
Northrop Frye Newsletter

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Northrop Frye's Notebook 3

This Newsletter contains the first 171 entries in Frye's Notebook 3, which dates from the period 1946-48. The additional thirteen entries contained in the notebook were written a decade later.

[1] If one translates the terms of conventional theologies into psychological terms, one gets some interesting results. Deism is psychologically the low water-mark of the religious life, with God sound asleep in the soul and the soul carrying on automatically. Two types of such Deism are theoretically possible: the Ijim or savage type, in which the organism works with automatic accuracy, as in Yeats's Phase 2,¹ and the Victorian civilized type, in which God becomes an external compulsion or superego.

[2] The religious life, then, begins with a call to this sleeping God to awake. In Isaiah & most of the prophets the experience is national as well as individual, and in most Christian thought it is an invitation to Christ to enter from the outside. In either case the awakening results in a mental revolution in which God seizes control of the superego and life becomes self-directed (a paradox latent here will be expanded later), "directed" implying, of course, a direction or way. The situation in Milton is striking: God begins the action by begetting his son, i.e., transforming himself into a principle capable of taking on human form, & can be overthrown through unawareness.

[3] Such a God at the beginning is a foreign body, a largely impotent critic of creativity, and as he gains more power he takes over more and more of the actor until he becomes the actor's essential self, a self no

longer individual but universal. This process is the liberation of the actor from his entanglement in a “fallen” world.

[4] The Christian Gospel and Indian Buddhist systems associated with the word yoga seem to me to make sense of this process, & perhaps the same sense. The advantage of using the latter is that Hindu Buddhist conceptions have for us fewer misleading associations of ideas left over from childhood, and the thunder of their false doctrines is less oppressive in our ears than the thunder of ours. The Christian conception of “sin” is heavy with moral significances that would be better away, especially when associated with ideas which defy Jesus’ explicit statements about the certainty of acceptance. Again, I’m certain that Blake is right in interpreting forgiveness of sins as the release of divine energy in the soul, & not as a cancelling of a moral account.² Orthodox Christian thought, too, seems to rest on a hazy duality of soul & body, even when teaching the resurrection of the latter: look at Dante’s vision of the spiritual world as *without* bodies, *waiting* for a Last Judgment, yet substantially (if that is a good word) the orthodox vision of eternal realities. We seem so unwilling to believe that Jesus’ “word” healed as well as taught, and pooh-pooh the relationship of physical exercises to mental & spiritual development—prayer *and* *fasting* were Jesus’ instructions. The Catholics made an exception of ascetic and penitential practices, but only because they express an antipathy of soul & body. And the Christian God seems to persist in the spiritual life as an incubus or Isvara.³ The role of grace will doubtless become clearer to me later, but at present I feel sure that the abolition of Isvara is an essential preliminary step, that the Indians are right in subordinating the idea of God to the process of spiritual development. Finally, it’s possible to get more precise words in Indian thought, to feel however dimly something of the genius of the language in which they occur. Owing to what I suppose is a series of accidents (perhaps it proves the necessity of private judgment) the Gospel is a chaos of vague words. When Jesus speaks of “righteousness” the word is an English word, perse with moral, ecclesiastical and Christianized Pharisee overtones, translating δικαιοσυνη [justice], which is from Greek legalism and suggests the δικη [trial] of that dismal idiot Euthyphro,⁴ and which in turn translates an Aramaic word I don’t know translating a concept with a Hebrew background.⁵ I have to recreate it into something more like “rightness,” but think how clear such a word as Tathagatca⁶ is!

[5] The one thing that bothers me is the contrast between the visionary, evangelical spirit of Christianity, the collision with a stupid world which made Jesus suffer and die, not in spite of his harmlessness, but because of it, and the supreme conventionality of yogi as well as Aristotelian ideas—not that such conventionality isn’t pretty solidly established in Christianity too, of course. Blake says only the active Christ can be recreated,⁷ but that might as well as in Christ’s case lead to persecution & social disaster, whereas the yogi says that the practice of yoga tranquilizes one’s surroundings. Perhaps two different kinds of yoga are involved in a sort of Rintrah-Palamabron pattern—I’ll have to leave it until later. Note in the meantime that according to Blake Rintrah guarantees the integrity of Palamabron.⁸

[6] All the clean-minded authorities, from Patanjali⁹ to Castiglione, insist on an absolute identity of mind & body. All religions including the Protestant (alcohol) made taboos and fetishes in diet, for instance, & that’s the legalistic analogy of the fact that one does find oneself being poisoned by certain things (the most obvious instance in my case being an overdose of coffee) and perhaps narcotics & stimulants, perhaps even meat, do gradually fade out of the diet. I find myself unusually sensitive to alcohol: I feel perceptibly more stupid after a single drink. Breathing, too: I find it advisable to change the “lean” of my breath, as I often catch myself breathing in for a long time, which I think is a symptom of laziness and timidity. We’re told that the heartbeat comes under control in later stages, perhaps the adjustment of heart & lungs rhythms is the basis. Ascetic practices are said to be useful in breaking up habit: I should

think it more essential to build up habits, & get rid rather of physical fears & phobias. I haven't got this clear: Suso¹⁰ seemed to know what he was about.

[7] Patanjali says Sattva,¹¹ Castiglione (or Hoby) grace & recklessness, Aristotle the mean. All three mean what Samuel Butler means when he speaks of complete knowledge as unconscious knowledge. The first stage of awareness is a "morbid" self-consciousness of which schizophrenia is the opposite, as lunacy is the opposite of creating forms & conditions of existence & atheism the opposite of secular mysticism. Then comes, with practice and a continuous relentless analysis, a gradual overcoming of the rigidity begotten by this self-consciousness.

[8] A number of such "opposites" soon make their appearance. Serenity is the opposite of the sentimental cheerfulness advocated by professional optimists. Wrath is the opposite of irritation, being an expression of strength & clear-sightedness as the latter expresses weakness & panic. Carlyle writes out of uncontrollable irritation & fizzles & farts in a vacuum; Marx rises to wrath & explodes the world. Creative repetition, the spiral of practice, is the basis of everything worth doing; its opposite is the "vain repetitions" of all God-forsaken minds.¹²

[9] Yoga attaches great importance to "muttering" ritual forms (dharani)¹³ and to the working word, the mantra or verbum mirificum. In the West, learning to listen to music easily and without panic is a valuable discipline: note that "cultivating a taste" for anything genuine is essentially the removal of the barriers of panic & laziness. For music, painting, & literature in one's native language at least, learning about the subject is of subordinate importance, and the plea of ignorance is mainly a rationalization of panic & laziness. That's why any difficulty in art breeds such resentment.

[10] Continuing with my idea of the oppositeness of wrath & irritation, I suppose we imply when we speak of the wrath of God that God is incapable of irritation. Wrath is the attitude of goodness contemplating badness, and safeguards its complementary emotion of pity (R-P [RintraH-Palamabron] again). So when the Puritan has a conviction of sin he really means that God has already awakened within him and is in the impotent-critic stage I mentioned earlier [par. 3]. But he is prevented from articulating this correctly by his doctrine of the externality of God.

[11] An idea presents itself at first as a crystallization of experience, as something created out of the duality of knower & known. Many creators of ideas stick at the miser stage of development, and spend their time playing with them. Or rather, we distinguish here between accumulators of ideas (such as Yeats had in mind when he spoke of the American passion for ideas combined with the American intellectual indolence)¹⁴ and those who produce their own but have reverted to the original miserly impulse to play with their own excreta. But the idea is not really an idea as long as it retains the taint of objectivity in relation to its creator: it has to become a power of the soul. Freud remarks that the role of sex in neuroses was well understood by Charcot,¹⁵ but that there is a great difference between knowing a thing and realizing it: one is to the other as a flirtation to the marriage expressed in the French phrase *épouser les idées*. I agree, except that marriage here implies complete mental and bodily absorption.

[12] This is connected with the fact that the obvious is the opposite of the commonplace. The aphorism represents most clearly the stage at which the idea is able to pass into a power. If it does (following the miser imagery above) it is potable gold & becomes medicinal; if it does not it turns into shit, like fairy gold. The latter is the platitude, which is what all aphorisms are that are not realized. Ask the greatest of intellects to give you some help by indicating from his own experience how to use the mind. What the hell could he say that couldn't be translated into the slogans of the sort of book Thurber deals with in *Let Your Mind Alone*. Train your mind. Adopt regular habits. Concentrate your powers on the task in hand. Eliminate prejudice & see the world as it really is. Two dollars at your nearest drugstore. What more could Aristotle say? What more does Jesus actually say? I suppose everyone knows this, but one of the

major activities of art consists in sharpening the edge of platitudes to make them enter the soul as realities. A simple change in vowel-quantity may (I don't say it does) make the whole difference.

[13] When art becomes obscure it has forgotten the fact that the reason for avoiding the commonplace is to discover the obvious. There can be no such thing as the revelation of a mystery, and everyone knows that perfect simplicity is the only way of expressing complex and original ideas. I seem to be radiating off here into a paper, & had better write out the paper. I feel that, just as there was a silly tendency in the romantic period to glorify genius and talk about "mere science," so a more modern tendency to glorify religious experience and talk about mere genius may prove equally silly. I don't want the reduction of religion to aesthetics, but the abolition of aesthetics & the incorporating of art with the Word of God. Also I think that the romantic conception of a mysterious & haphazard appearance of a "genius" qualitatively different from other men leads to a decadent separation of art from life by associating genius exclusively with hypertrophied specialization.

[14] I'm not saying, with Carlyle, that a great poet could have been an equally great anything else, but I do feel that genius is a power of the soul and that powers of the soul can be developed by everyone. If to be a son of God is greater than to be a genius, the greater should include the less, not exclude it—there's something more than mere word-jingles there. The fact that under the stimulation of a "great age" or certain period of clarity in art a wider diffusion of genius becomes actual suggests to me that it is always potential.

[15] The Tibetans say that when you die you get a flash of reality (Chik-hai Bardo)¹⁶ that for everyone except a yogi saint is bewildering & unrecognizable, whereupon you pass into a plane of hallucination (Chon-yid Bardo) & then seek a womb of rebirth (Sidpa Bardo). I don't know about after death, but it's an excellent account of all other crises of the spirit, & so may be true of that one. So often it happens in meeting someone who needs help & can be helped (or encouraged) there comes a sudden flash of the right thing to do, the courteous & beautiful act, instantly smothered under a swarm of spawning Selfhood illusions of timidity, laziness, selfishness & the rest, whereupon the moment of what we rightly call inspiration passes, and we return to the ordinary level of existence. It's only rarely that we even recall having such a moment, & perhaps the capacity for having them could be destroyed. One of the major efforts of all discipline is to unbury the consciousness of the moment that Satan can't find, as Blake calls it.¹⁷ Hence the importance of achieving spontaneity, Butler's unconsidered control. In social relationships we always admire the person who acts, to quote Blake again, from impulse & not from rules,¹⁸ and we assume, however unconsciously, that such impulses can be trained to achieve adequate & accurate expression. That is perhaps why Jesus stresses the unconsidered life—I'm not thinking of the lily passage [Matthew 6:28] so much as the instructions to the apostles not to rehearse their speeches [Matthew 10:19–20]. It is true, however, that the way of achieving such development is to concentrate on the present moment, which implies that all idealization or brooding over the past, and all idealization or worry over the future, are diseases of the soul—hence the lily passage.

[16] My idea of perfect discipline of this kind, at least in mental production, is not, or rather not only, the terrific concentration that it would be possible to develop in loneliness, but the swivelling flexibility of a Mozart writing out a symphony with his friends around him. I tend to seek streetcars & restaurants when I want this kind of balance, but it's a sheltered sort of balance—a radio destroys it, my glance is cringing & blinded, and above all I want worn paths: I dislike exploring, except in rare cases. The radio is the subtlest attack on human peace of mind yet made, and constitutes a major obstacle, perhaps in many cases an insuperable one, to it. I know that music—often bad music—is continually playing in my semi-conscious, and when I shut it off, which I do with some difficulty, the sense of quiet is startling. I suppose radios incarnate the semiconsciousness of others, and of course increase the mental disturbance

they've turned on to soothe. Note that third-degree tortures—glaring lights & loud radios—merely intensify what we all have to live with most of the time. Even the beating with rubber merely intensifies the vibrations of machines.

[17] Women find it much easier to achieve integration of spirit than men, I think, in spite of the very considerable handicap of menstruation. Something physical—their adolescence is shorter & I have obstinately felt that their bodily centre of gravity was lower & made them less gangling & awkward. The attention they put on clothes & physical appearance indicates that it is impossible really to fool them about the relation of mind to body, & this close relationship extends to the fact that their range of interests is very closely proportional to their eyesight: their bodies first, then their homes & families, then their acquaintances, & business, politics & abstract ideas a background haze. The concreteness of their education makes them more observant of the subtleties of behavior than men, although most of the humor & critical insight of this gets frittered away in an aimless tee-heeing. On the other hand, it's a limited achievement, & in old age they seem to give up & go senile more easily. But when urbanity is a present ideal in their education they can do extraordinary things—the spiritual discipline of Jane Austen's Elizabeth Bennett is an example, and Jane Austen's conceptions of sense, liberality & candour are in their way as searching as anything in Castiglione. I've spoken of urban ideas, Patanjali's Sattva, Aristotle's mean, Castiglione's grace, as supremely conventional ideas [par. 7, above], and I think it significant that as many of our best novelists, whose duty is partly to illustrate such ideals as well as the privation of them, have been conventional to the verge of fussiness. The Jane Austen discipline for women has in part survived; the Castiglione tradition has disappeared and no other male discipline has replaced it that is any good. Result, matriarchy and male infantilism, of the kind celebrated by all modern humor.

[18] The reason why the obvious is the opposite of the commonplace is that the latter is the valuation placed on the former by the instinctive resistance of the Selfhood to all efforts at improving it. I am, let us say, an intellectual weakling, chronically tired, depressed, nervous & irritable. A vulgar person comes in, slaps me on the back & says: "What you need is exercise—stick your chest out & get a lungful of God's air!" I fish my false teeth out of the wastepaper basket and go into impotent paroxysms of fury against his vulgarity. Yet, he may well be right—perhaps my posture is bad, & bad because of an apologetic subconscious dislike of showing any signs of competing with the physically vigorous. If I'm tall, I may bend over, or if I'm short stick my belly out, so as not to stand straight up like a damned soldier. Perhaps my breathing is gasping & convulsive & done at the tip end of my lungs & producing an unrecognized irritation on me all day for the same reason. Well, I say, even if this is true he had no damn business whacking me on the back. This fact takes me into the inner mysteries of Karma, which no one I know in the West has really explored except Samuel Butler.

[19] Karma means both act and destiny, creation to the self-directed man, *the* creation to the ordinary man. Misfortunes do not occur to the former: he may meet suffering & persecution & poverty, but he chooses them as part of his creation of life; he does not merely accept them as "sent." The misfortune is thus a sign of unenlightenment, & when the Erewhonians say that misfortunes are the fault of their victims, they are more nearly right than those who replace "fault" with "luck." There is a type of accident which is simply the result of being in a certain place at a certain time, such as being struck by lightning, & that indicates that self-direction has not penetrated through the consciousness to the instinctive level which would perhaps have preserved the life of an animal in a similar situation. But, of course, there may be an accident which is simply the result of being alive in an imperfect world, and on this much tragedy (The Book of Job, for instance) is based. The preoccupation of the Old Testament with "lot" (which to a Westerner is externally assigned by God of fate, & to an Easterner drawn by man before birth) reflects the same ambiguity. But, to get back to me & the vulgar person, the situation is clear enough. If I had

been properly adjusted, my back would have been somewhere else (not that I'd have dodged, of course) and his hand would have landed on an ink bottle or a filing spike.

[20] Patanjali says that the yogi first of all achieves absolute “kindliness,” whereupon other men, children & animals flock about him. I don't know what the Sanskrit word is, but “kindliness” is clearly wrong.¹⁹ Pure kindliness is more likely to be an expression of weakness than of strength; it has an ingratiating, over-anxious quality that is as often as not resented. What really fascinates both men & animals is a magnetism of spirit in which a certain reserve & detachment is invariably present (Patanjali teaches this, of course, which is why I assume that his Sanskrit is all right). The leader for whom men will die is not necessarily a kind man, but he is necessarily a man who can suggest that he has no need of his follower, or at any rate that it is an objective duty to follow him. Not to show this is weakness, & I think that the qualities attracting other men are the same as the qualities that attract children & animals. Women, as is well known, employ the same reserve to enhance their attractiveness. This is the superstitious or idolatrous form of recognizing that if another man is detached from you he may be detached from himself.

[21] Otto's book on mysticism says there are two different ways, a way of introspection & a way of unifying vision.²⁰ That sounds like a Kantian or even Lockian assumption of duality. Surely the discovery of the self and the unifying of vision are and always must be the same thing.

[22] I suppose the most difficult decisions for an inspired man to make are those that don't matter a damn. For the swift & automatic certitude of inspiration is always consciousness and reason in slow motion, & for a man in the position of a donkey equidistant between a thistle & a carrot—say between two turnstiles—there is no underlying reason, at most only some compulsion which a perfectly disciplined man shouldn't have. I suppose he'd wait for several minutes, & then slowly turn anti-clockwise north of the equator & clockwise south of it, or whichever it is.

[23] At all costs one should keep out of moral rat-traps. I was recently thinking how clear was Jesus' instruction not to swear, what a miserably dodge the 39th (I think: the one on oaths anyway)²¹ Article was, & then I wondered whether I conscientiously take an oath in court. I shall not soon forget the sense of relief I felt when I suddenly refused to have anything more to do with this dilemma or any others of its kind. Again, a certain amount of hypocrisy, of pretending or giving the impression you've read something when you haven't, is inevitable. The self-directed life says: admitting that you shouldn't mislead students or kid yourself, your primary duty is to plug the gaps in your reading as soon as possible & in the meantime avoid distracting your students' attention from their own ignorance to yours. The superego says: your primary duty is to be absolutely honest with yourself & them—a murderous piece of nonsense. Oh well, maybe I'd have sacrificed to idols in Rome—certainly I'd have lapped up the meat offered to them fast enough.

[24] I got confused in my discussion of karma and one's “lot” [par. 19], obviously: my point is rather that most tragedy is based on a catastrophe which reveals the ambiguity of the conception, being neither the hero's fault nor his destiny, but a compound of both in which both elements disappear. Hence Milton's difficulty in trying to eliminate destiny from Adam; hence the emptiness of *Shikhsal* tragedies that exclude fault and, of course, of all interpretations of *αναγκη* [necessity] & *μοιρα* [fate] that are based on Schopenhauer & Hartmann. The conception of *υβρις* [pride] allows the Greeks to keep tragedy conservative in respect to the gods: the radical revelation of tragedy is the Socrates-Jesus-St. Joan case of tragedy without *υβρις*. Also, my point about wrath & irritation has ideally some truth—there is a difference between a strong impersonal desire for amendment & a weak personal desire to scare off—but in a world like this sharp lines can't be drawn. Was it wrath or irritation that got loose in Luther when he raved against the Anabaptists? It was irritation masquerading as wrath & where we have masquerade we

have drama, the hypocrite-actor. Luther's case was tragedy, for himself & for all Europe, & some comedy (ass in the lion's skin) if one could be sufficiently detached from its consequences. The μῆτις [wrath] of Achilles is exactly the same tragic (& to some extent comic) masquerade.

