the terrible feeling of this anonymous power, devoted to holding the public world together, turning against one as a person. No idea of what freedom means till you lose it, terrifying.

Wake into partial relief, but then thought it could be first evidence of some dementia, senility.

**Second sleeping.**

Thunder and lightning. Translating between the two (half awake, counting to judge distance), shifting shapes like mathematical equations, DNA diagrams, sound - light - time - distance. Will it *rain*? Rain water (as relief), and sound and fury.

Then church service, which I am having to help run. My anger at fact that I'm not prepared. Trying to find text I have to read from. Church fills up after service begins, getting people to move forward into empty pews from the back. Anger grows.

Then with one other man: are we to preach jointly? Hesitation, then: Yes. We go out of church, with some young people too, up a hill,

sermon on the mount, they want to go right up the hill. I say: "No, you/we won't be heard, our voices can't carry that far", so I go lower down. People coming out of the church, up the hill to listen: what shall I say? No prepared text.

Then I say something like: "One place I believe God speaks to us is in the 'in between' us", and I understand that this 'in between' is linked to all the 'translating of thunder and lightning' sequences; particularly the shifting shapes, bodily shapes, bodies rearranging themselves in relation to each other, sexual and genetic (DNA diagrams, drawings).

### August 22, 1995

Married to madness and evil that is not going to let me escape. Very long. Three sequences identifiable.

1. Driving with family, young (girl) child, who is just learning to drive, is driving – though much under age, about 12. She is driving badly, crazily. I insist on her stopping. Sense that she is ill, like child getting fever.

2. Then sequence round this illness, feeling both sorry for the poor little sick thing and also afraid I could catch the illness, hugging it comfortingly. Should she be allowed out, or kept in bed? Sometimes she seems to be collapsing as sick children do. Other times she is flushed, feverish cheeks, but wanting to go out, manic energy.

3. Then at wedding, my daughter is the bride. She asks me to dance, alone, no one else to. We do, much better than I can, could. She asks me to do certain steps (dancing lessons memories). Some I can. Then I say to one request: "I don't know what that means". Feeling sexual, say so (to her? or just myself): is she *my* bride, or is it forbidden?

Then she asks me to let a waiter 'do things' to me: s/m rituals. I agree. I am naked, he pours stuff (cooking, paint?) over my back. I begin to sense she is not loving me, she is *really* humiliating me, degrading me.

The more general sense of the three scenes coming together: the crazy drive, the sick child, the 'alien' bride, and 'they' – the community that is on her side, she is at their centre (queen bee).

I am married to her now, though only very recently, a matter of hours, days, but realise I have to break it, escape, she is terrifyingly dangerous.

I flee, with another man, who recognises 'evil' because he was born and brought up in some extreme sect, like the Plymouth brethren. We get back home to pack things. I say we must go *immediately*, it is so dangerous, he says tomorrow will do.

Others of the wider community begin to arrive as if they are taking our side, as if our move has enabled them to 'come out', in recognising the conjunction of madness and evil. But then more and more of them come, smiling, smiling, smiling, as if they are saying "There's no need to be so extreme, I'm sure we can reach an understanding, there's no reason to split like this".

I am caught. They are not going to let me get away.

### August 24, 1995

Long sequence in which we are trying to 'catch' master criminal in position of respectable social power. Reach moment when he is needing, in order to save himself, his phone number, which he has forgotten. I realise that we have it, know where it is, and he can't find it.

It is the moment I've been waiting for all this time. He begins to disintegrate in terror. Without that number he is lost. He is becoming a gibbering disintegrating 'centre' (as if the nucleus centre of some 'person' or 'system' is falling to pieces in its own terror).

Then one of us, who doesn't realise how much depends on this, says he knows where the number can be found, at some restaurant/cafe, a noisy lively eating place, rough and ready.

Scene moves there. I start by being furiously disappointed, but as the scene transposes it is as if here at this eating place we have a place where all the issues, the Mafia type violence and corruption, can come out more.

### August 26, 1995

I am a junior doctor learning the ropes in hospital, my age, or rather 40 to 50, older than most. There is a male patient. Some 'reading' which is dependent on electrical equipment/battery in a cupboard. The reading is wrong, and 'causes' wrong treatment, perhaps even the illness.

I (and the patient) realise this, but don't realise *what* has gone wrong, or what to do about it. I am shown the faulty battery, and 1) how I can dismantle and repair it, rectangular and very flat compared to

say car battery, and also 2) the system for noting/recording electrical faults, so that medical and electrical staff, with their separate responsibilities, can relate: the record/report cards that are filled in as a matter of routine, the dual but separate responsibilities, and the records insisted on by management (preparing paper for coming meeting at Department of Health).

**September 19, 1995**

A 'brother' feeding, processes the food, to pass it already digested to another 'brother' (sense of *lateral* process).

I realise what is going on as a result of reading the genetic evolutionary stuff. Without that reading I/we wouldn't be aware of, be able to recognise, what is going on here, the 'blind' 'instinctive' adaptation (as if the brother's lateral help provides the other with food, which cannot be directly digested on the 'vertical' parent-child line).

**September 26, 1995**

A Keith Joseph figure, political guru to woman leader, Margaret Thatcher.

I/we meet him as a stone or wood carving, memories of 1960's Tantra exhibition. It/he is contained, almost beautiful. Realise that this figure can be 'read' either way. This sees into, and therefore breaks, his power, and is therefore very dangerous. In saying it, proclaiming it, I/we call out God – Dog, Dug – Gud (with UD association of Oxford car number plates).

**October 2, 1995**

I am recruited, appointed, to serve/act as No 2 in legal representation for one party to a divorce case hearing in course. Uncertain as to my qualification: will I know what to say in court?

We are appearing for the 'defendant' (unsure whether it is the man or woman).

Will he/she contest the demand/request for divorce? And then deeper level of anxiety: could it blow up, escalate, into something altogether bigger, a European, even a World war?

And sense of the sandy soil of some landscape in Prussia, land between Germany and further east.

**December 3, 1995**

Selling books. On sales trip to Norway, mother/wife in background as companion, help. Have to go to buyer to get order for new hard cover one volume edition of the four Thomas Mann Joseph novels. Queue with other reps, get into warehouse buying area, two women, 50's, at counters, one near, one at back.

I cross to one at back.

Discover that I do not have the sample copy in my bag. The whole point of the trip is lost – how ridiculous. Familiar travel dream associations, but somehow different. The woman buyer is very supportive, concerned to put me at my ease, not to make me feel a fool. It doesn't matter, she'll give me an order anyway. Feeling of relief but also that I'll have to come back with a copy later.

**December 16, 1995**

Watching, and taking part in, long double video length, story/film. Assoc with *Shoah*, *Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*, *Burnt in the Sun*. Central characters are three men, two women, plus a lot of others. The owning of sexual betrayal, and the real possibility of killing as a result. Two of the men are also in some relationship like trainer manager and 'star' of some sort of performance (boxing, acting, singing, politician).

The sexual crisis, threat of reprisal, is kept 'in play' over 20 to 30 years, so that the personal issue goes on so long as to run into history.

**December 18, 1995**

Wake from dream of encounter, challenge with and to Chinese type state police, against forces of Western law enforcement, West Indies type police with British tradition. Black policeman detains ?3 of the Chinese police. They are furious, threaten revenge, somewhere there is mention of tongue being torn out by its roots.

**February 8, 1996**

Big discussion, investigation, hearing, about something wrong in professional – wide sense – body, WPF, OPS, NHS.

We are in bed with each other, like sticky stone stuff, merged, stuck together, like stone that has gone viscous. I say at one stage: "Everything I hear about this case is what I've been aware of, structurally and emotionally, in this organisation for last 10 to 15

years", which statement counters the attempt being made to treat it as a one off 'cause for indignation' issue of the particular 'scandal' that has just happened and is the subject of the investigation. I am heard in silence, a 'deadly' silence, but it is also really getting home to my audience.

'Separating' my intertwined body (the sticky stone) from one time lover X, and being told of 'jam' in doctor's practice waiting room. It is lunchtime, Saturday. I should get in touch and offer to go in and help, as if I am a doctor, like son. But I am not, am I?

#### April 11, 1996

Barclays bank closed in middle of the day. Why? Are the staff on strike? Or is there a robbery going on? I think of phoning (on portable) police to warn, but then think that if I were inside the bank hold up that could be very dangerous. Sense this could be about my stammer: from outside, trying to break into a sealed 'held hostage' situation, and simultaneously from inside terror of being shot if I or anyone else call for help.

And association on half waking with *Gulliver's Travels* on TV last night, sense that I 'know' about the father/husband being locked up as mad by doctor pretending to wife/mother that he was trying to help, when he is really out to destroy. I said to my wife: did my mother keep my father imprisoned (sexually) in some way? The speech/stammer inside/outside, a 'bell chamber' feel, is powerful. Sound box. Box your ears.

#### April 27, 1996

IRA aware that I am 'on to them'. Ireland like Yin-Yang diagram, between south west (IRA cell in hotel) and north east (Dragon School).

IRA woman posing as hotel servant tries to get me/us to go with her. I suspect, grab her arm, make 'citizen's arrest', and take her to hotel reception. There she pretends to be guest, thus exposing her pretence of being an employee.

I say: "So you are one of them (IRA)", and let her go. I don't want to polarise the hostility, as long as I have exposed her trickery. But this means that the IRA know I'm on to them.

What threat does this pose to couple (?mother and son) driving from Dragon School (in Ulster) down to this hotel in the south west?

#### May 6, 1996

Involvement in making a film of US military might in Vietnam Japan (H bomb: subsequently corrected to A bomb: note H into A and AH - Alfred Holt).

I am one among many, sort of extra, as actor: crew member of bomber planes, taking part (theatrical) of parts of planes, to be dropped. Realising that the powers that be, the top brass, and behind them the scientists, had/have really no idea of what is happening, is going to happen. The process we are starting, the action we are involved in, includes scene in which someone/I puts lighted match into barrel that is going to explode, in *our* ammunition supply.

#### July 26, 1996

Two related themes.

1. England, and how, when and whether, to get back into continental Europe: war time memories almost physical in intensity. From Dunkirk as ejection to hesitation and years of choice between southern 'exposed' coasts and cross channel 'hard' coasts. Feeling that it can't be postponed for ever, but this year is too soon for the northern, close, cross channel option.

2. To have sex or not: two approaches, the choice between. Small man, middle aged, who is active advocate of one approach, reaches stage of persuading us to undress him, to allow him to undress himself. He is revealed as cripple, horribly so, huge lump on his back, chest caved in, unbearable to look at even as we try to make ourselves not show our horror. It is as if he is taunting, challenging, shocking us with the question: who would want to have sex with this?

#### August 8, 1996

Very powerful scene about inaccessible damage to two small girls.

With patient X in Secker setting. I take her out to lunch, one to two strict times. Carry out long ornately carved wooden bench to sit on. Sit in small square, park, to talk, as in foreign country. I speak the language (German), she does not.

She tells me about her two girls, or herself and sister: how as very young babies, a few months old, they were abducted and used as some kind of messenger or market research agent, which involved them learning to say (only it was pre verbal, so just a group of sounds) some formula (which meant nothing to them of course).

Sense of the damage done, the fear, the incomprehensible aloneness: as if this is real feeling contact with babyhood trauma.

I tell her how when I reached 'stuff' at 'levels' like that in my analysis I was helped by R D Laing's book, the difficulty of *believing* in the reality of traumatised feeling of this kind. Also talk with ?Indian father of the girls about reality of the trauma his children have been through (?on immigration, adjusting to alien culture, language). All this means I've had no lunch. Carrying the bench back. Hope I'll be able to get a sandwich before I have to start work again.

### August 21, 1996

Dictatorial rule of Stalin like figure, ending. Who will take over? Where will power relocate itself in society? The old figure is giving up, withdrawing, almost running away out of the room, but society, because of its dictatorial organisation, is not prepared with any kind of alternative.

The situation is being discussed, 'owned to', in local group, North Oxford, Dragon School. Two women, one X, say, witness, that this is what is happening. It is as if everyone is ready for it to be said, ready to hear, but the first people to say, to bear witness, are made responsible. So X is made to repeat what she said louder, to spell it out. Scene of garden, huge rocks dug up from just under the surface of the soil. They will have to be cleaned, broken up.

### August 24, 1996

Very long, very detailed, 'tapestry' like dream. My credit cards have been stolen. I engage powerful, large, investigative agency to help trace them, the thief. This agency is very modern, high tech, hundreds of employees. Then sense of it being a film: how do they get all these hundreds of excellent actors to take part? Then sense of the investigative force as 'penetrated' by the thieves, and of them both as sort of 'parallel universe' to the money markets to which credit cards are our personal access. So tracing my stolen card to the point of claiming it, is equivalent to exposing the duplex identity of the money market and the thieves. But who to expose this *to?*, when everyone, the whole system, is involved.

Complicated further by sense that when card is 'contaminated' by being stolen, the thing to do is to destroy it, hand it in for destruction, *not* to claim it back for use again.

### September 14, 1996

Conference lasting two to three days. I am one of the organisers.

First day it develops differently to plans, some speaker fails to arrive, or arrives late, or drastically changes the theme. So at next session the chair, a woman, opens by giving new theme, title, for the day; "You (or we) have money to spend". I put my hand up immediately to speak, wanting to say that this alters whole intent of the/my conference, and we need to look at the social/group process by which the chair, personally disappointed by previous day, has (?maliciously) chosen to alter our whole theme. Another person, woman, also puts up her hand, and then a host of hands, more than half the audience. Who will the chair call?

She gets round the dilemma by herself telling a story, of which I am in some way the 'hero' (scoring some goal? assoc 'own goal'), which appears to honour me but also has effect of *not* calling me to speak, of silencing me. I am furious.

### September 29, 1996

Scene of tiger/lion chasing deer. As it catches the deer and begins to maul it, breaking its neck, a stag which has been chasing it attacks it from the rear, savaging it with its antlers/horns (the horns are shorter, more effective, than antlers), and the tiger turns its head in pain, is it mortally wounded?, away from the body it is tearing at.

### October 10, 1996

I am young army officer, in 20's, with older senior officer. Accepted by him, as junior colleague. He takes me in to introduce me to 'the men' – will *they* accept me? Sense that I am on trial, like on arrival at Observer. Various 'oblique' questions, behaviour, testing my response, ability to take command of the situation, the 'atmosphere'. Where am I to sleep, to put my things?

No one shows me.

I ask.

A woman (there are women as well as men present) says, with relief: "Ask questions", as if that is what they are wanting me to do to show myself as fit to command (as if the 'only connect' phrase is replaced by 'only ask questions', as the one, essential, need).

Things seem to flow more easily.

Ends with me talking to woman, late 30's, whose husband was killed in the last bout of fighting. She is calm, in control, the army wife, but potentially distraught. Reaching out to her like this, my being willing to touch her 'distraughtness', is one sign of my showing myself, and being accepted as, ok to command.

**January 3, 1997**

Realising that what I learned in Zurich, in connection with my wife, about two kinds of, or two layers of, mental illness, madness (schizophrenia, and something 'solid' with a name like, but not, obsessive compulsive...), I had first learned about in the navy.

**January 6, 1997**

Criminal investigation under way about someone who may have misled people about some crime (whether it was a crime or not, if so, who did it), involving picture of a suffering horse, a horse in pain. I am shown the picture, which is also of someone looking up into head, or face, of a horse, ?white.

The horse's face is indeed distorted in pain, but (now almost as if I am the person looking up into it live) I wonder if what I wouldn't actually feel when looking at such a face is fear?

It may be distorted in pain, but it evokes fear – the lip pulled back over the teeth, the eyes drawn to side, ears flat. I say so.

Which says what about, or to, the investigative process?

**January 15, 1997**

Father coming to visit. I meet him at station, 48 hours early. Affectionate, distant. Colleague X is there. I introduce them. X's interest. Is he going to try and raise money from my father?

With my wife, visiting some 'extreme' place (like the Romanian orphanages). Last day, when we are about to leave, we are shown, given, an 'extreme case'. It is a person, all head, one of the inmates, damaged unbelievably. As I unwrap the parcel, swaddling clothes, I realise it is a face, head, so unbelievably wounded, damaged, repaired (skilled surgery of the professional carers at this place) that I won't be able to bear to look at it, have to hand it to my wife.

But what are we going to do with it? Will we be able to leave as planned? (are we left 'holding the baby'?)

**February 2, 1997**

Long (very broken night) confused dream. Sequence with sense of great importance opening up. One image.

Some crime being revealed, investigated. The body of the murdered man. What happened?

Catholic context, there's been an investigation. But what was *not* gone into was the area of Catholic confusion between VIRGIN and VIGIL, which somehow contributed to causing the death, whether accident or killing.

**February 19, 1997**

I have planted a tree, tall, already well grown, *in* or *on* the clean cut stump of a huge older tree, now cut down to about six feet above ground level. Will it 'hold'?

No. I see it topple and fall. The fall is widely seen over a large area, the tree being now well outside 'my' garden or property. I must go and see what can be done, own responsibility. I do so riding a horse, powerful. Managing it well, a bit nervous, but pleased with myself. I can't find the site of the 'fall' – will the cut off trunk of the old tree now need digging out with huge earth moving equipment, so that the new tree can then be 'properly' planted in the earth?

A responsible 'foreman', head gardener, manager type, has reported the fall to the public national authorities. It was too big a happening to be hushed up, covered up. It will be an opportunity for someone (me, us, who?) to reassess his whole attitude to, plans for, something. It is said that this is like what Shakespeare famously did in his Roman Egyptian plays, in showing how oppositions that are murderous and to be settled only by killing, can exist in history.

So in waking I wonder if the central image of the dream has anything to do with my 'christianity' talk for Cambridge in April, including also my sense of being in some way 'crippled' here in New Zealand.

**April 14, 1997**

Doubleness, splitness, as never before.

I, mother, aunt A, and ?someone else. I am identical with another young man who is a psychopath. The idea is to try and get inside, to alter, the situation by my pretending to be him.

I have an interview with his doctor, who is a little puzzled at my 'difference' – that is, I am pretending to be him and the doctor is

taking me to be him, but senses a difference. This interview is connected with mother, aunt, self and ?this other, going to cinema, leaving half way through to try and see same film at a different cinema because more comfortable.