[25] The first stage of awakening, the impotent critic stage, is a descent to the depths of darkness, & a preaching to those in hell. Christ at this stage is a censor, which is why he is so difficult to distinguish from the superego (not that I'm familiar enough with Freud's later work to know just what the relation of censor to superego is). I don't know either whether at this stage one should conceive of oneself as incubating a stumbling & fumbling Christ, as attempting to grow towards unification with Christ, as the real self as a Christ attempting to become oneself, or not, and that's why it seems best to me to leave Christ out of the immediate picture. I want to get out of hell, like Dante, with the aid of the sort of thing that Virgil represents. But I want to go back through the wood to where I started from, to return from my exile from earth, to climb from Plato's shadow cave to the real new earth. But I don't want to find myself on the other side of that world scrambling up a moral bodiless purgatory. Hence my anxiety to split the self-directing censor off from the superego.

[26] And it is at this stage that one should remember that the perfect *moral* life of Jesus is an abysmally sterile conception. If one reads his interpretations of the 6th & 7th commandments in the Sermon on the Mount as a new & codified moral law [Matthew 5:20-1, 27-8], one falls under an intolerable bondage. Better Moses' whip than Jesus' scorpion: these passages must be read in terms of a technique of progress, so that not looking at a woman to lust after her becomes a by-product of that progress & not an antecedent rule for it. Milton then is quite right in his conception of the divorce business.²² Surely that's what the Protestant insistence on faith alone ought to work out to. True, the moral law is the bedrock of all spiritual building, for, to change a dangerous figure, spiritual progress is concentric rather than eccentric. Doing what other people like to see you do is fine as a basis, but if one keeps on one discovers a philosopher's stone that will dissolve the bedrock. And that's what one has to know in the censor stage of preaching without healing, when the word has not yet acquired power.

[27] The present moment is both the opportunity to escape into reality, the moment Satan can't find,²³ & a link in a chain of causation stretching indefinitely into past & future. The former has to be created on the basis provided by the latter. The past & the future are the two great enemies, of tyranny & mystery respectively, yet so much in them is essential that the problem of breaking off from them is not so easy. Blake says the imagination has nothing to do with memory,²⁴ but that's only polemically true & is very misleading. Art is based on the creative repetition of practice, which is memory coming into being, or Being, and similarly many signs of imaginative health, from flair in sizing up a situation to the instinct of self-preservation, relate to the future. But it is true that all mental disease is born of brooding & worry, fear of past & future respectively. Hemingway says cowardice (distinguished from panic) is the inability to stop the imagination from functioning.²⁵ Rather, it's the inability to prevent the imagination from straying away from the present situation to speculation on future possibilities. We walk easily along a plank stretched between two trestles: stretched between the roofs of two buildings it's a different matter. In the latter case the latent Tamas²⁶ death-wish of the Selfhood makes its appearance beyond the self-preservative instinct in the form of giddiness. This, I think, is how Milton conceived the pinnacle temptation [*Paradise Regained*, bk. 3]: it was an assault on the inmost physical integrity of Christ, to see if he had any death-wish (i.e., natural longing to worship Satan, expressible either in a suicidal giddiness, for Satan is death & giddiness is homage to him, or in falling off & hoping for external angelic aid, i.e., trusting to luck, i.e., paying homage to Satan, who is luck) left in him.

[28] The older one becomes, the longer one's past record grows & the narrower one's future possibilities become. Hence a creative resolution has to some extent to be based on that, and a desire for something

entirely impossible on that basis, to add a cubit to one's stature, to start at forty to learn to outbox Joe Louis or outplay Heifetz, points to a maladjustment. The child is a being of no hampering past record & a future of infinite possibility, which is why we smile and him, & say he is in the state of innocence. Hence to take the present moment as a moment of progress, without regard to past habits or future limitation, is a recovery of innocence, a becoming as a child, & a new birth. The result is a spasmodic effort at a new life which is energized by novelty & then peters out, as the innocence of childhood itself does. Two motives are bad: the ambition for specific rather than total rebirth, and a comparative rather than a positive goal for the specific by-products. A resolve to practice the piano, as opposed to attempting to live a life in which music has an organic part, is an example of the former; a desire to play as well as or better than someone else as opposed to the desire to integrate music with one's life & one's life with music, is an example of the latter.

[29] I seem to be trying to interpret as much of the Gospels as possible in Yoga terms. I am quite content to regard this as the lowest possible level of interpretation, but I think it may be the lowest *effective* level, the lowest level on which both preaching & healing are to be found. Preachers today adumbrate & shadow forth higher meanings, but their words are not with power: the can expound the Sermon on the Mount but they cannot get a paralytic scrambling to his feet, and even the stupidest psychiatrist makes a better job of casting out devils. I am beginning to wonder if the whole monastic movement wasn't fundamentally a yogi interpretation of Scripture, & if the secularized monastery, freed from the oppression of a priesthood—the Abbey of Theleme,²⁷ in short, isn't (as in fact I have long thought it was) the real city of light. St. Thomas Aquinas & Luther were monks: Erasmus & Rabelais runaway (secularized) monks—well, Luther ran away too, but got trapped into another church.

[30] I feel that Yoga, like a golden age or great school in art, helps to develop and democratize the sort of development the mystics go through, instead of helplessly leaving it to the haphazard appearance of genius. I see nothing vulgar—quite the contrary—in adopting techniques for practising such developments, & that's why I find this Underhill hag I'm reading now on mysticism²⁸ so dismally unrewarding, except for her quotations & references. On p. 75 she quotes an article by one Godfernaux in the *Revue Philosophique* Feb. 1902 as remarking that romanticism represents the invasion of secular literature by religious or mystic emotion, & so a secularization of the inner life. She also refers to Brémond's *Prière et Poésie*.²⁹ Sounds like the cornerstone of *Rencontre*, if I ever write that damned thing.³⁰

[31] As I continue reading, it occurs to me that the word “mystic” seems to bifurcate. On the one hand, it relates to a specific tradition & approach, a high Bhakti yoga³¹ or practice of communion with Being in love. As such, it seems to me (this is subject to change without notice) perfectly valid as far as it goes, but inclined by its temperament & symbols to stay on the Beulah level of the married creature: fragmentary & disjointed in utterance (“Amor nescit ordinem,”³² says Gertrude More), humorless, because its search for unity makes it determined to overlook the incongruous, tending to apotheosize the female will, which is why so many women go for it (Lady Julian of Norwich says the Father “willed that the Second Person should become our Mother”),³³ tending to make its last court of appeal subjective, & of the type of mysterious orthodoxy which insists on how possible it is to have one's Nobodaddy & eat him too. On the other hand, if Plotinus & Eckhart & Sankara³⁴ are mystics, one begins to see in what sense Plato, St. Thomas Aquinas & Dante, who all get extensively quoted in any serious study of mysticism, are also mystics. Here the term mystic tends to mean that large & more powerful comprehensiveness of mind (*and* speech *and* soul *and* all the other words) which makes a poet a Dante & not a Shelley, a composer a Bach & not a Wagner, a philosopher a Plato & not a Descartes, a contemplative a St. Theresa & not a Guyon.³⁵ Now one can illegitimately confuse these meanings, as I think the Underhill woman unconsciously does, so as to suggest that *a* way is actually *the* way. Or one can unite the partial to the

total, & see the complete mystic way as one of a group of means of developing the soul. I feel that this perception, this ability to see the whole process in perspective, is the true Raja Yoga,³⁶ which differs from all others in being the power of perceiving other approaches as Yogas. Now Blake, though he takes art for his yoga, is very clear about the necessity of attaining this final perspective from which art appears as a means to its own end.

[32] Orthodox Christian experience seems to me to be mystical in its very essence, and (again subject to change) I think I see why the Indians claim that Bhakti is the shortest & easiest of the yogas. It doesn't take the world up with it, but slips out of the world, & uses Jacob's ladder as a back stairs. It gets to the same place, but without exercising the larger regenerative power of the prophet & the artist. Mysticism may be then the gospel that the Man of Sorrows gave to Theotormon, likely to remain, as Theotormon³⁷ does in America, in bondage to the moral law & the female will, but provided with "care" (*cura animarum* [the cure of souls]): Otto says this distinguishes a Christian from an Indian mystic,³⁸ & he may be right in the sense that the preliminary consciousness of the final perspective may have a congealing effect on the Indian) which is really the awareness of the value of other yogas.

[33] I've said that the monastic movement—at least that phase of it that ended with the great Benedictine period—was in a way Christian yoga, & as such the Church's conquest of it was perhaps a more remarkable assimilation than its conquest of local cults. Putting this beside my idea of orthodox Christian mysticism as a Bhakti Yoga, it's easier to understand the association of such mysticism with militant monasticism. In the tendency of great mystics to create rival holy orders there is something of revolt, something of sacrifice, when the rival order is laid on the Church's altar. Hence the number of saints produced by mysticism—saints in the cynical official Roman sense of those who have acquired a special cultic significance from the Church for having been remarkably useful to it. But Joachim of Floris has a hint of an order of things in which the monastery takes over the church & the world.

[34] That is the expanded secular monastery I want: I want the grace of Castiglione as well as the grace of Luther, a graceful as well as a gracious God, and I want all men & women to enter the Abbey of Theleme where instead of poverty, chastity and obedience they will find richness, love and *fay ce que voudras*;³⁹ for what the Bodhisattva wills to do is good.

[35] Speaking of grace, I don't know what free or prevenient are supposed to mean; but surely the fact that so few develop spiritual power in life is a natural & not a supernatural fact. The rarity of saints represents, like the rarity of all forms of human greatness, the contraceptive & abortive apparatus of that whorish madam Nature operating on a plane where it has no business to be. The wind bloweth where it listeth because it's wind, & doesn't know any better. The utter rejection of natural religion, then, entails the rejection of the notion, involved in most conceptions of predestination & election & the like, that God wills a selection from humanity. The implications of this go a long way: it seems at present to reverse Barth's doctrine that to reject natural religion is to reject the *analogia entis*.⁴⁰

[36] The word Bodhisattva appears to mean enlightenment or vision & rhythm; theory & practice of reality. It is fascinating to become conscious of all one's unconscious processes in order to become unconscious of them again: it's a new birth, for though a very young baby can be trained to correct automatisms, they break up when the age of self-will begins, and a change of form or style is needed in life as in athletics. In studying one's own rhythms one can gain some comprehension of the easy relaxed control of untrammled power that there is in Bach & Dante. It isn't a matter of stained-glass attitudes: it's plugging the leaks in one's hose: I suspect the irritability of minor writers may often be connected with the difficulty with which they write. Walking & breathing without ugliness or grotesqueness; building the subtle sexual rhythms of two bodies into love; speaking in spinning, whirling, curling sentences, sitting still without fiddling with keys or coins or other substitutes for the *membrum virile*, being free of all silly

compulsions to design & arrange things, of all panic & laziness, of all automatic stimuli that lead to convulsive or cringing movements, being able always to place & time one's personality with perfect accuracy, in conversation, in piano playing, in everything one does, being able to ignore the repulsive side of what one sees—all this is the sort of thing that leads to serenity. The same principles apply to the mind: the ability not to dislike any part of one's job, to follow music & foreign languages without distraction, to read, write, & practice without centrifugal fantasies & without distaste for difficulty or "dryness," to alternate steady persistence in a course of reading with relaxation into free critical association: in short, always to stand at ease & at attention at the same time: all this would be heaven too.

[37] Why do I want to live like this? Well, why do I want to write books? Not to make money, obviously: to acquire fame & a better job? These things are as easily got as money by quicker means. To increase my self-respect with the sense of a job well done? I could do without that. To make me happier? That's closer, for happiness is a by-product, but not a goal, much less a final cause. Because there's a deeper compulsion in me that says I must? Bullshit. I don't want to write books at all: I just intend to write them, & doing so is a completely unmotivated act. So with the other.

[38] The professors of high Bhakti have a ferocity of spirit that enables them to break & twist themselves, to pluck out eyes that offend them, to eliminate the centrifugal in matters of faith. They have not only the drive but the sense of direction to know what they're doing, & they are self-pruning plants. Beside Pascal's "depuis environ dix heures et demie du soir jusques environ minuit et demie, Feu,"⁴¹ I suppose my placid Castiglione-Mozart reverie looks very limp, pallid & decadent. But even if I have only a shrivelled last rose of summer to lay on the altar, I won't blame it altogether on the lateness & sophistication of the age. Granted that a late age of culture breeds a self-consciousness which tends to inhibit the creative powers of the soul by a premature knowledge of their processes, this knowledge is not itself untrue, & yet it has undermined the old forms. Take the question of tolerance. The Spanish mystics in their monasteries were trying to live in the garden of Eden after the Fall, surrounded, like Brynhild, with a wall of fire,⁴² a hideously cruel & foolish Covering Cherub fed by the burning bodies of heretics. I do not deny Loyola's kind of courage, but I am more impressed by the heretics' kind, & hope it will prove more acceptable to God.

[39] Now this tolerance is not merely liberalism or weakness of spirit: it is a product of a type of knowledge, even of vision, that I dare not & cannot decry. How does high Bhakti express itself? In charitable works. That to me means working for the C.C.F. [Co-operative Commonwealth Federation]. In miracles of healing. I admire more the abortionist who risks a penitentiary sentence to help terrified women. In contempt of the world. My model there is an author who works for years on a book so "dirty" it gets banned. These are all *new moral facts*; they are not expressions of rebelliousness or perversity. And because of them we must look for aspects of God which we have not looked for before. The female saint that knows she is transferring the language of sexual love to God must have known as well as Freud what the "great wound" that began her development was all about. Naturally her sensor suppressed the information, her readers cooperate, & even in the age of Freud it is still true that, as the sheriff says in a well-known folk tale, the just person who says cunt gets both barrels. Nevertheless it isn't new knowledge but a new power of knowledge, a new courage to know, that's important. Hence we must find our new courage, or rather found it in God himself. We must cling to a God who approves of blasphemy because he hates Jehovah & Nobodaddy & Zeus & Isvara & all the other kings of terrors & tyrants of the soul. To a God who appreciates obscenity because he looks not into the secrets of our hearts but into the hearts of our secrets, & knows that our bloodfilled genitals & cocking guts are the real battlefields, not that dull & respectable purper.

[40] So I think, as I have always thought, that there isn't much for me in high Bhakti, & Jnana if not Mantra⁴³—the way of the artist as perceived by the critic, anyway—is my road. Before I have even started on the journey, I know that at the end of it the whole process becomes relative, & art is the one yoga that announces its relativity from the start. So I must proceed to find out (still keeping in touch with all the great Yogins, of course, including the Bhaktis) something about the yogic processes underlying creation. I notice that Underhill says “In the artist[,] the senses have somewhat hindered the perfect inebriation of the soul.”⁴⁴ You have to learn to do without pretzels.

[41] For civilized Palamabron types there has to be, I think, a more or less conscious renunciation of all virtue that lies outside the immediate love of vision & opportunity: the superego is always plunging at the horizon of virtue & getting into trouble. It's a Boy Scout who, seeing bedtime approaching with his good turn undone, leaps into the street & drags an old woman across the road who wanted to stay where she was.

[42] This is all the more essential in view of the way that intelligence increases the possibilities of thought in modern times. We are still influenced by the old eighteenth-century superstition about good impulses, & tend to respect most, among, say, non-thieves, not those who have overcome a temptation to steal, nor those who prefer not stealing but still see the possibility of it, but those to whom the possibility has never occurred. In a sense we are right, but the best of those in class 3 have graduated from class 2, a restless awakened teasing consciousness, exploring all aspects & creating endless fictions & fantasies about all situations, having finally been shut up. There is a disciplinary value in bad thoughts, & I don't believe in a God that says, “Well done, thou good & faithful servant, because thou didst not altogether know what thou wast doing (God, how this churns the language up!) & thy works have a refreshing naivete about them that appeals to my antiquarian eyes.”

[43] It's curious how insistently one tends to make cheap & flippant epigrams about things of which one is ignorant, & how much progress in wisdom is concerned with discovering the positive values of more & more things, or writers, & interpreting even their errors sympathetically. I still feel that in criticism everything positive stands, everything negative dates. As writing gets wiser it drops the tone of polemic, I think it's as literally true as so figurative a statement can be that without charity one is a sounding brass [1 Corinthians 13:1].

[44] It is necessary for one deeply interested in books to acquire the detachment from one's reading that ordinary people have who are not much interested in them: to have something of their massive indifference which is not blown about by every wind of doctrine.

[45] Balzac talks about the contrast between the straight line of being & ascent to God & the curved line of becoming & earthly life. Notice, by the way, how Dante's *Commedia* is a straight line & how all tragedies are carefully plotted parabolas of rise & descent. There is a third movement which is neither straight nor curved but vortical. Dante's hell is a vortex, as probably is Plato's cave, the latter no doubt a literary adaptation of something used in the Orphic mysteries. Hindus & Buddhists insist on the revulsion of mind which sees reality as Mind, but generally assume that it takes so long to get to it that one needs thousands of rebirths. The mystics also think in terms of an ascent, a ladder of development, usually to be completed after death—well, that's the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, which seems to me an effort to adapt the doctrine of rebirth to Christianity. If I had to believe in either, I'd choose rebirth, as purgatory as a set plane of existence different from this doesn't make sense—Dante's purgatory is in this world, by the way. The Protestants identify the initial conversion with the final vortex, & I wonder if this *Lankavatara Sutra* I'm reading, in spite of its traditional guff about a stock of merit accumulated for God knows how long, doesn't point in the same direction.⁴⁵

[46] I suppose one thinks of one's soul as that of a child because it is a tiny fragment of reality, whose tininess & fragmentariness are inherent in its birth as an individual, and who desires to unite to a Father to the extent of giving up its separateness of identity, its original sin in having been born a child. And I suppose something of this feeling enters into all contemplation, even at the lowest stages, for if one only stares vaguely at something there is still something of God in the way that a piece of solid matter unwinkingly stares back.

[47] There doesn't seem to be a recognized yoga of art, not that it matters, for there is one anyway, and I don't have to pretend to myself, as I should to students, that I know what it means. Suppose I call it Sutra-Yoga. Sutra, like strophe & verse, means the turn,⁴⁶ the vortical twist of the mind in the imagined form. Sutra-Yoga, then, is identical with what I have been calling anagogy, & I have to discover its principles—in a sense have already done so. I apologize to the Underhill: she improves as she goes on, & it's only her opening chapters that are feeble. But what she has done with Bhakti I want to do with Sutra, & it's not easy, as there's no tradition until the most dangerous period, the romantic one, & anyway I want to begin with drama. I've already in some sense established the dignity & independence of Sutra as a Yoga that, in spite of the orthodox attempts to dismiss it halfway up the ladder, as Dante does Virgil, goes all the way as Bhakti goes all the way.

[48] What people like Whitehead mean when they say that the Greeks began a tradition of *reason* which makes 50 years of Europe significant in a way that a cycle of Cathay isn't I don't know,⁴⁷ & I don't know either how anyone could bring himself to write down such obvious horseshit. If there is any spot in the world where reason had a clear field it's India; & the whole set-up in China is—or rather was—an enlightened liberal Deism which makes our 18th c. look like what it was—cheap *chinoiserie*. There is some evidence, however, for saying that the Greeks did develop a yoga of art, a technique of visualizing imagination, more civilized, self-conscious & theoretical than the Hebrew development of prophecy. This yoga of art was developed & perhaps connected with another tendency of the West, the tendency to incorporate imaginative tendencies in institutions. Plato presents the interrelation of the creative & the institutional, their conflict, & the defeat of the creative. And the institutional side of Pythagoras & Plato had its centre not in Greece (the ideal Athens is not too far from the ideal Jerusalem) but in Magna Graecia where Plato wanted to found his republic, & its developments are Italian. Roman law & military organization propelled this institutional yoga into Christianity, where it still is. The jealous exclusiveness of Christianity is the other side of its unique *cura animarum* [cure of souls]. Hence all this cloven fiction, this the-west-is-like-*this*-but-the-east-is-like-that foolishness. The one unique thing about the West is its inability to perceive its lack of uniqueness, its dogma of peculiarity, its belief that God planned a high road for the West, with the Greeks contributing reason, Hebrews moral virtue, Romans law, English liberty, & Americans atomic bombs & sanitary napkins, & left the East to rotate helplessly around its own navel until rescued by the West. The fact that the bloody world is round is one of the first things we learn & one of the last we ever believe.