I get there first, show my ticket, manager regrets, very friendly, but it is not possible for me/us to get in on that ticket (the manager is confused with the doctor).

Waiting for the others to join me, two youngsters sit at our table, how to get rid of them, gradual sense of 'scene' we/I are caught in. Wake.

### **April 21, 1997**

At Woody Allen film, musical – "typical...revolving round romantic entanglements of well heeled Manhattan family – the difference being that each member is prone to break into song at the slightest provocation..."

Finding the way, or is it the time? Realise that map is about *circulation* of traffic, so time circular-linear (Cambridge talk) as well as space – and circulation of the blood.

Sequence dominated by presence of young X from Zurich (referred to recently in discussion after my talk in Auckland). I've got job with firm handling nuclear radiation material into viable artefact. They are kept very busy, many employees, product is so much in demand they can charge what they want. In transit of the material, or of an object, I get lightly brushed by it on my grey Lands End sweater. Better have it cleaned, to be on the safe side.

X, as expert and long established employee compared to me, goes off to organise the cleaning. I follow. Then lose him.

Finally make contact, of a kind, at a distance, when I am back 'home', mid afternoon, in old stone farm house. I strip off, should take the sweater to the washing machine. Go downstairs naked, hear someone, so call out warning I'm naked. It is my wife who has just got back home from her work because of a bad tooth, she says something about it being a fortunate coincidence with my having to come back: "a really Guggenbuhl (or is it Guggenheim?) complex" behind the coincidence.

### **May 8, 1997**

Previous homes, Oxford and Hampstead, and present house. I see people outside in front garden painting the house. I rush out angrily. What do they think they are doing?

Four or five of them: been employed by some builder or house agent. Familiar sense of "what are you making all this fuss about?" I try and get the name of the builder. They give it. Something like Tarragon or Tarridge, but not that: an Irish name. Try in vain to get rid of them. Now they plus families are camped out in large porch, verandah, not quite inside the house, but nearly. Man points to some name, sign, over the house entrance: "It says it's a home for the ?elderly, homeless".

He won't move. So there's going to be a fight. My wife comes back tomorrow. And we have a holiday planned, will have to cancel it.

As I come out of dream, sense of some kind of two level, alternative, process, agency:

- 1) what they represent, hostile, awkward, wrong
- 2) what we could do, be, benign vision of same thing.

### **May 10, 1997**

Two or three of us living somewhere with animals in our charge: self, younger brother, sister (composite of S and E). Terrific storm. Water breaking through windows: 52, Moreton Road.

Some pigs escape. They are dangerous. Could kill. Wish I had kitchen knife as weapon: would I be prepared to *use* it? Fear that other animals, and vegetables, could escape too: big carrots, other veg, stored in deep drawers, big basket packed with cut herbs, 52 pantry, lift assoc.

Then the sisters are with me, a 'first wife' and 'second wife'. At first it is a comfort. Talk about how the pigs got out, digging their way out with their snouts, so hungry. But then possibility of a fight to the death between the two sisters, fighting like children do but with adult preparedness to kill. One of them breaks a glass to use as weapon, I call for help, woken by my calling.



**May 12, 1997**

Three generations present, father, self, son, in a group. But also sense of group of peers.

Father figure (or 'end' of group spectrum) old, withdrawn, little to no energy to give.

Son planning journey to Australia (rather than NZ).

Discovery that a group of women, perhaps nuns, who run a travel agency out there offering good terms to backpackers, students, the young, may be/are very dangerous witches, with an agenda all their own (assoc in dream with 'witches' in February 1948 dream).

He needs to check them out.

Another member of the group, man 'in between generations', between self and son, offers to go with him to help.

They go off, naked except for towels round their waists.

Three of us remain, joking relaxedly as to what they will do, what they are up to, where are they going? It's not homosexual, is it?

**May 15, 1997**

IRA: a stooping, good looking, distinguished 50 to 60 year old man figure talking of (his) homosexuality: "Yes, they/we do it with our enemies as well as with our friends" (Sinn Fein MP's trying to get into House of Commons).

And this is associated with anxiety about 'security in the polling booth', which refers to 'getting the penis out and back' in 2 or 3 minutes.

Elsewhere in the dream, journeying on top of the bus roof, holding on to edge.

**May 20, 1997**

Unbelievably exhausting and frustrating dream. With wife and older, senior Jungian analyst X (now dead), trapped in some journey through a huge strange city (London, Auckland, Liverpool). We've taken the wrong bus/tram/boat and just have to go through with the whole journey route, can't get off, some of it walking.

My fault we got on – impatience.

But I'm relying on the others to know not only the way but how to manage the city (as say in German). There was an earlier part of the journey, day, which I had opted out of. X had organised a whole

series of meetings, meals, with 'important' public figures – politicians, company directors – (sort of invoking my family past, unreal sense of their importance, X trying to impress). My wife had found them very dull.

The feeling that I've just trapped myself in a closed circle –

**May 26, 1997**

Making a film about famous moment in the (cold) war when some woman clerk had leaked vital information on atomic weaponry or research to other side, or press, and thereby ended the war. Film showing or trying to get at, how the vital contact had been made for the leak (Alger Hiss, Chambers, Albert Speer associations in dream). TV film of how the news of the disclosure broke – which had happened in Prague (dream assoc with Nazi reaction to assassination of Heydrich).

Powerful river flowing through capital city.

For the second time, a boat/ship is caught in some failure of technology, and sinks. The film shows the sinking in 'animation', drawings, of the river, drawn like a human head, swallowing other faces/heads that are gasping for breath, so that they themselves look as if they were swallowing (so, confusion of swallowing faces).

There is a question about the making of the film. The answer is about the pain of it, the pain of the making, the pain of what happened.

The word 'agony' is used.

"Let's keep agony out of it – it is pain that we are talking about" (dream assoc with Gethsemane). "No, agony is the right word" because agony is pain that you cannot bear. When you feel it, you can't say it is agony, because that is what you can't bear, and you can't say that I'm *feeling* what I can't *bear*, i.e. you can't admit to pain that is beyond admittance.

Is there link between the confusion of the swallowing/being swallowed, and this statement about agony?

**June 15, 1997**

Rehearsing Hamlet, or some opera on similar theme. Overall feeling: need to stay with our personal original readings of our parts and not be swayed by conductor/director who doesn't yet know what he/she wants to do with it, and so 'loses' us.

Sense of the play also picking up Biblical themes, crucifixion, Jacob.

One scene of figures folded over man with his legs apart, three or four of them, with the man looking up startled as if focusing some recognition on the crutch.

Saturated in association with the final *Black Adder* from the first series, watched night before: figures of the two sons (Harry, and 'the other one') prostrate at father's feet, arms outstretched, and end words as they finally are all dead: "Was it the wine?", associated through Hamlet with crucifixion and two brothers, Jacob and Esau, Christ, Devil or Comforter.

### **July 3, 1997**

Walking down crowded Oxford Street, west on south side pavement from Tottenham Court Road. See colleague X and his wife, arm in arm, doing some kind of dance step. X is saying something about pupil Y and his son: how shocked Y, "who has the kind of surname that always seems young", had been when his son found out, realised, began to say, that it had been the birth, or creation, of the Christ on the sixth day of creation that had brought illness, wrongness, into the world.

### **July 19, 1997**

Jakob Epstein, or Jakob Ekstein, Hotel. An exhausting dream.

Hampstead (1950's). I'm out in my garden early morning, an 'open' garden, with no fence between it and others. Two children, girls, and their mother walking (?and a dog) up the hill, come in and through. I talk to them, commenting on, and then when they don't respond, complain about their trespass. They deny any wrong doing, and refuse to give their names and addresses. It is as if they don't want to have anything to do with, any part of, my 'fuss'. I begin to talk of going to the police. They walk away. I go with them, determined to find out who they are.

Get to their house, down the hill from us. The father/husband is equally denying, refusing to admit any wrong, give any name. I say I'll get their address (by looking at the house number and street) and so trace them (but I never do this).

I begin to be aware of the passage of time. Should I phone my wife. I leave the house with the husband, and we are now in a nearby small hotel, name as above. Still the denial. Then I go off to get home, noting the hotel name, so I can find it again (what I've not done with

their house). Looking for a phone, and the way home. Get lost, stupidly. Begin to collapse emotionally, behaving madly, as if drunk, senile, walking grotesquely. Woman passes. Accepts my behaviour completely, sympathises. I feel immediately better, stronger. Sense of great relief.

Go back to the hotel. Search continues for phone. Now I realise I/we (my wife with me, but she is not the 'wife' from 'home') are in Germany, Kaiserstadt, just over the border from Switzerland/Bensheim, where we/I have come from. Speaking German. More attempts to phone. Then alone again, getting desperate/guilty about not having phoned – it is now about 11.0 a.m., I've been 'missing' for 4 to 5 hours.

At last, someone begins to help me, a woman, to take me to the police. In car: a long way. I get suspicious, it is so far. She explains: it is not the local police but some authority about 'identity', passport, that we have to see. At last, reach house of the authorities. Private house. The mistress of the house appears. I have to sit down outside, in formal garden, there's a ritual that has to be gone through.

And I realise that the 'charade' nightmare goes on. She is not accepting me. She says: "It is a pity that my cat took against him, sensed he was/is dangerous, alien", playing as it were 'the witchcraft game', and I just feel absolutely fed up with it all, and wake.

### **July 24, 1997**

On conducted tour, through underground vaults, tunnels.

Repeat of some previous tour, visit. I break away, as learned, taught, on the previous occasion. Go down a different tunnel. Say to protesting guide/guard, as explanation that gives me permission, that I am from, with, the Financial Times. 2 or 3 others, foreign, men, also take this tunnel.

After a bit, they stop. I go on. Reach what seems to be a dead end, fear. Then sequence unwinding dead leather snake skin from my arm. Once unwound it comes to life, as snake, and simultaneously the name Whetham (from family) is spoken, as if they, the bearer of the name, are healed, made accessible, by what I have done to, or for, or with, the snake skin.

**July 28, 1997**

'Portrait of a Lady'. Inside a Henry James novel. Confusion as to whether three or four people involved. Also as to 'my' role, and gender. I am husband having affair with maid servant in absence of my wife – then leave her on wife's return, trusting she will be quiet.

Her deep resentment, and how it will break out.

Or: I am servant having affair with lady of the house, that I have to give up on husband's return, fear of how husband/master will behave if he finds out.

Or: I am female servant having affair with lady, or master, of the house, and fear of ....

And in some scenario that combines them all, thus there are four people involved.

Moves into some theatrical performance denouement. The theatre being shrouded, covered, in cloth/picture of the 'portrait', to draw the crowds while concealing the plot, like X closing her dress after breast feeding her baby.

I ask: Can I not be allowed to see, given that I am one of the performers?

The wronged woman moves to expose, to be revenged.

Now there do seem to be four. Will she hurt me or herself the more? Will the 'reputable' couple accept the truth, or will the whole system close up viciously?

Wake with the title all round me, and sense of critics at American University conference on interpretation of the novel, now confused with *The Bostonians*, which I did not finish, realising it is not *The Portrait of a Lady* at all, another story altogether.

**August 13, 1997**

Demonic male figure, sexual.

Organised weeks holiday, with OPS people. Go for day outing, realise at end we are not in Oxford, Manchester, Geneva/Zurich/Paris, as we had thought – the place we are staying at for the week. So have to get back.

I 'drift', but find myself on the right train/bus. Get back to posh Station Hotel, hour late for the dinner we are invited to. But then realise I'm being misled, taken away from the hotel, my/our goal. This sinister man figure, something metallic, saturnine, about him,

his sexual magnetism, fascination. I/we seem to be completely in his power, but somehow fight back, resist. He insists we make a date for sex later in the week, before he agrees to take us back to our hotel.

Then he tries some judo/karate type attack, kick. His foot comes up under my arm, but leaning on it with all my weight I somehow vanquish him, and he and the two women are then near naked, sexual excitement. But his metal casing round his chest, old man's sexual body, feel that when our 'date' comes the surrender to sexuality will be total.

But will it? Back at hotel, away from him, I draw him to attention of an 'authority' figure, hall porter type. Away in the distance he is in some strange stylised oriental posture/dance. He is recognised as dangerous. We move to apprehend, challenge him.

He has a supporter, a second male figure, who seems able to draw chopper/knife out of thin air, as soon as we take one away from him, using it to cut thin slices of very rich chocolate cake, but could be used to cut, maim, slice, the body.

"Look", he says "You/they can't do anything about me/us, it's no good, you/they are powerless in relation to us", but nevertheless feeling that having once conquered him in the karate attack it is worth coming to physical grips, struggle with him.

Which is all mixed up with the question of his sexual fascination: what will he do with me? who will be the active one? will I find him attractive? is it fascination or fear?

**September 19, 1997**

Nightmare – wake twice, calling out.

Core of incestual killing, murder, enjoyment, incestual enjoyment of killing.

Being taken by woman-man couple to wood, park in town (Sefton Park Liverpool, Primrose Hill London). Gradually realise it is their intention to kill me, have me, or use me, sexually. What they were going to do to me would make it so that men would never again enjoy sex, it would always hurt. The terror, and trying to fight off both the terror and their power to carry it through.

Somehow succeed, help of three priests, Anglican, one younger, they are realists. The woman asking me to forgive: it's all over now, isn't it? I'm not sure.

Something about her use of the word 'catastrophe' makes me suspicious. Is she just pretending, with the original intention still intact and waiting behind the pretence?

To try and test her, I ask whether she would call the summoning of a General Council of the Church (Chalcedon?) a 'catastrophe'.

### September 26, 1997

Involving self, two sons, others, a big group, festivity, sea shore setting, sailing, surfing.

Culminates in revelation that a woman who has been killed was not the son's fiancée, but also a film star, Polish actor (associated with people met at Bensheim performance of Goldberg variations, talk afterwards about visit to ex East German Länder, Poland, and with short, fat genial toughie who was catholic priest; also with childhood reading of novel about Napoleon and his sex with some Polish countess on his Russian campaign).

This revelation causes me to say to the son who has deceived me: "You shit, you have lied, you liar". My wife calls to me to say no more, I have already said enough, which is too much.

The son figure calls to two dark Mafia type figures who are going to kill me. I call out in angry protest: leave me to fight him alone and I can, but this is mad, excessive, ridiculous – and then further revelation of this man's bloody Mafia type revenge, the inside bits of some slaughtered animal, Lamb of God, lamb but also chicken flesh, stained in blood.

Wake, outrage, terror illuminated.

Overall, the sense of the overdetermined, excessive, *self indulgent* reaction of this 'son' figure when he is called a liar.

### October 3, 1997

Nightmare. Set in Middle Ages, late Roman Empire-ish. Riding out with others to join, or to investigate, community who have 'dropped out', set themselves up as free spirits, alternative life style-ish. They are set to welcome others to join them. Or, are they bound together by some shared secret that is horrible, so that the welcome is false, pretence, unless you are prepared to be initiated into the horrible secret?

To begin with our group goes along with the surface welcome, joining the community. Then the tone changes, as if they are moving

into their 'religious' mode. Culminates in I, or one of us, biting hard into the flesh, neck, breast, of one of the community who is presenting the religious content.

So he will have to leave. They/he agree. But will he really be allowed to?

Then later return into house (more contemporary) where some kind of sexual orgy is going on, the men of this community with shaven heads, roundly naked heads, are bringing the women again and again to near orgasm, then leaving them, and delighting disgustingly in what they are doing.

### October 14, 1997

Some situation of teaching what 'psychoanalysis' is about. It involves showing people, teaching, how there is a range of foodstuffs, cooking, which goes from nice food into stuff that one would assume to be simply too disgusting to be eatable.

### November 2, 1997

"I cannot be commanded", as huge *saying* or *shout* to be *sung*, coming out of central, intense, man to man's body homosexual encounter exploration enjoyment, which is set up by 'I' to break huge huge power of state and/or stock exchange.

What 'I' is it? Something like sexual pleasure fulfilment between men – the intensity, the irresistible attraction of it.

### November 13, 1997

Group, mix of parish group next week, and Hawkwood type presentation, woman colleague X in both as it were.

I have to break off, very apologetic, because man phones to say will I please immediately move, deal with, a lot of books I left with him at his shop the other day – for disposal, giving away, second hand sale.

Dealing with these books gets confused with the work of the group (eucharist, *Twelfth Night*, OPS presentation and typology, groups and *mood*), and come together in my saying of some phenomenon:

"But why can't it be the *grunting* of a small child...?", and the idea of 'the dramatic' as energised, organised, driven, by a sort of second level 'the dramatic' within it, which is expressing itself as an erection, and thought that 'they', the psychoanalysts, will interpret this as just an erection while it is really evidence of 'drama' as the link between body, sex, behaviour, society.

**November 17, 1997**

Man's body fully clothed tied as 'join' between the two arms forming bridge, or top bar (to control, limit, height of vehicles) over a road ['over the top'].

He is facing down, so that every time a vehicle goes under it is only inches away from his face. The two arms, or sides of the 'bridge', move slightly under the (air) pressure of each vehicle, his body holding them together, stretching like a muscle [diaphragm].

I and other go under in our car, call out to him in recognition to cheer him, but he is so concentrated on his fate/task/ordeal that he probably can't hear.

This is an ordinary, familiar, police punishment for driving, parking, offence. Why doesn't he, why don't people, we, complain, object?

As I gradually surface, this is the amazing, shocking, thought, realisation, that something so horrible, so cruel, is taken for granted. (It is suggested that some s/m people might enjoy this punishment.)

It takes a long time as I wake to realise that this is *not* a true, normal, fact, event, happening, experience: it is a dream image.

**November 29, 1997**

Long, rich, dense, but all I can remember is: build up to some great erotic, emotional, religious crisis of truth.

Between various women, particularly a near X, and one or two other persons (perhaps men too, but I'm not sure), with 52 overtones.

The moment of truth comes through the text of some religious service, when I interrupt to say: "In that case I must ...", and invoke something to do with being a Roman *citizen* rather than Roman *christian* (NOT the St Paul association!).