[49] I think the current interest in such writers as Rimbaud & Rilke is also caused by a desire to study, not the "great" artists, but those who have made most obviously a yoga out of art, who have employed art as a discipline of the spirit that takes one all the way. Rimbaud is the great denier & Rilke the great affirmer of this aspect of art.

[50] Part of any study of anagogy is then something I've always planned for the prose book: the study of the *drama* of high Bhakti, examining mystics' autobiographies in search of agagogic & not psychological patterns. The Underhill of course hasn't done this—I don't, like Silberer, regard psychological & anagogical as complementary terms: I regard psychological & hagiographical as subjective & objective fallacies respectively, & anagogy as the combining form.⁴⁸ She's tried to add the p. & h. [psychological &

hagiographical] together, not form them into a new compound, because she doesn't realize that the critic or spectator of the mystic way is engaged in a mental process exactly the reverse of that of the actors in it. There's a link here of course with the spectator & actor of tragedy, the latter kicked around by fate, the former taught how not to be kicked around by it by the process of seeing it projected as a drama. Once any drama is seen as a dramatic process, recruiting for actors falls off. If Marx as the critic & spectator of the revolutionary drama, the Aristotle writing the Poetics of that form of katharsis, had made a full impact, there'd have been no revolution after him: as it was there can hardly be one after Lenin. Something gets foreshortened & we go a little deeper into the analogy or mirror-world of the total speculation, before its Paravritti or reversal as our eye-lens.

[51] Thus the cycle is completed (it's a spiral) in four movements: first ritual, the allegro of unconscious action, then the slow movement of tragic drama, ritual in a minor, then the scherzo of comedy, the mirror of the mirror, then as a *finale* the allegro of unconscious action.

[52] And most of the mystics leave out the scherzo (what I used to call the schalk) stage. Huxley's *Perennial Philosophy*⁴⁹ is an impressive example, because the only good things he did as an artist were done in a spirit of demonic savagery. *Antic Hay* is fine; *Brave New World* is superb; but the more he laid his ears back & tried to be a great novelist the worse he got. I especially dislike such froth as *Point Counterpoint* & *Eyeless in Gaza* because so many of his ideas run along the same lines as mine, I should make the same errors in taste he makes as a novelist, & I'm afraid to write novels because his are there to suggest how bad my own might be. I do like this book about mystics [*The Perennial Philosophy*]: I find here my oft-thought good ideas well-expressed as well as my bad ones. But I have again that feeling of the Bhakti ducking out the back door. He's not in there slugging. And that rather unhealthy (as I think) mildness in him makes him miss the point of the great scherzo people—Blake most obviously, the Zen Buddhists, perhaps Rabelais. There's a curious example of this. He quotes a Chinese Zen as saying "He (the *guru*) has done all he could for you; he is exhausted—only able to turn round & present you with this iron bar without a hole." "What precisely is the significance of that iron bar without a hole?" asks Huxley. "I do not pretend to know. Zen has always specialized in nonsense . . ." ⁵⁰ Well, I know. The road to this kind of spiritual energy lies through paradox, & Huxley has no feeling for paradox.

[53] If love is not a feeling but a capacity of acting, the jnana road to love is through the inexpressible comprehension of what a created thing is. I see a person as a whole being; I see utterly what he is; nothing I say about him can be an adequate expression of any part of my understanding of him. My idea of him is my power of grasping his entirety, a power which is incommunicable. I suppose that's what Gestalt psychology is about. But such "love" depends on knowledge, & it's a love that only a novelist could have for his characters. In real life such understanding goes with love in the sense of interested attached feeling, such as I have for Helen, whose face is vaguer to me in her absence than that of many casual acquaintances. One has to develop, for everything to which one is not attached, something of the novelist's total act of knowledge, the divine comprehension which has sympathy but not affection, wrath but not resentment.

[54] The faults of the academic temperament converge on a kind of indolent selfishness, an absent-mindedness prompted by laziness and a scatterbrained vagueness due to panic. Few academics are actively vicious. Hence the importance for me of trying to cultivate this total act of knowledge, the opposite of the shrinking from life that inspired my entry into the profession. For me, Mary's part is not only better but easier; hence an awareness of concrete duties, from remembering students' faces to fixing the bathroom tap, has a peculiar importance.⁵¹

[55] "He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." For me, a certain awe, a certain sanctity, a certain visitation of the spirit of the crucified Lord, attaches itself to all people whose bodies have been

mutilated by other men, for almost any cause. That is why we must not torture Nazis—they must not be allowed to drink of the cup of Christ.

[56] I'm very suspicious of interpreting submission to the will of God as acceptance of anything that comes along. That substitutes the idolatry of "Providence" for God, & assumes that He wills the course of temporal events, for which I see no evidence. All he wills is liberation, & one may have to accept responsibilities so that one's life looks from the outside like an ambitious climb for power & a constant calculation of the main chance. It all depends—that's a mystical enough phrase, by the way. I know that a lot of my cheerful resignation is just laziness, just as a lot of my friendliness is just cuddling.

[57] Further on my remarks about the interest in Rimbaud & Rilke⁵² as prompted by a feeling of art as yoga: two things confuse the issue. One, the big ideas don't always occur to the biggest people: imagine Frazer, undoubtedly one of the stupidest bastards who ever put pen to paper, getting the *Golden Bough* inspiration! and in this age of copyrights & private property we're stuck with him. A Deuteronomic redactor like me could make a terrific thing of the *Golden Bough*. Two, practically everybody confuses the merits of practising an art as yoga with the objective merits of its products, sooner or later. That is, they want to give up their amateur standing so soon as possible. The irony of the situation is that if most writers of poetry & other dabblers would think entirely of the benefit to them & not at all of publication, the publishable merit of what they produce would be greatly & constantly increased.

[58] Professors *are* absent-minded, & it isn't the fun for them that it is for professional jokers. Like poets, they have to carry their work around with them & can never go about without their mental hands full, so to speak. Absent-mindedness with me is as real a disease as anything can be: great nauseating dizzy feelings sweep over me in waves, I can't seem to lift my brain clear of a directionless & generalized panic, & great forces of resistance make themselves felt as soon as I try to peep out into the Martha-world.⁵³ I've said that this is all induced by the laziness endemic in academic work, & in fact I find that when the disease is at its worst I'm never concentrating hard on a job—I'm just not thinking of anything at all. It's the state in which I feel so irritated at my stupidities that I get irritated at my irritation, which is a hell of an arse-biting state of mind to be in.

[59] Huxley turned out better than I expected: he's often stupid, but he does know what the perennial philosophy is, up to a point. I still feel that there's something rather soft & weak about him; but in any case I don't think I'll read much more about the Great Way for a while. I don't like the sort of thing it does to me: it rouses the priggish child in me & makes me keep saying "Am I like that?" "Should I be doing this?" even when it's an exhortation to forget the I altogether. I think I'll look up the Zen Buddhist, who decided that the best way to follow Buddha was to tell him to go to hell.

[60] I think Sutra-Yoga handles the problem of what to do with an inseparable ego better than the others. The best writer usually shows the greatest "individuality," which is one reason why the mystics distrust him. He suggests that the mystical conception of an antithesis between an ego & a Self, both active, is largely figurative, & that Citta matra can be inferred only from a remarkable, articulate, individualized personality. I know the difficulties, logical & others, in this, but essence is not identity. No, I don't like the smell of high Bhakti: both Underhill with her female gurgles & Huxley with his weak irritation seem to miss the point of the real people—Eckhart, for instance—and bring down to the reader the whole monastic conception of the spiritual exercise as what to do to keep from jerking off when you're alone.

[61] That moment in the day that Satan can't find⁵⁴—I can't find it either, but it must be at a point when the dawning of a reviving Orc catches a flash of what it's an analogy of—that instant of Chikhai Bardo we've all felt when the enthusiasm caused by novelty hits us. Perhaps it's in the early morning, the spot varying according to which of the Sheldon types Huxley uses, or misuses, one belongs to.⁵⁵ For the

viscerotonic it would be the instant just before waking, when the penis is in full erection & sleeping & waking consciousness seem to converge on a focus of reality, before one commonplaceness gives way to another. For the somatotonic it would be the dawn of the body, the rosy glow that follows the cold shower, the kiss of Venus rising from the sea which makes one “feel like a new man.” For the cerebrotonic it would be that moment of breathless rapture when the success of the morning’s cock is assured, & with it the day’s mental clarity, when one has for a delusive second the sense of defecating the natural man.

[62] At such a moment the soul is an immaculate virgin, ready for the divine child. Then it goes out and gets fucked by the world all day long, & staggers back a baggy-eyed old whore, still hoping that after a sleep the Moment of purification will come again.

[63] I think most of one’s feeling that mere observance of the law leads nowhere is derived from the fact that morality is inseparably bound to convention, conventions are often accidental & arbitrary, & hence Dharma⁵⁶ presents itself as a loose bundle of acts. All forms of yoga look for a unifying principle in the loose bundle, & that unifying principle spiritualizes the law.

[64] The problems of philosophy are not solved, but we do succeed in losing interest in them. We have not solved the medieval realist-nominalist dispute, the arguments for & against the validity of the ontological proof, or the Renaissance controversy over innate ideas; but we have acquired an overwhelming sense of their unreality which is better than a solution. If I hear undergraduates arguing over free will & necessity, I can only sit there in a smug stupor of inarticulate ignorance in which I am as convinced of my greater maturity & wisdom as though I were drunk. My brain beats out a drone bass indistinguishable in sentiment from the intellectual tortoises they’re trying not to be: “I don’t know what you’re talking about; but I have known, and you’ll never catch me in *that* rat-trap again.” For if you can express your reasons for finding the question unreal you’re still arguing about it, & still involved in its illusion of reality. And while the individual is far enough from total understanding to keep himself articulate to the end of his days, total understanding is utterly inarticulate, the circumferential grasp (rather an illogical phrase) in which the understood thing is wholly imprisoned. I suppose similarly the more one knows the more meaningless become practically all propositions about one’s knowledge. Perhaps a good mental exercise would be to take a sentence at random & ponder it until it becomes utterly meaningless, as I should think the proposition “there is a God” would be to a really religious man.

[65] The difference between love & lust is, of course, that the former is personal & particular, & the latter impersonal & general. Marriage is prompted by lust, desire for the body of *a* woman, more or less any woman capable of slaking the desire. Love develops the universal out of this particular, & transforms the woman picked more or less at random from a large possible number into the emanation, the only woman in the world, the personal response from what one loves. Romantic love & orthodox marriage are both the opposites of this love, & that’s why they merge so readily into one another. Neither gets its mind above the gutter, the physical union which is the foundation of marriage & is therefore not the superstructure. Love is not for the only possible woman at first, as the romantics claim: the state of being in love is the sense of the infinite possibilities of what is to come. And not until the woman really is the only possible woman has the marriage been consummated & the two flesh become one & all the other things that Xy is talking about, none of which apply until then.

[66] I think it is normal to hate one’s parents, in a rather more literal sense than Jesus had in mind [Luke 14:26], and not only the parent of the same sex. The point is that they are the visible symbols of the chain of “habit-energy accumulated since beginningless time,” the heredity or Karma we are hoping to break. Again, if the child is an undeveloped human being, the parent, the complement of the child, is an imperfect one. Once the child matures, the parent must *qua* parent disappear & either become a personal

friend as nearly as differences in age & tastes allow, or incur resentment. Worry over the social blunders committed by parents, a worry which is usually excessive & often created out of nothing, is a frequent expression of this resentment. I have always approved of the weak family feeling among the Fries: differences in taste should not tie one too closely to the compulsory & conventional affinities of the family. That is, differences in taste should be indulged, not suppressed by convention. I imagine that many Victorian daughters who were stuck by society with an old man & compelled to waste their lives on him on the pretext that he was their father nagged him unmercifully.

[67] Virginity is of course a Selfhood symbol, and the surrender of virginity in marriage is part of the losing one's life to gain it pattern. By entrusting their virginities to one another, husband & wife recover their individualities, & advance from the purely generic physical relation to the purely human one of companionship. Possessiveness & jealousy are thus the perversions or analogies of what really happens in marriage. Blake would say that the hymen was the home of the Amalekites.⁵⁷

[68] Tolstoy says there should be no intercourse after conception, that being the kind of thing Tolstoy did say in his dotage.⁵⁸ But I wonder. Helen's doctor, who is enough of an old woman to have a pleasant mixture of superstition & ancestral wisdom mixed in again with her medical knowledge, says the same thing, & remarks in connection with that that the loveliest babies are often those borne by unmarried mothers whose onlie begetters⁵⁹ have cleared out after their discharge. That rings a bell in folklore, & seems to point toward the union of a virgin with a spirit of life that produced a perfect man. One can't imagine the Holy Spirit hanging around, so to speak.

[69] Curious how the first few minutes of meeting people one doesn't in the least want to meet are flushed with a rosy glow of friendship & affection, the rush of greetings & small talk & news creating an instant of the real thing before they settle down into being pestiferous bores. Even here Orc is reborn.

[70] I have often despised myself for posing, & I now realize that I was right, but only because I posed badly. The thing is to get a persona or mask that one can really wear. And posing well is important not as a necessary evil, but as a necessary virtue—unless, of course, one is born with the mask attached—is genuinely unaffected, as we say. The first step in all imaginative effort is to concentrate one's faculties, achieve some sort of one-pointedness, charge one's batteries. Religious devotees do it with icons; narcissists with mirrors; in ordinary society those with most distinctive & magnetic personalities are those who have thrown themselves into a part, & who use the strain of acting that part as a means of keeping their batteries continuously charged. The most successful are those who never think of abandoning the part when done; it's those who try to keep slipping in & out of their roles who look like fools. The mere act of charging the batteries is in itself neither good nor bad: Hitler & the man in *The Plumed Serpent* did it for evil reasons; Loyola for reasons considered good in some quarters. And it's conventionally considered good to act alone with the same appearance of self-respect one displays in public.

[71] We speak of fruitful & sterile ideas, & it is perfectly true that ideas beget & reproduce like everything else alive, but it isn't just a linear Orc-reproduction: we want novelty, but we want too a consolidating form, a family appearing as a single Man. And while one shouldn't be a Thel, & should haul our ideas out into Generation & write books & take the bushels off our lights, still what really happens is simply a growth *in* our minds, a turning from a centre to a circumference. Hence, really, all ideas are unborn. If there is no death there is no birth either, and of course no life.

[72] Professors are absent-minded, as I say [par. 58, above]; but that doesn't make them inefficient; on the contrary, they go about their business with a ruthless efficiency begotten of panic. Nazism itself was partly a pedantry maddened by the world.

[73] It is difficult if not impossible to write biography & criticism at the same time: I discover when trying to review a book by a personal friend that what I know of his personality is at once immediate and

irrelevant, & confuses the criticism. Yeats' doctrine of a mask or antithetical Self helps a good deal, but oversimplifies. Thus a poet (I'm thinking of Ned Pratt) may take his initial imaginative experiences from the grimness & terror of Newfoundland; this becomes a mask only because he builds up an anagoraphobic love of symposiums against it, the "apocalyptic dinner" in the winter solstice or just before dawn. Then the grimness of the mask frightens him, and he varnishes over his tragedies of waste (nature's prodigality being a parody of his own) with epilogues postulating a cosmological cosiness. And yet if there weren't this intersection between "will" & "mask" the personality would fall to pieces. It would be like the drunk who, because his own mind is dulled & slowed down, assumes that everything has brightened & speeded up, & sees himself as the Socrates of a wise & witty symposium where everyone else sees only a slobbering bum.

[74] History becomes organic when two or three are gathered together in the name of a creative act; for *history* to occur there must be the two or three right people. Two or three (four as it happens) in the Fabian Society in the 1880's changed the whole course of British history to an extent we hardly yet guess at; two or three in Dublin in 1890's changed the whole course of English literature. And within the individual one of the great archetypal forms of the character may be realized when two or three events come together, as a lonely bachelor listening to Ravel's Bolero on the radio & lying on a bed jerking off with a commercial magazine on one side of him & Henry James' Turn of the Screw on the other may suddenly obtain a vision of the modern world, its autoerotic stupor leading to the sterile orgasms of war & financial crisis, its technique of holding attention by a maddening repetition of a theme in advertising & propaganda, its cult of violence without thrill & terror without romance, its sick misery & accusing conscience howled down in a frenzy of auto-intoxication, its sense of being helpless in the grip of an external evil power that revisits and revisits until the dispossessed heart is stopped. Such visions are ordinarily accidental & depend on an accidental sensibility, hence they survive as memories rather than as fertilizing seeds.

[75] I have archetypal dream-memories which I can trace to childhood, or rather to one or two of the experiences of childhood that helped build it up. One involves gray city streets, a late afternoon, a rain, and sombre dark red houses with little gnome-like lights in them. The vision eludes me, though it points to Sherbrooke, & I think my year in England helped to nourish it. In any case it conditions my reactions to city streets, late afternoons, rainy days, & T. S. Eliot's early poetry. A much more recent dream concerns a maroon-colored book which mentions St. Augustine & explains everything; an archetype that started with Spengler in Edmonton & grew through the spring of 1940 when I was holding Lovejoy's Chain of Being in my hand and trying to find out about Neoplatonism. In my dream I don't write the book myself; when I wake up I know I have to. The difficulty with dreams is that they bring with them an emotional supercharge of significance which makes every approach to realizing them an anticlimax, a descent from Beulah into Generation. No, I don't want to be psychologized: I know what sort of thing would come out, & psychoanalysis is just medieval medicine all over again: it's guided by a mythical theory of the "temperament," and all it knows is purging & bleeding, along with an allopathic "occupational therapy" drug cabinet. Freud's id & ego & libido or "censor" (how Austrian that word is!) explain a lot, but so did the medieval theory of humors. The psychoanalyst's couch is Promethean, & perhaps Procrustean.

[76] In the first stage of university teaching one is an embarrassed medium, of limited personality, reading carefully from notes and trying to let the subject reveal itself in the clarity & patience of the exposition. The second stage is less bashful; one wants to hold attention; one looks up more frequently from the now mastered notes, to teach this point to this boy, the next point to that girl over there. In the third stage (Robins' stage)⁶⁰ one takes the whole class in at once in a friendly personal address. Now at

each step there is the danger of realizing how one looms before them, & consequently of becoming a Covering Cherub, an opaque black priest, or rather preacher, putting on a personal show for the benefit of one's own pride. The danger increases proportionately with the increase in confidence. I am more subject to it than Robins, & when I fall into it I command an admiration that falls short of affection, as he, being diffident & afraid to loosen his personal hold, commands an affection that falls short—just short—of admiration. I think there is a fourth stage in which one looks beyond the students to something they have to turn around to see (& hence away from the lecturer) & a fifth stage with which the lecturer has nothing to do, in which they realize that what they have turned around to see really is what is behind the lecturer, & accounts for his being there, so that the whole room from the professor's bum to theirs is full of the spirit of Marvell or Donne or Keats or whoever it is. The lecture is not an act of love, for the act of love is a synchronizing orgasm, and the lover of students uses sexual language: he worries because he had all his material ready, & yet it didn't "come off" & he blames their rigidity or his impatience. Doubtless some lectures do or don't come off, but in the act of vision the response is unpredictable. Some see; some don't see; some see something else, very intensely; some see nothing for hours & then suddenly come to.