This leads into relinquishing by the X figure of some erotic/sexual expectation, hopes, of me. I'm somehow left alone, as I should be. I say at some stage: "This [the 3 or 4 cornered emotional/love entanglement] has been carrying a lot of the history of Protestantism", and she agrees.

**December 1, 1997**

Minutes before opening of play I realise, and I tell others so that they also realise, that I simply haven't learned my lines – I just don't know my words.

I am experienced actor (sense of Judi Dench), having appeared in many varied roles, over years, in many places. But first time with

this director, company. We are putting on a 'big' play – *Winter's Tale*, but not – and I've made big input into interpretation, suggesting all kinds of business, one scene in particular, as if I contribute valuable high quality work on many levels, but this one simply huge gap, inadequacy, unpreparedness.

I convince them, by showing my opening famous lines, when I appear as father/leader/king/duke who comes forward with the two young betrothed, and say: "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the marriage of our two...", and I just don't know the *word* then: am told it is 'herbs'.

What to do? If only we'd had a dress rehearsal it would have come out then. All sorts of suggestions are made, but they are all hopeless, inadequate: it'll have to be cancelled, the scandal and humiliation of such a fiasco.

**January 22, 1998**

Germans have occupied Ireland. Suddenly, overnight. With the cooperation of the Irish. How on earth will this affect our relations with Germany, EU etc., and British troops in Germany?

Some sense of our family as 'on both sides'. But much stronger sense of wartime invasion threat, real fear being expressed of a likely German descent (by air, from the north) on Leicester (and so on Oxford), the soft heart of England with our army 'away', in Germany.

Sense of Yin/Yang diagram.

I am awake for some time before I realise it is a dream, only gradually disentangling it from yesterday's IRA threat to the peace talks (associated also with watching the *Fawlty Towers* 'The Germans' yesterday: is my brain being affected? also letter about my review of the Lammers book on Jung and Victor White).

**February 2, 1998**

Ireland. On cruise ship/boat on which hundreds of 'negotiators' from all sides are spending some days, for intense but hopefully relaxed 'proximity talks'. I speak to Martin McGuinness person to person: "You and your lot created the atmosphere/climate in which violence was/is the only way, and you've got to admit it. We did too, yes, we did too, but you also, you've got to own it". He looks stony, refusal. I say/shout: "Well, God help us all then", and leave the crowded bar/lounge.

On deck, feeling he and his people may be so angry as to come and kill me. I'm watching my back, standing against something. But he *may* seek me out, to talk.

Someone calls out to whole ship: "If there's shooting on this ship, then Ireland won't be united for 2000 years, and there'll be bloody civil war".

Behind this sequence there are two memories:

1. Of occasion of a bomb scare, evacuation. Ten or twelve people just stay, sitting, not knowing who we all are, from all 'parts' (I'm an English solicitor from somewhere like Thame, associations with Balliol friend not seen for fifty years, and lover also of many years ago). One of the hard men nationalists sits next to me, and there's a Scot, and others.

But the point is, that we have all chosen, independently of each other, just to stop there to be photographed by the international media, as willing to risk waiting for the explosion, not going to avoid/hide from the risk of violence any more.

2. When Martin McGuinness had once been only hours from being hanged by British as terrorist organiser responsible for some murderous outrage, and he had managed to show/prove that the operative accused with him of having actually made the explosion happen, set it off, just didn't have the technical dexterity/scientific know how to have been capable of it: and so Martin McGuinness had been reprieved at the last minute. The point of this memory is as reminder of the tension the man has already been through in his life, facing imminent death: a reminder of who I am dealing with, sense of a tightly coiled spring.

Earlier, but remembered later.

Preparation for some big popular macho opera. Casting the singers for the two big male roles, powerful lovers, their voices to be sexually potent. Then I am alone with the two very different types who have been cast. As joke (ribald, shared rudeness) that is also a confession, they drop their trousers. What they have to 'show' is derisory, completely passive penises, one of them small. What they are admitting to, sharing with, me is both some kind of give away, rather if not very funny, and also in some sense dangerous, because if 'it gets out' people could feel they have been seriously misled, if not actually tricked, deceived, by the casting authorities and, behind

them by the/their public ('public' as both what I/we *are*, and also something we invoke as an authority that is 'objective to', or 'other than', us), in the utter contrast between the magnificent powerful voices and what they have in their trousers.

### February 24, 1998

Susan and I return to our house. Intruders, three, man, woman, one younger. When I discover them, moments of confrontation, challenge. Then I leave to call police. Realise I have left Susan in a way in their power. As I am trying to get police, outside, help, setting is now some small town just on the northern side of border with Ireland. And suddenly there is an irruption of Irish Army commando type soldiers, come to rescue the three intruders, who are in fact agents of the Irish Government sent to try and rescue, retrieve, very old Irish christian/celtic religious images, in form of valuable silver, jewels. Not clear as to whether it is the religious historical significance, or the possible cash value, behind the attempt.

With the advent of this new national force, whole idea of police involvement gets into possibility of incident exploding into war between nation states.

### April 15, 1998

Long very complicated sequence of group of people realising truth of some linguistic-religious principle.

Then, can't remember.

But at end, to explain it, within the dream I tell of my association with the Observer.

With TJ, my boss, the Manager (who was also friend of 'the family'), in the early days, when it was a Trust unlike now, how it was forbidden/impossible for someone on the *writing* side to be allowed/able to have any personal contact (including through family) with the advertising side: must not be allowed/able to know how the advertising side worked.

**April 25, 1998**

Group, society, the present, but also like before first World War, with British and German royal families related and also enemies. Each takes it in turn to be 'on top', the winner, in recurring conflict. Sense that 'they' the others, Germans, will kill us all next time round when it is their turn to be on top. So we must kill them now while it is our turn. But am 'I', as leader of our group, to take the lead and say so? If I do, I can make it happen. Or is it my role to hold the circle as it were, keep it possible for the turn and turn about to happen? In which case 'I' must just hold it, leave it to the rest of 'us' spontaneously to get the message, the idea that we must start killing now while we have the chance, so that 'we', our side, would start the killing and 'I' could then take the lead (though 'I' could *hope* that they will get the idea, but not *act*).

Some killing begins. I think I do partly speak out, give the lead. Knives are being pushed into bodies of the uniformed German royals. Will they go on just being the under dog because it is their 'turn'? Surely they will fight back, and they are more than us. It will be a blood bath.

**April 30, 1998**

In US, following an escaped criminal. Difficulty of cooperating with the local police, banks, etc. Image of my toothbrush, with a long head. Half the bristles are eaten away. How? Look into sponge bag. Caterpillars there. It has been eaten by caterpillars.

## **Afterword**

### **questions of timing and likening**

#### **1 Dreams and the eventfulness of everyday**

An event is a happening, what P G Wodehouse liked to call a "concatenation of circumstance". It also involves some kind of action or doing. It is happening and act, in one.

Events hang together. They take time. The time an event takes is set, set by other events. Events time each other, and in doing so hang together. And they take place. They gather details together to take place, to set a scene.

Their hanging together has an aesthetic consistency. We call it story. It defines what is relevant and what not. It does so by likening. To hang together in a story events must have something in common, be in some way alike. (See my discussion of Hans Georg Gadamer's analysis of *Erlebnis*, experience, in my *Psychology of Carl Jung* pp318-321.)

Being on the receiving end of happening, initiating action, hanging together, taking time and being timed, taking place, likening: that's how the eventfulness of everyday is made up. So also with dreams.

The study of dreams transforms our sense of responsibility for the make up of events. The eventfulness of everyday is dense (Freud, or rather his English translators, gave us the term 'overdetermined') with much, much more than we can take in. The entanglements, contradictions, aspirations of the day are embedded in a timed enactment of happening that reminds us of theatre.

Jung taught me to look for the dramatic structure of a dream. Theatre has been a guiding thread throughout my thirty five years of

psychological practice. My diploma thesis at the Institute in Zurich was on *Persona and Actor*. Two privately published collections of professional papers have been titled *Theatre and Behaviour* (1987) and *Psyche in the Operating Theatre* (1998). Theatre teaches us to recognise the action, the 'that which is to be done' (*δρῶμενον*, from the Greek verb *δραω*, from which our word drama is derived), as what carries personality. Personality is interesting as the way into that which is to be done.

If dreams are evidence of a common responsibility, as I believe they are, it is because they enlarge and fill out our appreciation and understanding of the 'that which is to be done', of doing as distinct from telling, of deed as distinct from word.

The 'that which is to be done' is more than story or plot. It is action, action as both personal and social. Not action in a vacuum, but action that takes place, constitutes place, as every actor who has walked on to an empty stage knows. Action takes time. The taking place and taking time hang together. They represent. They present likeness. This representation has a conclusion, but the conclusion is not a closing off, a finishing with. It is a resolution. It intends a going on.

Studying dreams, our own, other peoples', is an education in the complexity, rhythm, architecture, consistency, texture, of representation. We are taken behind, beyond, through personality to eventfulness that is both nature and history, to the drama of IT ALL.

I choose the words IT ALL to evoke both a sense of the universal, "the wonder of it all", and a sense of the dismissive impatience of everyday, as when we call out "hang it all", "dash it all", or use perhaps ruder verbs than those with which to express our sense that it is all too much. Because it is between the universal and the dismissive that dreams come into their own.

Dreams reflect, distort, transform, play havoc with, the drama of it all. They can make it hugely uncanny, causing us to reimagine past and future. Coherence and conclusiveness are lost. Likeness is in the melting pot. What happens to us, and what we do about it, are confused. The difference between being active and being passive, perpetrator and victim, is put up for renegotiation. Not only

particular events, but the very idea of eventfulness, unravels. And yet, and yet.....our sense of responsibility is enhanced.

Dream interpretation is an attempt to exercise that enhanced sense of responsibility. It looks for agreement between waking and sleeping. It does more than look. It points towards (compare the German word *Traumdeutung*). And if we follow that pointing we are taken beyond the *telling* of a dream into a responsibility that feels just too big for every day.

## 2 Getting the feeling right

When dreams touch on the "just too big", we move between wonder and dismissal, feelings of revelation and feelings of utter incredulity. Is there a balance?

Two words help define what is at stake here: surprise and suspicion. We can get so used to surprise that it just seems to go. To recapture it, we need suspicion. We are as it were "in play" between surprise and suspicion. Between them we are kept aware of feelings that we might otherwise ignore. Fright, gratitude, yearning, frustration, puzzlement, enlightenment, resolution: we feel all these in the presence of the "just too big". To own them, to keep them in mind, we need to stay in play between surprise and suspicion.

As for instance in

## 3 Sexuality

The dreams are saturated in sex. Masturbation, prostitution, adultery, homosexuality, the ecstasies of romance, of being in love, of sado masochism, sex as essentially selfish, sex as essentially sacrificial. Sex is associated again and again with killing, with insatiable greed, with terror that cannot be spoken. Sex is obscene, guilt ridden, forbidden. Sex is peace, rest, consummation, the realisation of purpose, celebration of companionship and enjoyment of wonder.

Recording my dreams, talking them over with others, returning to them over the years, comparing them with the dreams of others, has compelled me to stay with the violence and perversity and ecstasy of sex as both foundation and horizon of experience. Its contradictions



make me what I am, turning me inside out and outside in. I have no choice but to return, again and again, to the confusion (and confession) of sex as origin and goal of understanding.

Now, at 73, it is the connection of sex with death which is my immediate interest. Very early in my working with dreams this connection caught my attention, in the repeated association of sex with killing and eating. And it was here that I first began to wonder about sex and time. My published papers include many attempts to spell out that wondering.

Today I sum it up in a question: is time for living, or is life for timing?

The culture we live in seems on the whole to assume that time is for living. Time is there and life comes into being, develops, and reaches its endings, in time. Time is there first, life after. But when I let my dreams about sex really get to me, I begin to wonder whether it may not also work the other way round, so that life is for timing.

Nonsense, many people would say. Large swathes of our culture assume without question that there can be time without life. The idea that time may rely on life is inconceivable.

But how come? Are we so sure that there can be time without life? What are we doing when, alive as we are, we imagine time without life? We assume life, and then talk about time. How about that assumption? Does it take place in time, or does it constitute the time in which it takes place?

For me there is a BIG problem here. Fifty years of remembering my dreams convinces me that there are questions about sex and time which our culture has forgotten how to raise. I try to raise them through the idea of responsibility. I believe that in being sexual we are made responsible for time keeping.

I have read widely, as an amateur, in the philosophy, theology, science of time, and am left wondering what happens to all the great arguments if we allow them to be flooded with our waking and dreaming sexuality. One of my motives in publishing my dreams is to assist in such flooding.

The question of time escapes us. We can't get our mind round it. We give up on it, leaving it for the experts or dismissing it as nonsensical. But what happens if we bring the obscenity, the terror, the excitement, the perversity, of sex to bear on it?

I shall try to answer that question. But first there is the other question: likeness. We cannot address the BIG question of time without also taking into account the BIG question of likeness.

Over the last hundred years dream interpretation has introduced tens of thousands of us to a lively interest in symbols. The break between Jung and Freud, for which we can be grateful to both men, is a lasting reminder that symbols are essentially controversial. In using the word likeness I hope to show that controversy about symbols belongs together with controversy about time.

My fullest attempt to explain what likeness means to me was in a talk given in 1988 called "Making an Appearance: the hazard of being a person and our stake in the theatre" (see my collected papers, as referred to in the Introduction). I speak there of the distinction between subject and object, and of our need to play with that distinction. I bring as examples experience in acting Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Measure for Measure*. I refer to evolutionary theories as to how recognition of likeness arises in an echoic answer in dance and song, and to Owen Barfield's book *Saving the Appearances*. Throughout I am concerned to emphasise that likeness is not sameness. Likeness is about sameness and difference. There is a gulf, a hiatus, between sameness and difference. Likeness acknowledges that gulf, that hiatus, allows it to be just so, yet also crosses over between. In the same moment as it is said: they are not the same, they are different, it is also said: but they are alike, and that likeness is how both we and the world are made. The world is like. We are like. It is how things are.

Likeness is quick with art (Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, the play which first brought home to me that responsibility for likeness and time go together). Something HUGE (I take the word and the capitals from my dreaming) is at stake. The verb to make pulses in the air. The creative violence of the maker broods in the wings.

When we liken one thing to another we assume the responsibility of an artist, a maker. We respond *to* an invitation from out there, and in doing so make ourselves responsible *for* that invitation.

Likeness is descriptive, evocative, submissive. It simultaneously describes, evokes, and submits to, things as they are. To get a sense of just how huge this happening is, reverse the order of those verbs. Likeness submits to the givenness of things, it calls forth that givenness, it describes it. All in one. What does it do to us? How do we respond?

This is what I mean by the big question of likeness. Famous, and for some people perhaps stale, problems of philosophy are involved. But if dreams are worth publishing it is because it is a real question, a question that has to be raised, a question on whose raising we and the world depend. Are we prepared to recognise, to allow, *and to act upon*, likeness as evocative of, submissive to, and only then descriptive of, the givenness of things?

Which is where thinking about likeness and thinking about time have to come together. And for that to happen we need to talk about Being, or, to use the traditional philosophical language I introduced into my teaching at the Westminster Pastoral Foundation in the 1970's, ontology.

I have described in my collected papers how both sexuality and stammer introduced me to Being in ways which go beyond psychology. Likeness, the power to compare, taps into Being. It makes Being accessible to us in everyday life. It evokes a response which we have to take up, like it or not. In reading these dreams every reference to sexuality and stammer is a reminder that to understand likeness I have to submit to Being.

There's no mystery about that capital B. I use it for emphasis only. I am talking about our being "in play" between surprise and suspicion. Being is surprising. The surprise wears off. What remains is suspicion: suspicion that we are caught in more than we can understand. To make something of the suspicion, we have to recapture the surprise.

That's what ontology is about. Dreams take it for granted. So should our waking state.

So let us bring questioning of time and likeness together in the presence of sexuality.

Consider the doctrine of 'original sin'. The Bible has two stories of the genesis of sexuality. First: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness...So God created man in his own image, male and female he created them". Second, "And the woman took of the fruit, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons".

In 1963, during my training at the Jung Institute in Zurich, we were introduced to a modern telling of the same "opening of the eyes", Claude Lévi Strauss's *La Pensée Sauvage*. Women's bodies and men's bodies are the same, but different, oh so different. The eyes of us both are opened. We are like each other. Like. LIKE? What are we? Where are we?

Recognition of that likeness is original. It separates history from nature.

Sexuality as both guilty and originative. Dreams play constantly with that both/and. If we take the trouble to remember them they are always there to remind us how pervasively that both/and permeates the eventfulness of our waking life and times. Sexuality is all important in researching likeness because it acknowledges that likeness violates even as it originates, and in doing so both celebrates and compels submission.

If you read these dreams, please read them with that in mind. Because we are dealing here with something that is terribly yet blessedly familiar: that secret pulse of personal memory and of history that psychoanalysis calls incest.

The first dream I have recorded here is about brother and sister and how their likeness to each other is both guilty and the beginning of it all. The realisation of their likeness to each other starts the story off. Elsewhere, my dreams refer to various families. My own, of origin and of procreation; the families I married into; families of friends and strangers; the christian Holy Family. Here, in family, in comfort

and safety, in fear and guilt, in longing and disgust, I return again and again to the keeping of time and likeness. Intimations of incest, and the sense of taboo on which they are carried, are a recurring reminder that responsibility for time and responsibility for likeness go together.

If incest is too alien a thought, consider how we feel between the generations. Affection, the recognition of self in others, disappointment, incredulity, longing, betrayal, boredom, loss, joy, comfort, alienation: the stuff of so much of family life, confused, confessional, occasionally to die for, blessedly, terribly familiar. That is how it feels to be responsible for time and likeness together.

#### 4 Evolution

Jung alerted me to the possibility that my dreams could be about inheritance. For more than thirty five years as a practising psychologist a crucial problem in my work has been to distinguish, and to help others distinguish, between what is inherited and what learned. The explosion of interest in evolutionary psychology during the last twenty years has made this question more compelling, more political, more suggestive of unrealised possibilities. So it comes as no surprise to find it at the front of my mind in reading through this selection.