[77] Children do lots of silly things, but they also do a lot of things they should keep on doing. Thus a child who tries to see how far he can go without opening his eyes is beginning an imaginative exercise, designed not to forgo the advantages of eyesight, but to increase the sensitiveness & confidence of the other senses. But because he finds nothing in his environment to encourage himself to explore the neglected regions of touch & kinesthetic rhythms, such games fade as quickly as the rest of his imaginative flowering.

[78] If I may now make an attempt to codify a program of spiritual life for myself according to the eight stages of Yoga: I do not at the moment see clearly beyond the first three, & only the outline of the fourth:

[79] First is the stage I call Yama,⁶¹ the attempt to deal with the personal devil, the perverse imp who is the false self made by habit into an active homunculus or poltergeist. This is a negative stage of withdrawal, of breaking the bad habit, a stage of no pleasure, much priggishness, constant self-inspection & censorship, innumerable defeats, & above all, by itself completely useless. It's the stage of cleansing the temple & driving out the demons, & is, according to Jesus, not only useless but dangerous, by itself, that is.

[80] A weak body & a hypertrophied development of it (I am an intellectual chiefly because I was born cerebrotonic) led me through an unhappy adolescence into a state of chronic irritability, a neurotic fear of being bullied by vulgarity, and a deeply-rooted "sissy" complex. The result is a constant sense of spinsterish outrage fostered by panic & laziness, & fended off only by a relatively comfortable life. Here again is the perverse imp: I dislike a noisy radio not because of it but because of a personal resentment directed at the vulgarity of the person operating it. When I am told the irritating things that most people dwell with most of the time, excessive irritation is inspired in me because the creator of that irritation blends into a resentful memory of the bully I ran away from & wish to hell I'd beaten up. (I never scored a victory, as many children do, & in fact never rose to an occasion: cowardice was bred in me, as it is regularly, by premature, over-active & perverse imagination.) There's no point in detailing confessions, I find: self-knowledge can do without that; but a habit of suppressing irritability & of resisting irritating stimuli (brooding over a slight or a bad review) is the first stage of Yama, & will give what I think is a natural cheerfulness a chance to emerge. A strict mental censorship over sterile & harmful fantasies has to be established.

[81] Irritability with me is both mental & physical. A very hypertrophied love of reading & study (much of which is less genuine than it seems) breeds indolence. A habit of incessant masturbation in

adolescence has left me with a lazy, disorganized & ineffectual rhythm of behavior, & the same hypertrophy has made me very ignorant of practical things. I'm unhandy, & shrink from taking the time to learn to be handy, which would be defensible if so much of my study time weren't wasted through centrifugal dissipation of energies & masturbation-substitutes of which *solitaire* is a current bondage. I am shy & downcast & often associate serenity with a blinkered withdrawal from experience (genuine withdrawal, the *pratyahara* or fifth stage, is away out of my reach as yet). The shyness with anyone, especially any man, of forceful personality, is a regular effect of self-abuse. It breeds in me masochistic fantasies of gross social errors & insults & ridiculous behavior which often, even when attributed to others, makes me cringe & wince physically, grimace or, if alone, shout & talk out loud. It also makes me sensitive of hurting others to an absurd extent, absurd because it's not really kindness but just fear. Sudden neurotic fears (e.g. of putting letters in the wrong envelopes) may be a special thing, as I suspect it's partly hereditary. A habitual relaxation of the body, untwisting feet, relaxing shoulders, regularizing breathing, stopping the excessive bodily heat which is another by-product of self-abuse & the nervous jerking rhythms of speech, walking (including a good deal of scampering) & various nose & teeth-pickings, seems indicated. Behind all this is the hypertrophied cringing from the dull job, linked with neurotic aversions to dirt, etc. The fight against this latter will have to be reasonable & theoretical at first.

[82] I can understand why devils are usually conceived as a swarm, but to reduce them to definite number (seven traditionally) is a stage in advance, & to make that number one is still another step. I believe in the real (i.e. the mental & present) existence of Poe's perverse imp. Nothing else accounts for my going into a pub by myself or reading a detective story (what on earth have I to do with reading for relaxation?) or any other form of an inconspicuous consumption of time. It's easy enough to catch the imp in operation. I hear a clock tick. If I will not to hear it tick, perversity instantly appears. It may also show itself in retiring to the *superego*, negative moral virtue being the usual scholar's mate of this priggish stage, but that worries me less at my age than it would have done earlier. The chief thing is to turn a river into the shit, & not try to pretend it isn't shit but something dignified like baser impulses. Misplaced erotic fantasies which have so obvious an origin have to come out, dearly as I love them. Outward habits don't need change: people who are, for instance, preoccupied with their diet usually keep on being preoccupied with their diet. The thing to stop is *Ugolino cannibalism*:⁶² biting my nails & fiddling with substitutes for my penis. The essence of the phase is self-detachment & self-observation: withdrawing the censor to watch the *saturnalia*, & when possible to guide it, but not leaving a *superego*centric *Angelo* in charge. The interest of the better self in the worse one should be humorous & interested, like a sensible mother, not thrashing the imp like an ascetic, or whimpering & nagging like a religious hypochondriac, or blustering and producing equally childish tantrums of self-hatred, but always trying to keep open the possibility of a wiser view, & never wholly possessed by the *karma-soul*, even in its charming & coaxing moods. The incessant observation of the naughty child by God is a reality here, & dries up the sources of passion. At least I hope it does: but to the *Selfhood* novelty & repetition are the same thing.

[83] *Niyama*, the second stage, is the positive aspect of this, without which the *Yama* stage is a useless & impossible one. The characteristics of it have been outlined earlier in this book; its key ideas are concentration and timing. By timing I mean what I meant earlier [par. 36, above.] about hitting a middle course between the (*Rajas*) panicky, flustered, irritable, scratching & scampering rhythm, the kind that predominates when I'm shopping for something unfamiliar, and the (*Tamas*) dawdling, mooching, yammering, time-wasting & activity⁶³ I go in for when confronted by a dull job or even a pleasant one. Concentration is an essential part of this. No matter how much I really want to read or write, the part of me that uses those activities as dopes gets restless, walks around, picks up another book with an intense

but obviously phony interest, goes out to a restaurant or a pub to “withdraw,” or “relaxes” with some other damned foolishness (it’s real inertia, so it doesn’t want real relaxation like exercise). Of course it really does take time for my job to take shape, & not even the greatest mystics are immune from long stale “dark night” periods. But when the imp (well, it’s not really his fault) breaks down & admits what the job is, I should no longer allow myself to be confused by the impossibility of reading everything at once.

[84] I’m proud of my ability to swivel easily from work to distraction, to find ideas crystallizing on streetcars or restaurants, to be relatively undisturbed by yelling children, & the like. I think this ability really is valuable, & should be developed, but concentration when alone should be developed too, as long as no resentment at being interrupted affects me. If I can’t always get the sort of thing I used to get with coffee & solitude at 2 a.m., I should get as near it as possible, as often as possible. I find too that concentration & a sense of efficiency in work increase the general competence & assurance of all the rest of my activity: I’m never so confused in behavior as when I think I am thinking & ain’t.

[85] Timing in ordinary behavior is a difficult problem and requires constant vigilance, & even vigilance doesn’t prevent diverging into panic or laziness. Practice in it should begin with the simplest things: walking, even breathing, but above all speaking. I scamper less in walking than I used to do, but I still scamper a lot in speech. From there I think I can build up a reserve of assurance that should, as Patanjali says, tranquilize my surroundings. I have a tendency to take my physical slightness very literally: I think men do tend to estimate one another’s weights & govern their conversations accordingly. Also I’m conscious in any dispute that most men can lick me & I have occasionally wondered if the Japs weren’t right in thinking that to possess a knowledge of ju-jitsu is essential to maintain the ascendancy of a cultured aristocracy. And if this is a childhood regression, it is still true that the folklore of capitalism continually encourages similar childhood regressions in others. The essence of will power, as far as its outward manifestations are concerned, is a habitual withdrawn calm combined of course with a sharply focussed vision of what one wants. I know that at times my mind is “noisier” than at others, as I say, & I must learn my own techniques for keeping it quiet.

[86] This is yammer. The interference of the true with the false self is, though highly desirable, a tentative & blundering business, as its first real test—making a decision—soon shows. One has to relax & let the divine spark have air to burn, a careful analysis of failures without stewing. I should build up a habit of masterful & rapid reading of difficult books; learn to listen to music when I want to & turn it off when I don’t; try to build up a do-ye-next-thynge attitude to any work; planning a day without worrying if the plan is upset except through my laziness; controlling fantasy & checking brooding & worrying; keeping the body relaxed & controlled at all times; study timing of conversation & rhythms of speeches. The purely negative checks of Yama are like the first man who tried to sweep the interpreter’s parlour.⁶⁴

[87] Asana, the third stage, is connected in Yogi with exercises & postures of meditation. As a great deal of experience seems to be behind these, I suppose they should be investigated, particularly those that go after nervous constipation. Learning to dance, piano lessons, speaking lessons & a summer with a swim every day would be more immediately relevant. My curious difficulty in standing still without great fatigue should be investigated. The point is that no sharp line can be drawn between mental & physical attainment of relaxed & rhythmic concentration. However, I think of this as the expenditure of effort made possible by the preceding stages: it should attain its climax when I’m doing the Guggenheim.⁶⁵

[88] Pranayama, the fourth stage, is supposed to be control of breath. I don’t know about that, though, again, great experience demands some respect. I think of this stage as the release of power following the expenditure of it; the ability to write a story & get a big-paying fiction magazine to take it, for instance, or the ability to let some of my latent desire to compose music emerge. From here I can perhaps glimpse

further stages: the conquest or rather surrounding of the unconscious through concentration on one's own unconscious potentialities; the magic & miracle implied in prayer (which assumes the identity of human desire or libido & an omnipotent creative power), and the roll call of powers in Patanjali.

[89] There are three sexual relationships: son-mother, husband-wife, father-daughter; three male organs of sexual activity, hand, mouth, & penis; three female erogenous zones, breasts, genitals, buttocks. Husband-wife, penis & genitalia relation form one obvious group; son-mother, mouth & breast form another. That leaves by elimination father-daughter, hand & buttocks. Can it be that the primary erotic urges, proliferating into all forms of refinements & perversions, are the desire of the son to suckle the mother, the desire of the husband to fuck the wife, & the desire of the father to spank the daughter? Is this last a pure perversion (in which case it would probably be an arrest of development somewhere between the other two, which seems inconsistent with the fact that old men are mainly subject to it), or is it a necessary or at least inevitable phase of erotic experience? Should we rank with Oedipus in importance the Lear whose tragedy was in giving his daughters the rod & putting down his own breeches? And if no, is Lear capable of a symbolic development like that of Oedipus in Jung? A Rahab desire to possess the daughter internally (or perhaps merely a Satanic one to beat her off) versus a Tirzah one to be wrapped up in the maternal womb? There's a very subtle reference to this theme in Moliere's *Malade Imaginaire* (the Louison scene)⁶⁶ where it's linked with Harpagan's infantilism, which shows how easily the transference of tenderness through *not* whipping can arise. Something comes out in the daughter-substitutes of older men, Chinese concubines, Arab slave-girls, sugardaddy's chorus girls, which is neither sexual nor paternal nor a mixture of them. From the woman's side (pleasure in surrender) we have the Elsie books:⁶⁷ the Victorians did something with this urge, & it seems to be mainly Northern (*le vice anglais* & formerly very common in Russia; while the richest reward of the S. S. man was an opportunity to whip women). It's a Shaun theme in Joyce's FW [*Finnegans Wake*]. I think this deserves some consideration: a few hints in comic strips & movies make me wonder if American *mores* on this matter may not change very rapidly. It's not a "sissy" fantasy: rather a somatotonic one, the Nietzschean warrior who relaxes with women & doesn't forget his whip (note the encircling image: cf. Jung's serpent, net & tree images). Rahab & war.

[90] Every once in a while in studying symbolism I feel a surge forward as though my unconscious has handed me another cabbalistic symbol from a kind of universal Tarot. Freemasonry I understand systematizes this into a technique. I think a similar process is the central part of the New Testament conception of the gift of tongues: whether actual languages in the literal sense were produced by collective excitement I don't know: doubtless it's possible, but would it be anything more spiritually valuable than a curiosity if it did happen? Surely the feeling of a pattern of universal meaning coming clear piece by piece, so that those who understand it could talk to each other in shorthand, would be predominant, & would be part of the so-called gift of prophesying.

[91] Jung says there is a consciousness, a personal unconscious (things we forget, repress, or don't perceive energetically) & a collective unconscious; body, soul & spirit. Just so there is an earth reflecting astral reality from itself, a moon-world of lost souls & forgotten things, a Limbo of Vanities, and a sun-world of universal energy. The Beulah world is also one of exhalations; also it's a subsoil world with geological & archaeological deposits sifting down on it. The archaeology-Beulah link is in FW [*Finnegans Wake*]. Orlando's wits⁶⁸ are in the moon: if they were in the sun he'd be not crazy but in Samadhi.⁶⁹

[92] Again, I think Jung's conception of compensation in unconscious visionary activity much more flexible & satisfying a formula than Freud's suppressed wish fulfillment. Jung says that dreams, for instance, call attention to buried talents, or are progressive, or attempt to be, when the consciousness is regressive.⁷⁰ But it surely doesn't regress when the individual progresses: rather it focuses and visualizes

the form of the progress, as *The Integration of the Personality*⁷¹ shows. Hence the unconscious is a gradually expanding power attempting to vitalize the consciousness: it attempts, that is, to convert rational into visionary understanding. To do this it takes advantage of every systematic & constructive psychic occurrence to consolidate a pattern: it follows a cumulative practice-rhythm which develops, as Samuel Butler was trying to say, a focus & not merely an accumulation. This is the Los rhythm of practice-memory, the real Golgonooza⁷² where nothing is forgotten.

[93] I notice that Jung also speaks of the shift from ego to self as a geocentric-heliocentric metaphor. Surely there are many layers of unconsciousness. On top, below the personal unconscious, is the family & racial unconscious; our heritage from parents & the mental & physical makeup that says I, for, instance, will resemble the English and not the Zulus or Siamese. Below that is the human unconscious, then the animal unconscious, then the organic unconscious & finally the material unconscious. Now the consciousness is that which is aware of the unconscious, so there must be a corresponding sequence of expanding mirrors. The personal consciousness is aware of the personal unconscious, “reason” being essentially awareness of egocentric existence. The racial consciousness which is aware of the racial unconscious is that which is developed in us by the epic & dramatic poet. Human consciousness is reached by Scripture, & our nervousness today about stopping at the racial level shows how badly we need, & want, Scriptural comprehension. Animal consciousness begins with great music, the Dionysian absorption of the mind which includes the body, & which the mystic reaches, & perhaps passes. Organic consciousness is life in “heaven”: existence outside time & space in the *body* of a God-Man. Material consciousness, the alchemical redemption of the stone, is perfect Kaivalya⁷³ liberation, the final Samadhi⁷⁴ in which Samsara⁷⁵ & Nirvana become the same thing.

[94] Consciousness is to the unconscious as the earth’s crust is to the earth, & it has taken exactly the same length of time to develop. Naturally “awareness” must be on the same level, the above paragraph being awareness on the level of egocentric consciousness. This is just below the rational structure which is properly speaking the awareness of this level, & which apprehends the final Samadhi as a doctrine of entropy.

[95] When a man of eighty says he never felt better in his life everyone knows he has never been so near his death, but the statement may be true for all that. I used to think of people who never believed anything except on evidence or reasonable deduction therefrom as materialistically minded. Now I just think of them as stupid. That looks from outside as though I were getting bigoted & provincial, but I know I’m not, or if I am it doesn’t matter. Peace, it’s wonderful.

[96] It is good to sleep deeply, for obvious reasons; but I think it is good to sleep lightly too, so that the suggestions of the unconscious can come more readily into the consciousness, and be held there by the memory. I think drinking moderately has the effect of “compensating” one’s lean, as Jung calls it:⁷⁶ beer tends to extrovert me slightly, and also to stimulate a certain tendency to emotional nostalgia, which is curious, as I don’t think that’s repressed in me.

[97] Jung says the perception of the archetype is not caused by the individual’s personal experience, but recreated in it, as one’s personal experience of a mother recreates the mother archetype. For Jung, therefore, as for Plato, knowledge is recollection, the soul recognizing or becoming conscious of itself.

[98] Yet there is a difference between the artist who is possessed by the act of revealing, and the responder to the artist (which the artist himself can also be) who has to systematize the content of his revelation, giving rational, imaginative, & personally experienced segments of it all a place. (I chose “parts” first, as giving a less vivid metaphor of chopping up, then “segments” because I thought it dishonest to pretend that I wasn’t using a metaphor of chopping up.⁷⁷ Now I wonder if the literary tact

in minimizing the metaphor isn't right. All these problems of the relation of tact to truth have to be threshed out in V [Mirage].⁷⁸

[99] The perverse imp has a tendency to allow wrong expressions of acts he otherwise disapproves of. As a teacher, I should dominate & overawe the ignorant & foolish, not as an ego, but as a spokesman of humane values. Actually I snuffle & look downcast, & I have the idea that if I ever did overawe anybody it would be some harmless chick who wasn't well, & then my oversensitive conscience would go to work to stop any further overawing. Other people are the same: hence the hatred of Jews & negroes, whom even the most ignorant know perfectly well are not the real enemy. It's because they're not the real enemy that they're chosen as victims. Of course the real enemy is inside, but a real Nazi is a pretty good externalization, and if Nazis were beaten up or lynched one could understand it as the normal response of a healthy society to a malicious & malignant enemy. But that never happens, & while there's an excess of Red-baiting, the baiting & persecuting of Nazis doesn't happen nearly as often as it should. Whatever one thinks of Communists, the excess of feeling against them looks suspicious, & any Social Democrat who goes in for it must be inwardly conscious of a slight betrayal.

[100] Freud's pattern of the struggle of titanic amoral desire & the censoring reason is a true picture of the man under external (or for that matter externally conceived internal) law & a superegocentric wrath. The ordinary man does not, & the neurotic cannot, get beyond this stage. But, as Jung says, the subconscious has its root in the unconscious, & once the cruder forms of repressions are abolished the impulses from "below" surge up & we become conscious of something, first "compensating" for our conscious deficiencies, then expanding & bursting the ego so that the ego becomes revealed as the really inert principle, the subjective seed in an objective reality which is to the work of art what the censor is to the dream. Jung's "autonomous psyche" is merely the repressed impulse of Freud released a bit:⁷⁹ this stage corresponds to the appearance of the Siddhis⁸⁰ in yogi. Note that occult powers & "spiritualistic" phenomena are thought of as external by those who have not really reached the level where they ought to be experiencing them. But the autonomous power isn't the whole way either, because it is produced by the real Self. The artist with autonomous powers of inspiration, like Nietzsche, isn't on the level of the Shakespeare who could write what he like when he liked.

[101] There is an organic as well as a logical (mechanistic) unity in thinking, & everyone has big thoughts & little ones. The size has no relation to the subject matter—that's the mistake everyone makes—but to the thinker. A man may have little thoughts about God & big thoughts about bicycle lamps, & his whole life may turn on a discovery about the latter, while God remains a vague haze of random mental illusions. The introvert and extrovert start from opposite sides, but tend as they develop to meet in the middle. If they don't the introvert's ability to deal with big themes becomes facile speculation & the extrovert's practicality gets no sense of perspective. Fairy tales & dingy realism are the result of this in art. But the temptation to judge thought by the size of its content leads extroverts to waste their time in premature thoughts about God & destiny & the soul, & introverts to neglect their (often very shrewd & sharp) perception of what is within their myopic range on the plea that some big external activity like war is the really important thing to think about just now.