If some of these dreams are indeed about an inherited agenda, what am I to make of them? How do they relate or compare with those other dreams, or those other parts of the same dream, which refer to events of yesterday? Do they contribute to contemporary and future debate about priority as between inheritance and learning?

I find that there is a problem here which neither the evolutionists nor Jung seem to recognise. It is about history and nature.

My own university training was as an historian, and my approach to history was and is heavily influenced by the philosopher, archaeologist and historian R G Collingwood. I was reading Collingwood when I first began recording my dreams and when I was first introduced to Jung's hypothesis of the collective unconscious and of archetypes. Collingwood got me thinking of the study of nature and the study of history as separate and distinct

disciplines. Historical knowledge implicates us in the timing of our subject matter in ways which natural science does not.

It seems to me that the evolutionists collapse history into nature. I am fascinated by the way evolutionary studies are opening imagination, sensitivity, research, responsibility, into agendas of which our ancestors knew precious little. I find their work comprehensively persuasive. It speaks to me, body and mind, awake and asleep. But I disagree with them. I disagree with them on time. My feeling about time seems to be very different from theirs.

Let me try and define this feeling in terms taken from these dreams: sexuality (once again), time as long term and time as short term, money.

a) Twenty years ago the phrase 'the selfish gene' caught my imagination. The idea of our genes as having an agenda of their own with which we have to learn to negotiate seemed to allow for my sexual dreaming in a way that I found hugely reassuring. Because it makes room for a sense of *fundamental dislocation* as going hand in hand with adaptation and survival.

This sense of fundamental dislocation is common in my dreams. Reading them through, there is this feeling of something essentially wrong with sex, which comes packaged together with an experimental fascination with the ways in which sex is, absurdly, both natural and artificial. Evolutionary theory as developed by the geneticists enables me to 'place' this feeling. It is as if my sexuality is finding a new home, which may also be a very old home. Here the imperative 'itness' of sex can find its voice and make itself heard in a place that allows for the terrible and unforgivable as well as the sociable and comforting.

But my understanding of 'the selfish gene' and all that it implies differs from that of the evolutionists. Reading their books I get the impression that they feel their new science makes the world a safer place. I have nothing approaching their range of biological research with which to challenge them. But I do have my dreams.

And when I read their books with my dreams in mind, welling up and jumping in with their sudden, wild, associations, I feel something which it appears they do not. I feel what actors call stage fright.

Dreams have a dramatic or theatrical structure. We are author, actor, audience, plot, in one. If we make a practice of working with our dreams we explore, and in exploring energise, this dramatic field. We learn to move between the various positions, to understand what it is like to be caught in the raw material of plots which are nevertheless of our own making, to be an audience calling forth performance which has its own access to text, unknown to us. Within such a field the search for direction in our lives becomes an exploration of dramatic intention.

It is here that what I think of as the fundamental dislocation of selfish gene theory is both helpful and fearful.

It allows sex an intentionality other than that of the host body. It allows us, indeed compels us, to realise that the history of our bodies is at cross purposes with their genesis. Which is helpful.

But when I play selfish gene theory across my dreaming I realise how necessary pretence has been, and is, in my sexual behaviour. And I feel fear. Evasions, lies, cheating, betrayal are evidence of more original dislocation. There is necessity here that I can't get my tongue round. I am caught in an agenda too frightening to speak of.

There are dreams in which viruses prey sexually on human flesh. Bodies are turned inside out and outside in, so that our skin is indeed what the medical text books say it is, visceral. Bodies sponge on others. They are host to plants that eat animals. Sexuality and eating and wasting and killing cannot be simply distinguished. They change into each other. This changing into each other seems to be what the dream is all about. But plot develops, narrative suggests that behind the changing there is intention. If that is indeed what our bodies are caught in, how can they ever learn to "take direction", as we say in the theatre?

It is here that we need to raise the question of Being. Dreams frighten us in ways that make evolutionary theory personally terrifying. To enter into that terror, to allow it to affect our waking lives, we have to ask questions about being in time which seem to have in some way got 'stuck', as if we have forgotten how to 'raise' them.

Evolutionary theory links intention to chance. Mutation is intentional, but random, random but intentional. Questions, momentous and very sticky questions, are raised about the consistency of time. The playfulness, inconsequentiality, bloody mindedness, of dreams are full of this same momentous, sticky, questioning. The two lots of questioning need to come together. When they do questions about Being that have got stuck begin to squirm and wriggle and tickle once again, and ontology raises its unfashionable, snake like head.

I suspect that this is what is happening in the argument about design. The wonder and excitement of evolutionary thinking is in the discovery and appreciation of the myriad examples of successful design that go to the make up of nature. And yet (and here, though words fail us, both sex and speech respond with a shiver of delight) it is random. The watchmaker is blind. How come both are true? Playing my dreams across my reading of the evolutionists and their arguments with each other, I suspect, with some confidence, that this question of design is about our need to reconcile responsibility for likeness with responsibility for time.

To take it further, evolutionists are going to have to pay more attention to how they occupy their own time. As scientists they are not objective to time. Their lives take up time. That 'take up' needs study. Their observations are historical, and history is not a natural science. What they are studying is the timing of life. Please let them remember, record, and publish, their dreams. (A good example of what is possible is to be found in the verve, humour, and detail, of Clara Pinto-Correira's book *The Ovary of Eve*, in her study of the time taken up by the history of argument between theories of preformation and epigenesis.)

b) Evolutionary theory changes by the month, by the year, by the decade. 'Almost overnight' in some cases, as one exponent has put it. The historian has to ask: how does short term change in our understanding of evolution relate to the hugely long term of its subject matter?

From time to time my dreams draw attention to the difference between the long term and the short term. Sometimes I have thought

of these dreams as being about dying. But as they recur they seem to be saying something more comprehensive, something of which the fact that one day or night I am going to die is only an example. The difference to which they are drawing my attention is not quantitative. It is qualitative. Somewhere along the line the difference between the short term and the long term ceases to be a question of quantity. It becomes a question of quality.

Evolutionary theory seems to be aware of this. There is highly charged debate about 'the sudden'. But I think there is a simple point to be made. It is about the difference between history and nature. Historical time is not the same as evolutionary time. Evolution is not a vast extension of history. There is a disjunction between the two in which we are caught, and to which we are seeking to respond.

I have lectured and written about this in terms of the difference between the passing of time and the fullness of time. Or we can think of it as the difference between an unimaginably huge amount of time and the now which (as death keeps on and on reminding us) is all the time we ever have. When people speak of eternity (if they still do), which do they have in mind: an immeasurable, unimaginable ocean of time, or a present which is quite simply time enough?

In my lectures and in talking about it with patients I visualise it as a cross, with the vertical as the fullness and the horizontal as the passing of time. Or the vertical as the now, the horizontal as future and past. Where they intersect the fullness and the passing of time conjugate. We call it the present. It is that present which the difference between long term and short term reminds us of, and it is the urgency, uncertainty and familiarity of its conjugation which I want to get into the evolutionary debate.

Because that conjugation, that exchange, that transfer of vibrancy, depends on us. There is a beat to be kept. Which is where the very boringness of dreams can help. Keeping time is monotonous. Monotony is boring. But dreams remind that monotony comes and goes surprisingly. Which is how the present is made up. The present, which is all the time we ever have, is essentially monotonous, essentially surprising.

So what is it about the evolutionary present that makes me fearful?

c) When I first began to identify such fear in reflecting on my dreams in the 1950's I tended to associate it with the Cold War, with the clash between communism and capitalism. But later, from the 1960's onwards, I began to recognise it in the warnings of the environmentalists. If I am asked today for an example of what I mean by the qualitative difference between the long term and the short term I instance our political, which is also economic, and our economic, which is also political, response to warnings of environmental disaster.

Environmental, ecological, studies are saturated in an awareness of long term evolutionary inheritance. Political economy is geared to a profit motive which is, by comparison, essentially short term. It has no profitable interest in the long term. Through our governments we are trying to get some negotiation going between the two. Many of us fear that we will fail. I think our dreams about money take us inside that fear. If we go with them into their terror of hunger they can help us adjust short term to long term, and so perhaps preserve our planet as a habitable place to be.

One theme in particular I select from my money dreams: the acceleration of hunger. Money assists us in our dealings with nature. It measures equivalences. It facilitates exchange. But in the last five hundred years money has also been historicised. It reminds us constantly that time is indeed in our keeping. As capital, as credit, as the interest to be earned on capital, money is geared into our social construction of time. It feeds on time. Which on the whole we can manage. But capitalism is more than that. It is not only hungry *for* time in which to make a profit. It exploits. It expresses a hunger that we have to think of as the *hungering of time itself*.

Time as itself hungry? A difficult thought for most of us, though not for some musicians I have known. If we forget how to 'keep' time, if we forget that life is for timing as well as time for living, then out of the forgetting there arises a longing, a longing which can express itself only as accelerating consumption. If we are to engage responsibly with the blind exploitation of capital we have to understand that longing.

This is what I believe some of these dreams are about. Those working in our capital markets speak of a conjunction of fear and

greed. I think there is longing, religious longing, caught up in that fear and greed, longing to remember how to keep time. In their greed our money markets hope to profit from that longing. In their fear they admit that they have no idea where it is taking them, and us.

Dreams can help relate the short term greed of our money markets to a long term. For instance: we recognise that we have a serious problem in the conjunction of the profit motive with genetic research. We are afraid that in accelerating the possibilities of genetic adaptation longer term adaptation will itself break down. In our dreaming we feel that same fear. Our dreams dramatise the fear. It is caught in plot. Plot calls theatre into being. Out of theatre arises a sense of direction, direction which we can learn to take. It is that sense of theatrical direction that dreams can bring to our responsibility for genetic research.

### **5 Body-mind**

An awkward term, but in catering for our inveterate dualism it allows for a more comprehensive approach to dreams than the one word psyche.

In 1961 I was a guinea pig for early research into the physiology of dreaming at the Epileptische Anstalt in Zurich. Between myself and the machine and its monitors, dreaming defined itself afresh. As research into the neurophysiology of dreaming has continued it seems to me that what Freud called dreamwork can no longer be thought of as psychological. Psychology is breaking open into a more comprehensive field of study that includes both history and evolution of body-mind. This is what dreams are telling us about. They excite us and lose us in the history and evolution of body-mind.

Precisely because they are so inconsequential, dreams have a special contribution to make to the study of body-mind. Their temporal flow is always tripping itself up and so putting us in touch with other timings. Their story line is sticky with other agendas. Expectation and memory cut across each other, confusing the threads of the story, reminding us that if there was more to yesterday than we can account for, may the same not also be true of history? Dreams make us less sure of our hold on time, of time's hold on us. As they accumulate over the years they get us listening

for rhythms of which our history books say nothing: rhythms that are ours to follow though not to set, the beating of a time that we may be able to keep but can never control.

Body-mind is where responsibility for likeness and for time come together. Dreams have to be read with this in mind. Dreams are both holistic and specific in their understanding of body-mind. They are homoeopathic and allopathic in their treatment of suffering. They are saturated in symbol, in metaphor and metonymy, or in what I prefer to call likeness, likeness as something we are compelled to submit to, something we are free to evoke, something we are able to describe.

What is it like to be me? Likeness discovers itself in the play between subject and object, in the discomfort between the body and its parts, and between the parts themselves in their objection to merger with each other. Likeness is incarnate in taste, digestion, excretion, sexuality. And as mind learns more of its biochemistry likeness reveals itself in the make up of brain and neurophysiology.

But also, and both the 'but' and the 'also' are HUGE, likeness is telling. In being re-minded of, body makes likeness telling.

Consider how dreams of eating and being eaten, the confusion of genital, anal and oral in the generation and satisfaction of appetite, play likeness and time across each other. Time is always involved. There is a going on that depends on repetition, a repetition that is only possible because there is a going on. Sexuality tells of killing. Killing tells of eating. Body parts tell of likeness we cannot imagine when awake. Dreams, some of which are simply too horrible to remember, are body's reminder of its responsibility to make likeness telling.

Given such a responsibility, how does body-mind set about it?

This is where we have to remember that body is social as well as personal. In thinking about body we must always have in mind that there are two bodies. In the words of Mary Douglas, which I have quoted so often in my teaching: "The two bodies are the self and society: sometimes they are so near as to be almost merged; sometimes they are far apart. The tension between them allows the

elaboration of meanings." Allows, and also call for. It is the tension (think of all that necessary sexual pretence) between those two bodies which allows, and calls for, the integration of responsibility for time and likeness. Dreams should be read with that tension in mind. They are as much about *our* being in the world as about *my* being in the world. A common responsibility.

Consider language. Not only the language of dreams, elusive, unreliable, unexpected, contradictory, inspirational, but the effect that dreamwork (the remembering, recording and discussing of dreams) has on our appreciation of waking language. Language informs and expresses a matrix of likeness that carries both self and society, and in doing so times the world. One of my dreams refers to it as "meshed logic/force". It makes the world telling (as when we say: "She made a telling point when she said that..."), by threading this event with that event. "You see, it was like this". Time and likeness make each other telling, and responsibility for that making rests (uneasily) with body-mind.

Or, another instance, money (yet again). Money mediates between the two bodies. Having it or not, buying and selling, saving and spending, money as capital, money as interest, money inherited, money earned, money made, money won, money printed, they are all manifestations of that tension which allows for the elaboration of meaning between self and society. On the one hand, sex, hunger, nurture, killing. On the other, politics, law, economics, art. Money pulses with the tension between self and society, and the responsibility for its management rests (uneasily) with body-mind.

Or, consider machines. Machines feature prominently in these dreams of mine. Long before the computer, machines put mind to work in bodies other than our own. The motor car embodied and minded distances, speed, acceleration, in ways previously unknown to body. It changed body's understanding of accident, killing, victim. With the coming of the computer, the brain is now out there, manipulating complexity with a speed far beyond the reach of body-mind as we once knew it. To what extent computers are mindlike is already an urgent political question. How we answer it will be decisive for our future.

What is it that my dreams are saying about cars and computers, ships' engines, nuclear reactors and MRI scanners? I have them, I record them, I read them through and discuss them, and yet I can't say. But there is a telling there. Perhaps in a hundred years time they will be read with an understanding that is still in the making. The question they pose for us now is: are we willing to take responsibility for that "still-in-the-making"?

## 6 Christianity

Jung called it "the big monster of the historical past, the great snake of the centuries, the burden of the human mind".

Christianity would like to believe that it has reconciled history to nature, nature to history. My dreams approach it with a rather psychotic curiosity. During the first fourteen years covered by this selection that curiosity led me to baptism and then confirmation into the christian church. Subsequently it goaded and coaxed me to speak of my trying to get out of it in papers read in London to the Jung Club and to the Guild of Pastoral Psychology, in 1974, 1981, 1983, 1988 (see my collected papers) and 1994, 1997 (as yet unpublished).

For a reading of this book what needs to be said is that I believe christian theology of redemption to be wrong. To get the feeling right: frighteningly, and ludicrously, wrong. If I am to respond to my being caught between history and nature, I have to enter into the how and why of that wrong. Which is not possible without feeling and attention of a kind that presume responsibility over against God.

The sense of God in my dreams is

- of a face that I cannot bear to look upon;
- of person with the likeness of male and female, yet compellingly, obscenely, inclusively, It;
- of body making up mind;
- of mind translating body;
- of hunger conceiving its own satisfaction;
- of taste made questionable;
- of originality dependent on responsibility;
- of gratuitous opportunity;

of cleanliness that can drive us mad;  
of experiment that crosses agency with suffering;  
of riddling;  
of direction uniquely reversed;  
of blood on the leaves of a tree.

Not the christian God (though a case might be made for it being the God of our Bible).

Yet what I am caught in is inescapably, irreversibly, christian.

As I said in a talk to the Jung Club in London, on October 4, 1997, with my three children, aged 40, 38 and 27 in the audience, christianity has successfully altered the purchase of history on nature. But its theology of redemption is wrong. Whether we call ourselves christian or not, we are all caught in that success and in that wrong. To respond, we need a theology of experiment.

Instead of redemption, experiment. How to get the feeling right? A new testament. Intimate beliefs to be revised, or abandoned. Responsibility to be relocated. An experiment with incarnation that is translating into an experiment with creation. Everybody and everything carrying, and carried on, the real possibility that it may fail.

My dreams take me inside that possibility. What it feels like to be there is told in these pages.

### **7 A systemic responsibility**

Dreams can be read as revealing of personality if we wish. But they can also be read for what they say about a common responsibility. And if, as Jung advised us, we stay with the dream, allowing it to say just what it says, be just what it is, we will recognise that that responsibility is what the dream itself is interested in.

In sharing the raw material of our dreaming we can contribute to what (following Mary Douglas once again) I think of as a *systemic* responsibility. The more we can compare other peoples' dreaming with our own the more we realise that behind all our various personal associations there is a systemic responsibility at work. Not

just in the consulting room or in the specially assembled group, but in the IT ALL in which we have our part to play. The social body, what used to be called the body politic, needs reminding of this responsibility. In publishing my dreams I hope to assist at that reminding. But I would like to persuade others to join me.

Perhaps the word apprehension will help. It keeps us in play between surprise and suspicion. I have found it useful in the consulting room, with its mix of fear and understanding. Publishing our dreams, so that we have many many more to compare, will change the climate of apprehension, the social weather that determines how fear and understanding affect each other.

We fear that our political, economic, religious, systems may fail. Imagination can seize up, patience short circuit, panic foreclose on reflection. Dreams put fear to work. They familiarise us with terror, yet plot a world beyond. We need to share the fear so as to share in the plotting. We need to know more of other peoples' terrors as sleep catches them between the eventfulness of everyday and the drama of IT ALL, to sample and touch and taste their plotting of worlds beyond. Not only the so called big dreams, which taken on their own can seem more important than they are. The intimacy of the small dream keeps the big dream in proportion, changing the climate of daily and nightly apprehension, enabling us to reimagine events we are caught in, to entertain fresh possibilities, to allow plots to research their own resolution.

History and nature are in the making, every day, every night. We are apprehensive of that making. In sharing our dreams we share that apprehension, exercise a systemic responsibility.