[102] Adler like Freud belongs to the law: it's no accident, by the way, that Freud wrote a book on Moses. The three erotic impulses mentioned above [par. 89] are the hunger impulse, the sexual impulse, & the mastery impulse. I wonder if Adler knows that there's really no difference between him & Freud because the mastery impulse is an erotic one, centred on the theme of bodily possession or slavery. Somewhere in here the proletarian origin of the Christian myth fits. But an originally erotic impulse becomes quickly transmuted into a sadistic one, a desire to whip the slave, lynch the negro, beat the Jew (another proletarian symbol) or the Communist. But the Nazi, the man with the whip, doesn't inspire us

with that feeling: we solemnly & reluctantly execute him, & try to work up some erotic enthusiasm over the preparation stage, the long-drawn-out “fair trial”—but they represent our own vices & we feel tender toward them. When I say we I mean the stupid, illiterate, vicious & brutal aspects of our society, which exist to a degree within us. Funny about the Indian: I think it was because he tortured his enemies with such enthusiasm that we didn’t torture him. Also he never became a real proletariat, but attempted as far as he could to maintain his aristocratic-nomad position, living in “reservations” like the medieval game forests. We’ve always identified the Indian with animals (hence the game preserves) rather than humans, & so treat him better. Note that the material of the whip is often a bull’s pizzle.

[103] Yes, Freud & Marx have the same natural-man myth of a titanic amoral man buried under a rationalizing censorship; but the Hegelian element in Marx, as distinct from the Schopenhauerian element in Freud, provides for an ultimate synthesis that no psychologist (excepting again the Yogis) has worked out. On the other hand the element of antithesis in Hegel leads to a revolutionary pendulum-swing which buggers up the kernel of truth in Marxism, if I’m not mixing metaphors, & which the psychologists generally avoid—though popular psychology, release of repression & the like, twists this too into a revolutionary myth. Revolution against Urizen unharnessed by Los is merely the writhing of the buried Orc, & produces Druidism.

[104] We make our language to suit ourselves, & are often unable to frame conceptions because we haven’t the words for it. Nature is extraordinarily sensitive to the rhythms of the calendar: ragweed pollen, to take a familiar example, always hits Aug. 15 directly on the nose (my nose) whatever the climate is like. We can’t say that the ragweed plant “knows” that it’s time to break open, for knowledge means a specifically human faculty: to say that “nature knows” is merely a metaphor derived from a mother-goddess myth.⁸¹ We have no word for this unconscious vegetable awareness of Aug. 15, & consequently feel inclined to brush the question off as “mystical.” The awareness is a fact, but knowledge is not based on facts, but on language, and language is variable symbolism. Our awareness of the “fact” that the sky is blue is not knowledge, but a subconscious experience of contact with the environment like ragweed’s awareness of the calendar. The knowledge consists in our ability to form symbolic representations of that experience. I’m getting out of my depth.

[105] No, you can’t get along without the conception of active perversity, the personal devil, even if evil is fundamentally nothingness. What it works out to is something like this. I’ve said before, perhaps in this notebook, that the statement A is never also not-A is true, as it asserts the eternity of form; but the statement A is never also non-A is bullshit. I learned that from the Lankavatara Sutra, produced by the same Indian genius that said: it is absurd & inept to imagine that no-number could also be a number. O.K. Let’s see what happens when it does. The result was the discovery of zero, and all mathematics turns on similar postulates: a line, a thing of length without breadth, neither exists nor does not exist. That’s the doctrine of Maya,⁸² the attempt to get off the Beulah mattress of a substantial or objective world. The Christian conception of evil as the product of original sin & a fallen world is really exactly the same: the same combination of something that exists & yet cannot exist. We’ve never looked this in the face: partly, I think, because we’ve never got beyond a heaven—a Beulah presided over by a father & mother where man is eternal creature—into a conception of real Kaivalya,⁸³ & of course hell is the complement of heaven. The Ptolemaic universe retarded Christianity by postulating a sublunary sphere of fire. I’ll figure out what I mean by that later on.

[106] I’ve been reading Dale Carnegie, whose book is exactly what I thought it would be.⁸⁴ It’s not really naive, but it meets a remarkably naive audience (it seems to me) on its own level. I imagine that its success is partly due to its complete integrity: Carnegie is no fool; he has a sharp insight into human nature as he knows it; & he begins with the human nature of his reader, who is the friend he wants to win

& influence, so that his book must give an impression of continually practising what he preaches. His book is however only for extroverts, salesmen & executives, who have energy but lack imagination. Introverts like me, who are almost morbidly aware of the other fellow's point of view (though not less egocentric on that account) need a companion volume on How to Stiffen Your Backbone even at the Cost of Losing your Influence Occasionally. He puts the motivation for courteous behavior entirely on self-interest, which makes him sound cynical, a fact he tries to ward off. He's not really cynical, merely (this is the only naive thing about him) convinced of the absolute truth of the mores of the particular society he knows. He's encouraged in this by Dewey, called by him America's profoundest philosopher, whom he quotes as saying that the desire to be important is the fundamental urge of human nature. That seems to me a typically uncultured remark, for human nature there (whether Dewey said this or not is unimportant, as I'm not attacking Deweyism) means 20th c. American human nature as developed by a competitive economic system, a democratic political one, a deistic religious one, & an individualistic educational one. Thousands of Americans, including the author, regard Carnegie's book as of far more value than all the Latin & Greek that were ever jabbered, the book itself containing testimonials to that effect; and it is very difficult to answer that assertion except by postulating a relativity of culture, the postulate on which the conception of the classic is founded. His book might have real value if he had mentioned the importance of applying his techniques to the chorus of egos inside oneself.

[107] I've been wondering if the I.Q. test measures anything more than the degree of mental vigor, a sort of brain temperature. Surely health & energy have everything to do with the speed of response, which seems to count for a great deal in such tests. I feel that my reflexes have slowed down a good deal. Whack me on the knee & look for a kick in the balls anytime within the next three days. I have no doubt that my I.Q. would be down 20 points from what it was at 19. But I'm so much wiser than I was then: slow & controlled response is wisdom: lightning automatic flashbacks are evidence of gigantic I.Q. & very limited intelligence, if intelligence means insight. Intensity of vision delays the automatic apparatus of response: the pure contemplative can't respond at all. So I.Q. tests, a cult of youth & a respect for the kind of "intelligence" that really just means a conditioned reflex & is produced by motor energy, go together in a mechanical civilization.

[108] Moral law is always trying to approximate scientific law. If you jump off a skyscraper you don't "break" the law of gravitation; you break your neck, & so merely manifest the law. It is impossible to break such a law. Ideally, getting hanged for a murder manifests the law that perfect civilization cannot tolerate murder, & the punishment symbolizes that fact. It's approximate, because in a perfect society it would be impossible to "break" the 6th law or commandment: the law could only be manifested as an idea, the breaking being in the outward shadows of possibility. That's the freedom which is the same as necessity. Now such automatic physical laws are not necessarily Druidic: they are part of the solid bottom of art. Down to Nietzsche everyone thought of this solid bottom statically, which is why Blake warned against it: Nietzsche's *Wille zur Macht* put such "nature" on a dynamic basis.

[109] I think at this point I should try to collect my impression of the Lankavatara Sutra. My feeling that there is something crucial for me in this book was inspired in me by Peter Fisher,⁸⁵ who gave me my copy, and the childlike confidence I had in his judgment & the soundness of his instinct is curious in another man, as I don't think he's necessarily a "greater" man. I think Fisher is looking, as we all look, for a real home, of which one's physical home is the analogy, & was therefore searching for the real form of an original Baptist environment very similar to my own.

[110] I can take no religion seriously, for reasons I don't need to go into here, that doesn't radiate from a God-Man, & so Christ & Buddha seem to me the only possible starting points for a religious experience I don't feel I can see over the top of. Hinduism has the complete theory of this in Krishna, and perhaps

Judaism in the Messiah, but I'm not satisfied that even Hinduism is really possessed by the God-Man they understand the nature of so clearly. Now in Christianity & Buddhism I reject everything involved with the legal analogy, the established church, & so cling to Protestantism in the former & Zen in the latter. I'm just beginning to wonder if Protestantism & Zen—not as churches but as approaches to God-Man—aren't the same thing, possessed by the same Saviour.

[111] Cittamatra,⁸⁶ the doctrine of Mind-only, has otherwise no Western counterpart. Its rival of the Yogacara school, Vijñaptivatra,⁸⁷ sounds very like Platonic idealism. And when we read that all things exist only insofar as they are seen of Mind itself, that suggests pantheism to a Western mind. Such pantheism corresponds to the hazy impression the Westerner has of all “Eastern” philosophy: that it is an attempt to forget that one is an ego & try to hypnotize oneself into feeling that one is a part of the great All. But it is clear, first, that the Lankavatara is based on a conception of a divine man; second, that it does not teach a doctrine but inculcates a mental attitude. Buddha is represented as saying that he discourses to the ignorant & helps the wise attain self-realization. And as here he is addressing a highly sophisticated audience of Bodhisattvas⁸⁸ who can be trusted not to make the obvious mistakes, it follows that this Sutra [the *Lankavatara*] is not really a discourse.

[112] That is what accounts for the initial impression the Sutra makes on the candid reader of an almost intolerable prolixity & obscurantism. Mahamati⁸⁹ asks a great variety of questions, but when he gets the same answer to them all after a deceitful promise of something more specific, one begins to wonder if the Buddha is really enlightened or merely obsessed. But the Sutra continually insists on the distinction between hearing or understanding something & actually possessing it. It distinguishes words from meaning to such an extent that even “all things are unborn,” after having been accepted as true earlier, is then denied as a statement. The thing it means is true, but its form is that of a thesis, with an implied negation or antithesis, & the Buddha will accept no statement of which an opposite can be predicated.

[113] When we read the history of Western philosophy we pass Aristotle & Plotinus & then find ourselves suddenly reading about “Christian” philosophers. Where did these Christians come from? Well, from Jesus. And what was his philosophical position? Well, he didn't exactly have one. Philosophy disappears into a vortex at that point. So with the Buddha here, who stigmatizes every attempt to make him define his “position” as “materialism,” who answers all Mahamati's 108 questions by ignoring them all completely & then trying to make him grasp the mental attitude that will make answering them unnecessary. Buddha is not Mephistopheles, promising esoteric knowledge in exchange for your soul, & you can't talk to him in those terms. The Buddha is very subtle in analyzing the unconscious motive of panic in the desire to understand. Knowledge grasped at out of fear & bewilderment of ignorance remains grasped knowledge, that is, imperfect & inadequate knowledge.

[114] For we think of understanding something as grasping “it.” I put the it in quotes because there really isn't any “it” that is grasped, except an “idea,” and it's “materialism” of the crudest kind that makes us think of an idea as a thing, as capable of being possessed in a noumenal integrity. (This is the analogy of the proper materialism that identifies Nirvana & Samsara, & shows that just as an idea is only an aspect of the way a mind works, so all things are seen of Mind only). Well, it would be more accurate to say that attachment is ignorance, & knowledge disentangles us from the grip an unreal world has on us. A city man lost in the woods finds bondage in his ignorance of woodcraft: an experienced woodsman can detach himself from the woods by his ability to maintain himself independently of the clutching branches, tripping roots & stalking animals. Once we think of learning as a disentangling & relaxing process, we think of ideas tending toward wisdom, or the growth of a free spirit, instead of to more & more learning.

[115] You start life by accepting as desirable an ultimate freeing from all natural bondage which you yet cannot achieve through the will. Then, with this acceptance, or faith, spinning around by itself on top,

one goes ahead as before, but now all one's willed acts are provisional, on an "as if" basis, characterized by a kind of tentative pride. At a certain point the will finally is able to relax, the creative spirit surges in from nature & takes charge of it. At this point a Last Judgment takes place, a Paravritti, and time is ended. Now of course this passing of will, pride & time into the fullness of time never completely happens in life, but the conviction of acceptance is real enough: tentative pride does succeed to tentative innocence. The "certain point" seems to be reached when something circular (destroying the linear S of U⁹⁰ sequence) takes place, when the shape of lost direction becomes manifest. The idea of grasping knowledge seems to me derived from this attempt to reach an end from which one can see one's starting-point, the Bering Strait between extremes of the same world. After that, the idea of knowledge as letting go becomes effective.

[116] Yet this letting go is at the same time the transformation physical into mental reality, & it sets free the mind by *recognizing* the mental nature of reality, by seeing things of Mind itself. There's no other way to say it. This has nothing to do with "idealism," whether subjective or objective, because Mind only is neither a subject nor an object. The poor woodsman in the forest is helpless because all he knows is that the woods are "there," so & not otherwise; the good woodsman helps himself because he knows how to work under those conditions, & so is neither paralyzed by the "thereness" of the woods nor tries to pretend that they are not "there."

[117] Work is a curse, & the pursuit of wisdom has to begin in leisure & spread out from there. The great mass of people, whether rich or poor, suffer from too great a lack of leisure ever to develop much wisdom. This lack of leisure has two causes: one, the amount of time compulsively spent in uncreative work; the other, perverse dither. Wisdom would normally begin in real leisure as opposed to work, in real thought as opposed to action. That's why the law about the Sabbath is so fundamental. From there the spirit of leisure & wisdom & thought should irradiate & inform the rest of one's time. Blessed be he who has found his leisure, as Carlyle did not say, and has made his work the outward projection of his leisure. Now work is natural, & the product of a state of nature: it's ritual, the humorless customary basis of life. Reflection (literally) is thus linked with holidays. But leisure is profoundly unnatural, & hence most people fear it & put work or work substitutes (= dither) in its place. The history of the world, of course, is the class struggle of workers & ditherers. Leisure begins by repairing the tissues: dither develops wild tissue or cancer, frantic efforts to be entertained by something non-progressive. Practically everybody, & this goes for me too, has enormously greater leisure than he thinks he has. The connection of this with the foregoing is that the goal of leisure is to develop a sense of time, to develop a creative rhythmic beat on one's time, to subdue the S of U [Spectre of Urthona] by Los.

[118] The law pushes time around in a circle, & builds up the Sabbatical week & the calendar year. The gospel creates a form of time & frees itself from the cycle, and a fortiori from linear time, by recreating the progressive aspect of linear time. This is the Bergsonian intuitive recreation of instinct, the grandson's apotheosis. Perhaps this third or spiral level is only moral, & has an anagogic one above that recreates the cycle.

[119] Here is a speculation which probably makes no sense whatever: Christians & Buddhists have the same sense of escape from time, but the Westerner says we never die because he thinks of immortality as continuity of energy, & the Easterner says we have never been born because he thinks of immortality as release from karma or causation. But both are equally true, or untrue, whichever you like. When the Westerner tries to absorb the idea of unbornness, he tumbles into the "predestination" pitfall; when the Easterner tries to get clear about deathlessness, he gets into the "reincarnation" one. There are forms of these doctrines which make sense, of course: the ones that don't, the babies slated for hell & the there's-that-man (or beast)-again superstitions, illustrate the difficulty.

[120] A certain amount of free, in the sense of irresponsible, speculation is a good thing, because it's part of the wise process of letting things come & not forcing or cramping or repressing them. That's what Goethe told Schiller, anyway. At present I have "unity of being is the analogy of the non-rising of discrimination" as a governor twirling around on top of my thoughts, until I realize that it neither makes sense nor does not make sense. But this is speculation, relaxing the eyes by focussing them on distance. In all forms of communication everything depends on a passionate desire to tell the truth, not as a moral principle, where it's subcivlized ("did you or did you not steal the jam?" is the level of moral truth), but as the normalizing or balancing principle of all articulate speech; as, in short, our only guarantee of sanity.

[121] I have been reading *Sarah Binks*⁹¹ with great pleasure & admiration, & think it is probably a monument to a buried ambition: he must have wanted to be a great poet pretty badly himself to make so systematic a mockery of greatness; his mask conceals his failure but reveals the emancipated conscious awareness of ambitious ritualism which is the beginning of laughter. Is it possible that my "real" desire, or ritual one, is to write musical comedies or funny stories & make a lot of money & live the life of Riley, & that my books are the shadow that desire has thrown into reflective laughter in its turn?

[122] In the arts the philosopher's passionate desire to tell the truth becomes a passionate desire to construct the poetic pattern. Hence, when discriminated, poetry & philosophy are mutually exclusive. Shakespeare's H5 [*Henry V*] gives the poetic pattern of war: had he started by trying to tell the truth about war he'd have bugged the whole scheme like a modern war novelist. The philosopher has to be banished from the poet's republic: perhaps the Symposium says so. Yet there's a point at which they merge, & that point is where Λ [Anticlimax] begins: prose fiction.

[123] If I understand Jung correctly, he's talking about a katabasis into the unconscious, the dark underworld of autonomous demons which is also memory, the imprisoned ghosts of the past. They are our ancestors, & to have our backs to them & advance at their head is the unthinking Orc progression which begins from them & ends in them. We must explore & expand the surface or extent of consciousness. First, so I understand, is Beulah, the Limbo of unbaptized infancy, the world of father & mother, especially mother, the Bower of Bliss where the titanic egocentric demon-self is coddled & nursed.

[124] I was reading in a recent article on Kafka in a *Horizon* that spoke of painting, music and writing as linked with the three fundamental categories of perception, space, time & causality respectively.⁹² I think this is dubious, but the association of writing with causality is very suggestive. Certainly the attaining of it has always been the major (almost the only) problem of my writing. I visualize L [Liberal], 7 [Tragicomedy], & Λ [Anticlimax] as carrying out a linear conscious systematic rhythm of causality, bringing the cyclic vision of eternity into continuous time. [Inverted Y] [Rencontre] should have a leaping intuitive rhythm; V [Anticlimax] should pull out chapter-forms as solid pieces; [sideways T] [Paradox] should be all solid piece; [inverted T] [Ignoramus] should diffuse into a void. Also, incidentally, I think the emancipation of consciousness is the main theme up to [inverted V] [Anticlimax]: after that, perhaps, my personal descent should accompany my books. If there really is a flight of steps.

[125] The crisis for my questionings at the moment is: is Jesus a Boddhisattva, or rather, that being obvious enough, does one reject the essence of Christianity by rejecting the uniqueness of Christ? I know the alleged "Catholic Church" is an analogy, or physical perversion of something, & maybe the real Catholicity that permits one to feel that Christ is universal & not unique, & therefore Buddha & Krishna as well—or rather what Buddhists mean by Buddha, which is a far bigger thing than Gautama. The lunar madness of the Occident seems to me connected with this centrifugal expansion of an analogical crusading religion from a central point in time & space: Christianity, Mohammedanism, Communism, all have it. All these things are unique & exclusive, therefore analogical. Empirical science has something of

the same movement. Is a literal understanding of “no man cometh unto the Father save by me” [John 14:6] something that turns Christ into a Peter or a Covering Cherub, a unique doorkeeper? Does this, if accepted, make some “Catholic Church” inevitably accepted too, in place of the Everlasting Gospel? The craze for uniqueness in Christians would take, if visualized, the form of a pyramid, narrowing to the single point of Christ. But, if we see in Christ *a* God-Man rather than *the* God-Man, are we forced into reincarnation thereby? Anyway, I’m trying to work out this idea of centrifugal expansion as the analogy of catholicity from Morris, in a different way. Spiritually there’s only one Christ, of course; but must he be attached to only one historical analogy of himself? Is there only one Bible? Is it possible not only to preach Christ to the heathen, but to find Christ there?

[126] Part of the answer is of course under my nose: the positive Christ, the teacher & healer, is universal & consubstantial, & as much Buddha as himself. It’s the Satanic Body that must, by its very nature, be historically unique & exclusive. Christianity is the Everlasting Gospel focussed on its Druidic analogy,⁹³ the essential dramatic episode or epiphany. Hence unlike Buddhism it continually articulates its legal analogy, giving the West its time-consciousness as well as its lunar madness. Buried here is perhaps the essential [inverted Y] [Rencontre] complex. Now, what about reincarnation? Do I dig that out of Samuel Butler & Jung?

[127] The Lankavatara says there are three levels of understanding: imaginary or materialistic, interpenetrative, & detached.⁹⁴ Learning a language by laboriously boning it up is knowledge on the first stage; getting a swift intuitive knack or flair for languages belongs to Paratantra:⁹⁵ the gift of tongues is on the third level.

[128] One thing I didn’t have too clearly in mind when I wrote the Blake book is that the total *imgve*. [imaginative] power we feel in a language or a religion is, like the Bible, sifted by tradition so that it is a cultural product, & a cultural product suggests *imgve*. [imaginative] totality as no one man can ever do. The individual’s powers are limited & predictable, or if they aren’t he soon passes out of our range. But a big library really has the gift of tongues & vast potencies of telepathic communication. You can’t “substitute art for religion” without making art include religion, & so recovering it from the individual or ego-centric sphere. That’s really what I’m trying to do.

[129] The 18th c. English philosophers, reflecting a mercantile civilization, thought of ideas as possessed things; Plato, reflecting a community, thought of them as an order to be entered. We have to disentangle ourselves from such subjects & objects.

[130] I must brood about irony. Meaning is either univocal or equivocal, & all the arts are based on equivocal or rhetorical meaning. (Ultimately all meaning is equivocal, just as all melodies, in non-contrapuntal forms of music, are yet potentially contrapuntal). Equivocal meaning may be either true or false. An example is the simultaneous playing of parts in music, which produces contrapuntal music if the relation is true, but only a meaningless noise if it is false. In literature false equivocal meaning makes something ambiguous in the pejorative sense, that is, confused, obscure or self-contradictory. There are two forms of true equivocal meaning: allegory & irony. We have irony when there is contrast between the meaning-parts; allegory when there is a complementary relationship. I don’t know if there is a corresponding distinction in music, though counterpoint in contrary & similar motion has a figurative connection. I think polyphonic music is allegorical & homophonic, where the emphasis is thrown on a contrast of melody & accompaniment, ironic. Burke’s theory of the corporate state is allegorical: Mill’s theory of a two-party system working in a government-opposition relation is ironic. Pilgrim’s Progress is allegory: A Tale of a Tub, using an emblematic story in a very similar way, is irony. The simplest irony is the most direct contrast: “a fine mess,” & the like.

[131] I'd like to do a potboiler on the Bible in four chapters, outlining among other things my theory of its symmetry. The Xn O.T. is divided into Law, History, Poetry & Prophecy. The N.T. illustrates the same things in the same order, but in Christian terms. First, there is Christian Law, or Gospel, not a book of rules, but Christ illuminating a series of existential situations. Secondly there is Christian History, or the Apostolic Acts. Thirdly there is Christian "Writing" (Kethimbim), letters designed occasionally to meet existential situations. Fourthly there is Christian Prophecy or Apocalypse.

[132] At any given point a piece of contrapuntal music is a single chord or harmony. In allegory this harmonic chord is the symbol. That's the only way I'd contrast symbolism & allegory, as harmony & counterpoint. A symbol doesn't always have to mean the same thing, any more than the chord of F in a piece in F will always be the tonic chord, if the music has in the meantime modulated to another key. Note that allegory may be polyphonic, like Spenser's (cy. [contemporary] of Palestrina) or romantic & evocative, like Shelley's (cy. [contemporary] of Chopin). The sense of infinite meaning we derive from symbols is partly the rc. [romantic] sense of vague or indefinite meaning.

[133] When we begin mathematics we expect it to follow the outlines of & comment on the physical world: arithmetic & geometry at this stage are counting & measuring physical objects. When we pass into algebra & trigonometry mathematics begins to get "useless": that is, it becomes an autonomous language, a form of mental comprehension of reality which interprets reality within its own system: it is no longer a second-hand illustration of the second-hand illustration of the reality which we know as physical nature. The arts develop from illustrative imitation into autonomous comprehension in the same way. (In the process physical nature becomes mathematical or pictorial reality). Literature similarly is an autonomous comprehension of nature in which the physical world is transformed into verbal reality.

[134] The function of science is prophetic, as it is the function of astronomers to predict eclipses. (By "function" I mean the continuing relation of science, itself its own mental transformation of the common field of experience, with that common field). But real prophecy is fulfillment of law: the astronomer in predicting eclipses merely watches the law of eclipses manifesting itself. The same is true of Biblical prophecy. By the way, if the social function of science, as distinct from its essential nature, is to make nature predictable, what is the social function of art? Watches fulfillment of gospel and prophecy as imagination, I suppose.

[135] I suppose the notion of a soul *in* the body is derived from the fact that the body is the *place where* the soul (there being only one soul) is in the focus of consciousness. For the world of subjects, like the world of objects in Jeans, is a "crumpled continuum,"⁹⁶ or one brain, mind itself.

[136] I say only one soul: the occult tradition, which for some curious reason has got itself stuck to the name of Plato, says only one spirit. The soul-world to them is, first, the total magnet or anima mundi which accounts for mesmerism, telepathy, clairvoyance, second sight & magical healing cures; second, Bardo, the world of dead "souls" who in some systems are reborn & therefore unborn, & who are asserted to communicate with spiritualistic media; third, elementals & other non-human forms of more or less conscious existence. I wish I had a consistent idea about this soul-world, which I may call Akasa.⁹⁷ The Catholic purgatory belongs to it. I rather wish I could throw out this world: I don't like its rumor basis of quasi-fact, its vague Beulah fluidity (it's not a real Beulah, though artists draw on it, as Shakespeare drew on the "elementals" Puck & Ariel, the ghosts (that's different, though, as they aren't in Beulah) & the magical healing of Helena.) I wish I could get a Beulah grasp on this Akasa world that would eliminate the subject-object dilemma about it.

[137] It has a lot to do with the world of dreams. I've had no contact with it except some conscious examples of extrasensory perception in regard to books, & I don't want any as long as it presents the impression of a design just going to take form & never doing so, as one's "luck" in cards does. Maybe

that's where the idea of the false-promising devil comes in. Yet these must be something in B [Beulah] as complete and well organized as there is in G & E [Generation & Eden], though maybe it's only the U [Ulro] skeleton of B [Beulah] after all.⁹⁸ Yes, by golly, that's a point: maybe apprehending B as a unit of apprehension is exactly what turns it into U, or part of U. I say part, because of the ferocious enmity between the Akasa people & the so-called materialistic skeptics. Is G, lying between the is of Beulah where no dispute can come & the is not of Ulro, the analogy of the liberated world? Anything can happen in Beulah: that's why it's the unborn reservoir of art.

[138] I worry about it, because both my "day" studies in Greek drama & my "night" studies in German romance would converge on it, one by way of Shakespeare's green world & the other by way of the dream, one Tharmas and the other Urthona. And of course eventually the G [Generation] world itself has to be seen as an Akasa figment. One tiny bit I have to hold on to is that dreams can be read & even if they can't, are continually translating themselves into action & further thought. Dreams are the digestive process of the mind. They rearrange the data (food) of experience into the libidinous form of either a comic resolution or an "anxiety" tragic one.

[139] The Delphic oracle urged man to know himself, meaning not an increase of introspective knowledge, but the struggling of consciousness which at the same time apprehends the world more accurately. Dreams are subjective, but maybe a dream fully interpreted would become a vision. There must be a point at which it ceases to be true that it's a subjective experience. Dreams aren't Ulro nightmares: in general, man lives in G [Generation] during the day & B [Beulah] at night, as, perhaps he lives in G from life to death & in B from death to life.

[140] Just before I go on with that: in a reincarnation theory, you don't get to a higher phase of existence until you get there. In the Christian doctrine of a unique life, intention is everything & achievement nothing (faith & works), so that human life is an esoteric symbol interpreted by God & translated by him into another life. You don't do the reading, but form a letter of the Word.

[141] Silberer shows how the subjective, psychoanalytic aspect of dreams can be also seen, without change of content, as analogical.⁹⁹ The former is the Freudian tradition, which starts with the dream remembered in consciousness. Such a dream implies light or disturbed sleep. The dreams we don't remember are likely to be the important ones. Normally some experience will remind me, like the echo of a plucked string, of something I dreamt the night before & cannot otherwise remember. Freud says nothing about the therapeutic value of sleep & why we spend a third of our life unconscious. The facile "rest" theory is nonsense. Nothing vital rests, not even the brain—least of all the brain. Animals sleep lightly because they never really wake up. No, I think sleep is the key to memory, the continuity of consciousness. If I can't sleep, thoughts race through my head in a stream or else circle around one point—often an anxiety point. Sleep digests the stream of impressions & transforms them into a mental circulation of ideas: the myths of dreams are the chyle of sense experience. Even Freud says that the content of a dream is that on which the mind has not yet slept, & everyone knows how problems are solved by a night's sleep. Old people sleep lightly & lose their memories. Sleepiness comes when we have wakened to repletion, & need to digest the sense-stream—the after-dinner nap unites both processes, & is often, as in Napoleon's case, the sign of continuous administrative power. It isn't only ideas that are digested, but motor acts too: piano practice & so on: the axiom that we skate in summer & swim in winter extends this.

[142] Sleep is an entry into Beulah, a Paradise in which all desires are granted & in which the censor stands as a Covering Cherub.¹⁰⁰ His function is to prevent the wish-fulfillment fantasy from becoming destructive: it's a release of the infant Orc, but not the opening of the Western Gate. I imagine that, as sound sleep is proverbially the reward of virtue, a soul at peace with itself has the profoundest and wittiest

dreams, that these are usually not remembered, but manifest themselves in a habit of virtue. Monitory & compensatory dreams would be remembered, otherwise there'd be no point to them, but as a rule conscience is a daytime activity, & appears in dreams only in severe censor conflicts. Nightmare is to dreaming what vomiting is to digestion—it's the violent rejection of hostile increment—and practically all that we remember of dreams is excreta: Freud actually uses that metaphor.¹⁰¹ The Upanishads say that deep sleep is the analogy of Samadhi, when man is at the circumference of the universe.¹⁰²

[143] On my mission field 14 yrs. ago I was awakened suddenly at 5:30 a.m., & surprised my mind churning up some kind of pattern in which [Francis] Quarles & John Wesley formed links in a continuous evangelical tradition. Doubtless there were sexual wish-fulfillment allusions here, but the primary point is that dreaming is a kind of thinking that is necessary to consciousness yet cannot be done by consciousness. Last night all I can remember of my dream is an attempt to realize that Bernard Shaw is not of the tradition of Mill, as I say in lectures, but of Carlyle—this links with the “frustrated royalist” idea of Shaw I have always had. If I had not remembered that dream it would have affected my thinking about drama anyway. A monitory dream occurred three nights ago. I was in Muskoka¹⁰³ for the weekend, tempted to stay for a week, without books. I dreamed that I had spent a year's post-graduate work in Chicago which had been utterly wasted & in which I'd got a second in my exams (a reference here to Graham Cotter, a student who failed in Chicago after I had recommended him because of a too-absorbing interest in Jung)¹⁰⁴ & I dreamed also that I tried to run the motorboat & ruined the engine with one poke. Just why I should interpret this as a feeling that I should return to Toronto I don't know, but I do know that the interpretation is correct. I suppose that the fact that practically the first thing I read this morning was a newspaper story on Shaw might interest the J.W. Dunne people, though not much.¹⁰⁵ Beulah is certainly outside time, but the Dunne argument has something screwy about it: he hasn't got himself clear of S of U [Spectre of Urthona] fatalism.

[144] Samadhi is not what Jung insists on calling it, the triumph of the unconscious or the powers of subjective introspection. It merely looks that way from an inferior point of view. A man sitting reading a book in a library while a mouse ran past him unobserved would not be in a more subjective state than a cat, but he would appear so to the cat. A desire for a contest with reality is psychologically quite different from a desire to escape it.

[145] Roll-call of work done or to do on the Trivium and its appendix:¹⁰⁶

L [Liberal] 1. An article on the argument of Paradise Regained. (Probably Toronto Quarterly).¹⁰⁷

2. An article called “The Function of Criticism at the Present Time,” to be offered to the Toronto Quarterly.¹⁰⁸ Concerned with the opening semantic ideas of L [Liberal].¹⁰⁹

3. An article on the argument of the first book of the Faerie Queene, perhaps to be expanded to a short book on Spenser. For PMLA or some such outfit.¹¹⁰

4. An article on the parallel (O.T. & N.T.) symbolism of the Christian Bible, which conceivably could expand into a short book like the Spenser one. Somewhat speculative.¹¹¹

7 [Tragicomedy] 1. An article on the argument of Comedy (done for the English Institute).¹¹²

2. An article expanding the first section of the preceding on the psychology of New Comedy, dealing with the material left out of the paper & using ideas about Molière & Shaw.¹¹³

3. An article on folklore themes in Shakespeare & the meaning of the green world. (Speculative & may be combined with a study of Elizabeth or Sidney symbolism, the Peele archetype, the Endymion & lunar patterns, or the Shakespeare canon.) Perhaps a study of masque symbolism.¹¹⁴

Λ [Anticlimax] 1. An article on the four forms of prose fiction (done, offered to Virginia, & completely superseding the Manitoba Anatomy article, though some material in the latter is still good & unused).¹¹⁵

2. An article on the myth of Finnegans Wake: some comparisons with Blake.¹¹⁶

3. An article on the language of *Finnegans Wake* (speculative). Possibly a follow-up article on A1 [Anticlimax 1] would absorb L4 [Liberal 4].¹¹⁷

[inverted Y] [Rencontre] 1. A study of music in poetry (done).¹¹⁸ Some notes for imitative harmony in poetry were left out of this & could overlap with A3 [Anticlimax 3].

2. A study of the two forms of lyrics.¹¹⁹

3. A study of the psychological patterns of romance. This might be based entirely on Poe, or a general account of the psychic world. It could expand into a short book.¹²⁰

4. A study of William Morris.¹²¹

5. A study of Yeats (done).¹²²

In addition, my satire paper (done)¹²³ counts as A 4 [Anticlimax 4]. Out of these tentative suggestions I can extract a zodiacal agenda, three for each book: L [Liberal], Semantics, Spenser, Paradise Regained; 7 [Tragicomedy], New Comedy, Green World, Masque; A [Anticlimax], Four Forms, Sequel, Myth of Finnegans; [inverted Y] [Rencontre], Romance, Morris, Yeats. Nos. 7 & 12 are already done.¹²⁴

[146] The past is hell, the eternally fixed state where the ghosts of dead sins & errors are forever imprisoned. The future begins in childhood as a world of infinite potentiality. As life goes on, the future becomes steadily more predictable, & the life consequently less interesting. Children fascinate us; old men bore us because they conceal no surprises. At death the future finally merges with & joins the past—in Dante's hell the future but not the present is known. Life reaches its crisis *nel mezzo del cammino*,¹²⁵ the sun at its highest in the sky, realizing with a shudder that it is bound to a cycle & must now descend. Hence the importance Jung attaches to the 35–40 period: its timing may depend partly on the length of the life, which of course the unconscious always knows. I think one has to be reborn now & start in fancy all over again in relation to a new kind of life, as though the sun at zenith were to think of itself as at the bottom of reality & start rising & straight up. That way, the *imgn.* [imagination] may grow stronger as the foolish body decays. The optimism I have inherited from my father, the feeling that next year things may be quite different & much better, should be conserved, though some of it is dodging. I have inherited another feeling, of wanting to get rid of things that are lost, or spoiled, or a bother, as quickly as possible instead of trying to recover or patch them up, & there is a certain danger of applying this to my own life & going off the deep end over reincarnation. This conception of hell as the past may be useful. Dante was psychoanalyzing himself, & straightening out the kinks in his character by analytic reduction, in going into hell. In connection with that, I suppose the psychological value of the doctrine of original depravity is in upsetting the smugness of the egocentric consciousness. The consciousness is *transitory*, and we derive our idea of the present from it. Each dimension of time breeds fear: the past, despair & hopelessness & the sense of an irrevocable too late: the present, panic & sense of a clock steadily ticking; the future, an unknown mystery gradually assuming the lineaments of the consequences of our own acts. Hope is the virtue of the past, the eternal sense that maybe next time we'll do better. The projection of this into the future is faith, the substance of things hoped for. Love belongs to the present, & is the only force able to cast out fear. If a thing loves it is infinite, Blake said,¹²⁶ & the act of love is itself a vision of a timeless world. Oh, God, how well I talk. *Deteriora sequor* [the worse to follow]. Or do I just say that because of an obscure feeling that [sic] such statements are somehow approved of by some atavistic God in my infantile shadow world?

[147] I think Freud's & Jung's point about a fuller life as a reintegration of consciousness & life, or ego & id, has meaning on the historical level too. Europe is an ego, the East an id, & the barrier between them, which isolated the West & made it into a Thomist-Cartesian frenzy of consciousness, was Islam. Islam thus occupied the place of the superego: it help possession of the married land where the tomb of

the Son was. If the Crusades had achieved their objective, the centre of the world would have moved back from the Ego (Rome) to the Self (Jerusalem).

[148] Whatever takes place in sleep must have a powerful drive toward *resolution*. Hence the affinity of the wish-fulfillment dream with comedy: hence too the solution of problems in sleep. The therapeutic role of dreams must ultimately be that of enlarging vision, & dreams should be interpreted on the same principles as works of art: observe faithfully (literal), note all references to external events (allegorical), place in relation to your own libidinous urges (moral) & them aim for anagogic completeness.

[149] Evidently the superego transforms the Ego-Id relation into an Ego-Tu one. The ego swallows its parents and puts them to guard the door of the Id. As obstacles, they're Satan & Rahab; as transparent, Los & Jerusalem. The ego, the reality-principle, deals with conflicts of truth & error; the id, the pleasure principle, with conflicts of good & evil. As opaque, the parents are narcissistic, reflecting the ego on itself, & also presenting the pleasure-pain values of the id in terms of a moral law of good & evil. Freud says that the id is inherited & the ego isn't; the superego, being the boundary, is a memory which *may* be a revived inherited memory, Jung's archetype. Anyway, what the ego has to do is swallow its parents a second time, in their second or permanent death, & occupy their place. When it does so it is, in Jungian terms, the Self, between the ego & the id.

[150] My mother was very subject to autonomous appearances from her unconscious: they fascinated her & made her feel that she was especially *en rapport* with spiritual phenomena. Her attempts to interpret her dreams & automatic voices were, as I think, premature, & tended, with her deafness, to shut her in. My father is completely indifferent to all such matters, or appears to be so, though I believe he had a couple of minatory dreams. I trace both tendencies clearly in myself. From early years I have deliberately frightened myself with my own shadow, or hoped to see visions, though I no longer am much interested in the world of *objective* spirits—neither in a way was mother, who despised spiritualism. Yet there are still twinges, & old superstitions still persist: even on this plane the flattering of the ego which is the beginning of magic can be traced.

[151] The wind bloweth where it listeth, and the unconscious will is not on the same time clock as the conscious one, the S of U [Spectre of Urthona] which is always getting into a dither every time the clock strikes. We must not *do* things, but let them happen. This is the Chinese *wu wei*,¹²⁷ Keats' negative capability, which imitates Milton's God in withdrawing from the causation sequence and simply watching with prescience. In Frye's thought this faithful watching is the literal apprehension of art, the willing suspension of disbelief which is the prelude to all understanding (at least all *detached* understanding). What the consciousness *can* do, perhaps, is take out the obstacles hindering the union of life & consciousness, the Indian yoga, the Chinese Tao (which means "head-going?"). In Milton these obstacles—bishops, censors, kings—are superego ones. Bergson has something too to say about taking out obstructions in the egocentric consciousness,¹²⁸ also of course Butler.

[152] The link between Jung's "unconscious" & the Holy Spirit (sometimes by the way identified with the anima mundi, as in Browne), is this: he says the collective unconscious is a total human, not a racial principle, yet individuation integrates it with the ego. So the individual is part of the body of all Man, & if you want to call that God I don't see where you contradict any religion that accepts an *incarnate* God. The dark fourth, who appears in the furnace as one of the gods, *is* man, whose final assumption makes the trinity a quaternity &, as Satan is part of man, his shadow perhaps, Satan is transformed into an angel of light. By the way, there's a link between Freud's superego & the shadow that Jung says we meet first. The shadow can only be the diabolos or accuser, the agent of the moral law.

[153] The literal apprehension, or the faithful observation, is a product of leisure. As I say, all culture originates in remembering the Sabbath [par. 117]. The ceremonial & moral law are ultimately the same

thing, but the ceremonial proper grows out of this sense of the day set aside. Hence the calendar emerges as the basis of art & religion. The ceremonial act is the solemn act, a word which originally meant festival.

[154] If I'm right in saying that the therapeutic value of dreams is ultimately to expand consciousness, then primarily it sets up a fight with consciousness proper, & the result is the Freudian dream, a blind stupid nihilistic pleasure-pain assertion of unconscious will, Titans chained under a sky-god censor. But if the authority of the superego begins to dissolve, & the censor consequently loses his authority, & we pass out of the hellish reversed perspective of the sky-god as the real Satan & the bound Titan as a Promethean friend to men, then what happens to the dream? Isn't it all set now to go on the Jung journey? It will still have the erotic content & the comic resolution, but its form will become autonomous. In drama note how "Freudian" self-consciously naughty plays with a censor in front of them are, like Plautus & Congreve's *Love for Love*. Other comedies have love & a happy ending, but they're different, & *The Tempest* has certainly gone on Jung's journey.

[155] Mandala note: a red rose on a green plant is Eden emerging from Beulah: Jung, SGF, compares the fiery Christmas tree.¹²⁹ Cf. in a plant the ovary in the depth of the unconscious (which must be an alchemic furnace if the result is to be a burning bush), the style as chain of being, the stigma as the Church, the female body of receptive souls, & above them, in Eden, the male principles of Paradise, the sperm of the stars scattering down, & out of all this a new birth. The same pattern exists in the form of root, stem, leaves & flowers, & sun & rain.

[156] I think now I have finally grown to distrust yoga & Buddhist insistence on diet, not that I ever had the least intention of observing a vegetarian or tectotaller diet. Bernard Shaw made the initial impression on me. It's a kind of empiricism I think one can do without. If beer makes me feel stupid & sleepy, I have to put more energy into remaining awake, that's all. Of course there are limits. One should not say, with Lawrence (T.E.): "the only rule is to have no rules" because that's self-conscious, & still negatively preoccupied with the rule. Gandhi, perhaps even Hitler, is a more difficult case than Shaw. Such things with them may be indispensable symbols of concentration. Being an introvert, I tend to attach oracular significance to outward events, & the latter are at present partly alcoholic.

[157] Many of my university friends are still in a stage I'm sure I've outgrown: a stage of violent attachment to art. This begins in an assumption of the moral duty of self-expression, an egocentric notion, much more the last infirmity of noble mind than love of fame is, which I am gradually shaking off. It's connected too with a desire to perfect attachment by organizing the rhythms of attachment. A woman, married, can live this way, but a man who undertakes it has really had it, as he has to unite the feats of male & female organization. A man like Robert Finch¹³⁰ must be very preoccupied with rhythms, & I don't know why the strain hasn't killed him! Pure laziness helped me past that stage. The life of Oscar Wilde seems to me an almost quixotically heroic saga of integrated rhythms, like John Milton's father writing an *In Nomine* of 40 parts.¹³¹ The homosexual streak in him was perhaps at bottom—his bottom, not his lover's—a hermaphroditic one, a desire for completeness. Whatever it was, calling him a pansy is like calling Mark Antony a pimp: true on one level of truth, but not a very interesting level.

[158] Attachment to art, of the kind that makes Wagner a symbol of Nazism because something in his music is, is, like all attachment, a glorifying of the ego, a magical feeling that the people who know art have the keys to reality, & can discern the real form of everything Nazi in Wagner's music. This is a kind of occultism, & carries apotropaic magical movements with it. As long as I remain attached to music, I cherish the corresponding idea of ego-substance in the music, & will, for instance, walk-out of a restaurant where bad music is played because it sounds like a personal insult to me. Fisher¹³² points out that even in the single world of Ulro there are still two factors, the ego & the enemy.

[159] When I said something to Helen about this rhythm business, she said “Well, you haven’t any sense of rhythm anyway.” The remark sounds pretty idiotic (mine above, not hers) when I think of all the preoccupation with rhythm & “Sattva” conceptions at the opening of this notebook. Yet there may be something in this conception of rhythms of attachment, stylizing life, though I haven’t got it straight. One thing, I’m certain that one of the functions of convention in poetry, or even more in music, is to detach both the creator & reader from the subject—Campion’s lyrics (“When Thou Must Home”) are excellent examples, & Bach, Handel & Mozart can tear you to pieces emotionally by just following the rhythm of a convention.

[160] The conspiratorial theory of history is more interesting than it looks. It can’t always be laughed off, because to demonstrate, or to assert, as is more usual, that there *is* no Jewish or Catholic or Freemason conspiracy never converted a single person holding such phobias. The reason is that the conspiratorial fallacy makes only the mistake of attributing to consciousness what is unconscious. Jews *do* want to bend the world to their will; so do Catholics & Masons. Certain phenomena in society appear in consequence, not of deliberate manipulation or planning, but simply as the natural & inevitable manifestation of certain attitudes. To laugh off anti-Semitism is to commit the old fallacy of asserting that what is not conscious doesn’t exist. That was why Nazis talked about thinking with their blood, and wrong as they were, we need a study of the social unconscious.

[161] One should think of truth, not only statically as the correct formulation of propositions, but dynamically, as the normal current of the energy of the soul. These correspond to the allegorical & moral levels in Dante. A lie is to the intellect what a neurosis is to the emotions, a blocking point which dams up the current; a stone around which it forms whirlpools. Hence imaginative people who keep spinning spider-webs in their minds make the best liars, as they make the best use of neuroses. For vigorous extroverted people “living a lie” is an intolerable burden, & confession for them has the quality of a physical compulsion. A great deal is said about the psychological rightness of Catholic auricular confession: as usual, the priest absorbs both the indwelling Christ & the social community. The point about “know thyself” is to pervert self-deception, so that the lies one is obliged to tell in the interests of the *persona* won’t stay in the mind—thus Johnson’s “clear your mind of cant.”¹³³ Probably one has to lie to men—certainly to women—but not to know that one is lying is to lie to God. Honesty with oneself carries off social lies in a private excretion. Honesty with others follows: you can’t interpret James’s “confess your sins to one another” [James 5:16] as the Oxford Group does, because shitting in a group is a perversion, or rather a fixation of childish curiosity. One has always to remember the dynamic nature of truth, and hence of reasoning. “My father has money; I shall have it when he dies; I need money now; he must die now.” Depending on the extent of one’s capacity for parricide, that sequence may be anything from irrefutably logical to unthinkable.

[162] Referring back to my Lankavatara notes: if I could get a translation of the Avatamsaka,¹³⁴ or enough of it, & one of another Sutra, perhaps the one on the void,¹³⁵ I might do a series of three essays called “certain wise men.” The Preface would explain that I know nothing first-hand about oriental culture, & that experts who do don’t need to read me. I’m just trying an experiment in the translation of ideas. That today we find both a lot of false antitheses about Eastern vs. Western thought & a general vague hunch that these antitheses *are* false. And so on.

[163] To call a man a fool, as Jesus meant it, is to make him a *pharmakos*, to exclude him from the social community, & thereby deny his humanity. Those who do this are trying to project the devils within them on someone else, & as this is wrong, or at least futile, they are themselves in the state (hell) which they are trying to incarnate in others.

[164] I am not today a great novelist because I have never been actively interested in fiction. Had I been, I should, from the age of eight or so onward, have been reading incessantly any form of contemporary fiction that came to hand, not passively for entertainment, but actively for analysis & imitation. I should have been analyzing plots, to begin with, & imitating the stories in the slicks, rewriting them in different forms, fitting different characters to the same plot or vice versa, & copying out or noting every bit of description or information that would supplement my very imperfect knowledge of life. After many years of incessant practice at this, I should have acquired a technical facility in handling formulae and a capacity for divining potential stories in situations that might have begun to pay off surprisingly soon, in spite of my grotesque social immaturity. I grew up imagining that literature was a product of life, and needed direct experience of life to nourish it. It has taken me a long time to realize that literature is an autonomous verbal organization, & that one should not copy life but other books.

[165] Not having done this work or anything corresponding to it, I now find myself in a mental block about writing fiction: I've by-passed all the simple stages, & now the themes which it seems worthwhile to handle demand vast technical powers I don't possess. One, which I've recorded elsewhere, is a study of the impact of a fifth Gospel, according to Thomas,¹³⁶ & undoubtedly as genuine as the existing four, which is dug up & published before the Church gets a chance to suppress it.

[166] The New Yorker some time ago, reporting on a televised broadcast of the UN, spoke of the camera's catching the flash of contemplation on Malik's face when a vote went against him. There was just at touch of apologetic awe in the account, as though the contempt had something in it impressive & convincing. But the contempt of the limited for the flexible mind is one of the ultimate demonic data of life, & it has nothing in it to be noted except its danger.

[167] All embittered failures & envious people have in them a kernel of genuine vision. The clairvoyant perception of other people's stupidity is right in the main. This is wrath, the feeling I defined in the beginning of this book [par. 8, above] as the opposite of irritation. The human mind is incapable of persisting in wrath, as it has nothing better in its possession: it has to become what it beholds, & so is taken over by envy, jealousy, spite, & the rest. Jesus may be touching on this when he speaks of the house swept & garnished ready for more demons than ever [Matthew 12:43-44]. This also enters into the P. R. [*Paradise Regained*] situation. When I got scooped on Blake by Schorer,¹³⁷ my feeling that his book is a soft, silly, second-rate book was correct; my feeling that the people who preferred his book to mine were fools was to that extent correct. If I were actually a person of no greater ability than he, I should feel his limitations as strongly as ever, & be just as right. The fact that I am actually a far greater critic is my way of escape from this particular rat-trap: it seems like taking an unfair advantage of the people who are helplessly caught in a hell of malignant observation, besides being very like thanking God that I am not as other men are. The fact that comparisons are relevant only to inorganic quantities and that all qualitative units such as human souls are incomparable takes a long time to get over.

[168] The fascination the Lankavatara has for me has something to do with my feeling that art is the zero of knowledge, the no-fact that turns out to be the essential fact, the unnumbered Fool of the greater trumps, my eighth book¹³⁸ & Blake's eighth eye. There seem to be two antithetical forces here: there is the Hegelian dialectic of A and not-A, which leads to revolutionary dialectic action by turning ideas into half-ideas, truths into half-truths, in order to sharpen their cutting edge; and there is the cultural dialectic of spiritual authority, the dialectic of A and non-A, of "this is" and "let this be," the ultimate in conservation & the ultimate in liberality. Perhaps non-A will turn out to be the Kantian noumenon after all, except that the noumenon also "is."

[169] I feel that children go into a spiritual vacuum if they're over-indulged. A child in a tantrum is working up toward an orgasm, a union of his libidinous will with a censor, & if he doesn't get slapped or

bawled out or in some way “brought off” he feels gypped and frustrated. There’s nothing to give him the nervous shock and squall that’s the erotic end of his tantrum. And just as there may be a real connection between unloved children & supporters of power politics (being unloved is the only sure way to acquire the essential proletarian archetype of exclusion from society), so there may be a real connection between indulged children and their predestined victims. It seems to me that coddling is likely to breed masochism, partly by consolidating the child in his protected & privileged bourgeois environment, & so making him unable to resist any challenge to it, in fact making him hanker for the stern denials he’s been denied. On the other hand, the whacking that 19th c. children got enabled them to keep their feet firmly on lower-class necks & build empires at the same time. The battle of Peterloo was won on the flogging-blocks of Eton.

[170] The fool eateth his own flesh: that’s the Jungian autoerotic ring I’ve previously noted: masturbation & all the narcissist tooth-picking, nail-biting, pocket-fiddling derivations of it. As soon as one makes the original act of self-knowledge, the feeling that “Je est un autre,” the ego, the instant it’s *recognized*, begins to bite and scratch—on one’s own flesh. It gibbers and lampoons & mocks: it drags all one’s associations over toward some embarrassing or foolish thing one did—that is, *it* did—in the past, & generally it behaves like the accusing Satan or betraying Judas it is. Once thoroughly roused, it’ll never go back to sleep, hence one has to be all the more careful of not taking one’s eye off it. The ego is a perennial adolescent, with the adolescent’s ready combination of personal resentment & acceptance of external (i.e. outside the family) authority. (Or rather, any authority that’s of the gang, or aggregate of egos, as against anything that’s a *telos* or community.) It keeps the mind as an adolescent keeps his room—fully lighted & with a noisy record of music playing. The fact that I’m an introvert doesn’t make me love solitude unless I’m really working, because otherwise I’m just alone with my ego, who will always waste my time.

[171] The complementary centripetal-centrifugal movement I discovered in literature exists in life. The real individual I, not the ego, is expressible as an organic thinking being, struggling to unify its impressions & combine them to get new ones. Outside is the world of duties & events that one tries to affect with this thinking being. My “rights” as an individual are my powers of self-unification, which are primarily intellectual, as I’m one of Jung’s thinking types. First comes the unification of the book; all others derive from that. The ego, which always wants to “rest” or be truckled to or coddled, doesn’t get into this except sporadically, in a certain rhythm I can’t define.

The person who lives in phase two of Yeats's theory of the Great Wheel or Phases of the Moon "pushes back the mind into its own supersensual impulse, until it grows obedient to all that recurs. . . . He gives himself up to Nature" (W.B. Yeats, *A Vision*, rev. ed. [New York: Collier, 1966], 106).

² See *Jerusalem*, pl. 98 (Erdman, 257–8).

³ In Sanskrit, literally, "lord of the universe"; in Hinduism, the idea of a personal god as creator of the world.

⁴ The Orphic sectary in Plato's dialogue of that name, whose concern is with religious duty.

⁵ The Septuagint ordinarily translates the derivatives of the Hebrew word *sdq* ("righteous") and its cognates by the Greek *dikaiosunē*.

⁶ In Pali, literally, "the thus-gone one," i.e., the one who has attained complete enlightenment on the way to truth.

⁷ "Annotations to Swedenborg" (Erdman, 605).

⁸ Rintrah is the Elijah-like hermit-prophet in Blake's poetry; Palamabron, the redeemed poet (Blake himself).

⁹ The founder (ca. second century B.C.E.) of the yoga philosophy based on Sankhya, one of the six orthodox doctrines of Hindu philosophy; author of the *Yoga-Sutra*.

¹⁰ Heinrich Suso (Seuse) (ca. 1300-66), a German mystic influenced by Meister Eckart, who subjected himself to severe forms of asceticism.

¹¹ Sanskrit for the Hindu ideals of harmoniousness, uprightness, and composure; the noblest of the three *gunas* or fundamental qualities, the other two being *rajas* and *tamas*.

¹² The phrase comes from Jesus' injunction in the Sermon on the Mount: "But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking" (Matthew 6:7).

¹³ Short sutras containing magical formulas of knowledge, which are comprised of power-laden, symbolic syllables (*mantras*).

¹⁴ "Yes I know the young American by letters I think. He has the American passion for ideas, combined, I judge, with the American intellectual indolence and physical energy" (Letter to Robert Bridges, 4 January 1923, in *The Letters of W.B. Yeats*, ed. Allan Wade [New York: Macmillan, 1955], 696).

¹⁵ Sigmund Freud, "On the History of the Psycho-Analytic Movement," in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, trans. James Strachey (London: Hogarth Press, 1957), 14:13-14.

¹⁶ In *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* the first period of the after-death state; it is followed by the subsequent Bardo states, Chon-yid and Sidpa.

¹⁷ "There is a Moment in each Day that Satan cannot find / Nor can his Watch Fiends find it, but the Industrious find / This Moment & it multiply. & when it once is found / It renovates every Moment of the Day of rightly placed" (*Milton*, pl. 35, ll. 42-45 [Erdman, 136]).

¹⁸ *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (Erdman, 93).

¹⁹ "Through sanyama on kindliness (maitri) and similar graces one gains mental, moral and spiritual strength" (bk. 3, no. 24, trans. Raghavan Iyer). *Maitri* is translated as "sympathy" by M.N. Divedi in *The Yoga-Sutras of Patanjali* (Delhi: Sri Satguru Publications, 1980), 80.

²⁰ Rudolf Otto, *Mysticism East and West: A Comparative Analysis of the Nature of Mysticism*, trans. Bertha L. Bracey and Richenda C. Payne (New York: Meridian, 1957), 38–53.

²¹ The last of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, "Of a Christian Man's Oath": "As we confess that vain and rash swearing is forbidden Christian men by our Lord Jesus Christ, so we judge that Christian religion doth not prohibit but that a man may swear when the magistrate requireth in a cause of faith and charity, so it be done according to the Prophet's teaching in justice, judgement, and truth."

²² See chap. 4 of Milton's *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* (1643), Hughes, 709–10).

²³ See n. 15, above.

²⁴ "Annotations to Wordsworth's Poems" (Erdman, 666).

²⁵ "Cowardice, as distinguished from panic, is almost always simply a lack of ability to suspend the functioning of the imagination" (Introduction, *Men at War: The Best War Stories of All Time*, ed. Ernest Hemingway [New York: Crown, 1942], xxvii).

²⁶ The lowest level of the three *gunas* of fundamental qualities; literally, in Sanskrit, "darkness, blindness, ignorance."

²⁷ The humanist Utopia in Rabelais' *Gargantua*.

²⁸ Evelyn Underhill, *Mysticism: A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness*, rev. ed. (London: Methuen, 1930).

²⁹ Henri Brémont was a Jesuit priest and literary historian and critic; his *Prière et poésie* was published in 1926 and translated into English in 1927 by A. Thorold.

³⁰ One of the books in Frye's writing plans. In an autobiographical note he gives a brief outline of these plans in the late 1940s, saying that the books he intended to write "took shape at first as a Pentateuch or series of five. Blake was the Genesis; a study of drama, especially Shakespearean comedy, was the Exodus; Leviticus was to be philosophical (a dream of a "Summa" of modern thought had got into my skull very early). Numbers was to be a study of Romanticism & its after-effect, & Deuteronomy was to deal with general aesthetic problems. Suddenly, & simultaneously with the final & complete conversion to criticism, my old adolescent dream of eight masterpieces rose up again and hit me finally and irresistibly. Blake became Liberal, the study of drama Tragicomedy, the philosophical book, now a study of prose fiction, became Anticlimax, Numbers became Rencontre, Deuteronomy Mirage, & three others took nebulous shape. . . . When I finished the Blake, it became zero instead of one, & its place was taken by a study of epic. In my notes the initial letters of the eight books were cut down to hieratic forms: L for Liberal; [inverted and rotated L] for Tragicomedy; [inverted V] for Anticlimax; [inverted Y] for Rencontre; V for Mirage; [sideways T] for Paradox; [inverted T] for Ignoramus; T for Twilight. The last three seldom appear" (Northrop Frye Fonds, 1991, box 50, file

1).

³¹ In Hinduism, the way of love and surrender, one of the four paths to union with God.

³² “Love knows no rule,” from the title page of Gertrude More’s confessions: *Amor ordinem nescit: an Ideot’s Devotions*. Frye apparently came across the phrase, which originated with St. Jerome, in Underhill’s *Mysticism*, 88.

³³ The quotation comes from Lady Julian’s *Revelations of Divine Love*, chap. 69. Frye apparently came across the quotation in Underhill’s *Mysticism*, 119.

³⁴ Shankara (788-820), Hindu saint, philosopher, and mystic; he wandered throughout India and founded a number of monasteries before his death at age 32.

³⁵ Jeanne Marie Bouvier de la Mothe (1648-1717), a French mystic who was in trouble with religious authorities most of her life.

³⁶ The Hindu path presented by Patanjali in his *Yoga-Sutra*, containing eight steps to union with god; in Sanskrit, literally, “the royal yoga.”

³⁷ A character in Blake’s *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*.

³⁸ *Mysticism East and West*, 215.

³⁹ “Do what you will,” the motto of the Abbey of Thélème in Rabelais’s *Gargantua*.

⁴⁰ In his *Church Dogmatics* Barth never really defines *analogia entis*, though he repeatedly argues against it. The *analogia entis*, however, is the basic premise behind natural theology and is therefore opposed to practically everything Barth took to be theologically viable. As he says, “I regard the *analogia entis* as the invention of the Antichrist” (*The Doctrine of the Word of God* (Prolegomena to *Church Dogmatics*, being vol. 1, Part 1), trans. G.T. Thomson [Edinburgh: T and T Clark, 1936], x).

⁴¹ “From about half past ten at night until about half past midnight, FIRE,” a line from Pascal’s most intimate religious work the *Memorial*.

This scrap of paper, which records Pascal’s experience on one unforgettable night in 1654, was found after his death in the lining of his coat, where it served him as a permanent reminder.

⁴² In the *Volsungasaga*, Brynhild promises to marry whoever will ride through her flaming fire and slay her enemies.

⁴³ For *bhakti*, see note to par. 31, above. *Jnana*, from the Sanskrit root for “to know,” means both general knowledge and spiritual wisdom or illumination. In Hinduism, *jnana* is the logical path of divine knowledge; in Mahayana Buddhism, where it refers to mastering the rational teachings in the Hinayana scriptures, *jnana* is the tenth stage in the development of the bodhisattva. *Mantra* or name for God, contains the essence of the Hindu gurus teachings; it also refers to a *mahavakya*, the important precepts in each of the four Vedas: this is perhaps what *mantra* means for Frye in this context.

⁴⁴ *Mysticism*, 238.

⁴⁵ The *Lankavatara Sutra*, a Mahayana Buddhist text, stresses inner an enlightenment that obliterates all duality. The earliest Chinese translation dates from the fifth century. Frye was reading D.T. Suzuki’s translation of *The Lankavatara Sutra: A Text of Mahayana Buddhism* (London: George Routledge and Sons, 1932), an annotated copy of which is in the Northrop Frye Library. Peter Fisher, one of Frye’s students, had introduced him to this edition in the late 1940s.

⁴⁶ In Sanskrit, *sutra* means thread or connective cord, rule, technical manual.

⁴⁷ Frye apparently has in mind Whitehead’s remarks on the negligibility of Chinese science in chap. 1 of *Science and the Modern World* (New York: Macmillan, 1925).

⁴⁸ Herbert Silberer, *Hidden Symbolism of Alchemy and the Occult Arts*, trans. Smith Ely Jelliffe (New York: Dover, 1971), 240–2. Silberer’s book was originally published in New York by Moffat, Yard, and Co. in 1971, under the title of *Problems of Mysticism and Its Symbolism*.

⁴⁹ New York: Harper, 1945.

⁵⁰ *The Perennial Philosophy*, 64.

⁵¹ The reference is to the classification of human beings into two categories, Martha and Mary, based on the story of the two sisters in Luke 10:38–42. The Mary/Martha opposition is scattered throughout Frye’s writing, appearing as early as his correspondence with Helen Kemp in the 1930s. When Jesus visits the two sisters, Martha is said to be “cumbered about” and “distracted with much serving,” and Mary is said to have chosen the good part of the one thing that is needful. This one thing is the word of Jesus, for she sits at his feet and listens to his teachings, while Martha busies herself with fixing dinner, or whatever. Martha represents the anxious, frantic search for novelties or skills or even luxuries that don’t really matter because they distract from the one thing she really needs and wants. But for Frye the opposition does not easily divide into the bad Martha and the good Mary. As he says in NB 30r, “Martha isn’t such a grim hag.” On another level, Martha has come to represent the way of salvation through action, Mary through contemplation.

⁵² See par. 49, above.

⁵³ See n. 39, above.

⁵⁴ See n. 15, above.

⁵⁵ The psycho-physical classification of human differences worked out by William Sheldon and his collaborators, especially the temperamental qualities associated with endomorphs, mesomorphs, and ectomorphs. Frye’s reflections on Sheldon’s types were triggered by his reading of Huxley’s *Perennial Philosophy*, 148–53.

⁵⁶ In Buddhism, the cosmic law underlying the world; in Hinduism, it is a moral term, denoting righteousness or the basis of law and morality; literally, in Sanskrit, “carrying, holding.”

⁵⁷ See William Blake, *Milton*, pl. 19, ll. 32–40 (Erdman, 113).

⁵⁸ A reference, apparently, to Tolstoy’s diary entry of 16 March 1909. See Henri Troyat, *Tolstoy: A Biography* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1976), 652.

- ⁵⁹ The allusion is to the dedication of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*: "To the onlie begetter."
- ⁶⁰ John Robins, who had been Frye's teacher at Victoria College; a specialist in Old and Middle English, he taught at Victoria 1926 until 1952.
- ⁶¹ This, as well as the subsequent stages Frye describes, come from the eight stages of Patanjali's Yoga-Sutra.
- ⁶² Count Ugolino, in canto 33 of Dante's *Inferno*, is represented as gnawing on the head of Archbishop Ruggeri.
- ⁶³ In the original manuscript Frye left a blank space between "time-wasting &" and "activity."
- ⁶⁴ The allusion is to one of Blake's last engravings, *The Man Sweeping the Interpreter's Parlour* (ca. 1822).
- ⁶⁵ Frye did not apply for a Guggenheim fellowship until 1950. As the current notebook entries appear clearly to have been written several years earlier than that, Frye is apparently anticipating his receipt of the fellowship.
- ⁶⁶ Act 2, sc. 8 of Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid*.
- ⁶⁷ A series of extraordinarily popular books by Martha Finley (1828–1909), that follow Elsie Dinsmore from childhood into old age.
- ⁶⁸ The reference is to the lover of Rosalind in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.
- ⁶⁹ In Buddhism, the state of consciousness in which subject and object are one.
- ⁷⁰ Frye seems not to have a particular passage in mind but is rather drawing on several Jungian commonplaces. See, however, C.G. Jung, *Two Essays on Analytical Psychology*, trans. R.F.C. Hull (Cleveland: World Publishing Co., 1956), 114–19, 191–2, 298; *Psychology and Alchemy*, trans. R.F. Hull, 2nd ed. (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1968), 44–6, 137, 155; and Jung's commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*, trans. Richard Wilhelm, rev. ed. (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1962), 119. Annotated copies of all three books are in the Northrop Frye Library.
- ⁷¹ Trans. Stanley M. Dell (New York: Farrar & Rinehart, 1940). The essays in this volume appear in volumes 9, 12, and 17 of Jung's *Collected Works*.
- ⁷² The city of art and manufacture in Blake's mythology.
- ⁷³ In Sanskrit, literally, "uniqueness, complete release"; in Hinduism, the state of the soul that realizes it is perfect and its consciousness is pure.
- ⁷⁴ See par. 91, above.
- ⁷⁵ In Sanskrit, literally, "journeying"; in Buddhism, the cycle of birth, death, and rebirth one goes through before reaching *nirvana*.
- ⁷⁶ In Jung's theory of personality types (intuitive, rational, etc.) an individual is said to lean either toward introversion or extraversion.
- ⁷⁷ Frye had written "parts" above "segments."
- ⁷⁸ See par. 30, above.
- ⁷⁹ See n. 70, above. On Jung's idea of the autonomous or objective psyche (that part of the psyche independent of human will), see *AION: Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self*, trans. R.G. Hull, 2nd ed. (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1968), 3–7.
- ⁸⁰ In Sanskrit, literally, "perfect abilities"; in Hinduism, psychic abilities developed through Tantric and yogic practices.
- ⁸¹ Above "myth" Frye wrote "cult."
- ⁸² Literally, in Sanskrit, "deception, appearance"; in Hinduism, the universal principle of Vedanta; the basis of mind and matter, which veils our vision so that we see only diversity; *maya*, however, is inseparably united with *brahman*, the principle of absolute unity.
- ⁸³ See par. 93, above.
- ⁸⁴ Dale Carnegie, *How to Win Friends and Influence People* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1938).
- ⁸⁵ Fisher was one of Frye's students. After Fisher graduated from college he came to Frye saying that he wanted to do an M.A. thesis on Blake, and, as Frye reports this episode in his preface to Fisher's book on Blake, Fisher "nearly walked out again when he discovered that I had not read the *Bhagavadgītā* in Sanskrit, which he took for granted that any serious student of Blake would have done as a matter of course." Frye adds that he had earlier been misled in his reading of Oriental philosophy by bad translations, but that thereafter his and Fisher's "conversations took the form of a kind of symbolic shorthand in which terms from Blake and from Mahayana Buddhism were apt to be used interchangeably" (Peter Fisher, "Editor's Preface," *The Valley of Vision: Blake as Prophet and Revolutionary*, ed. Northrop Frye [Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1961], v). These conversations were frequent: in the late 1940s and early 1950s Frye and Fisher met every Monday to drink beer and talk about literature and philosophy and religion, and Frye often records the essence of their conversations in his diaries from those years. Fisher, whose life was cut short by a sailing accident when he was only forty, was, by Frye's account, the most brilliant student he ever had.
- ⁸⁶ In the Yogachara school of Buddhism, the universe is nothing but *citta*, pure consciousness or ultimate reality.
- ⁸⁷ The *Vijñāptimatratā-siddhi*, written by Hsüan-tsang, the seventh-century monk who was also one of the great translators of Sanskrit texts for Chinese Buddhism, is a commentary on the work of ten Yogachara masters.
- ⁸⁸ Those seeking enlightenment in Mahayana Buddhism.
- ⁸⁹ The principal interlocutor in the *Lankavatara Sutra*.
- ⁹⁰ The Spectre of Urthona, which is "the isolated subjective aspect of existence in this world, the energy with which a man or any other living creature copes with nature . . . it is that aspect of existence in time which is linear rather than organic or imaginative. If one had to pin down the conception to a single word, we might call Blake's Spectre of Urthona the will" (*Fearful Symmetry*, 292).
- ⁹¹ Paul Hiebert's 1947 fictional satire of poetasters and Saskatchewan life.
- ⁹² J.P. Hodin, "Memories of Franz Kafka," *Horizon* [London], 97 (1948): 33. The link between the three arts and the three categories comes from a reminiscence by the painter F. Feigl of a discussion he had had with Kafka.

- ⁹³ By “Druid analogy” Frye means the religious myths and rituals of natural religion in its most primitive forms. In NB 21.311, Frye calls the Druid analogy the “key to all mythologies,” its components including “Atlantis, reincarnation, cyclical symbolism.” In NB 11b.35 he calls it the “pagan synthesis.”
- ⁹⁴ *The Lankavatara Sutra*, 59–60. See also Suzuki’s Introduction, xxxii–xxxiii.
- ⁹⁵ In Sanskrit, “depending upon another.”
- ⁹⁶ Frye means to refer not to James Jeans’s view of the universe but to Arthur Eddington’s. He does attribute the idea to Eddington in NBs 15.4 and 11h.10. See Arthur S. Eddington, *The Nature of the Physical World* (New York: Macmillan, 1930), 127–9. Eddington uses the words “wrinkled” and “puckered” rather than “crumpled.”
- ⁹⁷ Pali for “space” or “the all pervasive”; *Akasha* in Sanskrit.
- ⁹⁸ Blake’s four states of being are Eden, Beulah, Generation, and Ulro. Eden is Blake’s apocalyptic heaven or unfallen world, the world of the creator and creature; Beulah is the state of innocence, the world of the lover and beloved; Generation is the subject-object world of experience; and Ulro, Blake’s hell or the world of the ego and Satan.
- ⁹⁹ See n. 43, above.
- ¹⁰⁰ In Blake’s work, the serpent or dragon wrapped around the forbidden tree, representing tyranny and exploitation, the unreality of the gods, and the remoteness of the sky, among other things.
- ¹⁰¹ Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, trans. and ed. James Strachey (New York: Avon, 1965), 110–12, 210–11. The metaphor arises in connection with Freud’s account of W. Robert’s theory of dreams.
- ¹⁰² “When one sleeps without yearning for any desires, / seeing no dreams, that is deep sleep. / The deep-sleep state unified in wisdom gathered, / consisting of bliss, enjoying bliss, / whose door is conscious wisdom, is the third” (*Mandukya Upanishad*, ll. 13–17, trans. Sanderson Beck).
- ¹⁰³ The area of three interconnected lakes—Rousseau, Joseph, and Muskoka—north of Toronto and east of Georgian Bay; Frye’s father- and mother-in-law had a cottage on Lake Joseph, where the Fries often went in the summer.
- ¹⁰⁴ Cotter received his Ph.D. from UT, having written a dissertation under the direction of F.E.L. Priestley on Browning; he taught at Toronto from 1952 to 1955, and then entered the clergy.
- ¹⁰⁵ J.W. Dunne (1875–1949), concluded that the nature of the correlations between his dreams and corresponding future events were so statistically unlikely that they could not be described as pure coincidence. He thus postulated a new theory of time and a four-dimensional outlook on the universe.
- ¹⁰⁶ That is, the first half of the ogdoad: Liberal, Tragicomedy, Anticlimax, and Rencontre.
- ¹⁰⁷ This article was not published until ten years later: “The Typology of *Paradise Regained*,” *Modern Philology*, 53 (May 1956): 227–38.
- ¹⁰⁸ Published under that title in the *University of Toronto Quarterly*, 19 (October 1949): 1–16.
- ¹⁰⁹ These ideas were developed in “Levels of Meaning in Literature,” *Kenyon Review*, 12 (Spring 1950): 246–62.
- ¹¹⁰ Never written, though fifteen years later Frye did publish “The Structure of Imagery in *The Faerie Queene*,” *University of Toronto Quarterly*, 30 (January 1961): 109–27.
- ¹¹¹ Never published, though this parallel symbolism (typology) formed a part of *The Great Code*, published more than three decades later.
- ¹¹² “The Argument of Comedy,” *English Institute Essays: 1948*, ed. D.A. Robertson, Jr. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1949), 58–73.
- ¹¹³ The article was never written.
- ¹¹⁴ The article was never written in quite this form, though these themes appear in a number of Frye’s writings on Shakespeare. His ideas on the masque were developed in “Romance as Masque,” not written until in 1975 and published in *SM*, 148–78.
- ¹¹⁵ “The Four Form of Prose Fiction,” *Hudson Review*, 2 (Winter 1950): 582–95. The “Manitoba article” was “The Anatomy in Prose Fiction,” *Manitoba Arts Review*, 3 (Spring 1942): 35–47. Frye apparently sent “The Four Forms of Prose Fiction” to the *Virginia Quarterly Review*. In his 1950 Diary, he wrote that he was “not counting any chickens before I’ve laid the egg, especially remembering that Virginia fiasco” (104), which seems to suggest that the article was rejected.
- ¹¹⁶ This article appeared a decade later as “Quest and Cycle in *Finnegans Wake*,” *James Joyce Review* 1, (February 1957): 39–47
- ¹¹⁷ This article was never written.
- ¹¹⁸ “Music in Poetry,” *University of Toronto Quarterly*, 11 (January 1942): 167–79.
- ¹¹⁹ This article was never written.
- ¹²⁰ Some of these themes appeared in *The Secular Scripture*, Frye’s Norton Lectures at Harvard, published almost thirty years later.
- ¹²¹ Published more than thirty years later as “The Meeting of Past and Future in William Morris,” *Studies in Romanticism*, 21 (Fall 1982): 303–18.
- ¹²² “Yeats and the Language of Symbolism,” *University of Toronto Quarterly*, 17 (October 1947): 1–17.
- ¹²³ “The Nature of Satire,” *University of Toronto Quarterly*, 14 (October 1944): 75–89.
- ¹²⁴ That is, “The Four Forms of Prose Fiction” and “Yeats and the Language of Symbolism” have been completed.
- ¹²⁵ The opening line of Dante’s *Inferno* (“in the middle of life’s way”). Frye had turned thirty-five on 15 July 1947, about the time he wrote the entries here: Frye had completed his Yeats paper, which was published in October 1947.
- ¹²⁶ William Blake, “Annotations to Swedenborg,” Erdman, 604.
- ¹²⁷ In Taoism and Zen Buddhism, unmotivated action; in Chinese, literally, “nondoing.”

¹²⁸ Henri Bergson, *Two Sources of Morality and Religion*, trans. Ashley Audra and Cloudesley Brereton (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1954), 14–16.

¹²⁹ C.G. Jung, “Commentary” to *The Secret of the Golden Flower: A Chinese Book of Life*, trans. Richard Wilhelm (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1962), 101.

¹³⁰ A scholar, artist, musician, and modernist poet, who taught French at University College, UT, from 1928 to 1968.

¹³¹ This detail is recorded in Edward Phillips, *The Life of Milton*, in Hughes, 1026.

¹³² See n. 64, above.

¹³³ As reported by Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*, entry of 15 May 1783.

¹³⁴ The Mahayana Buddhist sutra that is the basis of the Chinese Hua-yen school; it is extant only in Tibetan and Chinese translations, the latter of which dates from the fifth century; the Hua-yen school emphasizes interpenetration, which doubtless appealed to Frye’s own interest in this Whiteheadian idea.

¹³⁵ Frye is apparently referring to the *Vimalakirtinirdesha-sutra* a Mahayana Buddhist sutra from the second century C.E., which is held in particularly high regard in Zen; one of its special emphases is on *shunyata*, Sanskrit for “void” or “emptiness.”

¹³⁶ This project is not recorded in any of Frye’s extant notebooks.

¹³⁷ Mark Schorer’s *William Blake: The Politics of Vision* appeared in 1946, the year before Frye’s *Fearful Symmetry* was published. Frye reviewed Schorer’s book in *Poetry*, 69 (January 1947): 223–8.

¹³⁸ Frye’s eighth book, about which he says very little in his notebooks, was *Twilight*. He conceived of it as a form that would combine the creative and the critical—something aphoristic, anagogic, erudite, imaginative, even fictional—and he proposed several models for *Twilight*: Anatole France’s *Jardin d’Épicure*, a series of learned reflections on sundry topics; Dmitry Merezhkovsky’s *Atlantis/Europe*, Nietzsche’s *Gaya Scienza*, Cyril Connolly’s *The Unquiet Grave: A Word Cycle by Palinurus*; and Thomas Traherne’s *Centuries of Meditations*. “I wouldn’t want to plan such a book,” Frye wrote, “as a dumping ground for things I can’t work in elsewhere or as a set of echoes of what I’ve said elsewhere.” “Such a book would feature,” he added “completely uninhibited writing” and “completely uninhibited metaphor-building” (*LN* 1:238, 268).

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